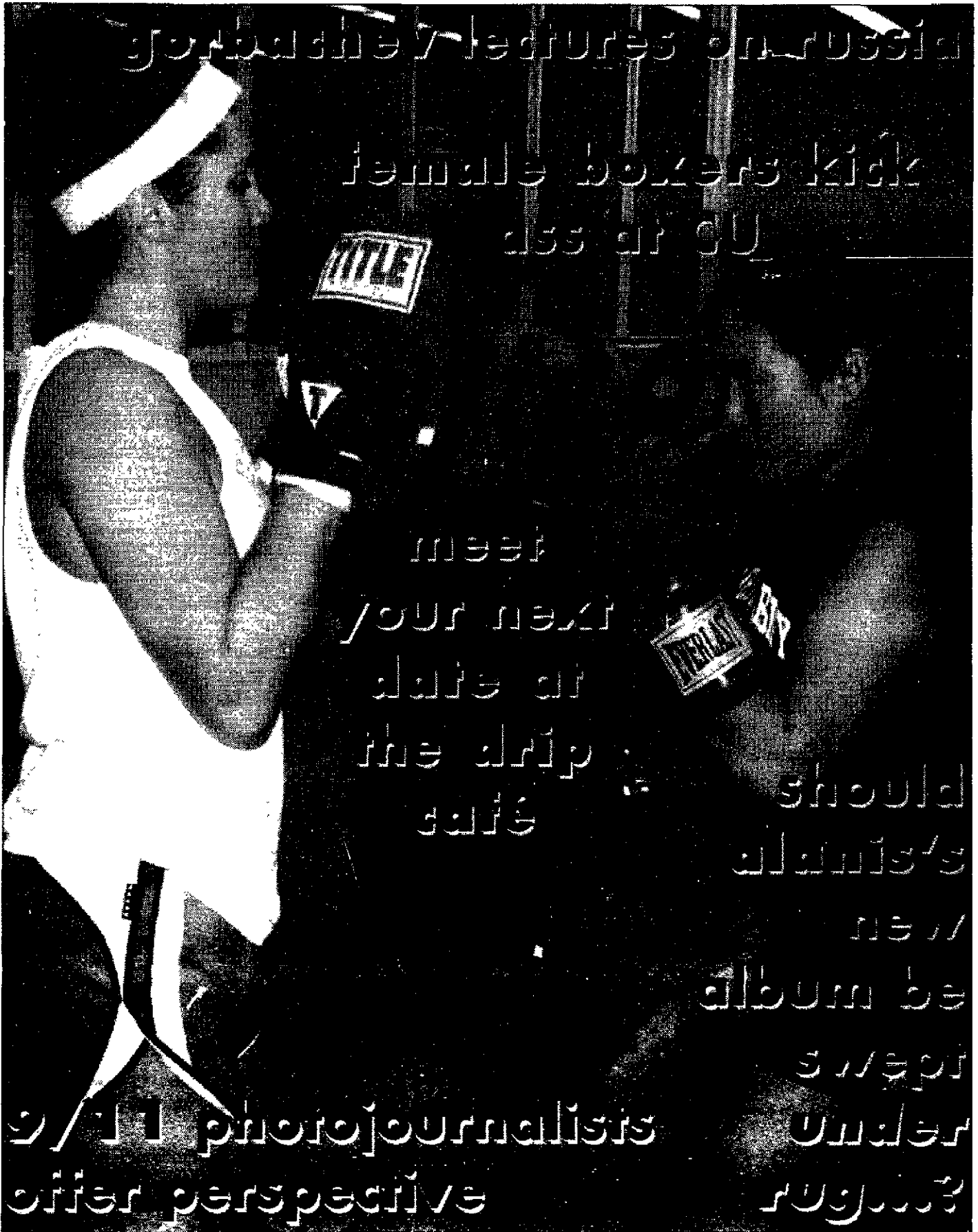


# boris bulletin

27 march 2002



gorbachev features on russia

female boxers kick  
ass at CU

meet  
your next  
date at  
the drip  
café

should  
alanis's  
new  
album be  
swept  
under  
rug?

9/11 photojournalists  
offer perspective

# letter from the editors

There is a major conspiracy going on in New York City. I thought I should be the first to expose this horrid truth — it's our right as citizens to know what is going on. Wanna know the secret? Come closer...no, closer...ok.

Someone high up is screwing with the weather. Somehow, this top-secret person has managed to get control of the powers of condensation, evaporation, and all the other "-ations" that go along with weather production, and are using it to screw with us.

Ok, I'm kidding. Got you worried for a minute, didn't I?

Seriously, though, I cannot take this fluctuation in temperature any more! It is slowly driving me crazy. One minute it's shorts-and-tee shirt weather, and the next it's rainy, cold, with the wind blowing down Claremont Ave. so hard that it could lift Dorothy's house and drop it further off than Oz. You could be sitting on the Columbia steps, chatting it up and trying to get a tan when poof! The sun is gone, and the only thing between you and the freezing air is your new handkerchief-doubling-as-a-tank-top. Call it global warming, call it the north wind, I don't care. But it has got to stop if I am to keep my sanity.

With spring break rolling around, it is imperative that the weather get itself under control. It's March, dammit! We have our right to expect warm weather. If I wanted cold weather in March, I would have transferred to Michigan, or maybe even (gasp!) Canada. This is not what I'm spending money to go to school for. Hopefully the West Coast has its act together, otherwise, I'll have to resort

to drastic measures. I've been known to have a contest with the beach weather—you know you've done it too—sitting on the sand with my towel wrapped around me, waiting for that inch of sun to hit me, and enjoying it for a second before the cold wind starts up again. I'll do it this spring break if I have to. The weather won't get me down! Hal

Maybe I'm so fervent about the weather because spring equals spring break equals no school for a week. Lord knows we all need it. How did it happen that one minute, we're registering for classes, and the next we're in the clutches of midterms? Did I miss something? Why is it that during class, time goes by so slowly, but then suddenly, test season starts up and it seems much too soon? A week ago the library was empty. Now, you'd be lucky to find a seat on the roof of the Butt. Hey, if the swimsuit companies aren't making money off Barnard students, at least the coffee and nicotine industries are.

All I can say is that when Thursday comes around, and I'm boarding my plane to happiness, I will be very, very glad. Sun, fun, no worries for a week...

And don't you worry, dear readers: I'm definitely taking pictures of my trip as a souvenir. I'll be the one huddled in a towel, complete with a frozen smile on my face. Wish you were here...

*Thea*

Renata Bystritsky & Thea Tagle  
editors-in-chief

## contributors

This sophomore hails from Sparta, NJ and is double majoring in dance and music. Jody decided to come to Barnard because NYC is the performing arts capital of the world. She has a five octave vocal range and owns a hot pink car she affectionately calls "The Pink Bitch."

First year Karin, a native of Batavia, IL, is the *bulletin* Features and copy editor. She would like to major in French and Francophone studies. She loves Tori Amos, *TIME* magazine, and grammar (she has serious problems).

This Political Science and Sociology double major is originally from Colorado. Her goals include one day becoming a bad-ass harmonica player. Among other notable past accomplishments, she appeared in *Seventeen* magazine last semester (or, at least her name did). Courtney also attended the National Poetry Slam last summer.

## barnard bulletin

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*cover photo by Tao Fei*  
*Bullet Through the Apple* copyright Harold & Esther Edgerton Foundation, 2000, courtesy of Palm Press, Inc.

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# Mikhail Gorbachev, Former Soviet

by Tiffaney Mummey

Former Soviet Union President Mikhail Gorbachev gave the tenth annual W. Averell Harriman Lecture, titled *Russia: Today and the Future*, at the Low Library, Monday, March 11.

Catharine Theimer Nepomnyashchy, the director of the Harriman Institute, which sponsored President Gorbachev's visit to Columbia, gave the welcoming remarks, saying, "It is my pleasure to introduce to you the person most responsible for ending the Cold War, the person most responsible for ending the ideological differences that divided our two countries."

Nepomnyashchy also reminded the audience that President Gorbachev's lecture coincided with the tenth anniversary of his Nobel Peace Prize win, the eleventh anniversary of the end of the Cold War, and the six month anniversary of the World Trade Center terrorist attacks.

Jack F. Matlock, Jr., the U.S. ambassador to the Soviet Union from 1987-1991, said in his introductory remarks that President Gorbachev, "pioneered a simple and profound idea that international relations could be based on a common interest in mankind—an interest that can go beyond cultural contrast and competition. It is this profound idea that is relevant to us in the future of the world."

President Gorbachev began his speech by commenting on the title of his lecture. "Without speaking about the past of Russia, you will not be able to understand the present or the future of Russia." He then described the Revolution of 1917, which resulted in the Lenin-led Bolsheviks seizing power, which ended the Romanov monarchy.

"The Bolsheviks rejected the promises of freedom that they made and established a dictatorship by rejecting democracy and expelling enemies," President Gorbachev said. "During Lenin's rule, there was an attempt to establish communism overnight in a country with an 80

percent peasant population. The Bolsheviks tried to impose communist principles, which caused a civil war that had Russia teetering at the end of the abyss, facing total collapse.

