

YARNARD
BULLETIN

Special Women's History Month Issue, March 12, 1997
Issue 6



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Cover photo by Leigh Hill

Voices:**Put Your Mouth Behind Your Money**

In a move that garnered the attention of the Harvard Administration and college fund-raisers everywhere, a group of Radcliffe women staged a protest against Harvard's lackluster record of hiring and promoting female faculty members. This bold and vociferous group of alumnae from the class of 1953 has so far persuaded alumni to divert \$500,000 into a protest escrow account (*New York Times* 7/24/97). Funds directed to this account are alumni contributions that Harvard will receive once they convince alumni they are addressing the fact that only 11.5 percent of senior faculty members are female.

What is most significant about this protest is that these alumnae offer a reminder of the unimpressive history of women's colleges. Schools like Radcliffe and Barnard existed because women were denied direct access to an Ivy League education. At their conception, women's colleges did not intend to provide the intellectual stimulus and academic rigor that Barnard today celebrates. For the first graduates, women's colleges like Barnard and Radcliffe were elite finishing schools. Women were prepared for bourgeois lifestyles and marriage. They were not pushed towards medical school or academic careers.

That didn't last long, however. Women were not going to stand for partial admission into academia. Women started challenging the codes by applying to medical schools and law schools, and many rose to the top of their respective fields—shattering the patriarchal conception of women's limits and stereotypes

on what women should and could do.

These are the women we celebrate and honor during women's history month because without their bold slap-in-the-face tactics, the glass ceiling that we all bemoan just might be a hell of a lot lower, thicker and sharper. It's destructive to the continuation of the women's movement to stop and reflect too long. Being stuck in a Virginia-Slums-we've-come-a-long-way-baby mentality prevents us from finding the glitches and holes that still prevent women from gaining access to every avenue they deserve. According to the American Association of University Professors, women hold 24.5 percent of tenured positions in arts and science faculties. Figures for Ivy League schools are dismally lower.

One of the joys and luxuries of being at a women's college is the absence of overt sexism that still permeates many campuses. However, it can also give us unrealistic expectations about opportunities in the decidedly coded and unfortunately still sexist real world. We have to constantly remind ourselves of the barriers that still need to be broken.

The women from the Radcliffe class of 1953 deserve praise because they acted on completely selfless motives. They want to ensure that by having more tenured females, the Harvard their granddaughters attend will be different than the Radcliffe they knew. These sixty-something year-old women are acting in the interests of potential women professors and future college students everywhere.

Editorial Policy

In order to be considered for publication in *Letters to the Editor*, must be signed by an individual or by an officially recognized Columbia University organization. *Letters to the Editor* must be submitted no later than the Wednesday preceding publication and must include a home number. All letters are printed under the discretion of the Editors. Opinions expressed in the *Bulletin* are those of the author, not necessarily Barnard College or the *Barnard Bulletin*. The Editorial Board reserves the right to edit all submitted material.

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Barnard Events Calendar for March 12-March 29

**FRI 3/14**

8pm Barnard Dance Four
Choreographers in Concert, Miller
Theatre

SAT 3/15

10am-2pm Spring Clothing Sale,
Riverside Church
8pm Barnard Dance "Four
Choreographers in Concert, Miller
Theatre

MON 3/24

8:00pm Women's Issues and Concerns
About 5/M, Sulzberger North Tower
8:30pm *America's Victoria: The Victoria
Woodhull Story* 507 Hamilton

TUES 3/25

6:00pm Women and the Environment,
15th Floor International Affairs
Building

WED 3/26

8:00pm Poet/performance Artist
Sapphire will read selections from
Push and *American Dreams*, Lehman
Auditorium, Aitschul Hall

THURS 3/27

7:00pm International Feminism: A dis-
cussion of various women's move-
ments in different parts of the world
Wien Lounge

FRI 3/29

General Volunteer Training for Rape
Crisis/Anti Violence Support Center
123 Brooks



BEAR ESSENTIALS

SENIORS If you have not yet filed a cap and gown order form, please do so at once by bringing it to the Office of College Activities, 709 McIntosh. Additional forms are available in the Dean of Studies Office.

FIRST-YEAR STUDENTS Please attend one of the two program planning meetings, led by Dean Kreger, as you begin to think about your coursework for the 1997 fall term. They will be held on Monday, April 7, from 5-6pm in Lehman Auditorium, and on Tuesday, April 8, from 12-1pm in the James Room.

SOPHOMORES Please attend one of two meetings, led by Dean Taylor, which will focus on the major declaration process and on filing your 1997 fall term program. They will be held on Wednesday,

April 2, from 4-5pm, and on Friday, April 4, from 12-1pm, both in 304 Barnard.

ACADEMIC STANDING REPORTS The Dean of Studies Office has asked for and is receiving reports from faculty members about students whose standing in courses at this time is C- or less. If we receive a report for you, we will send a note to you asking you to meet with your academic adviser (if you are a first-year student or sophomore), with Dean Runsdorf if you are a junior, or with Dean Schneider if you are a senior. We want you to be aware of support services and resources that can help you to improve your standing.

DEFERRED The last day to drop a course or to select the Pass/D/Fail option is Thursday, March 27.

...News Briefs... News Briefs...

BURSTEIN SPEAKS ON CAMPUS
"I'm feeling very grumpy," Karen Burstein announced to her audience as she spoke in Aitschul Atrium on March 6. Burstein ran for State Attorney General in 1994 and has served in the state congress. The event was sponsored by Women in Politics of Barnard College, College Democrats, and LABIA. I used to think politics was

pretty disgusting until I started practicing law," Burstein said. She filled her speech with personal anecdotes, ranging from her childhood influences. "My father was a brilliant man, but an incredible chauvanist," she said—to a car ride to Alabama at the height of the civil rights movement. She also

continued on page 23



-----Incoming: Letters to the Editor-----

Dear Editor,

I just finished reading "Lions Don't Hang Out With Bears, Oh My!" (3/5). It was surprising to me that the article portrayed such a weak image of the "Barnard Woman." Assuming that meeting Columbia students is the only way to social success, the article seemed to downplay the City and Barnard as adequate and fulfilling social scenes. It said that as prospective students, we were led to believe that "Barnard students reap the benefits of the Columbia experience while enjoying the advantages offered by a women's college after nearly two semesters at Barnard, we are skeptical about the reality of that statement." I look around my hall and in many of my classes and I notice the absence of men. I even notice the absence of Columbia women. But more importantly, I see a group of strong, independent young women with whom I am fostering relationships that would not even begin to blossom in a coed situation.

Yes, we eat together and go to class together. We share a bathroom and a hallway and a building. And although Columbia students have the Core, I think we have something much stronger. We share triumphs and defeats, dreams and hopes, fears and skepticisms, and we share them not with Plato or Aristotle, but with one another. So when speaking of crossing the street to meet people or to get in on Core classes or hang out with boys, I think it is important to realize

what remains here.

The tie to Columbia is an important one. It provides Barnard students access to a large university setting. We are open to a broader range of course topics, library materials, clubs, organizations, and special events. It should not, though, be the single and deciding factor in whether or not we, as Barnard women, have social lives. After all, the West End is on our side of the street.

Sincerely,
Jennifer Hensley, BC '00

Voices Currents Barnard (2/26)

"A UNIX System of One's Own?" It is not the administrators that displayed "glaring technological naiveté" but the *Barnard Bulletin*, in its February 26, 1997 issue. In this op-ed piece the Bulletin published something that was not fully researched or investigated. Information Technology Services (ITS) has been active in informing the community about the changes to the computing system through letters, informational meetings, and Pine lessons—free of charge. Simply calling or e-mailing the Help Desk or asking a consultant at the Lehman Lab would have cleared up a lot of the author's confusion. It is irresponsible to spread that confusion to the rest of the campus, even in an opinion piece.

