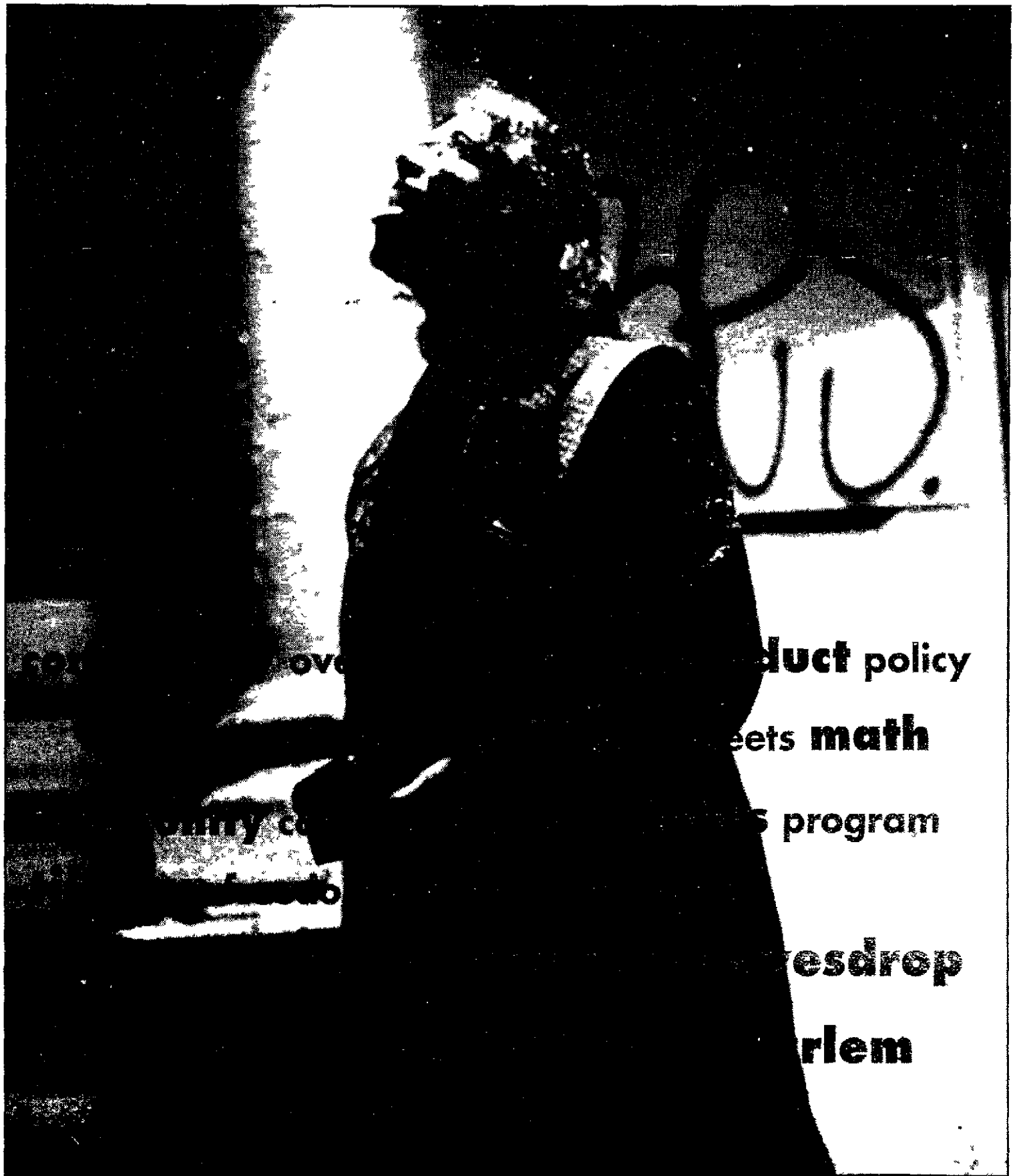


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March 2001



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letter from the editor

It's midway through my sixth semester here at Barnard. Midterms are almost done, finals are around the corner, then one short summer and I'm a senior. And hopefully a first-year student in SIPA's Master's of International Affairs program. College is slipping rapidly away, and as I've now got less Barnard ahead of me than behind me, I've begun to feel old. Old, of course, in a relative way...the imminence of my twenty-first birthday is hardly a marker of my antiquity. But when I consider how old 21 used to feel—when I was, say, 18—I feel a little scared that it snuck up so quickly.

I used to think that I had to have all of my life achievements accomplished by the time I turned 25. This still haunts me a little, and I still feel behind in my life goals in some visceral place in my gut. My driving need to have a curriculum vitae that reads like a book when I'm thirty has pushed me to do a little more than is probably humanly possible—something to which my close friends will attest eagerly. I was admonished to day by a Dean here at Barnard for not meeting with him sooner than I did—he pulled my class schedule up on the screen, and condescendingly said that it didn't look to him like I had classes during his drop-in hours...I should have been able to make it. What my class schedule doesn't reflect, however, is how busy I am here everyday. Mondays are completely subsumed by the bulletin, as are Tuesdays, most of the time. I'm here till midnight on Mondays, and usually at least 6 on Tuesdays. Wednesdays, I have lab until 4 (also not reflected on my schedule), and Thursdays my only break between classes is completely filled by a radio show at WBAR. That's just what I do between 9 and 4 everyday...the rest of the meetings, groups, organizations and projects with

which I'm constantly engaged don't show up on my class schedule. The way my life is crazy and stressful and ulcer-giving everyday doesn't show up in the number of credits I'm taking.

I get caught up in that sometimes, too. I look at the number of AP credits with which some of my friends came to Barnard and get resentful of my small-town, tiny-school education. I look at people who can graduate an entire semester early, and not have to worry about filling credit requirements, and get resentful that I wasn't given those opportunities. I have to stop and remind myself that my transcript does not determine my worth as a person, that the difference between a 3.74 and a 3.73 in a semester isn't that big.

And so, as my twenty-first birthday lies just two weeks away, I'll take stock of the things in my life that have really been important...the people I've loved, those who have loved me, the things I've created and friendships I've maintained. I'll remember the things I've learned, whether academic or not, and the values I've developed as a person. I'll look back on all of the things that have made me angry, have called me to action, and have made me sad. I'll force myself to disassociate my worth as a human being with the number at the bottom of my transcript. I'll look around at all of my hopes and fears and goals and take stock of where my life has really come in these past 21 years. And I won't need a piece of paper to tell me that I like where I am.

P.S. The bulletin will be back after Spring Break—look for issue 8 on Friday, March 23!



contributors

A Barnard first-year from Vancouver, Anna chose the double degree program with JTS at Barnard over its counterpart at Columbia, and "believes in the power of glitter and sunshine." Her goals for the *bulletin* include getting away with using lots of swanky irrelevant artful adjectives in a row. This week, Anna gets down with the Yonder Mountain String Band for the music section.

anna
stevenson

Amber is in her second year here at Barnard. She's an economics major from Harrisburg, PA., who considers herself a fairly skilled web designer, having created a couple of professional sites. She's a loyal member of the Alpha Chi Omega sorority, but says that she "by no means fits the stereotypical mold of a so-called sorority girl." This week, Amber is the *bulletin's* digital diva, with advice on peripheral device installation.

amber
luong

A Barnard sophomore, Liane makes her first foray into *bulletin* writing this week with a piece on the campaign to create a human rights concentration here at Barnard. When not fighting injustice in the world at large, Liane can be found in the darkroom, cranking out *bulletin* photos.

liane
aronchick

barnardbulletin

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ACLU criticizes Sexual Misconduct

By Alison Wayne

"Vestigial second-wave feminists and their zealous toadies [working] to 'raise awareness' of rape and sexual harassment, and to make them swiftly punishable, were once a welcome slap in the face to the old-boy network. But they've since turned into purges and behavioral codes that make a mockery of the justice they once purported to uphold," said the *Village Voice* editorial section on October 25, 2000.

The *Voice* is one of many groups to criticize Columbia University's Sexual Misconduct Policy, passed barely one year ago by the University Senate. Since its implementation, the policy has been the focus of controversy, both on campus and beyond. The policy is now one of three routes a student can take in addressing a subject of sexual misconduct. The other two options are mediation through an accredited mediator affiliated with the University (i.e. an Ombuds Officer), or Dean's Discipline in which a student brings their complaint to a Dean and participates in a face-to-face hearing with the defendant.

The Sexual Misconduct Policy replaced Dean's Discipline as the main option for reporting a case of sexual misconduct. The policy states, "The hearing is not an adversarial courtroom-type proceeding; the student does not necessarily have the right to be present to hear other witnesses and does not have the right to cross-examine witnesses or prevent the consideration of relevant evidence." This blind testimony rule can be read two ways: the policy may be applauded for allowing the right to refuse the accused to be present in the same hearing as the complainant. In another sense, the policy

may be said to be a violation of due process laws.

SAFER, Students Active For Ending Rape, actively promoted the passage of the Sexual Misconduct Policy through posterings efforts, University-wide teach-ins, "dorm-storming," and rallies at Senate meetings. "Columbia must have a system in place to deal with

the policy Friday, February 23. Approximately forty people assembled for the forum that took place in Davis Auditorium. The forum featured a panel of three speakers: Professor Vivian Berger of the Law School, Columbia College senior Silvergate of FIRE, and Columbia University ACLU president, Karl Ward.

At the commencement of the forum,

lane aronchick



Columbia ACLU president Karl Ward, Professor Vivian Berger of the Law School, and Harvey Silvergate of FIRE at the ACLU forum.