"The Bolsheviks had taken the wrong

began to lag behind," he added. "Our country was still living in the past, while other countries were technologically and economically advancing."

President Gorbachev also said that U.S. President Ronald Reagan's arm race with the Soviet Union had little to do with the reforms he spurred, contrary to popular belief.

Instead, he said, "We had a communist model that rejected freedom and democracy, a communist model that failed and needed to be replaced. At first, we thought we could modernize that system, but it turned out to be an illusion because that system protected and defended itself.

"Our citizens, though they were called citizens, could not act in a civic way, and our planned economy suppressed initiatives even if the initiatives would have been useful to everyone. My commitment was that we had to reform the sys-



Former Soviet Union President, Mikhail Gorbachev speaks to the Columbia audience at Low Library.

tem." road and needed to change in a drastic way," President Gorbachev continued. "Lenin saw that financial incentives began to work, and he had the courage to change his policy 180 degrees. Close to the end of Lenin's rule, Russia was moving to democratic principles, but after Lenin died, the totalitarian regime with all its trappings, all its repression, came under Stalin. Stalin kept the country in fear."

In detailing Russia's history, President Gorbachev tried to demonstrate the state of the country when he first came into power and why he and his government decided to implement Perestroika, their reform plan.

"We lived for decades under a Stalinist system," he said. "Our country was one of the best educated societies in the world, but we had people who could not take the initiative. Resentment that first appeared under the intelligentsia spread to the masses because elementary needs were not being met, and they began to reject communism culturally

Furthermore, in the 70s, our country

tem."

One of President Gorbachev's first reforms was holding free elections for the first time in Russia's 1,000-year history, which resulted in his election as president, as well as "giving the freedom to act" to the Warsaw Pact countries, the then-satellites of Russia.

He also addressed his ill-fated attempts to reform the Communist Party, which resulted in his removal from office.

"We had younger generations that wanted freedom, and there was a struggle between them and the older generations," President Gorbachev said. "There were many attempts to get rid of me and my reformist allies, including an attempted coup in 1991, which undermined my position very much.

"At the end of 1991, we drafted another version of the treaty to reform the Communist Party, but that reform did not happen because of Yeltsin," he added.

Boris Yeltsin's succession, President Gorbachev maintained, was based on false promises that ultimately resulted in the collapse of Russia's economy.

# Union President, Lectures at Columbia

"Yeltsin promised that within five years Russia would be one of the most prosperous nations in the world and that by November 1992 the country would be out of the woods," President Gorbachev said. "Instead, we moved directly into the abyss. The country was not prepared to economically compete, especially since it had only one-third of the production and only one-fifth of the agriculture of the countries it was competing against. Plus, our products were shoddy.

"The collapse of the economy caused chaos in the social sphere, the economy, the government, and the army," he continued. "And it is this chaos that Putin inherited."

President Gorbachev defended his support of Russia's current President Vladimir Putin.

"In his first 18 months, he achieved a great deal," he said. "He has shown himself as a person who can grow and change, a person who is able and cautious. His greatest resource is his courage, but he cannot vacillate and needs to develop guidelines for new development."

President Gorbachev also spoke of Russia's improved international relations and economic conditions since Putin became president.

"We have a more predictable, more pragmatic foreign policy that seeks to balance Russia's national interests and other countries' national interests, and we have had some growth in our economy," he said. "This year, we will have a growth of four percent in our economy, which is small, but we are not living in a vacuum—we live in the context of the world economy."

Most criticism against Putin, he added, was unfounded.

"Everyone wants to make Russia into a free and stable country," President Gorbachev said. "We want that, too, more than [the U.S.] and the rest of the West. Your democracy evolved in 200 years, but you expect us to evolve in days and years. We need time."

When discussing the U.S., President Gorbachev made references to both the

World Economic Forum, which was held in New York City last month, as well as the Sept. 11 terrorist attacks.

"The gap between rich and poor countries increased after the Cold War," he said. "The majority of the people in this world live on \$2 or \$3 a day. That is not life, that is survival. We will see more protests, more terrorism as long as there is not a free flow of migration. On one hand, you want everything to be open to capital, but on the other hand you want everything to be closed to labor. It is these old attitudes, it is these old approaches, which is aggravating the situation.

"The U.S. is the sole remaining world power and is looking for a new role," he continued. "America prides itself on democracy, so if America wants to rule the world, shouldn't they ask the other countries permission to do so? America has a dominating role in relationships but should implement itself as a partner, not a ruler."

President Gorbachev also said that the U.S., as well as Russia, should cultivate and improve foreign alliances.

"The world was in solidarity with the America after the Sept. 11 attacks, including countries that had not sought an alliance with America before," he said. "That is very promising.

"Also, Russia is a very new country and has to finally comprehend that it is no longer a superpower," he continued. "We need to build a new relationship with America and Western Europe through NATO, even though I see no need for Russia to become a member of NATO in order to do so."

He also emphasized Russia's alliance with the U.S. in the past decade and improved relations. "Twice over the past ten years, Russia has supported the U.S.," he said. "We have supported the U.S. through the Gulf War and the events of Sept. 11. President Bush and President Putin have shown themselves to be wise, mature leaders. I feel the visit of President Bush in May will show the real state of affairs between the U.S. and Russia, and

I am hopeful."

A question and answer session followed directly after President Gorbachev finished his speech. When asked by an audience member what his greatest regret was, President Gorbachev replied, "My greatest regret is that I was not able to complete Perestroika. We were too late in reforming the union; I was too late in reforming the Communist Party. The break became an impediment to reform.

"Some people say 'your responsibility was not to the Party, but to the world. You needed to act,'" he continued. "They do not understand that they are looking at a person who became a member of the Communist Party in high school. It took years to understand that Stalin's hands were steeped in blood. It took time to replace the totalitarian system with a different system. I did act, but I acted too late because I wanted to avoid bloodshed when the country was changing radically."

Another audience member asked President Gorbachev if he thought that if the collapse of the Soviet Union proved that communism in practice is a failure.

"If you are speaking about the communist model that the Bolsheviks set up, then, yes, it was a failure," he said. "But when you speak of socialist values, those have never failed. Jesus Christ was the first socialist; the pope is a socialist. We need the values of justice and solidarity, freedom and democracy, which are synonymous with socialism because without that society would not exist. You can have a market economy, but you cannot have a market society. One historical system is not replaced with one historical system; it is not a linear process; it is more difficult than that."

At the end of the night, after the questions had been answered, President Gorbachev repeated something he had said earlier that night when concerning Russia's prospects for the future.

"I am hopeful," he said.

*Tiffany Mummey is a Barnard first year and the bulletin news editor*

# 9/11 Photojournalists put tragedy in perspective

by Karin Isaacson

Last week, the Barnard community was invited to view photographs of the World Trade Center terrorist attack and its aftermath in a program entitled "Witnessing the Horror of 9/11." The event took place Wednesday, Mar. 6 at 7:30 pm in the Held Auditorium.

The program featured the work of four photojournalists who have dedicated themselves to documenting all aspects of the tragedy. The panel included New York *Daily News* staff photographer Susan Watts, *Newsday* staff photographer Mayita Mendez, freelance photographer for the Black Star Photo Agency Richard Falco, and freelance photographer for the Gamma Press Photo Agency Timothy Fadek. Elizabeth West,

Barnard professor of art history, moderated the discussion.

Each individual presented 20-30 slide images and discussed the experiences they had while gathering the photos on assignment. The now-familiar images related to the events of Sept. 11 ranged from a tableau of the wounded towers pouring smoke onto a background of blue sky to shots of the memorial service in which victims' families could visit the site for the first time.

Most of the photographers chose to remain silent during the showing of their slides, preferring instead to let the images speak for themselves. After their presentations, and in the question and answer discussion with the audience however, they elucidated as best they could their experiences on that fateful day.

Watts described how she ended up at the World Trade Center in the first place. "I woke up early that morning to cover Mark Greene voting at 7 am," she said. "While waiting for her next assignment at a Starbucks, she was contacted by her editor and sent to the site. Watts ended

up in a bumper-to-bumper crowd of emergency vehicles on the FDR Parkway. She was stuck in traffic for hours on her police scanner.

Not all of the photojournalists were so prepared. Fadek was trying to recover from the last evening's festivities when

of area buildings actually worked toward the advantage of photographic composition. "You come across some very ironically beautiful moments," he said.

The photographers discussed the fact that access to the Ground Zero site was denied to anyone with press credentials. "A lot of us had to figure out how to sneak past and get access to find pictures," said Falco, who, along with Fadek, was hiding his camera and wearing the helmet of rescue workers to get through sentry patrol. "I had to always be watching over my shoulder to make sure I wasn't going to be arrested by police and my cameras confiscated."

Fadek substantiated the claim. "Many journalists had no choice but to figure out how to disguise

themselves," he said.