It is indeed possible to access Barnix from off campus and Columbia e-mail terminals by opening a Telnet session to mail.barnard.

columbia.edu. This is one of the reasons why we upgraded to a UNIX system in the first place. Also, most students who use cc Mail on campus know that dial-up service has not been able to meet the increasing needs of the Barnard community for some time now. It is possible to Telnet to cc Mail, Barnix accounts, and dorm Ethernet wiring will remedy that problem, providing access to e-mail from anywhere as well as other Internet services such as the World Wide Web in your dorm room. And while the dial-up server is not ready, it will be soon.

If there are programs that students feel are needed on the server, they should contact ITS by e-mail and suggest them. You may find that services such as Lynx, already exist. It can be used by typing lynx and the Internet url separated by a space, at the \$ prompt. Just ask and you may be surprised to see how powerful Barnix is. You may also be surprised to see that the administration respects your opinions more than you think.

The article complained that the Barnard administration has only begun to deal with the issue of computing on campus. The Information Technology Services Department has been working on improving Barnard's computing for quite some time while keeping the requests of students in mind. The networking infrastructure wiring has been upgraded for a faster, more reliable network. The dorms are being wired for Ethernet as quickly as possible,

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The Herstory of Barnard: Infancy to Maturity

by Mita Mallick

Even Frederick Barnard could not have imagined what today lies behind the huge gates of our college. Columbia University's tenth president, Barnard believed that women should have an opportunity for higher education at Columbia. His campaign to enroll women on an equal basis with men at the university sparked controversy: some favored coeducation, while others wanted a separate women's college in the city, comparable to Smith or Wellesley. Still others were against Barnard's idea of coeducation all together. John W. Burgess, who was at the time Dean of Columbia's political science faculty, warned members of the University that opening its gates to women would turn the University into "a female seminary" and "a Hebrew female seminary" at that.

On April 1, 1889, the trustees of Columbia decided to establish an affiliated college for women at the University. Although Barnard's creation was a milestone in the struggle for women's higher education, many were not satisfied. All hopes of Columbia ever being coeducational seemingly vanished. It would not be until ninety-four years later, in 1983, that women would be admitted as students to Columbia College.

The initial arrangement made in 1889 between Barnard and Columbia was similar to that of the all-male Harvard and its counterpart, the all-female Annex, later renamed Radcliffe. The 1889

arrangement between Barnard and Columbia, however, quickly proved problematic. Barnard College was created as a separately financed institution, for Columbia would have no part in aiding Barnard with its expenditures. At the same time, Barnard was paying annual fees to help support the Columbia faculty. The result was that the College almost went bankrupt in 1891. Barnard was also not allowed to select its own faculty, and was instead to "borrow" the professors at Columbia. Of course, Columbia's faculty at the time did not include women. The College could not form its own curriculum, and was forced to duplicate the curriculum of Columbia and give the same exams. Additionally, the temporary living situation for the students was hardly adequate.

Barnard's situation finally began to stabilize in the mid-1890s, thanks to the fundraising efforts of Barnard trustees and benefactors. Barnard moved uptown with Columbia to the then-rural Upper West side of Manhattan on the site of Bloomingdale Asylum. The college was given a one-acre lot in 1898, where Milbank Hall now stands.

In 1894, Emily Gregor—who offered to teach without a salary—was named the first Professor in Barnard College by the Barnard trustees. Other professors soon followed, like anthropologist Franz Boas, sociologist Frank Giddings, and historian James Harvey Robinson. Barnard welcomed their instruction at a time when the

views of these men were not widely supported. In 1895, Seth Low, the President of Columbia at the time, anonymously gave Barnard funds. Those funds were used to support undergraduate instruction at Barnard.

On June 1, 1900, the arrangement between Barnard and Columbia was changed into a new agreement, which is still relatively intact today. Under the 1900 agreement, Barnard received representation on the University Council just like the other schools at the University. Nominations of faculty appointments were to be made by the College, and Barnard would have its own separate faculty. Barnard was also allowed to form its own curriculum, and selected courses would be open at both Barnard and Columbia for cross-registration. Finally, Barnard women would receive Columbia University degrees.

Frederick Barnard died before the college that bears his name opened its doors. While many of us rant and rave about equal rights for women, claim that men are oppressors, and argue that we as Barnard women are often alienated within a male-dominated University, it is important to remember how we came to be here. It is a man that this college is named for a man named Frederick Barnard who was a vigorous champion of education for women.

Mita Mallick is a Barnard first-year and the Bulletin Business Manager.

Women + Cigarettes = ?



by January Massin

"You've come a long way, Baby." So rings Virginia Slim's praise of the contemporary woman. And yes, she has come quite far. She now holds a Ph.D., runs board meetings and a household, keeps up with various social obligations, and carries a pair of five-pound weights in each hand during evening aerobics. But that takes work, and lots of it. So after a day in the life of the multifaceted, extraordinarily successful woman, please somebody give her a cigarette! The stress must be killing her. Of course, the cigarettes will too.

Now, I'm not the only one to equate skinny Virginia with independence and success. Marketing experts confirm that the billboard girl epitomizes sophistication and self-reliance in an effort to target young women across the nation. The message quite simply is: smoke these and you'll be this. The Spring '96 *American Marketing Association Journal of Marketing* confirms that the "theme of independence, so captured by the Marlboro Man or Virginia Slims is particularly resonant." The journal notes that the sharp increase in female smokers in the late 1960s was simultaneous with the launching of Virginia Slims and "other female brands."

But wait! As a female smoker, I

can assure you that it's not every day that you find a gal puffing on a Virginia Slim (or a Capri, or any other 'female' cigarette for that matter). My female friends and I tend to opt for the more manly Marlboro and an ad exec once explained to me why this is so: "Women want to identify with the Marlboro cowboy, the lone ranger, free on the open frontier. That image attracts many young females."

Women's attraction to Marlboros may bear some relation to the recent rise in female cigar smokers. It's no longer surprising to find a gal in a New York City bar on a Friday night, accessorized with a big ol' Macanudo in her mouth and a slightly chilled martini by her side. Perhaps it's an outright rejection of the exclusive all-male cigar bars—women now asserting their entrance into the Old Boys Network.

In the May 21, 1995 edition of *The Morning Call*, one woman voiced her disapproval with this sort of networking in a Letter to the Editor. Pointing out that young women are now the largest group of new smokers and that the industry has positioned them as their number one target, she was appalled at the publication's suggestion that smoking was a cool habit. She

also reprimanded the newspaper for going so far as to provide women with detailed instructions on how to smoke cigars.

Yet Dr. Dan Icenogle, in an article in the November 16, 1996 issue of *The Capital Times*, "Why Do Women Smoke?", argues that the rise in female smokers is not at all attributable to girls' desire to be like the boys. He makes a significant distinction between Marlboros, Camels, and the more typically female brands of cigarettes: Virginia Slims are "longer and thinner," he writes. "So there's a bilateral edge to it." Ah yes, Virginia Slims. It is here that the girls are separated from the boys. For many women, cigarettes are used as a strategy for weight control: vital weapons in the women's war on fat. Dr. Cynthia Haq, Associate Professor at the University of Wisconsin, explains the particularly female reasoning behind starting the habit and not kicking it. Haq says many women learn early on that smoking can be an appetite suppressant and that cessation of smoking can lead to slight weight gain.

