

barnardbulletin

20 february 2002

who is vinnie the tampon man?

what if
barnard
went
to-ed?

elementary hip hop
flows through campus



lunar new year
when time revolves
around the moon

neue
galerie
features
austrian
and
german
art

letter from the editors

If you had seen me about a week ago, you probably would have been rightly concerned for my mental wellbeing. I was huddled over a little green gadget, shivering slightly and barely holding back tears as my fingers stabbed spasmodically at the glowing display in my hand.

You see, my handheld organizer had crashed and I lost all the data I'd had in. Not just telephone numbers and a perfectly organized calendar. Some time ago, I'd stopped carrying a notebook around to record thoughts in. I had my trusty stylus and digital display. And now, it had all gone to the great big bonfire in cyberspace.

It's OK. No, really, I'm fine. Luckily, Barnard insurance covers primal-scream therapy.

I think I realized something about myself that day—well, after the shaking and the convulsive sobs had stopped. I realized that, despite my lifelong freedom from drugs, alcohol and tobacco, I am an addict. I am an addict to technology, a lowly slave to machines. And I am not alone.

Recently, I was standing in the lobby of Barnard Hall with a few other people, waiting for the elevator to come and take us to our 3rd floor classroom. It was about a minute before the class started. And we, four young women in varying degrees of decent physical condition, waited for the bloody elevator instead of opting for the stairs—which would probably have gotten us to the classroom sooner.

Why didn't we take the stairs? No, I don't think it was mere laziness. I think it was the faith, somewhere in the back of our well-conditioned minds, that the machine way is the better way. Machine good. Stairs bad. Machine good. Wait for machine. Machine will show the way.

On the first day the conveyor belt in Hewitt was broken, I personally saw a girl go over to the immobile thing, place her tray on it and stare in utter incomprehension, as if willing it to move. It took a service person's loud "it's broken!" to bring her out of the stupor. Unsteadily,

she plunked her tray on the cart, and stumbled out of Hewitt, casting bewildered glances over her shoulder. (I'm not making fun of her. Truth is, if the service person didn't tell us it was broken, I'd have had the same reaction)

Last semester, my Ethernet connection stopped working. In the week that it took somebody to come up and fix it, I went through every withdrawal symptom you can imagine. I would sit there in front of my monitor for twenty minutes at a time, clicking futilely on the Netscape icon, and feeling the rush of grief every time it "failed to establish connection". I would suddenly succumb to insane rage and kick my desk until the pain in my toe brought me around. Finally, I would run and get my fix in the public computer labs, where I would e-mail and IM furiously about how much I missed being connected. (Please note that all this time both my cell phone and my dorm room phone were working. Please note also that all the friends I e-mailed and iMed also have phones. But human voices are overrated, really. . .)

Have you seen The Matrix? The storyline is a bit farfetched—machines couldn't really take over the world, could they? But think about it. What would your life become if your alarm clock revolted? What about your radio? I'm not even going to mention the computer.

Am I proposing we tear the electric cords out of the walls, slip on white cotton shifts and begin singing hymns to the rain gods? Well, typing at my laptop, my MP3 player coiled in my lap, a cellular phone conveniently nearby, I probably wouldn't be all that convincing, now would I?

But if I can ask one thing of you, just one thing: If you ever carried a notebook around to record your thoughts in . . . please don't stop.

Renata Bystritsky & Thea Tagle
editors-in-chief

contributors

Sophomore, Annarose, from Milford, Connecticut plans to major in English. Love of Anna Quindlen and New York City brought

annarose
fitzgerald

this feminist to Barnard. This Sondheim musical fanatic and frequent *bulletin* writer's pet peeve is long lines.

This German speaking Political Science major from Yonkers, New York, whose grandmother was a Barnard alumna, can do a headstand for three full minutes! Adri-

adrienne
serbaroff

enne, who hates wearing thongs, is a staunch supporter of the distribution of Vinnie's tampon cases. She likes writing about interesting things for the *bulletin*.

Ilana, a junior majoring in English and psychology, likes roller coasters and stargazing. A Falls Church, Virginia native and a lover of

ilana
garon

dark, sensitive men, would like to see the *bulletin* become more popular. Hopefully, she will take a large part in achieving this goal as our newly appointed staff writer. She also enjoys risking her life nightly on her runs through Riverside Park.

barnardbulletin

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CROW Conference brings Anna Deavere Smith to Barnard

By Annarose Fitzgerald

At the opening of the 27th annual Scholar and the Feminist Conference, Barnard president Judith Shapiro commented on the overall purpose of this year's conference, titled Public Sentiments: Memory, Trauma, History, and Action: "We need to acknowledge the role of feeling in public life. [In recognizing that] the personal is political, we must also acknowledge that the political is personal in order to understand the broader implications of public trauma."

The conference was held on Saturday, Feb. 16 and was sponsored by the Center for Research on Women. Scholars, artists, and activists of all ages and ethnic backgrounds convened in Julius Held Lecture Hall to hear distinguished panelists discuss how

personal responses to mass trauma incidents initiates action to prevent similar events.

Many Barnard students were present as well; attendee Kimberly Norman, a first year, said that she came to the conference to get "a bunch of different perspectives, on more than September 11th. I appreciated that the conference went beyond [the WTC] and extended to the Holocaust and to the 1970's military coup in Chile, which I knew close to nothing about."

Panelists discussed how to give accurate representations of traumatic historical events, such as slavery and the Holocaust, without over-sensationalizing them.

The first panelist, Marianne Hirsch, professor of French and Comparative Literature at Dartmouth College, discussed photography as a means of keep-

ing memory alive. Hirsch is currently writing a book about the Holocaust and believes that photographs of survivors provide visual means of the transmission of sense and body memory." She showed slides of Holocaust survivors to illustrate her point, as well as a photograph representing the effects of September 11th. Featured in a Soho exhibition titled *Here is New York*, this picture zooms in on a person bearing a tattoo of

pher of these victims. When she heard Hirsch mention that the orange coloring behind the Twin Towers was sunlight, Rosette corrected her and stated that it was flames.

"[This is an example of] how people misread photos. In an age where we are constantly inundated with images from the media, it is important to remember to read visual images critically," Rosette said.



Ana Deavere Smith and Anne Pellegrini discuss memory and trauma.

While the majority of panelists raised concerns about the best ways to represent trauma, Nieves Ayress gave the audience a live example of effective communication of devastating political events. She told a story of how her life changed forever in Chile in 1973. On that day, the dictator Augusto Pinochet launched a military coup d'e-

the World Trade Center in flames and a tattered American flag dripping with blood. A gloved hand holds a syringe in the process of completing the tattoo with the numbers 9-11-01. "The body is a subject of the state, and [in this photo] an injury on the state is carved into one of its citizens," Hirsch said. "It is symbolic of the bodily effects of September 11th, [and also] generates mixed emotional responses of anger, defiance, and patriotism. The flag is tattered, but it is still waving."

A member of the audience, whose photography was also featured in the Soho exhibition, remarked that Hirsch might have made an error in her interpretation of the photograph. Jane Rosette, co-curator of the project AIDS: A Living Archive, has worked with lesbian AIDS victims for 18 years and has had extensive experience as a photogra-

phat and threw Ayress, her brother, and their father in prison for their involvement with the Movimiento de Izquierda Revolucionario (Left Revolutionary Movement). With the help of her translator Jill Earick, Ayress recounted the unbearable tortures she endured in prison for four years, the whole time during which she was blindfolded.

"[The soldiers] inserted electrical shocks into my eyes, mouth, nose, breasts, anus, and vagina. There were specially trained Doberman dogs to rape us," Ayress said. "For us, there is no forgetting and no forgiving. That was our September 11th."

At the conclusion of her narrative, Ayress told the audience that the personal is political "I blame the military, the rightists, the bourgeoisie, and the United States government. Nixon and Kissinger support-

bea**essentials**

DEADLINE FOR DROPPING COURSES this semester is Tuesday, February 26, 2002. Please remember that you **must be enrolled** for at least 12 points and that you may **take fewer points only for extraordinary reasons and with your Class Dean's approval.**

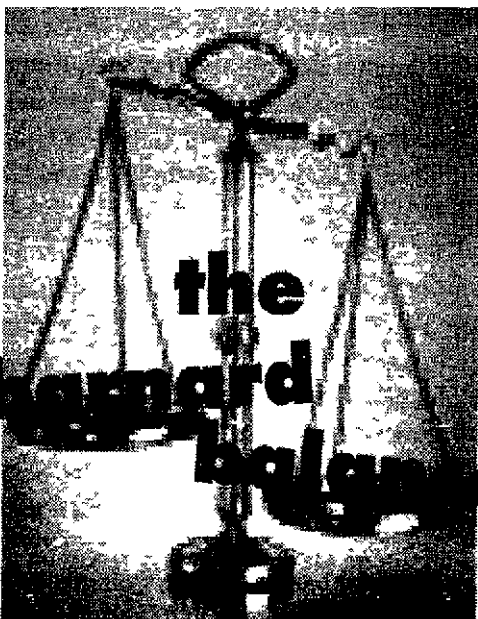
PREMED STUDENTS: The MCAT registration booklets are now available in the Dean of Studies Office. The deadline for registration for the April 20 test is March 15—but early registration is advisable to assure your choice of test location. Online registration is also available at www.mcat.org/mcat. Applications for the fee assistance program for the April test are due on February 27 and are available online for students planning to apply to medical school this coming year are strongly urged to take the April test.

SARAH LAWRENCE COLLEGE PROGRAM IN CUBA: We are pleased to announce Barnard has recently approved the Sarah Lawrence College Program in Cuba (fall semester only). Students take two courses at the University of Havana, a Spanish language course through the program, and a research course with an expert from the Centro de Estudios Demograficos, a research center at the University of Havana. Applicants must have taken at least the equiva-

lent of 4 semesters of college level Spanish and have a **cumulative GPA of 3.3.** Applications can be obtained from Dean Alperstein and are due by 4:00 p.m. on Wednesday 27 February. Please contact Dean Alperstein at x4-2024 or e-mail at jalperstein@barnard.edu if you have questions.

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 at http://travel.gov/passport_services.html. International students should speak with Dean Kuan Tsu about the impact of study abroad on your visa.

