



# OPINION

## Letter to the Editor

### Carni-Vol Prize a Mistake

To the Editor:

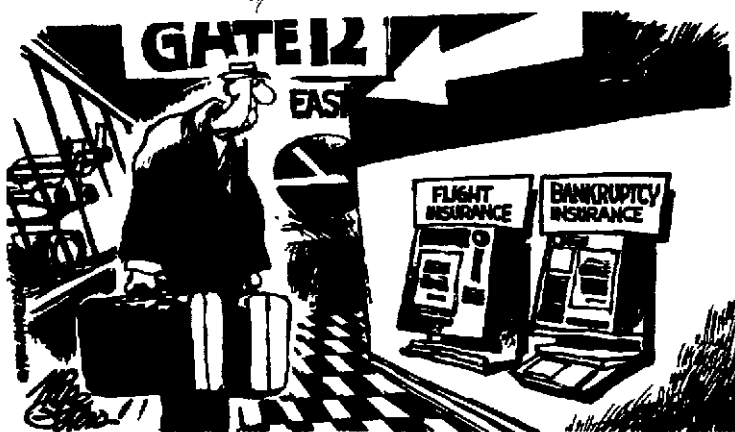
In spite of the success of Carni-Vol one thing stood out as a failure and should be considered when planning similar events. It was a tragic mistake to allow the Blue Note booth to offer living goldfish as game prizes. These fish were kept in bowls too tiny for even temporary existence and had to share that small space with ping pong balls flying in periodically. If that weren't bad enough, these creatures were given away in baggies without care in instructions, food, or fish bowl. How many students happen to store aquariums in their rooms and have the food necessary to care for fish? I wonder how many of Saturday's

fish are still alive.

One winner was on his way to put his fish in the fountain by Low Library where the fish undoubtedly froze to death. Another said he planned to swallow his. One student just stared at his baggy and commented that he really didn't know what he was going to do with it.

While the sponsors of the fish booth probably did not have inhumane intentions, they, the Carni-Vol's organizers, and all of us should be more respectful and responsible members of the "superior" human race.

Reva C. Haynie  
CC '87



## Bear Essentials\*

**PROBLEM-ORIENTED WORKSHOPS** have been created to provide opportunities for students to discuss experiences that they share: **WEIGHT REDUCTION BEHAVIOR MODIFICATION**—first meeting TUES., OCT. 18, 1:00 p.m., 205 Barnard, Dr. Morgan; **DEATH OF A PARENT**—first meeting WED., OCT. 19, 11:00 a.m., 205 Barnard, Dr. Benson.

**HOW TO PREPARE FOR EXAMINATIONS**: Professor Richard Young will bring his best recommendations to 305A Barnard, THURS., OCT. 20, 12:15 p.m.


**HAVE YOU CHECKED YOUR CAMPUS MAILBOX?** An overview of alerts and notices from College offices and staff are delivered there. **Chicana**

living in 600, 620, and in Columbia residence halls are urged to check their lockers as well as those in their dorms.

**PRE-LAW PANELS**: OCT. 18, NOV. 1, 21, 28, 29, 30, 31, 1:15 p.m. **PREMED**: Interview Workshops, Jean Palmer Room, OCT. 21, 2:30 p.m. **ENGLISH MAJORS**: courses and projects to be revised in second semester. Meeting location for Spring 1984 course selection, OCT. 19, 10:30 a.m., Subbasement North. For the sign-up for writing courses and other materials begin.

\*Important information provided by the Student Service Office on a regular basis.

**Chicano Caucus Speaker Series presents**  
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## Bulletin

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**ATTENTION ALL SENIORS**

Pictures for Mortarboard, the Barnard Yearbook, will be taken the week of October 24th from 10 a.m. to 7 p.m. in the Jean Palmer Room on the 2nd floor of McIntosh.

Sign up immediately in room 209 McIntosh to reserve your time

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## Students Help Out at Public School

by Megan Schwarz

At the beginning of this year, there was a day when all the clubs and organizations of Barnard and Columbia arranged themselves attractively on McIntosh Lawn. As I was speeding by, dodging the Earth Coalition leaders, I was accosted by a young woman named Cherry Jones. "Would you like to help out in an urban ghetto school?" she asked. My first reaction was to make general excuses but she held my attention. Since that day I have been assigned and have begun helping out in the physical education department of Public School 165.

Public School 165 is an elementary school (K-6th grades) located on 109th Street. The great majority of the children at P.S. 165 come from hispanic backgrounds. Because many children are learning English as a second language they need extra help in learning to read, write and express themselves in English.

