



barnard bulletin

14 february 2001

**a college
epidemic
ritalin, and
adderall
abuse**

**ru-486 and
barnard: how will
you be affected?**

**your guide to
the city's many
museums**

**suddenly, oldies
are back on the
charts**

**running in
central park:
don't forget your
cell phone**

**barnard reveals her
dirty little secret**

letter from the editor

contributors

I'm sitting in front of the computer, Netscape open in another window, frantically reloading the page every two minutes. And for once, it's not because I'm winning an auction on Ebay.

Barnard nominated yours truly for a Truman Foundation Scholarship—a \$30,000 award for graduate school for people who plan on working in public service, broadly defined. Finalists are to be announced today, and I find myself with my stomach in knots, afraid to leave the computer, waiting for those at the Truman Foundation to post the results. And I think there are four or five other women on this campus who are going through the same thing right now. The irony of this moment is that through this entire process, I've been rather laid back about the whole thing—until today, when I've suddenly turned into a nervous wreck.

The application is enormous—five nerve-racking pages upon which you are required to detail your plan for the next, say, ten years of your life. Why are you going to graduate school? Where are you going to graduate school? What will you study? What degree will you earn? Where do you hope to work upon obtaining your degree? Where do you hope to work five to seven years later? If your plans don't work out, what is your back-up plan? **Are these things that college juniors should be thinking about?**

When I came to Barnard, my aspirations rested somewhere between Broadway star and professional athlete, with some kind of Spanish language social program in between. My life goals have been radically altered in the past two and a half years...now I'm sure that I want to go into international development, working in the non-governmental sector to try to find ways to make sure that the voices that shape international development in what we've dubbed the "third world" aren't only those of the monied lending institutions and their corporate backers. Bye, bye Broadway! How can I

sit here, so sure of what I want to do with the rest of my life, when just two years ago my conception of what my forever would be like was so different? And yet, here I am, my life laid out, my paths already chosen. Now, my future lays in the hands of others...the admissions representatives at SIPA, the Truman foundation. I feel so out of control, even though I've dictated what the next ten years of my life will be like.

I wonder now, as I walk through the crowds in McIntosh, how many other Barnard women have the next decade so well structured for them already. I imagine the hope and possibility that must exist when you're a senior who hasn't narrowed her liberal arts education to focus on her career goals, who has her entire world still open to her. I imagine the woman who thinks it's okay to get a "B" in Theoretical Foundations of Political Economy, because it's not going to reflect poorly on her in the future. I imagine a life with less stress, less narrowness, and more freedoms.

But I'm by no means doing this because I've been forced into it. I've chosen this path because I love the work, I love the academia surrounding it, and I think that what I plan to do is truly important in the broader scope of things...my work will (I hope) change people's lives. It doesn't mean that I don't yearn for the opportunity not to be constantly conscious of my resumé—not to be constantly aware of my every move in relation to my academic and career goals.

Then again, I can't imagine the fear that must exist in the bellies of those who have no idea of what their next move will be. It seems that the future is stressful no matter who you are.

Wish me luck, ladies—and I extend the same to you, no matter your situation. Gotta run—I have a webpage to check!

Hailing from North Carolina junior K8 Torgovnick is an incredible contribution to the *bulletin*

Not only is Kate co-news editor with Karen Shoum and former editor-in-chief, but she also saved this present *bulletin* from disaster when the computer rebelled against the layout staff over the weekend. Without Kate, the *bulletin* could not be published every week!

A third-year and a recent transfer student from NYU, Jacklyn is first wetting her feet at the *bulletin* this semester as the assistant to the managing editor, Jessica Marcy. Originally from Brooklyn, Jacklyn loves riding the trains with tourists and analyzing their every confused look. Jacklyn is a biopsych major and enjoys Barnard immensely thus far

Junior Eve Pomerantz makes her debut this issue in her commentary about tutoring. Half-Japanese and a native of New York, Eve enjoys sculpting, painting and Shakespeare—her work has been featured in the Shakespeare Tree Garden in Stratford-Upon-Avon, England, the Bard's birthplace.

barnard bulletin

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cover photo by daria fields

Bullet Through the Apple copyright Harold & Esther Edgerton Foundation, 2000, courtesy of Palm Press, Inc.

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RU-486 to be covered but not provided

By Alison Wayne

Mifeprex, the medical abortion pill also known as RU-486, has been surrounded by much controversy. Two weeks ago, the controversy hit campus when it was announced that the abortion pill would be covered under the university supplemental insurance plan, but would not be distributed at Barnard or Columbia Health Services.

The medical abortion pill is the latest addition by the Federal Drug Administration (FDA) to alternatives to surgical abortion, following the approval of emergency contraception methods such as the morning-after pill in 1997. Whereas the morning-after pill must be taken within 72 hours of intercourse to prevent pregnancy, a medical abortion can take place until forty-nine days after a woman's last menstruation ends, according to *PlannedParenthood.org*.

Two medical abortion tracks can be taken. Methotrexate may be injected, stopping the pregnancy the moment it is taken. Injection of methotrexate is followed four days later by misoprostol, a suppository or orally-taken medication, which causes the uterus to contract and empty. Ineffective use of methotrexate or misoprostol can lead to serious birth defects.

As an alternative to the methotrexate route, Mifeprex—mifepristone in a 600-mg tablet form—can be taken, causing the uterine lining to break. Mifepristone may be taken alone in some cases, or may be followed by misoprostol in either of its forms. In contrast to the serious birth defects that can result from taking methotrexate or misoprostol ineffectively, mifepristone has a 92-95% effectiveness rate, and thus does not have a high likelihood of causing birth defects. Though the FDA has only recently approved mifepristone, the drug has been used in France for a decade. The U.S. Legislature dubbed mifepristone with the name RU-486 from the name of the bill "RU-486 Patient Health and Safety Protection Act."

The decision not to provide Mifeprex at Barnard and Columbia Health Services was not political. The FDA's requirements are stringent enough so that it is not possible to have the pill available on campus. According to *Senate.org*, the five requirements for prescription of RU-486 are: that the physician is qualified to handle complications resulting from an incomplete abortion or ectopic pregnancy; that they have been trained to perform surgical abortions and have met all applicable legal requirements to perform such abortions; that the physician is certified for ultrasound dating of pregnancy and detecting ectopic pregnancy; that the physician has completed a program

regarding the prescribing of such drug that uses a curriculum approved by the Secretary; and that they have admitting privileges at a hospital to which the physician can travel in one hour or less, determined on the basis of starting at the principal medical office of the physician and traveling to the hospital, using the transportation means normally used by the physician to travel to the hospital, and under the average conditions of travel for the physician.

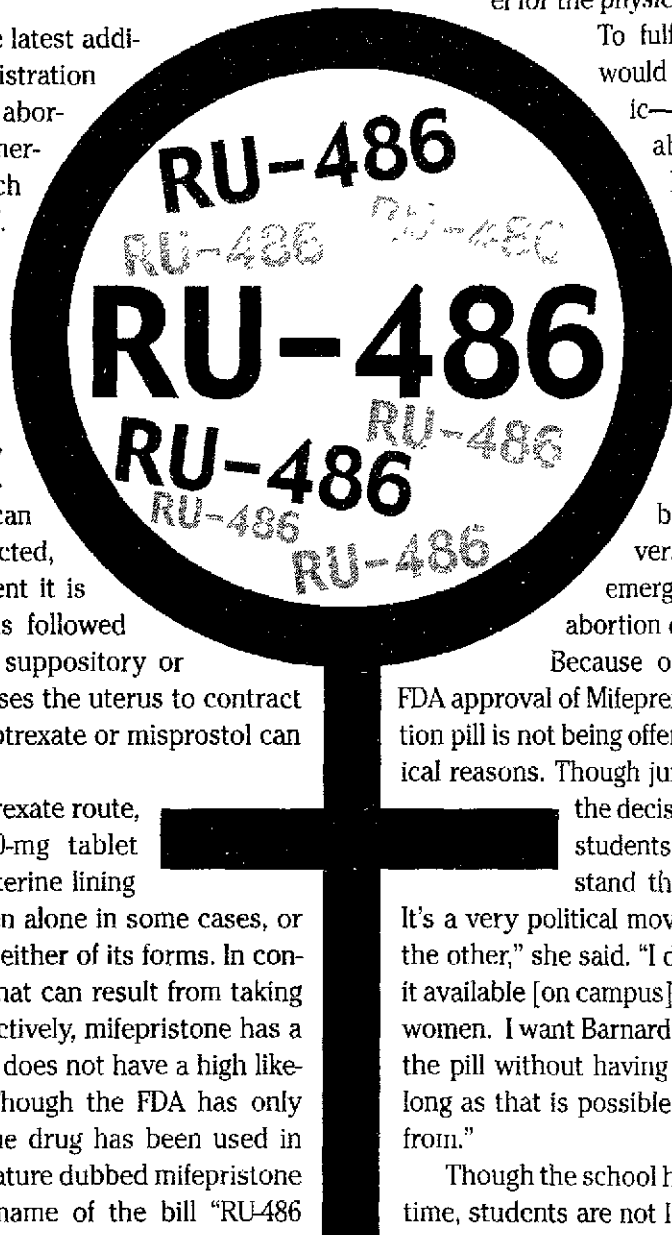
To fulfill these requirements the College would have to run a full gynecological clinic—featuring ultrasound machines and abortion facilities. The doctors at Health Services would also have to undergo extra training in regards to the pill, and have visiting rights at a local hospital (that offered abortion services), instead of being able to refer students to another practice that is already equipped with such facilities. Though St. Luke-Roosevelt Hospital is only a few blocks away, and is utilized by the University community for many medical emergencies, it would not be an option for abortion cases.

Because of the controversy surrounding the FDA approval of Mifeprex, it may seem that the medical abortion pill is not being offered through Health Services for political reasons. Though junior Shannon Kearns is not upset at the decision, she hopes it will not bar Barnard students from access to the pill. "I can understand the reasoning for Barnard's decision.

It's a very political move for Barnard to decide one way or the other," she said. "I don't disapprove of them not making it available [on campus] as long as there is access to Barnard women. I want Barnard women to have the option of getting the pill without having to go through their parents. But as long as that is possible. I can see where Barnard is coming from."

Though the school has decided not to offer RU-486 at this time, students are not left without options. In most medical cases, a student's family's insurance is billed upon admittance to a hospital, after which the supplemental insurance reimburses the primary insurance. However, this is not the case with Barnard health insurance. According to Giselle Harrington of Well Woman, "Barnard has worked it out with the insurance company so that in two cases: sexual assault and abortion, the Barnard insurance pays first and the parents don't have to be notified." This is important for students, and a way that the school can provide for its students even though services can't be offered on campus.

Alison Wayne is a Barnard first year.



beaessentials

FOR STUDENTS PLANNING TO APPLY TO LAW SCHOOL:

The Dean of Admissions of Columbia Law School, James Milligan, will talk about 'Preparing for Law School' on Friday, February 23, from 3:00 to 4:30 PM in Room 101 of Greene Hall, the main Law School building. He will provide valuable information for students planning to apply to any law school, not just Columbia.

DEADLINE FOR DROPPING COURSES

this semester is Tuesday, February 20, 2001. Please remember that you must be enrolled for at least 12 points unless you received permission from your Class Dean to take fewer than 12 at the beginning of the semester.

STUDENTS INTERESTED IN STUDYING ABROAD.

As you begin to consider studying abroad, we encourage you to obtain a passport if you do not already have one. To start the process, visit the U.S. State Department Passport Information website at http://travel.gov/passport_services.html. International students should speak with Dean Kuan Tsu about the impact of study abroad on your visa.