THE WRITING CENTER is offering **DROP IN HOURS.** People who are not able to find a conference on the sign-up sheet can stop by on Mondays at 7pm and Tuesdays at 1pm and work with a fellow on their writing on a first-come, first-served basis. For those who wish to sign up for a guaranteed conference, the Writing Center is open Sunday through Thursday, afternoons and evenings, and the sign-up sheet is posted one week in advance, every Monday by 5:30pm. Students are entitled to one conference a week. If you have questions, call the director of the Writing Center at 854-2724.



a weekly weighing of Barnard news

Chinese New Year -- another chance to make good on those resolutions (not to mention more wild parties).

Free webspace for Barnard Clubs, now anyone can put porn on the internet!

Increased NY taxes on cigarettes. Making poor college students pay more money for a precious source of stress relief? Boo

The Vagina Monologues sell out Miller Theater to benefit the Barnard-Columbia Rape Crisis/Anti-Violence support center and city anti-violence organizations. Happy V-Day.



= we love it



= we hate it

This week's total...



Barnard Balance love it or hate it? Let us know! E-mail bulletin@barnard.edu

Safer Sex Week Steams Up Campus

by Tara Coleman

Ever wanted to know exactly how to use a female condom? Participants in Columbia's annual Safer Sex Week now do, and learned many other tricks of the trade in the process.

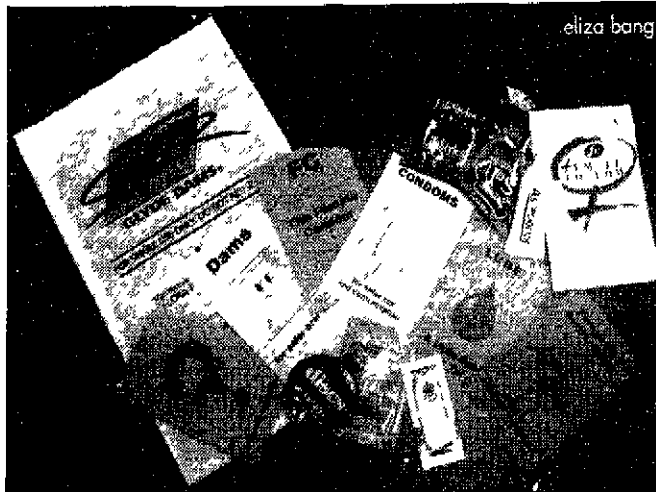
Safer Sex Week, which was sponsored by Alice!, Columbia's Health Education Program, featured four nights of "events for the mind, body, and soul."

It all started Sunday night with "Orgasm, Pleasure, and Pizza," where safer sex kits (available throughout the week) were distributed and described. Interactive discussions at the session ranged from, "what is so great about orgasm?" to "what is consent?"

Monday's session was "The Fine Art of Flirting," a discussion with flirtation expert, Fran Green. On Tuesday, students received "Hot and Spicy Salsa Lessons." Wednesday's finale was "Singing about Sex," an evening of a cappella groups doing just that—singing about love, relationships, and even the lack of it. The Kingsmen, Metrotones, Clefhangers, Bacchante, Uptown Vocal,

and Non Sequitor were all there, singing a range of numbers with a sexy twist. Best of all, the first 15-20 attendees to each event received free t-shirts in honor of the week.

Alice! director Judith Steinhart was in



Safer sex kits, along with many sensual info sessions, were served up last week by Alice!

charge of coordinating Safer Sex Week. Steinhart has been putting on Safer Sex Week for the past ten years, and much of the program remains unchanged since its inception. Purposely, the week coincides

with both Valentine's Day and National Condom Week.

"At the time [we began Safer Sex Week], condoms were really important," Steinhart said, "because condoms were not always as readily available as they are today." She added that since its inception, the program's goals have been increasingly geared towards education about pregnancy and STDs.

For students who missed the main events, Alice! and the Rape Crisis/Anti-Violence Support Center tabled all week long on the Lerner ramps, giving out free safer sex kits, consent cards, and candy, and allowing passers-by to guess how many condoms were in their jar. If you missed the excitement, stop by the Alice! office on the seventh floor of Lerner at any time to get information, or visit www.goaskalice.com. Also, be sure to keep an eye out for Alice's workshops and events throughout the semester.

Tara Coleman is a Barnard first year and the bulletin arts editor.

<<page 4>> ed the CIA and the FBI, who were on the side of the Chilean military," she said.

Ayress was exiled after her time in prison and lived in different places around the globe. She finally settled in the South Bronx and in 1987 co-founded Vamos a la Pena del Bronx a community center for the poor.

"You don't have to go to Afghanistan. We have our own Taliban here," Ayress said. "We have some of the poorest communities."

When Ayress spoke, she not only recounted her personal experience, she also addressed the political issues of the United States and Chile that led to her trauma.

Another panelist, Saidiya Hartman, an associate professor of English at the University of California at Berkeley, is currently working on a book titled

Strangers and Kin: Memory and the Legacy of the Transatlantic Slave Trade. She stressed that when documenting historical injustices such as slavery, it is important not to get so absorbed in the emotions of the stories that we forget to observe the power relations that caused this suffering in the first place.

Janet Jakobsen, director of CROW, reaffirmed this comment. "Sometimes the emotionally evocative story may stand in place for an analysis of the power structures that cause these traumas."

The conference ended with an afternoon panel discussion led by Ann Pellegrini, associate professor of Drama at the University of California at Irvine, and renowned actress and playwright Anna Deavere Smith, author of Twilight Los Angeles 1992 and Fires in the Mir-

ror, two one-woman plays about racial tensions in the United States. She currently teaches at Stanford University. Both women addressed the importance of merging the dramatic arts with activism.

Smith said of the conference, "I'm excited to bring people who know about organizing and activism with people who know how to bring an audience to their feet. We will not only have the emotional responses [that drama generates] but we will also be able to do something about it."

Pellegrini closed the conference by reasserting that bearing witness to trauma is not enough. "We are far less active than we think we are. Buying a book is not activism."

Annarose Fitzgerald is a Barnard sophomore

Congress Questions White House-Enron Relations

by Athena Masci

What began as plunging stocks and the laying off of thousands of employees has turned into a feeding frenzy of the righteous and inquisitive alike; both are ready to take a bite out of one of the biggest bankruptcy cases and largest corporate scandals in history.

When Enron executives and directors began selling off their stock options to prevent folding with their employer, those in charge were allegedly well aware of the offshore "secret partnerships" being sued to erase loss and debt from company records. Their duping of investors and employees can be traced all the way back to 1998.

Enron CEO Kenneth Lay reportedly made \$119 million in profits, in addition to possessing company stock used as collateral to repay his loans.

Enron filed for Chapter 11 bankruptcy December 2, after the company Dynegy pulled out of a \$9 billion merger deal. The next day, when 4,000 employees were fired and given 30 minutes to leave the building, the stock had plummeted from \$83 to \$0.42. As a result, 11,000 Enron employees were left with worthless 401K funds of Enron stock, trapped because Enron had not allowed them to diversify their stock portfolios.

According to CNN.com, Congress, has discovered that a lawyer from the Arthur Andersen accounting firm, which was in charge of auditing Enron's finances, sent a memo October 12 that began the process of shedding incriminating documents. This process continued until January 23, when Enron was forced to stop their activities.

Not only is Congress investigating these incidents, it is also trying to determine Enron's relationship to the White House. Enron has been contributing to

President George W. Bush's political campaigns ever since he was the governor of Texas. Bush, a proponent of energy deregulation, refused to come to the aid of consumers last year during the blackouts in California. This is suspect, as the blackout was partially caused by a price hike at Enron. Dick Cheney, before becoming vice president, was



Enron CEO Kenneth Lay pleaded the fifth amendment when asked to testify in a congressional hearing.

CEO of energy company Halliburton, and his ties to Enron are quite deep.

Now that hearings have begun on Capitol Hill, the General Accounting Office (GAO) has requested records of the activities of the special energy task force, formed by Bush and headed by Cheney, which advises Bush's National Energy Policy. Enron helped shape the new energy policy, as some of its executives were on said committee.

Cheney has denied that the GAO is privy to such information, and he has decided to withhold the information. He has said that the GAO's demand "erodes

executive privilege," a presidential discretionary privilege that allows Bush to suppress information that he believes has the potential to violate national security.

Bush's special energy task force is possibly in violation of the Federal Advisory Committee Act, which ensures that non-governmental influences on policy are made public. The activities of this committee do not have to be disclosed if it consisted solely of government employees. Energy executives who attended many meetings could be considered "de facto" members, however, in which case the committee's minutes would have to be released. Congress is currently asking for records of time, place, participants, and costs of meetings. According to senator Peter G. Fitzgerald, the question Congress wants answered is: "What process did [the Cheney Energy Group] use to develop the National Energy Policy?"

In the beginning of February, the GAO filed a lawsuit against the White House for obstructing the investigation, while the White House is counter-suing for the right of "executive privilege."

The Bush administration also has other Enron ties, including Attorney General John Ashcroft, who stepped down from overseeing the criminal investigation because of donations he received from Enron during his Missouri senatorial campaigns.

Barnard students have had mixed reactions to the Enron scandal.

"It has the potential to be the next Whitewater and I think it's a little embarrassing, giving the US negative publicity while we're still in the international spotlight," said sophomore Lauren Coles.

Athena Masci is a Barnard senior

got a comment? we want to hear it.
email the *bulletin* at bulletin@barnard.edu

Film addresses human rights abuses in El Salvador

by Liisa Maria Past

As a part of the Women in Public and International Affairs (WPIA) series, a film screening and discussion of Justice and the Generals, a documentary detailing the investigation of the torture and murder of four American churchwomen as well as wider human rights violations in El Salvador, took place Friday, Feb. 15 in SIPA.

"The current war on terrorism is much a like the war on communism I saw growing up, both of them giving rise to a number of human rights movements," remarked the producer and director Gail Pellett in introducing her film. She carried on to explain why the atrocities that happened in El Salvador in the early 1980s cannot be forgotten and how justice has to be done.

The documentary details events triggered by the rape and murder of three Catholic nuns and a lay missionary in El Salvador in 1980. As the State Department was reluctant to investigate the connections of the Salvadorian military leaders to the murders, as well as other incidents that mounted to a massive scale human rights abuses with tens of thousands of casualties, the brother of one of the victims, Bill Ford, started an investigation of his own.