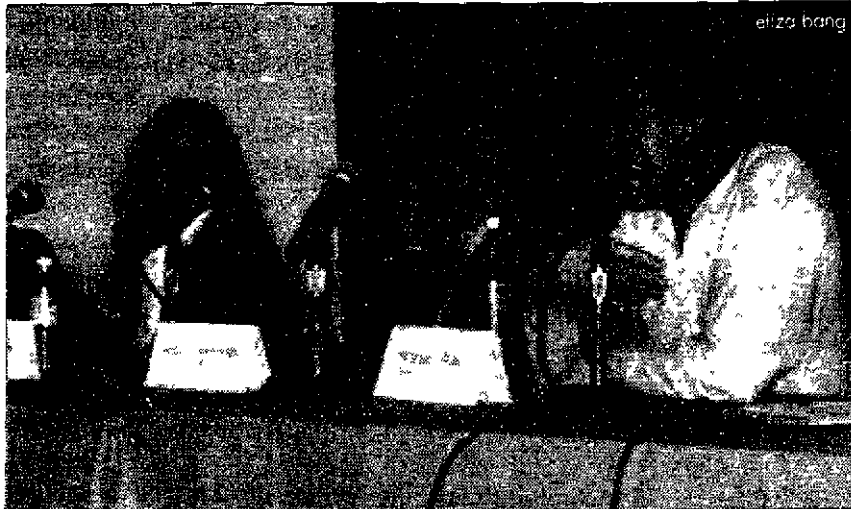
According to Falco, "The cops were just grabbing press credentials off necks and keeping them."

Watts pointed out that even the photographer who shot the Iwo-Jima-like image that has since become symbolic of the heroism displayed at the World Trade Center was bothered by authorities. "He was threatened with arrest four times that day," she said.

The photojournalists defended their actions at Ground Zero. "We need to bear witness for what happened here. And it's not just this event — it's everything that we do," said Falco.

Fadek agreed. "Knowing the numbers is not enough . . . it was a picture-driven story."

College Dean Dorothy Denburg was also on hand to explain why Barnard decided to host an event dealing with an event that is very emotional for most people within the community. "Photography still continues to be an important player in how we as a public come to terms with events," she said. "We can stop time, get a little dis-



Photojournalists (l-r) Suzan Watts, Mayita Mendez, and Richard Falco present their photos taken on 9/11 and share their stories.

he finally decided to turn on his television at 9:30 am. "I was like, 'oh my God, this is the biggest tragedy I've ever witnessed, and I'm sitting in my pajamas sipping coffee,'" he said.

Mendez was trapped in Brooklyn, unable to cross to the site on the morning of Sept. 11. Most of her photos dealt with the human victims of the attack in the subsequent weeks. One of her photos was of the rows of cards sent by well-wishers at the downtown St. Paul's Chapel. Glancing up at the screen, she said, "It was beautiful. You would walk in and there were just cards everywhere."

Fadek described his photo of the remains of the World Trade Center's marble-and-glass Winter Garden in ruins. As he said, "What was left to see after the attack was a surreal mix of elegance and destruction."

In the opinion of the panel, the grisly reality often produced images that appeared much to the contrary. Fadek explained that the crazy smoke rising from the fires at Ground Zero and having to shoot from inside the broken windows

# Honoring Those Lost on 9/11

Monday, March 11 was the six-month anniversary of the Sept. 11 terrorist attacks that destroyed the World Trade Center, damaged the Pentagon, and killed more than 2,800 people. In a tribute to those lost, 88 searchlights were strategically placed at the remains of the WTC in order to create two towers of light where Towers One and Two once stood. Throughout

the day, bells tolled, the names of the dead were recited, and there were moments of silence in an effort to remember those who perished. The "Tribute in Light" will remain lit from dusk until 11 pm for the next 32 days, visible for miles around as a memorial to the victims of 9/11.

-Tiffany Mummy



## beaessentials

### PROGRAM PLANNING MEETINGS FOR MAJORS AND PROSPECTIVE MAJORS:

These meetings are very informative, and we urge prospective majors, as well as majors, to attend.

**ANTHROPOLOGY:** Monday, April 8, 4:00PM, 227 Milbank Hall

**ARCHITECTURE:** Wednesday, March 13, 4:00-5:00PM, 306A Barnard Hall

**ART HISTORY:** Monday, April 8, 11:00 AM, Sulzberger Parlor, 3rd Floor Barnard Hall

**ASIAN AND MIDDLE EASTERN CULTURES:** Students interested in China & Korea, consult Professor Ari Barrell at x4-2125 or e-mail [abarrell@barnard.edu](mailto:abarrell@barnard.edu). Students interested in the Middle East, consult Professor Rachel McDermott at x4-5416 or e-mail [rmcdermott@barnard.edu](mailto:rmcdermott@barnard.edu). Students interested in Japan, consult Professor Robert Sherman at x4-3344 or e-mail [rsherman@barnard.edu](mailto:rsherman@barnard.edu).

**CHEMISTRY:** Monday, March 12, 12:00-3:00PM, Sulzberger Parlor, 3rd Floor Barnard Hall

**CLASSICAL:** Monday, March 12, 12:00-3:00PM, 217 Milbank Hall

**ECONOMICS:** Monday, March 12, 12:00-3:00PM, James Room, 4th Floor Barnard Hall

**ENGLISH:** Tuesday, April 2, 4:10PM, Sulzberger Parlor, 3rd Floor Barnard Hall

**HUMAN RIGHTS:** Tuesday, April 2, 12:10-1:00PM, 421 Lehman Hall

**ITALIAN:** Thursday, April 18, 4:00PM, 316 Milbank Hall

**MEDIEVAL & RENAISSANCE STUDIES:** Monday, March 25, 10:45AM, 421 Barnard Hall

**MUSIC:** Wednesday, March 27, 4:00PM, 319 Milbank Hall

**PAN AFRICAN STUDIES:** Thursday, April 4, 12:15-1:30PM, Ella Weed Room

**POLITICAL SCIENCE:** Tuesday, March 26, 12:30PM, 421 Lehman Hall

**SPANISH & LATIN-AMERICAN CULTURES:** Tuesday, April 9, 12:00-1:00PM, 207 Milbank Hall

**PERFORMING CONVERSATION** is an ongoing weekly group at the Barnard Counseling Services. It is based on the discovery that performance is developmental: creating new ways of talking helps us to grow and to change. In other words, how we talk—not what we talk about—can make all the difference in the world. The group is open to all Barnard students and is led by Hugh Polk, M.D. at the Barnard Counseling Center on Tuesdays from 12:15 to 1:30 PM. Please call Hugh Polk at 854-2092 for more information or to sign up for the group.

**PREMEDS:** There will be an informational meeting with representatives from the M.D. Program in International Health and Medicine at Ben Gurion University in collaboration with Columbia University Health Sciences on Tuesday, March 26, from 12:15 to 1:30 PM in 108 Milbank Hall. Sign up at [columbiamed@columbia.edu](mailto:columbiamed@columbia.edu) for more information.

**PROGRAM PLANNING MEETINGS FOR THE CLASS OF 2004:** Dean Taylor invites you to attend one of two program planning meetings for sophomores. You must attend one of the following two meetings: Wednesday, March 13, from 12:00-1:00 p.m. in Aischul Atrium or Thursday, March 14, from 5:00-6:00 p.m. A representative from the Committee on Instruction will be present to respond to questions about the General Education Requirements.

<<page 6>> tance, negotiate feelings, and respond to these events."

Many attendees were drawn to the event by the promise of a glimpse of what truly happened at Ground Zero. Barnard senior Amy Brown spoke about why the event interested her. "I certainly didn't come because I felt I hadn't seen enough of it," she said. "I wanted to know what people thought about how pictures [of the World Trade Center] are being

used."

Some students, like Barnard sophomore Vikiana Reyes, had a professional interest in the panel. "I came because I am interested in pursuing photography as a career," she said.

Students also expressed a desire to support the efforts of the photojournalists. According to Tao Fei, a Barnard sophomore, "Photojournalism doesn't get acknowledged as a legitimate form of

news dissemination."

Reyes agreed. "In journalism, there is too much writing and not enough pictorial images."

"We're such an image-oriented society," said Fei. "But apart from National Geographic, photos don't take first priority."

*Karin Isaacson is a Barnard first year and bulletin features editor*

# What does Barnard do with your money?

## Students fight for socially responsible investing

by Shoshana Greenberg

It is 2002; do you know where your money is? Barnard's endowment is invested in companies, but Barnard students are not allowed to know which ones. Barnard for Socially Responsible Investing, a student group on campus, is fighting to get this information released so that they can help make Barnard a socially responsible investor.

"The college has an endowment of about thirty to forty million dollars," says Andrew Manshel, the college's Vice President for Finance and Administration. "Among our peer institutions, it's the lowest."

The endowment is used to subsidize the cost of students' education. The money comes from contributions made by individuals, corporations, and foundations over the 100 years that the college has been in existence. To help it grow, 5% of its value is invested in stocks and bonds. It is the responsibility of the trustees to manage the endowment.