The principal of P.S. 165 as well as the predominant force behind the tutoring program is Mrs. Carla L. Ostrowski. Mrs. Ostrowski was born in New York City. She went to elementary school 54 and then to Public School 165 for junior high

school. She is probably one of the only people who has gone back to an area where she was raised and to the school which she attended as a child to become the principal.

After high school at Julia P. Richmond, Mrs. Ostrowski received a B.S. in Business from Long Island University. She went into business and married Mr. Ostrowski. She was raising a family when she decided to go back to school, this time for a M.S. in Elementary Education at Herbert H. Lehman College, a branch of City University. She taught for a while but was soon back in school. She received a certificate of Administration and Supervision at City College. This May, Mrs. Ostrowski was appointed to a prestigious post, Principal of P.S. 165.

A very attractive, warm, and articulate woman, Mrs. Ostrowski was the first in her family to go to college. Like many of the children, Mrs. Ostrowski is from a hispanic background. (Her parents were born in Santo Domingo.) She also learned English as a second language. As she says, "I think it's wonderful to be a product of two cultures." In short, Mrs. Ostrowski understands where these kids are coming

from and she knows where she wants them to go.

The urban ghetto tutoring program gives Barnard and Columbia students many different opportunities to work with the children in a variety of ways. The prospective tutors' abilities are assessed, and then they are placed where they will be most useful. My specialty, for example, is gymnastics, so I am working with Mr. Conte in the gym, showing anyone who is interested what they want to learn.

There are tutors helping in the playground with reading, math, computers, or languages. Some go simply to talk with the children. They need practice in conversation. They have very interesting backgrounds and experiences to discuss.

Mr. Ostrowski also hopes for the Barnard and Columbia students to serve as additional role models for the children. As she put it, "I want to see as many of our kids as possible going to Columbia University." After having been to P.S. 165 for my session, I would not be surprised if we, as tutors, will learn more from the great kids at P.S. 165 than they will learn from us.

by Peter Cachion

Why do we put up with New York? Why do we put up with the noise, the roaches, the greedy landlords, the urine-soaked subways . . . ? Most of us say, "So we can enjoy the pleasures which can be found only in the city." And that's what admissions people tell high school seniors who have been accepted at Princeton as well as Columbia or Barnard.

For me, one of these compensatory urban pleasures is floating. Floating involves the placement of one's body in a closed, insulated tank of salt-saturated water heated to a womblike temperature, in which tank one floats, quiescent, for an hour or so. It's great.

Unfortunately, floating as popular entertainment was seriously injured by the 1981 film *Altered States*, in which William Hurt played a researcher who combined hallucinogenic drugs and sensory deprivation in his exploration of the limits of consciousness. Hurt's fate in the film—transformation into an amorphous blob of pre-Cambrian protoplasm—helped to smother the new phenomenon, much as *Jaws* made a good many of its viewers afraid to go in the water.

## Columbia Students Float in New York

Floating began as another exotic health fad originating in—where else?—California. Extravagant claims made on its behalf encouraged many to try it, and a band of California leisure entrepreneurs took steps to open float parlors across the country. Now they are mostly bankrupt, because of timidity brought on by phobias and psychological inhibitions, the high cost of the equipment (which puts the cost of floating out of reach of many casual prospects), and the scary movie: a devastating triple punch. The result is that floating is now a truly exotic experience. There are, it seems, only six available tanks in New York.

The place to go to float in New York is definitely *Tranquility Tanks*, at 141 Fifth Avenue (below 21st and a block away from Danceteria). *Tranquility* is on the eighth floor of a building filled with sweat shops and there is no sign, but the decor in the place itself would please Timothy Leary

himself. Although owners Todd Frueh and Charles Docherty have only two tanks, they stay open until midnight. One of Frueh and Docherty's tanks, representing the latest innovation, is shaped like an egg (" . . . nature's most perfect form and a symbol of birth and the celebration of life"), and is called the Ova. This one is good for people threatened by the coffin-like appearance of regular tanks.

If an hour spent alone with your psyche doesn't appeal to you, *Tranquility's* tanks are equipped with sound systems which will play tapes you bring or tapes from their own library. The price is steep—\$25 for a first-time hour visit and \$20 an hour thereafter—but Frueh and Docherty accept Visa, MasterCard, Amex, and even personal checks. Make an appointment at 475-5225. (If *Tranquility* can't fit you in, call *California Hot Tubs*, 60 Third Avenue between 10th and 11th Streets, at 982-3000. Hours and prices are

similar; California also has hot tubs with group rates.)