Haq adds one more explanation

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The Bulletin Admires...

women who struggle

by Jessica Ullian
Commentary Editor

I admire women who speak up for what they believe in and speak out against oppression, women who break through the glass ceiling and then keep going, women who fight their way to the top and women who help other women get there, women who live by their own rules and nobody else's, women who put on makeup because they want to and not because they have to, women who want equal pay for equal work, women who go on strike and women who are CEOs, women who learn and women who teach, women who support ERA and NOW, women who have the courage to be gay or bi or straight or whatever they damn well please, women who fight with their fists and women who fight with their voices, women who write and read and teach others to do the same, women who respect themselves, women who never hide their intelligence in their cleavage, women who don't care if anyone disagrees with their opinions and women who know that their opinions are always valid, women who prove that they are any man's equal and women who believe in equal rights, women who are feminists and just don't know it yet, women who know what they deserve and never, never settle for less.

women who survive

by Jessica Barkhuff
Arts Editor

Living in New York City, among fellow students with 4.0 GPAs and teachers whose intellects continually amaze me, I am surrounded by success. But even among such models of the kind of woman I always thought I wanted to be, I have come to define for myself a new concept of what is admirable in a woman. My sister Julie, who dropped out of college at 18, lost her fiancé to a heart attack on one Christmas Eve several years ago and subsequently became addicted to drugs, recently left her emotionally oppressive marriage to work her way through night school. My mother divorced my father shortly after I was born in order to

raise me away from the damaging effects of alcoholism; she subsequently worked ninety hour weeks to keep the heat from being shut off and just took a new, scary job at the age of 55. My friend Melissa, who suffers from a condition called ataxia that will soon confine her to a wheelchair and will eventually kill her, has left home, gotten a job, goes to college, and studies piano even though the muscles in her hands are deteriorating. Maybe none of these women are at the point in their lives where they thought they would be. None of them will ever write a symphony or win the Pulitzer Prize; I don't know if any of them will ever graduate from college. But in terms of personal strength and perseverance, I wish you all their kind of success.

women who smile

by Elise Choukroum
Arts Editor

Almost invariably for women the notion of success has something to do with striking a balance. Women often talk of wanting a career and a family, and plenty of women do achieve them, through exhaustive attention to both these sides of their lives. But the "perfect Mom" idea takes this one step further. This ideal features a woman who has a good job in a competitive field, yet always manages to prepare dinner every evening, carpool her kids to their daily activities,

and smile all the time. It seems to me that the most difficult aspect of that perfect combination is not the job, or the busy mothering. This ideal woman must also maintain her own mental health and comfort. People tend to see women as the nurturers and caregivers of the world. Women assume the role of supporter for others while neglecting their own well-being. In my opinion, the ultimate measure of success as a woman is being able to achieve the two-sided life—family and career while still being able to honestly smile. I admire any woman who can do it all happily.

zora neale hurston

by Diana Adams Curdullo
Editor in Chief

I discovered Zora my senior year of high school. *Their Eyes Were Watching God* was my induction to her brilliance. Since then, I have made it an annual ritual to reimburse myself in June's life and Zora's prose. I did not know when I chose Barnard that she too had been a Barnard grad. I discovered this while reading her autobiography *Dust Tracks on a Road* my freshman year. In the midst of an incredible anxiety attack over what I was doing at Barnard and wondering whether I would ever get used to this uncomfortable, fast-paced, competitive world of concrete and skyscrapers—longing for a bit of green and some familiar faces—Zora gave me the following inspiration:

*I had the same feeling at Barnard that I did at Howard, only more so. I felt that I was highly privileged and determined to make the most of it. I did not resolve to be a grind, however to show the white folks that I had brains. I took it for granted that they knew that. Why else was I at Barnard? Not everyone who cries, Lord! Lord! can enter those sacred iron gates. In her high scholastic standards equip ment the quality of her student body and graduates. Barnard has a right to the first line of Alma Mater. Beside the waters of the Hudson. Our Alma Mater stands serene! Dean Gilder-Jesse has that certain touch. We know there are women's colleges that are older but no better ones. (From *Dust Tracks on a Road*)*

Zora called Dr. Franz Boas Papa Franz and she laughed her way through the experience of being one of the only African American students at Barnard. She was a storyteller and a folklorist. She makes me laugh when I imagine her in the large hats she apparently always wore laughing with what has been written of as an always too loud, indistinguishable laugh.

She also makes me cry with her ability to capture so much of the human condition in her prose. What makes me mad is that she was buried in an unmarked grave and I thank Alice Walker for rectifying to some degree that wrong. Being an atheist and unsure of pretty much everything, Zora is a steady guiding inspirational presence for me.

little sisters

by Stacy Cowley
Features Editor

Our parents used to insist "you'll be friends when you get older," a theory my younger sister and I seriously doubted. If we'd each had our way, the other would never get any older. World Wars are nothing compared to the fight I started at age 11, near the end of an eight-hour car trip, with the complaint, "Mom, the brat's looking out MY window!"

Last year, a very unnerving thing happened. I began having these bizarre urges to spend time with her on the weekends. These urges were generally of the fleeting genre, but they did lead to some afternoon trips to the movies. Last Spring, I even bestowed my greatest secret on her: how to forge Dad's signature on school absentee notes (the trick is the loop on the 'h' in 'Thomas'). She perfected the signature, we ditched school to spend a day together in Baltimore, and we even enjoyed it. I don't care what

the cliché says if strange things have happened, I've yet to witness them.

So this year, I've been amazed to find that while I've been away at college she's turned into a pretty incredible person. My baby sister is suddenly a high school sophomore who's better at math than I am and co-wrote a novel for a school "creative arts" project (my friends and I would've just glued some paper clips together the night before). She's even managed to get a driver's license. God help us all!

Last night, during one of our increasingly frequent marathon phone conversations, Lisa casually mentioned, "Dad's gearing up for my round of college tours, and he told me to start putting together a list."

"What are you putting down first?" I asked.

"Barnard."

The scariest part is that I kind of like that idea. My parents' prophecy is coming true. Bratkins and I have turned into friends.

Barnard History Makers



Mary Gordon, class of 1971

—1917—
 •Dr Gullie Lindh Muller, first woman to be accepted by the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia University

—1923—
 •Margaret Mead, anthropologist, author

—1920—
 •Aline Stern, actress Lincoln Center Repertory Company

—1932—
 •Hortense Calisher, writer
 •Jane Wyatt Ward, actress

—1935—
 •Elizabeth Janeway, Writer, former president Authors Guild of America

1918—
 •Jeane Kirkpatrick, First woman to serve as U.S. ambassador to the United Nations
 •Muriel Fox, founder of the National Organization of Women

—1946—
 •Dame Anne Warburton first woman to serve as a British ambassador

—1943—
 •Eileen Otte Ford, President of Ford Modeling Agency

—1952—
 •Francine du Plessix Gray, writer



Laurie Anderson, class of 1969

1924—
 •Helen Gahagan Douglas, actress, congresswoman

—1925—
 •Henrietta Swape, astronomer

—1927—
 •Zora Neale Hurston, writer, anthropologist

—1941—
 •Helen Ranney, First woman to chair a university medical department (University of California, San Diego)

—1947—
 •Lila Wallis, Clinical Professor of Medicine, Cornell University Medical College, first physician in the nation to be board certified in three specialties (internal medicine, hematology, and endocrinology)



Timeline: 1910-1990

—1963—

- Twyla Tharp, dancer, choreographer, Director of Twyla Tharp Dance Company, recipient of a MacArthur "genius" grant
- Erica Jong, author
- Martha Stewart, Home Entertainment Consultant

—1965—

- Randall Forsberg, founder and director of the Institute for Defense and Disarmament Studies

—1954—

- Joan Rivers, actress

1958—

- Judith Smith Kaye, first woman to be Chief Judge, New York State Court of Appeals
- Phyllis Grann, President and CEO of Putnam Publishing Corporation
- Rutaa Tritter, opera singer, Metropolitan Opera Company

