

boonardbulletin

January 31 2000



**joan didion
bears witness**

**quad
swipe
access**

**martha
graham is
back**

festivals

**snood
addicts
confess**

**viewpoints:
is rap crap?**

**wig
women
beauty**

letter **from** the editor

The semantics of self-definition will always be difficult for me. As I continue to try to define myself through genres, and labels, and group associations, I watch as others do so, as well.

It's startling to think that as liberal and non-judgmental as I consider myself, I still continue to peg people into their appropriate categories, labeling them clearly and concisely, as if I might need them later. As if I have to file people away according to distinct impressions, so that I can recall them sometime in the future for reference or study. A person's given name is no longer enough—I find myself attaching epithets in an attempt to create a framework of reference for anyone I might have a conversation with. I find myself unconsciously reacting to the way a person is dressed and the bands they identify with, recording somewhere in the recesses of my brain a name and a defining feature. Not a feature like kindness, or intelligence, or a sense of justice—more along the lines of “Mike the Fugazi kid” or “Lauren Fuzzy Hair.” There are things that keep me separated from these people, reasons that I'll never know their last names or their passions in life. I'll never know if that kid in my political science class and I have anything in common, anything interesting to say to one another, simply because the patch on his sweatshirt proudly displays the name of a band I find deplorable.

We chose, in many ways, to wear our labels on the outside. It's hard to outwardly display our sense of right and wrong, our place on the political spectrum, or our deepest academic passions. So we seek groups of people who seem to have similar values and adopt the appearance that allows us to most easily assimilate into that group. Growing into my personal beliefs about what “punk rock” should mean, for instance, has cre-

ated a hierarchy of “punkness” that I place myself, and all others who identify as I do, upon. And those lines of hierarchy, no matter how much they are an artificial construction, act as barriers between people. They screen out those who I find myself willing to talk to, and those I don't. They help me choose peer groups and friendships, and help to create identifying markers so that I might better understand my place in the lot of things.

I have been both the constructor and the victim of these barriers. I've dismissed too early people who were worth getting to know. Only in very lucky cases have I been able to rectify this dismissal once executed. And I've been on the receiving end of the dismissal, attempting conversations with people who look right through me because I don't happen to look like someone they'd talk to on a given day. In those instances, when I felt hurt and confused by the labels of someone I didn't even know, I denounced the stupid system that made it so that because I was a girl, or because I wore a certain t-shirt, or because my boots were too shiny, I didn't belong. And yet I continue to perpetrate it myself, putting people in the appropriate boxes and snickering with those “on my level” when someone who falls below us approaches. And I hate it. I hate the cattiness of it, I hate the ridiculousness of it, and I hate the fact that I can know how wrong it is and continue to do it. So today, like so many other days when I'm filling this page, I submit a challenge to myself. A challenge to stop the cattiness and the ridicule, and offer a fair chance to anyone who wants it. And, like so many other days, I challenge you to do the same.

contributors

Hailing from Connecticut, first-year Alison Wayne is on the search for a good karaoke bar in the city.

She also hosts a radio show

with her roommate about baseball on WBAR and grudgingly admits that she enjoyed the movie *Save the Last Dance*. Planning on majoring in French and Italian, this Renaissance woman will be seen in the news section.

alison wayne

Stating that her goal as features editor is to create scandal and excitement, first-year Julie Frye says that she fully enjoys fear.

This Miami girl plans

on majoring in psychology while she continues to sing and write songs. Julie is also fully convinced that in a past life she sang at Woodstock.

julie frye

First-year Annarose Fitzgerald hails from Milford, Connecticut and enjoys writing in the arts and music sections of the

bulletin. Planning on majoring in English, Annarose enjoys theater, writing, long-distance running, and anything retro. When asked about her dislikes, Annarose quickly states that she hates complainers.

annarose fitzgerald

barnard **bulletin**

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The barnard bulletin is published weekly by the bulletin student staff at Barnard College in New York City. All subscription inquiries should be directed to *bulletin*, c/o Barnard College, 2119 Broadway, New York, NY 10027. Information, advertising, and other inquiries may be sent to *bulletin*, 2119 Broadway, New York, NY 10027. Telephone: (212) 850-6000. Fax: (212) 850-6001. E-mail: bulletin@bulletin.org. Website: bulletin.org. Copyright © 2000 by the bulletin student staff. All rights reserved.

Joan Didion examines the writer as witness

By Anna Godberson

"I wasn't going to read, because [migration] wasn't my subject," Joan Didion began her Thursday night appearance in Barnard's ongoing Forum on Migration, "but then I realized that three of my novels are about people on the move."

A similar thought seemed to reverberate about campus prior to Didion's arrival; what does Joan Didion, who was born in California and has since lived mostly between L.A. and New York, have to do with migration? The title of the event, *The Writer as Witness*, suggests that the writing process is itself a migration, from story to story—the writer's own vision and retelling setting her apart. Didion seemed to say as much later on, when she remarked, "the best way for a writer to be is lonely, frankly." But as crowds of devotees filled the seats, the exact connection seemed to matter less; the presence of a writer of Didion's caliber on the Barnard campus promised a special occasion.

As evident in Professor Mary Gordon's warm opening remarks, and the worshipful tone of the question and answer session, Didion's writing has been enormously influential. Journalist Katie Roiphe describes the scope of this influence: "still her words reverberate through our magazines and newspapers, her quirky, distinctive oddly formal writing style borrowed and imitated, echoed and incorporated until it becomes simply the way we write." Gordon called Didion's voice, "famously minimal but never the minimalism of anomie," and recalled a student's observation that the Didion essay "On Self-Respect" should be, "required daily reading for women [ages] 18 to 35." Quoting Conrad, Gordon said, "She gives us the glimpse of truth for which we had forgotten to ask."

The author of five novels and five col-

lections of non-fiction, Didion became famous for her particular brand of subjective '60s journalism. She wrote about rock stars and murder cases and the Haight-Ashbury as the symbol of a Yeatsian center that was not holding. As Gordon pointed out, she was a female voice that never shied away from using her "I" (the double meaning emphatically intended). As Didion says of her own notebook-writing "My stake is always, of course, the unmentioned girl in the plaid silk dress. Remember what it was to me: that is always the point." Her words approach factual events with the drama of natural phenomenon. Her writing mixes clipped ironic sentences, with impossibly long, beautifully cadenced, complexly syntaxed ones.

Didion is, more than anything, cool. She is at the scene and haunted, but she reports it with a stylish remove. She begins essays with openers like, "As it happens I am in Death Valley," throwing in *perhapses* and *then agains*. It is hard not to think of her as she appears on so many of her book's jackets, brow furrowed, hair messy in the wind, a petite and harrowed lady behind big black sunglasses.

Standing very small and a little fragile-looking behind the podium, Didion proceeded to read from her book *Democracy*. She related a passage about a mother and daughter, the latter a character Didion described by saying that through "claiming the American exemption, she ceases to be a citizen of the United States and becomes a citizen of the world."

Despite her whip-smart narratives, Didion's reading style was strangely

bland. She moved her head in the same back and forth, never raising her voice much above a monotone, and pronouncing the mother character's name a flat Eye-nez Vincent. It seemed all those literary references to her own bruised and awkward persona were in earnest. "I am so physically small, so temperamentally unobtrusive and so neurotically inarticulate that people tend to forget that my presence runs counter to their best interests," she said.

The familiar piercing, unabashedly subjective voice redeemed itself afterwards, however, when Didion responded to questions from the audience. Taking such questions as "Do you enjoy living in exotic places?" and "As a writer, what inspires you?" her eyes glittered with a sharp sincerity. "Basically I like to write," she replied flatly, telling the audience "I just do what I do, I don't analyze." One student inquired about her comparison of not making Phi Beta Kappa at nineteen to a loss of innocence. "Was it really that big a deal?" he asked. Didion clucked, "Oh, yes."

As I was leaving, I walked by Didion, who was standing in a group with her husband and Professors Gordon and Caryl Phillips, who organizes the Forum. I touched her back to thank her, and was immediately sorry; her shoulder blade felt so dainty and bird like that I was sure I'd hurt her. She turned her head, and revealing an acute gaze and a kind smile, said "Oh, yes, and thank you."

Anna Godberson is a Barnard junior and a bulletin staff writer.



beaessentials

WRITING CENTER has reopened for the new semester. The Writing Center's specially-trained peer and faculty level writing consultant can work with you on everything from First-Year English essays to lab reports to your senior thesis. You can come in at any stage in the writing process—for brainstorming, revising and rethinking, polishing, etc. Sign up sheets for appointments are posted by the door of the Writing Center, at 121 Reid.