To the uninitiated, spending an hour alone in a dark, silent tank floating nude on one's back in salty water seems either boring or frightening. But it is really a soothing, peaceful experience, a sort of passive massage. With surface distractions gone, subconscious conflicts can be untangled, back pains ironed out and tensions dissolved. You float gently in the tank, bumping gently against the walls now and then. Two small problems neck strain from the unnatural head-back position (an air pillow is provided for optional use); and salt water which gets into cuts and stings like hell (no solution for this). But you won't de-evolve into an amoeba.

Todd Frueh gets college students coming in to float every once in a while, and he suggests floating right after a big test to slowly dissipate tension. This sounds good to me and I have already

reserved an hour for my post-exam crash. To me, an hour of floating is equivalent to eight hours of sleep. One feels incredibly refreshed after floating, you can stay up all night, float in the morning and be ready for another day. Many of *Tranquility's* customers are California-mellow types, but Frueh also sees dancers, actors, and doctors—people in stressful occupations who take their relaxation as seriously as their work or their partying.

Now a word on claustrophobia. Anyone who suffers from it should not enter a tank, nor should those afraid of the dark. Nor should inebriates or those under the influence of hallucinogens. Don't be scared away, though. Almost every beginner has reservations, but *Tranquility's* staff is very helpful and they will give a short orientation before the first float. No one will lock you into the tank. Actually, floating is hard to explain—you really have to try it. Frueh and Docherty's blurb for *Tranquility* says it all: "short-term sensory reduction can result in incredibly profound states of relaxation. Beyond these states of restfulness, inner-space explorers may find a multitude of realities available to them."

## Underfire Underdeveloped as Journalistic Commentary

by Amelia A. Hart

*Under Fire*, opening Friday, is the latest fuel to be added to the fire of debate over "docu-drama" films and films about journalistic ethics. It is set in Nicaragua during the Sandinista revolution against President Anastasio Somoza and concerns three American journalists and their involvement in the revolution.

On one hand, *Under Fire* is a "realistic" depiction of the events of the Sandinista revolution and of how foreign correspondents operate; on the other it interweaves fictional characters, primarily a guerrilla fighter named Raphael who reaches mythic proportions as a leader and becomes a symbolic rallying point for the peasants, with real personages in order to create an ethical crisis for our journalists in Managua. It is this interweaving of fact and fiction along with an overall weak screenplay by Ron Shelton and Clayton Frohman that compromises most of the power this film might have had and blurs its meaning.

Nick Nolte and Joanna Cassidy find themselves growing sympathetic to the revolutionary cause and eventually they help the revolutionaries by propagating a lie about Raphael, that he is alive when he has actually been killed by Somoza's forces. The problem with this situation as presented in *Under Fire* is two-fold: first, there were enough ethical questions raised day to day if not hour to hour in the coverage of the Nicaragua conflict without hav-

ing to create fictional ones, and secondly the crisis faced by Nolte's and Cassidy's characters is not adequately explored or discussed. What question could be more central to journalism than the demands of objectivity and truth versus the demands of one's own conscience? Yet the film poses this question in the most simplistic terms, "I can't do that; I'm a journalist" and "We were swept away because their cause is so sympathetic." The film lacks the courage to face up to the dilemma it presents.

The film also lacks artistic courage in that it finds itself obliged to serve up a romantic triangle among Nolte, Cassidy and Gene Hackman. Not once does any aspect of this affair ring true, and it adds nothing to the film except tedium.

*Under Fire* nonetheless has its good points: Jerry Goldsmith and Pat Metheny contributed an excellent soundtrack, and Ed Harris, soon to be seen as John Glenn in *The Right Stuff*, does the best acting in the film as a mercenary. The best moment in the film is the murder of an American journalist. We see it only through the telephoto lens of Nolte's camera, as the journalist is gunned down by Somoza's army in an excruciatingly casual way. That moment and the bitter reflection of a Nicaraguan woman on the outrage at the murder of one journalist as compared to the years of silence at the deaths of thousands of Nicaraguans are the only times *Under Fire* transcends its drama to touch the reality of war.

Joanna Cassidy and Nick Nolte in *Underfire*.



Photo by Bruce McBlom



Taking a break from studies?

# Carmen's Melodies Continue at NYC Opera

by Judy S. Chang

**Carmen** What does that name bring to mind but the name of a freshman dorm in CU? Well, actually it should bring to mind the name of an opera. A rather famous and popular one as a matter of fact, that is full of memorable and singable melodies. *Carmen* is one of those operas that after leaving the opera house, you hear people still humming and singing. This performance by the NYC Opera at the Lincoln Center was no different.