The churchwomen, who had followed liberation theology by working with the poor in providing food and education, were abducted and subsequently raped and murdered during a time of political, economic, and military chaos in El Salvador. At the same time, tens of similar cases of murder and torture could be found. The film follows the search for the truth that Bill Ford carried out. Eventually his search led to

discoveries that allowed him with the aid of the Lawyers Committee for Human Rights to sue some of the Salvadorian military leaders in an US court. The trial set a precedent of trying military officials for human rights violations in a civil case, using the doctrine



Bill Ford speaks about the horrific human rights violations which resulted in his sister's 1980 death.

of command responsibility that states that a leader who knows or should know of the violations of someone is his line of command is as guilty as the violator. However, the jury did not convict the generals, as according to Ford they were given unfair directions and the burden of proof was unnecessarily on the plaintiff. Nevertheless, it was clearly established that the atrocities took place and there was torture and unlawful killings.

The screening was followed by a Q&A session with Pellett and other people closely related to the case.

Scott Greathead and Ken Hurwitz from the Lawyer's Committee for Human Rights explained the legal and political details of the case. Ford gave details of how the families of the victims became outraged by the lack of government action to investigate the murders and decided to seek justices themselves. Through his speech, Ford

explained how different institutions concerned in the case refused to take a closer look as they had other priorities.

The role of the United States and its institutions was also critically reviewed during the discussion. The US had supported the military regime and provided them with funds and guns. The US support for the junta regime is a controversial issue, as Greathead explained, as the American government sided with the party that was later tried in court for human rights violations. Both Greathead and Hurwitz explained that while the US had strong political responsibility for the events it would be unrealistic to establish direct legal responsibility, the accountability is more of a moral kind.

"I do this work to ensure that it would never happen again," said Ford when asked what drives him to carry on with the legal battles and to take part of public screenings. Ford, a lawyer himself, later admitted that the hardest part of his pursuit is to constantly change gears and fulfil different roles. Nevertheless, he plans to continue his quest for justice, as he sees himself carrying on with his sister's work, though in a different capacity. "I have other commitments so I cannot go to Salvador myself, but I have to do something to help the cause and this is my way," he explained.

Today new similar cases are forthcoming and the Ford et al case has been appealed with a different burden of proof. More information about the film is available at <http://www.pbs.org/wnet/justice/>

Liisa Maria Past is a Barnard junior

cooking on a shoestring budget

kitchen guru Alison Wayne shows you how to cook for cheap

The freezer should be your best friend. It can nourish you like your mom—in fact, your mom may send you food that should go right into the freezer, because freezing means that it lasts longer. Okay, you are not five, and you know that freezing food makes it last. But did you consider that freezing your food is also cheaper in the end? No, I am not just talking about frozen peas and spinach (and wonderful asparagus that I could not live without), but cooking your own food and then freezing it means that you don't have to cook every day, but you can still have hot food without succumbing to Koronet's. When you buy food in larger quantities it is usually cheaper. Plus, many foods have to be purchased such a large quantity that you cannot use them all at once, unless you make big meals and freeze what you don't eat right away. Of course, you want a home-cooked meal without having to make it now. Luckily, Cooking on a Shoestring has you covered for foods you can prepare and freeze in advance no matter what you have a taste for. Stuff your freezer with these goodies and let your microwave do the rest!

Instance #1: You're craving Italian. Do-it-yourself Lasagna

1 package lasagna noodles
1 8 oz. package mozzarella
1 8-10 oz. container ricotta
2 cans crushed tomatoes
1 egg



1 tbs. olive oil
1 clove garlic
salt
pepper
oregano
basil (optional)
crushed red pepper flakes
(optional)

Preheat your oven to 350 degrees. Heat up a large saucepan with the oil and garlic. Let the garlic sauté for just 30 seconds, then pour the tomatoes into the pan. Add the spices and let simmer for 15-20 minutes. Cook the lasagna noodles until just underdone, about 10 minutes (check the package). While the pasta boils, mix the ricotta, egg, salt, and pepper; set aside. Grate the mozzarella cheese and set that aside, too.

When the noodles are done, take out a 13 x 9 inch baking dish (I know I'm assuming you have one, but you can also use two 9 x 9 inch pans or any other combination that you have). Spread a thin layer of the sauce on the bottom of the pan. Then layer the following: noodles, ricotta, mozzarella (sprinkled), sauce, noodles again, etc.

Luckily, when you make lasagna, there is no wrong way to prepare it, so if you want mozzarella before ricotta, go ahead. It all cooks together anyway. But do make sure the sauce is on the bottom so the noodles don't stick!

Covering the dish with aluminum foil, bake the lasagna for about an hour, or until it looks bubbly. Cool it for 15-30 minutes if you aren't too hungry to wait—it will make cutting easier. When you are done with your

first servings, just wrap the rest of the lasagna up in aluminum foil and freezer bags, mark the date (and what it is), and chuck it into the freezer.

Instance #2: You are anti-carbs! Baked chicken

1 package boneless chicken breasts (about 1 pound)
1 tbs. olive oil
1 clove garlic, chopped
2 tsp. lemon juice
2 tsp. soy sauce
1 tsp. ginger (dried or fresh chopped)

Wash chicken breasts. (Why? So you don't get salmonella poisoning.) Toss chicken into plastic bag with oil, garlic, lemon juice, soy sauce, and ginger and marinate in refrigerator for 30 minutes. Preheat oven to 375 degrees. Put chicken in a baking pan and cover with aluminum foil. Bake for about 25 minutes or until clear juices run from the chicken and there is no pink inside. Again, eat your helping then wrap it up in aluminum foil and the freezer bag. The chicken will be waiting for you to heat it up.

Both of these recipes are easy to prepare, although you should be forewarned that the lasagna takes a good two hours from start to finish—you might want to save its preparation for a weekend. The chicken can be done anytime you have 30 minutes because you don't even need to marinate it in the fridge if you don't have time. Basically, buying in bulk will save you money and time, so do it and hold on to some of your hard-earned cash as well.

Alison Wayne is a Barnard sophomore

Elementary

Hip-Hop

Flows through campus

by Sharon Rose

If you are a mainstream hip-hop fan, you probably have an answer to the question Nas or Jay-Z? If you hate hip-hop it probably has something to do with video girls, violence, or too much bling-bling. If you know hip-hop, however, you're aware that there are artists with purpose and poise, who appreciate the opposite sex, and could care less who reigns as 'The King of New York.' Elementary hip-hop pursues this type of knowledge.

We want to make sure that there is an active presence of hip-hop on campus," said Nick Mitchell, a Columbia College sophomore and instrumental member of the group. "We want to meet with people who have a desire to know more about it, and also serve as a creative outlet for those who are already onto it."

Most likely you won't find yourself at an Elementary Hip-Hop meeting nodding your head to TRL, Hot 97 or club-hopping hip-hop. According to the group's official website, www.columbia.edu/cu/elementary.

Our taste is as varied as our membership, but as a rule we care much more about quality than album sales. We do not confine ourselves to the underground, but in our search for exciting, artistic, and innovative culture, we often end up there."

That is not to say that all commercial hip-hop is disliked at Elementary, nor is it ignored. Sometimes if we hear lyrics by some violent tongue that, say, degrades women, we'll download it and circulate it to the group as a joke. Really, our goal is to spread the idea that hip-hop is not a bunch of violent people degrading women," said Zach Levenson, a Columbia College freshman.

By definition, according to Vivian Loh, a Barnard College sophomore, Hip-hop culture consists of four major elements. First there's MC-ing, which is writing lyrics and rapping, like what you hear on the radio. Then there's DJ-ing, which is making the beats. Breakdancing and graffiti art are the other major elements, and something like beat-boxing is a sub-element. Most kids aren't familiar with all four elements.

All elementary meetings are covered at Elementary meetings, held on Tuesdays at 8:00 pm outside Lerner auditorium. Members of the group include DJs, lyricists, and break dancers, who share skills and expertise with the group. Most members are just hip-hop listeners, who either share opinions and knowledge or come to gain some. Often, people bring some of their original lyrics or beats to share them with the group.

One meeting a while ago we all moved down to J.J.'s Place to have a freestyle session. It was really fun—people would just get up and start rhyming," recalled Levenson.

If they don't have original material, people bring in favorite CDs or an album that recently dropped for the group to critique. A lot of times at meetings, we'll distribute an album that we think is worth discussing. Everyone listens to it over the week, and at the next meeting we give our opinions or point out the interesting lyrics," said Loh.

While all the members obviously share an interest in underground hip-hop, they each differ in their favorite artists, or classic albums. The diversity of the group makes it a great source for exposing one's ear to new and unique forms of hip-hop. Members recommend albums or shows they think worth seeing to each other.

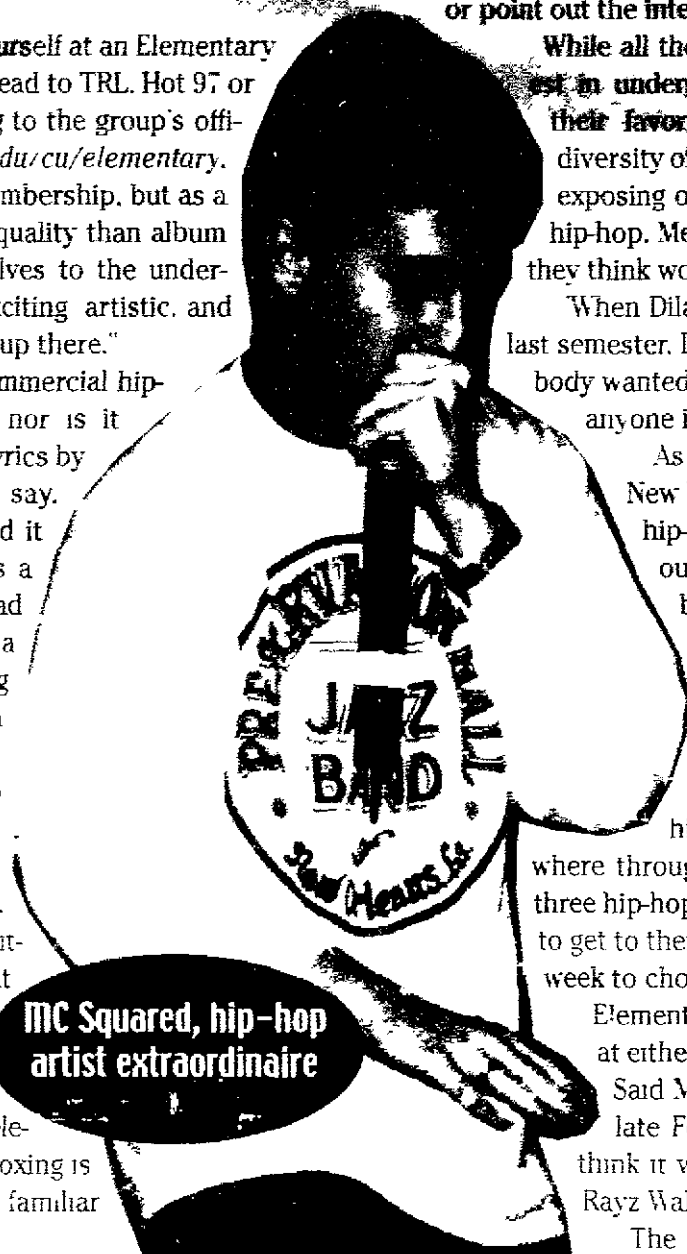
When Dilated Peoples played down at S.O.B.'s last semester, I sent out a mass e-mail asking if anybody wanted to go. I just organized to get tickets for anyone interested," said Loh.