FINANCIAL AID: Applications for the year 2001-2002 are now available in the Office of Financial Aid, Room 14 Milbank. All materials must be submitted by Wednesday, April 18. Students currently receiving financial aid must reapply each year.

STUDENTS INTERESTED IN THE HEALTH PROFESSIONS: The Dean's Office has information on many summer internships programs. Please see the bulletin board outside 105 Milbank Hall or the folder of information in the Dean of Studies Office. Deadlines for applications range from late January to early March.

STUDENTS THINKING ABOUT STUDYING ABROAD IN 2001-2002. If you missed the Monday, January 29 meeting, please come to the information meeting to be conducted by Dean Alperstein on Thursday, February 1, at 5pm, in the Altschul Atrium.

PRE-LAW STUDENTS AND OTHERS INTERESTED IN SOCIAL JUSTICE ISSUES: The Civil Rights Summer fellowship is an eight-week summer program for rising sophomores and juniors interested in civil rights and the social justice movement. The program begins June 8 with a week of academic study and leadership training at Harvard University and then moves to Washington, D.C., where students continue their studies and intern in policy-shaping national organizations. More information and applications (due February 23) are available in the Dean of Studies Office (see Jayma Abdoo) or on the web at www.civilrights.org/summer/.

LOOKING FOR HELP IN MATH? Come to Barnard's Math Help Room, located in 333 Milbank Hall. Daytime hours: Monday to Thursday from 10am to 5pm and Friday from 3 to 5pm. Evening hours: Monday to Wednesday from 7 to 10pm. For updated schedule or to find a particular instructor check the schedule on the door or click the Help Room link at <http://www.barnard.edu/math>.

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

barnardeventscalendar

January 30 to March 27
Meditation-Based Stress Reduction and Relaxation Training An eight-week program. A commitment to daily practice is required for the duration of the course 6 to 8pm beginning Tuesday, January 30. Fees for the course are \$430 (with partial scholarships available), \$150 for CU employees and graduate students, and \$250 for alumnae within three years of graduation. Pre-course interview required. For more information, visit the www.barnard.edu/health and click on Stress Reduction, or contact Polly Wheat at x42091.

January 31
Rennet Women in Judaism Forum presents *Changing Focus Photography and Jewish American Identity* A panel to examine Jewish family photography and its impact on the formation of Jewish American identity 6:30pm in the Sulzberger Parlor, 3rd floor Barnard Hall. For information, call the Barnard Center for Research on Women at x42067, or visit www.barnard.edu/crow/

January 31 to March 7
Meditation-Based Stress Reduction and Relaxation Training. A six-week pro-

gram beginning Wednesday, January 31. 6 to 8pm. Fee is \$25, and a pre-course interview is required. Call x42091 to schedule. Sponsored by Barnard Health Services

February 1
Women Poets at Barnard presents *Poetry Reading by Mary Jo Bang and Matthea Horvey*. 8pm in the Sulzberger Parlor, Barnard Hall. For more info, contact Katy Lederer at katy@bway.net

February 6
Lunchtime Lecture Series presents *The Daughters of La Malinche Mexican Women and the Conquest*. Michael

Schuessler, Assistant Professor of Spanish and Latin American Cultures at Barnard, discusses the works of such eminent women as La Malinche, Pita Amoi, and Elena Pomiatowska Noon in the Center for Research on Women, 101 Barnard Hall

February 7
Women Seeking Justice presents *My Dangerous Desires With Amber Hollibaugh*. Activist and writer Amber Hollibaugh joins us to discuss her impassioned, indefatigable activism for women with AIDS in prison. 6:30pm in the Altschul Atrium.

student store set to open February 5

By Mary Kunjappu

The Barnard Student Store is finally going to have a real home. On Monday February 5, the store will reopen in the Quad, taking the space formerly occupied by the Quad Café. The managers of the store are planning several festivities for the reopening—coupons will be distributed in student mailboxes and a grand opening party will be held later in February.

Prior to the Student Store's move to the Quad, the store was located in Upper Level McIntosh on a series of rolling display cases. When the store closed for the day, store employees had to pack everything up, and roll the display cases into cabinets in the wall. The store will no longer have this problem with the move into a permanent space in the Quad.

The move will also allow the store to expand, giving room for new merchandise. The store will now carry Barnard paraphernalia, clothing, as well as non-Barnard school supplies. Ravina Sandhu, Manager of the Barnard Student Store, explained, "We are trying to find vendors for the notebooks and pens. We are also trying to get a few upscale items, such as business card holders. Things that alumnae can display on their desks." The store is also trying to fulfill the demand for extra-small and extra-large sizes in Barnard apparel.

The previous location in McIntosh did not allow students to browse items,

and the staff is excited about this prospect in the new space. "One of the major changes is that customers will have space to walk around and not have to ask the sales people to see some-

down to 110th to get these items."

To determine what to add to the new and improved Student Store, surveys were distributed near the end of last semester, asking students for their ideas and recommendations. Sandhu said, "We received a lot of the surveys, and many of the changes that we are trying to implement now were recommendations. We also have a suggestion box, which also helped us with some ideas."

Though many students buy merchandise from the student store, most of the store's business has been from alumnae. Barnard alumnae send mail orders for merchandise, utilizing the printable order form available on the Student Store web page, which is updated on a regular basis.

Though the Store will be opening February 5, it will not be fully functional during the first week of its opening. During this time, the store will be hiring new sales associates to help with the additional hours. The Student Store will now be open for longer hours and will remain open on Saturdays during prospective students' visiting hours. The permanent space will also allow for the Student Store's summer hours to be expanded.

Students can explore these numerous changes for themselves at the reopening, and suggestions for improvements will continue to be welcome.

Mary Kunjappu is a Barnard first-year and a bulletin staff writer.



new furniture and fresh flowers await the arrival of the new student store

thing," said Taslima Bhuiyan, a sales associate at the store.

The store's new space will allow it to also function as a convenience store. Sandhu said, "We also get a lot of requests for more convenience items such as toothpaste or toothbrushes. People don't want to walk all the way

got a beef?

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

swipe card access provides new security in the Quad

By Abby Clay

While students spent winter break at home relaxing, Barnard Security was taking measures to increase safety in the Quad. During the last week in December security installed swipe-card access in the tunnels below Hewitt.

Swipe-card access now controls access to all doorways that lead from Hewitt dining hall to inhabited parts of the dorm. Director of Barnard Security, William Plackenmeyer, says that he had hoped the system would be operational Tuesday, Jan. 16, but this was not possible because the database containing access information was not yet working. He said that the system should be up and running by mid-week. Students will soon need to use their Barnard ID to pass through these doors.

Plackenmeyer explained that this project had been under way for quite

some time. While the installation of the actual hardware took only three to four days, the project itself was some months in the planning. When asked what prompted the installation of this system,

Plackenmeyer explained that from time to time, Quad residents would indicate that they did not feel safe because strangers could easily circumvent the security check on the ground-level entrance by entering the building from below. The new system is designed to prevent this from happening by requiring a Barnard ID to re-enter the building from below.

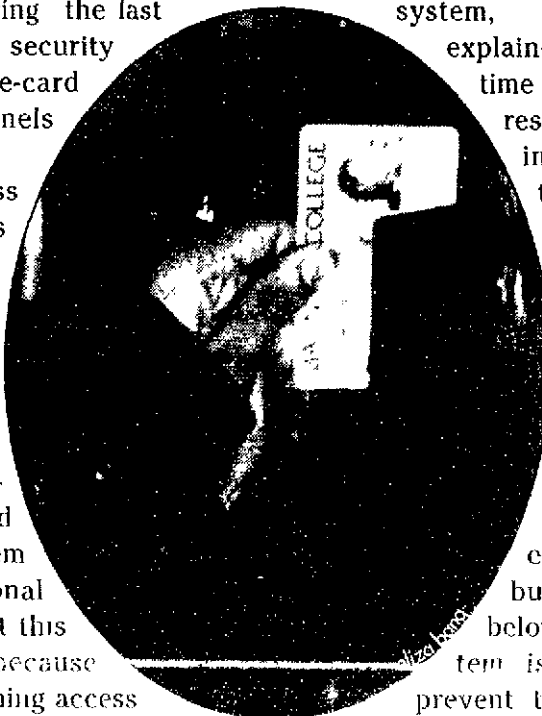
This is the first of several swipe-card additions to be made at Barnard—future projects include adding swipe-card access to Elliott Hall and using Barnard ID instead of a

separate swipe-card for entrance from the parking garage.

While notices posted on the doors warn that they soon will be restricted, knowledge of the soon-to-be-implemented change seems small among inhabitants of Hewitt. First-year Lauren Cooper did not know that swipe-card access had been installed in her dorm. Even some employees at Health Services, twenty feet from the new installation, knew nothing of the implementation of the system.