It is odd to think that when it was first performed in the Paris Opera House, it was

described as unmelodious and the plot as crude and violent. Today one would not describe this immensely popular opera as such. The plot, though over-dramatic by present standards, still shocks because of its violent ending. The composer, George Bizet, conceived of *Carmen* as a bohemian gypsy—heartless, freespirted and un-mindful of her fate.

It is a rather long opera in four acts, running for 3½ hours. Though one might not understand the language, the plot is easy to follow and the music is so well-known that at times it seems a bit cliché.

Often heard as just an orchestral suite, the Prelude sets the mood and atmosphere—a warm southern Spanish scene in Seville, full of gypsies, smugglers, and bull-fighters. The Prelude introduces the main themes: the infamous Toreador song and the fate motif that foreshadows *Carmen's* inescapable destiny.

First singing the familiar "Haben-ara," *Carmen* catches the attention of Don Jose, a corporal, and then ensnares him inextricably with the "Seguidilla." Here she sings of her interest in a certain corporal and her desire to see him at a friend's tavern.

The second act opens with an Entr'acte that evokes a colorful tavern scene, complete with Flamenco dancers and smugglers. Against his sense of honor, Don Jose is compelled by *Carmen* to quit the army and join the smugglers.

A delicately poignant flute melody introduces the third act, which opens in a smugglers' cave in the mountains. Tired of Don Jose, *Carmen* now loves Escamillo! the flamboyant toreador. Micaela, Don Jose's former fiancée and *Carmen's* antithesis, appears in the cave with the information that Don Jose's mother is dying. Thus forced to leave *Carmen*, Don Jose warns her that they will meet again. Their dialogue is underscored by the fate motif.

The music of the fourth Entr'acte re-

calls the flavor of the bohemian life and pomp of the bull ring. This last scene, the most spectacular, has a procession of horses on stage and the febrile excitement of a real bullfight. *Carmen*, in full glory as the mistress of Escamillo, is confronted by Don Jose, who pleads with her to return to him. Ever scornful, *Carmen* sings that "free she was born and free she will die," whereupon she tries to go to the ring where Escamillo is feted by the adoring crowds in his triumph. Maddened beyond thought, Don Jose stabs *Carmen* and cries "he who loved her, struck her dead." The opera thus closes with the singers and conductor taking their bows.

Altogether, it was a good if uninspired performance. The role of Don Jose, a rather wishy-washy, wimpy part, was suitably performed by Harry Teyard. His singing, though at times grating, was merely adequate. The role of Escamillo, sung by Arthur Thompson, had the greatest melodies. Flamboyant in costume and song, this memorable part was performed admirably. Another beautiful performance was given by Elizabeth Hynes, a soprano in the role of Micaela. Having a voice of such great sweetness and purity, Hynes was a favorite of many in the audience.

Continued on page 8

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# Consort Brings Back the Baroque

by Tara Polen

On Friday evening, October 7, The Bayview Consort performed at Carnegie Recital Hall. Under the direction of Herbert Feldman, the group performed both Renaissance and Baroque music. The members of the group were dressed in Renaissance-style clothing, used traditional instruments (baroque instruments made in the baroque period), and employed the musical practices of the period. The instruments consisted of a baroque violin, baroque viola, two baroque celli, four viola da gambas, lute recorder, rebec, vielle, krumphorn, harpsichord, and one singer. There are only seven members in the group, therefore the abundance of instruments proves their versatility as performers. Various percussion instruments were also used.

The first half of the program consisted of various dance pieces, a few lute solos, and some vocal music. Although the group consisted mostly of stringed instruments, intonation wasn't a very strong quality. Because the traditional Renaissance practice is to play with no vibrato, there is not much room for intonation once a note is played. One may respect the group for being conservative about these practices, but not if one has a good ear! However, one must also realize that the stage was very hot and instruments can go out of tune very easily in such conditions. That must be why they devoted so much time to tuning their instruments. . . .

The lute solos in the first half were definitely the strongest part of the program. William Zito, the lutenist for the group, is an extremely skilled musician, and played with much feeling. The audience appreciated his musicianship, applauding appreciatively after each piece he performed.

The vocal solos, performed by soprano Loretta Mennone, were very weak. The first song she performed, "The Dark is My Delight" (anonymous), was very inconsistent; it lacked support, had poor projection, and Ms. Mennone couldn't seem to get enough air to finish her phrases. The high notes were too loud and the low notes inaudible. However, she did have good expression. In addition, Ms. Mennone performed two other songs. "The Merry Pleasant Spring" (anonymous) was insufficiently developed, and "When Daphne from Fair Phoebeus Did Fly" (anonymous) was rather high and rather flat.