Ward was quick to announce that the ACLU had hoped for a roundtable discussion between members of SAFER, the administration, and the ACLU, but that the former two groups refused to participate. "The Columbia ACLU is willing to work with any group that shares our concerns for due process and fairness in disciplinary procedures, and we are willing to discuss our concern with anyone, in a discussion organized

by anyone, whether it is the University Senate, SAFER, the NOW Legal Defense Fund, the Office of Sexual Misconduct Prevention and Education, or us," said Ward. "Unfortunately, others do not have the same self-assurance and conviction, and will only discuss these issues on their own narrow terms and with a minimal number of participants and minimal public attention."

According to Richardson, SAFER did offer to the ACLU to have a series of moderated forums. "The only provision was to keep FIRE out because they are not welcome—the ACLU turned down the opportunity to keep the link to FIRE on their website," said Richardson.

One of the issues Ward discussed during the forum was how the Sexual Misconduct Policy partially corrected the flawed state of Dean's Discipline; namely that Dean's Discipline had a "lack of oversight and lack of formal procedure" On this point, SAFER and the ACLU agree.

cases of sexual assault and misconduct," says SAFER's website. SAFER's goal with the policy is to cut through the "red tape of bureaucracy," escaping the unfair protocol of Dean's Discipline. In fact, the weakness of Dean's Discipline led Columbia College junior Sarah Richardson to work with SAFER after "an atrocious experience with Dean's Discipline."

At the time of its passage, the policy was perceived to have widespread support by the University community. However, in the year following its implementation, the policy has come under attack by several sources, pointedly the *Village Voice*. One of the most vocal agitators against the policy has been Harvey Silvergate of the Foundation for Individual Rights in Education (FIRE). Most recently, the Columbia University chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU) has taken issue with the policy.

The ACLU hosted a forum to discuss

Policy, holds forum to discuss reform

Richardson applauds the Sexual Misconduct Policy for its formalized procedure. "The Sexual Misconduct Policy is a big policy that includes the new three-person committee, the coordinator Charlene Allen—who is fantastic—the Sexual Misconduct Office, not just discipline. [They are] trying to conflate the policy [with the disciplinary process]." She's concerned that the ACLU would use tactics, spoon-fed to them by FIRE, to scare students in to being afraid of the policy's inequity.

SAFER feels that the new policy corrects lack of oversight, whereas the ACLU believes that oversight has not been addressed sufficiently. The position of the ACLU is not against the policy in itself—the group is not pro-rape, but is opposed to the language of the policy. The ACLU stance is that the Sexual Misconduct Policy has introduced new flaws, such as problems with due process, fairness, and biases. Contrasting Dean's Discipline with the new policy, Ward said, "Dean's Discipline is flawed because there is no oversight, no formal structure, and practically no accountability. The alternate Disciplinary Procedure for Sexual Misconduct corrects some of these problems, but introduces new flaws by institutionalizing a procedure that is biased against the accused. The old alternate procedure, by most accounts, was biased against the accuser, so as you can see, the pendulum swings."

The ACLU and FIRE object to the lack due process within the policy. "The current University definition of due process does not include basic elements of fairness like right to written notice of charges, right to cross-examine in some form, right to confront your accuser in some form, etc." said Ward. "It is also missing ele-

ments of safety, such as the right to have an attorney present, in order to advise you throughout the entire proceeding, because anything a student says in a Columbia proceeding can be subpoenaed and used against him in a court of law in any criminal or civil charges."

The ACLU also objects to the policy's provision for appeals. "The right to appeal—which is specified in Columbia's definition of due process—is vague, and its vagueness allows the Sexual Misconduct Policy to specify an appeal that is not an appeal at all. An appeal is made to the dean of the accused student's school, who is one of the people who heard the case in the first place," said Ward. "Also, no new evidence or testimony is allowed, only a review of the summaries of evidence and testimony. So an appeal, under these proceedings, means no new evidence and no new audience—no real appeal."

Under the policy, the complainant is

who had been subjected to abuse are required to face their abusers by ruling of the Supreme Court.

Richardson worries about the ACLU's reading of the policy. "There is not a lot of substantiation in the things [the ACLU] says. It's fine for someone to have a lawyer, or to cross-examine; that doesn't get in the way of the policy. But by introducing these [things] it gets complicated," said Richardson. "Cross-examination has sticky points. Very few students know how to cross-examine unless [they are] on the mock trial team. It would be better if instead of cross-examination, students could write questions for the panel to ask the witnesses. And with lawyers, what about not being able to afford one. That could slant the opposition one way."

Richardson believes that the policy does not introduce new flaws, and that the ACLU's stance is misinformed. "It's ridiculous that they brand the special training of panel members 'brainwashing,'" said Richardson. "It is important

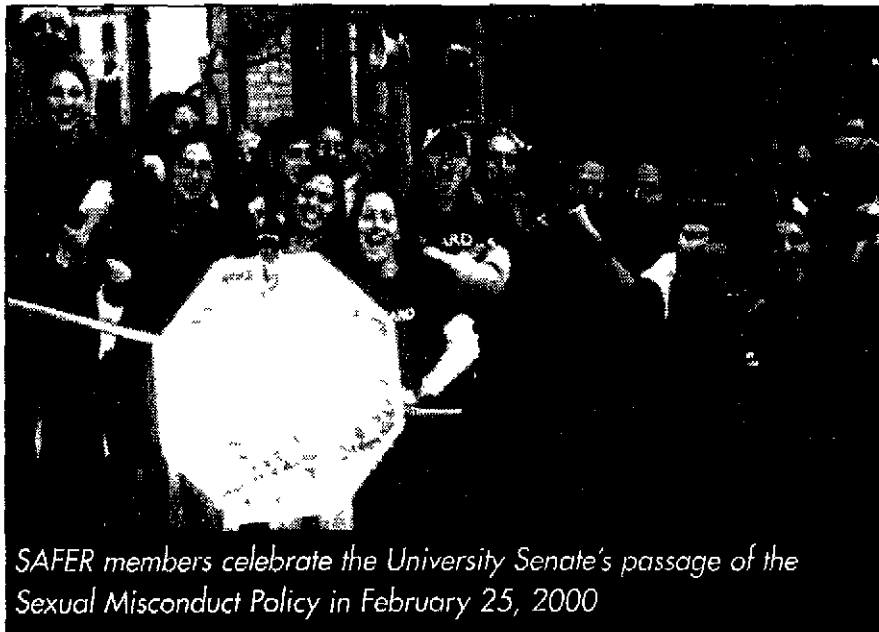
christy thornion to have knowledge

about past sexual history, alcohol, rape crimes, etc. Panels need to be familiar with it. They need to sensitively ask questions of the witnesses. That charge is illogical at best."

Above all, Richardson is baffled by the ACLU's demand for reform of the policy. "We don't know what the ACLU thinks. They haven't put forth any proposals. I don't know what they want. We don't know their

motives. We don't know what they reap in tangible benefits," said Richardson.

The ACLU maintains that the policy must, and can, be remedied "Many of these problems with both disciplinary procedures can be solved by the University Senate, which desperately needs to reevaluate <<page 17>>



SAFER members celebrate the University Senate's passage of the Sexual Misconduct Policy in February 25, 2000

not required to face her aggressor in the context of the hearing. This is part of the provision for which SAFER particularly advocated—that it is too traumatic for a woman to face her rapist. The ACLU and FIRE dissent on this point, saying that the clause is demeaning to women, because even children

beaessentials

MANDATORY PROGRAM PLANNING MEETINGS FOR SOPHOMORES. If you do not attend the first meeting with Dean Taylor (Monday, March 5, 2001), remember you must attend the second meeting on Monday, March 19, 12-1pm, 202 Altschul Hall. If you have questions, please call the Dean of Studies Office, x42024.

SPRING BREAK Some of you have asked whether any classes on Friday, March 9, have been officially cancelled. To the contrary, the expectation is that all classes will meet. Admin-

istrative offices will be open during regular hours, March 12-16. Library hours are: March 10 and 11: closed; March 12-16, 9am-5pm; March 17: closed, and March 18, 10am-midnight.

STUDENTS PLANNING TO TAKE THE MCAT: The registration booklets are now available in the Dean of Studies Office. This year you may register on-line at www.aamc.org/mcat

PASS/D/FAIL. March 22 is the last day to Pass/D/Fail or withdraw from a class.

barnardevents calendar

March 7
Controversial Issues Forum presents *Controversial Issues Forum: Activists Advance* featuring a performance with performers: Gary Huggins, Les and Cornelia Thompson, and scholars Jose Milner and Diana Taylor. The forum explores ways performance can create a space in which the borders of "the national" can be manipulated to include those who are excluded from them. 6:30pm in the Altschul Atrium. For information, call the Barnard Center for Research on Women at x42067, or visit www.barnard.edu/crow/

March 7
MindOpeners Series presents *Gloria Steinem and a Panel of Young Feminists*. Features speakers and discussions on women's topics. Gloria Steinem and a panel will discuss the future of feminism as an inclusive movement to represent all women 7pm in the James Room, 4th floor Barnard Hall. For information, call Counseling Services at x42092, or visit www.barnard.edu/counsel/

March 10 Through 18
Spring Break

March 15

Tips from an Image Consultant. Your mother said first impressions are important. In this workshop, you will receive tips from a professional image consultant. Registration is free. Contact BBPW voicemail, (212) 472-7969, or go to www.BBPW.org

March 20 through April 11
Barnard French Department Special Appearances. Tuesday, March 20. A lecture by Chana Block, renowned translator of the Bible. 4:10-6pm in 306 Milbank. Limited seating available; contact Serge Gavronsky, sgavronsky@barnard.edu for reservations and for texts to be discussed. The event is free and open to the public.

