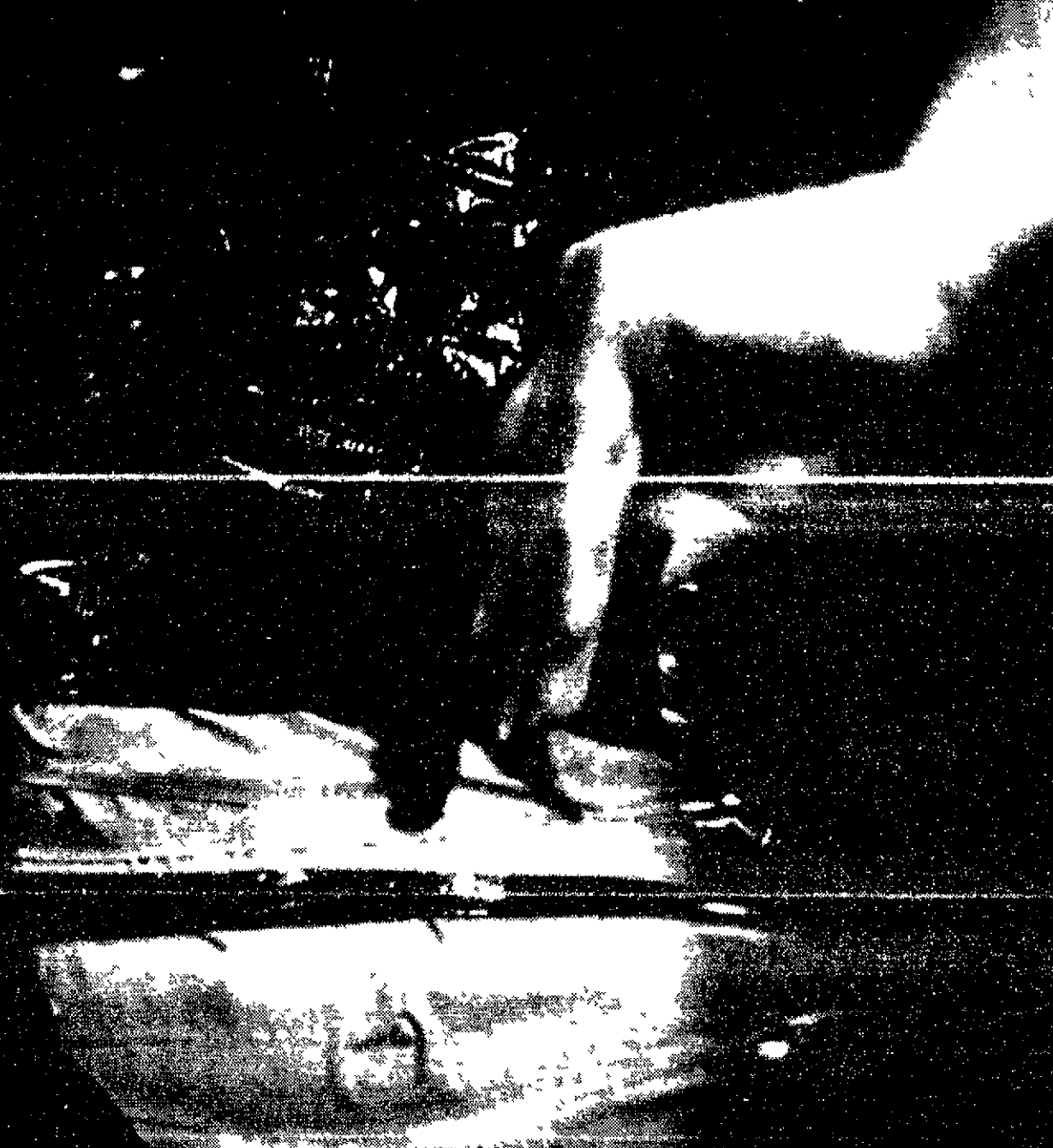


10/29/2014 11:56 AM



Prepare to unravel the red tape.

Shapiro and Denburg acknowledge student's concerns, Wital responds to registrar's response to Wital, Student tells of egg donation experience, and Four fabulous professors profited.

CONTRIBUTORS

Chava Brandriss is a first-year from Baltimore, Maryland. At present, Chava's goal is to graduate from Barnard. Her interests include writing, music, and figure

CHAVA BRANDRISS

skating; she has been skating for six years now. Chava also likes blue jello because it wiggles. Check out Chava's writing talents in this week's features, arts, and music sections

Sophomore Christy Thornton is from rural New Hampshire and is the *Bulletin's* illustrious and industrious office assistant. Her interests include theater, music,

CHRISTY THORNTON

and Latin American politics. Christy hopes to enter the five year combined degree program with SIPA. In the future, Christy aspires to be an Amazon woman. This week, she writes for the commentary section on egg donation

Sarah D'Ambrosio is a senior and Comparative Literature major in English

SARAH D'AMBROSIO

and German. She is from Maine and is the *Bulletin* ad manager. Sarah enjoys foreign films and music, specifically jazz music. Sarah also prides herself on being a good dancer.



Thank goodness for Fall Break! How revitalizing it was! And it made last week only two days long! Can't we have a break like that every weekend?

Now we're back at school, and remnants of the black liquid eyeliner I had on for my Halloween costume (I was a Pan Am flight attendant from 1968) has finally worn off. School restarted with a bang though—with hours upon hours in the architecture studio to finish off a massive project which was due last Thursday. I got in there at 8pm Wednesday night and worked for about as long as I would like to sleep on the weekends. When I left around 4am, more than half the class was still in there; when I got back at noon the next day, three kids still hadn't left. That's what I call dedication.

The fact that we, as Barnard and Columbia students, are asked to spend that much time doing work is something I have come to terms with. The fact that we, as students are actually willing to spend that much time doing work is something I still marvel at.

I don't know if it's the environment or if the students who come to this school are already superduper workaholic freakazoids, but there's something wacky

about the kids here. And I love it.

I love being part of a place where people want to do the work assigned. I love it that people are honest when the professor asks if the workload is too light, or the syllabus too empty (once in a blue moon, but it happens). And I love it that our professors expect only the best of us.

I guess now would be a good time to admit that I don't always perform at the level of my full potential. But heck, I do a lot for this school. I am your typically busy Barnard Babe. When I can't meet a deadline, or when I feel like something I wrote for class isn't quite up to par, I have no problem going in to talk to my teachers. More often than not, I have found that they are just as happy to have me there talking to them about my problems than they would have been if I turned in an outstanding piece of work to begin with. Probably more so. But professors like that are not the norm out in the real world.

Profiled in this issue are four fab profs who met the grade as far as students are concerned. While reading about them, be sure to bear in mind how lucky we are to have them there for us.

Barnard Bulletin editorial board editor-in-chief . . . jamie hardy art co-directors . . . k8 forgovnick, beth roddy managing editor . . . kimberly yuen news editor . . . karen shoum features co-editors . . . kiryn haslinger, lisa patrick arts editor . . . charli long arts assistant . . . anjali george music editor . . . vanessa garcia music assistant . . . priscilla caldwell nyc living editor . . . celia washington health editor . . . stacey mcmath commentary editor . . . anna isaacson photography editor . . . jessica jaffe web consultant . . . catherine wallach layout staff . . . liliana segura, elvita dominique photographers lara crock, eliza bang artist . . . karen spectator, corinne marshall copy staff daria masullo columnists mifa mallick, diana paquin management office manager . . . anna goldfarb business manager . . . solana nolfo advertising manager . . . sarah d'ambrosio office assistant . . . christy thornton academic adviser . . . jin palk

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cover photo by Jamie Hardy

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Barnard Events Calendar...November 10-13

NOVEMBER 10
 Fun! Food! Prize! Sponsored by McAC.

NOVEMBER 10
 Barnard Class Dinner. Tom. James Room, Barnard Hall.

Remnant Women in Judaism Forum Jewish Women in Tradition and Crisis: The Missing Chapters. Lecture and discussion with Ellsheva Carlebach, Program in History at CUNY Graduate Center. 6:30-8pm. Sulzberger Parlor. For information, call x4-2067.

NOVEMBER 11
 Second Annual Swing Fling. 10pm-2am, LL MICHELE \$3 w/ CUID and \$5 w/o. Sponsored by McAC.

NOVEMBER 11 TO 13
 Barnard Dance at Miller. A Concert Featuring New Choreography 8pm, Miller Theatre, Broadway at W. 116 Street. \$10 (seniors and students w/ CUID; \$5).

NOVEMBER 12 TO 14
 The Center for French and Francophone Studies and Semio-text(e) present *Simone Weil: The Madness for Truth*. Maison Francaise Buell Hall, Broadway at 116 St. For more information, call x4-4482.

NOVEMBER 12
 Sexual Misconduct Policy Rally. 12:15pm meet at Barnard Hall Steps to rally and march to the University Senate meeting. << page 8 >>

Lisa Ling Visits Plimpton

by Ariana McMahon

On Monday, October 25, Lisa Ling, one of the four hosts of *The View* came to share the secret of her success with Barnard and Columbia students in the Plimpton Lounge. *The View* is a daytime talk show which deals with issues from the stock market to masturbation, Monday through Friday at 11am on ABC.

It is easy to see why Ling was chosen for her job— she is charismatic, yet honest. She is stunningly beautiful, but not dripping in makeup or trendy clothes. She supposedly represents the views of the younger generation on her show, and many would tend to say that she is doing her job quite well. Ling described the history of her career as follows when she was sixteen years old, she auditioned at a mall for *Scratch*, a show that dealt with teen issues. After that experience, she seized every internship and opportunity she could find



Lisa Ling

in the broadcasting business. Her experience and enthusiasm landed her a job at Channel 1, where she spent seven years, and visited thirty countries. While working at Channel 1, she studied history at the University of South Carolina to supply a background for the current events that form her career. She left college in her junior year to join the Channel 1 team, and has never regretted it. She never could have found the education she received on the field in a classroom setting. "Not that I'm trying to encourage you guys to drop out," she said, with a laugh.

In her seventh year of Channel 1, she endured the process of the live television interview for *The View*. Ling referred to the on-air interview as "crazy yet brilliant." Although Ling's

story affirmed the common knowledge that hard work is the key to success, her natural abilities to speak, gesture, laugh, smile, and lock eyes with every audience member demonstrated to many that there are some gifts and talents with which one can only be born.

Ling's favorite guest on *The View* was Kevin Spacey, although it was a hard call for her to make. She commented that the best part of *The View* is the ensemble cast, which pulls together as a team. "There are three or four other women who can help you out (if you're having a bad day)," she said. "There is also a cohesive support staff for the show," and the four women do get along very well, according to Ling. "You can't fake chemistry!" The worst part of the show for her is that she only has a few minutes to discuss a topic that might require more time. She would like to interview Madonna or Michael Jackson, and she told the audience that she does read every piece of her e-

mail (She can be reached through *The View's* website). She speaks of her Chinese heritage with pride, and was outraged when a critic told her to tone it down. She said simply, "That is who I am," and also offered the knowledge that Asians do not have to operate within stereotypical roles. She confesses to crying in movie theaters and does not enjoy being confused with the woman who plays the character "Ling" on the sitcom *Ally McBeal*. Ling loves her show because "the women are not pitted against each other" as they often are in the television business. According to Ling, they operate as a team, and can speak their views blatantly to each other.