When asked if he thought the addition of swipe-card access in Hewitt was an improvement, Plackenmeyer's answer was quick. "No question about it. It will make it much more difficult for unauthorized persons to acquire access to the Quad," he said. Plackenmeyer also said that the success of this system is dependent on the cooperation of the students; propping these doors open or holding the door for someone else would defeat the purpose of having swipe-card access installed. Overall, he feels that this addition to security will enhance the safety of the student body.

Abby Clay is a Barnard sophomore and a bulletin staff writer



a weekly weighing of Barnard news

WBAR selects this semester's DIs, who will continue to crank out non-commercial radio for all to hear—even over the web!



Al Gore will be teaching a seminar titled, *Covering National Affairs in the Information Age*, at the Columbia School of Journalism. We guess Columbia is the next best thing to the White House.



Class shopping period has officially ended. Does that mean we have to start doing work now?



President Bush takes his first blow at abortion in his first week in office, denying aid to overseas groups providing abortion counseling. On the anniversary of *Row V. Wade*, no less.



This week's total. . .



= we love it



= we hate it



By Katy Aronoff

Snood, a downloadable computer game, has recently infiltrated the dorm lives of many college students. To the uninitiated, this "Snood phenomenon" can seem truly mysterious. Small round alien faces hang from a brick ceiling, only to suddenly disappear as the player shoots out more aliens from a cannon.

Newcomers watch in amazement as Snood contenders zap aliens left and right, and ask with mouths agape, "What IS that?" The answer is quite simple. The aliens on the computer screen are the snoods themselves, and as they form groups of three or more, they fall off the screen into oblivion. The object of the game is to make these Snoods disappear in such a manner. By creating clever ways to annihilate clusters of snoods, players can achieve high scores. When they do so, little messages pop up, informing them that they bear Snood related messages: "I beat Evil Snood!" "New Snood high score!" "Welcome to the Snood Zone!" There

have even been reported instances of Snood away messages on America Online Instant Messenger, confirming the frightening extent to which college students procrastinate.

Such procrastination is indeed the main allure of Snood. Why write that English paper when you can refine your Snood aiming techniques? Got ten minutes before you have to leave for psychology? How

about a game of Snood? On the phone with the parents? Snood will give you something to do while you talk!

Not only will Snood successfully occupy any of your spare time, it also provides a soothing break from life's many stresses. Losing oneself

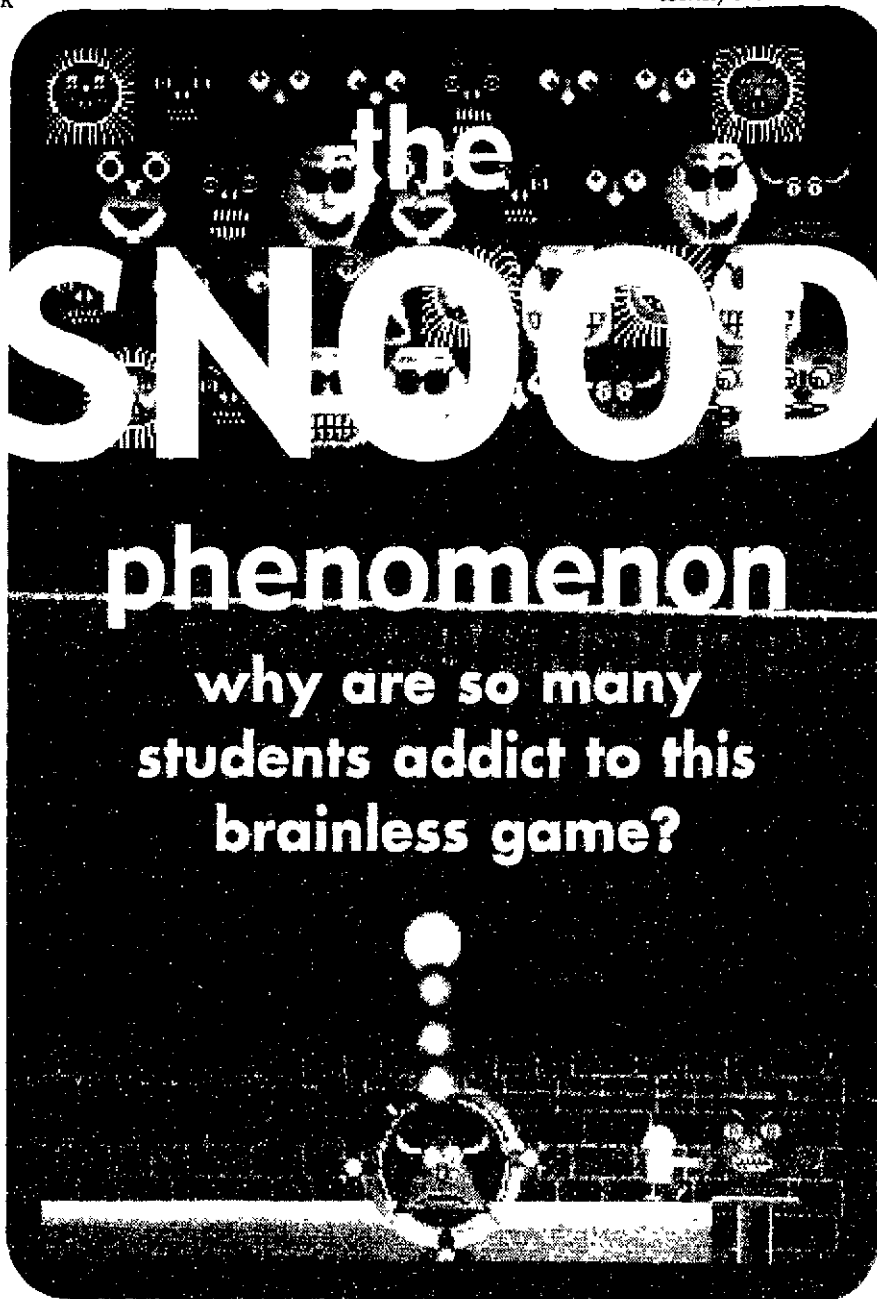
miraculously.

The Snood craze is so widespread that Barnard is only one of many colleges and universities that has been affected. Alice Yang, a Harvard sophomore, is a typical Snood enthusiast. Yang was introduced to Snood while spending late nights doing layout and design for the *Independent*, a Harvard weekly. In fact, Snood playing became so widespread that Yang claims, "the editor-in-chief of the *Indy* imposed a Wednesday-night (production night) Snood ban last year, after we were going way overtime. The ban was harsh but, fortunately, short lived."

The craze spread to Yang's friends, including Kristen Pappacena, a Carnegie Mellon sophomore. "My friends and I at the time had become quite obsessed," Pappacena recalled. "At first our primary goal was to beat Medium, but then we realized that there were other levels! And then we discovered puzzle! And that you could pick your level on puzzle! And then we were competing for the highest score. We'd run down the hall

whenever we thought we had beaten someone else. Eventually it got to the point where some of my friends couldn't go to sleep without beating Evil once," Pappacena excitedly explained.

Back at her home in Smithtown, New York, the whole Pappacena family became addicted. In fact, it was at her house that I was first exposed to Snood. I downloaded it



courtesy of Snood.com

in January of 2000 and haven't looked back.

Many students agree that Snood is the most amazing invention since the wheel. Jordana Levine, a Barnard first-year, remembers vividly the day I downloaded Snood for her. "I love Snood!" she exclaimed and then mused, "I am both grateful to [Katy] and resent her for it, seeing as it impedes my ability to work constructively on my computer."

Fellow first-year Alyssa Frank noted that Snood is as "addictive as heroin, but much less dangerous."

Yet another Barnard student, Jaime Wesker, provided the simplest reason for playing. "I just feel the need to shoot funny-lookin' moving thingamabobs," she says. Others remain skeptical. "I refuse to try it," proclaimed Barnard student Rachel Shaw, as she confessed, "I don't want to take the chance."

Her hallmate, Rachel Webber, has downloaded Snood, played it a few times, but just hasn't been pulled in by it. "It just kind of bores me," she says. There is hope for Webber, however, because she did admit, "I am starting to like it more. Maybe I'll get addicted someday."

It's hard to imagine life without Snood. It is everywhere! The Snood disease spreads quickly because the game is intriguing yet easy to play. One must only point and click. The satisfaction gained when large chunks of snoods fall away into the void is surpassed only by the joy of beating Evil for the first time or earning a new high score. Unless one considers the disappearance of the snoods horrifying, Snood is not violent. With snoods of vastly different shapes and colors, the game can even be said to promote racial harmony!