March 21
PANGI (Pan-African Gender Initiative) presents *Text, People, and Contexts Understanding Domestic Violence in Swaziland*. Writer and activist Sarah Mkhonza joins us from the University of Swaziland to discuss the factors contributing to domestic violence in southern Africa. 6:30pm in the Sulzberger Parlor. 3rd

Floor, Barnard Hall. For information, call the Barnard Center for Research on Women at x42067, or visit www.barnard.edu/crow/

March 21
General Studies presents *That Goddess of a Day: Gen Goddess*. A presentation by Alyssa Brody. 7pm in the Sulzberger Parlor, 3rd floor, Barnard Hall. For more information contact Monica McIntyre at x46146.

March 22
Centennial Scholars presents *GRUS Ancient Theater, Modern Praxis*. A presentation by Sally Oswald. 7pm in the Sulzberger Parlor. For more information, contact Monica McIntyre at x46146.

March 22
Worldmuse Performance. Worldmuse, a multi-ethnic performance event featuring music, dance, and storytelling from a wide span of countries. will take place in a cabaret setting. 8pm in the Sulzberger Parlor. Sponsors: Level McIntosh, Department of Worldmuse, Department of Multicultural Affairs, the Music Department, and McAc. For further information, contact Jane

McMahan at x49019, jlyrica@aol.com.

March 23
The 2001 Not-for-Profit Career Fair. The fair will feature organizations with entry-level positions in the not-for-profit sector. It will be targeted at graduating seniors and recent grads. 10-11am in the Senior Student Center, Boone Arledge Auditorium. Bring school ID.

March 23 and 24
Senior Dances at Minor Latham Playhouse. Choreography and performance by Barnard, Columbia College, and General Studies senior majors in dance. 7:30pm in the Minor Latham Playhouse. Tickets are \$5 (\$4 CUID and senior citizen). Contact Renée D'Aoust for more information x42995. Sponsored by the Department of Dance.

March 26
Marx On Mondays With Lynette Jackson, Professor of History, and Paula Rubel, Professor of Anthropology. Professor Jackson will discuss "Marx in Africa", and Professor Rubel will speak about "Marx in Anthropology." 7 to 9pm in the Deanery.



a weekly weighing of
Barnard news

Giant snow storm hits New York, and dumping around two-feet of snow on the ground. Nothing gets you in the mood for Spring Break like blizzard.



Controversy over the Sexual Misconduct Policy boils on (see article, page 4). How long can it continue?



An unidentified sewage problem in the Quad leaves a horrible stench wafting throughout Sulzberger, Brooks, Hewitt, and Reid. Please make it stop.



Gloria Steinem will speak tonight in the James Room. If you can fight your way through the crowd, which will include CNN, ask a question during a Q+A period.



This week's total. . .



= we love it



= we hate it



annual *Scholar and the Feminist* conference held

The Barnard Center for Research on Women held its 26th annual *Scholar and the Feminist* Conference on February 24 on Barnard Campus. The *Scholar and the Feminist* is a nationally recognized conference of feminist scholars and activists. This year's conference was titled *Models of Resistance: Conversations Between Activists Across Generations*, and focused on where the feminist movement is and should be heading.

The Conference consisted of a morning and afternoon panel. The morning panel was titled *Multiple Movements: Changing the Future*, and featured leaders in movements for disability rights, global justice, as well as anti-racism and gender equality. Young activists spoke to the activists who influenced their work. Participants in the panel included: Jennifer Kern (BC '88), disability rights activist and former Director of Whirlwind Women and Judith Heumann, former Assistant Secretary for the Office of Special Education and Rehabilitative Services; Abigail Reyes, co-founder of Women Working for Change, and Nadinne Cruz, Director of the Haas Center for Public Policy at Stanford University; and Shawnta Smith, Director of Sister Outsider, and Lateefah Simon, Executive Director of the Center for Young Women's Development. Audience members will meet with the activist pair of their choice during lunchtime discussions.

The afternoon panel was titled *Activism, Art, and Feminist Futures*, and focused on how social justice movements shape art, as well as how arts shape movements. The panel featured Rebecca Walker, founder of Third Wave Direct Action Corporation and contributing editor to *Ms. Magazine* and author of *To Be Real: Telling the Truth and Changing the Face of Feminism*, and *Black, White, and Jewish: Autobiography of a Shifting Self*. Walker was recently named one of the 50 future leaders of America by *Time* magazine. Walker was joined on the panel by author and artist Hattie Gossett and by Staceyann Chinn, spoken word performer.



photos by liane aronchick

community advocates human rights concentration of study

by Liane Aronchick

Very rarely does anyone have a clue as to what they want to do with their life as a first-year in college. There are some, however, that are driven by an unremitting passion to make the world a better place: to fight for peace and justice to the very end. The rampant activism and idealism that permeates this campus proves that many students share the same goal. Unfortunately, opportunities to combine activism with academia have been rare and often unavailable to undergraduate students. However, these impediments may soon change. In the making is a program in which activism and academia will finally meet. If this program is approved, Barnard students will be able to combine their major with studies in human rights.

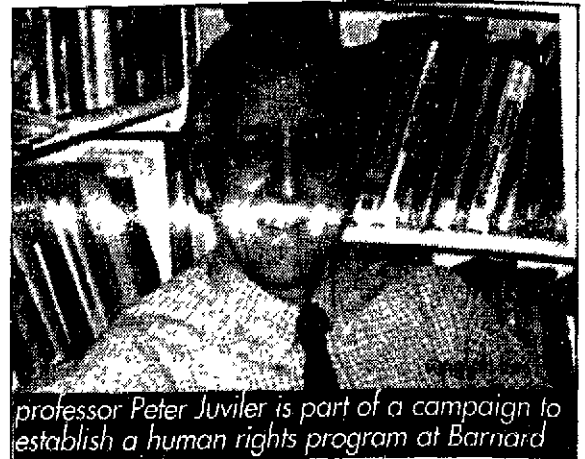
So what does this mean? Primarily, it means that we will have access to more classes dedicated to the study of human rights. Students won't merely be recognizing their existence, but rather elucidating their conceptual and institutional interactions with modern culture (or lack thereof). This program will establish a basic understanding of human rights theory and practice and the role of human rights in the political community. Students will be integrated into human rights discourse among scholars worldwide: from analyzing the philosophical and historical foundations of human rights, to examining the origins of injustice in various cultures and societies. In applying a deeper understanding of human rights, we subsequently determine the means through which we can end such injustice. Finally, students will cultivate their compassions, a task that they don't need to write a paper to learn.

Studies in human rights at Columbia University are not unprecedented. SIPA offers a master's in international affairs

with a human rights concentration. The Columbia graduate school offers a liberal studies master's program in human rights. The graduate school also has the Center for the Study of Human Rights, dedicated to the integration of human rights into the University curricula. Within the Columbia Law School, there is the Human Rights Institute, where a law student can receive a Ph.D. in Human Rights Law. What are unprecedented are undergraduate programs in human rights. The scattered undergraduate courses that exist now lack a comparable cohesion. Unfortunately, despite a dynamic interest among youthful idealists, the undergraduate program was relatively short-changed.

Motivated by the lack of programs in undergraduate human rights studies, Professor Irene Bloom, with the help of Professors Peter Juviler and Dennis Dalton, pioneered the potential program at Barnard. In collaboration with Professor Julie Peters, the human rights pioneer at Columbia, the program will include classes, internships, and independent study and advocacy projects which Barnard and Columbia undergraduate students will share. The human rights program will also establish a department of Human Rights Studies. If approved, the Barnard program will offer a combined major, and the Columbia program may offer a concentration (still in the planning stages), but they will essentially have the same requirements.

The gist of the program will be as such: students take 6 total courses in human rights, three of which are exclusively dedicated to human rights, and 3



professor Peter Juviler is part of a campaign to establish a human rights program at Barnard

of which are related. Along with these, they take the required courses for their majors. The human rights concentration or combined major cannot be independent; it must be combined with another established major, like political science or English. Technically, but not officially, students will take two other courses related to human rights in addition to the six, because their theses will require the incorporation of some subject related to human rights.

The human rights program is not yet carved in stone. The Committee on Instruction unanimously approved the program on the 27th of February at Barnard. However, it still awaits faculty approval, the meeting for which occurs on the 5th of March. Though there seems to be support, Professor Bloom, the head pioneer for the Barnard program is only "hopeful." Approval for the program requires substantial support from both faculty and students.

There may also be opposition because it is a major undertaking, requiring new courses and a willing and able faculty, potentially stretching limited resources. These problems are only technical, however, and political opposition is also a factor. The study of human rights is relatively new, and many dismiss it as ideological rather than academic. A human rights concentration is also not as neutral as its counterparts in, for instance, Jewish studies or visual arts. Should this program be approved, it will begin in the fall of 2001.

Jessica Coven, a Barnard junior, plans to participate in the human rights studies program if it is approved. As an Asian studies major and as the Regional Director of Students for a

wellwoman: is neem oil an effective contraceptive?

Q Do you know of any studies on the effectiveness on neem oil as a contraceptive method?

A Neem oil comes from the Neem tree, an evergreen tree found in both India and Burma invested with medicinal qualities. Most recently, neem oil has been found to be a very powerful spermicide - able to kill sperm within 30 seconds of contact. Trials on lab animals

showed that a small amount of the oil in the uterus of the animal could provide contraceptive protection for up to 180 days. Further study involving the Indian Army and soldier's families provided validation of the initial laboratory claims.

Additionally, the oil has not been associated with any of the negative side effects common to many vaginal contraceptive creams and it has also shown promise as emergency contra-

ception. Scientists in India are working to develop a contraception cream for public use. However, as of now the cream is not yet available in the U.S. Neem oil has not yet been processed through FDA safety and efficacy standards required before it can be used for medical purposes in the US. We can expect to see more studies over the next few years, and Well Woman will keep you informed of the latest developments.