SENIORS

planning to participate in this May's Commencement exercises are reminded to turn in to the College Activities Office as soon as possible their cap and gown order forms, as well as Faculty Marshal, Bryson Award, and Senior Marshal nominations. Questions: See or e-mail Ms. Lillian Appel, Commencement Coordinator, 105 Milbank, lappel@barnard.edu

Events calendar

February 17
Religious
February 18
Religious

Alpert, Assistant Professor of Religion and Women's Studies at Temple University and editor of *Voices of the Religious Left: A Contemporary Sourcebook*, reports on the "culture wars" that have divided orthodox and liberal believers. For information, call the Barnard Center for Research on Women at x42067, or visit www.barnard.edu/crow/

February 18

A Commemoration of Malcolm X 2pm in the LeFrak Gymnasium. Malcolm's oldest daughter, Attallah Shabazz, will join the Barnard community to honor her father, in celebration of Black Heritage Month. El-Hajj Malik El-Shabazz, known to the world as Malcolm X, joined the ranks of African-American heroes as a man who dreamed of a better world

Barnard Center for Research on Women in 1965. This event is open to the entire community. For more information, please contact x42096

February 21

Lunchtime Lecture Series presents *AIDS Came Home, Too: Representations of Women in the "Spread" of AIDS*. A lunchtime lecture with Meredith Raimondo. Noon in the Barnard Center for Research on Women, 105 Milbank Hall. For information, contact the Barnard Center for Research on Women.

February 22

Centennial Scholar Presents presents *The Mob and the Press: The Growth of Political Expression in Early Nineteenth Century Oxford*. A presentation by Rachel Sussman. 7pm in the Sulzberger Parlor, Barnard Hall Contact

presented by the Barnard College Columbia University Theater Department. All shows are free. No reservations will be taken; the playhouse will open a half hour before the show.

February 22 and 23

Yellow Wallpaper by Charlotte Perkins Gilman. Featuring senior theater major Abigail Cooper. Directed by Penny Partridge. 7:15 pm in the Minor Latham Playhouse.

February 22 and 23

Wedding on the Eiffel Tower by Jean Cocteau. A directing thesis by Annie G Levy 9pm in the Minor Latham Playhouse

February 24 and 25

Jack's Bucket Rider A directing and playwriting

thesis by Sabrina Szadkowski. 7:15pm in the Minor Latham Playhouse.

February 24 and 25

Director: Beethoven's Aeschylus directing thesis by Sally Oswald. 8pm in the Minor Latham Playhouse.

February 24

The Scholar and the Feminist Conference: Models of Resistance *Conversations Between Activists Across Generations* This year the Center approaches its thirtieth anniversary and continues the discussion of where feminist movements are (and should be) heading in the new millennium with a day of conversations between young, cutting-edge activists and artists, and the "role models" who have profoundly shaped their political consciences 10am to 4pm. Registration in Barnard Hall Lobby at 9am. For information, contact the Barnard Center for Research on Women.

early decision applications rise 38%

By Mary Kunjappu

Barnard has had a record year for Early Decision Applications, with application rates rising 38%. This year, Barnard received 284 early decision applications, 135 of which were accepted in December for the class of 2005.

Early Decision is a binding agreement between a potential student and the institution. When a student is confident that Barnard is her first choice and applies early, Barnard in turn decides on her application by mid-December.

Over the years, there has been a trend for students to apply early because of slightly higher acceptance rates than with regular decision. "I fear that students (and their parents) are feeling some pressure to make earlier decisions in order to strengthen their hand in the admissions process. The media has made much of the early decision advantage and for better or worse, people are buying into it," says Dean of the College, Dorothy Denburg.

Dean of Admissions, Jennifer Fondiller, agrees. "The media has come out with several articles stating that students are using Early Decision as a 'strategy' and that a growing 'peer pressure' is pushing students to choose earlier," she said. "While Early Decision is not for all students, it maximizes the chances of admission for those whose first choice is Barnard, and it helps Barnard reach highly committed students early on."

Although, higher acceptance rates is one of the main reasons students apply early, many just love the school. Monica Khan, a first-year who applied Early Decision, fell in love with Barnard after the first visit. She cites one of the questions in the application packet that asks the reasons why one might want to apply to Barnard. "There were three options: they asked whether I wanted to come to Barnard because it was a girls school, it was located in New York City, or because it was affiliated to a major research university. It

was all three for me. My father graduated from Columbia, so I wasn't keen in going to Columbia, but this area was really familiar, so I thought Barnard would be ideal," explains Khan.

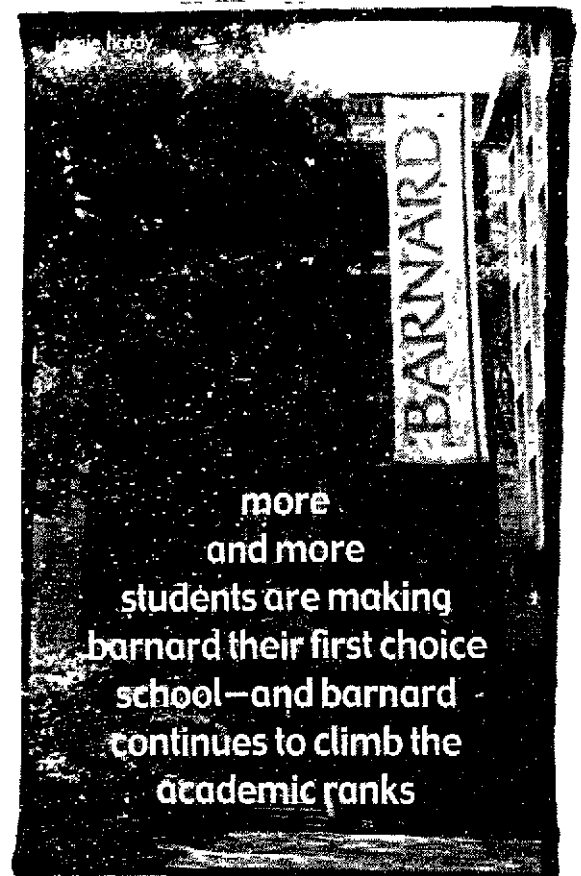
Whichever way you look at it, the phenomenal rise in applications must also be attributed to something more concrete. "This is a very strong pool of students who recognize what sets us apart—the fact that we are a residential liberal arts college, a college for women, part of a university community, and located in New York City," says Fondiller.

According to Denburg, "The increase in Early Decision applications is reflective, of course, of a general increase in interest in Barnard, born out by a strong 4.5% increase in the entire application pool. We

are delighted to see more students for whom Barnard is a clear first choice. But beyond that, there has been a trend toward an increase in early decision applications more generally."

Fondiller attributes the increase in applications to better access to information. "We also believe our new admissions publications are more effectively communicating what makes us unique," says Fondiller. "Furthermore, we have stepped up recruitment efforts to reach out to students throughout the country and globally, to involve alumni and for prospective students to connect with current students, who can speak best to their experiences here."

In 1999, the Early Decision program changed from a two-deadline to a one-deadline procedure, causing an initial drop in applications. All Early Decision applications are now due on one date—November 15 for 2000. Fondiller hopes that this change made applying early decision easier. "We felt that [changing

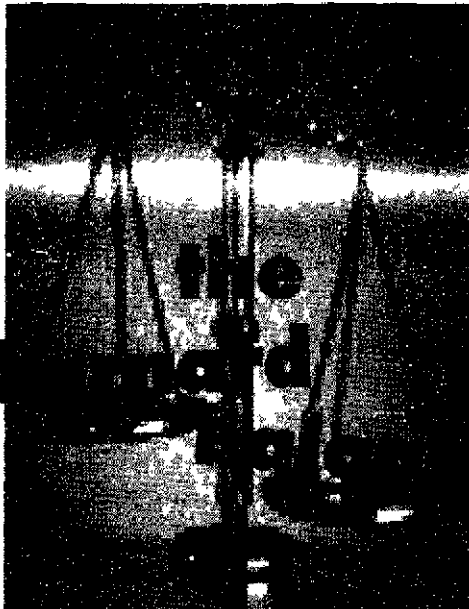


to one deadline] streamlined the process for students. They have so many 'dates and deadlines' to figure out that this becomes confusing after a while," she said. "We were also seeing a decline in the number of students who chose the 2nd deadline. My sense is that we spend more time reviewing the applications, since there aren't 2 groups to review."

When applications are received, they are reviewed by the Office of Admissions. Fondiller said, "Myself and a staff of over 10 spend over 9 weeks reading and discussing all 4,000+ applications. Each application is read by at least 3 individuals and I review all applications before a final decision is made."

As the number of applicants rise, the more selective Barnard can afford to be. "Standards do become higher when we receive more applications," says Fondiller.

Though test scores are important, Fondiller stressed that <<page 11>>



a weekly weighing of
Barnard news

Students' fingers fall off from having to dial 12 (97+your PSC) numbers prior to a phone number. Let's say you make 1 long distance and 2 local calls a day. That 57 numbers dialed a day, and 399 a week.



Just a few years after everyone's favorite sheep Dolly was cloned, efforts begin to clone a human—a baby boy who died in an operation last year. Sounds like something out a science fiction movie, eh?



It's Valentine's Day. Get ready for some roses, chocolates, cheesy cards, and really annoying couples making out on the street. We suggest staying in tonight.



The weather has gone insane. A snow storm last week, near 60 degrees over the weekend, and now back to freezing temperatures. When will it stop?



= we love it

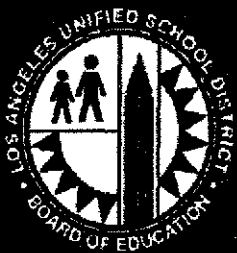


= we hate it

This week's total. . .



got something to say? let us know! write to us at bulletin@barnard.edu



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**the new
alternative
study aid**

Ritalin and the phenomenon of illicit use of

By Diana Owen

In the past decade, thousands of high school and college students have discovered the powerful stimulant effects of Ritalin and Adderall. Prescribed for people with attention deficit disorder (ADD) and attention deficit hyperactivity disorder (ADHD), Ritalin and Adderall work paradoxically to produce intense periods of high energy in users who do not have the appropriate chemical imbalance the drugs are meant to treat. While many students take advantage of Ritalin and Adderall's cocaine-like effects to get high, others use the drugs more innocuously—to focus on schoolwork.

Either way, Ritalin and Adderall abuse is becoming more widespread as the diagnoses of ADD and ADHD increase. Between 1990 and 1995, prescriptions for Ritalin rose 600 percent, just as prescriptions for other psychological disorders, such as anxiety and depression, soared. ADD and ADHD are characterized by difficulty paying attention, keeping still, being quiet, and suppressing impulsive behavior. Ritalin and Adderall, which work alongside the positive neurotransmitter dopamine, have a calming effect on patients with ADD and ADHD. As a result, patients with prescriptions for either of the drugs perform better both academically and socially. In fact, one study conducted at the National Institutes of Mental Health determined that young ADD/ADHD patients treated with Ritalin and Adderall are significantly less likely to abuse recreational drugs in their later years than patients who

go untreated. It is ironic, then, that so many kids without ADD or ADHD often turn to the treatments for these disorders as a means of getting high, staying up late, or studying more attentively. While some choose to take Ritalin and Adderall pills orally, most illicit users crush the tablets and snort them like

day.”

The dependence on Ritalin and Adderall may or may not become more intense when high school students make the transition to college. As students are overloaded with enormous amounts of reading every night, nerve-racking final exams and midterms, and

time-consuming writing assignments on a regular basis, it becomes sometimes necessary to stay awake all hours of the night.

Nick*, a Columbia College sophomore who began taking Adderall regularly in high school for study purposes, is an exception. He claims that his doctor gave him a prescription for it, although he was never diagnosed with ADD or ADHD. Adderall helped Nick focus better in school, partic-



**snorting is the fastest
and most popular way
to obtain a ritalin high**

ularly in his weakest subject, math. Now, Nick is off his Ritalin prescription and takes Adderall only around exam time. “I took one before my Lit Hum exam and I kicked its ass,” he says, “It’s not some crazy drug where the effect is overwhelming. You’re just intensely focused. My pen was flowing and I didn’t stop thinking.”