Ariana McMahon is a Barnard junior.

ABSOLUTELY FIRM DEADLINE FOR DROPPING COURSES OR UTILIZING THE PASS/D/FAIL OPTION is Thursday, November 18. The Registrar's Office closes at 4:30pm. Please remember that full-time (12 points) enrollment is required. Exceptions are permitted by Class Deans only for extraordinary, compelling reasons.

FIRST-YEAR STUDENTS who were unable to attend either of the program planning meetings with Dean Kreger should stop by the Dean of Studies Office to pick up a copy of an important information sheet.

FOR THOSE WHO HAVE NOT YET ENROLLED IN FIRST-YEAR SEMINAR: All students who need a First-Year Seminar should have received a mailing detailing course offerings in their McIntosh boxes. Preference sheets (included in the mailing) must be returned to Dean Kreger, 105 Milbank, by Monday, November 15. Placements will be posted on the afternoon of Wednesday, November 17 outside the Dean of Studies Office. If you need a First-Year Seminar for spring and did not receive a mailing, please stop by the Dean of Studies Office.

PLACEMENT IN MATHEMATICS: If you are planning to enroll in a mathematics course, but are unsure about at what level you should be placed, check with your adviser. If you need further assistance, contact Professor Hervi Jacquet, Calculus Director, Columbia Mathematics Department, hj@math.columbia.edu.

DEPARTMENTAL MEETINGS: Dates and locations of remaining meetings are listed below.
Chemistry: Friday, November 12, 12pm, Altschul Atrium; **Dance:** Friday, November 12, 11am, Dance Gallery (second floor Barnard Annex); **Economics:** Tuesday, November 16, 12-1pm, 304 Barnard Hall; **Education:** Wednesday, November 10, 4pm, Ella Weed Room (second floor Milbank); **German:** Thursday, November 11,

4 pm, Sulzberger Parlor (third floor Barnard Hall); **Music:** Tuesday, October 16, 11am-12pm; 319 Milbank; **Pan African Studies:** Thursday, November 11, 4:30pm, 306 Milbank; **Philosophy:** Wednesday, November 10, 4pm, 326 Milbank; **Political Science:** Thursday, November 11, 12:30-1:30pm, Altschul Atrium; **Slavic:** Wednesday, November 10, 12pm, 421 Lehman; **Sociology:** Tuesday, November 16, 4pm, 304 Barnard; **Spanish and Latin American Cultures:** Monday, November 15, 4:30-5:30pm, 207 Milbank.

3-2 PROGRAM WITH FFSEAS: There will be an informational meeting for Barnard and Columbia students who are interested in the program on Thursday, November 11, from 5:30-7pm in Conference Room 402A on the fourth floor of Lerner Hall. Pizza and soft drinks will be served. Please let Dean Blank know if you plan to attend.

STUDENTS WHO WILL BE ON STUDY LEAVES IN THE SPRING: Please complete the appropriate study leave forms and submit them to Dean Szell by Monday, December 6, at the latest. If you have not heard from your chosen program or institution by the sixth, you may have an extension of this deadline. Please be sure to secure all other signatures (including financial aid clearance) before requesting Dean Szell's signature.

OXFORD, ENGLAND? Students interested in studying at St. Peter's College, Oxford, for 2000-2001, please see Dean Szell for an application form. Completed applications (to be handed in to Dean Szell) will be accepted no later than Friday, December 17.

SPELMAN COLLEGE EXCHANGE: Learn about this unique opportunity to study for a semester or a year at Spelman by attending an informational meeting on Friday, November 19, in Sulzberger Parlor, third floor Barnard Hall, at a time to be announced. For more information, contact Ms. Ross, Multicultural Affairs, x4-9130.

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Former President Jimmy Carter Visits Columbia University Bookstore

Former President Carter came to the Lerner Hall Bookstore on Tuesday, October 26 to promote his new book *Sources of Strength: Meditations on Scripture for a Living Faith*. An estimated 900 people attended to see the former president, and to have their books signed.

—photo by Jessica Jaffe

Margaret Spinelli Shares Research on Infanticide

By Tiffany Bennett

On October 20, at 5:30 p.m. a small group of interested professors, students, and guests gathered in the Sulzberger Parlor of Barnard Hall to hear Dr. Margaret Spinelli speak on the topic of infanticide. Dr. Spinelli is a professor of clinical psychology at Columbia University, and a psychiatrist involved in women's studies. The lecture, entitled *Infanticide: Thoughts, Theories, and Questions*, was based on Dr. Spinelli's original research of infanticide and recent infanticide cases.

The first thing Dr. Spinelli did was to clarify the difference between infanticide and neonaticide. Infanticide is a child murder within the first year of the child's life and is generally caused by post partem psychosis. Neonaticide, however, is child murder specifically within the first 24 hours of the child's life. Infanticide, or more specifically, neonaticide, has received an increased amount of press lately, but it has existed for quite some time. Only recently has it gained such attention.

While there have been few in-depth studies of women who commit the crime, most countries have acknowledged the need for special legislation in these cases. However, in the United States, there is no diminished capacity defense for these women. Consequently most plead guilty, and take a plea bargain in order to escape the thirty or more

years of imprisonment that come with a homicide conviction, and they never get the help they truly need.

The story is all too familiar. A young girl gives birth to a child in a bathroom with no one (often times including herself) being aware she was pregnant in the first place. Terrified, confused, and delirious, she kills her own child. Some time later she is caught and arrested. The headlines the next day read "Baby Killer Caught," or "Mother of Baby Found in Dumpster Confesses." How cruel is this? The media and our own sense of morality make these women seem heartless, cold blooded murderers, but is this really the case?

As Dr. Spinelli originally began to research neonaticide, certain symptoms or events seemed to reoccur in each of the sixteen cases she studied. Before the act, as most neonaticides are unplanned and unwanted pregnancies, the woman is in some state of denial over her pregnancy. Nearly all of the women were found to experience some dissociative symptoms, such as amnesia, hallucinations, identity confusion, or a feeling of watching oneself from the outside either during the delivery or during the murder itself (which they often times could not even remember).

In addition, after the act, the women are dazed and childlike, and almost all exhibited "la belle indifference", or a disconnected state

in which no emotional response is possible. Considering their emotional history, thirteen out of sixteen of the women studied had endured some sort of abuse, ranging from rape to neglect.

One must also consider chemical-physical reasons for the unstable state of mind. For nine months, hormone output is increased over 200 times, and in the space of about twenty-four hours that increased hormone level is quickly diminished. This produces vulnerability in the brain which can cause a sort of temporary insanity.

All of this leads to the conclusion that perhaps the women really are unaware of their actions, and they are not just pretending to escape punishment.

Finally, after explaining everything in great detail, it was easy for Dr. Spinelli to illustrate the need for increased awareness and education concerning neonaticide. These women need help and compassion because in most cases, when they finally "wake up," they are just as horrified by their own actions as is the rest of society. Dr. Spinelli showed how much work still needs to be done in order to fully understand what happens to these women, and that until we truly understand, it is not fair to condemn them as heartless murderers by simply locking them away.

Tiffany Bennett is a Barnard firstyear.

~~editor • letters to the editor • letters to the editor • letters~~

To the *Bulletin*:

A full-page ad placed by Students in Action in the *Bulletin* on Oct. 20 implies that the College's administration is attempting to stifle discussion of issues concerning sexual misconduct.

This is simply not the case. It would neither be desirable, nor possible, nor in our tradition, to try to quell discussion on anything. It would also be contrary to the College's purpose: to develop the capacity for critical inquiry and informed action.

The fact is that Barnard College has had, and continues to have, a sustained commitment to reducing the chances of all forms of assault—including sexual assault—both on and off-campus.

- In their very first week on campus, students participate in a mandatory workshop to raise awareness of assault, both sexual and otherwise, and to discuss strategies to increase personal safety and minimize risk. This is in addition to a University-wide program.
- We publish a 56-page handbook on rape and sexual assault.
- Our Alcohol and Substance Abuse Prevention program works with students throughout the year to build understanding of the risk of alcohol abuse which often underlies violence in many forms.
- Our campus is home to the University's Rape Crisis Anti-Violence Support Center.
- Our Student Health Services staff is highly trained to deal with a wide range of concerns including assault, sexual and otherwise; in fact, they held a training session on sexual assault Wednesday morning.
- Our Student Counseling Service is available to students throughout the year.
- We maintain a highly-trained security staff led by former New York City police officers.
- We publish annual crime statistics in compliance with the Buckley Amendment.

As a member of the broader University community, Barnard College has a representative on the University Senate, and we have been active participants in discussions over the revision of the Sexual Misconduct Policy. Dean Karen Blank has been a member of the task force which has been reviewing and revising the current policy and procedures, and has made clear our desire to see the most effective policy revision possible.

We await with interest the revisions to the policy, and expect to offer comment on them when we see them. We have also discussed the policy with several student groups including SAFER, PRO, and Students in Action, all of whom provided valuable input.

The fact that few administrators answered an anonymous, mass e-mail should not be all that surprising. Like students, administrators have busy schedules, and therefore, like students, are inclined to give less attention to the impersonal. Blanket mailings do not necessarily invite personal responses.

As always, members of the administration are happy to discuss any issue of concern with students.

Sincerely,

Judith Shapiro, President

Dorothy Denburg, Dean of the College

To the editor:

I usually don't respond to letters to the editor which are in reference to my column. I respect other people's opinions and their right to express them. However, I felt compelled to respond to Constance Brown's letter which I found to be misleading. If the letter was a protest to my column, it could have been constructed in a more effective manner.

When I originally began work on this column, the Registrar's Office told me that it would take approximately two weeks to obtain the numbers of Barnard students majoring in the sciences. Due to tight deadlines at the *Bulletin*, I was unable to wait. I stand corrected on the statement which I made that "the number of English and Political Science majors has increased to three or four times more than the amount of Chemistry and Physics majors in recent years." Brown discusses how "the percentage of English majors in the graduating class declined from 17 percent to 14 percent," and that "the percentage of Political Science majors has declined from 15 percent to 11 percent." She goes on to state that "since 1992, the percentage of graduates majoring in the sciences (Biology, Biopsychology, Chemistry, Biochemistry, Environmental Science, Physics and Astronomy) has increased from 9 percent to 13 percent."

The comparison I made was strictly between English and Political Science, and Chemistry and Physics. Overall per- << page 8 >>

Barnard Events Calendar...November 10-17

Commission on Policy
Sponsored by SAFER,
Faculty, Staff, and Students in
Action.