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

digital divas: peripheral device installation - a do-it-yourself guide

A bi-weekly column by RCAs—write to resnet@barnard.edu with column suggestions.
This week's Digital Diva is Amber Luong.

"Peripheral devices" is just a glorified term for any type of hardware that is installed on your computer externally. Common examples of these external devices are printers, scanners, web cams, Zip drives, and CD burners. Installation of these devices is much easier than it seems, and you would be surprised by how easily you can perform the installation yourself! There are two basic things that you need to check before getting started:

First of all, check to see what kind of cable the device uses to connect to your computer. Most external hardware will connect to either a USB port or a parallel port. To distinguish them, parallel cables have larger connection "ends" with two rows of prongs and also two large screws, one on either side of the center connection portion. A USB cable has a small, rectangular end, and can be matched to the USB port on your computer by the small USB logo both on the cable itself and on your computer next to that port. The one exception may be with some laptops that have a very limited number of ports available, so if you already have several devices connected to your computer (such as a printer and an external floppy drive), a PCMCIA connection is the other option - this method uses a PCMCIA card that closely resembles an Ethernet card, and is inserted in the extra slot of your laptop.

Additionally, you must make sure to have the drivers for your new hardware. The term "drivers" refers to the software programs which tell your computer how to use the hardware you are installing. A driver disk is always included with new hardware, either on a floppy disk or CD-ROM, and contains the files that you need to install along with the physical hardware itself.

Once you know where you are going to connect the device and that you have procured the drivers, the best strategy is just to follow the directions set forth in the manual. This will guide you through the process of connecting the device and installing the files from the disk in the appropriate location. That sounds like the obvious answer, but since different manufacturers set up their hardware to install differently (i.e. whether or not it is automatically detected when connected, or whether you need to have the computer manually scan for a new hardware device), it is best to do exactly what is specified in the manual, especially because instructions can vary greatly according to your operating system (Windows 95/98/ME/2000, Mac OS X, etc.) and whether or not you have a Macintosh or a PC computer. But of course, if you still run into problems, you can always contact the RCA in your residence hall to help out!

artspicks

for the week of march 7

dance

Paul Taylor Dance Company

At City Center (55 St. between 6 and 7 Ave.)
Until March 11. For tickets call 581-1212.

Paul Taylor is often referred to as the greatest choreographer alive today. His company features wonderful dancers who perform his versatile works with energy and charisma.

art

Andreas Gursky

At the Museum of Modern Art (11 W. 53 St.)

This is the first major show of German photographer Andreas Gursky. He is concerned with contemporary themes and his photographs feature subjects ranging from hotel lobbies to raves.

not as simple as

new Broadway hit *Proof* explores the subtle



By Naomi Shatz

I am not a math person. By this I do not mean that I don't like math, or respect those people who choose to make a career out of math . . . by this I mean that I simply am not good at doing math. Don't get me wrong, I completely understood my seventh grade Problem Solving class ...but things sort of went downhill from there. I do, on the other hand, love theater. I love to perform, direct, and view theater. I love any kind of theater—and especially the kind you can find on Broadway for twenty bucks. So when the opportunity to see *Proof*, whose characters are all mathematicians with varying levels of genius, presented itself to me, I couldn't pass it up. After a quick review of prime numbers and square roots with a more left-brained friend, I headed to the Walter Kerr Theatre.

Proof is set in contemporary Chicago, and although I have never been there, I hear the set did amazing justice to the neighborhoods near the University of Chicago. This, of course, is where we find Catherine on the eve of her twenty-fifth

birthday, shortly after the death of her father Robert, a renowned mathematics professor (Larry Bryggman). Mary-Louise Parker brings wit and depth to the character of Catherine, a lonely woman who, after caring for her sick father for years, suddenly finds her life empty after his death. Parker's Catherine is withdrawn and hostile to the other characters in the play, who clearly do not understand the pain she is suffering; however, she has a more sensitive side that slowly begins to emerge as the play progresses.

Catherine's sister Claire (Johanna Day) arrives from New York on the eve of the funeral to "fix" everything. She quickly descends into Catherine's solitary life and, ignoring Catherine's obvious distaste for her brisk attitude, proceeds to arrange parties, sell the house, and start looking for "cute" apartments in New York for Catherine to move into. Claire's character appears very harsh and slightly ignorant, yet it is also clear that she is jealous of the bond that Catherine and their father shared in the years that they lived alone together. Both sisters envy and resent each other for the sacrifices

one, two, three...

complexities of life and death through math

they were forced to make due to their father's illness, and this resentment constantly gets in the way of them helping each other deal with the loss of their father.

The final character, aside from Robert who appears intermittently in flashbacks that chronicle his declining mental health, is Hal, one of Robert's former students. Hal's take on Robert's death is decidedly different than Claire's fix-it-all attitude or Catherine's intoxicated isolation; Hal is on a quest to find the last bits of genius that Robert may or may not have recorded in the 103 notebooks he filled during his illness. Ben Shenkman perfectly fits the role of Hal, an awkward, nervous, and passionately dedicated young mathematician. Completely in awe of the work Robert had done, Hal refuses to believe Catherine that her father truly was insane and not the least bit productive during his final years. Hal's character is perfectly developed through his hesitant, overeager attempts to befriend Catherine. On her birthday, he tries to make her go to a club to see a band that the math professors at the university had started.

Ben: You'll love it; they have this one great song called "1", you know, for imaginary number? They just stand there silent for three minutes. Not a sound. It's great.

Catherine: (long pause) You're in this band, aren't you?

Ben: Well... yeah.

The humor in the play, and there is quite a bit, relieves the tension of what could otherwise be a very heavy and depressing subject. Catherine's grief, her

fears of inheriting her father's insanity along with his genius, and the relationships she develops with her sister and Hal are all very real, very tangible emotions. The humorous parts, though, are just as realistic and bring just as much to the development of the play. Claire's complete mishandling of the situation is comical; she has a five-minute monologue about how wonderful her fiancé's vegetarian chili is while Catherine becomes more and more irate until she explodes into hysteria.

However, there is little caricaturing of the characters, each one is truly dimensional and genuine.

Watching Robert deteriorate into insanity is heart wrenching since the audience sees how much he and Catherine love each other; it sees them valiantly trying to avoid recognizing that their time together is rapidly dwindling.

Proof, like every play ever

written, is about people. It is about how people interact with each other, with ideas, and with their own fears. Proof is not about math, although the mathematics the characters discuss are a beautiful metaphor for what they themselves are going through. Proof is as simple and elegant as Robert's renowned work, and yet has enough bumps and cracks to make it interesting. I can't say that I came out of the theater with any intent to declare a math major: what I left with was a beautiful picture of how people relate to ideas, and how people relate to each other. Proof is a "prime" example of Broadway theater at its finest.

Naomi Shatz is a Barnard student.

artspicks

...continued

words

Gloria Steinem and a Panel of Young Feminists

At the James Room.
March 7 at 7pm. Free.

Legendary feminist writer Gloria Steinem visits Barnard to discuss the potential of feminism as a movement that represents all women.

dance

Mark Morris Dance Group

At Howard Gilman Opera House (30 Lafayette Avenue between Ashland Place and St. Felix Street).
Until March 25.

This is the twentieth anniversary of the Mark Morris Company that features two Barnard graduates. Mark Morris himself is known for creating works that are, according to the *Los Angeles Times*, "intensely musical, deceptively cerebral, insinuatingly sensual, fabulously funky."

music picks

for the week of march 7

march 7

Jon Spencer Blues Explosion

At Irving Plaza (17 Irving Place). For more info, call 777-6800.

Midterms got you down? JSBE should be a good picker upper. Their frenetic mix of punk and R&B is always different, and always a lot of fun.

march 8

Rocket from the Crypt

At Mercury Lounge (217 E. Houston). For more info, call 260-4700.

One of the survivors of early '90s indie-punk, Rocket from the Crypt went rock and roll and never turned back. Quick guitar work and powerful horns are the stuff that these touring masters are made of

march 9

Outkast

At Madison Square Garden (Seventh Ave. at W. 32 St.) For more info, call 465-6000.

On tour promoting their newest release *Stankonia*, Outkast brings the Dirty South to all new lows. Moving up

tibet house benefit concert raises funds to free tibet

by Thea Tagle

David Bowie, Patti Smith, Rahat Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan, and even a few Tibetan monks—how did such diverse and amazing personalities happen to find themselves together in Carnegie Hall on Monday, February 26? Were they wandering around the hall and just happened to bump into each other? Or was it for something much more meaningful,

much more planned than just a chance circumstance. That Monday night, Carnegie Hall was filled with the sounds of chanting, of clapping, of Ginsberg, and of a little electric guitar for the 11th Annual Tibet House Benefit Concert. Celebrating the Tibetan New Year, and working for the great cause of Tibetan liberation and aid, this concert was a medley of many things, but above all, of joy and hope.