—1978—

- Natalie Angier, Pulitzer Prize winning science reporter



by Living Legends
Twyla Tharp, class of 1963

—1971—

- Mary Gordon, writer and novelist
- Ellen Futter, President of the American Museum of Natural History (former Barnard president)

—1960—

- Jill Eikenberry, television actress
- Laurie Anderson, musician/performance artist
- Linda Yellen, producer, writer, director

—1981—

- Suzanne Vega, performer/songwriter



—1957—

- June Jordan, poet, novelist, teacher

—1959—

- Susan Stanberg, first woman to anchor a national radio news program, original and longtime host of National Public Radio's *All Things Considered*

—1970—

- Ntozake Shange, novelist, Professor of African-American Studies

—1996—

- Flsic Clewes Parsons, first woman to be elected president of the American Anthropological Society

—1974—

- Anna Quindlen, Pulitzer Prize winning newspaper columnist
- Jacqueline K. Barton, first woman to win Waterman Prize in chemistry, MacArthur "genius" grant recipient

—1966—

- Augusta Souza Kappner, President of Bank Street College, former Clinton Administration Deputy Commissioner of Education
- Eugenia Rich Zuckerman, flutist and writer

Special thanks to the Alumni Affairs and Public Affairs offices for information for this compilation



Ntozake Shange, class of 1970



Chris & Nic Deliver Oscar Picks...

by Christina Gallos and Nicole Wiley

Ah, spring is in the air—or should be. It's time to subject our selves (and you) to the over-hyped corporate glam that is the Academy Awards. Christina's votes for

and an ode to Fargo

going to have to go for Watson in *Breaking the Waves*. Any woman who can be stripped so painfully naked—emotionally and physically—that she makes all those plush

chair sitting viewers uncomfortable, deserves not only my vote but also my bag of peanut M&Ms.

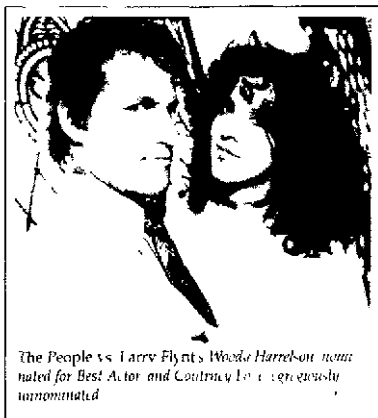
Best Actor Frankly, I could care less. All I hope for is that Tom Cruise, despite Rosie O'Donnell's fervent prayers, does not see the

money so to speak. If he does, I'm finally cashing in my cinema

the making Edward Norton. The Academy loves a newcomer after all, as long as he's relegated to supporting status.

Best Supporting Actress I'm afraid Lauren Bacall (*The Mirror Has Two Faces*) will probably get this award because of her, how to put this gently advanced age combined with the fact that she's never taken home a little naked golden man in her purse before. I'm afraid because no one involved in that pompous, self-congratulatory film has the right to anything except perhaps, being flogged repeatedly. **Jean-Marie Baptiste** deserves to win, at the very least, for her quiet, restrained performance opposite Brenda Blethyn's blathering.

Best Picture *The English Patient*, reminiscent of epic films of yore will garner nostalgia votes from the ahem more senior Academy members. It should win. *Fargo* will get all those hip, young swinging "alternative" votes. It should win.



The People vs. Jerry Flynn's Woods Harrelson nominated for Best Actor and Courtney B. Vance equally un-nominated

Best Actress It's the glory days of nation-making once again with the plucky Americans Frances McDormand and Diane Keaton vying against those darn Brits Emily Watson, Kristin Scott Thomas, and Brenda Blethyn. How easily the American Academy is seduced by a foreign accent—as long as it's British that is. Even one of the Americans, McDormand, was forced to resort to adopting an unlikely Minnesotan accent in a desperate attempt to gain recognition. I'm

vouchers and not ever haunting the revolving doors of Sony Lincoln Square again. Well, then again he wasn't exactly bad.

Supporting Actor William H. Macy did execute a nice 180 from his good-guy doc on LR and Cuba Gooding, Jr. did pump up his performance with a pleasing little dance number but my money is on the psychotic churchbox in



Cuba Gooding, Jr. nominated for Best Supporting Actor in Jerry Maguire. Cuba's some one to watch this year.

Jerry Maguire should cash in on all those "we're corporate but we make damn good small movies with big budgets" votes. It should win *Secrets and Lies* and *Shun* should both get the "it's foreign so it's better" nods. They should win.

Nicole says I vote for *Box*. Even in the categories in which it wasn't nominated. Granted after four viewings it's still the only Oscar-nominated movie I've actually seen. *Farjo* takes you places movies don't usually go. It makes the world feel at once bleak and mon-trous and comforting.

The film's opening shot shows a screen full of white, recognizable as snow only when punctuated by a car accompanied by swelling music that is pulsing and sad. It is the car's presence that isolated speech suggesting human life that defines the white screen as a storm and makes it something dangerous and engulfing, something that could swallow you up in its borderless banality. Likewise dropping that tiny human element into something so engulfing ultimately serves to magnify it, making it appear tiny and absurd. Hence the tone is set: everyone in *Box* is tiny and absurd but also utterly recognizable.

The Coen brothers have done an amazing thing by exposing us, after events like *Long*, to an all-you-can-eat buffet of embarrass-

ing choices. He lets you think watching Marge and Norm Gunderson pile food on their plates. Then you realize that you've done it too. The film seems to mock its own characters at the same time that it salutes them. It reveals the inevitability of cheesiness and the nobility of trying to hide it. Would that we could all be like Marge, shamelessly snarfing a breakfast biscuit at one moment brazenly



Kristin Scott Thomas, nominated for Best Actress, can claim for her *English Patient* the

yet unglamorously stopping, a killer in his tracks the next. Her placidity merges well with her environment and powerfully foils the guys she's after. Steve Buscemi deserves ovc for his tight depiction of a neurotic criminal trustidly seeking reason in a world that offer no answers greater than in ludicrous Paul Giamatti statue. *Who's Daddy* he often says in shock and rebellion. *Who's Daddy* indeed.

Christina Gallo and Noah Wyle are, Bernard Jannors and Bulletin staff writers

CATEGORIES WE THINK SHOULD EXIST BUT, SADLY, DON'T:

- Best British Boys In a Bad boys Film. Let's see there is Ewan MacGregor or Johnny Lee Miller (*Transpatters* both) Double the fun!
- Best Drew Barrymore Performance in a Drew-Barrymore-starring Film. Drew Barrymore, *Everyone Says I Love You*
- Most Destined to Become a Sunday Afternoon Movie on the USA Network. *Scrumb*
- Most Annoying, Over-Hyped Starlet Who Should Follow Macaulay Culkin's Sad Road to Obscurity. It's a tie! Liv Tyler and Claire Danes
- Best Response to a Pickup Line. Kelly McDonald in *Transpotting*
- Best Sexy Glance in an Elevator. Lovesies Jennifer Tilly and Gina Gershon in *Boat*
- Honorary Academy Award for a Deserving Non-Movie. *The X-Files*, with a special Most Beautiful Woman in the Entire World Award for Gillian Anderson. Hey, no one's claiming to be objective.