NOVEMBER 13
The Great Merger
Debate: Barnard and
Columbia in the 1970s
A lecture with Rosalind
Rosenberg, Professor of
History, 12-1:30pm, 101
Barnard Hall. Sponsored
by The Center For
Research on Women.

NOVEMBER 15
Junior Class Dinner, 7pm,
James Room, Barnard
Hall.

NOVEMBER 16
Transfer Transitions Self-
Defense Models, 7pm,
Barnard Hall.

NOVEMBER 16 - 17
Jostens Ring Days All
day, Upper Level
McIntosh.

NOVEMBER 17
Feminism, Public Policy,
and Activism: How is the
Women's Movement
Doing? Lecture and dis-
cussion with Leslie
Calman, deputy direc-
tor, NOW Legal Defense
and Education Fund,
6:30-8pm, Allschul
Atrium. For information,
call x4-2067
Sponsored by the
Center for Research on
Women.

McAc Alumnae Speaker
Series presents Marina
Metallos, BC '85
Marina is a social ser-
vices specialist working
with the Urban Home-
steading Assistance
Board.

editor letters to the editor letters

<< page 7 >> centages are misleading. "9 percent to 13 percent" is an overall percentage for all of the seven departments of the sciences, not for only Chemistry and Physics. Additionally it's no secret that women have historically been drawn to Biology more than the physical sciences. What does this percentage increase tell us? Which fields has the actual increase been in? While Brown's statistics are useful, it does not disprove the statement which I made or the ideas raised in the column.

The point of "Burn baby, burn" is simply this. In 1999, as we approach a new century, why is it that at a women's college the number of liberal arts majors disproportionately outnumber the science majors? Shouldn't this be a top priority? Many say that it's in high school where women are turned off to math and sciences and that it's too late once they come to Barnard. I believe Barnard should be counteracting that. I didn't realize that the role of a women's college is to encourage women to pursue the traditional fields which we've always succeeded in. If so, we're doing a great job.

1992 was seven years ago. Women have made amazing strides in countless ways. How many Chemistry majors were there in 1992? How many are there today? According to the Barnard Chemistry web page, which is extremely detailed and thorough, the Class of 1999 had seven Biochemistry and seven Chemistry majors. The Class of 2000 has five Biochemistry and six Chemistry majors. The Class of 2001 has four Biochemistry and three Chemistry majors. Let the actual numbers not masked percentages, speak for themselves

Sincerely,
Mita Mallick '00, *Bulletin* columnist

Dear *Bulletin*,

I was very glad to see Kearns's article demanding a Math Department at Barnard. As another student interested in math, I was more than a little disappointed to discover that I would not be able to have all women math classes. Throughout high school the math classes I was in were dominated by the male students, who were encouraged by male teachers. Some went so far as to make blatantly sexual comments to the girls in class, embarrassing many of us into shamed silence. One of these teachers fudged the male valedictorian track student's grades to preserve his record while a female student's straight-A record was ended with little thought by the same teacher. These experiences did cause me to have doubts in my abilities and to shy away from ever asking questions. Experiencing similar situations in University did nothing but further my feelings of ineptness. I completed the Calculus S sequence at Columbia very alienated from Math in general. I had hoped that Barnard would end the inferiority complex I had developed, but no. I was not even able to complete the required recitation homework, which had to be done at Columbia, because only Columbia computers had the correct program and I could not print out anything on them. This situation put a huge damper on my willingness to continue with math, eventually I renounced the subject altogether. Women who come to Barnard do expect the College to provide education that breaks traditional gender inequities. My experience with the math courses here was the biggest betrayal of that I could have imagined.

Allison McKim '01

Lunchtime Lecture Series

**THE
GREAT
MERGER
DEBATE:
Barnard and
Columbia in
the 1970s**



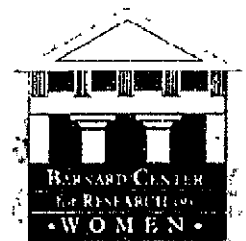
a lecture with
**ROSALIND
ROSENBERG**
Professor of History,
Barnard College

Monday, 15 November

Noon - 1:30 PM

Center for Research on Women,
101 Barnard Hall

Sponsored by the Barnard Center for Research on Women



Thirty Years Later, Dalton Still Passionate about Political Science

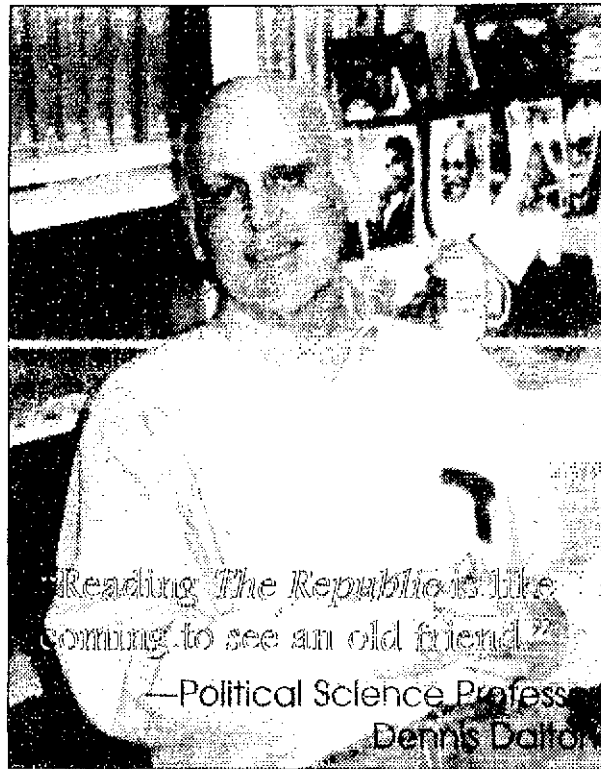
By Chava Brandriss

Recently, I had the privilege and honor of meeting and speaking with one of Barnard's most beloved professors, Dennis G. Dalton. During the course of our interview, it became quickly and poignantly apparent to me just why this very special man is so popular and loved by students and faculty alike. It is his intensely sincere respect and his unflinching genuine care for each and every student at Barnard that makes Professor Dalton so extraordinary. I was first struck by this real concern for the student before I even met Dennis Dalton. When I called him to ask about arranging an interview, his only concern was that we schedule the interview for a time that would best suit me and my schedule and commitments, with no mention at all of when would be best for him. My respect for, and admiration of, Professor Dalton only grew as the actual interview unfolded.

Nineteen ninety-nine marks Professor Dalton's thirtieth year teaching Political Science at Barnard College. I wondered how could someone teach the same subject for thirty years and yet still retain the passion and excitement in class for which Professor Dalton is so well known. In response to my query, Professor Dalton showed me his worn volume of Plato's Republic, which is the same copy that he used as an undergraduate. "Reading *The Republic*," said Dalton, "is like coming to see an old friend and engaging in conversation with him." Every time he finishes *The Republic*, Professor Dalton told me with sincerity and quiet excitement, it thrills him—Socrates infected his listeners with contagious enthusiasm, and this enthusiasm also infects Professor Dalton every time he reads it. Plato's ideas are always on Professor Dalton's lips, and his still-passionate fascination with and enthusiasm for these ideas are constantly apparent in any subject he discusses. Professor Dalton also relayed to me that it is, of course, also the ideas of his students that continue to excite and captivate him. Pulling a book down from a shelf in his office that told of a community in France

which rescued many Jews during the Holocaust, Professor Dalton proceeded to tell me of a wonderful paper that one of his students had once written on this subject.

The mention of this paper and the courageous show of non-violent resistance that the French community of Le Chanbon had shown during World War II led Professor Dalton to discuss the issue of nonviolence further. The idea of taking non-violent action to express opposing ideas in political thought as Socrates, Gandhi, and King have done is Professor Dalton's main field of interest, and he was eager to share his ideas with me. This, of course, led to a relation of Professor Dalton's experiences as a new professor at Barnard during the late '60s and



Jessica Jaffe

"Reading *The Republic* is like coming to see an old friend."
—Political Science Professor
Dennis Dalton

early '70s, when passions were high about the Vietnam War and the authority of the government, and nonviolent resistance was a very real issue. Professor Dalton described to me Barnard then, in contrast with Barnard now. During that era, group feelings had taken over the campus, and the political atmosphere was very different from what it is now. Dalton captured this difference in the explanation of the idea of "truth possessed versus truth pursued." These days, Dalton feels, there still are people within the Barnard community who are passionate about political causes, but they pursue these truths rather than become possessed by

them—as was the case of the frenzied, impassioned political atmosphere of the late '60s and early '70s that divided both students and faculty at Barnard.

Professor Dalton recounted one of his earliest experiences at Barnard which both captured the impassioned feelings of the time as well as led to a personal "epiphany" as to the relationship between student and teacher. At the time, Marxist thought was so politically charged that teaching it to students meant being constantly challenged by young people who took these ideas so much to heart that they lived their lives accordingly. Professor Dalton's first year at Barnard was only a year after the Students for Democratic Society (SDS) had managed to close the University down, and the volatile attitude of the students toward the faculty was still a tangible << page 30 >>

Distinguished Chemistry Professor Arrives at Barnard

by Odelia Avadi

As each new school year begins, we all deal with new adjustments and apprehensions, and are filled with renewed expectations, aspirations, and anxieties. However, students were not the only ones dealing with new beginnings and fresh starts this year. Among the remarkable new additions to Barnard's faculty is Linda Doerr, Professor of Inorganic Chemistry.

Having graduated Magna Cum Laude with a B.A. in Chemistry from Cornell University in May 1991, and having earned a Ph.D. in Inorganic Chemistry from MIT in September 1996, Doerr joined Barnard's distinguished faculty this semester.