Ritalin abuse can start as early as high school. Tess, a high school sophomore from Chevy Chase, Maryland, who takes one Adderall tablet every day to treat her ADD, says, “A couple of my friends have asked me if they could have an Adderall—I’ve never let my friends have them because I need all of them. They just want to get high.” Anna*, a first-year at Barnard, remembers Ritalin and Adderall being extremely popular at her high school for study purposes. “I went to a prep boarding school, so a ton of kids did it to stay awake all night. Then they would be completely dead the next

day.”

Ritalin and Adderall are easy to obtain. When Nick wants a tablet, he just asks around for them from people who have prescriptions. Sometimes he pays a few dollars for them, or his friends give them to him for free. He has never snorted tablets, but says he knows “plenty of people who do.” I ask if Ritalin and Adderall abuse are a result of the demanding pressures of

adderall abuse

these prescription drugs is on the rise in college

college, especially those at an Ivy League university. "It starts in high school. I knew lots of kids that did it then. I don't think it has to do with being at an Ivy League school," Nick says at first. Then he ponders it. "Well, maybe it does, with the studying aspect, because kids at other schools

time." Under normal circumstances, Laura has trouble concentrating on schoolwork late at night. "After ten o'clock, I'm so exhausted," she says, "I can stay up but I can't focus."

Laura says some of her friends snort Ritalin or Adderall tablets before parties. The stimulants have the power

explains that Ritalin and Adderall are stimulants, and that they mimic the neurotransmitter dopamine in the same way that cocaine does. Before "doing" prescription drugs, Ted researches them either in his pharmacology book or on the National Institutes of Health web site. He finds out the lethal dosages and side effects, arguing that using prescription drugs is "okay as long as you're safe about it."

Snorting Ritalin—or any drug for that matter—is, however, a health hazard. Delicate epithelial tissues that line the nasal cavities and air passages can be damaged by direct contact with drugs. Ritalin tablets yield dilute hydrochloric acid when they come into contact with moisture; the acid can "burn" the delicate nasal tissues, resulting in open sores, nose bleeds, and possibly in deterioration of the nasal cartilage. Even Ted feels that "snorting is pretty gross."

When taken orally, Ritalin and Adderall can still produce unpleasant side effects. Some of these include anx-

"I took one before my Lit Hum exam and I kicked its ass," he says, "It's not some crazy drug where the effect is overwhelming. You're just intensely focused. My pen was flowing and I didn't stop thinking."

may not be as worried about doing as well."

Laura*, a first-year at Barnard, also thinks that being at such a competitive school encourages Ritalin/Adderall abuse for study purposes. Unlike Nick, Laura did not start using Ritalin and Adderall until she started college. "Most of my friends do it," she says. I ask Laura what led her to start taking Ritalin and Adderall for schoolwork. "One of my friends here did it, and it seemed like a good idea," she says. "A lot of my friends have it prescribed and they either give it out or sell it. If the person's a good friend, they give it to me for free." Other times, Laura says, a Ritalin tablet can be bought for \$3; Adderall tablets are in greater demand and sold for \$5 because their effects are more powerful.

Laura only uses Ritalin or Adderall "during extremely stressful periods...like midterms or finals." To achieve a more powerful effect, Laura crushes Ritalin or Adderall tablets and snorts them. "It completely enhances your ability to focus, to stay awake, and do work for a longer period of

of keeping users awake as they drink. As alcohol is a depressant and Ritalin and Adderall are stimulants, they work together to give users that uninhibited, relaxed sensation along with a big burst of energy. Ted*, a freshman at Swarthmore College in Pennsylvania, snorts Ritalin and Adderall for the sole purpose of achieving this high. Ted

He prefers Adderall to Ritalin, claiming that the high is stronger and lasts longer. "Adderall is kind of like cocaine," Ted says, "but not nearly as strong."

claims that he has experimented with "just about every prescription drug you could find in a medicine cabinet." He uses Ritalin and Adderall only once in a while, and prefers to do it when intoxicated. He prefers Adderall to Ritalin, claiming that the high is stronger and lasts longer. "Adderall is kind of like cocaine," Ted says, "but not nearly as strong." Taking pride in being well-read in the world of narcotics, Ted

iety, insomnia, nausea, and heart palpitations. The effects only become stronger when the drugs are snorted, and injecting Ritalin and Adderall is even more damaging. When taken illicitly on a more regular basis, Ritalin and Adderall can produce the more harmful side effects similar to those triggered by cocaine and other stimulants. Users often experience hallucinations, excessive repetition of move-

<<page 6>>

just because it's valentine's day again...

no self-pity this year—it's time to treat yourself right, ladies!

By Alison Cool

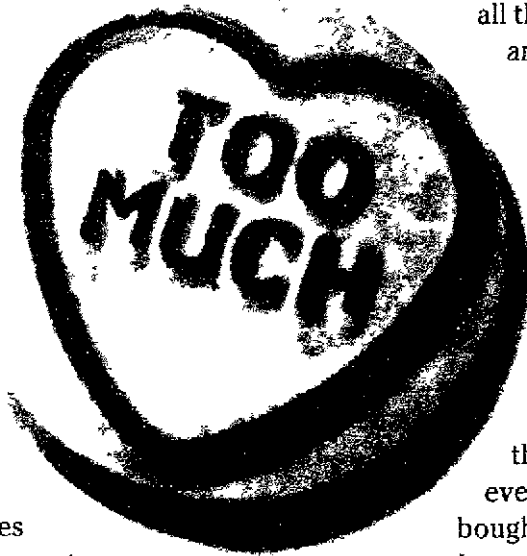
Valentines day is here.

Hurrah.

You've been trying all week to meet someone just to make sure you have someone to ask you to be his or her valentine. It didn't work.

Unhappy Valentines Day is here again.

But nobody should have an unhappy Valentine's Day because it seems like that would be the most ridiculous thing a person could do, like digging holes in the ground instead of shooting off firecrackers on the Fourth of July. But sometimes it seems like it's just this day of misery that



makes

you want

to sit and eat a

whole carton of double chunk peanut butter swirl chocolate fudge ice cream by yourself in your dorm room and watch the dark fudge-y swirls contrast with the white plastic spoon you are reusing because you didn't buy a new bag. But then again, it's not like you weren't alone every other day of the year.

It seems so unfair to have a day for people who are in love to celebrate. Aren't they happy enough already? You know inside you are jealous of all the happy little couples sitting in little restaurants together being really care-

ful not to do anything with too many onions or too much garlic. So cute. So pathetic. Seems like bitterness can have a tendency to set in on holidays like Valentine's Day.

Maybe Valentine's Day isn't completely a bad thing, though. Everyone loves those little conversation hearts, right? CUTIE PIE. Now they have those new ones that say things like E-MAIL ME or CYBER CUTIE. It feels pretty good to make fun of them and save

all the white ones for yourself

and give the pink ones to your best friend because she has relationship problems too. LOVE ME. Secretly you are thinking those conversation hearts would taste better if someone bought them for you as a gesture of their undying affection for you, but the truth is they

only cost maybe

99 cents, and

they are cute

even if you bought them for yourself.

The point is that Valentine's Day isn't really that different from any other day of the year, so don't feel sad if you're

alone. Hey, at least the

candy is a little cuter and

maybe a few fast walking, eyes-always-looking-at-the-ground, hardcore New Yorkers will be a little nicer. Just watch

Temptation Island and remember that not every couple is happy and even the ones who are can be a bit nauseating at times.

Maybe you are sitting in your dorm room wishing that you weren't just sitting there alone. But February 14th is just another day—so keep in mind you have no problem just sitting in your room on most other days of the year. And what

is Valentine's Day anyway? It is a greetings card extravaganza! It's our economy taking its little cocaine bump of frenzied shoppers and busy restaurants. But we play along anyways—we're Americans, and we're kind of foolish.

So don't be sad. Really, nobody needs to have an unhappy Valentine's Day. If it makes you happy to

talk about how lame Valentine's Day truly is,

do that. And, though this applies to a

select few, it makes you

happy to spend time with some-

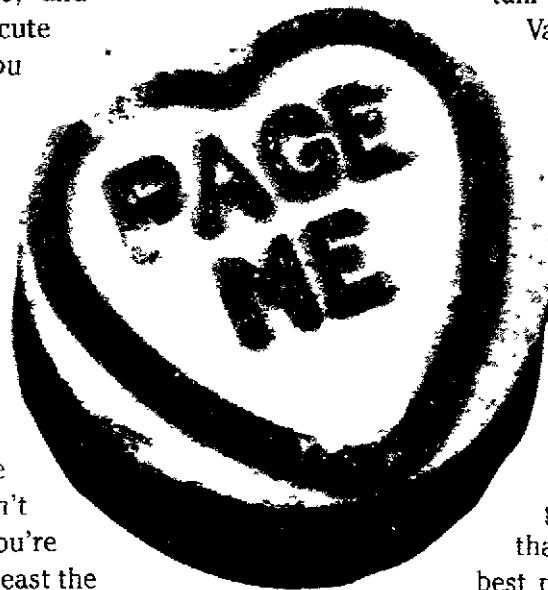
one you love, do that. If it makes you

happy to lie in bed all day and

watch TV instead of going to classes, do

that too. Because the best person to love is the

one who is around every day of the year—yourself.



Alison Cool is a Barnard first-year.

wellwoman: meal serving sizes explained

Q I'm confused about serving sizes for meals. For instance, I eat toast and cream cheese every morning for breakfast. How many servings is that?

A Use the Food Pyramid, created by the U.S. Department of Agriculture and the U.S. Department of Health and Human Services to help you determine the type and amount of foods you are consuming and what you may need to add or subtract to maintain a healthy diet.

Your breakfast consists of two different food group categories. If you spread 1.5 to 2 ounces of cream cheese (about the size of a ping-pong ball) on your bagel, that is equivalent to one serving of the milk/yogurt/cheese category. A healthy diet requires 2-3 servings of milk/yogurt/cheese a day.

The size of your breakfast bagel will determine its serving size. One slice of bread (1 ounce) is one serving size from the bread/cereal/rice/pasta category. You should be eating 6-11 servings of bread/pasta daily.

Remember to keep variety in your daily meal plan. Be sure to include 3-5 servings of vegetables, 2-4 servings of fruits, and 2-3 servings of meat/poultry/fish/dry beans/eggs/nuts in your daily meals. You can get more information on serving sizes in each category at http://www.pueblo.gsa.gov/cic_text/food/food-pyramid/main.htm or call the USDA Food and Nutrition Information Center (FNIC) at (301) 504-57-19. Remember to stop by the WellWoman office for more in depth nutrition information, or call us at 4-3063.

"Well Woman" is a weekly feature in the *bulletin*. The responses, written by the Well-Women Peer Educators, answer questions from members of the Barnard community. Questions may be submitted to the Well-Woman Office, 109 Hewitt. The information provided is for informational purposes only. Please take issues or medical concerns to your healthcare provider.

got a comment? we want to hear it.

email the *bulletin* at bulletin@barnard.edu

ritalin and adderall abuse on the rise in college, cntd.

<<page 9>> ments and meaningless tasks, fevers, convulsions, paranoia, and formication (the sensation of bugs or worms crawling underneath the skin).

Regardless of any positive experiences students have had with abusing the drug, there is an existing risk that cannot be ignored. Possibly one of the most common and most threatening effects of Ritalin and Adderall abuse is

the dependence that develops from illicitly taking the drugs. Like the patients with ADD and ADHD who are prescribed Ritalin and Adderall, students who use it on occasion to study can begin to rely on it for all types of schoolwork. "You take one [pill] to study," says Laura, "Then you fall asleep. Then you need another one for the test the next day." During final exams last semester, Laura went for

three days without sleep and "felt delusional" by the time her tests were over. Laura would not recommend that anyone start taking Adderall or Ritalin to study. "You get into a cycle and the cycle is hard to break," she says. "You're constantly feeling unstable and unhealthy."

Diana Owen is a Barnard first-year.
*indicates names have been changed.

more and more students are choosing barnard early, cntd.

<<page 6>> these are not the only things the admissions office looks for. "We do not admit based on SAT scores and GPA alone, but ask wonderful questions which ask students to list their activities, comment on how they've impacted their community and more," she said. "We want not only academically strong students but students who will be contributing members within the Barnard community. And that is also why diversity of all sorts—geographic, ethnic, academic interest and outside interests—

are all important factors. Those 'standards' rise as well when the applicant pool grows."