All Snood addicts should be eternally grateful to David Dobson for inventing Snood, the incredible game that has helped them pass time while maintaining their sanity.

Katy Aronoff is a Barnard first-year.

snood confessions

It seems that Snood may have ruined my life. Ok, so not my whole life, but the relationship between my brother and all of the other members of my family is severely damaged. Over Christmas break I made the huge mistake of downloading the cursed game onto my family's personal computer. I had brought my laptop home (which is also infected with the game) so there were two computers in my house available at any time to partake in the game. On the last Tuesday that I was at home, my little sister was writing a paper on my laptop and my father was fixing the family computer. My sister got up from my laptop to check to see if my dad had fixed the computer so she could go on the internet and my brother swooped in to partake in a game of Snood. He had reached HEY (the level that spells out "hey" in red snoods) in the puzzle round when my sister asked very politely to get back on the computer to finish her paper. My brother did not answer and when I asked him again (probably not as politely) he said that my sister needed to ask nicely. I could go into the gory details but I'll spare you the mess. The moral of the story is that my brother was so enthralled in his game of Snood that he would not let my sister back on my computer until he finished. Every member of my family had yelled at him by that point so he was pretty bitter. For the last three days of my vacation he would not talk to me (except to say that he was going to use the car) and didn't even say good-bye. I have not spoken to my brother in over a month—all because of Snood.

—Shannon Kearns

This year I met two girls at Barnard who were previously just faces in the crowd. We started to spend all of our time together, but they didn't know about my secret. I thought I could get away from my dark past, but I should have known better. One fine afternoon, I innocently found my way to my friend's room, all smiles and good cheer. I slipped into her desk chair and raised my eyes to the computer screen. To my horror, I was met by my deepest fear: Snood. Last year, I became deeply obsessed with the game, running to it every day after class, letting my eyes glaze over and my fingers cramp. After a month of disastrous addiction, I decided that I had to quit, so I deleted the game from my computer. This year, however, I was faced with the temptation of the game again. My addiction returned with a vengeance, as I sat motionless for hours at a time, eyes glued to the screen. I quit again on New Year's, but who knows when I'll crack this time. Snood, I fear, always wins in the end.

—Golnar Nikpour

*Snood not only became a personal obsession when I was introduced to the maddening addiction that it is, it became a group activity. Not a group activity in the way that a rousing game of Gin Rummy is a group activity, but in the way that sitting around comparing SAT scores long after you've been out of high school is a group activity. Suffice to say, I once got the high score on my best friend's computer while in her room, and she **refused** to speak to me for nearly 6 hours. 6 hours. Nothing like a little addiction between friends, no?*

—Christy Thornton

life after napster

alternative mp3 exchange programs

By Lauren Palmisano

With all the controversy surrounding copyright laws and Napster, the now world famous "online music community," many Napster users are fearful of a possible shut down. How will these Napster addicts satisfy their hunger for free downloadable music? The sad truth is that Napster will most likely be forced to shut down sometime in the near future—but all can rest assured because there will be life after Napster. There are currently numerous alternative programs up and running, and there are even more of these programs in their developmental stages. Below are two of the more popular options among dozens of decent alternatives to Napster. These services are free, easy to use, and on the verge of entering the technological limelight.

iMesh (www.imesh.com)

This program may be the next file-sharing giant. iMesh offers the most convenient and thorough media search since Scour, an already popular Napster alternative, which voluntarily shut down a few months ago. iMesh users can search for audio, video, graphic, and word files, which are designated by other users during setup for file sharing. From episodes of *The Simpsons* to Ani DiFranco tunes, iMesh is not only popular for offering a vast selection of both mainstream and obscure videos but it also offers a musical selection comparable to Napster's. Its down-

loads and searches are generally slower than Napster's, but the great deal of rare content that it offers is well worth the wait. iMesh, and most programs like it, are not as sophisticated as Napster but their technical problems tend to be minimal, and they are still worthy substitutes.

Gnutella (www.gnutella.com)

Gnutella, along with Napster, is the leading service that other file sharing services are emulating. Gnutella copycats like Toad-Noad and Nordella run on similar system where the software comes out and then connects to hosts online. Despite the copiers, Gnutella has developed some of the best software in this area. It has a large user base (arguably larger than iMesh's), and can be used to share different types of files (although searching for a particular file type is not as easy or as clearly defined as in iMesh). The vast majority of files that can be found on Gnutella are audio files, despite the occasional mp3. The service runs extremely smoothly, with very few bugs, allowing for quick searching. Thus, with the creation of iMesh, Gnutella, and many similar websites, online music junkies need not worry, even if Napster must be shut down forever.

Lauren Palmisano is a Barnard first-year and bulletin staff writer

wellwoman: do I need more calcium?

Q Does a 20 year old woman really need to be concerned about daily calcium intake (I don't drink milk)?

A We all know that calcium helps make strong healthy bones and teeth, and helps prevent against osteoporosis (a crippling, and potentially life-threatening bone disease). New studies, however, revealed that as calcium travels around the body, it controls blood pressure, eases symptoms of PMS, and unused calcium may help prevent

against colon cancer. This wonder mineral aids in producing enzymes and hormones that regulate digestion, fat metabolism and energy release; helps blood clotting to initiate wound healing; improves chemical signaling within cells; and enables transmission of nerve impulses controlling muscle contractions.

Yes, we really do need to get our RDA of calcium (about 1200 mg per day). So, you're probably wondering how to go about doing that, without having to drink milk. Spinach, yogurt, sardines, fish oils,

dairy products, nuts and broccoli all contain calcium. And then there's the calcium-enriched Tropicana orange juice.

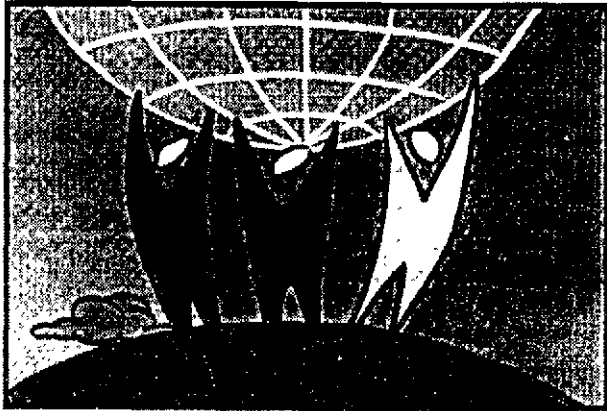
For more information, use the SmithKline Beecham's calcium calculator to assess your calcium intake by visiting the SmithKline Beecham's webpage at <http://www.calciuminfo.com/calculator/calc.htm> and get additional information on calcium at www.nof.org/prevention/index.htm

Look for more information on calcium in upcoming WellWoman Newsletters.

"Well-Woman" is a weekly feature in the bulletin. The responses, written by the Well-Women Peer Educators, answer questions from members of the Barnard community. Questions may be submitted to the Well-Woman Office, 135 Hewitt. The information provided is for informational purposes only. Please take issues or medical concerns to your healthcare provider.

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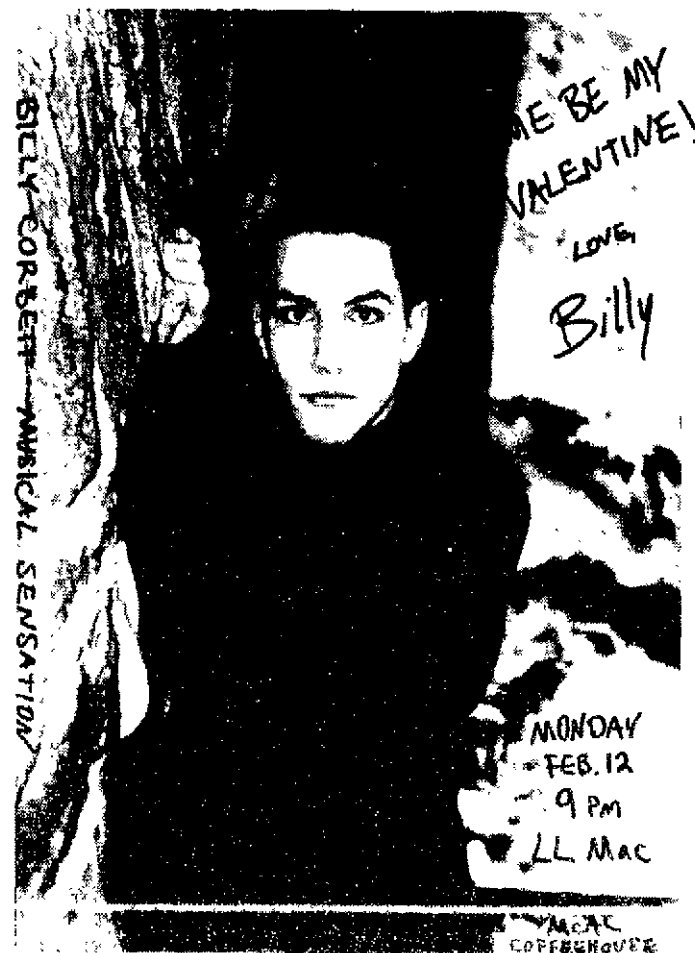
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artspicks

for the week of january 31

Free To Dance: African Americans in Dance

Mon. February 5, 8pm, \$5.
Located at 66 west 12 St.