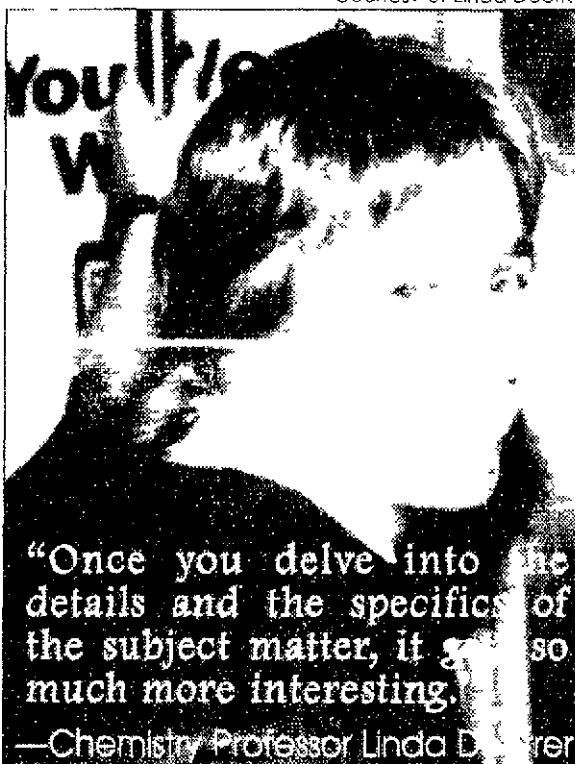
Why would one voluntarily choose to major in Chemistry and consequently pursue this subject as a career? Doerr explains, "When I was a freshman, I really wanted to go into veterinary medicine and was therefore taking many biology and chemistry courses. But then I learned that I had a certain allergy that would not allow me to become a vet. I was still very interested in chemistry, however, and so I followed up with more courses, and eventually chose to major in it." As a current student of General Chemistry, I could not really understand what made first-year Chemistry so intriguingly fascinating for Doerr that she simply decided to go ahead and follow up with additional classes. Understanding my sentiments and almost reading my thoughts, she explained that there is a difference between studying a subject at a basic introductory level and pursuing it more in depth. "For example," she explained, "an introduction to economics course can be, at times, quite tedious and frustrating. But once you delve into the details and the specifics of the subject matter, it gets so much more interesting. The same goes for Chemistry."

Doerr believes that having done her post-baccalaureate research at Oxford University in England contributed to a more complete and wholesome understanding of her field. "I

did my undergraduate studies in the United States and although I went to England, which is not vastly different from the US, I think going abroad really helped me get a more complete picture of the field I was entering. People do research differently in different countries. They have different theoretical approaches and research approaches which provide deeper insight and a more comprehensive understanding of the field."

Doerr's research experience includes being a Junior Research Fellow and a NATO Postdoctoral Fellow, working with professors at Oxford, and working as a Research Assistant with professors from both MIT and Cornell. She has

Courtesy of Linda Doerr



gained teaching experience as an Inorganic Chemistry tutor at Oxford and as a teaching assistant at MIT. Doerr has also been a tutorial advisor for undergraduate and graduate students at Oxford, a proof-reader for the text *Principles of Bioorganic Chemistry*, and, of course, President of the MIT Chemistry Club. In addition, she has received numerous awards from Oxford, MIT, and Cornell including the National Science Foundation/NATO Postdoctoral Fellowship and The American Institute of Chemists Foundation Student Award from Cornell. She has published several articles, primarily with

an emphasis on molecules characterized by x-ray diffraction, in various journals.

So what compelled Doerr to come to Barnard? "I wanted to teach at a four-year liberal arts school," she explained. "My Inorganic Chemistry class is fairly small and I am therefore able to form relationships with my students and get to know them."

With this school year going full swing, and as adjustments, apprehensions, and aspirations are gradually falling into place, Doerr is wished the best of luck and much success as she begins what will hopefully be a long stay at Barnard.

Odelia Avadi is a Barnard sophomore

Irish Nun, Family, and Poetry Inspire Professor Ellsberg

By Anne Tucker

When describing her attitude towards scholasticism, Professor Peggy Ellsberg said, "I'm not into any action you don't put yourself into. I frequently have students ask me if it's okay to use the first person in essays criticizing a poem, and I tell them I don't want to read an essay without the first person in it! I want to see some of their soul come out on the paper . . . An endeavor that reflects information like a mirror is too limited." Anyone who takes a class with Professor Ellsberg can see that she embodies this principle. Her lectures are organic combinations of history and criticism, connected by personal anecdotes and punctuated by interesting facts (all of Henry VII's children had red hair); and her barrier-less curiosity and deep intelligence always underscore her wit and personability.

It is not surprising that one of her role models was also a teacher: Cecilia R. Long, a wonderfully large Irish nun. When Professor Ellsberg was nine, she listened to Long sing Italian arias or recite from memory poems by Browning, Longfellow, or Tennyson. "I would live all day for that half hour. Once I had been introduced to poetry . . . and those bigger things that came along with it . . . I had to have it." She lived in a poor Italian immigrant town with badly funded schools; as she grew older she fed this hunger by frequent visits to the public library, striving alone, "sort of like Stephen Dedalus."

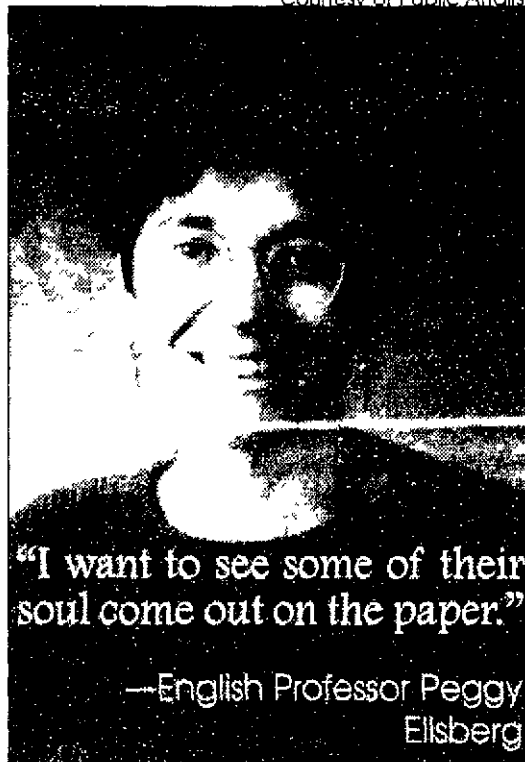
This dedication paid off, and she went to Harvard on a full scholarship, where she found her place in a community. Her teachers were some of the most eminent poets of this century: Elizabeth Bishop, Robert Lowell, and Seamus Heaney particularly affected her, and she cites Lowell's *For the Union Dead* and Heaney's *Station Island* as two of her major literary influences. She was the poetry editor for the *Harvard Advocate*, where she extended her circle farther. She has fond memories of the times she and her classmates would stay up late, "drinking too much coffee and discussing high poetic ideals."

Professor Ellsberg had imagined herself as Rilke, and planned to live her life devoted solely to the creative life, but economic pressure led her to become the poetry editor for the *Atlantic Monthly* while putting herself through graduate school. While there, she struggled with a thesis that depressed her and the dilemma of

whether to be a writer or a scholar—which direction to take in her life in general. One day when she was feeling especially gloomy (and had nearly decided to throw in the towel and just get an MBA), her teacher Walter Jackson Bates, whose hand I hope to shake in heaven, counseled her to just do what she loved. So she wrote *Created to Praise: the Language of Gerard Manley Hopkins*.

Since then, she has taught English, Medieval History, Church History, and Religion at various universities, given numerous papers and lectures, written articles and reviews on a wide spectrum of topics for different publications, and contributed to many books. She remains dedicated to her own poetry, giving readings and getting published.

Courtesy of Public Affairs



She is also continuously absorbed in her family: husband Robert Ellsberg—a systematic theologian and writer who recently published a book about the lives of the saints, *All Saints*—her children Nicholas, 13, Catherine, 7, and Christina, 5, and her hamster, Mr. Softee. This keeps her very busy: by the time I interviewed her at 2:30pm, Professor Ellsberg had already woken up at 5:30am to sew a Tinkerbell Halloween costume; done three loads of laundry; packed a Winnie-the-Pooh lunchbox and a Barbie lunchbox; wrote some thank-you notes; got the oil changed in her car, dropped off the dry cleaning; bought a pumpkin carving knife; wrote a letter of recommendation; re-read G. Wilson Knight's

The Wheel of Fire; prepared a mid-term; and gave a stunning lecture on Hamlet. She still had another class to teach, plus dinner to cook and baths to supervise once she got home. She said, "I do everything. . . but I don't do anything as well as I'd like to. It doesn't matter . . . I want all of it. I get to do great stuff, everyday."

Despite this enthusiasm, Professor Ellsberg needs a break. She will be on sabbatical next semester, during which time she plans to go to the mall everyday, as well as study Buddhism at a zen sanga. As the interview came to a close, I wondered what advice such a highly successful, powerfully active, compassionate, thoughtful, and obviously satisfied woman could give. She said, "I wish that college students could be relieved of their anxiety. This is the beginning, not the end, and you all are going to have so many chances to do something wonderful. Be open to change."

Anne Tucker is a Barnard sophomore.

Professor Senghas Witnesses Birth of New Language

By Emily McKenna

An article in the New York Times Magazine (October 24, 1999) told of the birth of Nicaraguan Sign Language (NSL), a sign language system wholly created by deaf Nicaraguan children. Appropriately enough, this article corresponds to the addition of Ann Senghas, Professor of Psychology, to Barnard this year.

Professor Senghas earned her Ph.D. in Brain and Cognitive Sciences at Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT) where she, in fact, wrote her Doctoral Dissertation on children's contribution to the birth of NSL.

"It was a linguist's dream," Senghas, a developmental psycholinguist, said of witnessing the early stages of this new language, as quoted in the Times Magazine article. "It was like being present at the Big Bang." Since 1989, she has been involved in researching this new language in Nicaragua.

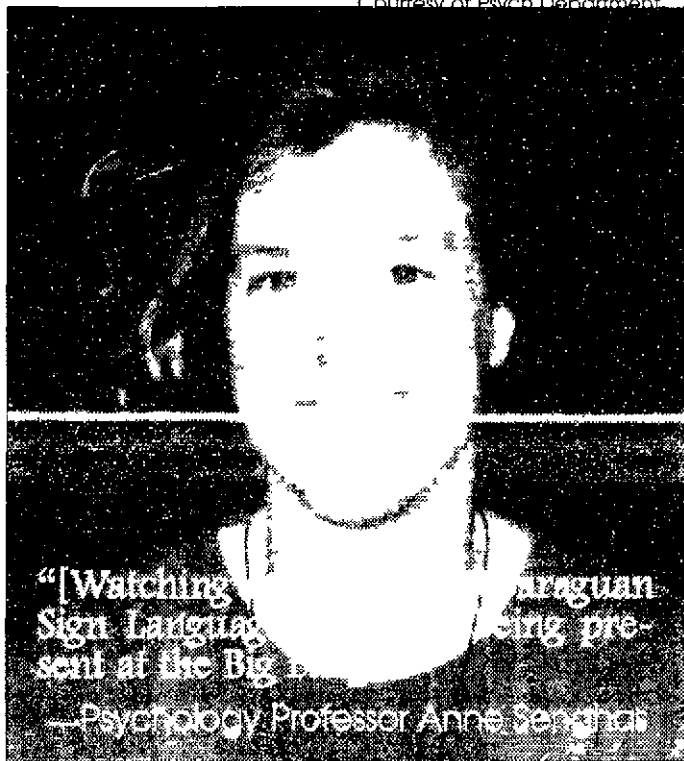
Professor Senghas teaches an Introduction to Psychology course this semester and will teach Developmental Psychology in the spring. Her research includes monitoring the acquisition of language in children to understand how the human mind functions. Now, she is in the process of setting up a digital video editing lab to bring her research from Nicaragua to New York.