The Early Decision program also aims to admit a diverse class. This year students have been admitted from Alabama, Kansas, Oklahoma, Wisconsin, and 21 other states. About 18.5% of the admitted students also belong to a minority group.

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

artspicks

for the week of february 14

theater

Caged!

Feb. 19 at Town Hall
(123 West 43 St.) For
tickets, call 294-8138.

This staged reading of the film *Caged!* features an all star cast including: Isabella Rossellini, Lily Tomlin, and Joan Rivers.

dance

Lost Soles

At La MaMa (74A East
4 St.) For info, call
475-7710.

This one-man play stars Thaddeus Phillips who mixes natural acting ability with incredible tap dancing to tell the story of a boy from Wyoming who eventually flees to Cuba.

take advantage museums offer culture and



The Metropolitan—an endless maze of amazing art and exhibits

By Kristin Carlson and Abby Clay

A typical day-in-the-life of a Barnard student might consist of rolling out of bed, scribbling notes in a few classes, trekking to the library, and meandering down Broadway to scarf a giant slice of Koronet's pizza—complete with spicy red pepper sprinkles—and maybe some zesty Chinese take-out for a midnight snack. All this is usually accompanied by a certain level of stress, almost certainly related to the masses of homework that are physically weighing on shoulders, lying in wait in overstuffed purses and backpacks.

Still, for those students who neglect to take new-found knowledge any farther than their textbooks, Matt Damon's line in the film *Good Will Hunting* holds true: You spent a lot of time and money on an "education you could have gotten for a dollar fifty in late charges at the public library." Education and higher learning are seemingly omnipresent forces, surrounding us on an almost daily basis. Colleges are everywhere; classes are anywhere. People read books at home, at the library, outside in the park.

Barnard women, however, have an opportunity and a responsibility to extend college education into the multitude of cultural activities available in the great city of New York. Innumerable street vendors, plentitudes of ethnic restaurants, many types of spectacular theater, diverse shopping centers, numerous parks, and varied architectural styles extend and thrive beyond campus boundaries.

When people, American or not, think of the city, they think: Broadway shows, Lincoln Center, Times Square, Little Italy. Perhaps a less obvious, but by no means less important, Big Apple mecca may be discovered in New York's unique wealth of museums. As an extra bonus to the plethora of content, most exhibits are available for free viewing with the flash of a Barnard student ID.

Given the facts, Barnard women have no excuse not to spice up book learning with the wonderful museums New York has to offer. Even if the hottest cultural encounter of the semester thus far is wasabi—worry not, and prepare for a major increase in cultural zest. For the novice, here is a sampling of fiery

of the city's spice a break from student life

favorites, with spice factors included, for the avid enthusiast, a flavoring of the most recent special exhibits, now ready for your viewing pleasure.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art: Allot several trips to fully discover and enjoy New York's largest and most complete museum of art. Paralleling the volume and depth of New York City itself, the Met holds priceless treasures, hidden hovels, and inexhaustible room to explore. The collection contains pieces from almost every civilization on Earth, past and present. Some classic must-sees are an amazing sphinx and a cute blue hippo in the Egypt room; the reclining Venus in the Greek and Roman hall; and the impressive display of American painting from the Hudson River School. Also notice the furnished rooms that cameo in each section to represent various cultures, including a superbly tranquil setting in the Islamic art area. Always filled with a thrilling amount of traveling exhibitions, the Met's present fare includes: "Sultan Ali of Mashad: Master of Nastaliq;" "Correggio and Parmigianino: Master Draftsmen of the Renaissance;" "Rain of the Moon: Silver

in Ancient Peru;" and more, spanning art from vogue American photography through antique Chinese painting. For post-viewing pleasure when the weather is nice, lounge on the Met's Roof Garden and enjoy an eyeful of cityscape skyline; in colder months, relax in the American Wing Garden Court while perusing smooth statues and bright Tiffany windows.

Spice factor: Getting lost in the twists and turns of decorated hallways proves pleasantly tasty; the only thing that will get tired here is the patrons' feet. Even the Met's gift shop boasts robust cultural flavor with its mementos of favorite exhibits in the form of posters, mugs, t-shirts, books, postcards, ornaments, magnets, planners, and the list goes on. Added bonus: all souvenirs exit the store in the trademark Metropolitan bag.

Location & Transportation: Upper East Side, Fifth Ave. at 82 St. Take the 4, 5, or 6 to 86 St.

Museum of Modern Art: The MOMA is the place for all true lovers of modern art. This museum features drawing, painting, sculpture, photography, video, print and <<page 14>>



Ellis Island Immigration Museum—a work of art and history

artspicks

...continued

film

New York in the Fifties

*At the Pioneer Theater
(155 East 3 St.)*

This documentary looks at life, culture and the social climate in the Big Apple during the 1950s.

words

Experiments and Disorders

*At Dixon Place at
Vineyard 26
(309 East 26 St.). \$5
For more info, visit
www.dixonplace.org.*

This program features short stories, poems and plays by Charlotte Meehan and Sarah Gambito—making it an interesting mix between poetry and theater.

explore the city's many tasty museums, cntd.

<<page 13>> more from late nineteenth century to present. Patrons of the MOMA engage their creative side, deciphering anything from a plain white canvas to a multi-media frenzy of visual and aural noise. Current exhibits include "Workspheres," which explores the workplace as we know it today, and "Van Gogh's Postman: The Portraits of Joseph Roulin," a small display of five paintings and two drawings Van Gogh made of his mentor. These exhibits will be emotionally provocative to all those open to the experience. Also not to miss is the permanent collection, featuring favorites such as Van Gogh's "Starry Night," Matisse's "The Dance" and Picasso's "Les Femmes d'Alger (O. J. R. M.)." Unfortunately, MOMA is preparing to move to a different site in order for restoration to be completed on their home on Fifth Avenue. Because of this some of MOMA's more famous works are not currently on display.

Spice Factor: This one is a toss-up: hot 'n spicy for Barnard women into the double negations of modern art; unsettling to the stomachs of those who are not.

Location & Transportation: Midtown. 5 Avenue at 53 Street. Take the M4 bus to 53 or the E/F train to 5 Avenue.

American Museum of Natural History: Allow plenty of time to explore the many floors and diverse displays in this expansive place. Go from authentic dinosaur bones to evolution exhibits to worldwide taxidermy all in one visit. This museum is jam-packed with such riches as moon rocks, Aztec art, and a butterfly conservatory. One wing even contains a winding cosmic pathway that chronicles the birth of the universe, as well as computer-generated imaging of the Big Bang showcased beneath a glass

floor. Choose from other exciting experiences like jaunting amongst live rainforest plants, or entering the aquatic realm with a stroll beneath the big blue whale. Exhibits change frequently, a sure sign that visitors are always coming back for more. No matter which aspects of nature capture a patron's individual attention, The American Museum of Natural History promises to be the proud owner of several fascinating pieces of the great outdoors. Current museum events include IMAX films *Ocean Oasis*

part of history that is uniquely New York and distinctly American. Located on Ellis Island, the museum is the actual building through which as many as 5000 people per day once entered the United States. A surprisingly large percentage of Americans today can trace at least one ancestor back to this island, a fact which makes this visit a personal one that museum-goers will not likely forget. **Spice Factor:** This museum is, in itself, a work of art: delectable.

Location & Transportation: Ellis Island. Take the 1/9 to South Ferry and catch a boat to the island.



The Cloisters—tranquility and Medieval collections

and *Antarctic Adventure*, the opening of the airy new gateway Weston Pavilion, and live jazz in the Rose Center planetarium

Spice factor: A Multi-sensory interpretation of myriad elements of the environment in New York and far beyond is super scrumptious. In contrast, Jodie Foster's narration of the first moments of the universe completely lacks sizzle.

Location & Transportation: Upper West Side. 79 St. and Central Park West. Take the B or C to 81 St.

Ellis Island Immigration Museum: A poignant collection of clothing, passports, and letters join touching photographs—both tragic and beautiful—in a museum that describes a

The International Center for Photography: Indulge your voyeuristic tendencies through the artistry of great photographic eyes at The International Center for Photography, a fresh addition to Museum Mile that was founded in 1974. Within its spotless yet intimate walls, the Center houses a pleasing variety of photographic parapherna-

lia—from relic cameras to modern life-sized glossies. The architecture of the building offers several rooms of intriguing displays, organized and captioned in such a fashion as not to be overwhelming. Furthermore, the lower level contains high-tech computer gear, which allows patrons to examine digital imagery, read artists' thoughts, and post their own responses on the web. Nearby, the building also boasts a darkened room, playing photomontages set to music. For all levels of photographers, as well those with no picture taking experience who just like to take a peek, the Center is definite eye candy. Special exhibits include "Andy Warhol Photographs;" "Perfecting Mankind: Eugenics and Photography;" and "Carrie Mae Weems: The Hampton Project."

Spice Factor: Representation and exploration of women in the medium is totally piquant. As far as presentation, the purposeful proximity of images that convey contrasting emotional impact receives a rating of extra peppery.

Locations & Transportation: Midtown, 1133 Sixth Avenue at 43 St. Take the B, D, F, or Q line to 42 St. Upper East Side, 1130 Fifth Avenue at 94 St. Take the 6 train to 96 St.

The Cloisters: For anyone who has ever dreamt of knights in shining armor (or anyone who enjoyed reading Sir Gawain and the Green Knight in high school), there is The Cloisters Museum. Located in Fort Tryon Park in northern

Manhattan, this museum houses the art and architecture of the Middle Ages appropriately: in a castle featuring several medieval architecture styles. This unique blend of content and presentation exhibits medieval paintings, stained glass, books, gardens, columns, vaulting and trinkets in a non-protrusive way, offering the viewer a contextual look at the ways nature, religion and everyday life affected the aesthetic product of the middle Ages. Pieces of authentic castles are embedded into the stone of the building, adding to the awe that a patron of this museum experiences. The upper balcony overlooks Manhattan and the Hudson River, and when the weather is nice, there is an

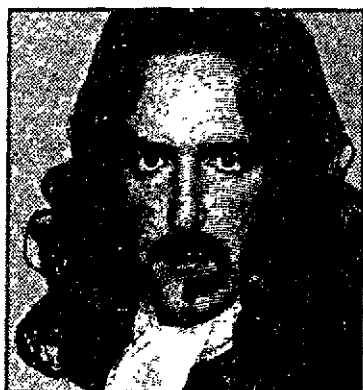
added bonus: three cloisters—monastic gardens featuring herbs and fruit trees—enhance the museum-going experience. Back inside, be sure to get a glimpse of the famed Unicorn Tapestries during your trip.

Spice Factor: The juxtaposition of the medieval castle against the Manhattan skyline is extra spicy. In comparison, the 74-block bus ride home is noticeably unsavory.

Location & Transportation: Washington Heights. Fort Tryon Park (190 Street). Take the M4 bus to Fort Tryon Park or the A train to 190 St.

Kristin Carlson and Abby Clay are Barnard sophomores.

listen to wbar on the web! www.wbar.org.



The Question Marquis

Ask the Question Marquis is a sporadically produced advice column, because proper loving takes time. It is to be read with a silly French accent. The views of the Question Marquis are his alone and are in no way to be construed as representative of his sponsor, Questia, you American pigs.



www.questia.com

Ask the Question Marquis

Q: *Dear Question Marquis: My sister's boyfriend broke up with her over a year ago. But his voice is still on her answering machine. Should I tell her how pathetic this is? - Stephen in Annapolis*

A: My advice here is going like this: It is not a problem, it is an opportunity. There is no truer friend of passion than the vulnerable rejected lover. You must simply play your cards correctly. I recommend a subtle approach to win her trust. Perhaps you can tell her about Questia. About how much more free time she will have when she's writing research papers if she does the research online. Free time that the two of you could use to, je ne sais pas, get to know each other better? If you know what I...wait—you said your sister's boyfriend? This is a terrible misunderstanding. I have got to stop skimming these questions.