As stated on their website, "We are in New York, the birthplace and epicenter of hip-hop culture. As college students on our hill, we have the opportunity to both immerse ourselves in the hip-hop culture, or occasionally step back, and examine hip-hop from an analytical standpoint."

Levenson definitely appreciates his prime location in the epicenter of hip-hop culture. "I'm from Virginia, where through all of high school I only went to three hip-hop shows, and I had to drive two hours to get to them. Here, there are five or six shows a week to choose from around the city."

Elementary Hip-Hop puts on its own shows at either Lerner Hall or other nearby venues. Said Mitchell, "We are planning a show for late February or early March. So far we think it will feature virtuoso, Aesop Rock, C-Rayz Walz, and T-Rukus."

The club is also plan- <<page 11>>



MC Squared, hip-hop artist extraordinaire

ning a panel discussion According to Mitchell, the group will cover issues on everything from underground labels and distribution to violence and exploitation of women in hip-hop

While waiting anxiously for these events, underground hip-hop fans can also listen to WBAR to get their fix. Levenson hosts The Viagra Show on Sundays from 4 to 6 pm. Another good option is Sean Younger's "Moments of Clarity," sched-

uled Wednesdays from 10 p.m. to 12 a.m.

Whether you already dig underground hip-hop or have never heard it before in your life, Elementary Hip-Hop will provide you with a unique perspective on this dynamic music movement.

Sharon Rose is a Barnard first year

wellwoman: how to deal with the freshman fifteen

Q I'm a first year student and I seem to have gained some weight last semester. Everyone seems to think it's normal but I'm ready to go on a diet. Can Well Woman suggest a good diet for me?

A You probably don't need a diet; it's better for you to develop healthy eating habits. When you diet by restricting calories, you lose water and muscle first. Carbohydrate (including sugar) and fat cravings increase, and metabolism decreases. This means that you

are actually more likely to binge and gain weight, not to mention that you'll lose your normal energy and feel more irritable.

To ensure optimal energy distribution, three moderately sized, balanced (with protein, carbohydrate & fat) meals should be accompanied by one to three balanced snacks every three to four hours. This helps blood sugar stay level throughout the day. Leaving too much time between meals increases the chance of overeating or making poor meal choices, making you more likely to

store fat.

Eating a balanced breakfast within the first hour of waking up is the best way to ensure optimal energy usage. When you skip or eat an inadequate breakfast, your metabolism isn't allowed to start. You'll probably overeat at another time during the day. Come to the Well Woman office. We have lots of nutrition information for you. Check out the Well Woman bulletin board in LL McIntosh for some interesting food pyramids. Call us anytime at 4-3063. We'd love to talk with you about your eating concerns.

"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.

digital divas: keeping your computer virus-free

A weekly column by RCAs—write to resnet@barnard.edu with computer related questions.

The beginning of a semester is a good time to check up on the anti-virus software installed on your computer. Making sure that your anti-virus software is updated and running properly now is better than having to deal with it later when your computer is infected the night before that term paper is due!

Installing Anti-Virus Software

Of course, you have anti-virus software installed, right? There is no longer any excuse not to be protected. Columbia University now has a license to distribute Norton Anti-Virus (NAV) software to its students. Click on <http://www.columbia.edu/acis/software/nav/> and download the appropriate version of NAV for your computer. Installation is very straightforward. Be sure to run a full system scan after installation!

Updating Norton Anti-Virus Definitions

It's not enough to just have Norton running on your computer; the software virus definitions must be continuously updated. Virus definitions are the most important part of the equation—they allow the software to identify potential trouble makers. NAV will automatically check for updates every two weeks, but it's a good idea to check the date of your last update once in awhile.

General Virus Dos and Don'ts

DO . . . update your virus definitions! . . . use discretion when downloading files from e-mail and the Internet! . . . keep an eye out for strange computer behavior!

DON'T . . . download e-mail files from unknown sender! . . . run your computer without virus protection! . . . go for two weeks without a full system scan!

Have a virus-free semester!

theatre

Noises Off

At Brooks Atkinson Theatre (256 W 47 St.)

A revival of the critically acclaimed British farce, *Noises Off*, is now playing at the Brooks Atkinson Theatre. *Noises Off* is a three-act play about actors putting on a new show for Broadway, and as the show progresses the play falls into greater and greater disarray.

The Olympian

At Liberty Theater (Broadway between 7 and 8 Ave.)

Elaine Stritch, a 76-year-old diva famous for Broadway shows such as *Company* and *Follies*, starts her own solo show Thurs. Feb 21. She is sarcastic yet energetic in this musical-comedy titled, *The Olympian*.

Neue Galerie brings

by Joyce Liu

While the Metropolitan Museum of Art was merrily celebrating Valentine's Day with such exhibits as Surrealism: Desire Unbound and Irving Penn's *Nude Bodies*, the Neue Galerie across the street was contemplating another matter: the "Age of Anxiety." This relatively tiny exhibit showcased an extensive collection of German and Austrian art from the period between the two world wars, and includes works by Gustav Klimt, Egon Schiele, Josef Hoffman and Wassily Kandinsky. Even on a rather quiet Sunday afternoon, the line of people waiting to see the exhibit stretched around the block. They had good reason to wait so long, as the exhibit had the most extensive collection of German and Austrian art from the turn of the twentieth century in recent memory.

The museum, as envisioned by the museum exhibition organizer, Serge Sabarsky (after whom the museum café is named), and businessman/philanthropist Ronald Lauder, was to be dedicated to early twentieth-century German and Austrian art. After Sabarsky's death in 1996, Lauder carried on the legacy and opened the Neue Galerie. It

was partly named after the original Neue Galerie in Vienna which, in the same spirit, sought to display the finest of German and Austrian works.

The museum today is three stories. The second floor (the first floor consists



Gustav Klimt's *Die Tänzerin (The Dancer)*

of a café, bookshop and design shop) is a collection of Austrian works. The earliest paintings were painted during the onset of World War I when Austria, then the Austro-Hungarian Empire, was facing its own demise. The malaise of the period is captured by Egon Schiele's *Flusslandschaft mit zwei Bäumen (River landscape with two trees)*. Painted in 1913, the landscape is depicted as a brown wasteland with two lifeless trees. Even Gustav Klimt, who is known for his flamboyant, bold colors cannot escape this overbearing ambience. His *Stein an der Donau, süder gesehen (Stone on the*

Danube, seen from the south) illustrates a gloomy plain with light-brown, lumpy clouds. Neither has a sign of life.

In the next room, this sentiment pervades. Alfred Kubin delves into the realm of fantastic, mythical creatures. His works include *Die Schlemmer (The Glutton)*, *Charon, Sterben (Dying)* and *Mann im Sturm (Man in a Storm)*. Drawn with Indian ink, these sketches conjure

anti-Valentine's Day Cheer

up images from the stories of Edgar Allan Poe and perhaps even Stephen King. In fact, Kubin illustrated some of Poe's books.

The second floor also consists of portraits, none of them smiling. Klimt displayed his flair for geometrics and floral designs. The featured Austrian painting was Klimt's unfinished *The Dancer*. The rendering is of a woman wearing a geometric-patterned robe whose brilliant colors effortlessly blend into the topiaries in the backdrop. Contrasting this are Schiele's portraits. They are a sort of spooky caricature. Some of his figures depict protruding ribcages, large foreheads, and confrontational expressions, as if undergoing some intense internal scrutiny.

Just when you thought it couldn't get any more bizarre, you come upon the third floor consisting of German Expressionism, Neue Sachlichkeit (New Practicality) and Bauhaus. The first room consists of great expressionists such as Wassily Kandinsky, Erich Heckel, and Ernst Ludwig Kirchner. Kandinsky catches your eye with his unorthodox use of color. In trying to express sensations such as sound and taste as tangible images, he combines seemingly dissonant colors such as lime green, pink and orange into asymmetrical, angular shapes. The painting is pushed to the brink of tackiness; yet Kandinsky manages to teeter on the edge. His contemporaries, Heckel and Kirchner, are brilliant in their own right. Kirchner's famous *Die Russische Tänzerin (The Russian Dancer)* is an amalgamation of Renoir and Chagall. Heckel's *Franzi (Girl with Doll)* must have been an inspiration for modern-day artist Keith Haring with its figure's angular body and thick black contours.

The redefining of bodies and shapes continues with the Neue Sachlichkeit movement in the second exhibit room. Here, we can see the seeds of modern

art. The room is structured in such a way that walking through the room, you are surrounded on both sides by eerie, almost surrealist portraits of people. The artists featured here include Otto Dix, Max Beckman and George Grosz.

Dix's works are deeply affected by World War I. Even with his realistic artistic style, his paintings (such as ones that have to do the battlefields of the war) communicate a gruesomeness that transcends into the paranormal. For instance, a pair of ashy, bullet-ridden legs sticking up in the air in a battle scene gives the painting that extra Daliesque effect. Wilhem Lehmbruck's sculpture (one of the few sculptures in the museum) *Kopf eine Denken (The Thinking head)* is of an elongated (a la alien from *AI*) bust. It was completed in 1918.

The final art room moves into the most modern phase of the entire exhibit. The setup is a distinction from the previous room. In the middle are pieces of furniture from the Bauhaus school – a school founded in 1919 to combine art and technology. Famous members such as Mies Van der Rohe and Marcel Breuer have concocted such innovations as a portable chair and the percolator. The paintings have also integrated a more scientific technique. Lyonel Feininger's *Die Blaue Wolke (The Blue Cloud)* is a strange mix of the geometrics of Escher and the surrealism of Magritte. Oskar Schlemmer's various paintings featured an early prototype of LEGO in which the body parts were made seemingly of either cylinders or squares.

The final room in the gallery was also the tiniest one. Along its walls were the portraits of all the featured artists. Some were broodings, other contemplating but none smiling. It was a perfect précis of the overall sentiment of the museum.