After a fifteen-minute intermission, the program commenced with music of the Baroque school. First was a Handel Sonata with Herbert Feldman on Baroque violin, Robert von Gufeld on the Baroque cello, and Barbara Kupferberg on the harpsichord. This was quite enjoyable because the audience related better to this music, which was of a more traditional style. Although again, intonation on the violin and cello was a weakness; all the musicians

Continued on page 8

## Bayview

*(Continued from page 6)*

were very expressive. Their concentration might have been disturbed when a few members of the audience applauded between movements, but they did well in spite of that.

Next Ms. Mennone returned to sing Purcell's "The Blessed Virgin's Expostulation." This was definitely her best effort. Although she had some of the same problems as before (mostly projection and

support), the sound finally moved out of her throat. Some of the more difficult leaps and high notes truly had a pleasant sound to them. Ms. Mennone began to show her skill. However, it didn't seem as though she understood the ending of the piece—it could have been much more dramatic on her part.

Finally the Telemann Trio Sonata was very well done. It had Herbert Feldman on the violin, Ellen Johnson on the viola, Robert von Gutfeld on the cello, and Bar-

bara Kupferberg on the harpsichord. Although there were four musicians, this piece is called a trio sonata because there are two soloists (violin and viola), and two instruments which make up one accompanist—either cello or viola da gamba (in this case cello) and harpsichord.

Overall the Bayview Consort gave an enjoyable recital. Their original costumes and instruments were refreshing. The acoustics were very good and the performers were skilled musicians. The strength and captivation of William Zito's playing compensated for the weaknesses of Ms. Mennone's performance.

A concert such as this one is not recommended for a person without patience for the rigidity of Renaissance and Baroque musical practices. However, if one can put all that aside and enjoy the ambience of the costumes and mood of the music, this concert could prove very pleasing.

## Forum

*(Continued from page 1)*

tee composed primarily of students read aloud examples of real situations to demonstrate the wide scope of sexual harassment cases that have been reported, and to give examples of other cases that should have been.

## Carmen

*(Continued from page 6)*

Joy Davidson, the mezzo-soprano, has sung Carmen over 300 times and it was becoming apparent because she seemed too comfortable with the role. Carmen a difficult and demanding role, calls for a smooth lyricism that Davidson lacked. There was a sharp, abrupt quality in her singing that was unsuited for the

part. In addition, either her voice was too weak or the orchestra was too strong for often she was overpowered by its playing.

Evidently Davidson knows the part well and is quite familiar with the proud flaunting character of Carmen. The one unforgivable problem in her performance was that after each traditionally favorite

aria she turned and faced the audience, waiting for the applause. In opera one employs "a willing suspension of disbelief" but that was dispelled each time Davidson stepped out of her role and looked at the audience. In fact, in this performance, the bows were taken after each act, which further broke the continuity and illusion

of the opera-drama.

The NYC Opera, previously on strike, now has revised its 1983 schedule with Carmen running till Nov. 12. Carmen should, in any case, be seen at least once if only to distinguish it from the dorm, and to find out where all those now familiar melodies originated.

## SDC

*(Continued from page 1)*

port every issue. Undergrad represents students of all political persuasions, so we can't deal with very controversial issues such as divestment or draft resistance. This is what Students for a Democratic Campus can do. Let's not work against each other but together."

Polly Trottenberg and Corinna Snyder apologized for SDC's accusations. "This isn't an attack on Undergrad, we just want to discuss the problems. We're not against the government, that would be ineffective. We just want to work for more action."

Finally Students for a Democratic Campus and Undergrad found a point of agreement. Their major issue was a lack of communication. The two groups plan to work together to remedy this basic but important problem.

Barnard's Students for a Democratic Campus asks significant questions: "Why aren't suicide and rape hot lines center numbers? What can we expect from our student government? How can the Health Service be changed to create an environment more accessible and conducive to intimacy?" The goals are valid to handle Barnard issues, to improve Barnard women's place in Columbia University, and to handle larger political issues in conjunction with the University chapter of Students for a Democratic Campus.

And these women are strong. They possess a stubborn almost reckless idealism. They are genuinely concerned and committed. They give you the feeling that the problems can be solved, the situations can change. SDC at Barnard is a young group but the potential of the group is obvious. These women aren't going to sit and wait for things to change. If their impetuosity can be reined in, and they make an effort to work with existing groups instead of clashing so strongly with public attitudes, the Students for a Democratic Campus will have a definite positive effect on Barnard College.



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