EDITORS' PICKS:

- Best Actor: Geoffrey Rush (*Shine*)
- Best Actress: Frances McDormand (*Farjo*)
- Best Supporting Actor: Edward Norton (*Primal Fear*)
- Best Supporting Actress: Lauren Bacall (*The Mirror Has Two Faces*)
- Best Picture: *The English Patient*



Theatre Department Spotlights Senior Talent

by Elise Choukroum

The senior majors in the Barnard Theatre Department have been hard at work for the past few months planning the recent "Senior Thesis Production Festival." Their tireless work has culminated in two weekends of eight outstanding productions that showcased their talents in several areas of theatre. Senior Theatre majors have the choice to direct, act, or design for their thesis projects, and this year,

directed Peter Handke's *Kaspar*, Tara Thomas and Laura Patterson who acted in Lee Blessing's *Eleemosynary*, directed by theatre faculty member Claudia Orenstein, Yvette Bryant, who directed Jean Cocteau's *Orphee*, Hannah Evans, who designed *Orphee*, Kathrynne B. Alfred, who directed Tennessee Williams' *Auto Da Fe*, Elisa Miller, who directed William Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and Jenny Emerson, who played Hernia in *Midsummer*

Miller's choice to direct the classic Shakespearean comedy *A Midsummer Night's Dream* for her senior thesis posed quite a problem, as it is a full-length play the senior thesis productions must not exceed the department's 50 minute limit. In dealing with this problem, Miller explains, "I tried to maintain Shakespeare's structure. All the scenes are present, but a lot of the speeches have been eliminated." Miller also decided to cast the *Mechanucals*, who stage the hilarious "play-within-the-play," as the fairies as well, establishing a balance that she said explored the play's ideas of people's dark sides and shadows.

Another production, *Orphee*, by Jean Cocteau, directed by senior Yvette Bryant, and featuring an evocative, yet skeletal, set designed by senior Hannah Evans—Evans was the only design thesis—had other issues for the seniors to tackle as they planned their most ambi-

tious undertaking yet. This play provided a modern take on the Orpheus story from Greek mythology. According to Bryant, "It's fun. It asks questions about theatre, love, and inspiration." On directing, Bryant says, "It's the hardest thing I've done, but I like it. It's been a really positive experience, and my actors are great." The students involved in the Festival showed a very high level of commitment to both the department and their fellow theatre artists. Devon Harlow (BC '00) served as co-technical Director as well as acting in *Orphee*. Her co-1-D Jessica Brater (BC '00) also appeared onstage in *True West*. Harlow echoed Bryant's sentiments when she said, "It's been a great experience." She also praised both the seniors and the theatre faculty. "All of the seniors are incredibly talented. All eight of the shows are really amazing. Each project has two faculty advisors and the faculty see each show at least once." Denny Partridge, Chair of the Theatre Department, was very proud of this year's senior thesis productions. Emphasizing the collaborative nature of the art of theatre, she said, "Theatre is the art form that brings together all the arts and the Senior Thesis Production Festival is the festival that brings together all theatre students. Clearly, everyone associated with this Festival has taken it very seriously and worked hard to make it a great success."

Theatre is the art form that brings together all the arts and the Senior Thesis Production Festival is the festival that brings together all theatre students.

—Denny Partridge, Chair of the Theatre Department

all three areas were represented. Of the final products, mounted February 19-22 and February 26-March 2, Senior Lecturer in Theatre Amy Ironpeltier called them the strongest senior production work seen in many years of teaching in my career.

The Festival as a whole exhibited striking diversity between productions and student interests. The department had a large group of seniors this year. The seniors whose work appeared in this Festival were Megan Kelly and Tara Gallagher, who acted in Lanford Wilson's *Ludlow Fair*, directed by department acting teacher Joan Rosenfels, Miguel Melendez, who directed Jean Genet's *The Maids*, Tony Roach and Robert Marko, who acted in Sam Shepard's *True West* directed by department associate Jude Domska, Erik LaRoi, who

acted in Lee Blessing's *Eleemosynary*, directed by theatre faculty member Claudia Orenstein, Yvette Bryant, who directed Jean Cocteau's *Orphee*, Hannah Evans, who designed *Orphee*, Kathrynne B. Alfred, who directed Tennessee Williams' *Auto Da Fe*, Elisa Miller, who directed William Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and Jenny Emerson, who played Hernia in *Midsummer*

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Elise Choukroum is a Barnard junior and Bulletin Arts Co-Editor

Antony and Cleopatra Fail To Win Hearts in the (Re)Public

by Jessica Barkhuff

If Vanessa Redgrave's production of *Antony and Cleopatra* were even equal to the sum of its parts, then the quiet streets surrounding St. Mark's Place might have rung with praises rather than denision as my companions and I trpped our way homeward toward the subway station on February 20. At that point, our dominant accord was one of liberation—from three hours in a cramped theater and from a seeming lifetime at the mercy of Redgrave's every cross-cultural whim.

Reading the program notes, specifically the interview of Redgrave by Broadway actress/playwright Ellen McLaughlin, gave me a much expanded understanding of just what this production was supposed to evoke/represent/editonalize. However, as I didn't actually read this interview until three days after the performance, its metaphors and the half-formed ideas crowding the stage were somewhat lost on me. This raises an important question for theatre in a time when many directors are all too anxious to put a cellular phone in Shylock's hand and call him a Wall Street tycoon: with whom does the responsibility lie for bridging the chasm between the artist's vision and an audience's comprehension? I, for one, am of the opinion that Redgrave should not assume that I have squeezed a perusal of her purpose statements between trips to the Public Theatre's cramped bathroom, silly me, I believed that having read *Antony and Cleopatra* should prepare me to understand a production of *Antony and Cleopatra*.

Perhaps I'm just a boring old traditionalist—I believe that even as countless directors have seized on the unparalleled scope of Shakespeare's work, they should consider some of Shakespeare's implicit boundaries. For instance, giving Caesar a prayer-book and a pulpit cannot change the fact that the events which Shakespeare depicted, by the program's admission, took place from 40 B.C. to 30 B.C., decades before the putative date of the birth of Christ. Surprisingly, Redgrave's more extreme attempts to update *Antony and Cleopatra* by integrating video cameras and television into the proceedings blinded much more seamlessly into Shakespeare's text than did Caesar's pious-lytizing: the casting of a woman as Caesar might have been more disastrous than bewildering had Carrie Preston not eventually dropped her whining delivery and turned in a dynamic performance.

Unfortunately, the weak link in the acting chain turned out to be Redgrave herself. In evading the old actor/director/Branagh trap of foregrounding herself in every scene, Redgrave robbed her character of nearly all impact for most of the play. Until the over-long yet underplayed finale, in fact, I found myself forgetting about Cleopatra entirely for long periods. Redgrave could have done herself a greater service than constraining herself in an artificial vulnerability. Her pretense of pining and swooning suited neither her leonine stature nor the shrewdness of Cleopatra. Further, Redgrave's Cleopatra and David Harewood's Antony generated little onstage heat, no matter what the *New York Times* might sug-

gest about their offstage relationship.

The strongest comments which remain with me from the production have little to do with civil war or religious strife. The most potent issues which Redgrave's production raised have little to do with updating Shakespeare's text for contemporary relevance, but said a lot about how some things never change. In a play which is at least partly about a woman taking power through unorthodox routes, it still strikes me that the way Redgrave chose to interpret a character's weakness was by casting Caesar as a female. Further, in a play which at least somewhat problematizes the conception by the Romans of Egyptian women's "dangerous" sexuality, the casting of Cleopatra's virtuous-handmaiden Iras as a blond-haired, blue-eyed china doll contrasted sharply and ironically with the casting of an African-American woman as the sexually charged Charmian.

The institution of theatre must be in a dreadful state when Shakespeare's text, a generally fine cast, a world-famous lead actress/director, and a rousing drinking song cannot combine to produce a show that is either entertaining or coherent. When the most heartfelt audience responses emerge from a glaze-eyed group of college students in reaction to the appearance of a bottle of tequila, one must wonder whether Redgrave really intended her target audience to be frat-party denizens.