In the summer, Senghas travels back to Nicaragua to collect video data at a deaf school in the nation's capital, Managua, in the western half of the country. It then takes her the remainder of the year to edit the video, extract the relevant clips, and analyze those clips to crack the patterns, or the developing system of grammar and rules, in the sign language. Each year that Professor Senghas returns to Managua, a new group of students has entered the school, picked up, and enhanced the language. "Never before, have linguists studied a language this early in its creation, at its

very birth," she said. "Usually," she continued, "linguists only study a language hundreds of years into its life."

In her lab at Barnard, Professor Senghas will compare the patterns in the language from one year to the next. This, of course, is no easy task. The responsibility of this lab is one that Professor Senghas hopes to share with undergraduate research assistants.

"Undergraduate research opportunities are great," Professor Senghas said. At larger universities, she elaborated, typically graduate students do all the interesting research, while at a college like Barnard or Smith College—where she



majoring in French and minoring in Psychology—undergraduates have more expansive research opportunities. In fact, Professor Senghas would like to develop a program at Barnard that will introduce students to the linguistics field in Nicaragua, perhaps eventually bringing students with her to Nicaragua.

Professor Senghas is happily surprised at how quickly she has been made to feel at home at Barnard. She praises institutions like Barnard and other women's colleges, for

assuming the capabilities of women and for conveying to women a sense of entitlement.

Though the field of language acquisition is about two-thirds women, said Professor Senghas, she was the only woman in her entering class of about fifteen in the Brain and Cognitive Sciences division at MIT. But, partly because of her education at Smith and her early exposure to strong women, she came into MIT with a sense of entitlement, a sense that her ideas were as valid as those of her male counterparts. She assumed her place right next to the other students. "If you stride in and assume an attitude of entitlement, people will readily adopt it," Professor Senghas said. Women need to take that initiative or they may fall victim to the will of others.

Emily McKenna is a Barnard first-year.



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ARTS CALENDAR

for the week of Nov. 10

FILM

Being John Malkovich: John Cusack plays the puppeteer who enters into the mind of John Malkovich in director, Spike Jonze's offbeat, surrealist, comedy. Lincoln Square, 68 St and B'way, 50L-OEWS #638; Loews East Village, 11 St and 3 Av, 50L-OEWS #952, New York Twin, 66 St and 2 Av, 50L OEWS #698

American Movie: Documentary on the horror-flick filmmaker Mark Borchardt. Film Forum, 209 W Houston, 727-8110

La Ciudad: 4 vignettes starring non-professional actors about the hispanic-immigrant struggle to survive in a city of poverty. Lincoln Square, 68 St and B'way, 50L-OEWS #638

Hayao Miyazaki's epic anime: Visual spectacle that uses computer generated images as well as hand drawn. Angelika, Houston at Mercer, 777-FILM # 531; Lincoln Square, 68 St and B'way, 50L-OEWS #638

ART

Mark Lombardi: Vicious Circles diagrammatic works with arrows, dotted lines, names, facts that track crime, bankruptcy, CEOs, Bay of Pigs Vets. Deven Golden Fine Arts, 529 W 20 St, 414-8456

Steven Shearer: Large-scale silk-screen paintings of faded of pop-culture icons from the February Armory Show. American Fine Arts, Co., 22 Wooster St Thru 11/13.

"The Fin de Siecle Salon" seven artists reinterpret a rococo French salon, inspired by their visit to the Frick's

TULPA Remains a Mystery

By Chava Brandriss

Bent spoons, murdered people coming back to life, cabinets opening and closing of their own accord, sudden pain for no apparent reason—these are all part of the secret of the *Tulpa*. However fascinating the things we discover about the power of *Tulpa* as Todd Alcott's *Tulpa* unfolds before us on the stage, though, we are never really quite sure what *Tulpa* is by the end of the play. Don't get me wrong—we do get a nice picture of the message of *Tulpa* from the play, but with all the fantastic occurrences onstage and lessons of love and peace we are meant to gain, it is never quite clear exactly what has happened. The basic storyline, involving characters living in and amidst crime and poverty on the lower Lower East Side is clearly discernable, but many key clues as to what *Tulpa*—the real subject of the play—is all about are rather hard to pick up.

Tulpa takes place in the below-the-East-Village apartment of Pag, a young artist of as yet questionable talent, and Soph, a dried up, well-into-middle-age teacher of feminist history at The University. The opening scene begins with Soph trying to speak on the phone despite the deafening noise of Pag's music and the gunshots outside their window. The outcome of the phone conversation is that Soph-of-little-backbone agrees, against her better judgement, to host a guest speaker—described as a "loony religious crackpot"—that The University is bringing in.

The guest, Lareine, arrives, and indeed is, from all appearances, a "loony, religious crackpot," complete with pronouncements declaring that New York City should be razed to the ground, long, staring silences in response to Soph's timid questioning, and the all-important question, "Have you ever

heard of the *Tulpa*?" As the plot unfolds, various other characters are brought in, including a twelve-year-old prostitute named Ida and her pimp boyfriend Rex, who happens to be a former student of Soph's named William, and the dark, forbidding Job, who has come for

Lareine. All these unfortunates who come in contact with Lareine are made to feel or understand the power of the *Tulpa* in some way, which is apparently Lareine's mission.

At the start of the play, Pag's and Soph's characters are somewhat stilted and stiffly acted, as well as annoyingly stereotypical two mismatched lesbian lovers, one of whom is the requisite starving, unappreciated artist living below the East Village. This was the same for the script as well, which included trite New York City-humor quips like, "Must be drugs or a parking space!" in response to the gunshots heard outside the apartment window. The play's message as well was somewhat worn—"if we'd all have a little faith and believe in something, we could spread love and happiness throughout." The characters' attitudes and personalities were also not as consistent as could have been expected although this was not glaringly noticeable. But despite these things, *Tulpa* did have a number of saving graces. The story, as it unfolded, became compelling and succeeded in drawing the audience in, even if its beginning had not been able to achieve the same suspension of disbelief. I would credit this to the efforts of the actors, in particular Melody Cooper, who was Lareine, mistress of the powers of the *Tulpa*, and Chuck Montgomery, who did a magnificently evil Job. The energy of the other actors drew in the Soph and Pag characters, who succeeded in shedding their initial stiff- << page 30 >>

WUTHERING HEIGHTS A MUCH BETTER BOOK THAN MUSICAL

By Chava Brandriss

Reading Emily Bronte's *Wuthering Heights* as a young girl, and then again as a young adult, were memorable experiences for me. The classic love story captivated and enthralled me with its passion and emotion. When I heard that *Wuthering Heights* had been made into a musical, I was completely excited to see this work that had thrilled me so much as a reader performed onstage.

I went to a matinee performance of *Wuthering Heights* at the Mint Theater (which, however, is not a Mint Theater production) on 311 West 43 St. The stage, a bare platform that stretched downward toward the audience had only three chairs, two footstools, and a backdrop that was a

screen on which light and color could be projected as scenery. The musical accompaniment was a single pianist. The actors used not only the stage, but the surrounding areas—front, back, and sides—as their performing space.

I find it difficult to write about *Wuthering Heights*, however, because it did not leave very much of an impression on me. The music was not memorable, and although

Heathcliff (William Thomas Evans) and Catherine (Jennifer Featherston) sang their roles with power, strength, and beauty, I cannot remember a single one of their songs. Usually when walking out of a musical, even one whose score was not the most innovative, catchy, enthralling piece of music ever written, I find myself humming a theme, or at

Courtesy of Carol Rosegg



The performances of William Thomas Evans and Jennifer Featherston were the saving graces of *Wuthering Heights*.

the impression of thoroughly enjoying his role. Jennifer Featherston sang a sweet and touching Catherine. William Thomas Evans was a powerful, masterly, and passionate Heathcliff. What was so disappointing was that with all the evident talent onstage, the play and score were not able to weave all this together to create a complete and satisfying performance.

While the minimal << page 30 >>

ARTS CALENDAR

[cont'd]

Boucher and Fagonard rooms, P.S. 122, 150 First Av., 477-5288. Thru 11/28.

"Times Squared": photography show that includes the works of William Klein, Ted Croner, Sylvia Plachy, Jack Pierson, and others. Keith de Lellis, 47 E 68 St, 327-1482. Thru 11/27.

DANCE

@Dance: Allan Tibbetts' *I Think I Ken*, featuring Bartie, Ken, Skipper, and Kira. Music by James Lo. HERE, 145 Sixth Av., 647-0202. Thru 11/21.

Garth Fagan Dance: choreographer of *The Lion King* brings you dance to the music of Dvorak, Duke Ellington, John Cage, and many more. Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Av., 242-0800. Thru 11/21.

McCauley and Saito: Dawn Akemi Saito's "theater out of butoh and narrative." Robbie McCauley explores love and race in America. Dance Theater Workshop, 219 W 19 St, 924-0077.

Theater

Never Swim Alone: Timothy Jones' comedy-drama about a friendship with skeletons in the closet. St. Mark's Studio Theatre, 94 St. Mark's Place, 777-6088.

Plagues of Our Time: Director Tom O'Horgan's updated versions of the ten biblical plagues: mass transit, mass marketing, pharmaceutical dependence, and other such plagues. La MaMa ETC, 74A East 4 St, 475-7710.

A Girl Joan: Erica Stuart in her solo play based on the "imagined heart-life" of Joan of Arc. HERE, 145 Sixth Av. at Spring St, 647-0202. Wednesdays thru 11/24.

MUSIC CALENDAR

for the week of Nov. 10

ROCK/POP

Thursday 11/11

Primus+Incubus+Buckethead @ Roseland

Buck-o-Nine @ Wetlands

Sonic Youth, Wilco, Lou Reed & More @ St. Ann's Church

Friday 11/12

Pet Shop Boys+Les Rythmes Digtales @ Hammerstein Ballroom

Saturday 11/13

Jim Carroll @ Bottom Line

Bob Dylan+Phil Lesh @ Continental Airlines Arena

Blink 182+Silverchair+Fenix TX @ Roseland

Monday 11/15

311 @ Irving Plaza

Tuesday 11/16

Limp Bizkit @ Continental Airlines Arena

Alison Krauss & Union Station @ Town Hall

Tuesday 11/16-18

Meshell Ndegeocello @ Bowery Ballroom

11/16,17,19,21

Sting @ Beacon Theater

Bette Midler: A Bubble

By Chava Brandriss

Shimmering blue curtains, electric stars, and Bette Midler clad in lipstick-red satin pants, red satin dress complete with plunging black lace neckline and fringe, black spike-heeled boots, big, BIG platinum hair, rising slowly out of a lit up Earth singing "From a Distance"—it was tacky, it was spectacular, it was. The Divine Miss M! And from the vantage point of my

paid homage.

The event took place on Tuesday, October 26. Madison Square Garden was packed with devoted Bette Midler fans and—I was about to say young and old, but, well, I am pretty sure that I was the youngest person there. You know what though? Who cares? I had an awesome time!