Barnard for Socially Responsible Investing (BSRI, or SRI) wants to make Barnard a socially responsible investor. As of now, students

do not have access to information about exactly how Barnard is investing. SRI is trying to get Barnard to administer their portfolios. They want to set up a committee made up of students and faculty that would review the investments. The group has written a proposal, drafted in June of 2001, which includes their plans for the committee. This June, the trustee board is scheduled to vote on the proposal.

"It's shocking that Barnard does not have a proposal at this point," says Barnard Sophomore Jessica Eisen, the president elect of the Barnard group. Many other schools, such as Harvard, Vassar, Bryn Mawr, and Yale, have this policy in place.

In 2000, Columbia released a part of its portfolio to the public. They have a committee that serves as a forum in which students can bring their ideas out into the open.

Historically, the idea of socially responsible investing originated in the 1980s with the apartheid regime in South Africa. American students found that colleges were invested in South Africa and wanted the schools to divest their money.

Divesting is one of three ways one can be a socially responsible investor. Another way is community investment. In community investment, the profits are not just financial, but social. Columbia and Barnard invest a lot of their resources in the community, but not their money.

Another way is voting proxies. As a shareholder, Barnard

has the right to vote on issues that come before the company in which it is invested. When Barnard doesn't vote against a resolution, the manager gets to vote for Barnard.

SRI points out that remaining neutral is not really a neutral thing to do. "Barnard is not a neutral institution," says Eisen. "It's a progressive institution with progressive ideals."

Another option, known as divestment, involves taking invested money out of a corporation due to its modus operandi. This is not a popular way of rendering a portfolio socially responsible and is typically resorted to only as a last step. Instead of divesting, it is better to put forth a resolution.

SRI began as a working committee of Earth Coalition, another activist student group here on campus. They were looking at

the endowment to see if Columbia was investing in companies that harmed the environment. Originally, there were separate Barnard and Columbia groups, but now they basically work together.

Gretchen Collazo, a Barnard senior and one of the founding members, feels that Barnard has a social responsibility to fulfill when making investments. "Human beings

are not made to live on their own

little island and take what they can," she says. "We live in a world of tremendous inequality and cruelty, and to ignore that, I think, is a crime. We have a legal responsibility to act in the public interest. To invest in corporations that are harmful to the community is taking a step backward from that commitment."

Collazo cites Barnard's mission statement as an example of why Barnard should become a socially responsible investor. The three parts of the mission statement state essentially that they aim to educate women, value diversity, and prepare women to serve society. "If we invest in corporations that are hurting women," says Collazo, "we're making money off corporations that go against the mission statement. I don't want my education to come at another woman's expense."

Manshel says that he is very impressed with the knowledge and enthusiasm of the Barnard students. "It's valuable for students to learn about the way financial markets work and the legal and socially parameters," he says. He calls what the trustees have to do "a balancing act." Some people, such as Collazo and Eisen, think that the college's endowment ought to be managed in a way that takes into account specific social issues, while others believe the principle goal is to try to make money for the college. "At the end of the day, you have to remember that the college's principle obligation is to provide women with the best education they can, using the maximum

"We live in a world of tremendous inequality and cruelty, and to ignore that is a crime. We have a legal responsibility to act in the public interest. To invest in corporations that are harmful to the community is taking a step backward from that commitment."

-- Gretchen Collazo, Barnard for Socially Responsible Investing



# wellwoman: when is sex a no-go?

**Q** I have just scheduled my first gynecological exam. Should I abstain from sexual intercourse before the exam? Also, is it okay to have sex if I have a yeast infection?

**A** The answer to your first question is yes. Sex just before a Pap smear can irritate vaginal tissue, increasing your chance of getting a false positive result (meaning the test may detect a problem when there is not one). It is best not to have intercourse for two days before a Pap test. Also avoid receiving oral sex 48 hours before your appointment to ensure accurate test results.

You should also abstain from oral sex when you have a cold sore. The oral type of herpes (herpes simplex I) prefers the mouth, but it will take up res-

idence anywhere it can, including the genitals. Herpes infections are extremely contagious when a sore is present. Individuals who have oral lesions and use saliva to masturbate can infect their own genitals. Steer clear of both oral sex and kissing until sores completely disappear.

The answer to your second question is yes; however, you'll probably be more comfortable if you wait a couple of days until severe symptoms have subsided. A woman probably will not transmit a yeast infection to her male partner during sex. The organism that causes yeast infections does not grow on dry skin (like the shaft of the penis); it's limited to warm, moist environments. Sex may aggravate the woman's symptoms (redness, burning, and itching), but it won't worsen the underlying condition. Use a

condom to avoid giving your guy the itch. However, it is possible to transmit an aggressive yeast organism to an uninfected female partner via genital contact or sharing of sex toys. Remember to always use barriers such as dental dams or condoms during sexual activity (you can use condoms on sex toys).

**FYI:** Urinary tract infections are also non-contagious. Sex will not delay the cure once you have started taking antibiotics, but friction on already inflamed tissues may worsen symptoms like pressure, pain, and urgency to urinate. Sexual intercourse may be uncomfortable, so let your body be your guide. Remember to urinate before and immediately following sex to prevent another UTI. Also drink at least eight glasses of water a day to help dilute urine, which will make it less caustic and irritating.

"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.

resources available," he says.

Anyone can become involved in social justice here at Barnard. Eisen became involved when she was inspired to close her Citibank account because she had seen the fliers up last year about what kind of corporation it is. She went to a meeting and found herself caught up in the movement. "I think social justice affects everyone on some level," says Eisen. "Socially responsible investing affects everyone, whatever [his or her] personal issue is. It's important to encourage people and at least give them the opportunity to work for a cause or issue they feel strongly about. With interests as diverse as Barnard's, [the trustees] would get a lot of response if they set up a committee."

Collazo also believes that social justice affects everyone. "It's everyone's responsibility to be interested in social justice," she says. "I've been blessed in a lot of ways—being here and

having the opportunity to learn. It's my responsibility to use [those privileges] toward social justice." Through SRI students like Collazo and Eisen have gotten a chance to work for change. "To be a citizen in a democracy means that you have not only the freedom, but the responsibility to influence the way laws are created to make sure they impact society in a positive way," adds Collazo.

Both Collazo and Eisen hope that the board will accept their proposal. "Everything with activism is up in the air," says Collazo. They do, however, believe strongly in what they're trying to accomplish. "I believe in SRI," says Collazo. "Justice is about hope and vision. If you don't believe in what you're doing, if you don't believe it's possible, you wouldn't be doing it."

*Shoshana Greenberg is a Barnard sophomore and bulletin staff writer*

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# BREAKING THE GLASS CEILING (Literally): CU Female Boxers kick ass

by Sharon Rose

When asked his opinion of women's boxing in 1978, Muhammad Ali responded, "Women are not made to be hit in the breast, and face like that . . . the bodies not made to be punched right here (Ali pats the breast area of his chest). Get 'hit' in the breast . . . 'hard' . . . and all that."

Ali's daughter, Laila, has become one of the most famous female pro-boxers in the country. She has obviously proven her father wrong but admits, "Some people are never gonna get used to the idea — men who don't like seeing powerful women. And women who think it's unladylike."

Fortunately, the discouraging voices and gender politics that are heard in the world of professional boxing are drowned out by the salsa and hip-hop music pumping out of aerobics studio #3. In this laid back atmosphere, Ricky Young, the instructor of Columbia's (co-ed) Boxing Club explains, "The music gives them a rhythm to box to and just makes it more fun."

Young has been boxing in New York City for as long as he can remember, and as a professional has



Women boxers practice their moves.

won 22 masters competitions. He has been coaching the boxing club at Columbia since 1996. Young attracts students to the club with his unique blend of skill, experience, and enthusiasm.

According to Helen Wei, a Barnard senior, "The best part [of the club] is Ricky. He's really encouraging and motivating. He promotes such a positive attitude."

Positive energy seems to be the overwhelming theme at practices, along with working hard and sweating a lot. "The reasons I came were that I wanted to have fun, I wanted a challenge, I wanted to lose weight," says Vanna Kham, a Barnard first year. "I'm doing all those things. I love it here."

Like Kham, most boxers join the club as beginners. Hilary Sledge, a Barnard junior, started this semester and emphasizes how open and noncompetitive the atmosphere is at practices

Says Sledge. "I recommend it to people who have never boxed before and to people who have. The way Ricky does it you have to know everyone's name to do pushups, so you meet people, and everyone here is really nice."

The friendly atmosphere seems to have an effect on the progress of each boxer. According to Kham, "I was intimidated at first, but you get more comfortable because people are loving and everyone's great and helps you out."

The atmosphere may be comfortable, and the people encouraging, but practice is a physical challenge. Sophia Guglietti, a Barnard sophomore, says, "I've never been in better shape before. The hardest part is getting through the rounds when you're tired."

Using punching pads is not the only way the boxers get in shape. Each practice, Young has team members do several exercises to improve their overall fitness. "We spend a lot of time doing calisthenics," Young said. "It's not the same every time though. We mix it up—sometimes we run, sometimes we jump rope."