Joyce Liu is a Columbia first year

artspicks

...continued

film

Scratch

Doug Pray's new documentary *Scratch* has just opened in theaters. It explores the turntablist movement of hip-hop that has sent the D.J. back to the front of the stage. He interviews D.J.s from old-school hip-hop, and features performances from current leaders in the industry.

opera

La Boheme

Metropolitan Opera (call (212) 362-6000 for info)

The Metropolitan Opera is currently playing its last of three runs this season of Puccini's *La Boheme*, one of the greatest operatic masterpieces of all time. *The Marriage of Figaro*, *Tosca*, and *War and Peace* are also at the Met right now. They have student discount tickets of around \$30, so call them to find out more information!

music picks

for the week of february 20

february 20

Michelle Branch

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

She's younger than you, plays guitar about as well as you do, writes her own songs, and sells gazillions of records. Hey, as long she gets 14-year-old girls to pick up their big brothers' Strats, we're not complaining.

february 21

Mingus Big Band

At Fez (380 Lafayette St.) For more info, call 533-2680

Just a reminder: every Thursday night, some of the hottest young (and old) jazz musicians in NYC jam at Fez and have an absolute blast. There's a special ticket price for students, and it's one of the best nights of music you'll have for a long while.

february 22 & 23

Luna

At Maxwells (1039 Washington St., Hoboken) For more info, call (201) 653-1703

Head across the river to see

Klezmer at bringing old music

by Annarose Fitzgerald

"It is both young and old; urban and rural; jazz and rock; joyous and sad," wrote journalist Seth Rogovoy when describing klezmer. Klezmer is traditional Jewish folk music that dates back to the Middle Ages; currently it is experiencing an ongoing revival. Typically performed at weddings and bar mitzvahs, klezmer now has an international audience and can be heard everywhere from internet radio stations to major concert halls. In 1997, Itzhak Perlman led "In the Fiddler's House," a klezmer tour featuring four top contemporary klezmer groups. There are even groups that integrate reggae rhythms, techno, and New Age motifs with traditional Jewish sounds.

Klezmer was developed in Eastern Europe during medieval times, and was introduced into the United States with the influx of Jewish immigrants at the turn of the century. In a few short decades, however, the devastating losses of the Holocaust brought European klezmer to a halt. During the same time period, a movement toward assimilation occurred in the United States. Many immigrants, including Jews, began to express themselves through American musical forms, hoping to gain full acceptance as United States citizens. Klezmer music at last made a comeback in the 70s, a decade in which minority groups began to break away from assimilation trends and reclaim their traditional cultures. It was during this time that children and grandchildren of immigrants, raised in communities immersed in American popular culture, began to listen to their ancestor's original music.

With the interest in this unique musical style quickly growing, Barnard sophomore Asya Vaisman decided it was high time for Columbia to have a klezmer band of its own. "I've been listening to klezmer music for so long and really love it. When I saw that there was no klezmer band at Barnard

or Columbia, I realized things needed to change," she told the bulletin.

Vaisman, then a first year student, got to work in the spring of 2001 to bring one of the oldest—and hottest—Jewish musical traditions to Columbia. Launching a semester-long project involving flyering all over campus, recruiting members, and tabling at Hillel events, Vaisman finally got together a group of talented musicians eager to perform klezmer. However, there was still much work to be done before public performances could begin.



Funding was a major challenge for the band. Most of the musicians were classically trained and had never played klezmer before, and the band needed money to hire a coach. Vaisman applied for a grant, appealed to Hillel for a budget increase, and even asked other campus sources, such as the Columbia music department. "Acquiring funds definitely took a lot of work, and a lot of time," recalls Vaisman. The new band was lucky to get Jeff Warschauer, considered one of the best modern klezmer musicians, to coach them.

Columbia Klezmer is now in full swing. Vaisman, the band's vocalist, arranged for two performances at the Kraft Center last semester. This semester the group is look-

Columbia: to new audiences

ing forward to performing at Klezmerpalooza, an annual intercollegiate festival of klezmer music, where they will play with bands from Yale, Brown, and Princeton. "Because we've started so recently, we still have a pretty small repertoire," said Vaisman. "When we first started, we not only had to learn the songs themselves, but also the basic technique and style this type of music entails. Now that [Warschauer] has helped improve our style, hopefully we can start increasing our repertoire."



The group certainly has a wide range of music to choose from, as klezmer music encompasses a variety of tempos and moods. At family gatherings, fast and upbeat freylekhs are the song of choice. For more solemn occasions, the band might play a hora, a song with a more soulful, lamenting sound. Doynas provide opportunities for the musicians to improvise and show off their skills. Joey Weisenberg, a Columbia sophomore and the band's musical director, enjoys doynas because they are "free form, no meter. Everyone expresses their own soul and almost the entire band gets to solo." All vocal songs are performed in Yiddish; many are folk songs, while others were

written specifically for theater performances or operettas, and some use lyrics by prominent Yiddish poets.

The klezmer revival that started thirty years ago still remains strong today, and Vaisman's hard work has ensured that Columbia students will not miss out. This semester, the band consists of two flutes (Helen McCallister, Erica Phillips), violin (Lindsay Kuhn), clarinet (Jeremy Schiffer), and trumpet (Jenny Ruzow), as well as bass (Scott Arfin), percussion (Ilan Glazer), piano (Dan Abelon), and accordion (Ernie Rideout). Weisenberg plays mandolin and Vaisman supplies the vocals. Although knowledge of Yiddish is required for singing, most of the musicians do not speak Yiddish, and some are not even Jewish. What brings the individual members together is a shared passion to learn and perform a different kind of music.

Helen McCallister, a Barnard sophomore, said that klezmer helps her to enhance her classical skills: "If I can learn to improvise in klezmer, maybe I'll be able to improvise when I'm playing Bach or Mozart."

Now that Columbia Klezmer is an established group, it has its shares of both the joys and frustrations that arise with performing.

"Sometimes it's challenging," says Weisenberg. "When you're musical director, you want to give everybody a chance to share their ideas, but you also have to make sure that you accomplish your goals in time for performance." Overall, however, Vaisman feels she has been rewarded many times for her efforts: "It's awesome to be able to hear live klezmer twice a week right on my own block."

If you are interested in joining the band or want to be on its mailing list, please email klezmer@columbia.edu. You can also visit the group's webpage at <http://www.columbia.edu/~ev152/ckb>.

Annarose Fitzgerald is a Barnard sophomore

music picks

...continued

NYC favorites Luna play two nights of their usual brilliant indie rock to a crowd that undoubtedly will be cooler than you are.

february 23

Girls Against Boys

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

They're punk, they're electronica, they're industrial-math rock-prog-influenced-screaming-and-samples loud. Although their last couple albums have been critical disappointments, GVSB have been around for a while and plan to stay that way.

february 26

The Indigo Girls

At Bowery Ballroom (6 Delancey St.)

For more info, call 553-2111

At some point, you have probably sat around a campfire and sang an Indigo Girls song accompanied by a chorus of acoustic guitars. Expect, as always, an almost entirely female audience rocking out and screaming wildly. And if "Galileo" gets played, it'll probably be the last encore.

Dip and Dive on Merritt's Musical Plain

Stephin Merritt - Eban & Charley, original soundtrack (Merge)

The genius of Stephin Merritt's music lies in its simplicity. He composes short indie pop songs with catchy melodies and clever lyrics that are both witty and depressing, beautiful and heart-wrenching. Until recently, however, not many have had the chance to hear his songs. Although he released his first record in 1991, Merritt and his music remained relatively obscure until the 1999 release of *69 Love Songs* (under the band name The Magnetic Fields) took the music world by storm. Now, fresh off the heels of finishing two different records (*I'm Lonely [And I Love It]* and *Hyacinths & Thistles*) under two different pseudonyms (Future Bible Heroes and The 6ths, respectively), Merritt has finally branched out on his own.

Merritt temporarily abandoned his four other musical ventures after writer-director James Bolton approached him to ask him to compose the score for his debut feature- <<next page>>

Break Ground with Kyle Fischer

Kyle Fischer - Open Ground (Polyvinyl Records)

Rainer Maria's Kyle Fischer is a sensitive boy. This has both its good and bad points—how you like him all depends on the mood you are in when listening to his solo debut, *Open Ground*. At times, I felt like I could connect with Fischer's angsty, dryly funny lyrics; but then again, there were times when I wanted to smash the album against a very hard wall. In any case, Fischer's new album is recommended for those marking their calendars until the next Rainer Maria release, and for mellow listeners too.

Forget about rocking out to *Open Ground*—if you're looking for a rollicking good time, you'd be better off playing croquet with your great-uncle Bill. Much like Mike Kinsella's solo effort, Fischer eschews the louder guitars and wailing for soft acoustics, stringed instruments, and whispered pleas. Yet, there are hints of madness in "Noon Day Song," providing a peek into his demons within.

Fischer's song-writing is at top form in this album, with little gems of wisdom at every turn. "Christopher Isherwood," a sweet little ditty sung by Fischer with a slight Southern drawl, says: "Pardon the cliché, but I'm falling to bits/ pardon my French, I love you larger than a postcard/ more than an envelope can hold/ stuffed full." The track "Temple, Texas," is a lyrical ride, with a <<next page>>

w b a r weekly top 5

a wbar dj voices her favs

1 "Temptation" by New Order:

This song makes an appearance on every mix tape I make and almost every radio show I broadcast. When I first heard it I think I played it on repeat for about 8 hours straight, which is intense but not that crazy, seeing as the song is about 7 minutes and 11 seconds long. New Order was also spawned from one of my other favorite groups, Joy Division, so I think I favor it for other reasons, too.

2 "Going Underground" by The Jam:

The way that Paul Weller sings in this song is so amazing, the way he says, "mmm, hal" and makes his t's trail off ... wow! This song makes me dance and reminds me of spending summers driving around with a friend - always a plus.

3 Either "Oh Sweet Nuthin" or "Beginning to See the Light" by the Velvet Underground:

Please, don't make me pick just one! Both are just so pretty, and for me, bizarrely calming. Alls I can say is thank you Uncle Lou. What's up Long Island?!

4 Pablo and Andrea by Yo La Tengo:

The beginning of this song is what really kills me: how it doesn't seem like the organ and the drums are going to be in time with one another, but then it all matches perfectly. I can't imagine people not liking Yo La Tengo; they're just so good, and really rad live.

5 "Never Understand" by the Jesus and Marychain:

Hurray for Scotland, that's to start.