After rising out of the Earth, Miss M and her girls opened with an energetic rendition of



\$128.50 seat right down on the floor of Madison Square Garden (procured for free from a friend of my stepmom's, who was organizing the show), The Divine Miss Millennium was absolutely magnificent. With an entrance like that, and a seat like mine, how could she not be? Bette Midler went all out for Hulaween III, her annual benefit concert to raise money for her New York Restoration Project—and the crowds

"I'm Beautiful, Dammit," dancing, singing, and gettin' down the length of the stage. Bette does it all: costumes, scenery, moves, the works. And of course she's Miss Comedienne as well. Bette's show was as much comedy routine as it was concert—a complete vaudeville act with all the trimmings.

"Who knew there were this many people in New York who didn't give a rat's ass about base-

Gum-Pink Classic Lady

MUSIC CALENDAR

[cont'd]

ball?!" she fired at the crowd, in her characteristic, shall we say indelicate manner of speech. "Don't worry," she continued, "We'll keep you updated on the score!" (This was during the World Series). And a nod to all the money that was laid down by her devotees, "I can't even afford these seats—that's why I'm standing!"

After singing herself breathless in "You Make Me Feel Not Real," Bette told us, "Screw the millennium, let's sing something timeless," and eased into "Do You Wanna Dance," which she quickly eased out of with a barrage of Bob Dole/Viagra jokes and other general insults directed toward the audience, fellow "divas," VH1 ("this is a channel that's so desperate they even play MY videos"), and well, anything else that could stand to be insulted

Then we got to hear more of the low, melodic, sensuous Bette in "My Lullaby You," and the song everyone was waiting for. "The Rose." Despite the distracting dancing girl who was moving around the stage like "I Dream of Genie" with roses in her hair, Bette managed to thrill me, like she always does, with "The Rose." Hearing Bette Midler sing her timeless classic live sent actual shivers down my spine, and I could have ended the concert there. Miss M herself describes "The Rose" as "one of the few songs I ever recorded that didn't come back to bite me in the ass"

Back to Energizer-Bunny-Bette and "I Regret Everything" in a French accent. Then costume change to bubblegum-pink sequined flair pants and banana-yellow sequined swing top, and Bette launched into some old classic routines, including "That's Why the Lady's a Tramp," "Mexican Sunnise," "Bra Song," and the finale "Hall of Shame." These songs are what really got the audience into it, all of whom remembered Bette from when she originally did these routines. But even seeing Bette's acts for

the first time, I had just as much fun as they did.

Bette ended her first act by first engaging the audience in a little "sing along," as they all repeated, at her insistent urging, "if you're cracking up from having lack of shacking up," while the Platinum Girls made an appearance in the audience. And as Bette rose up above the stage in one last burst of tackiness—the world's longest leopard skirt—she sang, "the record shows, though my taste blows, I did it MY WAY!"

Act Two began with Bette in curls now, complete with mermaid tail, as she began a well-loved classic routine, "Delores for President." Always keeping it fresh, Bette, along with her dancing girls wheeling themselves and their mermaid tails around the stage in wheelchairs, had bits in the routine laughing at CNN, Ken Starr, and *Titanic*. Delores DeLago won her support, and celebrated her victory with a burst of red, white, and blue confetti.

Bette emerged again in long, black sparkly evening gown to sing "Mary," with its wonderful harmonies and evocative lyrics, followed by "Sunrise, Sunset," from her role in "Fiddler on the Roof." Then, after telling the audience a little bit about what the New York Restoration Project (NYRP) does, and thanking her supporters in the Project, Bette brought the crowd to its feet with "Wind Beneath My Wings," which she dedicated to all the NYRP benefactors

Always giving more to her fans, The Divine Miss M jam-packed her finale with favorites and crowd-pleasers. She "Boogie Woogie"-ed in glittering gold pantsuit, and then ended with "Stay With Me Baby."

The curtains went down, but the audience wanted more, so Bette emerged one last time to give her fans "One More for the Road"

Chava Brandriss is a Barnard first-year and Bulletin staff writer.

Friday 11/19

Lucinda Williams+The Bottle Rockets @ Roseland

Live+Cibo Matto @ Hammerstein Ballroom

COMING UP

11/22 Holly Golightly @ The Cooler

11/23 The Pietasters @ Roseland

11/24 Bid Bad Voodoo Daddy @ The Supper Club

Everything But the Girl @ Hammerstein Ballroom

11/26,27 Natalie Cole @ Avery Fisher Hall

12/1/2/4 Diamanda Galas @ The Kitchen

12/3 Fugazi+The Ex @ The Roxy

Rage Against the Machine @ Nassau Coliseum

12/4 Beth Orton+Darius Rucker & More @ St. Ann's Church

12/14-16 Stereolab @ Irving Plaza

Compilation Celebrates a Century of Women in Music

By Vanessa Garcia

Where are all the female artists? This is a question that comes up again and again when one is in a museum. But, somehow, it is not something we ask ourselves anymore when we are listening to the radio because, in music, women seem to be doing better than ever. And, now, Rhino is honoring them with their release of *R-E-S-P-E-C-T: A Century of Women in Music*.

The compilation is a five CD collection packaged in burgundy velvet and featuring women from 1909 through 1998. It contains 114 songs within genres as diverse as big band, blues, disco, R&B, pop, rock, and hip-hop. The artists featured include talents that range from Patsy Cline to Janis Joplin. As if all of this were not enough, there are sound bites dispersed throughout the collection of important women in the twentieth century, whether iconic or groundbreaking from Amelia Earhart to Billie Jean King.

This box set shows the shift that has occurred in the women's movement through music. We hear the Andrews Sisters singing about that "Bugle Boy from company B," only to later hear Donna Summers break out with "She Works Hard for the Money."

I'm not saying that all is perfect for

women in the music industry because I have not looked into a comparison of salaries and things the like that. And, something tells me that Sarah McLachlan isn't getting paid the same amount as someone like, let's say, Will Smith.

Still, in 1998, nine of the ten nominees in all of the most important Grammy categories were women; this summer VH1 provided Television watchers with a countdown of the 100 Greatest Women in Rock 'n Roll; and in 1997, recordings by women

Courtesy of Christine Haberstock



favorites I just can't help but want to own. I am talking about Peggy Lee's "Fever," and

other songs by Carmen Miranda, The Chantels, Martha & The Vandellas, Janis Joplin, Joan Baez, Blondie, The Bangles, and on, and on, and on.

Courtesy of Christine Haberstock



Moreover, this compilation, as a tribute to a century of women in music, is a step in the right direction, but we know we'll really have it made when a compilation comes out in tribute to the best music of the century and half—o—more—of the musi-

cians mentioned are women

When we stop separating women from men in categories like art, literature, and music, that's when we know we will have made it. But for now, this is important because it says, "Listen Listen to what women have been singing about and writing music about for a century. Because, after all, where would we be without Billie Holiday and Ella Fitzgerald?"

I'll leave you now with a little something Queen Latifah says: 'I break into lyrical freestyle/ Grab the mic, look at the crowd, and see smiles/ Cuz they see a woman standing up on her own two/ Sloppy slouch-in' is something I won't do/ Some think that we can't flow/ Stereotypes they got to go/ I'm gonna mess around and flip the scene into reverse/ With a little touch of ladies first.'

Vanessa Garcia is a Barnard junior and Bulletin music editor.

the rennert women in judaism forum

**JEWISH WOMEN IN
TRADITION AND CRISIS:
THE MISSING CHAPTERS**

a lecture with

ELISHEVA CARLEBACH

Associate Professor of History at Queens College
and the Graduate School of CUNY

Wednesday, 10 November

6:30 - 8:00 PM

Sulzberger Parlor,
3rd Floor Barnard Hall

Sponsored by the Barnard Center for Research on Women



It's Never Too Cold For



Shoppers brave the cold, and check out outdoor markets throughout the city.

by Liliana Segura

So, November is here and the notorious New York winter is showing signs of impending invasion. With wind chills sending everyone running to the nearest cozy indoor dwelling, the last thing on the New Yorker's mind is shopping. Outside.

Well, grab those mittens and be inspired by this brave Barnard student's venture to explore the many interesting and eclectic outdoor markets favored by shoppers in search of something a little different.

It is a familiar scenario. Unsuspecting Manhattan pedestrians are speed-walking down Broadway, when out of nowhere a vision of tents and tables displaying a sea of priceable merchandise appear, making it impossible for people to simply shuffle by to their original destinations.

This is precisely the situation that unfolded a couple of weeks ago when the weather was pedestrian-friendly and my mother was in town. The mission, as it were, had been to go to SoHo in search of much-needed winter clothes. Taking the N/R to Canal Street, we had decided to make the schlep from there, hoping to snag some bargains on cheaper-than-SoHo

knockoffs.

On the way, however, we met with a flea market that promised to offer all that and more. Merchants carried everything from used CDs to African jewelry to funky '60s clothing. The highlight by far, however, was the tent with racks upon racks of vintage winter coats, each priced at a very student-friendly \$20. Leather, vinyl, synthetic fibers—every fabric and style under the sun was represented, and due to my mother's masterful bargaining skills, I got away with two long coats that can only be described as fabulous—for \$30. One is more of a robe than a coat and is cozy as can be. The other, a fur-collared number that screams class, makes me feel like Jackie O. and, according to the tag, was originally purchased at what I imagine to have been a very posh boutique on Fifth Av. Inspired by the possibilities of these shopping venues, I decided to explore the city for more.

Day two of outdoor market shopping turned out to be different from the week before. Heading to the antique shopper's Mecca around the West 20s, my destination was the Annex Antique Market, located on two adjacent lots at West 25 St and 6 Av and on West 24 St a block over. There was a \$1 entrance fee and a subsequent hand-stamp, allowing dawdling shop-

pers to come and go at their leisure. While last week's market cost nothing, this one was at least three times as big. So I sacrificed a buck and moved on. Though a "flea" market and an "antique" fair sell the same dusty old things that could have come from my grandmother's attic, calling it an "antique" market automatically justifies higher price tags.

Thus, one of the more disheartening things about this particular market was the price range, which was slightly out of my league. Still, there were all sorts of memorable items to be found, including hand-blown Murano vases, Persian rugs and tapestries, old-fashioned hats and gloves, appliances, and tableware galore. Should you ever be in the market for some interesting salt and pepper shakers, look no further. Again, the main attraction for many shoppers was the abundance of coats. Like at the last market, coats and jackets of all sorts were displayed invitingly to those shivering from the less-than-pleasant weather. As with most of the merchandise, the jackets tended to be pricey. One in particular stood out—a black and white fur coat priced at \$300—"Ocelot," the vendor explained patiently to a confused patron.