Q: *Dear Question Marquis: I am very interested in Questia. Could you please give me some more information about its exciting features? - TW in Houston*

A: Zut alors! I think my employer has slipped this one in. But just by chance this is not how the case is, I will answer it briefly. Questia will have an extensive scholarly collection, and the full text of each book and journal article is all online. You just enter your topic and then you can instantly search through any book. And many of the author's own sources are, how you say, "hyperlinked." So you can follow the writer's train of thought, if you like. Also, quotes, footnotes and bibliographies are all done automatically. And, in a few months, Questia can be used to more efficiently groom racehorses. Or such is my understanding. That may be confidential information, so don't go gossiping it about like a bunch of Montesqueu's concubines. Now I wish I hadn't told you.

*"There is no truer friend of passion than the vulnerable rejected lover.
You simply must play your cards correctly."*

Q: *Dear Question Marquis: Well...why did you tell us? In both of your answers, you could have corrected your mistakes by using the delete key.*

A: In life, there is no such thing as a delete key. Q.E.D., there is no delete key for writing my column. What's done is done, what's said is said. Vive moi! (Long live me!)

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questia

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musicpicks

for the week of february 14

february 14

Erykah Badu

At Radio City Music Hall (1260 Sixth Ave.) For more info, call 247-4777

Feeling in a loving mood tonight? What better place to snuggle up to your honey than with Erykah Badu? Her soulful melodies, smooth rhythms, and that sexy headdress will get you in the mood to go on, and on, and on, and on. . . .

february 15

Jimmy Nations Combo

At Rodeo Bar (375 Third Ave.) Show starts at 10pm. FREE!!!

Wishing for some country in the big city? Jimmy Nations Combo will serve your itch for a Southern thang—rockabilly and deep guitar melodies are their specialty. Bring your bucket o' fried chicken and 'greens' for a good, and FREE, time.

february 15

Snocore Rock 2001: Kittie, Fear Factory, others

At Roseland Ballroom (239 W. 52 St.) For more info, call 777-6800.

Forget about those scary,

what's old music of the 1960s and

By Annarose Fitzgerald

*"Oh where oh where can my baby be?
The lord took her away from me She's
gone to heaven so I've got to be good, So
I can see my baby when I leave this
world"*

Here's a quick quiz to test your music knowledge! Are the above lyrics from: a) a '50s doo-wop song or b) a 1999 Pearl Jam hit? While my dad would immediately answer choice 'A,' I would not hesitate to choose 'B.' The truth is, actually, that we are both right. Wayne Cochran wrote the lyrics and 50's group J. Frank Wilson and the Cavaliers first recorded the song; however, the version our generation has probably heard most frequently is Pearl Jam's 1999 version. All that the band had to do to get our generation tuned into the song was to slow the tempo, add the electric guitar, bring out the drumbeats, and voila! "Last Kiss" goes from classic oldies to Top 40s hit.

Lately, more and more artists are

either revising old songs or are using the Baby Boomer generation's artists as muses for new songs. Barenaked Ladies' newest album, *Maroon*, has "The Song," a tribute to the Beach Boys' lead singer and lyricist, Brian Wilson. The song is a reflection of Wilson's battle with schizophrenia in the '70s. "I guess if I were talking to Brian Wilson I would say, 'I have been so moved by your music,'" said Barenaked Ladies' Steven Page on the documentary on the making of Brian Wilson's 1998 "Imagination" album.

Classic artists can make quick comebacks when they revamp their own songs; sometimes they can even completely change the genre of the song. Eric Clapton began to play blues in the mid-'90s and recently revived "Layla," the 1970 hit inspired by his feelings for George Harrison's ex-wife, Patty Boyd. With a slight alteration of rhythms, Clapton made the song go from rock and roll to blues. On his MTV Unplugged interview, Clapton remarks that he saw his revision as "a great opportunity to take 'Layla' off on a different path and put it



is new again

1970s is alive & kicking

into a shuffle." If you listen to the whole Layla album, you'll probably recognize the familiar guitar chord patterns heard in today's alternative music. It wasn't hard for me to imagine 28 Orange Street, the new band who opened for Adam Pascal at Columbia last week, playing Clapton's "Why Does Love Got to be So Sad."

Because of the strong connections between our music and our parent's music, most of us don't have to try so hard to recognize the genius of '60s and '70s artists. A brisk walk around the Quad will show you that this retro craze has inspired fashion as well—(just try and count the pairs of poindexter glasses and faded flares!) Even newer bands formed after the decades of love have adopted the style of the '60s and '70s. The members of Phish latched on to acoustic guitars of the sixties when Michael Jackson was all the rage. The band got their first gig in 1984 at the University of Vermont where guitarist Trey Anastasio and bassist Mike Gordon were students. They played Creedence Clearwater's "Proud Mary" and the Hollies' "Long Cool Woman in a Black Dress" before they were shut down for a Michael Jackson tape to be played. Phish was very much influenced by the Grateful Dead; their song "Farmhouse" from their new album by the same name, has traces of Grateful Dead's 1989 hit "Ripple." Phish even took Snoop Doggy Dogg's "Gin and Juice" and added tambourines and guitars to make it akin to something you'd hear at Woodstock.

Why are these old songs so endur-

ing? For one thing, the lyrics transcend time; if you're not a deadhead, chances are you can't guess whether Phish or the Grateful Dead were the originals behind the following lyrics from "Ripple":

"Reach out your hand if your cup is empty. If your cup is full, may it be again.

"Oh *Let it be known there is a fountain, That was not made by the hand of men."*

**where oh where
can my baby be? The
lord took her away from
me. She's gone to heaven
so I've got to be good, So I
can see my baby when I
leave this world."**

—The Cavaliers or Pearl
Jam?

See what I mean? Great lyrics can be written or performed in any decade while the rue poetry and meaning remains the same. Also, old lyrics possess the certain innocence lacking in so many of today's top 40; "Last Kiss" successfully conveys the deep relationship the writer had with his dead girlfriend without going into more detail than we need to know about his sex life.

The second reason behind this recent upsurge has to do with profit; artists who revamp old songs get twice the audience. While my dad hears traces of classic Brian Wilson songs in Maroon, I buy the album to hear the Barenaked Ladies. Log on to cdnow.com and you'll find that this week's top-selling album is Beatles I. Since the Baby Boom generation makes up the largest part of the population, it is wise for the ever-expanding music industry to appeal to them as much as possible.

Move over, Backstreet Boys! As long as artists know what's good for them, oldies will take the stage.

Annarose Fitzgerald is a Barnard first year.

musicpicks

...continued

screaming male metal groups. Watch Kittie, their all female counterpart, for the true thrill. High notes and growling (simultaneously, even!) has never sounded like this before.

February 16

Mojave 3

At Bowery Ballroom
(6 Delancey St.)

For more info, call 533-2111.

In the early '90s there was Slowdive, known for layering their hazy melodies over electronically distorted guitar riffs. And they were shy, hence the term "shoegazers." But they've changed their line-up, their name, and are using more piano and acoustic guitars. Maybe this time around they won't be so shy. Then they could be called "eye gazers"?

February 18

Kristin Hersch

At Maxwell's (1039
Washington St., Hoboken, NJ).

For more info, call (201) 653-
1703

The former Throwing Muses frontwoman has gone solo, and is ready to spill her proto-rock folk tales. Watching her evolve from one of the first ladies of rock to the sage singer she is now is always a pleasure.

leila josefowicz

classical violinist plays at Miller Theater

By Renata Bystritsky

When one thinks of an accomplished classical violinist, one generally does not conjure up an image of a beautiful, aqua-eyed, 23-year-old blonde in a tie-dyed shirt and pink-trimmed ankle boots. Yet that is the exact description of the talented young woman who appeared at the Miller Theatre on Tuesday, February 6, to a modest but appreciative audience.

Her name is Leila Josefowicz and for the past six years she has been a Phillips Classical recording artist. Born in Toronto, Canada and raised in Los Angeles, she began playing the violin at age 3, making her international debut at age 10, in "America's Tribute to Bob Hope." She released her first CD in 1995, to rave reviews. She has played with Sir Neville Marriner and tosses around the names of internationally renowned musicians and modern composers as though they were her casual acquaintances (which many of them are). She graduated the Curtis Institute of Music, where she studied with Jaime Laredo and Jascha Brodsky. She plays a violin that was created in 1739, which, as she puts it, "gives [her] something to express [herself, with] that little extra kick".

Her appearance that day was largely to promote her new album, *Americana*. Josefowicz, who earned her fame by playing the music of the European masters, guides the listener through 150 years of American music, impressively arranged to brilliantly showcase her violin, which is accompanied by her colleague, sometime-composer and childhood friend, John Novacek. For about forty-five minutes before any performing

was done, she simply sat onstage with a representative of her record company and chatted, answering his (perceptibly scripted) questions. Although a little stilted, the discussion gained momentum, thanks to Josefowicz's easy manner and vibrant energy. She might be "one of America's greatest young talents" (from the program to the evening), but the operative word is "young."

Her father, a classical guitarist, got her started in music. Her parents, she admits, were a little obsessed with her

...anyone who sees her five minutes later would probably assume that she is just another funkily-dressed college girl with multiple piercings in her ears and short-cropped, bleached hair—certainly not a brilliant, passionate violinist.

success, but "it can't happen without [your parents'] obsession," she says earnestly. From early childhood, she has led an intense lifestyle, jam-packed with rigorous practice. It was such a huge part of her life from so early on, though, that "I never questioned the schedule."

She was offered the deal with Phillips when she was barely seventeen. Asked whether she had doubts about being able to hack it, she firmly replies, "No one should slight themselves in their own minds."

During the discussion, she seemed extremely confident about her talent and her future prospects—even a little too confident it seemed. Or, at least, it had seemed that way until she began

playing that more than 150-year-old violin.

She played a modern arrangement of the old Chaplin classic, "Smile." The song was written in the time when the art of silent films was dying, replaced by "Modern Times" (the title of the movie in which this song was first showcased). The song began a bit unimpressively, then suddenly gained momentum and passion. The arrangement is definitely modern—the pitch of the song is almost unbearably high. The vibrato is used only occasionally, producing a sound as pure as teardrops, shed for the loss that is eloquently relayed through the soaring sound produced by Josefowicz's instrument. Throughout the performance, her constant facial and bodily movements bring back the memory of Jacqueline du Pre—also known for the passion that overflowed from her instrument into her own limbs. The plaintive note at the end of the piece, the painful acceptance of the coming "Modern Times" were echoed in the

poignant look of regret on the violinist's face, the sudden droop of her shoulders.

Commenting on the piece, Josefowicz called it the most interesting track on her new album. She likes the sparing use of vibrato—the vibrating sound that can be made by string instruments. "Vibrato is just a color," she says. "[It] helps you to express. . . but I would never use vibrato as a main color [of a piece]."

At this point, questions were invited from the audience. Josefowicz, who, besides being a busy violinist, is the wife of Kristjan Jarvi (a conductor) and the mother of 11-month-old Lukas, manages this balance by being "incredibly careful with scheduling." She divides her time

between her career and her home in Florida, where she and her husband "just chill out and bake" and where her son is "learning to dance."

Finally, near the very end of the evening, she and Novocek decided to perform the four rags that he wrote and arranged especially for her. The others left the stage and Josefowicz perceptibly slipped into character. What followed next made the cold walk to Miller completely worthwhile.

Her classical training as an acknowledged musical virtuoso melds gorgeously with the kind of passion, joy and sheer sense of fun that any Irish fiddler would turn shamrock-green over. Her entire body goes into the piece; she seems to be dancing with her violin. Rather than attacking the song as so many other musicians often seem to, she approaches it with the confidence of an able partner—and the song, as though sensing her capability surrenders, leaving Josefowicz in perfect control of her justifiably praised instrument.