This song has so much distortion and feedback in it, and I love me some noise. I also really enjoy the screaming outro. Just a brilliant song by one of my favorite bands, and if you don't know them I encourage you to look them up.

Jennie Sparandara, a Barnard senior, is the general manager of WBAR. Her show, "Jennie's House of Tae Rock Do" is 6-8 pm Tuesdays

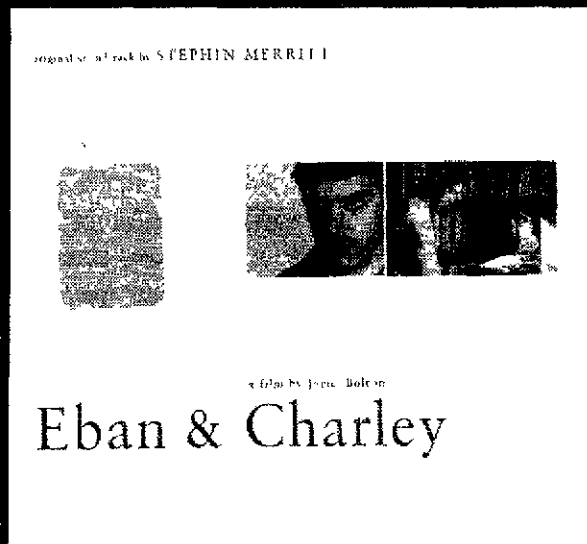


this week's dj is jennie sparandara

<<previous page>> length film. The film is called *Eban & Charley*, and it is a May-December love story about two gay men. After viewing the film and liking the finished product, Merritt agreed. The soundtrack departs from Merritt's previous work, as it fuses experimental instrumental pieces with his signature pop songs to create a musical landscape of hills and valleys. Dip into Merritt's psyche in his remake of the song "Greensleeves" one minute and travel along with the "tiny flying player pianos" in the eponymous track the next minute.

Although all of the songs on the 36 minute soundtrack album are captivating, a few are a bit obscure. Take, for example, the nearly seven-minute long track, "Stage Rain," in which Merritt superimposes the sound of crickets chirping over the dull roar of a rolling ocean. Rather than being a nuisance, however, tracks such as these serve as pit stops on a larger journey, a place to rest momentarily until Merritt's deep velvety voice coaxes you back on to his planned travel route.

The most convincing songs on the album are those that merge a simple melody with Merritt's voice. Merritt himself seems to recognize this. On the sparse and beautiful "This Little Ukulele," Merritt croons: "I wish I had an orchestra behind me/when you lose faith an orchestra gives proof/well an orchestra can tell you pretty stories/ but this little ukulele tells the truth." And by the song's final note, you believe him.



- Lisa Poggiali

<<previous page>> surprising bit of politics thrown in "Temple, your mother's your sister / You kill your young firstborn sons/ redhead boys selling nosebleeds and sleepless nights."

His voice, though not pretty by any means, has a childish self-consciousness to it that is endearing when singing about such 'adult' topics. At times it almost sounds off key. I even questioned whether he had hit puberty, as his voice cracked a few times throughout. When compared to the



pretty boy posturing that so-called emo bands have adopted lately, his unaltered voice was a welcome difference. Keep cracking, Kyle!

Though Fischer played nearly all of the instruments in *Open Ground*, RM's Caitlin De Marrais and Mike Kinsella (formerly of American Football) contributed their talents unselfishly to the album. "Too Soon to Know" was written and performed by De Marrais, and Kinsella played drums on all the tracks except one. Too bad there are no duets between Fischer and his guests; I think it would have been a welcome addition to this album.

I would say that I enjoyed "Too Soon to Know" and "Just One More Day" the most, but seeing as De Marrais sang them both, it wouldn't be a fair assessment of Fischer's solo talent. He is definitely a musician in his own right: his witty lyrics and musical sensibilities make this a solid album. Just as Fischer keeps his profile low while playing with Rainer Maria, his solo effort reveals the same reservations. Think of this as background music to a really cutesy, sorta sad, art house film. It could be pretentious, but it's engaging all the same. Understand that, and your appreciation of Kyle Fischer will go far.

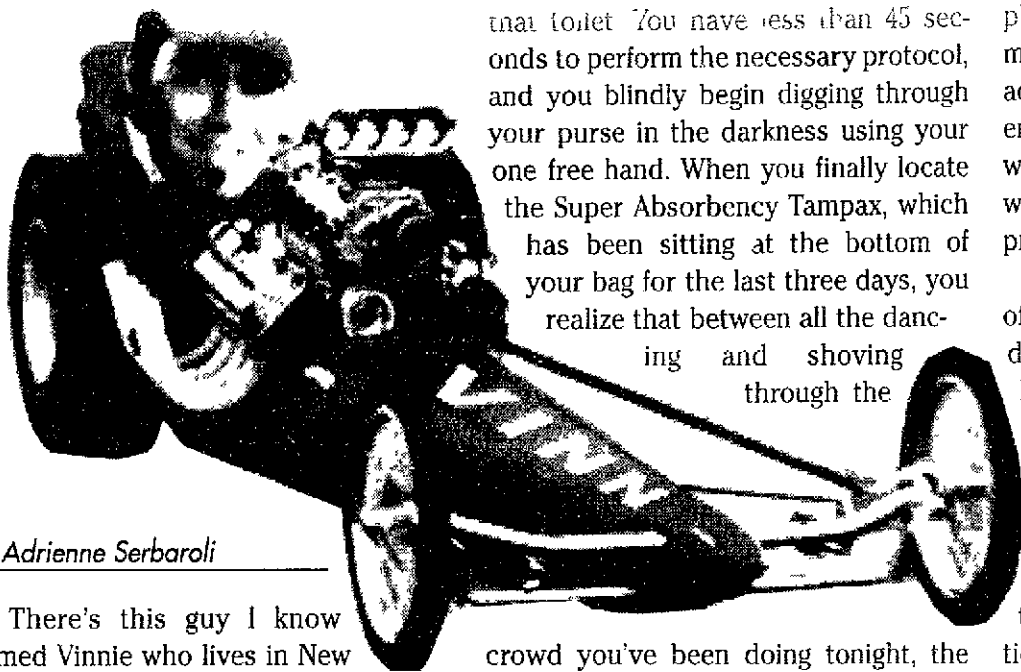
-Thea Tagle

Be a Bulletina!

**Come to our weekly meetings, Mondays at 8 pm in LL Mac...
(we'll feed you if you come at 7:30!)**

OR EMAIL US @ bulletin@barnard.edu

My Two Best Friends:



By Adrienne Serbaroli

There's this guy I know named Vinnie who lives in New York. Maybe you've heard of him? He sells tampon cases. Yeah, that's right—cases for your tampons. Who's ever heard of a special case just for tampons? Well, heck, even if you haven't, isn't that a really clever idea? In all practicality, how familiar does this scenario sound? It's Day Three of your Auntie Flo's visit, and you find yourself in a cramped, murky bathroom stall on a Saturday night. You realize too late that the toilet underneath your skillful squatting position looks similar to the one in the movie, *Trainspotting*. But you've just waited 10 minutes for a free stall and the inebriated females who are next in line are knocking incessantly on the door you are trying to keep closed with one elbow, while you execute a balancing act that would easily land you in the final callbacks of the Barnum & Bailey circus. All this simply to keep from letting any part of you touch anything near

that toilet. You have less than 45 seconds to perform the necessary protocol, and you blindly begin digging through your purse in the darkness using your one free hand. When you finally locate the Super Absorbency Tampax, which has been sitting at the bottom of your bag for the last three days, you realize that between all the dancing and shoving through the

crowd you've been doing tonight, the darn thing has, of course, come undone, and it is no longer a sanitary implement. "Great!" you can't help but shout over

**But who is this Vinnie guy?
And why is he making tampon
cases for women?"** I'm glad
you asked, for that is precisely
what I am here to tell you.

the clamor of the ladies' room, as the maelstrom of toilet paper you've just gathered flies over your head in vast dismay. What happens next is something not worth mentioning here. What I would like to point out, however, is that if you'd had a Vinnie's Tampon Case in that purse to protect your sanitary sup-

plies, this situation would have had a much more pleasant ending. "Fine," you admit, "so it happened to me last weekend. But who is this Vinnie guy? And why is he making tampon cases for women?" I'm glad you asked, for that is precisely what I am here to tell you.

I first learned of Vinnie in September of 2000, when I saw him featured in a documentary film about odd jobs in New York City. Because I thought his idea was stellar, I looked him up on the Internet, and could not resist expressing to him what a cool guy I thought he was. In the documentary, he had talked about how he got into the business of tampon case distribution. "Since high school, I have heard women complaining about tampons for all kinds of reasons—they're too expensive, which brands they prefer, how they get broken in your bag." He concluded that, well, he couldn't make tampons, and he couldn't make them less expensive, but he could keep them from getting broken. And hence the idea for Vinnie's Tampon Cases was born.

A few weeks ago, I was lucky enough to finally catch up with this tampon extraordinaire and interview him. It turns out there is much more behind this moneymaking facade than meets the eye. Allow me to elaborate. If you owned one of these gems, you would find that it has great conversation topic potential: mine, for example, is a decorated canvas pouch with wild, cartoonish depictions, including Vinnie's name in bold letters, and some ridiculous drawings of himself and what he does ("I brake for cycles!"). He even includes a

CELEBRATION OF BLACK WOMANHOOD WEEK

along with

BLACK HERITAGE MONTH & WOMEN'S HISTORY MONTH

announce their keynote speaker

DR. SONIA SANCHEZ

a renowned and dynamic woman

Please attend what will be a remarkable event *Thursday, February 28 in Lower Level McIntosh at 7 pm*

Vinnie *and* Tampons

Period Chart in every case, where you can keep track of your flow as well as your pals'.

Now, because I am from Barnard, and I am writing an article that will reach a predominantly female, and thus fully aware group of activists, Vinnie shared with me something he has only talked about in one other interview. The reason he doesn't usually talk about the more serious side of his work, (can you believe there is actually something serious about a guy who does this for a living?) is because he wants women to simply enjoy his product's usefulness while at the same time finding it amusing. The fact that this item has the ability to become a conversation topic is part of a clever ploy thought up by Vinnie himself (and here is where the seriousness comes in): what it comes down to, is that "guys need to get more information." (I'll tell me about it!) According to Vinnie, (and most of the Women's Studies texts you've probably read at Barnard) society doesn't educate men enough about women. Anything that has to do with women's issues is something men have been conditioned not to ask about. "So by putting my name on [the cases], it makes men ask about it."