The Great Prayer Festival was founded by Lama Jey Tsong Khapa in Lhasa in 1409, commemorating the two weeks of miracles performed by Shakyamuni Buddha near the great Indian city of Shravasti toward the end of his teaching career. The festival celebrated the distinctively Tibetan Buddhist sense of the immediacy of enlightened and compassionate beings. The tradition was for the whole nation of Tibet to come together for weeks of prayer and celebration every lunar new year. The keys of the city were turned over to the monks, and all ordinary business was suspended. This festival was a core event for all of Tibet from 1409 until 1960 when the Chinese

stopped it by force in Lhasa. Today, many Buddhist monks, and the Dalai Lama himself, are in exile in India. Without a home country in which to have the Monlam Prayer Festival, they have used the benefit concert as a venue to celebrate even a small portion of it. Tibet House has presented the annual benefit concert since 1990 as a way to raise money in support of

Tibet. Columbia professor

Robert Thurman is President of Tibet House U.S., and had this to say about the society and the concert. "His Holiness the Dalai Lama asked us personally to start [Tibet House] as a way to preserve the Tibetan culture, as it is the only proof of Tibet's previous autonomy. You will never hear of other groups raising money for Tibet. They are too intimidated by the Chinese. Look at Disney; did you know that *Kundoon* [the movie about the Dalai Lama] was only distributed in 20 states? That's the kind of control that they have. We have the concert, and an auction every other year in support of the cause; last year we raised about \$100,000 for Tibet House." Professor Thurman was the first man to welcome the eager crowd to the opening ceremony of the concert. He officially proclaimed this the Year of the Iron Snake, and the show was on its way. A procession of Buddhist monks from the Deprung Gomang Monastic University in Southern India gave just the audience a small taste of the Tibetan long-horn and guttural chanting so often found in celebration of the Monlam Prayer Festival



Deprung Gomang monks chanting

Dressed in the bright orange silk robes of their order, with ornate headdresses, their performance was a solemn reminder of the importance of the Tibetan's desire for liberation, even in the midst of a concert setting.

The next act of the evening was the inimitable Rahat Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan singing traditional Sufi music, with Farroukh Fateh Ali Khan on harmonium and Dildar Hussain on the tabla. Though he may not be a familiar name to the average college student, he is known the world over as a great qawwali singer, and his performance at the benefit only emphasized his talent. His voice was so clear, so transcendent- it resonated throughout the concert hall as if he were singing in an intimate room.

Throughout the first two songs, he and the musicians were seated on a great Persian rug; even so, his music was so hypnotic that just watching him in that position was exciting. When singing in accompaniment to Tibetan flutist Nawang Khechog, then to Patti Smith reciting Allen Ginsberg's Magic Psalm, it was difficult not to focus your entire attention to Rahat. After

his dynamic solo performance, it was hard to imagine what musical act would dare follow his. And no one present could possibly have guessed who was next on the bill. A 'surprise' guest was introduced, and I must say, this reporter was extremely pleased with the inclusion.

"We print the programs for the Tibet House concert six months in advance. We

knew that we wanted him to come, but we only knew that he could make it two weeks ago," said Prof. Thurman about the evening's surprise guest. With a new album and a TRL appearance the next day, Dave Matthews was expected to be somewhere in the city on Monday night. Who could predict that Carnegie Hall was where he would choose to spend the night? After being announced, the crowd let out a collective cheer, and for good reason: a Dave Matthews live performance is better than any album they could release. Minus the band, Dave looked surprisingly shy and endearing, even sharing a few laughs with the audience. Playing Stone and his new song Everyday, fans were able to see the



'silly boy blue': David Bowie rocks out to free Tibet

quicker Dave that is often overlooked when the band plays together. Joining country legend Emmylou Harris for My Antonia was also a nice combination; though his voice was drowned out in comparison to hers. Emmylou went solo for Red Dirt Girl and Michaelangelo, and was just a dream to see live. Looking not a day older than when she first started, she was much more interesting and lively than the next act in the concert.

Yes, the act that was most disappointing was that of Natalie Merchant. While she told a quaint story of how she came to write her new song, it just did not have the kick that the rest of the performances had before that. Her rendition of the folk

musicpicks

...continued

from Panama City Beach (FL)'s Club LaVela to the largest venue in NYC, these guys know how to do a party right.

march 9

Propagandhi

At Wetlands (161 Hudson St.). For more info, call 386-3600.

Rage Against the Machine had nothing on this powerful punk band with a message. Tired of Republicans, meat-eaters, God, and homophobes? Propagandhi is, and they are not afraid to show it in their live shows.

march 17

Roni Size Reprazent

At Hammerstein Ballroom (311 W. 34 St.). For more info, call 564-4882.

Bored in the city over spring break? (As if that was possible!) Then you cannot miss this chance to see this drum & bass/ jungle/ reggae genius! After producing hits for everyone else in the biz, Roni Size is finally making a name as a musician in his own right. This is the new wave of music, and you don't want to miss the boat.



it's a twangy jam band kinda thang! yonder mountain string band plays the wetlands

By Anna Stevenson

It's hard to describe what Yonder Mountain String Band sounds like. "Bluegrass" may be the right term, but it's lacking. You may opt to add "twangy jam-band" to your description, or you may just want to sigh and say "it's a hippie thing, you have to see it for yourself." After all, the wonderful things usually are hard to describe to an outsider, because they're more than just events. They're phenomenal.

Bluegrass isn't "cool" these days. It's not drum 'n' bass, it's not hipster indie-rock; it's just white-boy honky-tonk. The thing is, Yonder Mountain String Band seems to acknowledge this and revel in it. Songs about coal miners are prefaced by jokes about how there never seem to be any coal miners in the audience. And the audience revels in it as well: twirling, dancing, clapping, stomping, laughing, cheering, singing, cajoling and above all, yee-hawing. Why, one might ask, was the Wetlands so crowded for this event? How did this band come to be popular? Are these kids just here for

the kitsch value—dressing up and "playing hippie"? The Wetlands—decorated with black-light responsive Jerry Bears, posters mourning Phish's touring hiatus, and a red VW bus serving as the store from which to purchase CDs and stickers—fills a niche, serving as the venue for most of the jam-bands to play in New York City. But it's not even only about being the place to go. The bulletin boards in the place, advertising everything from activist events to earth awareness campaigns, really show that the Wetlands and its clientele really do believe in the ideals that they espouse. Of course, it's not all about the granola-crunching, corduroy wearing, pot-smoking hippie environmentalist image;

those who went to see Yonder Mountain String Band doing their thing were there to have a funky good time.

YMSB do what they do earnestly and without pretension (although I think you'd be hard-pressed to find pretension in a banjo player)...and they're damn good at it too. Four string players, with a banjo, guitar, ukulele and upright bass (oh, the bass....), ironically dressed kind of nice-ish compared to the corduroy wearing crowd, took traditional reels and yarns and yodels beyond their small town country-social inception to a point of no return. It was a point where "the music takes you over," so that you fly on dizzy choruses, feeling lazy and jumpy but never so unaware to stop marveling at the musi-

**you
may just want
to sigh and say "it's
a hippie thing, you
have to see it for
yourself."**

cianship of the group that was always striving to dig deeper, or get higher. I had a music teacher describe improvisation as working yourself out onto a limb, dangerous, precariously balancing chords and notes further and further from the base, the trunk, and then finding a way back in with out letting anything fall, loosing anything or anyone on your reentry, and the String Band did this most effortlessly. We passed from earthy four-line stanzas to eclectic noodling, and the energy in those taut tuned wires pulsed right through everyone in the crowd.

If we were living in another time, we would have been down at the town hall for a county social to listen to them play. We probably wouldn't have square danced, but there would have been a whole lotta bootstomping going on. The two-foot high stage at the Wetlands was a fully appropriate place for the four bandmates. Throughout their two sets we watched them jam, listened to them talk, and yee-hawed at their request. Some of their tunes were as old as the Chicago hills they hail from—songs about drinking and dancing and country bumpkins, and some were original tunes. Their final tune, a wholesome song about good inter-generational family relations got the crowd cheering and singing along: "Granny won't you smoke some, Granny won't you smoke some, Granny wont you smoke some ma-ri-ju-wa-naaaaaaaah..." and everyone grinned at each other because the air was, well...sweet.

They do have an album out, Elevation—fifteen original tracks you can play over and over again in the comfort of your own home. The allure of the band, though, is seeing them live, and in the dancing and the feeling the music. I mean, fine, put your CD in your boom box, flail your arms and jump and stomp and twirl, but you're probably going to feel silly, and your suitemates probably will not be too pleased. Much better, much much much better: get out! Go to a concert! Go to the Wetlands and shake yer sillies out! There's a reason Raffi sings about doing the hokiepokie and shaking all about...it feels real good to move, and real good to let the music move you. And it's not because it's sappy or vapid or makes superficial gloss over the pithy things in life to present shiny-but-empty happy tunes; the YMSB players sing it like it is, and laugh at how it is, and get everyone to feel good about the incidental ups and downs of honky tonk sweet ol' life. Really, that's what it's all about.

It's not too late! You can still catch Yonder Mountain on their East Coast tour in Rochester on the 27th - after that they head out to get lost somewhere between west and east, yuppie and trendy, and who knows when they'll be back again...

Anna Stevenson is a Barnard first-year.

So, Dave Matthews Band has finally released their much-anticipated new album *Everyday*. Many people feel that the transitions made by the band for this album are merely a sell out to the stereotypical sounds of popular music. However, I disagree. While *Everyday* is nothing like DMB has ever produced before due to the inclusion of a keyboard and electric guitar, in a way it is a mere diversion from their last album. Critics weren't too keen on *Before These Crowded Streets* either. Their reason: too many instrumental interludes? Though I'm disappointed that none of the songs on *Everyday* reaches a full five minutes, I realize that the album as a whole has to be looked at from a different perspective. All artists go through transitional periods in their musical career, and it is about time that DMB has their own.

I have to admit that this album presents a cheesy, more lovey-dovey Dave than in albums past. Songs like "Angel" may cause a double take from the serious DMB fan with its sugarcoated lyrics. It is quite a change from their other romantic songs, like "Crush" on *Before these Crowded Streets*, that seem to have much more substance and meaning than their current fare. However, there are songs on *Everyday*, such as "The Space Between" that serve to redeem the band with an enticing sound and the unique lyrics that can always be expected from the band.

Many of the songs that were to be on this album were played at past concerts, but may never be heard again due to contractual agreements. After firing their old manager, DMB was forced to create new tracks for *Everyday* in an extremely short period of time. Many feel this is the reason for the tremendous change; however, perhaps it was just their time to move on. *Everyday* should be given a chance because this band definitely has the potential to succeed in their field without necessarily adhering to one style.