She does not merely play; she performs, which is incredibly rare in instrumentalists. She turns to her accompanist, making gestures with the bow, with her arms, pulling faces. She plucks at the strings of her violin with the edge of her bow. She is imaginative, colorful. By the end of those four rags, there are several strands of horsehair hanging off her well-worked bow.

Her face shining, Josefowicz bows to her applauding audience, then waves nonchalantly and strides off the stage. And anyone who sees her five minutes later would probably assume that she is just another funkily-dressed college girl with multiple piercings in her ears and short-cropped, bleached hair—certainly not a brilliant, passionate violinist. But the ones who were lucky enough to be in Miller that night know better.

Renata Bystritsky is a Barnard sophomore and a bulletin columnist.



valentine soundtrack not for faint of heart

It's that time again. No, not that special day that you spend with your loved one, it's time for another teenage horror flick to bomb the theaters, but boom at the box office. The unique thing about this *Scream* (Know-What-You-Did-Last-Summer-Wannabe) is the soundtrack. It's not the typical up-and-coming bands that will appeal only to the teenyboppers that seem to find cinematic value in those cheesy movies. The *Valentine* soundtrack has a surprisingly alternative, metal, techno-ish mix. This electronically strung soundtrack has the potential to appeal to a wide range of listeners mainly in the generation X crowd.

Artists such as Rob Zombie, Orgy, and Marilyn Manson dominate the tracks of this new album. There is a wide range of sounds in this album varying from the heavy "Superbeast" of Rob Zombie to the techno beats of Amanda Ghost's "Filthy Mind." Linkin Park's "Pushing Me Away" is a reminder of the Cure in its softer intro with an emotional body. The Deftones brought in the "RX Queen" with its powerful, yet leisurely tone and constant pulsing beat that really has a way of piercing the listener. And Filter has a stronger, and darker, remix of their hit single "Take a Picture."

It may not be your typical lovey-dovey valentine, but this album is pretty sweet. If you would like to check it out, the movie opened on February 2nd and the soundtrack itself was released on January 30th. Also, if you liked these bands, some of them will be going on tour together in the fifth edition of Ozzfest. Along with the return of Black Sabbath, fans will be able to see Marilyn Manson, Papa Roach, Slipknot, Linkin Park, and Disturbed. This tour will begin on June 8th in Chicago, with approximately 30 cities following. Tickets will go on sale for the Chicago dates in March.

—Jessica Conn

VALENTINE



Eliza Carthy's debut real art

Having once set my emotions to music, and embraced the songs that came, I am most sympathetic to other singer-songwriters who dare to sing what they love, songs that are part of them, written as much for others as for themselves. I was most impressed with Eliza Carthy's new album, *Angels & Cigarettes*; the dreamy mix of Scottish reels, Latin beats and a general flowing folkiness has just enough edge to say, 'heads up!' Indeed, this is art.

Hers are not songs churned out from a mould, as in 'verse chorus verse verse midriff jacket art sexy vapid lyrics...' We have rather a set of creations, above all appealing because Carthy is willing to share some of the creative process of their formation. We get glimpses of settings ("a dead warm day in Philadelphia followed by a very cold winter night which did nobody favors..."), nostalgias ("The singing was done...when what's in the song was still felt. I forgive. I do") and apologies ("I wrote this song on a train, gin may have been involved. It all came about, all at one in the way these things do..."), all anecdotes that bring the song closer, reminding the listener that, to Carthy, the music is real, not canned and packaged and dismissible with a volume dial.

Carthy sings about love perceived, beautiful girls and fat bodies, sexual capers, people coming in and out of life. The words are plain (her Glasgow accent is charming!) and the music is, again, talented and original. Playing violin, viola and keyboards, she is accompanied by a host of musicians on a variety of instruments, including bass, piano, accordion, drums, moog and "whooshy noises." The overall effect is seamless—sort of Enya-esque but without making you seasick, or like the cranberries with less angst, or Sarah McLaughlin in her sensitive frankness and poetry—refreshing and lazy, subtle and perceptive.

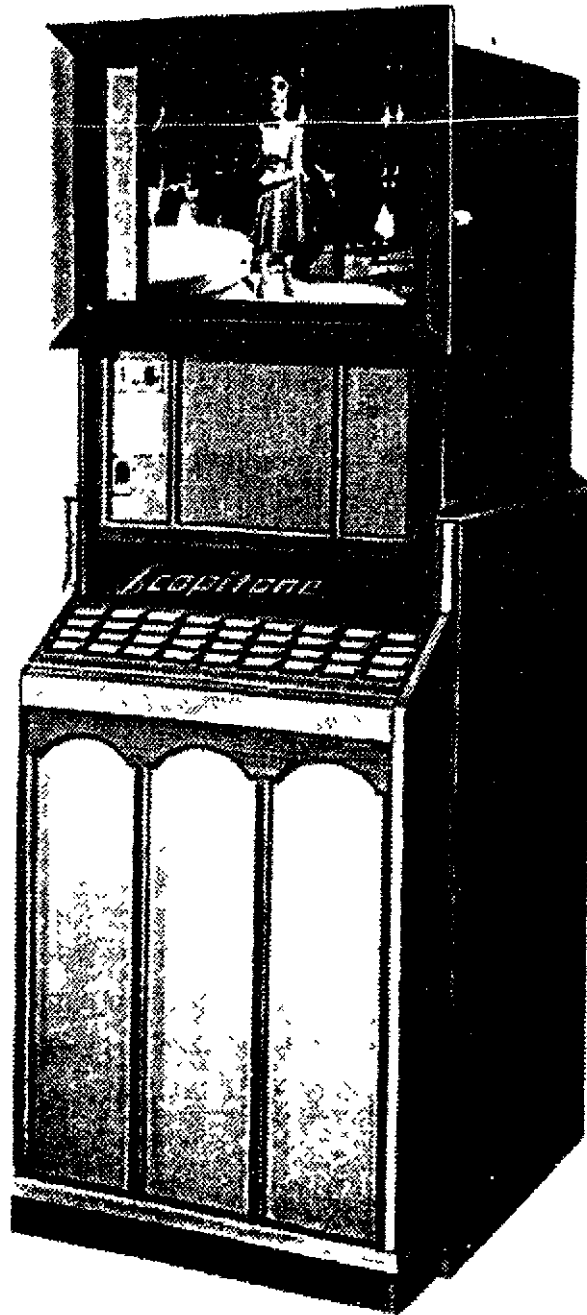
—Anna Stevenson

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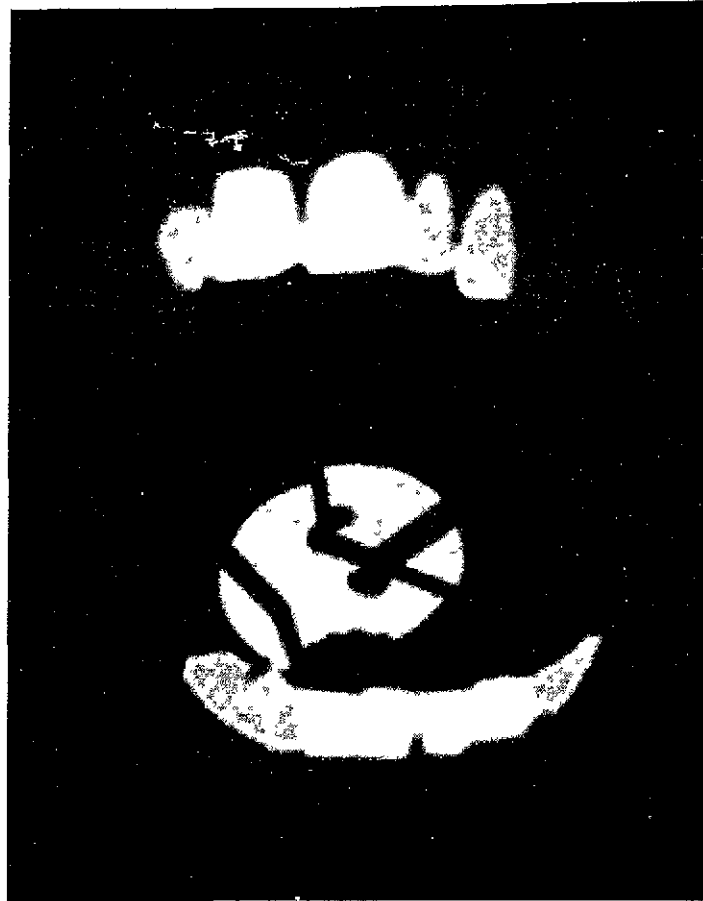
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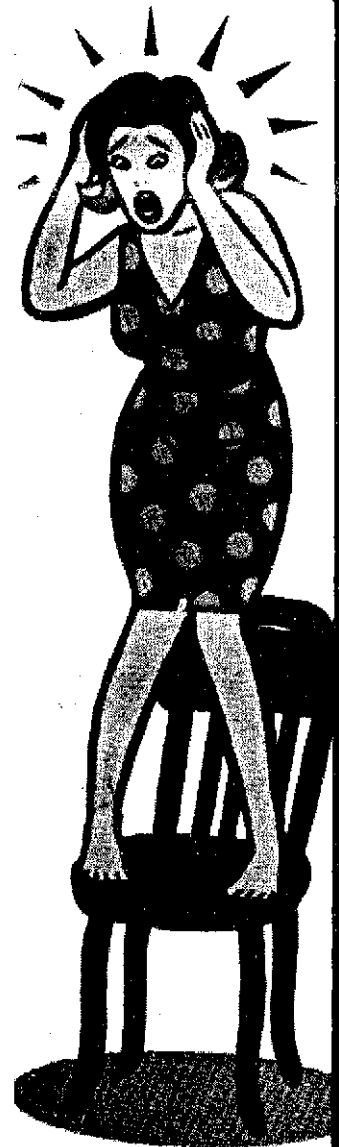
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running the central park 500

is it worth battling the crowds and cell phones to work out?

By Allison Baker

Running is something almost spiritual for me. After the first few miles, you get into this kind of flow state where you reach a level of almost total mind/body separation. I usually run in Riverside Park, not only because I love being able to run along the Hudson, but also because I find the drones of would-be marathon runners that frequent Central Park to be rather intimidating. Nevertheless, I decided to brave the Central Park six-mile loop last Sunday morning.

Every time that I run in Central Park, I hear a gun go off in my head at the beginning of the run, as though I were a racer in some inspirational movie about running. Needless to say, I also tend to hear the theme song from *Chariots of Fire*. Running with so many people around you just sort of feels like a race.