After doing a few laps around the lot, I set-

Outdoor Shopping. . .

ried in one area of vintage clothing, priced more or less reasonably. Embroidered scarves, gloves with beaded detail and '20s style hats were among the clothes and after much deliberation I made my only purchase of the day: a gray wool vest-type button down that goes with just about everything. I got it for \$10 instead of \$15—my mother, it appears, has taught me well. Then it was on to the next lot

By this point, unfortunately, the vendors were getting ready to pack up their things but I still managed to get a feel for the merchandise across the street. Much of it was the same, though there I found a large selection of vintage Levi's, plus African masks, used records, and to my amusement, Beanie Babies and Pokemon merchandise, which as far as I know, has not been around long enough to be considered "antique," but no need to dwell on such inconsistencies

One of the most interesting parts of the market, besides the goods, was the interaction between vendors, among whom there appeared to be a camaraderie. On this occasion, snippets of conversation ranged from gripes about ebay.com to the cold weather—the wind in particular. An actual conversation between a jeweler and a seller of wooden furniture

The third and final day of my outdoor market venture sent me downtown once again—this time to the Lower East Side. My first stop was the market next to Tower Records between 3 and 4 Sts. A mere fraction of the size of Annex, I was in and out in 45 minutes. That is not to say, however, that there was any less to see. Located in NYU territory, the vendors cater to a hip, younger crowd, selling mostly clothes and trendy accessories. Prices were reasonable. tank tops were three for \$10 at one tent. Other tents displayed everything from cheap name brand cosmetics to silk embroidered purses to candles and incense. One vendor had an astonishingly wide variety of creative-looking bongos and other such products (for tobacco use only, of course), and a few feet away there was a man selling electronics and a large selection of bootleg videos and tapes. If you are in search of a 1960s Rolling Stones concert, this is your place. Empty handed, I bid this market farewell and

smaller scale—mostly clothes and jewelry. One particular vendor had tons and tons of "Power Bead" bracelets, the ones everyone on campus is wearing, from \$2 to \$5—a far cry from \$14, for which I recently spotted them at The Limited. This market, for some reason, seemed rather lackluster compared with the ones preceding it—perhaps its SoHo backdrop makes it difficult to compete with the scores of outdoor vendors already lining the streets. Perhaps that is just the perception of someone suffering outdoor shopping weariness. Nevertheless, I would certainly suggest checking it out.

I expect many of you are thinking you'd rather do all sorts of unpleasant things than purposely venture outside to go market hopping in November. Vendors realize this as well, and so, the Annex Antique Fair, on colder days, moves into a building fondly referred to as the "Garage" at 112 West 25 St, which, incidentally, houses multiple floors of flea market wares all year long. The others, it appears, are at their

Liliana Segura



Cool coats are the best find at many outdoor markets

regular locations every weekend from about 10 am until 6 pm, weather permitting. They tend to shut down early if it is too cold, or if business is slow. These two factors are correlated, so if you are looking for a bargain, you are most likely to find it on a colder day when vendors

are more eager to make a sale. So, go out and explore—live a little! Maybe you'll spot me; I'll be the one in the new coat.

Liliana Segura is a Barnard sophomore and on the Bulletin layout staff.

Accutane Offers Relief to



By Zehra Mandani

Acne is a constant battle for many people. It is a condition in which normally colorless liquid skin oils are converted to solid white material.

The skin responds to the trapped solid oil by turning red and swelling. Those with severe acne have few options, one of which is to take Accutane (Isotretinoin), a prescription drug used to treat severe, scarring, nodular, cystic acne. A three- or four-month course of Accutane can damage the oil glands and markedly reduce the amount of oil that the skin produces, making Accutane the most effective drug to treat acne.

Having less skin oil should not cause any serious side effects, since its only known function is to keep you from feeling too cold in the winter, because it slows evaporation of sweat. Accutane should be used only after other acne medicines have been tried and have failed to help clear the acne. To some, acne may seem like a rare condition because magazines, television, fashion and society in general portray

smooth, clear skin as the norm. However, acne affects 25 percent of adults and 73 percent of adolescents.

The physical effects of acne are apparent, but the psychological effects remain veiled. Not being confident with one's physical appearance can lead to low self-esteem, depression, other

clinical disorders, particularly for women. For these people, Accutane can ease the insecurities that are the result of a society focused on beauty and perfection.

Although Accutane is a very commonly-prescribed drug, patients who are on the treatment have many sexual, dietary and other general restrictions placed upon them. The list of side effects for Accutane is long and varied. Those prescribed Accutane might develop chapped lips, dry skin and itching, nosebleeds, dry and irritated eyes, joint and muscle pains, temporary hair thinning, rashes, intestinal dysfunction, infected urinary symptoms, headaches, increased sensitivity to sunburn, decreased night vision, and depression. These side effects vary with each individual, and can happen separately or in combination. Every female patient on Accutane is required to be on some effective form of birth control, the most common being Ortho Tri-Cyclen. If a woman is not on birth control pills, she must simultaneously use two other forms of birth control during the treatment and

Graphics courtesy of Roche Laboratories.



From the Accutane brochure: dramatic before and after treatment pictures. Both pictures are taken eight weeks posttherapy.

Sufferers of Severe Acne

two months after finishing Accutane treatment, or must totally abstain from intercourse. If a woman on Accutane gets pregnant, she runs the risk of having a deformed fetus with malformations of the skull, brain, spine and heart. These babies may also be born with large heads and tiny bodies or may be born prematurely.

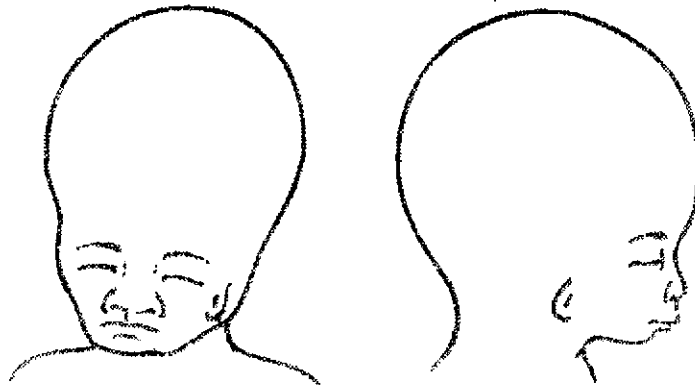
However, birth control, like Ortho Tri-Cyclen, has its own unpleasant side effects like nausea, mood swings, and depression. Individuals on Accutane also must watch their dietary intake of Vitamin A and fats since Accutane has high doses of Vitamin A and can increase your cholesterol level. Therefore, in order to avoid overdosing on Vitamin A and dangerously increasing cholesterol levels, certain foods like margarine, dark green leafy vegetables, yellow-orange fruits, liver, chocolate, whole milk, butter and cheese should be avoided. Monthly blood tests must also be performed to ensure that the body is functioning properly and that the levels of Accutane in the blood stream are not too high.

Even though many view Accutane as a miracle drug, many researchers, scientists, doc-

tors, pharmacists and patients feel that the public does not know enough about this potentially dangerous drug. Accutane is a relatively new drug, about twenty years old, so scientists are not quite sure about the long term side effects. It is possible that dermatologists are downplaying the dangerous side effects of Accutane

In addition to being a costly drug, one cycle of Accutane treatment can last up to five months for relatively aggressive acne. It generally takes longer for those who need stronger treatment, and most who go on Accutane need more than one cycle of therapy. What makes Accutane so appealing is that it has been proven effective in

Courtesy of Roche Laboratories treating acne where other drugs have failed. Most other acne medications kill the bacteria found in acne, but the human body quickly becomes immune to antibiotics thus rendering them useless for long-term treatment.



Line drawings of some birth defects associated with Accutane use during pregnancy. Women are required to take birth control pills during treatment.

since it is one of the most lucrative drugs on the market that is covered by insurance plans.

"Twenty years ago, many patients couldn't afford to take Accutane," says Dr. Kramer, a practicing dermatologist. "One pill costs ten dollars and Accutane comes in a box of twenty, so those who buy the pills out of their pocket end up paying a lot of money, many times over two thousand dollars."

would pass with youth. Acne is a serious problem for teenagers as well as adults, and many patients are seeking aggressive treatment. Although acne doesn't prevent one from living a physically full existence, it can hinder a person from emotionally, mentally and psychologically reaching their potential.

Zehra Memdani is a Barnard first-year

Well Woman: How to Be a Well-Woman

Q How do I become a Well-Woman?

A Good question! As many Barnard women know, Well-Woman is part of the Health Promotion Program of Health Services. The Well-Woman Peer Educators are under-

graduate women who undergo 30 plus hours of training on women's health issues. They conduct workshops on women's health, write newsletters, organize campus events and lead gynecological education sessions on Tuesday evenings in Health Services.

If you are interested in becoming a

Well-Woman Peer Educator, pick up an application outside the W-W office (Hewitt 135) or Health Services (LL Brooks) on the bulletin board. Applications are due November 12. A required 30 hours of training are held each January, with a follow-up training in September. Please call the W-W office at x4-3063 for more information.

*"Well-Woman" is a weekly feature in the Bulletin. The responses, written by the Well-Women Peer Educators, answer questions from members of the Barnard community. Questions may be submitted to the Well-Woman Office, 135 Hewitt.**

Residential Life Strikes Again

by Mita Mallick

For 72-plus hours I was convinced that I had been living in an iceberg.

It takes a lot of cold air to make my brown nose turn bright red. It had been a week since

the heat had been turned on in 616. My suitemates and I, however, did not have the luxury of the lukewarm air which slowly seeps through the vents. It was not until temperatures dropped that weekend in late October that we felt the effects. We had no heat. We were frozen T.V. dinners living in a freezer.

My time at Barnard has taught me one important thing: be proactive! You have to actively pursue what you want. That weekend all I wanted was a little warmth to stop me from looking like Rudolph. So I aggressively tried to get the heat that I needed.

I called security (which deals with after-hour facility and housing problems) at least five times asking for some assistance with the heat situation. Not to mention the fact that my five other suitemates had called individually as well. The woman who picked up the phone at security retorted to me after the third time I had called, "So you have no heat. So what, is this an emergency?" Have you checked the thermometer recently? What kind of a ridiculous question is that?

It wasn't until late Sunday evening, almost Monday morning, when someone came to turn our heat on. They had to actually open the valves inside our vents, which were closed. There is no way we could have got heat at all that weekend without someone opening the valves.

My experiences at Barnard have lead me to expect such disappointments from security and facilities. I have written countless words on their inadequacies. But I have always somehow expected more of Housing and Residential Life. My suite is my home where I come back to after a hard day of college life. It is where I live with people who I consider to be a second family. Residential Life serves as a liaison between offices such as facilities and security, and myself. Unfortunately they have been sleeping on the job. Or as some of my friends point out, they have been throwing themselves extravagant parties with the \$25 activity fee they collected this year from the 200-plus women who live in 616 alone. My suitemates and I have yet to even get a Krispy Kreme donut this semester. In Plimp-

ton I at least got that.