To demonstrate this theory, Vinnie recounted an example of a situation that

happens to him 'all the time.' He'll be at a basketball game, wearing his logo-crested jacket, and a guy who is curious



Vinnie's Tampon cases

as to why he is openly choosing to associate himself with intimate feminine products will come up to him. This will prompt a conversation, and thus something inconceivable will occur: two men who don't know each other will be standing around at a sporting event talking about tampons. It's as though, simply through tampon case distribution, Vinnie has been single-handedly bringing men to the table, without their knowing they're even at the table. I told him about our on-campus event Take Back The Night (an annual vigil which provides emotional support and solidarity for those who have been sexually abused), and you can bet you will see

him there this coming April.

So, now that you've realized that Vinnie is the perfect guy—funny, clever, and a feminist—you probably have also assumed that he is gay. Alas! Thou art mistaken! There is a woman out there who is lucky enough to claim the title "Girlfriend to the Tampon Case Guy," and her name is Sarah. When I asked her how it feels to have such a prestigious title, she just laughed, and gave me some more insight about Vinnie, "People say I have the most sensitive boyfriend, and it's really true! The tampon case idea is not about business for him; it's about changing people's perspectives." She also shared with me how lucky she feels to have a boyfriend who does the dishes and cleans the bathroom. And all this after 5 years of being together! Can this situation seem anymore unrealistic? uess this just proves once again that all the good ones are indeed taken. Keep on searching, ladies.

To purchase some genuine Vinnie's Tampon Cases and support this great enterprise, or to just tell Vinnie how awesome he is, go to www.tamponcase.com or www.knowyourflow.com.

Adrienne Serbaroli is a Barnard senior.

Calling all Snap Happy Observers

The Barnard Bulletin would like to rekindle feelings associated with the college decision process. In case you haven't noticed, Barnard College is touted as a fine educational institution located in New York City. New York City undoubtedly contributed to your choice of matriculation. Show your love. Send us any picture taken in the five boroughs along with a 100-200 word blurb to accompany each photo and we will showcase your work.

Disposable camera connoisseurs, dark-room proficient whiz kids and pseudo-paparazzi will all be considered. Send scanned and digital photos to ml703@columbia.edu.



New Year

When Time Revolves Around the Moon

by Madeline Vivian Loh

While I was growing up in Hong Kong, the Lunar New Year always made an impression on me. Perhaps it was the bright lights reflecting off Victoria Harbor, showing off the skyscrapers of Kowloon and Hong Kong, or maybe it was the traditional sweets that the Chinese Language Department teachers brought for their elementary school students. Maybe it was the hongbao also known as laisee, red envelopes filled with crisp bills, that the children received from the elders. It is rather astonishing to me that these aspects of the Chinese New Year would leap out at me because I happened to spend most of them on another island, Taiwan. And yet, my most recent Guo Nian, or the passing of the new year, experiences are from mainland China. Taiwan conjures images of the extended family gatherings, going to my grandmother's tomb to pay respects, and setting off miniature fireworks in the backyard. China reminds me of the two week period, known as Spring Festival, in which cities are on virtual shutdown as most people return to the laojia, family home, in the country. The one theme that connects the three geographical locations lies not only in the shared Chinese population, but also the universal gathering of the family.

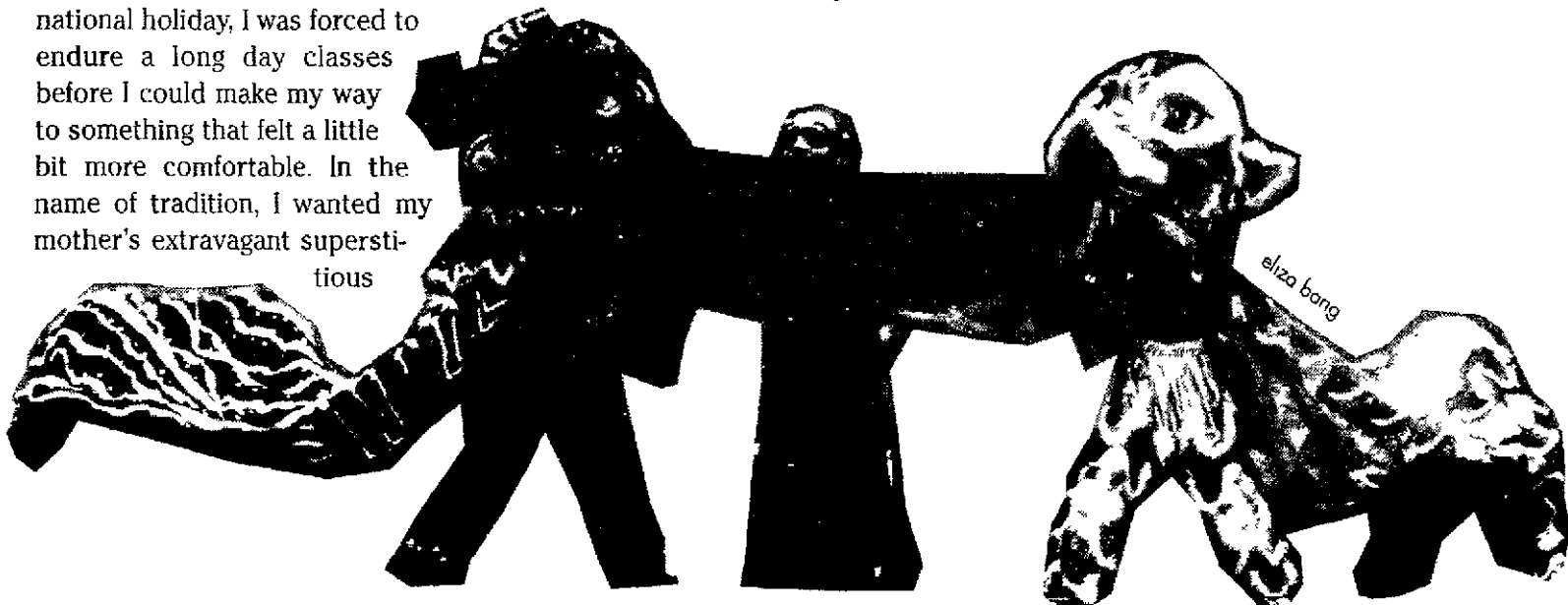
Displaced or misplaced, lonely and hungry, Chinese New Year hit a soft spot in my heart this year. Away from home, away from family, and away from a country that formally recognizes the Lunar New Year as a national holiday, I was forced to endure a long day classes before I could make my way to something that felt a little bit more comfortable. In the name of tradition, I wanted my mother's extravagant superstitious

guonian dinner: steamed fish, representing a year of bountifulness; noodles for long life; dumplings in the shape of gold nuggets; and Chairman Mao's favorite, roast pork so tender it melts in the mouth. I wanted the lion dances, the fireworks to scare away the evil spirits, sweet kumquats and salty watermelon seeds, and of course, my hongbao.

In my state of cultural hunger, I headed down to Chinatown on the day of the New Year, February 12. The streets were a ghost town. Shops were closed early, but the restaurants were overflowing. Lines formed outside dining establishments while the hawkers who litter the streets by day were visibly absent. There were no fireworks, no lion dances, and not a single filled hongbao. Families were enjoying dinner together, wishing each other well for the New Year.

However, quiet in Chinatown is a blatant oxymoron, as one will observe on February 24, 2002. Being that this day will, for the purposes of New York City parade permits, officially recognize Chinese New Year. Go early for the best viewing locations around Mott Street. There will be different types of martial arts performances, acrobatics, lion dances and all the appropriate colorful costumes. There will be drumming, firecrackers, and noise makers to scare away the evil spirits, and sweets so that any who eats the candied lotus root, caramel and fruit will have sweet nothings pouring from their lips. This festival is a celebration of the cultural superstitions, familial gatherings, and the traditions that follow from both.

Madeline Vivian Loh is a Barnard sophomore and bulletin nyc living editor



What if Barnard Went

Co-ed?



By Ilana Garon

During her first year at Barnard, a friend of mine noticed a mural by the bathroom which her RA had put up, encouraging the residents to write their thoughts on the "Barnard Experience." Students wrote everything from, "I love it here! I've made so many good friends!" to "I miss home ... the work here makes everything so stressful!" to "Why can't we get these bathrooms cleaned more often?" My friend, in an innocent gesture, wrote, "Barnard would be perfect if it just had guys!"

Oops. Big mistake. She proceeded to get a pounding from a bulletin writer claiming that my friend was missing the very essence of what it meant to be a Barnard student. This was followed by some heated debates on this subject.

Although the issue was eventually dropped, the experience was thought-provoking. On the one hand, I think that Barnard is an incredible school. I love being here. I wake up in the morning in my art-deco style apartment (let's face it ... there's no way I'll ever afford anything close to this once I graduate), and get ready for classes that I find to be incredibly stimulating. I set up meetings with professors and advisors who actually know my first name, ask me how I'm doing, and are always ready to help me with whatever academic endeavor I'm pursuing at the moment. I bounce around campus, taking active roles in different student organizations at Barnard and Columbia, socializing, brainstorming, and generally relishing

the privilege of being constantly surrounded by brilliant and eclectic women.

Then there's the other side of it, the side that became all too apparent in the post-SAT frenzy of freshman year. We'll call it a Barnard-Columbia "rivalry," only I believe that it is more than just that. The word implies that there are opposing teams, with both sides evenly matched. While I fully believe that the Barnard students are just as smart and motivated as our counterparts on the other side of Broadway, that opinion doesn't seem to be held across the board.

There are some who believe that Barnard classes are easier than those at Columbia, that Barnard students are less intelligent, and that students

choose Barnard as a backdoor entrance into Columbia because their SAT scores weren't high enough for Columbia's standards. We are treated by some at this university with great disrespect. These students abhor our institution and its proximity to their own, complaining loudly about the fact that "Barnard girls" are enrolled in Columbia classes, participating in Columbia activities, and getting a Columbia degree. Walking into a class at Columbia, I sometimes feel that I have to work twice as hard to prove my intelligence. Such is the legacy of going to the "other" college.