This is a Panel Discussion over the role of dance in both the theatrical and vernacular setting. The panelists will also examine the dance in Africa and black dancers' role in the international dance community.

art

"Making the Making"

Showing through Feb. 3 at Apex Art (291 Church St.) For info call 431-5270.

This show by artist Charles Goldman displays the tools that were used by 25 other artists to create their own works.

theater

The Rocky Horror Show

For tickets call 239-6200.
Located at Circle in the Square (50 St. W. of Broadway).
The newest production of The Rocky Horror Show has

a new era in dance begins

martha graham dance company reopens



Martha Graham (in white) in her classic Primitive Mysteries (1931)

by Laurer Webster

Last May, the dance world watched in disbelief as the Martha Graham company, the oldest dance company in America, closed their doors and their school and cancelled all upcoming performances. A combination of personality clashes, poor organization, and lack of funds culminated in the organization's temporary shut down, but thanks to supporters, the Martha Graham Center has reopened.

Martha Graham is known to many as one of the most prolific modern choreographers in history. She began dancing as an adult and through exploring movement and expression developed her own technique. She founded her company in 1926 and served as its artistic director until her death in 1991 at the age of 96.

When Graham died, there was no question over who would take her place. In her autobiography she entrusted the company to Ron Protas, who spent twenty-five years as her assistant, taking

notes of her teaching and technique. Protas met Graham in the late sixties when he was working as a freelance photographer. In her seventies, Graham fell victim to alcohol abuse, and Protas nursed her to health. Because of Protas, Graham was able to continue choreographing. In making Protas artistic director Graham gave him the rights to her works as well as control over the Martha Graham Trust through which her works were commissioned. In addition he had control over casting and the repertoire of the company.

Problems arose when dancers and staff found Protas' technique in business and in the studio inappropriate. One major objection to Protas was that he was not a dancer. "How can he be coaching about movement if he has never done it?" said Camille Brown, a former company member, to the New York Times. "It's like talking about the ocean if you have never seen it." In addition to his lack of dance experience he was said to be brusque with dancers

and could bring them to tears with his harsh criticisms.

Protas has the reputation for being difficult to work with. According to Judith G. Schlosser, a Martha Graham Center board member, Protas alienated many potential patrons. Other professionals that he collaborated with found him too difficult to work with because he always changed his mind. Around thirty dancers and staffers have left the organization since Protas took over.

A few weeks after the company and school closed, the board of directors fired Protas. Yet, he still owned the rights to Graham's pieces and barred the company from the use of any of Graham's work. In response to this, the current company members and some former ones sent out a letter to the international dance community. "To preserve the integrity of Martha Graham's work until the Martha Graham Center can be revived, we ask all other dance companies and institutions to refrain from licensing and performing any Graham work. We ask all artists to refrain from participating in the mounting of any Graham work. We ask all dancers to refrain from accepting engagements to perform any Graham work." This request affected other organizations such as the Joffrey Ballet and the American Dance Festival who had planned performances involving Graham works. Despite such difficulties other dance

groups have been supportive of the organization.

Thanks to generous private donations and a \$750,000 dollar grant, the Martha Graham Center of Contemporary Dance has reopened in temporary quarters at 37 West 26 Street. State Senator Roy Goodman is the chairman of the Special Committee on the Arts and Cultural Affairs and provided the grant. A new home for the school is currently under construction.

While the school is open, the company has not yet been recovered. There is hope that it will be reestablished in the next few months, but currently Protas still has the rights to Graham's work in his possession. In the mean time the school is offering regular classes with teachers including Barnard dance instructors Sandra Kaufman and Donlin Foreman. Classes are offered throughout the week for \$13 dollars a piece.

Not only was it a cultural tragedy that such a renowned company should be in danger, there was also concern over the preservation of Graham's works and dance technique. Chrystelle Bond, a dance historian at Goucher College, told the New York Times: "Dance is a living tradition, and once you kill the school, there's a danger that the repertory could be lost in just a few years."

Lauren Webster is a Barnard first-year and bulletin arts editor.



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artspicks

...continued

received good reviews. As was written in *Newsday*, "Broadway finally got a rock musical right."

literature

Selected Stories: a celebration of the short story

Wed. Jan. 31 at 6:30 pm at Symphony Space (Broadway at 95 St.). Tickets are \$18.

Actors read short stories that celebrate "wondrous women." Authors include Anton Chekov, W. Somerset Maugham, Shay Youngblood and Alice Munro.

art

Andrew Andrew Presents Viewers' Choice

At the Cynthia Broan Gallery (423 West 14 Street between 9 and 10 Avenues). February 9 at 6pm.

This art exhibit is modeled after *Survivor*—they started with 11 pieces of art, and are narrowing it down. Come to the final viewer council and vote the last piece out of the gallery. The losers will also be unveiled.

WOMEN WHO WEAR WIGS

an exploration of social and gender roles with Kutlug Ataman

By Lauren Palmisano

Inside the gallery at 39 Greene Street, there is a dark room, characteristic of film exhibits. Across the floor, there is a large screen divided into four sections, only three of which are illuminated. No one speaks, the atmosphere itself is almost chilling—but unlike many film installations, *Women Who Wear Wigs*, by Kutlug Ataman, adds to the disturbing ambiance on a deeper level.

Kutlug Ataman is an accomplished filmmaker, who was born in Turkey and now lives in London. Though he has received international recognition for his work, this is his first exhibition in New York. *Women Who Wear Wigs* deals with a number of pressing issues including identity, gender, spirituality, and political freedom. The exhibit consists of four documentaries, each between 15 minutes and 30 minutes in length, which are presented side by side. Each documentary deals with

a different Turkish woman telling the story of why she has been forced to wear a wig. Some of the women must be disguised to hide their identities—one of the screens is completely black aside from the subtitles, the woman's voice alone telling her story.

The combination of the wide span of experiences chosen by the artist makes for interesting possibilities, but the words of the actual women are what truly makes this show emotionally effective. The first woman was targeted as a terrorist by the Turkish government because she sympathized with a left-wing political group. Wearing a wig and posing as an airline attendant, she secretly worked as an informant until police pursued her as a terrorist. She then fled the country, went into hiding for three months, and has changed her identity. Her face is never shown in the installation, mostly through clever camera angles, in order to protect her identity.

The second woman, a journalist, describes the experience of having her hair fall out due to chemotherapy treatment for breast cancer. She discusses how cancer and hair loss have affected her view of herself as a woman, as she names the breast and hair as the two most important symbols of womanhood. Despite her disease she feels these things have remained intact and that the wig she wears has become a part of her.

Though she describes how troubling hair loss was to her, even after she had her head shaved, she has been given great comfort in the privacy the wig brings to her situation.

The third screen presents a sharp contrast of opinion about wigs. The screen is completely black to hide the woman's identity. She is a devout Muslim student who is not permitted by law to wear her traditional head scarf in the classroom.

She speaks about the difficulty she faces because of the conflicting interests of her faith and her education. Both are extremely important to her, so she reluctantly chooses to wear a wig to class. She says that she feels embarrassed, and that wearing the wig distracts her by separating her body from her true self, like "wearing a mask." She says that she will never get used to wearing a wig.

The fourth and final woman is a transsexual prostitute. She is balding, and finds it necessary to make herself beautiful so that she can work, though this idea is against her feminist viewpoints. She speaks about being arrested, when the police cut her wig, shaved her head, and ridiculed her. Having long hair and sex appeal are very important to her, and wigs allow her to go out on the street again. She also discusses the ramifications of her sexuality, such as having to explain it to her young niece.

The ideas these women hold about social pressure, beauty, and identity certainly force the viewer to reflect upon how she feels about these qualities herself. The exhibit, due to its construction, gives a great deal of freedom to the viewer to put together these stories in any way she chooses. The focus can be on one of these engaging stories, or the topics that this collection of personalities brings to light. The editing in the films sometimes comes between storyteller and viewer, since the question the interviewer has asked is not always heard. Also, the large proportions of the screen create the element of the possible fictionalization of the stories, though they are presented as truth. Even if the stories have been made up, the message would still come across very strongly due to the candid and confrontational manner of the content. The show is well worth seeing for all women, so that they may question their own ideas of beauty and identity for themselves.