Many members come with more than just the objective to get in shape. Guglietti says, "I would like to eventu-

ally compete. I would like to do a few amateur fights and Ricky has a lot of connections at different gyms around the city."

Young agrees. "If someone wants to compete, they tell me and I'll set something up. It doesn't matter what level they are at, because I'll work with them and make them better, and ready to fight in the ring."

Columbia's boxing team is also open and waiting for new members. Practices are Monday, Wednesday, and Friday from 3 to 5 pm and Saturdays and Sundays from 1 to 4 pm. Young emphasizes, "People can come at any time during the year. We'll be practicing until they close the gym down for the year."

Sharon Rose is a Barnard first year

# meet NBC's newcomer

## Watching Ellie: Clever idea, poor execution

by Shoshana Greenberg

*Watching Ellie* has a great star and an interesting premise, but there is just one problem: it's not funny. Airing on Tuesdays at 8:30 on NBC, *Watching Ellie* relies on physical comedy and the charms of its cast, but lacks the wit to back them up.

The series opens with Julie Louis-Dreyfus as Ellie, a single lounge singer in Los Angeles, talking on the phone to her sister (played by Lauren Bowls, Louis-Dreyfus' real-life sister). In the next ten minutes her toilet overflows, and she slips and falls while trying to shovel the water into the bathtub. She then runs down to get the super (Peter Stormare), but the elevator is out of order; the super arrives and proceeds to hit on her. He then knocks his head on the sink, and when Ellie runs to get her neighbor (Don Lake) who is a doctor, he runs out of the shower naked to help. Unfortunately, the "doctor" turns out to be a veterinarian. Sounds frantic? Imagine having to watch it.

When Ellie is finally able to leave her apartment she is late for work, which is conveniently across the street. Who does she run into but her ex-boyfriend, played by Steven Carell of *The Daily Show*. He runs out of the hairdresser with tin foil in his hair, and for the next five minutes the audience has to listen to the cliché why-did-I-ever-go-out-with-you argument.

Ellie arrives at work where she runs into her new sex partner (Darren Boyd) who plays guitar in her band. He gives the I-love-what-we-did-last-night-but-I'm-married speech for the next five minutes, and Ellie finally runs onstage to sing for the remaining two minutes of the episode.

The whole gimmick of *Watching Ellie* is that it takes place in "real time." The twenty-two minutes the audience spends watching the show is an actual twenty-two

minutes taken out of Ellie's life, which a little clock at the bottom of the screen displays. It's an interesting idea, but what really happens in twenty-two minutes? Usually nothing — exactly what happens in this show.

Compared to her former *Seinfeld* co-stars' previous attempts at new series, Louis-Dreyfus' *Watching Ellie* is acceptable, but don't let that fool you into elevating this show into the "excellent" category. The writing has yet to make me laugh and the supporting characters could be a bit more dimensional or even likable.

*Watching Ellie* has its problems. They might be worked out with time, but with twenty-two minutes on the clock, that doesn't seem like an option.

Shoshana Greenberg is a Barnard sophomore



**MY NAME IS BRIAN**

**My mommy and daddy have been trying really hard to give me a brother or sister.**

**Now, we are hoping that someone else will grow a baby for us that we can take home.**


**Is there anyone out there who is growing a baby and wants to give the baby to us?**

**We will give the baby a really good home.**

**I will share my toys, give lots of hugs and kisses and read to the baby every night.**

**I want to be a big brother more than anything else in the whole world . . .**

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# artspicks

for the week of march 13

art

## Foreign Body

At the International Center of Photography, (1133 Ave. of the Americas at 43rd St.). Admission \$8. Tue-Thu 10am-5pm, Fri 10am-8pm, Sat & Sun 10am-6pm.

An exhibition dedicated to the anomalies of human bodies, as documented through photography. It is subtitled *Photography and the Prelude to Genetic Modification*, and includes pictures taken from 1852-1945 that examine how unorthodox human form is depicted in photography.

## 2002 Biennial at the Whitney

At the Whitney, 945 Madison Ave. at 75th St. Admission FREE with CUID. Tue-Thu, Sat, Sun 11am-6pm; Fri 1-9pm. Through May 26. Tel: 212-570-3600.

The Whitney's 71st Biennial, the museum's signature show of contemporary American Art, is the largest since 1981. It takes up most of the museum, and has off-site works in Central Park. The curators traveled to 27 states and Puerto Rico to look at works for the show.

# Subtlety, Humor and Mark Morris

by Marie Yereniuk

Mark Morris creates dances that are simple and complex at the same time, witty and somber, daring and subtle, and always amazing. The Mark Morris Dance Group (MMDG) concluded its one-week season at Brooklyn Academy of Music (BAM) with an impressive program of new and repertory works, thrilling in terms of

March 3. Performing to live music at the 2,000-seat Opera House, MMDG was truly spectacular, but the depth of artistry was more than mere spectacle.

The first piece on the program, entitled *Foursome*, featured Mark Morris and three other men (Shawn Gannon, John Hegins botham and Guillermo Resto) with music by Erik Satie and Johann Nepomuk Hum-

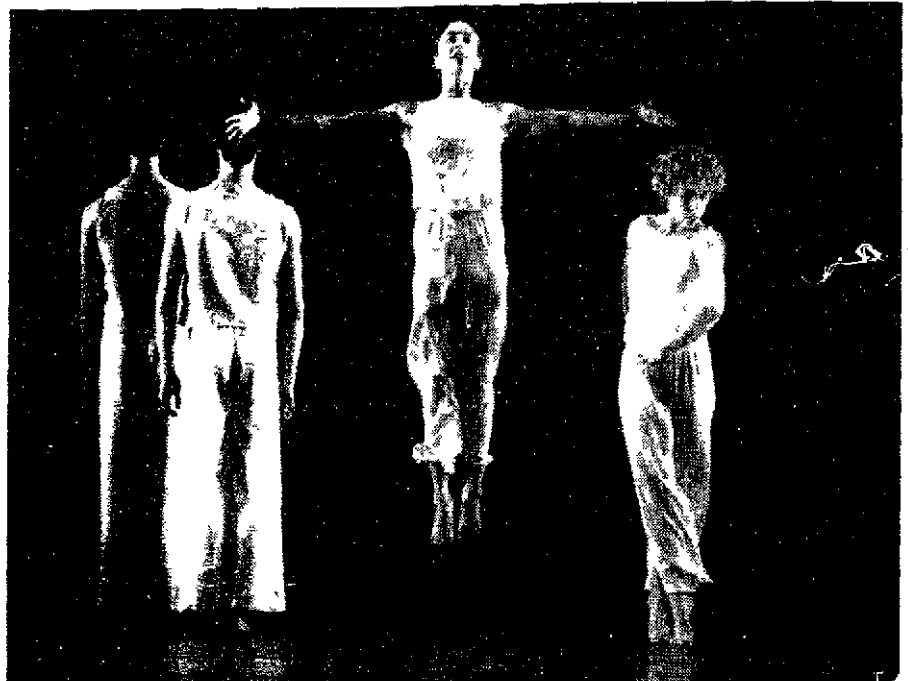


photo by rabbie park, courtesy BAM communications

choreography, the dancers' performances, and, above all, the dreams they inspire.

Fusing contemporary, ballet and folk influences, Mark Morris' company is classified as modern dance, but in reality, its universality escapes all labels. Morris' 22 years as one of the most intelligent choreographers has not dried up his power to invent and, though I never saw the company in its early stages, today's Dance Group is both fascinating and refreshing.

Since founding his company in 1980, Morris has created over 90 works for the Dance Group, and has several commissioned works for ballet companies around the world. Last fall, MMDG settled in its 30,000 square-foot Dance Center in Brooklyn, just down the street from BAM.

I saw the second of the two programs of the recent run from February 25 to

mel, accompanied on piano by Ethan Iverson. Ranging from straightforward walking patterns to simple movements, the dance steps were not outright difficult, but were presented with such dignity that even walking seemed regal.

Starting out with what looked like simple pedestrian movements, plain, and even trite, the piece quickly built on itself with such complexity that there was unity in the multiple layers of the piece.

Every motion, whether a quirky roll of the head, twitchy flips of the wrist, or weighted grapevine, was deliberate and purposeful. And every change of focus was so intentional that one imagined that even the dancers' fingernails and eyelashes were involved in the dance.

As has come to be expected with Morris, there was such sensitivity to the

# Dance

comes to B A M

music's gentle rise and fall that it is difficult to determine which came first: the dance or the music. Perhaps they were separated at birth. Without merely imitating the melody, Morris' choreography seemed to parallel the music's theme and complementary harmonies, adding to both art forms so that the whole was greater than a sum of its parts.

*Foursome* was both witty and cerebral, with echoes of tap-like footwork, courtly bows, and even square dancing. There were also subtle references to traditional balletic partnering that looked silly with 45-year-old Morris in feminine arches and wide stances; the dance quietly poked fun at traditional conventions without being crude. It was all done tastefully, not intended to be jeering mockery, but rather a thoughtful questioning of dancing in general.