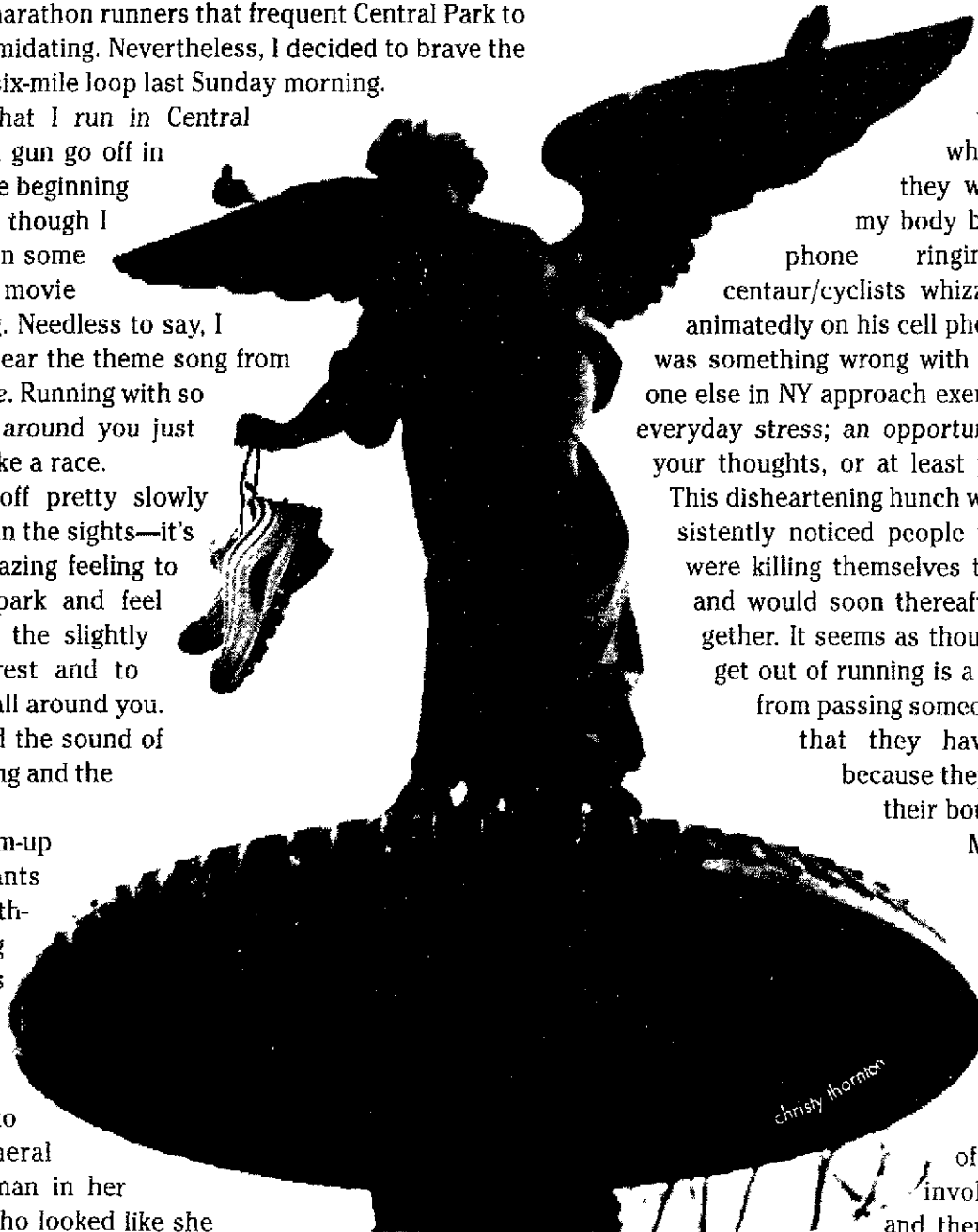
I started off pretty slowly and just took in the sights—it's always an amazing feeling to go into the park and feel enveloped by the slightly urbanized forest and to see open sky all around you. Then I noticed the sound of heavy breathing and the ear-wrenching noise of warm-up Adidas pants swishing together—something akin to nails on a chalkboard. Soon the guilty party came into my peripheral vision—a woman in her mid thirties who looked like she was in severe pain. Then two cyclers passed me on my left. With their sleek city riding gear and aerodynamic bicycles, they seemed to be a futuristic version of the centaur. As I finished the second mile or so, I passed the same woman again; she had stopped and was walking. As I passed her I heard her pants start up again and

sure enough, in another few minutes she had passed me. I began to feel slightly frustrated. No one likes to run looking into someone's back and it arouses competitive instincts even in those of us who think of running as a race against ourselves. I began to say those very words to myself: it's not a race against the other people out here, you're here to enjoy being outdoors. It soon became my mantra.

I tried to zone out and let my thoughts wander where they would, but they were pulled back into my body by the sound of a cell phone ringing. Two more centaur/cyclists whizzed past, one talking animatedly on his cell phone. Was it just me, or was something wrong with this picture? Does no one else in NY approach exercise as a release from everyday stress; an opportunity to be alone with your thoughts, or at least your exercise buddy? This disheartening hunch was confirmed as I consistently noticed people who looked like they were killing themselves to pass other runners and would soon thereafter stop running altogether. It seems as though what these people get out of running is a sense of achievement from passing someone, even if that means that they have to stop running because they are so tired out from their bout of over-exertion.

Maybe all of these feelings on my part were provoked by my own dormant competitive nature and perhaps those over-eager runners were really just doing some sort of tempo run that involved passing people and then slowing down. All I know for sure is that being on the loop in Central Park on a day when lots of people are out feels a lot like being in the Indy 500. I think I'll stick to Riverside Park.

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



patria serves up the best in *nueva latina* but just whose "homeland" are we talking about?

Allison Baker

Patria, located at 250 Park Avenue (Park and 20 Street), is lauded throughout the city's many culinary publications as the best "*nuevo Latino*" restaurant in New York—and with good reason. As soon as one enters the restaurant, it becomes clear that the festive mood is absolutely contagious (the excellent margaritas abet the festivities). The restaurant is divided into two levels, one on the ground and the other perched on a shelf. Salsa and merengue tunes also contribute to the fiesta like atmosphere. But the atmosphere is just the beginning of the Patria experience.

Chef Andrew DiCataldo travels regularly throughout Latin America, sampling tastes around the continent and stocking up on indigenous herbs and grains. The dinner journey begins when the table is presented with a mortar filled with Crema Nata, a mixture of butter, sour cream and roasted garlic to be mashed tableside and spread on warm bread. A stunning starter is the Black Lobster Empanada featuring a squid-ink tinted black pastry wrapped around the tenderest pink lobster meat, served with grilled squid, yellow tomato salad and a yellow chili aji. A stay in Mexico inspired DiCataldo to create the Tamal de Huitlacoche appetizer with warm queso blanco, mushrooms, pozole and Swiss chard, served with a sweet corn sauce. The menu offers several types of Ceviche, such as the Guatemalan ceviche mixto, composed of scallops, clams, octopus and calamari with tomatillo, poblano, lime and grilled mote.

The menu's entrée offerings are exciting and varied as well. The Peruvian Salmon is grilled with a scallop-artichoke-fava bean escabeche, crispy quinoa mote (Peruvian giant white corn) rolls and a huacatay aji amarillo sauce. The Pato Pasion is a seductive dish of seared, sliced duck breast, braised red cabbage, and a crispy duck leg with steamed yuca and passion fruit mojo. Finally, the Argentinean Churrasco hits all the right notes as it is grilled with chimichurri and Medula wine sauce, served with pan-roasted potatoes and mushrooms.

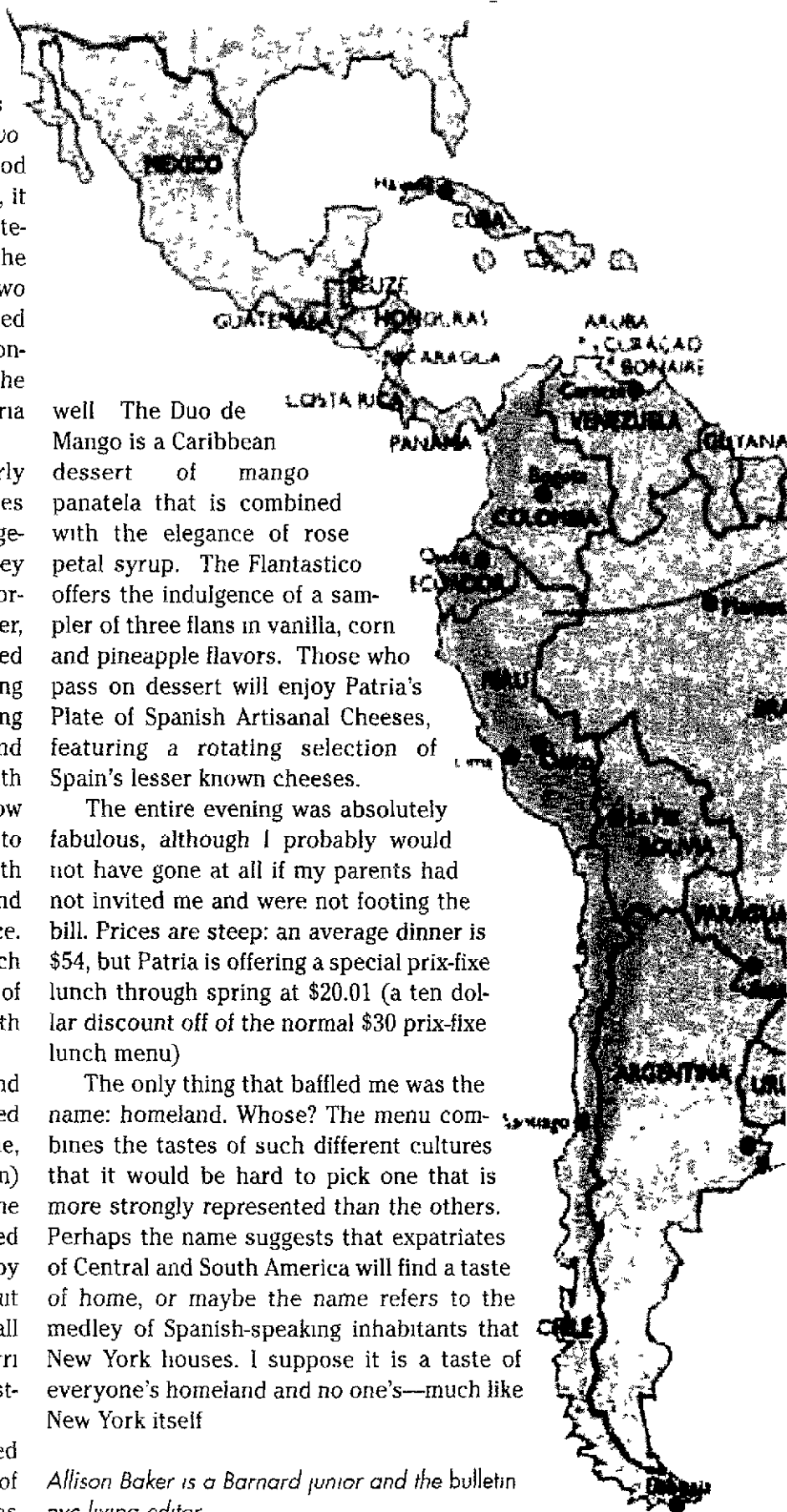
Patria's menu of Latino desserts, prepared by pastry chef Alex Asteínza, offers selections of "clasicos" and other more innovative treats as

well. The Duo de Mango is a Caribbean dessert of mango panatela that is combined with the elegance of rose petal syrup. The Flantastico offers the indulgence of a sampler of three flans in vanilla, corn and pineapple flavors. Those who pass on dessert will enjoy Patria's Plate of Spanish Artisanal Cheeses, featuring a rotating selection of Spain's lesser known cheeses.

The entire evening was absolutely fabulous, although I probably would not have gone at all if my parents had not invited me and were not footing the bill. Prices are steep: an average dinner is \$54, but Patria is offering a special prix-fixe lunch through spring at \$20.01 (a ten dollar discount off of the normal \$30 prix-fixe lunch menu)

The only thing that baffled me was the name: homeland. Whose? The menu combines the tastes of such different cultures that it would be hard to pick one that is more strongly represented than the others. Perhaps the name suggests that expatriates of Central and South America will find a taste of home, or maybe the name refers to the medley of Spanish-speaking inhabitants that New York houses. I suppose it is a taste of everyone's homeland and no one's—much like New York itself

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



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Renata's rambblings

By Renata Bystritsky

I am going to confess to a dirty little secret. . .

Now, you might think I am about to relate some horrible-slash-titillating story of sexual perversion, culled directly from the Sade/Masoch Comparative Lit course. Something involving passion, potions and perhaps a billy goat or two. However, those who know me can tell you what I am so unabashedly vocal about my perversions that to put this mundane matter into print would be to assign it a decidedly undeserved significance. (For the curious however, none of my perversions involve billy goats.)

In reality, it is something quite innocent. It hurts no one—well, no one but myself, if the well-wishing intellectuals around me are not wrong. I, Renata Bystritsky, English major and ardent promoter of anally correct grammar, hereby confess to this: I read pulp.

Yes. Behind the dark-rimmed glasses and the tough exterior, there lurks a girl who keeps an eagle-eye on those used book vendors along Broadway—and not just because I once got a \$16 volume of Plato for two bucks. No—you, see, sometimes, they will put up a “3 for \$1” sign over a bin filled with paperbacks. Those seductively beckoning signs have gotten me into trouble more than once. I may be dragging two bulging bags home from the West Side Market with five minutes before class begins, but I will damn well stop and see what I can find in that tattered cardboard box. And oh, the satisfaction when you obtain for about \$0.33 a book marked by the manufacturer at \$6.99! (True, that satisfaction fades somewhat with the discovery of an obliterating coffee stain on page 110.)