Lauren Palmisano is a Barnard first-year and a bulletin staff writer.





Friday, February 9, 2001 7:30-11:30pm

Roone Arledge Auditorium

Please join us for a champagne reception followed by a night of student theater and dance.

Semi-formal attire is encouraged. All are welcome—2 L.D.s to drink.

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musicpicks

for the week of January 31

January 31

Jennifer Nettles Band

At Mercury Lounge
(217 E. Houston)

For more info, call 260-4700

Become one of the family and watch this rising star sing the *Story of Her Bones*.

February 1

Wynton Marsalis

At the Knitting Factory
(74 Leonard St.)

For more info, call 219-3006

One of the masters of jazz comes to us for a night of pure musical joy. His undeniable skill and craftsmanship are a living lesson on the beauty of the genre.

February 2&3

Luna

At the Knitting Factory (74 Leonard St.). For more info call 219-3006

The former Galaxie 500 singer and his group are back in town for two dates. Don't miss your chance to see what all the fuss is about, and be sure to pick up your copy of *Live*, being released on February 6.

viewpoints. . .

turn it off! enough with all the profanities

Just picture walking down Broadway one afternoon, completely minding your own business. You're not bothering anyone, and are simply on the way to baby-sit to buy yet another stack of books for class. Suddenly someone you've never seen before comes up to you and yells a string of profanity-racist, and sexist slurs at you. How would you react? Not well, I think. Yet every time we turn on the radio or MTV, we are confronted with people who are doing this very thing, and making a *lot* of money. How could it be possible, and more important, how can we, claiming to be independent women, allow it?

What I am talking about here is the proliferation of certain types of rap music that insist on glorifying violence, promiscuous sex, and drugs while putting down women, racial groups, and homosexuals. Any group you could possibly target minus that of the superior and almighty rapper is insulted. And while there are hundreds of bands out there trying to make a buck, rappers are reaping the rewards of their profanity. The diamond Rolexes, the pimped out BMWs, and huge houses are just the smallest of the material bonuses earned by many a "successful" rap singer. What surprises me most is not that they're making the money, for there will always be people wanting to buy the latest and greatest album, but that we, as a community of

diverse women of every shape, color, and sexual orientation, are contributing to this industry of hate.

My first main problem with many rap artists is their overt sexism. You'd think we were still the inferior sex after listening to *Hot 97* for more than a fleeting second. In one popular song, Mystikal begs women to "shake ya ass, show 'em what you're working with." In another, Jay-Z claims to have it all: "Got six model chicks, six bottles of Crist', four Belvederes, got weed everywhere." Not only that, but these girls he mentions are being treated like disposable commodities: "I'm a pimp by blood, not relation. I'll be chasing, I replace them." Don't even get me started on Eminem. If I were this Kim chick, I would have changed my name and moved out of town. How can he say how much he loves his daughter, and proceed to talk about women, especially his wife, in such a masochistic way?

Besides just the misogynistic lyrics, rappers demean women in much more visible ways. No rap video would be complete without twenty or more writhing girls, either in teeny bikinis or in skirts so short it leaves nothing to the imagination. "So what," you may say. "It's not me in those videos." That may be true, but do you realize that every time we buy another one of these explicit rap albums, we're saying that this kind of treatment is okay? Every dollar we spend on another album referring to women as "ho's" << page 19 >>

...any group you could possibly target minus that of the superior and almighty rapper is insulted...

is rap crap?

keep it playin'!
there's more than to life than hard-core

Many people are in accordance with the following statement: rap can be offensive. The issue at hand is whether rap music is overly offensive or not. Don't get me wrong—I am well aware of the fact that hard-core rap music is offensive to more than one social group. Women and homosexuals have good reason to disparage rappers for being either or both misogynistic and homophobic. Raps use terminology like "f*g" and "b*tch" that connote pure discrimination. Never mind the constant allusion to women begging to have sexual relations with whichever rap artist happens to open his mouth. One would think that these rappers are God's gift, and as stellar in bed as they are on the mutable music scene.

Yet, there is a needed clarification within the genre of rap. There is "hard-core" rap, and there is Will Smith. Not that there is anything wrong with Will Smith. Hard-core rap contains more explicit and "mature" themes, such as overgrown boy-rappers getting play, shooting off illegal guns, and smoking up on fat joints. Hard-core rap has always been faced with (I'm sorry, you have to allow me this bad pun) a bad rap from critics. Recently, Eminem has taken much of the heat for being misogynistic, particularly in a song entitled "Kim," and also for saying homophobic statements in almost every rap he has ever released. Unfortunately for Em, he is only the most recent scapegoat of the

critics; certainly he is not the first. Who can forget a few years ago when Ice-T caused a stir with "Cop Killer"? Perhaps luckily for rap music,

Eminem will not be the last to attract attention for what he says in the name of earning a couple (million) bucks. Half the point of rap music is that it causes attention. It gets press. Product doesn't sell if it's not catching the attention of the consumer. Thus, the offensive nature of rap is largely for the sake of entertainment value. In contrast to Eminem and others like him, Will Smith is the self-congratulatory, light-hearted rapper. In other words, he is happy to differentiate himself from other rappers; he is pleased with himself about how much more wholesome he is. He, like almost all other rappers, samples '80s hits for the basis of his songs, but doesn't swear, disparage other social groups, or dwell on living the violent life of a ghetto superstar.

But there is another forgotten element in assessing this type of music. The reason rap sells is that it's fun to listen to. People like to dance. Rap music allows for just that activity. In rap music, the hooks jam (even when they are "borrowed" or "sampled" from other songs), and the lyrics are clever (ok, sometimes they aren't clever, but at least

<< page 19 >>

...there is a needed clarification within the genre of rap. There is "hard-core" rap, and there is Will Smith...

musicpicks

...continued

Frank Black

At Mercury Lounge

So you were too young to get into that Pixies show back in the day? Never fear, Frank Black is here, playing for two nights for twice the fun. If you haven't had a chance to buy Dog in the Sand yet, why don't you check out the real thing?

february 7

Amy Correia

At Fez under Time Café
(380 Lafayette St.)

For more info, call 533-2680

Barnard alumna and modern woman Amy Correia is back at the place that helped make her famous. Her folksy, quirky, and completely real sound will blow you away.

february 7

Stereophonics

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

This three piece Welsh rock/pop band is set to conquer New York City. They won the 1998 Brit Award for Best Newcomers and three years later, we're the ones who keep coming back for more.

smelling like bleach
Isn't so bad

Just when you thought the music world was free from grunge, another album comes along to remind you, that yes, flannel was a fashion statement once. This time around, however, the flannel has been replaced by leather and spikes. *Smells Like Bleach: A Tribute to Nirvana* takes Kurt's songs and breathes new energy into them. The various artists cover songs from throughout Nirvana's career, from *Bleach* to *In Utero*.

When I hear that a band has done a Nirvana cover, I'm generally predisposed not to like it. How can you redo a song by THE band? The artists that contributed to this album are not worried about such trivial matters, and blatantly redo the songs in their own style. This turned out to be not such a bad idea, and if you ignore for a moment the differences between the two genres (punk and grunge), the album is pretty interesting.

While some songs were quite annoyingly redone, such as an extremely whiny (even more than Kurt would dare) version of "All Apologies" by DOA, the majority were quirky punk renditions of old favorites. "On a Plain," mislabeled as "Serve the Servants," is swiftly sung by Agent Orange, and is perhaps the closest to the real deal. The female lead singer of '80s punk group Vice Squad sounds like a strange combination of both Kurt and Courtney in "Lithium," and ICU's cover of "Dive" exposes new listeners to a lesser known song.

While I'd choose *Nevermind* over a cover any day, *Smells Like Bleach* is not such a bad substitute. The fact that the songs still sound good in another style is just a testament to Nirvana's enduring legacy. *Smells Like Bleach* is not breaking any barriers of its own, but it is a fun trip down memory lane.

—Thea Tagle

Neil Young's new live album conjured up fond memories of my childhood. Listening to it, I was reminded of my days as a thirteen year old volunteer at Girl Scout Camp when 3' 3" Shari Lewis fans would dance around me and chant, "This is the song that doesn't eeeennnndddd..."