Antony and Cleopatra runs until March 30. The Public Theatre Box Office phone number is 212-260-2400.

Jessica Barkhuff is a Barnard sophomore and Bulletin Arts Co-Editor.



MUSIC CALENDAR

for the week of
3/12-3/19

Rock

Wednesday, March 12

The Cranes, Rasputina
(Irving Plaza)

Presidents of the United States of
America, redd kross
(Webster Hall)

Indesense (Acme Underground)

Thursday, March 13

Jonathan Richman
(Mercury Lounge)

dEUS, 44 the Hand (Browzues)

Friday, March 14

Kerosene 454, Boys Life
(Maxwells)

The Cardigans, BIS, Mini King
(Roseland)

very very, Springwell Professor &
Maryann (Mercury Lounge)

Cowboy Mouth, Burlap to

Cashmere (Tramps)

Valentine Six, Trona (Cooler)

Fighting Gravity (Wetlands)

Voltaire, DJ Daniel

(Acme Underground)

Saturday, March 15

Axe in the Wheel, Circus Guy,

Reservoir Square Industrial Teepee
(Mercury Lounge)

Cibo Matto, Railroad Jerk, Pulsars
(Tramps)

Groove Collective (Cooler)

God is My Co-Pilot (Browzies)

Monday, March 17

Black 47, Great Big Sea
(Irving Plaza)

More Power to the Elbow, Raving
Noah (Maxwells)

Robert Hunter (The Town Hall)

L L S Stiches, Independents
(Continental)

On The Corporate Side: Women in the Music Industry

by Jen Berman

When you think of women in music names like *Tori Amos* and *Madonna* pop into mind. But there are a significant number of women who work equally as hard behind the scenes in the corporate realm of the music industry.

As long as you're prepared to work your butt off this is one of the easier industries for women to move up, remarked Miriam Lockshin, Associate Director of Artist Services at Island Records. Plus, Barnard alumna ('88) feels that success in this business has nothing to do with being a woman or being a man. Because the music industry involves more creativity than most, especially in areas like publicity and production, there is more room for anyone with inspiration.

National Director of Media Relations at Island Records, Sarah Weinstein (BC '89) agrees with Lockshin that being a woman in the music industry is not a big issue. The nurturing arena of publicity is a woman-dominated field, Weinstein commented. When I look around the room in a marketing meeting I see more women than men. The creative nature of the job and the friendly way in which publicists interact with each other, the artists, and with journalists, attract those who have a feminine touch. That is not to say that there aren't any great male publicists, just that there are few males in the field at all. Island happens to be a very forward thinking company, she said, and thus

has more women in senior positions than other companies.

But Dana Gross (BC '88), Marketing Manager of Mercury Records, feels that things are still biased, though they are getting better. She added, As in any other industry, there are still some of the old school men who call you loney and think you're in the room to get them coffee. Overall, she is happy to have risen through the ranks despite this existing sexism. Less than a decade ago she was editing the music section of the *Columbia Spectator*—now she has an MBA and holds an important position at a major record label.

One of the great things about the music industry is the interconnectedness of its members. The community is fairly open and many music industry workers have networked and have personally grown to know one another. This is especially true among Barnard graduates. Some of them have entered the sector of senior management positions, some work in the different press and media agencies, and some have gone on to be performers, such as *Suzanne Vega* and *Laurie Anderson*.

So if you're looking for a career in the business of sound, Gross advises you to meet as many people as you can, do internships, and really get your name out there, because the more people you know, the easier it is to get a job.

Jen Berman is a Barnard Freshman and a Bulletin Staff Writer.

CRUMBOX

by Anna Akbar

Indie rock, a little bit of pop and regrettably the term coined by the gutless music industry alternative rock are the genres which Crumbox encompasses. Having recorded, mixed, and mastered their album *Resident Doubt U* in California last year, they released just a little earlier this year. They are the newest band on **Time Bomb Recordings**, a label which is also home to bands such as **No Knife**, **Elevator Drops**, **The Vandals**, and **Social Distortion**, the mainstream flagship band on the label. Even though they don't encompass anything at all new, this four-piece band's recycling of the standard bouncily overlapped vocals, distorted guitars, boom-

chaka drums, 'I hate society and I love you' angst lyrics, and nonsensical name is somehow genuine and a little fresh. On track seven Sharon Tate plays with the supersonic harmonic. Track ten, 'Weatherking' is also very catchy. Sadly Crumbox followed the example of Nirvana's album *Nevada* a little too closely, like so many other bands and ended the album with an acoustic song aptly called 'Grief and Sorrow.' Something new is definitely not what you get with Crumbox. Their web site at <http://www.timebombrecordings.com> is currently down but should be back up soon with their upcoming tour dates.

*Anna Akbar is a **Barnard First-year** and a **Bulletin staff writer***



Wednesday, March 19

The Breeders (Irving Plaza)
Duncan Sheik, Jill Sobule
(Supper Club)
Too Much Joy
(Coney Island High)

Jazz/Blues

Saturday, March 15

Ron Carter, Phil Woods
(Blue Note)

Billy Hart Group (Sweet Basil)

Sunday, March 16

Jonny Planagan Trio (Village Vanguard)

Tuesday, March 18

Ron Affif Trio (Village Vanguard)
Eddie Palmieri, Poncho Sanchez
(Blue Note)

Classical

Wednesday, March 12

KODO (Carnegie Hall)

Thursday, March 13

New York Philharmonic with
Markella Hatziano (Avery Fisher)

Friday, March 14

New York Pops (Carnegie Hall)

Saturday, March 15

Meredith Ryan Packer

(Weill Recital Hall)

Orpheus Chamber Orchestra

(Carnegie Hall)

Sunday, March 16

American Composers Orchestra

(Carnegie Hall)

Tuesday, March 18

Joshua Bell (Carnegie Hall)

The Rose Ensemble

(Weill Recital Hall)

Wednesday, March 19

Abbey Simon (Carnegie Hall)

St Luke's Chamber Ensemble

(Weill Recital Hall)



Barnard Student Sings Women

by Miriam Elder

'I always dreamed of being a singer. Brenda Patterson (BC 99) sits across the table from me with a dreamy but determined look in her eyes. I took piano lessons but I always dreamed of being a singer.' Working on a joint degree with Barnard and the Juilliard School of Music the mezzo-soprano is giving a recital on March 23 celebrating women in music.

Inspired by her pianist mother and vocalists Maria Callas, Dawn Upshaw, and Madonna, Patterson has been taking voice lessons since she was nine. Desiring more than a conservatory education, she has designed a program in which she will receive her bachelor's degree from Barnard in four

years, and will then enter the Juilliard Master's program for voice, receiving a degree in three years instead of four. Patterson says that Barnard gave her more experience as a woman and as a singer—more than she would have received had she gone solely to a conservatory. In order to express her thanks, Patterson will be giving the March 23 recital to be held at Casa Italiano

Patterson has been preparing for this recital since June 1996. She will be accompanied by pianist Edward Bak (a teacher at the Peabody Conservatory in Baltimore MD). She will be singing two song cycles and an opera scene. The first song cycle

Mirabais poetry as angry, passionate and highly sexual.

The second cycle, *Casa Guaita* was composed in the mid 80s by Dominick Arpento and the lyrics are the letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning an invalid who was highly romantic. I

feel like I'm singing for her, Patterson said. She had all these ideas, but was physically weak.

The last part of the recital is Benjamin Britten's opera *The Rape of Lucretia*. Patterson is joined by her friends in this scene. She plays Lucretia a character in her 20s while her friends play servants a young girl, and an old woman and another friend plays the female chorus. Patterson described the opera as expressing inner thoughts on growing older and the role of women throughout the centuries.