-Jessica Conn

album review

dave matthews' new release:

same old same old?



free tibet concert, ctnd.



Professor Robert Thurman chillin' with the monks

tune Weeping Pilgrim was better, but perhaps it was aided by the additions of poetess Dana Bryant, Tibetan flutist Nawang Khechog, and Emmylou Harris. Not that her portion of the show was 'bad,' since everyone on the bill is so extremely talented, but it really did nothing for me.

Dana Bryant performed next, and after all of the musical pieces, her inventive poetry was a needed break. "Heat" and "Religion" were performed in such an inventive manner. Her body movements were completely in sync with her words and the addition of Khechog for "Religion" made the poem anything but pure.

Proceeding Bryant, Khechog played a haunting flute solo; its dips and hints of whispers were anything but typical. The trio of Khechog, Rahat Ali Khan, and harmonium player Farrouk was a unique blend of sounds that you would never find anywhere else. This is the religious unity- Sufi and Buddhist- that we only strive for in real life.

Patti Smith's reading of Allen Ginsberg's Magic Psalm was marvelous in every way. Irreverent, provocative, and totally true to his spirit, Smith snarled and spit out every word. Accidentally knocking over the stand that held her papers, she picked the last sheet from the floor, and recited the rest kneeling at the feet of Rahat Ali Khan, who was singing background for her. Now that was the edge that the audience was waiting for!

Philip Glass, composer and vice president of Tibet House, played a lilting melody on the piano called Etude #10. Dipping and soaring, it was lovely, but only made me antsy in anticipation of Ziggy Stardust himself.

I would have to wait a bit longer for that little piece of heaven. Glass introduced Moby and violinist Martha Mooke as the next act. What surprised me most about the Moby performance

was not just the fact that he eschewed all the electronic equipment and flashy clothing for an electric guitar, a violin, and jeans, but that his contribution to the concert was so small! In all of the advertisements I had seen for the concert, Moby was featured just as prominently as David Bowie and Patti Smith. His one song, Porcelain, though organically performed and nicely executed, was just not enough to justify the over-promotion of his presence at the concert. Throughout David Bowie's set, Moby played the guitar, but I believe that headliners should be performing their own music to deserve that title, and not be playing for someone else! Granted, it is a legend he is playing for, but still... I couldn't help but be a little disappointed by his sparse contribution.

David Bowie was next, and the crowd could not contain their excitement at having him there. The true superstar of the concert, Bowie was the epitome of cool and played the consummate performer. He toyed with crowd, talked to them about his own experience with Buddhism, and just looked handsome as always. Playing the classic Heroes and a relic of his early career Silly Boy Blue, Bowie's enthusiasm and the joy on his face put everyone else to shame (besides Ali Khan, of course!).

Patti Smith had the difficult task of playing after Bowie; after Bowie's piece de resistance, she let her son, Jackson Smith, play a few blues riffs on his guitar so that she would not have to directly follow. In true form, she gave a wild performance, with all the raw passion and energy of a woman just starting out. A fun cover of Sea of Love, and a sublime performance of Pissing in the River made instant fans out of everyone still not convinced by her poetry reading.

With the finale People Have the Power bringing all of the performers on stage, it was truly a 'sea of love' on the ground level of Carnegie Hall. The audience members lucky enough to get floor seating rushed to the front and crowded around the stage. There they got to mingle with Bowie, Smith, Ali Khan, and yes, even the monks. The unity of the entire group of performers and audience members, of all races, ages, and religions, was a hopeful sight. It is the hope that with more public awareness for the cause, raised by events such as this concert, the Tibetans will one day be able to experience such liberation and the wonder of acceptance as those in Carnegie Hall did that night.

Thea Tagle is a Barnard first-year the bulletin music editor.

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.

<<page 5>> the University's standards for due process, set in 1980," said Ward. "There needs to be frank, honest, open, and above all public discussion of what due process should constitute at Columbia, which is what we were trying to achieve with the discussion on the 23rd."

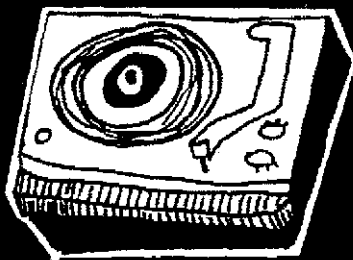
Student awareness of the Sexual Misconduct Policy brings mixed support. "I know that it's strict and that there's been a lot of controversy over whether or not it's so strict that it infringes on other people's rights. From my views, I think that it's very limiting and that's not good. I mean it's one thing to say you're not for sexual harassment, or rape, but it's not right to protect by taking away the liberties of others," said Barnard first-year Lizann Bolger.

Barnard first-year Ashley Kelly disagrees. "I know that it's the strongest [policy] out of the United States currently. I don't think it's particularly harsh. I don't think the American Civil Liberties Union should be attacking it," she said.

The ACLU sees the debate continuing, with the Policy's mandatory two-year review now only one year away. Richardson and SAFER are reluctant to maintain the controversy. She said, "People are not interested in this issue [of further debating the Policy]. We're burned out on this issue."

Alison Wayne is a Barnard first-year and a bulletin staff writer.

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BY **SALLY OSWALD**

FROM THE CENTENNIAL SCHOLARS PROGRAM

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ain't got no cash?



eavesdropping provides hours of free entertainment

By K8 Torgovnick

The greatest gift of New York City is inconspicuousness. Whether in class, in a restaurant, on a park bench, or even walking down the street, people continue to talk, never even noticing that you are listening.

Eavesdropping has quickly become one of my favorite pastimes in New York City. People's "private" conversations are more entertaining than a going to a club, cheaper than a movie, and more accessible any time of day than a museum. Eavesdropping requires nothing but a few spare minutes and access to areas with large numbers of people. In a city of 1.5 million people, who needs any other form of entertainment. In the next 700 words, I will describe to you the hours of humor and enjoyment that await if you simply open your ears.

overheard conversation number 1

Location: Lower Level McIntosh. lunch

time.

Girl 1: "It's so hard to meet decent men at this school. I haven't seen any since I've been here."

Girl 2: "I know this guy who is totally perfect for you. He's really stupid, but he's hot."

Eavesdropper notes: I personally would have taken this as the ultimate insult. Girl 1, however, just nodded her head with a glimmer in her eye. If you decide to take up eavesdropping as a hobby, you will no doubt hear many conversations that follow the why-can't-I-meet-anyone theme. This conversation type accounts for at least 23% of all conversations you will hear. Oh and for girl 1—this is a women's school.

overheard conversation number 2

Location: On the stairs of Hamilton Hall, between 2:30 and 4:10 classes.

Guy: "The underlying theme of America is... carbonation."

Eavesdropper notes: Unfortunately,

these words of wisdom caught my ear as Guy was walking in the opposite direction. I would have loved to hear his rationale for this bold statement, but alas, he was gone, lost in the muffle of between-class conversation. Conversation snippets are the eavesdropper's ultimate frustration. A line like this without context—it could bug me for weeks. If at any time during your eavesdropping career you miss part of a conversation you were truly interested in, I suggest making up the remainder of the conversation in your head.

overheard conversation number 3

Location: Cafe Tacis. dinner time

Black Peacoat Guy: "I use to think I wanted a witty and intelligent woman, but not anymore. What I really want now is a woman who has a really difficult time deciding which boots to wear. I want to be the witty, intelligent one in the relationship."

Girl: "Yeah." (giggles).

Eavesdropper notes: I warned you in Overheard Conversation #1 that you will hear a ridiculous proportion of why-can't-I-find-someone conversations. I included this one to seal that point. However, this conversation showed a nice twist on the theme, setting low standards as a form of ego-boosting. These two seemed slightly suspicious of me as I listened to them talk. Could it be the steno pad and frantic writing? Restaurants require special eavesdropping skills—because of tight seating, people are very aware of your presence, and tend to be guarded in their conversations. Try to look completely disinterested to encourage normal banter.

overheard
conversation
 number 4

Location: Metropolitan Museum of Art, scythian art exhibit

Woman with Big Feathered Hat: "I don't know what to do. My daughter wants a black bedspread. And she's only 6 years old."

Woman 2: That's aw-ful.

Eavesdropper notes: You will just have to imagine the extremely nasal accents on these 50-something women. Accents add an whole new dimension to eavesdropping. Although, I must say foreign accents are the best because they add the extra element of trying to figure out what has been said.

Perhaps you are now cringing, realizing that confession you made to your friend was more public than you had expected. Perhaps you think am I am freak and are frantically searching for my picture in the facebook so you can avoid me. But the truth is we all eavesdrop. Maybe not as openly, but we all overhear things in public places, and are amused by what others say. How could we not be? Try to tune it out, but eavesdropping is highly addictive. So if you've got something truly private to discuss, for heaven's sake, don't do it in a public place.

K8 Torgovnick is a Barnard junior and the bulletin co-news-editor. Graphic by Corinne Marshall.

can I have your autograph? dealing with fame in nyc

By Allison Baker

In a city where it's likely that you'll see Woody Allen walking out of the Carlisle Hotel and at a school where every year there seem to be a few famous first years, fame gets me thinking. Although New York in no way compares to a city like L.A. for the number of famous people, we have our fair share of celebrities.

Since moving here, I have been out to dinner with my parents and seen Liz Hurley and Hugh Grant at

a nearby table, seen

both Yasmine

Bleeth and Rita

Wilson (better

known as Tom

Hanks' wife)

shopping, and

who knows

how many

other incognito

stars. Celebrity is a

strange thing. One

never knows quite how to

react. As a dignified, jaded New Yorker, one should always pretend not to notice, but sometimes, as was the case with Bleeth, it seems that stars are out to be recognized, looking around the room expectantly, waiting to be recognized. And yet, whether or not they wish to be recognized, they are familiar faces and their presence inspires some sort of bizarre curiosity.