The reason why was because the songs on *Road Rock: Volume One* were so long. This live album was basically mediocre; it had the potential to be a great album if the songs were shorter. "Cowgirl in the Sand" is eighteen minutes long, and a good part of it is instrumental. "Tonight's the Night" also has a good amount of instrumentals, which are basically indistinguishable from those in "Cowgirl in the Sand." Young's cover of "All Along the Watchtower" is also an excellent song, but is once again ruined by its long time frame. I like Neil

Young, but any song that goes on for eighteen minutes with the same type of chords is bound to bore even Young's greatest fans.

I feel the best songs on this album are the newly released "Fool for Your Love" and "Motorcycle Mama," incidentally, these also happen to be the shortest. Young and his band are at their best when they sing, do a small amount of instrumentals, and move on. Crazy fans of Young might enjoy this album, but others would probably be turned off by its repetitiveness.

—Annarose Fitzgerald

ROAD ROCK
NEIL YOUNG
LIVE
neil young live
too long,
too repetitive

the hip-hop sound-off continues...

enough already!

<< page 17 >> and "sluts" gives the music industry the message that we do not care about being labeled, as long as there is a "good beat" to listen to.

The complete list of offensive rap songs alone would be too long for this article, so I'll just say this: if you're not straight, if you're a little overweight, if you're white, or if you just happen to be a cop (or are aspiring to be one), there is a rap out there that is specifically against YOU! Yes, rappers hate you, or at least claim to. They'll sing about running you over with a car, gunning you down, or any other type of violent act you can think of, but still secretly hope you buy their albums. Rappers are not your friends, kids. They just like

those dollars in your pocket, and they will say anything to get it. Anything except something nice, of course.

I'm not saying that all rap or hip-hop music on the market today is bad. There are even some, like the Destiny's Child song "Independent Women" that actually promote women's rights instead of sending them back to the dark ages. All I'm saying is that I'm tired of the trash that is filtering the airwaves, catching me in surprise like that hypothetical lunatic yelling in the street. It's everywhere you turn, and I just want to turn it off.

—Writer wishes to remain anonymous

don't constrain artist creativity

<< page 18 >> they rhyme). If someone likes rap music, then its blatant misrepresentations and profanity aren't so much a bother. That's not really the point to the willing rap listener. As my roommate Brooke says, "It's all about the beat." If someone already likes the genre of rap music, then its lyrics may not even register as offensive. It is much more likely that the listener hears the song, likes the hook or doesn't, and continues on in her listening experience. However, for someone who dislikes rap music, the listening experience becomes all the more disagreeable when its lyrics are insulting.

I listen to rap music, though in a rather passive manner. While I do actively seek it out, I don't physically support the rap industry. I download songs off Napster, just like many at this school, and I do download a lot of rap music. But I don't buy Jay-Z albums or tickets to the "Up In Smoke" tour. This support, no matter how narrow, is still the cause of chagrin

to my mother. Rap's offensive themes bother her and she doesn't like the music. To her, I justify that I'm not really supporting something bad, and I can burn calories dancing when listening to rap. Beyond the silly excuses I make, it is true that rap music has some violent undertones. However, part of the reason that it is violent stems from the social change the rappers seem to be pushing for. They come from an environment where they are of the few that succeed. They hope to educate others about the world they have come out of so conditions will improve.

Yes, rap is offensive, and it shouldn't have to be. The world might be a better place if we didn't have to hear about killing someone on the street. But as things stand, rap is a creative outlet for some people, just as reading or writing is for others.

Alison Wayne is a Barnard first year.

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bookworms rejoice! ivy's is just for you

discover this secret garden of a bookstore in our own backyard

By Allison Baker

Growing up, my family would visit our neighborhood bookstore every Sunday. Each kid got to pick out one book—it was my favorite family ritual. As I grew older, the tradition died, but my love of books stayed with me. Book-hunting in Manhattan, I sometimes have the sinking sensation that the people who work in large chain bookstores have never read a book. Not to say that they are unintelligent, they just never seem like the bookworm type that I want to find working in a bookstore. I always expect (rather ridiculously, I suppose) bookstore people to love books as much as I do.

To my great delight, I discovered recently that the people at Ivy's Books and Curiosities, on 92 St. and Broadway, are readers after my own heart. It is adjacent to Murder Ink., the world's oldest mystery bookstore. The owner of both stores, Jay Pearsall, came to New York to attend graduate school at NYU in American Literature and Poetry—needless to say, he is a *bona fide* bookworm.

Ivy's feels the way a bookstore should feel. Walking into the store off of the street sort of feels like stepping into some sort of secret garden, only filled with books rather than flowers.

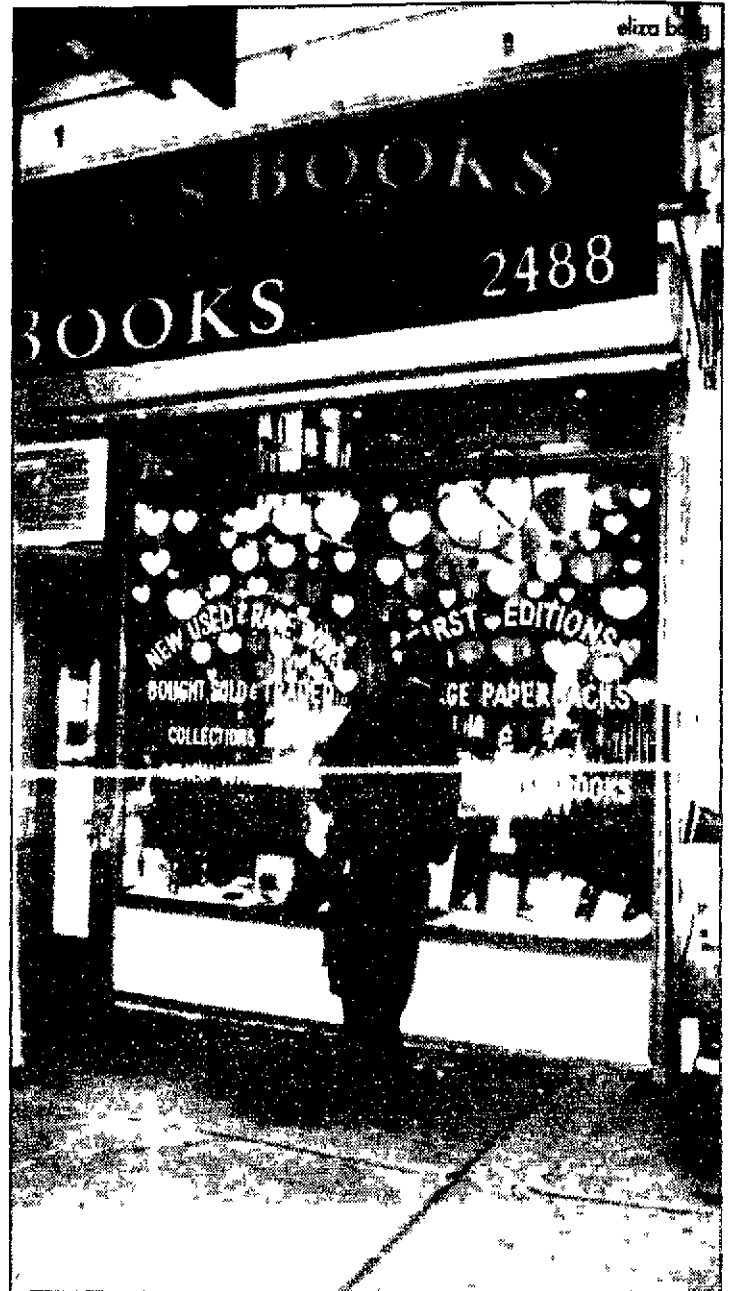
Everything is neat and orderly and the wooden inside of the store is brightly painted. There is also a store mascot, Gus, the owner's Wire-Haired Pointing Griffon (a breed developed in France in the 1800's by a Dutchman). Gus is extremely friendly.

One of the neatest things about Ivy's is that they shelve new and used books all together. Additionally, they buy used books in good condition, and if you are looking to just get rid of some old books, they also accept donations. Best of all, since they sell used books, you can find really good books at really cheap prices.

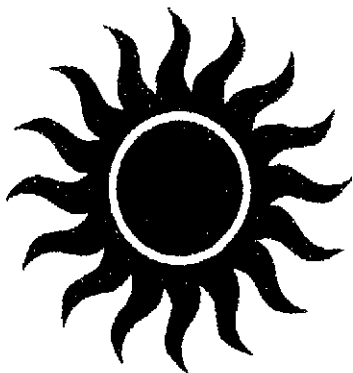
Another quirky fact about the store is that it is named after the owner's grandmother's favorite aunt, Ivy. There is a picture of Ivy holding the owner's grandfather. The store's information pamphlet says of Ivy "It has been said that she had a beautiful voice and did not suffer fools kindly." A charming anecdote for a charming store.