The books I buy so furtively—my transactions with these book vendors remind me of the scene in Quills, where Parisians hurriedly snatch up the illicit copies of “Justine”—are not, by the stretch of even the most liberal imagination, literary. Generally, the plots are primitive and the writing practically childlike. The heroes are ludicrously masculine; the heroines are shrill and silly with the sort of looks that would inspire an eating disorder even in the lucky girl who has miraculously managed to escape the world of visual media. A genuinely good writer can occasionally be found on the shelves marked FICTION—Olivia Goldsmith, for instance—but even in books that are genuinely funny and well-written, there are always more than a few completely gratuitous sex scenes, curse words and unrealistic, pointless plot twists.

Yes. I see these flaws. I acknowledge them. I acknowledge the fact that other people see them and acknowledge them. That is why, when you come into my room, the only books that are displayed on shelves are the hard-bound, gilded and embossed works by the likes of Chaucer, Boccaccio and Barrett Browning, among a number of Russian classics. And it isn't just a mock-up—I really have read those. Still, it's what you don't see. . .

Tucked into the dark recesses of my closet shelves, cloaked in musty shadows and gated by a creaky door, are stacks of dog-eared paperbacks. Creased, smudged covers, with the garish gold “Bestseller!” stamps on the front and gushing quotes from women's magazines on the back. Extravagant female names written in flowing curlicues above the title. Here and there, even one of those ridiculous covers with a passionately grimacing female and an

appropriately disheveled male locked in a hotly posed embrace. Oh, the shame!

I do not know what prompts me to return to these improbable stories of women with impossible names. I do read literature in my leisure. I even enjoy it. Once, I bought a tome of Heidegger from one of those street vendors. Unfortunately, that was also the day that I bought—and devoured—a copy of a Jackie Collins novel.

I own every Sidney Sheldon book that doddering old man has ever written. I gobble up Grisham's legal thrillers as though the final chapter really does contain the key to all mysteries. I have even—oh, the humiliation of it!—read a few Danielle Steel novels. And I can practically recite some of the passages from Karen Moline's *Beffadonna*.

It may have all begun when my parents tried to wean me off the *Babysitters' Club* books before I was ready. Subconsciously, I must have retained my destructive love for literature's forbidden fruit. And so, as a kid, I smuggled *Babysitters' Club*. Now, I smuggle *Harlequins*.

Am I a sick and twisted individual, unworthy of my place in this intellectual sanctuary we call the Ivy League? Perhaps. However, an investigation conducted in desperation has revealed the truth: I am not alone. Among the Barnard elite, there is hardly a room that does not contain at least a few books that are barely worthy of the name.

We all have our little secrets, and I have confessed mine. Should you wish to seek me out—either to empathize or ostracize—I will be the one reading surreptitiously in the corner.

Renata Bystritsky is a Barnard sophomore and bulletin columnist.

my dirty little secret



reaping the rewards of volunteer tutoring

By Eve Pomerantz

I didn't know what to expect when I volunteered to be a tutor for P.S. 165. I found out about it at the Community Impact fair at Columbia and I pretty much chose it randomly out of the Mentoring Program, the America Reads Program, and others like it. On the first day when I walked to 109 Street I wondered: do they really need me here? Does the teacher really need my help? Will I fit in? Will they hate me? I felt like a stranger.

I walked into the second grade classroom and felt like I was in a pretty familiar place. All their faces were friendly and they all already knew my name from when the teacher announced it that morning. They eagerly started introducing themselves to me...Rosie, George, Shennay, David...it was refreshing to see people who weren't afraid to just start talking to you.

After a little raucous activity the group gathered together to sit on "the carpet" to have a math lesson. $40+20$, $50+30$, $55-5$, the works. But one kid was acting up. The teacher told him to pay attention, to look at her, but he didn't. One girl in the class had threatened to hit him and kick him and he was angry at her. Instead of doing his math he was writing bad things about the girl on his board. So the teacher got angry and told me to work with him separately.

After we were sequestered in the corner I asked him why he was angry at the girl in the class. He said that in the park she

pushed him in the snow. "Why'd she do that?" I asked. "She thought I was smiling at her when I wasn't." Then he turned away from me in rebellion. So I moved over to face him and said, "So she's mad at you for something you didn't do?" He murmured something underneath his breath... "What kind of problems?" I asked. "I have some math problems," he said.

So we did some math problems: $4-3$, $90-1$, $80-70$, $20-10$... After all our hard work he still seemed a little gloomy. He talked about how his brother told him that a rocket killed all the dinosaurs. Then I guess he asked the question that had really been weighing on his mind: "Where did all the dirt go from when the dinosaurs were here? Did they put it in the dumpster or something?"

"Well," I started, "You know all the buildings and streets that you see around? Underneath all of those is the same dirt that was here when the dinosaurs were here."

We talked a little bit about how dinosaurs are extinct and how they're not even in zoos. Then I asked, "What kind of animals aren't extinct?"

"Tigers, bears, dogs... monkeys..."

Then he was ready to go back to the carpet.

On the way back to 117th street, I thought about what a good question that was. Now I'm looking forward to next week when I can see those kids again, and maybe learn some more good questions.

Eve Pomerantz is a Barnard junior.

On the first day when I walked to 109 Street I wondered, do they really need me here? Does the teacher really need my help? Will I fit in? Will they hate me?

want to volunteer? here's who to contact:

P.S. 165 Tutoring:
1 hour per week,
any weekday from 9am-3pm.

Tami Heisler
x3-1436 th288@columbia.edu
Naeha Dixit
x3-6708 nd116@columbia.edu
Patrick Higgiston
x3-2511 pmh66@columbia.edu
Anjan Mishra
x3-6818 am563@columbia.edu
Nathan Gardner-Andrews
x3-5339 ng136@columbia.edu

America Reads Program:
2 hours per week,
any weekday after 3pm.

Earl Hall x4-9622

Community Youth Program:
Group activities on Saturday
afternoons.

Yedida Rissman
x3-1052 yr69@columbia.edu

Mentoring Program:
The whole group meets for 2 hours on
Friday afternoons on Columbia's
campus.

Megha Desai
x3-1087 md396@columbia.edu
Alejandra Rosario
x3-2899 ar458@columbia.edu

good luck, and don't be
afraid to get involved!

tales from abroad abroad



by kiryn haslinger

After lunch today I asked my señora if I should put my dish in the sink or in the dishwasher, and she answered with a word I didn't understand. She responded to my blank expression of bewilderment by shouting the word louder and faster, I suppose to facilitate my understanding. "La grifa! La grifa!" she shouted, her face becoming angry and intolerant. If only I had remembered the word for faucet I would have understood that she wanted me to rinse my plate before putting it in the dishwasher. It's this type of conflict that intimidates me—makes me think I'll never be capable of learning this damn language—because that's what it becomes to me when I get that discouraged and helpless. I just hope I get it. The language is not the only thing to which I have not quite acclimated yet. I can't quite get the hang of nightlife here. I have been chided in my attempts to spend a quiet night out with a friend over coffee and dessert, a common weekend activity in New York.

The nightlife in Sevilla is a large part of the youth culture. Sevillano homes are very private and it is not

acceptable, under most circumstances, to invite non-family members into your house. In addition, children are completely dependent upon their parents until they have completed their schooling, which can easily last until they are 30. Young people do not live in inde-

pendent apartments, as is common in the US, but remain with or close to their families indefinitely. These customs have several interesting consequences, many of which became clear to me as I ventured out

last night to experience the entertainment culture of young Spaniards. Since dinner is served late (between nine and ten PM), nighttime activities begin around 11:30pm and it is common for people to stay out until five or six am on a Thursday, Friday, or Saturday night. A typical weekend evening begins with a botellón—a bag sold at cafés that encases a bottle of liquor of your choice, a bottle of soda of your choice, and five or six plastic cups. It is customary, then, to find an outdoor place to sit with friends and mix drinks before moving onto the many bars and clubs Sevilla has to offer. Many people take their botellón to Plaza del Salvador, a large square in the center of town that becomes as filled as Times Square on New Year's Eve with young people out for the night. Drinking in the streets is completely legal and even encouraged,

since most of the year the Mediterranean climate offers warm evenings conducive to staying outdoors.

Another popular place to meet and drink is the Parque de María Luisa—a beautiful park comparable to Central Park in size and splendor, by day. By night, I discovered, it is a place where hundreds—maybe thousands—of people congregate with their alcohol, their miniature car trunks open with music blasting—terrible remixes of early '90s American top 40 hits. (One Spaniard engaged me in a conversation about musical preferences, telling me his favorite artists are Bon Jovi and Brittany Spears.)

After the tailgate party in the park, I moved onto a discoteca. There are several of these clubs in the city, and most offer free admission for women and a small entrance fee for men. This particular club, a little more democratic in its policies, had a cover charge for everyone, but it was cheaper

for women—and they wouldn't let you in if you didn't have the right look. Once inside, I found two floors of blasting music—techno downstairs, and salsa upstairs—flashing lights, mixed drinks, and hundreds of people wearing as little clothing as possible. Most of them didn't have the first clue how to dance.

One of the strangest characteristics everywhere I have been after dark—and no doubt one of the principal consequences of the private households—is the outward physical displays of affection—or lust—everywhere you go. It is not uncommon, even in broad daylight, to witness unscrupulous couples making out in the street in broad daylight—an act our dear, Puritan country wouldn't stand for. But at night, the phenomenon increases, both in quantity and

<<next page>>

quality. In the park, on the streets, in clubs, and bars...it makes no difference since they can't go home with one another. Rumor has it that people—oppressed by their family household customs—make a habit of having sex in the park after dark. I've also been warned that it is a popular haven for prostitutes.

Flamenco bars are also popular hangouts, but usually for a somewhat older crowd. Some are bars where gitano (gypsy—the originators of Fla-

menco) men spontaneously play songs on their guitars while women dance Flamenco or Sevillanos (a simplified form of Flamenco). Other bars, called Tablaos, have more of a show atmosphere, but still allow for improvisation and dancing in the audience. The variety of musical genres New York has to offer doesn't really exist here, so for music lovers, Flamenco is the only outlet—that and Bon Jovi and Brittany Spears in the clubs.

My clubbing experience last night

was not my ideal evening on the town. But I have never been much of a clubbing person and I am positive New York has clubs and discotechs I would dislike just as much. But New York does offer more alternatives, a greater variety of nighttime activities.

Maybe if I stopped comparing Sevilla to my favorite city on earth I would enjoy it more.

Kiryn Haslinger is a Barnard junior and a bulletin columnist.

lettertotheeditor

Bravo to the *Bulletin* for the article entitled "Confessions of a Barnard Dominatrix." I applaud the *Bulletin's* willingness to tackle a taboo topic such as the world of BDSM. The first-person account will surely expand the minds of the community in relation to BDSM and its practitioners. BDSM must, unfortunately, remain a secret in many circles, as it is often regarded as "sick" or "perverted." This wonderful article is the first step towards understanding the differences in sexuality within our society. Well done!

— Califfa Davis

PS: Here are some resources available to students who want to find out more about BDSM: The website for The Eulenspiegel Society (<http://www.tes.org>) has a lot of information about the BDSM scene in and around New York. they hold lots of meetings and have exhibitions. Closer to campus, Conversio Virum (<http://www.columbia.edu/cv/cv>) has weekly meetings that cover topics such as safety and where to buy the best toys, minus the exhibitions.



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MEMO:

To: BC Class 2003

Re: Alumnae Mentor Program

Application Deadline: 02/23/01

Apply to be one of 30 Sophomores to participate in Barnard's newest Alumnae Program.

Check your mailboxes for applications and info.

For more info, contact Becky at x34544, or stop by the SGA office in 211 Upper McIntosh.