As strange as it is to see someone famous in one's daily routine, it must be even stranger for the subjects of the curious, voyeuristic gaze. For example, at a recent yoga class at the gym that I belong to, Anna Paquin was in the front row, doing her Sun Salutations just like everyone else. Besides the fact that the teacher payed an inordinate amount of attention to her, the class was no different than any

other. Against my will, I found myself sneaking glances at her and wondering how strange it must feel for her to have me notice her. The entire phenomenon made me profoundly uncomfortable, but after a while I stopped noticing her. Also, at the end of the semester last year, I took an exam in a room with Julia Stiles. Yeah, sure, she was just another kid, but I still felt that strange recognition and thought how weird it would seem to all of my friends back home.

And then of course, there

are all of the aspiring

famous people in New

York. Almost every

waitress/waiter,

doorman and

bartender in

New York seems

to be here wait-

ing for his or her

big break. Once,

while waiting to meet

a friend at Penang, I

spent twenty minutes listening

to the bartender promote his band and tell me about the record label he had recently signed. Then there's the girl on my hall who wants to be a famous singer and is seemingly well on her way-she writes pop music on some sort of team that works with big label artists. There's also the doorman at my parent's building who came to New York from Idaho to be an actor. Fame is something that wafts in the air here in the Big Apple. It is writ large in the very culture of the city. As strange as it may seem to encounter famous people in our daily lives, there is a unwritten agreement between the city and her famous denizens: don't notice us. After all, it's not the West Coast.

Allison Baker is a Barnard junior and the bulletin nyc living editor.

misadventures in harlem

why I stay in morningside heights

by Jain Epstein

I used to be a rather brazen young woman. I would actually travel outside the small community of Columbia University and Morningside Heights. Not only did I used to be a pretentious nobody who frequented all the SoHo and Chelsea hotspots, but I forayed into other neighborhoods as well (though none did I find as interesting as Chelsea).

On one such occasion, my best friend Gina needed to get the money that her father had wired to her at Western Union, so naturally I accompanied her. The closest location for Western Union was on 110 Street. Oh wonderful! I thought this opportunity was presented so that I could have a nice walk across 110 Street—Cathedral Parkway—the line of demarcation between when I would have walked and where the subway came in as a mode of transportation.

Actually, it was not such a good idea for us to make a foray into that 'great beyond' of Harlem. All I can say is that I was lucky that Gina did not allow me to leave the dorm wearing a tube top. It was seasonably warm, being the Indian Summer that late September affords. Nevertheless, you don't wear a tube top to Harlem. At the time, I don't think I really knew that 110 Street was considered part of Harlem. All I really knew was that it was the upper perimeter of Central Park. But just because the park is there doesn't mean that it's safe, I learned.

We were looking for a Western Union on 110 Street near Seventh Avenue. Unfortunately, maneuvering Harlem isn't possible when you have never been there before. Though a native New Yorker, I was at a loss as to where this venue was. The problem with walking through Harlem, at any time of day, is that the street names change. There is no standard progression

as with the lower part of the city. Though there is a Seventh Avenue, it is located somewhere amongst St. Nicholas, Malcolm X, and Lenox. The sensation is similar to the first time I went to SoHo and got lost between Greene, Spring, and Mercer—except sketchier (sorry, but almost everyone would agree with me that 110 Street is not the best neighborhood).

We began our journey with assurances that the errand would take only thirty minutes at the most. After all, it's only five minutes down to 110 Street, five minutes across to Western Union, ten to get the money, and the same time back. Perfect

**The man called out to us,
"You girls sure are walking fast.
I'm gonna catch ya."
Hi, heart attack?**

rationale if you had asked me. And sure enough, the first leg of the trip did take five minutes. If we had not proceeded to lose ourselves east of Morningside Avenue, it may have been only another five to find Western Union. But once beyond the Morningside Heights neighborhood, our trip took a different direction.

We could not find Western Union. The whole time, I looked for a sign on the south side of the street, and Gina took the north side. To no avail, we walked all the way across the Park to Fifth Avenue before conjecturing that, being at Fifth Avenue, we had probably passed Seventh Avenue.

This walk across Cathedral Parkway was not without its diversions. At about the time that we were crossing Seventh Avenue we were unknowingly in somewhat of a flurry. We had been walking across 110 Street for more than the allotted five minutes and Western Union was not in sight. In our hurried state, we

passed a middle-aged man and had kept walking fast. The man called out to us, "You girls sure are walking fast. I'm gonna catch ya." Hi, heart attack? I don't care if they look like Brad Pitt...no one wants to hear a stranger say that they are going to come and get you.

So here we are, two rather newly minted college freshmen, and we are being pursued by a strange man, without another person in sight, despite the fact that it is four-thirty in the afternoon. We decided that crossing the street was the best way to escape. We hurried to the Park side, and continued to walk toward Fifth Avenue. When we realized where we had walked, a taxi was our next move. We sure as hell were not going to walk back toward the stalker. I asked the taxi driver where to find Western Union, and lucky us, he knew where it was.

He drove us to a gas station, and motioned for us to go inside. We were lost as to what to do with his hand gesture, so we ran back to the cab, hailed the driver down, and asked him to explain. "It's inside," he said in broken English. Oh. Indeed there was a Western Union sign on the side of the gas station building. Looking pretty dumbfounded, the clerks behind the counter asked for what we were looking. "Uh, Western Union? We need to pick up money."

"No, we don't have that," responded one of them.

"What do you mean? It says Western Union," I countered.

Not that there was really any argument, but the same clerk replied, "You can send money, but you can't pick it up."

"Well, where do we pick up the money?" asked a frustrated Gina.

Up the street, they suggested. So, though we hadn't seen a Western Union closer to school, we thanked the clerk and left. We started back toward campus, eyes darting any

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Renata's rambblings

By Renata Bystritsky

"Would you like to have coffee sometime?"

Think of how different our lives would be if we couldn't utter those seven simple little words. Business mergers wouldn't be made. Friendships wouldn't be established. The population of the planet might very well start dwindling—think of how many romances began over double-lattes, the heat between the couple rising in inverse proportion to the cooling beverages.

The trashcans on campus brim with familiar insulated paper cups and lipstick-stained plastic lids. The names emblazoned on their sides are probably more familiar to many than names like "Lewisohn" or "Julian Held". Yet we recognize Tealuxe, Java City, and even Starbucks (despite our exasperation with its annoying ubiquity and inflated prices) immediately.

I am a caffeine junkie. I have a coffee maker in my room, a couple different kinds of coffee, three different creamer flavors in my fridge and a ready supply of milk and sugar. I also have tea (Lipton AND green), if I ever feel so "civilized" to have a cup, as my boss once suggested. So it could be argued that hot beverages comprise the center of only my silly universe. But this isn't just egocentrism talking.

At any given moment, it is possible to find a dozen CU students at a local coffee/tea joint. Java City, Tealuxe and Nussbaum & Wu are only three of the franchises that happily thrive despite the fact that sort of competition

should have formed long

ago. Their business is booming—even though there are at least a half-dozen similar (but seemingly unmentioned) places around Morningside Heights.

I see it this way. Stationary stores (a college student's supply post) are spaced at least five blocks or so apart. Supermarkets are spaced likewise (even though we all do eat). However, between 116 Street and 117 Street, there are something like 5 places to get coffee, tea or a reasonable facsimile (and that is not counting the places on the Columbia and Barnard campuses).

Almost everything we do at college can lead to a cup of something hot (or, in the case of iced coffees, cold). Around finals time, there is a rush for caffeine all around campus, and students can be seen everywhere with a laptop in front of them and a cup of coffee perched beside, precariously close to spilling. If a drop does spill, the laptop is kaput—but it's worth the risk. There are certain things in life that take precedence!

The girls' nights out in which my suitemates and I occasionally engage tend to take place at Cafe Taci or a comparable venue, at which we sip skim-milk cappuccinos and chat about life. Recently, when a couple of friends and I had seen a movie at Roone Arledge that ended fairly early, we could not think of anything more natural than finishing the night off at Deluxe (true, the coffee is mediocre, but the refills are free!).

People get closer through hot drinks. My boyfriend and I have

our moments of "sharing" in places where we can expose one another to new experiences. For example, I introduced him to Indian Chai at Tealuxe. My father and I had one of our best bonding moments when I was nine

years old, and he taught me that mixing tea with milk is not only wonderfully continental but also absolutely delicious. One of my suitemates and I shared a terrific "moment" when we discovered our mutual love of white mochas.

Coffee isn't just reserved for good times, either. A break-up last year led to innumerable cups of Chai at the old Quad Cafe. And when I am having a "fat day", the only way to satisfy my sweet tooth is a Grande Hazelnut White Mocha at Java City—with skim milk, of course.

"I love coffee, I love tea. . . I love [insert name of hot-drink establishment here] and it loves me."

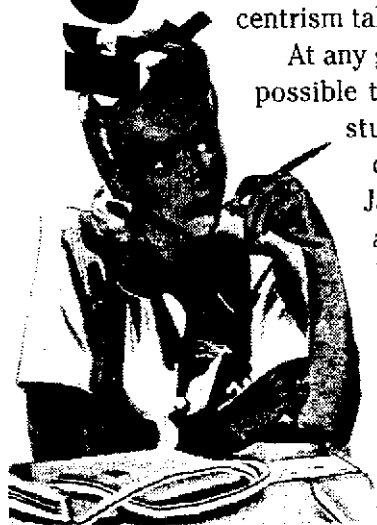
When Manhattan Transfer recorded this (approximated) lyric in the seventies, I don't think their inspiration hadn't come from seeing through time into present-day Columbia University life. But as serendipity would have it, it's certainly relevant to our situation in the present day.