In our world of convenience, chain stores, and megaplexes, Ivy's is truly a jewel. It has quirky gimmicks, real personality, and most importantly, bookworms.

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



this is what a bookstore should be—and don't forget to say hi to Gus when you stop in to visit.



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no more fear of ethnic food

discover pad thai at kai kai

By Maya Cohen

I have a complicated relationship with ethnic food. Growing up my family wasn't particularly adventurous. We went out to mostly Italian and Japanese with a little Middle Eastern thrown in for good measure.

My best friend in high school was Indian and I would eat a second dinner at her house probably four nights a week. You can imagine my joy at going to college in a city that boasted a greater diversity of restaurants than anywhere on the planet. Cuban-Chinese? What on earth is that? I soon developed a four step program.

Step 1: Discover new cuisine. *Step 2:* Eat as much as I can as often I can. *Step 3:* Get really sick. *Step 4:* Develop the Great Aversion.

An example: Indian food. My first year at Barnard, without Richa's mom's cooking, I went into *gobi aloo* (cauliflower and potatoes) withdrawal and patronized every Indian restaurant on the Upper West Side. Indian Café soon won out for being close to campus and having the best garlic *naan* around. I think at some point I was eating there tri-weekly. You know you're a regular when they give you double rice for free and all the *papadam* you can eat. But soon the spices got to me and now I can't even smell the stuff without feeling ill.

But that's okay—because this summer I discovered pad thai! Pad thai is a staple of

Thai restaurants and consists mainly of fried noodles and vegetables all deliciously coated in fish and peanut sauces. The result is a sweet and sour mix with soft noodles and crunchy bean sprouts that is irresistible. The best pad thai that I've

found so far is made at Kai Kai, a teeny-tiny little place down on Avenue A between 8 St. and 9 St. in the East Village. The owners chose to call it Kai Kai because of the many different meanings the word "kai" can assume depending on the pronunciation.

What makes Kai Kai's pad thai so exceptional is their

spicy but not too hot peanut sauce and their competitive prices. Two vegetarian pad thais, two extra peanut sauces and an order of spring rolls will set you back a mere 14 bucks. Kai Kai also offers many dishes other than pad thai. There are a few tables inside but it can be crowded. Your better bet, especially in the summer, is to take it across to Tompkins' Square Park and watch the East Village hipsters go by.

Kai Kai is open for lunch and dinner seven days a week, and is located at 131 Avenue A.

It's well worth the trip. So what are you waiting for?

Maya Cohen is a Barnard junior and the bulletin web editor.



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Self-deprecation has become a valuable fashion accessory these days.

Have you noticed how "in" it is to talk badly about yourself? I am beginning to wonder if many of the dietary disorders are caused by this trend—after all, if the dictates of your society direct you to constantly insist that you are fat, even a perfectly contented girl will begin to believe she is. And that is exactly what our society consistently orders us to do.

It is like a drinking circle. Young women sit around, taking turns at the bottle of discontent, each trying to guzzle down a slightly greater measure. One complains about how wide her waist is. The next bemoans the insufficient size of her breasts. Another eyes her nose in the mirror sorrowfully, then disgustedly fingers her hair. Drunker and drunker they become on the bitter chain of self-criticism, descending into depression, slowly, unwillingly approaching the edges of self-destruction, however, none of them can stop.

It is a painful game of chicken— whoever stops first is branded not as a scaredy cat, but as a pretentious bitch. After all, when everyone around you is admitting their faults and you are not, that must mean that you believe you have none. And that, in turn, must mean that you believe yourself to be better than your peers.

There is nothing—nothing—worse than being considered a snob. In typical human fashion, we shy away from that role so vehemently that we end up veering past a controlled ego, past humbleness and straight into the realms of little or no self-confidence. In an attempt to seem modest,

we downgrade even that which we do like about ourselves.

Remember that, after all, we are human. Coupled with the imagined flaws, we do have real ones—those real ones are what keep us in check. Our better qualities, however, the ones we downplay or completely forget about, are the ones that keep us sane and satisfied. When we forget about them, we lose the satisfaction; we begin chasing after fulfillment in the same way that a dog chases its own tail. It is futile, you see, for we have it in our grasp, but continue to push it away by not acknowledging it in our constant need to fit in—to not be thought of as a snob.

More than anything, we, as humans, need to be liked, accepted. For that, we are willing to give up anything—including our own happiness. We are willing to subvert our enjoyment of life and all it entails—because we are constantly thinking about what people think of us, we train ourselves to think as the masses do.

I have watched my very attractive friend try on a tight, form-fitting outfit and smile in secret pleasure at her own appealing reflection. I have witnessed this same friend, at a typical gathering of young women, commiserate with their complaints about their figures and chime in with the statement that she needed to go to the gym more often. She completely forgot about enjoying herself as she automatically joined in the synchronized dance of self-flagellation; we all do. We give up our voice to the choir of self-chastisement, fearful of bringing even the slightest note of discord to the dark melody.

Assertiveness is on its way to being forbidden. Our own opinions, while publicly encouraged by the authorities—such as Barnard administrators—is tacitly discouraged by our own friends. We are obliged to simply follow the crowd—and, if the crowd plays the lemmings by drowning themselves en masse in the river of insecurities, the order is to follow.

It is no wonder our professors constantly leave us little notes about the passive voice in our papers. We've been practically brainwashed into being passive. We follow the voice of the crowd, no matter how individualistic we claim to be. And if the crowd advocates self-deprecation, we follow through with alarming alacrity.

It is difficult—almost impossible—to break away on this level. There is the constant fear of being shunned as a snob, a know-it-all, a conceited little witch. Security in yourself—in your looks, your intellect, any and all of your good qualities—is not conceit. It is merely the first step to happiness. Stay humble; do not become so complacent that you allow yourself to completely forget the amendable human flaws we all have. But do not zero in on them.

And, for goodness' sake (and your own, too), do find your voice. Make the choir a harmony of happiness—not a dull roar of general dissatisfaction. You just may find that your own melody will cheer you up.

Renata Bystritsky is a Barnard sophomore and bulletin columnist. Questions or comments? Email her at rb557@barnard.edu.

**lose
the self-
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ladies. it just
doesn't go
with the
bag...**

tales from a broad abroad

by kilyn haslinger

I am immersed in a new culture with a language that I am just learning to speak well. As I stumble to make sense, I ultimately get my point across, maybe meloquently, but definitely succinctly, using my sparse vocabulary. When I have to think out each idea, carefully constructing my sentences, I realize that American colloquial English is wasteful. We introduce unnecessary words out of uncomfortableness in silence, habit, seeking acceptance among peers.

While every group introduces its own common terms and words into English, it seems to me that the most dangerous threat to our rich, beautiful language is the American college student. There are 40 American students in the group with which I am traveling. Outside

of class, we tend to speak English with one another. It is auditorily painful to be a part of a group of students capable of learning a foreign language when they clearly do not have a command of their native English. They throw away words as if they were garbage and add new ones that do not make sense by the rules of grammar and communication.

For example, the word *like* has several meanings. Young Americans have multiplied these allowing the word to substitute for just about anything for which they cannot think of a word. Predominantly, it is used to allow exaggeration for descriptions which require none, for ideas that are precise. I do not hear Spaniards diluting the level of precision of their ideas by preceding them with *como*. But savvy, intelligent American from the top universities in the US cannot seem to find confidence in their own verbal convictions to make statements without this qualifier.

Random is another beautiful word that has a precise definition which well-educated, middle to upper class Ameri-

cans tend to discard. Any student of statistics will tell you that "That's so random" is an inaccurate, nonsensical statement used in excess on college campuses. And it's not cute. The word has become overused and under-appreciated.

Fortunately, these careless errors do not seem to reach beyond the American campus, as of yet. But college is supposed to be a place of learning, of improving one's skills in various disciplines, English and speech included. Why does academia accept and allow the destruction of the English language in the colloquial realm of the educated elite of our nation?

Maybe all languages have a source of dissolution. That is what makes them change and grow. I'm sure when I return to Barnard, fluent in Spanish (I hope), I will have learned the jargon of the collegiate Spaniards, and realize that colloquial speech—catch phrases and popular words—are natural and necessary for the maintenance of a

language. Maybe. But if our language is growing, in an age of scientific innovations where words have an exact meaning and communication is vital to our livelihoods, it seems retroactive to allow our language to grow less precise. As I face mastering Spanish, with my meager knowledge with the language, I realize that the destruction that I hear in English is controllable, with a little thought put into the words we use.

Kilyn Haslinger is a Barnard junior and a bulletin columnist

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COMMITTEE:

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