In my mind, this "Barnard-bashing" is especially demonstrative of one thing: the pervasive sexism in this community. There are men who cannot handle the idea that women have aspirations that

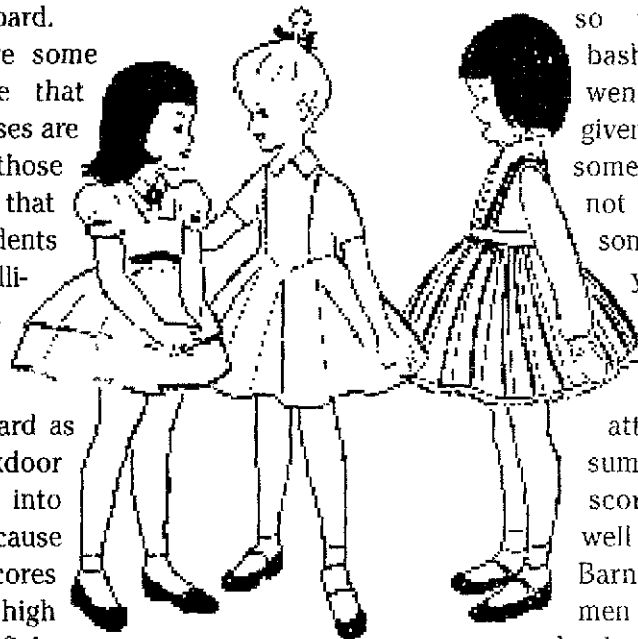
do not include a male presence in any way, shape, or form. It is intolerable to them that we would attend an institution that is known for producing capable women, an institution that wouldn't merge with its male counterpart when given the option in the early 80s. To these men, the idea of women rising to the top of the academic fields is positively frightening.

I do not think there would be nearly so much Barnard-bashing if Barnard went co-ed. And given how vicious it sometimes gets, it's not entirely unreasonable that a first year, whose choice to attend Barnard was attributed to presumably lower SAT scores, might very well wish that Barnard accepted men as well. If this school was not made up

entirely of women, or if it had merged with Columbia, I don't think Barnard students would be such a popular target for its elitist, chauvinist, and egocentric detractors. (They'd find someone else to pick on, no doubt.)

As for me, would I change things? Would I sacrifice the incalculable benefits of a Barnard education in order to avoid the condescension, insults, and the belittling that sometimes comes with being a student here? Never in a million years. Barnard has given its women a place where limitless intellectual possibility can be explored. And nothing can take that away.

Ilana Garon is a Barnard junior



Only the lonely: those mid-winter Blues

by Lauren Veloski

It's a mid-winter story.

January lazes through, and life is good. Then school starts up and everything goes dark, mediocre. February clings like a leech to the progress of the seasons; tricky Valentine's Day; two or three more months of half-assed winter; and, for us seniors, the approach of the awesome peril that is the real world. It goes on and on, this story of loneliness.

Let's begin with the lighter stuff: first, our favorite holiday, Valentine's Day. Every year, I am amazed by the chorus of girls (and boys, though they're not schooled to feel as inadequate as us) who lament over getting through the day without a boyfriend or girlfriend. But is it really so catastrophic? If no guy pulls together the sufficient amount of wits to head to the local florist to buy some seriously overpriced roses. This would've rocked your world.

Most of my single friends have learned to sidestep the self-pity, and now just have fun on Valentine's Day. When else is life so simple? Of course, wanting to be with someone is only human. People need people. And people get lonely. It's that same, sad mid-winter story.

There are countless examples of loneliness. Last month, as the first cold fronts were sweeping in, an unsupervised President Bush was watching a football game when he choked on a pretzel, went unconscious, and fell to the floor. He was revived eventually, but let's examine this a bit further.

If we forget for a moment that this story reeks of tricky PR manipulations—conspiracy theorists say it's a big cover up to hide a debilitating dis-

ease—this is essentially the story of one man, alone. With his demons. No, seriously: football and pretzels? How did the secret service let that slip by?

It's the same mid-winter story. The president snacks alone (and is the lone inhabitant of his oil-town universe, but that's another story). We singles get through Valentine's Day alone. We soon-to-graduate Barnard students face the whole wide world, alone.

But there are other walking examples of solitude. Until recently, I've been avoiding articles on John Walker Lindh—the American charged as a terrorist and shipped home for judgment. The media's intense interest in him seemed so screwy and his case so hopeless that I didn't want to hear anything about it. But maybe we all need to sit up and take notice—not at the gross media spectacle of Lindh's undoing, but at the tragedy of it.

Maybe he is guilty of plotting murder. I don't know. If he is, that is a separate issue. But—just working from first impressions—Lindh looks so unaware and detrimentally doped up that it seems nothing less than first-rate lunacy to imagine this single checked-out boy toiling away as one of bin Laden's brutal top operatives. Was he anything more than a very screwed up kid in a very screwed up situation?

We don't know and our government doesn't care. That's the problem. Now thinking critically about America might set you on the road to life in prison, death by lethal injection. No one seems to care if Lindh was actually involved in Al Qaeda or if he just fell, cut like, into a bad situation. Into bad facial hair. His parents, heartbroken to the point of torment, tearful in every appeal, promise that their son loves his coun-

try. But John Walker Lindh is truly alone. Dead at the age of 20, one way or another. Another mid-winter story.

Let's return to our lonely-hearted President. Comic genius that he is, Bush opened this year's State of the Union address with a humorous introduction: "our nation is at war, our economy is in recession, and the civilized world faces unprecedented dangers. Yet the state of our union has never been stronger."

But things became dramatically less funny when his plea for military funds landed on one particularly show-stopping term. Bush declared Iran, Iraq, and North Korea an "axis of evil". Countries and cultures and families whose humanity is so beside the point we might as well disregard it all together. This is the banner the government would have us march into 2002 under. This is our mid-winter crisis. This is the world's loneliness.

Let's turn now to the Olympics—a rare, heartfelt gesture of global goodwill. Unfortunately, the spirit of peace they represent came crawling through the Opening Ceremonies on its hands and knees, bogged down with the extreme heft of U.S. patriotism. And around the same time last week, a terrorism alert culminated in the disturbing death of a 25-year-old Al Qaeda suspect who, cornered by officials in a Yemen suburb, blew himself up with a grenade.

True loneliness is violence. True loneliness is purported freedom-fighter Americans against a faceless axis of supposedly unmediated evil.

Two or three months left of winter. When did things get so serious?

Lauren Veloski is a Barnard senior

correction:

in the first issue's commentary piece, "columbia's suicidal complex," Niket Doshi's death was incorrectly referred to as a suicide. it should have been more accurately called an apparent suicide. the *bulletin* apologizes for this error.

really deep thoughts

by Liliana Segura

Some time ago, I told my sister that if I found my life unable to accommodate a dog, she should point it out as a sign of my misplaced priorities. As someone who has grown up with a dog since I was little, the thought of living without one was simply antithetical to the lifestyle I strove for.

Now I'm not so sure.

Don't get me wrong; I am far from falling out of love with dogs—they remain, in my opinion, the ideal pets for furry companionship and unconditional love. But recently, I have begun to get the strange sensation that owning a dog in Manhattan is about as simple (and inexpensive) as raising a child in Manhattan. Or a family of four, for that matter.

It started a week ago, in a clothing store somewhere along Broadway in the mid-80s. Being an area that is home to any number of pets and their families, I am perfectly used to seeing dogs on leashes prancing along among the throngs of weekend pedestrians. They've become a familiar sight in New York, happily wagging their tails, anxiously awaiting their owners as they duck into Duane Reade, longingly staring at fashionable brunchers eating outside French Roast on a warm day.

What I have yet to get used to is the sight of a dog inside Banana Republic, cradled in the arm of a chic customer; an animal who, aside from being roughly the same size as my dog's favorite chew toy, is wearing an outfit that is likely to have cost a good deal more than the item I am buying on sale.

What is the deal, I have to ask, with these miniature, sweater-wearing canines? Have dogs evolved (or devolved) so far as to necessitate slim-fitting ribbed turtlenecks in the winter months? Are their owners aware of how ridiculous their pets look? Are the dogs? A little bit of internet research on Urbanhound.com ("The City Dog's Ultimate Survival Guide") taught me

a little more than I wanted to know.

For starters, the existence of stores such as "Houndz in the Hood" and "Bow Wow Bandanas" sheds light on the subject. After all, would such New York boutiques carry "breed oriented fitted seasonal clothing" and bandanas "from mod to modern" if dogs across

the city weren't yelping for designer duds to adorn the drab coats provided to them by nature? "Now every dog can express personal style with our original fashion bandanas," boasts Bow Wow. Thank goodness. Fifi wouldn't want to be the only terrier on the block with that plain-jane red collar from PetSmart.

But wait, there's more. For those who appreciate the finer things in life, there is Karen's on Lexington Ave, where one can find pony skin coats, collars studded with Swarovski crystals, and my favorite, "special-order Louis XIV dog beds"—a steal at just under \$4000. (A brief aside: Perhaps this is only the case for uncouth German shepherds, but my dog was recently given a \$39.99 bed from Costco—a Christmas gift he happily received, promptly disemboweled, and ate with much gusto.)

But the madness of dog owner indulgence does not end with clothing. As if that weren't bad enough, New Yorkers are now able to ensure their dogs' physical and spiritual health by providing them with alternative medicine. Acupuncture, homeopathy and "Bach Flower Remedies" (whatever that is) are available to dogs in the city, which goes to show that a good portion of New York canines are living lives that are not available to the majority of people, myself included. I have yet to visit a massage

therapist, but there's a good chance that the dachshund relieving himself on that fire hydrant has. There's also a good chance that I will never commission a portrait of myself to be painted. Yet according to Urbanhound, these same dogs can now go

on dogs and nyc

from the groomer to the portraitist (in a Pet Taxi, of course), and receive custom made photos or painted portraits from artists who specialize in the trade—artists with business names like "Petography" and "Pets in Pastel." William Wegman, eat your heart out.

Should I really begrudge the absurd decadence of over-indulgent dog-owning New Yorkers? Perhaps they are merely following the lead of the notorious Peggy Guggenheim, whose beloved dogs (with names like "Madame Butterfly" and "Cappuccino") lie alongside her Venetian grave, their names and life spans carved into a stone placard. Perhaps dog owners are plagued with a sense of guilt at keeping animals in a city limited in non-concrete spaces, and thus feel the need to overcompensate via doggie fashion and exercise equipment (Yes, I am serious). Or maybe they're just plain crazy.

In any event, I have no intention of owning a dog that is liable to turn up his snout at a meal that does not include froie gras. City survival, in my experience, has never depended on designer accessories, and this holds true for dogs as well. When it comes to my pet, I'll take an uncouth German shepherd over a pampered pooch any day.

Liliana Segura is a Barnard senior and the bulletin office manager and columnist



“Children today are tyrants. They contradict their parents, gobble their food, and tyrannize their teachers.”-Socrates

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