Barnard '86 alumna June Omura (alternating with Lauren Grant in one performance) was convincing in *Bijoux*, the program's second piece. The work, which originally premiered in 1983, consisted of a series of distinct solos, well supported by various operatic bits by Erik Satie (Jean-Paul Fouchécourt as tenor, Ethan Iverson on piano).

Abstract but organic at the same time, the gestures and staging gave the work a swiftness that was present even in the sustained poses. Both grand leg extensions and tiny prances on the toes kept interest in a dance that was constantly morphing.

Especially memorable was one of the first mini-sections, in which Omura spun on the floor on her back, ending in a full-body Graham-inspired contraction. Both pleading and powerful like a cupped hand, the naked tension of that particular moment was emphasized by the vastness of the surrounding space.

Ten dancers performed in *Jesu, Meine Freude*, to Bach's composition of the same name. The 1993 work was complimented by the Voices of Ascension Choir and the dancers' flowing white costumes: the

piece's combination of smooth, almost weightless runs across the stage, contrasted by sharp jumps and quick turns, created an illusion of other-worldliness.

Precise, ever-changing formations gave the sense of flight to the piece as a whole, something of the metaphoric movement between heaven and earth. The sections done in unison were perfect but not mechanical; the distance from tension to release was infused with breath and gravity that made it human. Closing and opening arm gestures, set apart by moments of stillness and intricate partnering, made the piece delicate and yet strong.

The partnering steered away from the conventions of sex or even friendship, moving from vulnerability to ecstasy and back again within a single arching lift. Despite the movement's naturalness (one feels as though she has dreamed about this before), there was a clear sense of higher purpose, perhaps of the dance itself.

The technical and artistic depth of MMDG harmonizes in all Morris' pieces, but *Jesu, Meine Freude* was especially powerful, almost a poetical prayer, psalm, sacrifice, celebration, and all of the above at once.

V to Robert Schumann's piano and string music closed the program. The work premiered in London in September 2001, but this run was the New York City premiere. This ensemble work of fourteen dancers would have been impossible without costume designer Martin Pakledinaz's contribution: half of the dancers were dressed in royal blue tunics and shorts, the other half light blue flowing pants and tank tops.

Visually appealing, the dance moved in and out of a "V" formation (which opened the piece), and the transitions were perfect. Morris' geometric staging took advantage of the two contrasting costume colors: the interplay between light and dark brought images of waves to mind.

Movement pathways <<page 23>>

## artspicks

...continued

which includes 113 pieces by artists and collaborative teams from 23 countries.

### Pedestrian

*At Eyebeam, 45 Rockefeller Plaza and the Studio Museum in Harlem.*

*Through Mar 23.*

*Admission: FREE. Open 24 hours a day at Rockefeller and the Studio Museum.*

This public-art project by Paul Kaiser and Shelley Eshkar gives you a bird's-eye view of Pedestrian life, such as figures standing, watching, sitting, running, or lying down. It may just change your perspective on walking around. The projections can be viewed at any of the three locations.

## cultural

### St. Patrick's Day Parade

*March 16, 11am-5pm, 5th Ave from 44th St. to 86th St.*

Come join the thousands of New Yorkers dressed in green to celebrate the memory of Ireland's patron saint. The day begins with mass in St Patrick's Cathedral, and the parade runs from A great place to catch a glimpse of it is from the top steps of the Met.



## Gender-bending performances come to campus

by Renata Bystritsky

On the evening of February 27, Altschul Atrium was packed. People — mostly women — of all ages and races were sitting on densely packed chairs, squeezing into standing spaces, plopping down on vacant floor spots. They watched avidly as *Performing Gender*, a lecture sponsored by the Barnard Center for Research on Women, was about to begin.

The lecture opened with a performance by "Barnard's own dynamic duo, Shordan Easy and Shtik Rick." At first glance, the show didn't seem particularly unusual. Two short young men were dancing suggestively to popular hits by male artists, lip syncing along. Except they weren't young men. They were Barnard students.

The choreography, obviously homemade, was, however, wonderfully unselfconscious. Unabashedly sexual and suggestive, it elicited several enthusiastic "who!"s from the audience. There were several instances of sound problems; the performers dealt with panache, never breaking character. Their professionalism and passion for performance piqued my interest.

Throughout the first fifteen minutes or so of the evening, a slender black man in a black suit and top hat kept walking purposefully around the room. I assumed he was one of the ushers (several people were dressed up for the occasion). To my surprise, when the Dynamic Duo finished their performance, he strode over to the microphone and spoke to the audience in a soft, sweet, abundantly female voice.

This, then, was the famous Drèd Gerestant, the "gender illusionist" whose appearance at the lecture was so heavily promoted on the posters. She stood behind the microphone, smiled easily at her audience, and talked about how, at a 1995 drag king show, she realized that she wanted to try drag. "I felt really moved," she said, "by women expressing their sexuality in such

a free and powerful way."

Drèd (née Mildred) didn't make us wait long to find out what she was talking about. Within the next half hour of intense performance, she took all the typical ideas of gender, tore them apart and knit them back together into a perfectly beautiful, perfectly androgynous tapestry.

She lip-synced flawlessly to popular songs, dancing with the consummate skill and grace of a well-practiced performance artist. She changed costumes right in front of her audience, languidly transforming herself from P. Diddy into Shaft (with the hugest Afro wig I have ever seen) into a "pimp daddy." Wearing multiple gold chains, a leather trench coat and a gold tooth, she proceeded to tell us of how she won second place in a Kiss FM Superfly-Lookalike contest and told an audience of "straight black folk. . . I just wanted to let y'all know. I'm a woman." She grinned as the audience burst out laughing. "See, pimp daddies weren't known for treating the ladies well — that's why I like parodying them."

Performing gender isn't all about the laughs. Drèd faced her audience, projecting that soft, sweet, strong voice to everyone in the crowded room. "I want to show that there are no essential



Barnard's own Shordan Easy (right) and Shtik Rick gave a spectacular drag performance

links between misogyny and masculinity. . . What is a natural woman? What is a natural man? It's natural to be different."

To the tune of Aretha Franklin's "You Make Me Feel (Like A Natural Woman)," she removed the drag king costume and wiped off her facial hair makeup. And then, she stripped down to a hot-pink bikini (on a very female body), removed the apple that had been making a "male" bulge in her crotch and bit into it with gusto.

The lecture's other featured guest, Judith Halberstam, while less flamboyant, was no less impressive. An associate professor of literature at UC San Diego, Halberstam is the author of *Female Masculinity* and *The Drag King Book*, as well as the co-creator of her new film *Long Live The Kings*. This film, as she explained, strives to look back at the [drag king] culture in full, including blacks including the 1920's and 1930's.

<<page 23>>

### Indigo Girls- *Become You* (Sony Music)

The Indigo Girls have produced a myriad of evocative, excellent songs throughout their 13-year recording career. Unfortunately, half the songs on *Become You*, the Indigo Girls' eighth full-length studio release, won't make that list.

Released on March 12, *Become You* is decidedly more low-key than the Indigo Girls' last album, *Come On Now Social*. Their punky, electric sound has been replaced with more acoustic guitar, mandolin, and harmonica interludes. The toned-down sound will please admirers of the Girls' earlier work, and the upbeat rhythms will satisfy newer fans. But the quality of some songs is lacking.

Musical partners for the past twenty years, Amy Ray and Emily Saliers have continued a role-reversal that began with their last album. Ray is now the more prolific writer, consistently producing crowd favorites, while Saliers squeaks out a few good songs every once in awhile. Perhaps energized by her 2001 solo release, *Stag*, Ray has come into her own both lyrically and stylistically. At the same time, Saliers continues her expert guitar playing but seems to be writing the same sad songs to only slightly different tunes.

Ray's songs are by far the strongest on the album. The first single, "Moment of Forgiveness," features her throaty Southern drawl in a song about the conflict between weakness and forgiveness. "Bitterroot," the album's eighth track, is appropriate for a campfire, accented by Ray on harmonica and clapping hands that keep the beat. "Starkville," another of the album's high points, has a slight country feel. Ray's expressive lyrics and dramatic delivery drive home gems like "my regrets become distractions" and "I remember one occasion when you were drink-

## Indigo Girls' *Become You* Not Very Becoming



ing/and you asked me to the coast/ but I was hellbent on agony back then/ and so I missed the boat."

Saliers, the writer/composer of most of the Girls' classics like "Closer to Fine," "Least Complicated," and "Galileo," disappoints on this album. "You've Got to Show" and <<page 19>>

# w b a r weekly top 5

a wbar dj voices her faves

**1** Devil Doll - This is a bit of a cult force that is not widely known. The music is evocative of what would happen if a symphony or opera took an evil path in the woods. There are cathartic dark riffs, intense layers of classic instruments performing in unimaginable ways, and mind-bending dark vocals.