Patterson describes the material covered in the recital as 'very complete. I am representing one woman who was seen as crazy and powerful, one who was domestic and dreamy and *The Rape of Lucretia* presents everything in between.

When choosing the pieces she truly had the audience in mind. All the lyrics are in English which allows the audience to better engage in the text. I



Brenda Patterson will give a recital on campus

was written by contemporary composer John Harbison with words by 16th century poet Mirabais. Mirabais' husband died while she was in her early 20s instead of following tradition and throwing herself onto his funeral pyre, she fled and became a mystic religious figure, symbolically remarrying herself to God and celebrating her relationship with him as that of a lover. Patterson describes



Composers

think it's something that people would be moved by. Patterson went on to call the recital an ignored art form, yet one that is truly beautiful. "It does not have the spectacle of opera; it is more intimate, simpler and more pure. It has the same beautiful vocal display as opera, it is not less amazing."

The recital celebrates women—all the words are either by or about women. When asked whether she ever was discriminated against in her field because she is a woman, Patterson answered, "Singing is one of the only areas in the whole world [in which women are not discriminated against]. Women dominate." She noted, however, that it is only recently that women are being taken seriously as musicians. They were always taught to play piano and sing for entertainment, but never as a career choice. When asked about the status of women in music, Patterson said that she sees definite improvements necessary for women in the industry. While there are not many female composers, the number of female musicians is impressive. Citing as an example the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Patterson commented on how the orchestra consists of old men and young women. "It makes you wonder if the next generation [of musicians] is going to be female dominated."

Miriam Elder is a Barnard first-year and Bulletin Staff Writer.



Dear
Well-Woman,

I've been hearing people talking about yogurt as a way to treat yeast infections. How does this work? And how could I use it?

Thanks,
Interested

Dear
Interested,

Yeast is always present in the vagina in small amounts, mostly because a bacteria called lactobacilli is also always present. They both live and feed on the sugar in the vaginal secretions. As long as there is lactobacilli, yeast doesn't overgrow, even though no direct relationship has been detected yet. Plain unflavored yogurt contains lactobacillus acidophilus. And when these lactobacilli are restored in the vagina, yeast is reduced in number and the

infection is treated. However, you need to check the label first to make sure the yogurt has not been pasteurized after the addition of lactobacilli. You can get creative in how you choose to insert the yogurt into your vagina. If you have your own speculum, you spread apart the vaginal walls and spoon the yogurt in. But the speculum is not necessary. If you do it at night, you could put a pillow under your hips to keep the yogurt from running out, and wearing a pad during the day helps.

For some women, eating yogurt helps also. In addition, eating quantities of garlic, cutting back on your sugar intake, and taking vitamins such as C, A, E, and B-complex are also effective. So you can get creative in what you feel comfortable with. If not, you can always go with over-the-counter medication like Mvcostatin or Monistat or go see your physician.

Sincerely,
Well-Woman

Self-Image is More than Skin Deep

by Jessica Otey

Although beauty may be only skin deep, we live in a society that focuses relentlessly on external appearances. For adolescents experiencing masses of growing pains, this reality can be extremely difficult to negotiate. Personally, this period of my life was dominated by the dreaded scourge of extremely bad skin. And I'm not talking about those of you who, although convinced you have the worst acne known to Clearasil, have only had one pimple briefly mar a pure and porcelain complexion. No, I'm talking about the more severe cystic acne in which the pores are continually inflamed because the blood vessels beneath the skin cannot flush them clean.

Beginning when I was about 13 and until, only recently, I waged a constant battle with my skin. At first I was given topical regimens such as Retin A. But my skin just grew redder, as Retin A made my already fair complexion even more sun sensitive. Eventually I began taking series of internal antibiotics which (as anti-inflammatory medications) were supposed to reduce the inflammation of the skin. But no matter which medicine we tried, none of them dramatically reduced the inflammation or redness of my face, nor made my skin less oily. I even went on the Pill, hoping that the hormone regulation would help, but that had no effect either. So as I left high school and entered college with the same skin I had had for four years, I lost all hope of just growing out of it (as is the benevolent fate of many teenagers). But I decided to go off the internal medicines anyway, if I had staved on them any longer I would run the risk of developing an immunity.

My fears were confirmed as my skin became worse when the effects of the medication wore off. I went home for Christmas break, discouraged and dreading the argument with my mother that I knew was coming. After so many years of being depressed about my skin, I had learned to accept it as part of who I was. It didn't bother me in the same way it had when I was a high school freshman. I didn't want to talk about it or think about it any more than I had to. I thought that by ignoring my skin it would eventually remedy itself.

However, my mother had had enough. Even my

father joined in the argument that ensued about how I would look better if my skin were nicer. My mother contributed that maybe I would feel better about meeting people—meaning men, of course. I was outraged that my parents could be so shallow. Couldn't everyone just look through my skin and see me underneath, exactly as I had learned to do? I didn't want to have bad skin forever, but I knew that even having perfect skin wouldn't make my life perfect to match it, wasn't going to make me like school any better. It wasn't going to make me feel any less lonely.

But I gave in anyway, reasoning that I had nothing to lose if it didn't work, and something to gain if it did. What my mother was now ready to have me try was a drug called Accutane. This treatment is the atomic bomb in the arsenal of acne warfare. Unlike the antibiotics I had taken, Accutane was specially designed to combat acne in fact, that is its only medical use. Somehow (the exact workings of the drug are not known) Accutane magically clears out the pores from underneath the skin's surface, thus reducing the inflammation. After the 5 month treatment period, the effects of the drug remain, often permanently.

It worked. And it was literally like magic, to pop these little pills and see my skin start to change so dramatically. It wasn't overnight or anything, but a month after I started to take Accutane, I could see its effects. The pimples I did have were healing and new ones were not taking their place. My skin's inflammation was steadily decreasing. It was the equivalent of a miracle to me. I had not seen myself with normal skin for so long that I could hardly remember what I had looked like. It was as if I was getting a new face.

Granted, having clear skin will not make the rest of life any easier. And although you should love yourself anyway, why carry the burdens of adolescence any longer than necessary? The mental scars last much longer than the physical ones, and the sooner you will be able to look in the mirror and say, "I do not look like that anymore," the better you will feel about yourself. It will be easier to forget the years of bad skin sorrow. Trust me—it's a wonderful feeling to be pleasantly surprised at the sight of your own reflection.

Jessica Otey is a Barnard sophomore and the Bulletin Managing Editor.

A Herstory With Two "Hims"

by Sara Avant Stover

I've always been surrounded by women. My father and my dear orange-haired kitty Burt were the only males to tromp through the house when I was a child. Since my parents' divorce, I have lived with women exclusively. A cozy, gray-shingled house that hides behind the branches of a crabapple tree welcomed eight women one year ago—my mother, my three sisters, our Jack Russell Terrier (a girl named Hootie), and the cats Crosby, Sophie, and Maxine. Oh yes, there is still one male marking his territory in our household: Burt the cat.

How did your father ever survive? Friends ask in bewilderment. They sigh and shake their heads with pity, as if my parents divorced one another because my father could never toss a baseball with a strapping young lad, nor gripe about football teams and NCAA playoffs at the dinner table in between bites of medium-rare steak and buttery potatoes. "How did he live with all those women?" these baffled people wonder.

The women and men in this household wrote a strong history in the twenty years that we lived together. This history doesn't just have chapters on baby dolls, Fisher Price kitchens, and Barbie Dream Houses—although we did have all of these girly indulgences.

Sparkling, peel-off nail polish sat beside Strawberry Shortcake bubble bath in our medicine cabinet. Frilly party dresses, patent leather Mary Janes, and rocking baby-doll cribs hid in our closets.