So if I ever meet you on campus, don't be surprised if the place is somewhere near a cappuccino maker. And if we hit it off, please don't think I'm mouthing cliches when I use this line:

"Would you like to have coffee sometime?"

Renata Bystritsky is a Barnard sophomore and a bulletin columnist.

I love coffee, I love tea



defying the institution

first-year English a big disappointment for one first-year student

In what sort of place are students forced to keep their eyes pried open at nine-thirty in the morning? In First-Year English class, certainly, because it is in this condition that I find myself two mornings per week. There are two reasons for my (semi-) conscious state during English class: I don't sleep enough during the night, and the class is an inane setting in which I pretend I am still a sophomore in high school.

For the last two years of my high school career, English was less banal than what I am forced to endure now. It is true that I had to attend class every day for forty minutes in high school and that now I attend only twice a week, but unfortunately for me, the minutes add up to almost equal amounts of time spent in class. And, minute-for-minute, First-Year English packs way less of a punch than Advanced Placement English did in high school. The professor in my English class teaches First-Year English as if it were a lecture to fifteen-year-olds. The 'probing' questions she asks are all content-based so in the common event that only two people (out of fifteen) have read the text, class is just barely stimulating. The professor usually proceeds to charge those lone two responsible students with debriefing the rest of the class. It makes

for a rather uncomfortable situation because those students are forced into ass-clownship by dint of accomplishing even a basic task.

On this particular day in class, I am keeping myself awake by putting my head down and pretending to take vigorous

...minute-for-minute, First-Year English packs way less of a punch than A.P. English did in high school. The professor in my class teaches First Year English as if it were a lecture to fifteen year olds...

notes while I am actually writing this column. Hey, it's English, and at least I may gain something from that with which I have diverted myself.

My professor is currently describing Echeverría's parody of South American villagers suffering from flatulence. Echeverría might be interesting if the professor did not answer the questions students could b.s. before she summed up (briefly, I beg you) what transpired in the text.

Am I without conscience for refusing to be bored for an entire one and one quarter hours? I think not. As I bring my eyes up for a look at my classmates, I seem to be a great deal more awake than they are. Their eyes are open, but vacant with a glassy sort of look to all of them—

have they been caught under hypnosis? Only two girls can answer the professor's question, "And who does he ask to kill after he kills the bull?" Oh, the Unitarian, I think to myself. Damn those ungodly bastards, defying the institution of Catholicism. My professor is asking more inane questions. "And do Catholics abstain from eating meat the entire period of Lent?"

Finally a question I can answer without paying attention to class! No, Catholics abstain from meat only

on Friday. Missed my chance to answer, though. Someone else was paying attention and pounced on the freebie chance to participate...

"Very graphic, very painful. There is no reason for this sacrifice," says my professor of a martyred character in the essay. I concur, there is no reason for me to be sitting here writing a column while she talks endlessly. The sad part is that I will probably remember more from this session of class than from any other day. I have actually heard the periphery of conversation and I am ready to "step in to the House of Usher."

The author of this article is a Barnard first-year who wishes to remain anonymous.

<<page 8>> Free Tibet, this program suits her perfectly. One of her reasons for wanting to participate is that the field of human rights has become very competitive as a profession. She believes this program will provide her with the skills and the experience she will need to pursue a career in human rights advocacy. Coven states that another reason she wishes to participate in the program is because of "the sheer level of interest I have for this subject... Since it's what I want to do with my life, it makes everything I do inside and outside of school more fulfilling and effective." Coven and other supporters of the program believe that human rights deserve the same amount of academic attention as science or the humanities. "Human rights are growing as an issue and are becoming increasingly important." Thus, a studies program is necessary to correspond with it.

There are other options if the program is not approved. Students have the opportunity to petition for a special major. Currently, there exist various human rights courses that are independent of any established department. There are actually twenty human rights courses that are spread throughout the curricula, from political science to Asian studies. Taking these courses separately could satisfy a special concentration. However, though these options exist, Professor Peter Juviler argues that, "it's better to have a human rights studies program" because it offers more opportunities to the students in both studies and internships when it is supported as a program of the college. "We believe in it," Juviler states. The lack of a department severely limits the extent to which one may comprehensively study human rights.

The great potential for this program <<next page>>

**tree confessions of a
web geek goddess:**
from the heart of the personal website

a centennial scholar's project
presented by alyssa bozhil
on Wednesday 3.21.01 @ 7pm
in the lecture hall, 304 barnard
t.s.d. to mania mcintyre @ 212.854.6166

Entomological Foundation

STAN BECK FELLOWSHIP

A \$4,000 fellowship will be awarded in December to assist needy undergraduate or graduate students in continuing their education. Need is based on physical limitations, economic, minority, or environmental conditions.

To learn how you can apply call the Entomological Foundation at (301) 731-4535, extension 3029; or write to the Entomological Foundation, Stan Beck Fellowship, 9301 Annapolis Rd., Suite 300, Lanham, MD 20706. Deadline is September 1, 2001.

<<previous page>> lies in its interdisciplinary capabilities. Because it must be combined with another major, the subject of human rights is extended and given a far more universal appeal. Students will have the opportunity to apply ethics to any walk of life. Acknowledging the importance of morality in every subject and profession, not simply politics, will promote compassion and justice in a world that seems to have none. Scientists will consider the ethical, instead of the technological, consequences of their research, as in the human genome project or cloning. Writers and poets tried by adversity will have their voices heard farther and wider than ever before. The dissemination of human rights in such a multilateral fashion will only promote their enforcement and sanctity.

Despite its ideological quality, the program would have utility for the career oriented. A combined major or concentration in human rights is excellent for work in the non-profit sector, including non-governmental organizations, activist groups and the like. One can also apply such a major to law, and nearly anything involving intensive research. The Human Rights Advocacy Project, an independent study program at Columbia that

began this semester will provide internships that will strengthen experience should one desire to pursue a career in human rights advocacy. Even without utility, the knowledge one receives from a human rights combined major can be applied to daily life: through personal activism, and a better understanding of not only what happens in the world, but what one can do to help.

There is clearly a strong argument that this is an essential program that must be permitted. Perhaps, one day, the human rights study will no longer be essential; when freedom is as ubiquitous as biology and Shakespeare. But until that day comes, the mere suggestion that human rights are an academic issue signifies enormous progress in establishing their sanctity in the world community. Only through making this step academically, can the same step be made universally.

The final decision was being made as this article went to print. Please look for a follow-up in the next issue.

Liane Aronchick is a Barnard sophomore and a bulletin photographer

<<page 20>> which way for another Western Union sign.

Then, on the first floor of a tenement building, we finally saw Western Union. Inside the building, I felt like I was at a crack house. On one side of the room was a chain-locked bodega, some kind of vitamin, natural supplement, and beauty

aid store. On the other was a grated window, behind which a man sat with a money counter. Gina exchanged her form for \$300 cash in \$20 bills.

We left, loot in hand, and started back up the hill toward Morningside. I hailed a taxi, exhausted by trying to find money at a Western Union. We made it

back to Barnard. I have not since walked across 110 Street. And since last semester, I have walked only along Broadway from 120 Street to 79 Street. Goodbye Chelsea, here to stay am I in Morningside.

Jain Epstein is a Barnard first-year

Celebrate Women's History Month

"Untold Stories"

Columbia University
CC • BC • SEAS

March 7

Wednesday Music Series

12:00pm

Macintosh Lower Level

Sponsored by College Activities Office and Women's History Month Committee

March 7

Controversial Issues Forum: Performing Activisms

A panel discussion with performers Holly Hughes and Carmelita Tropicana and scholars Jose Munoz and Diana Taylor

6:30 pm

Altschul Atrium

Sponsored by the Barnard Center for Research on Women

March 7

MindOpeners Series: Gloria Steinem and a Panel of Young Feminists

Gloria Steinem and a panel of young feminists will discuss the future of feminism as an inclusive movement to represent all women

7:00 pm

James Room, Fourth Floor, Barnard Hall

Sponsored by Barnard College Counseling Services

March 19

Assertiveness for Women: Ways to be Clear, Competent, and Confident (in one easy lesson)

A workshop with Judith Steinhart, Senior Health Educator, Alice! Dinner will be served.

6:00 pm - 8:00 pm

Jed D. Satow Room, Lerner Hall

Sponsored by Alice! and the First Year Class Center

March 21

Wednesday Music Series

12:00pm

Macintosh Lower Level

Sponsored by College Activities Office and Women's History Month Committee

March 21

Women Around the World Forum

6:00 pm

Altschul Atrium

Sponsored by McAC

March 21

"Text, People and Contexts: Understanding Domestic Violence in Swaziland"

PANGI (Pan-African Gender Initiative)

Writer and Activist Sarah Mkhonza discusses the factors contributing to domestic violence in southern Africa.

6:30 pm

Sulzberger Parlor, Third Floor, Barnard Hall

Sponsored by the Barnard Center for Research on Women

March 21

Centennial Scholar Presentation: "True Confessions of a Web Geek Goddess"

A presentation by Alyssa Boxhill

7:00 pm

Julius S. Held Lecture Hall, 304 Barnard Hall

Sponsored by the Centennial Scholars Program

March 22

Tenth Annual Alumna Achievement Award

Keynote Speaker: the Honorable Carolyn Maloney, House of Representatives

Award Recipient: Stephanie Falcone Bernick, M.D. CC'89

7:00 pm - 9:00 pm

Alfred Lerner Hall

Sponsored by Columbia College Women

March 22

"Dancer in the Dark"

8:00 pm

Lerner Cinema

Sponsored by the Ferris Reel Film Society