**2** 3rd and the Mortal - This Norwegian group makes dark-wave/ethereal music. They've had a few vocalists on different albums, but all of the vocalists are females with amazing style and purity. The music underneath can be tense: when it's hard it really rocks, and when it's soft it plays deeply on every emotion.

**3** Anglagard - This Swedish group makes progressive rock. With tons of instruments both known and unknown, they create complex music that appeals to the chaotic side while still retaining an amazing grasp on really incredible basic melodies.

**4** Therion - Glorious... triumphant... Therion is sym-

phonized dark power metal with both solo and choral vocals. The guitar riffs are fantastic and after listening to them I can't help but feel ALIVE.

**5** The Beatles - I don't know how much I'll actually be playing The Beatles on my show, but I don't think there will ever be a time in my life when they can't satisfy any musical need. It's not so much the earlier stuff, but just give me "I Am the Walrus," "Rocky Raccoon," or "Across the Universe" and you'll put a smile on my face.

Lyz Crane is a Barnard first year. Her show, "Inside My Universe," airs 2-4 AM Saturdays



this week's dj is lyz crane

## musicpicks

for the week of march 13

march 13-14

### Gorky's Zygotic Mynci

At Bowery Ballroom, 6  
Delancey St.  
533-2111

Sweet psychedelic, prog-tinged pop comes to NYC courtesy of these Welsh-people. Gorky's Zygotic Mynci likes to toy with convention, using unexpected instrumental and timing choices, quirky lyrics, and occasionally chooses to sing in their native tongue.

march 15-16

### NOFX

At Irving Plaza, 17 Irving  
Place, call 777-6800

Ah, the many joys of LA pop punk bands who have existed for almost twenty years, singing about everything from laundry to anti-Semitism and playing a bare minimum of chords. They're playing soon, much to the delight of your younger sibling who has taken up guitar in emulation of El Hefe.

march 16

Shane MacGowan and the  
Popes

# No Depression: the return of

by Talya Cooper

As a motley collective of unattractive old people mounted the stage to accept the best album Grammy on February 27, a collective "eh?" must have been issued from the lips of mainstream radio-listeners nationwide. U2's inescapable spirit-lifting rock didn't make the cut, nor did R&B phenom Alicia Keys. Nay, the golden gramophone went to the soundtrack for the Coen Brothers' bizarre film *O Brother Where Art Thou?*, an album of traditional country, bluegrass, folk, and country blues.

The RIAA isn't alone in its appreciation for *O Brother*. Some four million people have picked up copies of the soundtrack to hear big names — well, big in the world of modern semi-mainstream country — like Emmylou Harris and Allison Krauss, alongside old country masters like Ralph Stanley and the Whites, lesser known artists (Dan Tyminski's gorgeous rendition of "I Am a Man of Constant Sorrow" provoked a flood of inquiries into the back catalog of The Soggy Bottom Boys, a pseudonym Tyminski used, drawn from the film) and archival material, all singing traditional Americana. A brilliant, triumphant achievement, the album led to a concert tour, a companion live album, and a documentary, *Down From the Mountain*.

Pause for a moment, and think about the country music you know and hate. You probably envision chubby, bearded guys in cowboy hats, the Dixie Chicks, unsavory people from the Midwest, tractor trailers, or terrible blonde dye jobs. The sound? It's produced till it can't breathe, with orchestras, gospel choirs, keyboards, and somewhere beneath it all, a twangy vocalist or two. Country is like this no longer, my friends. The past several years have seen a trend in country music that is mildly disturbing to Nashville execs and delighting a stereo near you: country music is getting really good.

I'm not referring here to the rash of post-Sept 11 flag-waving yowling: God save us all from Lee Greenwood. Instead,

look at a few releases from the past year. The unofficial country cuties were not bare-midriffed jailbait types, nor even silly 8 year old novelty boys (though Nashville supplies no shortage of those). Instead, they were Nickel Creek, a three-piece brothers-and-sister band of virtuoso bluegrass instrumentalists whose self-titled debut was a sleeper top seller. Gillian Welch and David Rawlings' *Time The Rev- elator* sounded like age-old Appalachian stuff, save lyrics about losing one's virginity while listening to Steve Miller. Even Dolly Parton — that's right, Dolly Parton — put out a surprisingly lovely bluegrass album, *Little Sparrow*. It all went beyond banjo-and-fiddle music, too: Old 97's put out one of the year's catchiest albums, melding power pop with their alt-country in *Satellite Rides*, and longtime underground Nashville favorite Ryan Adams went to Hollywood, hung out with Elton John, and recorded the slightly unwieldy *Gold*, whose highlights are the songs that sound the most country rock.

Two recent 2002 releases — one a reissue, the other an up-and-comer — illustrate further what can happen if you start on the edges of country music and make your way out from there.

The last time it was almost okay to listen to twangy music was in the late '80s and early '90s, when the so-called alt-country movement surfaced. A reaction to the horrific commercialized country as discussed earlier, alt-country fused punk; loud, rootsy, Replacements — and dare I say it, Lynyrd Skynyrd-style rock; '60s country rock as practiced by The Band and Gram Parsons; outlaw country (e.g. Johnny Cash, Willie Nelson); and traditional sounds. Arguably, the first band to fall into this vaguely defined genre was Uncle Tupelo, a three to five-man band from Illinois that featured two of the nascent movement's icons, Jeff Tweedy (who went on to found Wilco) and Jay Farrar (later of Son Volt; his solo debut *Sebastopol* was released late last year). Columbia/Legacy



# Country Music

is now in the process of re-releasing Uncle Tupelo's four albums, as well as a greatest hits/rarities album, *89/93 An Anthology*.

Many critics deride alt-country because it's so self-conscious; since country music is such an inherently honest, open style ("I shot a man in Reno just to watch him die," for instance), bands that are sort of country but also not-*so*-country feel the need to proclaim that they are indeed genuine. Uncle Tupelo reflect that sensibility. It seems that in order to compensate for listening to the Ramones, every lyric an alt-country band writes has to be about hard luck, Jesus, guns, selling your guitar, or whiskey.

Uncle Tupelo's music, however, manages to transcend the silly clichés. Granted, many of their songs are formulaic: they start off with a strummed acoustic guitar, drums and electric guitar enter after the first few lines, and harmonies chime in during the chorus and bridge. But somehow, the combination of angry, distorted guitars and sweet, shimmery acoustic guitar with melancholy voices creates a sound that brims simultaneously with boundless energy and bottomless disillusionment. This sentiment is expressed perfectly in the title track of Uncle Tupelo's debut, *No Depression*, a '30s song about "going where there's no depression" to a beautiful place that just doesn't exist.

Kasey Chambers sophomore effort *Barricades and Brickwalls*, released early last month, has similar themes I tried to count the number of times the words 'tears lonesome,' and pain popped up in her songs, and abandoned my efforts

after listening to about three tracks. So some of her lyrics aren't so good; so she's on Warner Brothers, who changed the original album art to feature sexier photographs; so mainstream media has called her The Next Big Thing. Like Uncle Tupelo back in the day, Chambers uses country stylings to her advantage rather than allowing them to constrain her art. She can create intensely twangy tales of heart-break and drinking ("A Little Bit Lonesome"). She plays lovely, religious Appalachian-influenced pieces, like "I Still Pray." She rocks out — sounding very similar to her idol, Lucinda Williams

— as she snarls on the title track, which doesn't even sound all that country. She can also sound like Jewel, as in "Not Pretty Enough," one of the album's weaker tracks, or on "Ignorance," a banal bit of why-are-there-bad-people-in-the-world railing.

Chambers has a clear, earnest voice, a killer backup band (composed largely of family members), and a massive amount of talent for a 25-year-old. Since she seems to be finding a place in the country music establishment, perhaps she'll use her new influence to inspire other young musicians to seek out non-Garth Brooks country. Whether it is the Stanley Brothers or Uncle Tupelo, new alt-country bands have learned to toy with country to create something new, bringing this vibrant genre a new audience—and giving Nashville execs a reason to seek out whiskey and Jesus.

*Talya Cooper is a Barnard first year and the bulletin music editor*

## musicpicks ...continued

*At Roseland, 230 W. 52 St.  
call 777-8800*

Will the legendary ex-Nipple Erector, Chainsaw-er, and Pogue stay sober? Hopefully! If so, he and his latest band will play some of the Irish folk-punk with often exquisite lyrics that he has been churning out for many a year.

### Cub Country

*At Mercury Lounge, 217 E. Houston St. call 260-4700*

A collection of indie almost-stars from mostly non-twangy bands like Jets to Brazil, Cub Country plays neo-California-style-country-rock. You may cringe now, but wait until you hear their album *High Uinta Tree*, which is one of the best roots rock-y albums of the past year or so.

march 18

### Sarah Dougher

*At The Knitting Factory, 74 Leonard St. call 219-3006*

Intellectual '60s garage-influenced grrl-ish rocker Sarah Dougher sold out a massive number of shows at the Knitting Factory last January; she now returns in support of her latest effort, *The Bluff*.