Then there were the travel soccer leagues. I remember the bowling tournament I entered with my Dad for which he dragged himself out of bed, infected with a feverish flu. Every year my father traveled with me or one of my sisters to a winter cabin with Indian Princesses community. Trust that only fathers and daughters could belong to. Here we told ghost stories, rode black rubber inner tubes down icy hills, and ice skated hand in hand. My father and I had Nintendo tournaments on Sat-

urday afternoons, played tennis in the spring, and went for rides around town in the back seat of the convertible.

I could never write my father out of my history. Although the only one with boxer shorts in the laundry basket and aftershave by the cluttered bathroom sink, my father's presence did not disappear under female footprints and paw marks. He never mentioned anything about wanting a son. He never showed any hint of disappointment to me.

I love you, Bear, and I'm very proud of you. He sometimes whispered to me late at night or early in the morning. Lying in a delirious sleep, I sensed my father floating into my bedroom like some guardian angel who I rarely saw but whose presence I always felt. The smell of minty mouthwash on his breath and pine-scented shaving cream emanating from his smooth face crept into my room, kissed me on the cheek, and slipped out the door to catch the early morning train to Manhattan.

It's been a long time since my cheek received a conscientious kiss at 5:30am.

Sometimes my boyfriend's neck smells of the same comforting aftershave, or I will swish minty mouthwash between my cheeks and remember. I still choose to surround myself with more women than men. I go to an all-female college. Most of my friendships throughout my life have been, and still are, with women. I read about women. I write about women. Except for today.

It's not fair to remove men from my history because I know that I wouldn't be the woman that I am today without them. For every Barbie doll that I stacked in my hot pink carrying case, came a game of cards with my father. For every day I spent with my sisters while my father went off to work, there was always his good-bye kiss on my cheek. His just is much a part of my herstory as any woman could tell.

Sara Stover is a Barnard sophomore and *Bulletin* columnist.



All Grown Up

Funny Girl

by Taryn Roeder

I've been up all night trying to write on a topic inspired by Women's History Month. I thought I would write about the women I admire, I could speak about female poets and short-story authors, or about my mentors and teachers. Then I thought maybe I would write about the women of my own family, about the beauty and strength of those who share my name.

None of these topics, however, were conducive to comedy. There was nothing very funny at all, it seemed, about Women's History. So I began to think about how important I find it to be surrounded by funny people. I've learned in psychology that you feel happier through the mere act of smiling. Thus, my favorite way to spend a day is to be in the company of someone who keeps me laughing.

Finally, I had discovered my topic. I would recall in my column the women who have inspired and influenced me through their humor. These are women who are important in my life and close to my heart. Their humor is not performance, they are naturally funny and they make light of reality. The advice they give has a unique hilarity which comes both from not taking themselves too seriously as well as from their intention to be completely earnest.

I submit to you an abbreviated catalogue of remarks made by the women who are the comediennes of my life.

My friend Jess, on feeling stupid

You know those scenes in movies when the girl sees the guy she likes with another woman where she flips out, and he says something like "But this is my sister" and the girl feels like "Moron Queen of the Universe" that was me last weekend.

Jess, on mothers

I used to get annoyed with my mother, but I now I tell myself "My mother is funny. I must view her as a source of entertainment."

Jess's Mother, on break ups

You have to work at relationships. They're hard. They're work. Work, work, work!

My friend Mary, on break ups

He is but a mere speed bump on the Highway of Love. Speed ahead.

My mom, on Making Friends and Being Social while on our family vacation at the beach.

There's some girls who look about your age. Why don't you go over to them and say "Heh! What's happening over here?"

My mom, on how to meet and date an athlete

Why don't you go up to that tall boy you're always talking about and say "Hi! I've seen you around, and I know you're on the crew team. By the way, my name is..."

Jess, on what to do when the boy you're dating is on the fashion police's Most Wanted list

I couldn't decide whether I wanted to rent a movie with him or go out. So I decided to base my decision on how horrendous his outfit was. Sweat pants—we'd go out, cut-off sweat pants—we'd stay in.

Jess, on keeping the coolness of your friends in perspective

It's not like I fantasize that we are all on "Friends" and that we hang out in a coffee shop and wear belly shirts and that every guy we know is cute! Okay, I guess

I do

Mary, on cute tall guys who remain aloof and oblivious at 1020

Whatever. They're frightened, being so obviously and completely in love with us.

One often wonders what she would be studying, had she gone to another college, or who she'd be friends with if she had lived in another dorm.

I wonder who I would be if I did not have my girls to keep me laughing.

Taryn Roeder is a Barnard Senior and a Bulletin columnist.



News Briefs. News Briefs

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related her anxiety as she prepared for her first trial where she was to defend the impoverished and these bloody people set tied! Since then she said she has learned the reality that it was their lives

In her life Burstein has believed as Virginia Woolf and

Fleanor Roosevelt said You ought to do the thing you re most frightened of Burstein discussed the difficulty of being a Jewish lesbian woman running for office

I don t want to live in a world in which I don t think I can make a difference Burstein said I want to live in a world that gives people a chance and responsibilities to be all they can be

Letters to the Editor

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brand new Pentium computers and a new laser printer have been purchased for the Lehman Lab and an intense amount of time and money was spent in order to get to where we are now with our new UNIX accounts These have been the achievements for this year alone

Barnux is not intended to compete with Cunux or duplicate it We are trying to develop services that are tailored to the needs of our campus Barnard students complain that Cunux accounts will be deleted in the coming June What most Barnard students do not know is that Cunux accounts were given to Barnard students relatively recently in the Fall of 1994 Barnard has since been working on creating a UNIX system of our own to better serve the community

Barnux was not created for students alone it is also a better system for the entire campus community Barnard alumnae and administrators do not have access to Cunux accounts Thus administrative departments have not been able to make a web presence Students

should consider the fact that we can not have Columbia accounts after graduation many of you will treasure Barnux once Cunux accounts are deleted to you

Barnux will give the campus access to UNIX accounts that they have desperately been needing Some students complain of cosmetic or minor differences between the two services These are due to the fact that we are able to run a different more powerful operating system than Columbia We have some programs that Columbia does not have If you are a power user try using elm instead of Pine for instance Our system does not delay because there are too many users to handle Barnux will continue over time to be expanded and upgraded making it even more powerful and sophisticated I don t see Barnux as a reason to say that we are being branded members of a technologically alienated community It is a fast efficient system that holds promise of even better things to come

Janey Lee
BC 98

Women + Smoking

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for the rising numbers in women smokers cigarette smoking is often used to alleviate symptoms of depression a disease 10-20% of women suffer from (compared to 5-10% of men) Put the female preoccupation with food and body image on top of the stat that women are twice as likely as men to suffer from clinical depression and there you have it lots and lots of female smokers It's no wonder that although smoking rates in the US are declining on the whole more and more women are lighting up

During the immediate post World War II years more and more men began to smoke tobacco As a consequence of this increase in smokers lung cancer became the number one cause of death for males in the US Around two decades later more and more women decided that they too would pick up a pack of cigs Now lung cancer is the leading cause of death in women as well

Perhaps the rise in women smokers is connected to women's desires to assert their autonomy self-reliance and even rebel a bit Maybe more and more women are now puffing on cigars to prove that they can network with the big boys But if women continue to smoke because they believe it will enable them to live like men independently and self-sufficiently—they should prepare to die like them as well slowly and uncomfortably

January Massius is a Barnard junior

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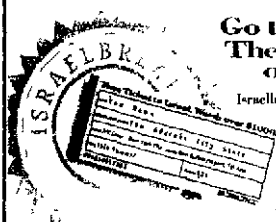
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