At this point I feel that I have been spinning my wheels. My hands are tied. I have better issues to address in my columns. Yet time and time again Residential Life finds new ways to disappoint the student body. For the last four years, I have had too many a conversation with area directors addressing problems that we are facing in our dorms. The answer is usually, "I want to apologize for what happened. I'll get right on it. I want to make sure that an incident like this does not occur again." Hello, deja vu. Why have I been reliving the same story year after year?

I moved into a suite with grimy, old contact paper stuck in the cabinets. As I tried peeling the paper off, and washing it down with soap, brown grime started seeping through the cabinets. That contact paper had to be at least a few years old. So each year do they slap a fee on the last person that lived in this suite for not removing contact paper? If they charge a fee, why isn't it removed for the next person who lives there?

I have to slam my body against the bathroom door to get it shut. The kitchen light only works when it is having a good day. There are no knobs on the cabinets in our kitchen. Only holes for me to squeeze my fingers through exist. The VCR in 616 has been broken for more than a week now. Each time we alert Residential Life, they say that it's getting fixed, which is fine, things don't happen overnight. But at least have the courtesy to slap a sign on the machine that says "BROKEN." There's no sign, and people are still wasting their money renting videos when all they end up doing is looking at the cheesy picture on the back of the cassette cover. How many facility request forms can my suitemates and I fill out? At this point it has become a joke. Do I need the President or a Dean to come in to my suite and physically screw in the doorknobs herself?

I know several Barnard women who are R.A.s and I have nothing but respect and admiration for them. It seems as though Hall Council sits in the lobby of 616 once a week attempting to tackle housing problems. Yet here I am addressing the same issues. Housing and Residential Life, where are you? All I want is a few little knobs and a constant stream of heat. Apparently after three years of tuition, activities fees, writing numerous articles, and after speaking with area directors, that is simply too much to ask. How can I expect that as a senior? It's time I splurged. There is a space heater at Columbia Hardware with my name on it.

Mita Mallick is a Barnard senior and Bulletin columnist

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The Difficult Process of Planting

By Christy Thornton

My idea of a good time very rarely includes waking up at 7am to catch a crosstown bus for a gynecological exam or a psychological test. Yet I've found myself in that position four times in the past two months, bouncing sleepily down Fifth Avenue hours before your alarm clock even thinks about going off, listening as intently as possible before my first cup of coffee to the precocious children on their way to school. At any other period in my life, the eleven-year-old girl sitting in front of me on the M4 this morning would have gone unnoticed, overlooked for the op-ed pages or the view of Central Park. This morning, though, I was caught up in her conversation, and found myself thinking about what it must be like to have children, what she will do with her life, what her relationship with her parents is. Does she know both of her parents? Does she want to, if she doesn't?

I take that bus to a fertility clinic on the Upper East Side. I enter a doctor's office almost once a week and go through that week's series of tests. There was the blood work: HIV, Hepatitis, Syphilis—anything that could be present in my blood. There was the pap smear: a cold specula and idle chit chat were my company as I lay on a paper-covered table with my feet in stirrups. There will be the psychological evaluation: an interview with the clinic psychologist, and then a rousing bout with the Minnesota Multiphasic Personality Inventory, a series of five hundred yes or no questions that will be able to tell a complete stranger exactly who I am inside. There is the waiting for the uptown bus on Madison Avenue, the elusive M4 that is very rarely on schedule. All of this to determine one thing: would I make a good mother?

Not that I'm considering having a child. As a sophomore at Barnard assisted by a considerable amount of financial aid, having children is the furthest thing from my mind. But I have within me an invaluable resource—healthy, young ova. The potential in my body for motherhood is at its prime. And there is a woman out there who is tall, with brown eyes and dirty-blond hair, who simply cannot con-

ceive. For whatever reason, her eggs are in need of a little help, some new recruits. Enter a financially-strapped college student highly unsure of her own reproductive future and boom—we're makin' babies.

The clinic whose program I am currently involved with operates on a strictly confidential basis. I will never know if my eggs helped a couple conceive. They will never know my identity. I will never know names, or faces, or if the child that may be conceived using my genes is happy, healthy, and sitting on a bus headed for the Upper East Side joking with her friends about the boy in her homeroom class. The parents will never know if I actually got my Master's Degree in international affairs, or if I still live in this country. I will never know if the boy that I pass in the park holding hands with his thin-haired father carries my genetic makeup. That child may never know the process by which he was brought into the world, and he will certainly never learn of my crosstown voyages and oldies station-listening doctor's office experience. And that's okay.

I can deal with the fact that somewhere out there, there might be a human being carrying my DNA. . . Biologically, yes, the child will be a part of me. But in truth, he or she will have one family, and they will love him or her and appreciate the child for everything that he or she is.

Lured by dollar signs and the potential to pay off the loans that I will have incurred by the time I leave Barnard, and highly informed about what the egg-donation process entails, I answered a second ad, one that purported "UP TO \$50,000!" In communication via e-mail with the organizer of the program, I have embarked on a completely different process, with much more complicated

means to the same end. Of course, the level of financial compensation is much higher, so there is an obvious correlation. This program, which recruits nation-wide, matches donors with families face-to-face. After filling out an extensive profile, which included everything from my reproductive history to my paternal grandfather's tanning ability, I will send verification of my SAT scores (only those over a certain level will be considered) and various photographs of myself, including pictures of myself during my childhood and with my family. In addition to the initial elements of the screening, I was asked the questions, "What would your response be if the prospective parents wanted to meet or speak with you? What would your response be if

My Eggs In Somebody Else's Body

the child wanted to meet you? What would you like the donor recipients to tell their child about you?" This, I've discovered, is the real question when it comes to egg donation. People want to know, "Isn't it painful?" or "How much money will you get?" but the issue that is of the most concern is, "Can you deal with knowing that there is a little you out there? Would you want the kid to know?"

And here we are, back on the bus, jaunting down Fifth Avenue. As the bus screeches to a stop in front of The Met and I step out into the chilly, early-morning fall air, I glance back at the girls with their pig-tails and backpacks. I think of myself on the bus at that age, concerned only with who was

sitting next to me or what was in my lunchbox. I never gave a second thought to the way in which I was brought into the world, although my childhood, like many, was certainly not without complication. I wonder what a child at that age would think if they sat down with a complete stranger and were told that biologically they were linked with those earnest brown eyes staring back at them. Then I consider the way that I view my childhood now, the way that I can only piece together through vague memory and court documents that which my childhood entailed. I hate the fact that I wasn't told everything, that I didn't know what was going on. And I realize looking back that while anonymity would make the egg donation process much easier, I think it is only fair that the child know everything about the way they were brought into this world, so that at sixteen, when teen angst has set in and parents seem unbearable, that child doesn't look in the mirror and wonder why she doesn't have her mother's brow-bone or her

father's nose.

It is the knowledge that I possess around the way that my childhood developed that makes me appreciate the family that I do have all the more. It is because I know the things that I do, that I know that family doesn't mean whose genes you carry or whose lineage you

But I have within me an invaluable resource—healthy, young ova. The potential in my body for motherhood is at its prime. And there is a woman out there who is tall, with brown eyes and dirty-blond hair, who simply cannot conceive.

pass on. If anything, this process is reaffirming my belief that a family is those who love you, not those from whom you took your chromosomal make-up. If I do indeed meet with a child sometime in the future, that child will know that I gave my reproductive cells to create him or her, but that will not change who the mother is. That child will have a better under-

standing of what family means, because it won't be taken for granted. So yes, I can deal with the fact that somewhere out there, there might be a human being carrying my DNA. And yes, I would want that child to know. Because it won't change what family means, it won't change who carried that child to term or who held him or her first as a newborn. Biologically, yes, the child will be a part of me. But in truth, he or she will have one family, and they will love him or her and appreciate the child for everything that he or she is. And if I can bring that happiness to a small group of people out there somewhere, it is worth every pothole on Fifth Avenue, every needle the doctors inject, and every minute that I spend thinking about those girls on that bus, smiling their way to school.

Christy Thornton is a Barnard sophomore and Bulletin office assistant.

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BULLETIN

[11.10.99]

commentary [29]

<< page 10 >> presence. As Dalton got up to teach one of his first classes at Barnard on Marxist political theory, a student stood up in the back of the classroom and screamed "I've had enough of this crap! Sit down Stop teaching this with your Fascist views! Everyone in this classroom should leave right now to show how we oppose this fucking Fascist University!" And all but two students got up and left the room Dalton continued to teach, but with much difficulty, to a class of two This is when his "epiphany" came Professor Dalton realized that in order to teach, he needed students, and that only through the proper respect of the teacher toward the student can the most effective, beneficial relationship between them be fostered A teacher must listen to the ideas of his or her students with respect, and make sure that the student feels that his or her ideas are worthwhile

This ethic of care toward the student is central to Professor Dalton's philosophy of teaching, and of how an institute of learning should be run On a little corner of his desk drawer, Dalton has an Emerson quote, which

he stuck there when he first took occupation of his office in Lehman. "The secret of education lies in the respect for the student." When asked if there was anything he could change about Barnard, the only thing Professor Dalton expressed concern about was that he would want to reinforce the central value of respect for the students He feels that instead of talking only of the development of the IQ, we at Barnard should talk more about the development of the EIQ (Emotional Intelligence Quotient) Whenever he hears of students who feel that the college is too anonymous, Dalton feels a sense of profound loss that a student should feel this way, and hopes that Barnard will be able to foster more of an atmosphere of feeling and care for its students

I could go on and on about Professor Dalton, that much of an impression did my short hour with him leave with me, but I must end here All I can say is, Political Theory with Professor Dalton—I am so there!

Chava Brandriss is a Barnard first-year and Bulletin staff writer

<< page 16 >> ness and really lent feeling and sincerity to *Tulpa*

Although at the beginning of *Tulpa* I was all too aware of the stage, or rather the fact that the stage WAS a stage and nothing more, the actors' performances did manage to ultimately draw me in and enable me to, at least for a short while, live with them in their world and receive the message of the *Tulpa*.


Chava Brandriss is a Barnard first-year and Bulletin staff writer.

<< page 17 >> use of props and scenery was at times effective in allowing the sole emotion and pathos of the actors' voices to tell the story of what was happening to them, at others it left the stage and story too noticeably empty An uninspired score cannot cover for or be complemented by lack of scenery—it just remains painfully naked The backdrop screen, however, was actually quite effective The lights and colors projected onto the screen changed with the moods and times of day and year in the play, and often lent atmosphere where it was much needed

Wuthering Heights, the book, had great potential as a musical *Wuthering Heights*, the musical, did not quite live up to it

Chava Brandriss is a Barnard first-year and Bulletin staff writer

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Shouldn't Have Gone Out Last Night
October 2nd, 1999

I cursed myself this morning.
Mike had to make a quick copy of his music
tape because someone ordered that. If you
get that one, the heavy metal song at the
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