# Some Albums Should Remain *Under Rug Swept*

by Anna Schwartz

She's back, with the crow's nest of hair, leather pants and lyrics about getting one's ass licked (literally). Don't be surprised that Alanis Morissette's latest, *Under Rug Swept*, is a *Jagged Little Pill*. Morissette claims to have "put on her conceptual seatbelt" in writing the album, which she recorded over the past two years, and is her first completely self-produced studio album (previously, Morissette has relied on the production talent of Glen Ballard, famous for producing Michael Jackson and other 1980s pop sensations).

Morissette's illustrious career began in 1995 when she climbed the charts with self-aware alterna-rock songs like "You Oughta Know," "Head Over Feet," and "Ironic," although before her US debut in '95, she was a teen pop star in Canada. Her sophomore album, *Supposed Former Infatuation Junkie*, yielded only one major hit, "Thank U." *Under Rug Swept* placed Morissette atop the charts before its release with the single "Hands Clean," and immersed her in controversy over the song's references to statutory rape. During the seven years of her career, Morissette's approach to music has changed dramatically. She made a concerted effort not to record a "Jagged Little Pill Part Two" in *Supposed Former*, and this latest effort moves even further from her original broken-heart-journal-like-love-song sensibilities, while retaining her signature style and sound, the immensely personal lyrics and the wailing voice. The reflective and quasi-spiritual lyrics on this album reveal Morissette's not-so-private insecurities, and often leave the listener wondering what on earth she's talking about.

Songs such as "21 Things I Want In a Lover," and "You Owe Me Nothing In Return," draw on a formula well explored in her last record, in which she repeats phrases in her lyrics, turning the songs into something resembling a laundry list, and making these the least innovative tracks on the album. She also explores the opposite direction in "Precious Illusions," a song that seems to be mis-

placed poetry but which works itself into an exquisite piece of exploration and pop sensibilities -- the melody is catchy, the lyrics poetic and obscure, and the chorus leaves the listener with the sensation of a sing-along. The best tracks on the album are those that manage to find the medium between overused formula and obscure lyrics: songs such as the single, "Hands Clean," "Utopia," "Surrendering," and the ballad-like "Flinch" arrive at this medium succinctly and successfully. The album, despite its lack of direct references to India or other non-Western musical influences, has an extremely modal sound overall; Morissette prefers to stay within certain keys and chord progressions, and the ones she has chosen sound as though she has spent a good deal of her time in the past years browsing the "world music" section at record stores. In this respect, the album might have benefited from another producer, but Morissette seems to have learned how to create her distinctive sound.

What she has not yet learned, though, is how to make a cohesive album. Morissette whittled *Under Rug Swept* down to 11 songs from 25 recorded ones, but some of the songs are far too personal, whiny and self-indulgent. Even longtime fans might have trouble digesting the ass-licking song ("Narcissus") and the utterly boring "That Particular Time." Morissette drew on outside talent in recording this album: her core touring band play on most of the tracks, but Flea from the Red Hot Chili Peppers, Dean DeLeo of the Stone Temple Pilots, and singer/bassist Meshell Ndegeocello make guest appearances. Another advent is that Morissette has learned how to play more than three chords on the guitar, a talent that she did not have previously, and thus plays guitar on most of the tracks.

While *Under Rug Swept* is absolutely nothing like the *Jagged Little Pill* that introduced the world to Morissette, it demonstrates Morissette's unique ability to make the listener want to sing along and say "huh?" simultaneously. Her idiosyncrasies may be irritating and her lyrics may seem pretentiously self-aware, but the charms of this album will bring Morissette to the top of the charts at least once more, and will probably warrant a Grammy nod. Let's just hope she doesn't choose to play "Narcissus" on the awards ceremony.

Anna Schwartz is a Barnard sophomore.



albumreview

# L'expérience Française at the Café Gamin

by Courtney E. Martin

When I was six years old, I went to Paris with my hyperactive eight-year-old brother and my overzealous tourist parents who wore matching fanny packs. I remember being dragged from museum to museum, snobby eating establishment to snobby eating establishment. I hated the nasal twang of all the waiters who pinched my cheeks and gave me huge pastries that made me sick. The only thing I liked about the trip, as I remember it now, was the black sweatshirt I got with red writing that said "Paris," in that 80s cursive that was all the rage, across the front. On my birthday, later that year, my father took the annual video of me prancing around my room before the party and being generally self-absorbed and over-enthusiastic. I was wearing my new sweatshirt and when my father asked, "So you went to France?" I replied with utter contempt, "No, just Paris," and tilted the bun on top of my head at a condescending angle.

So you can see why anything to do with France makes me itchy and uncomfortable to this day.

That was before I had the pleasure of going to Café Gamin at 50 McDougal Street between Prince and Houston last Saturday. It is a French establishment with none of the snobbery and none of the frills. When a friend and I arrived around 2 pm, there was already a cluster of waiting list hopefuls standing outside. The tricky thing about being on Café Gamin's waiting list is that, well frankly, there isn't one. When a table inside the tiny café opens up one of the waitresses simply peeks her head around the corner and announces "table for two available." Then a few impatient couples verbally duke it out ending, most often, with one non-confrontational girlfriend just slipping in, sitting down and ordering herself a mocha. When it came time for my friend and me to assert ourselves, I chickened out and raised one pitiful spaghetti arm to indicate we were next. Thankfully the only other people left at that point were two flamboyantly

gay, leather-jacketed men who were in hot debate about the state of SoHo, and didn't hear a thing.

Once inside we settled down into a wobbly, but quaint table in the center of the place. The close proximity to the table next to us was no big thang until we started using exaggerated and, well, really bad French accents to announce each and every different type of crêpe on the menu. After a vicious look from one of them, we toned it down and got down to the business of ordering.

We decided to split one crêpe with a salty American edge (ol' ham, eggs, and cheese) and one crêpe that would satisfy our sweet teeth (fresh oranges with caramel). The food didn't take long to arrive; we could see it being flipped and fluffed right behind the counter by the kitchen of Mexican cooks (apparently the French authenticity of this place is supposed to be wholly embodied by the barely-there waitresses). Both crêpes were absolutely delicious, and perfect for putting us in the mood to further degrade the French language with imitation accents and full mouths.

After growing a couple years older waiting for the waitress to come and check on us we decided to order some coffee — I got a mocha, my friend went for the sophistication of an espresso. Both arrived after another couple of years and we drunk them down quickly and asked for the check. Now the trouble with the check at Café Gamin is, well frankly, there are no checks. The waitress ran to the antique cash register and then shouted over other customers' heads, "It's \$20.59...or \$20.69?!"

So there you have it. Well-priced and delicious food, French waitresses who are either allergic to paper or plain lazy, and all the intimacy you could ask for. Plus no sickening pastries or parents with fanny packs. Café Gamin is my kind of France. Magnifique!

Courtney Martin is a Barnard senior and bulletin staff writer

<<page 15>> "Deconstruction" (which redeems itself live) all feel like the same whiny, somewhat depressing song. But the award for the most depressing tune must go to "Hope Alone" for featuring lines like "Remember when I met you/ You were leaving from the start/ I thought one day you'd probably just come home/ and break my heart."

The worst song on the album undoubtedly is "She's Saving Me." Based on the death of Saliers's sister, the song is dissonant

and lyrically uninspiring. In truth, it borders on just plain terrible. A touching subject does not a song make.

As a very devoted fan of the Indigo Girls, it hurts me to say that *Become You* is less than stellar as a whole. On the upside, Ray has never been so impressive. Her songs alone are definitely worth the price of the CD — as long as the buyer is quick with the 'skip' button.

-Laura Whitlock

# wanna meet your soul mate?

by Adrienne Serbaroli

I met mine—at Drip Café! Now we're happily married with two kids and a golden retriever . . . Yeah, right. I'm not married, nor have I found anyone fitting the description of "soul mate." But maybe that's because I haven't signed up for the smashing little dating service that this coffeehouse has to offer, who knows?

I know about Drip Café because I have been sitting there every Monday afternoon this school year, waiting for the girl I baby-sit to finish her after-school activity. I recently found out that the famous dating service Drip offers did not actually originate until about a year after it went into business (as a nondescript coffee shop) about six years ago. It all started with a bulletin board inside, where people could leave each other messages. But as it is wont for New Yorkers to do, many customers soon began putting their own personal ads up, and before anyone could say "One Cap'n Crunch Milkshake, please," the dating service information became automated and convenient for anyone to see and use, spreading well beyond its original spot upon the wall of Drip Café.

Drip Café essentially conveys an atmosphere not unlike many other hip and funky coffee shops in NYC, with an array of desserts, sandwiches, and, sometimes, soup. You are sure to find a fun drink that tickles your particular fancy, since it serves mainly beverages. The cool thing about this place, however, is that you would not necessarily be able to tell just by sitting in there, enjoying your favorite cup of java and munching on Cheese Nips, that the dating service is in fact the Café's livelihood. During the day, elementary school kids come in with their parents and go straight for the milkshakes and Rice Krispies treats, while college kids come in with their calculus textbooks and math tutor in tow. But what makes this place so special is that it is the locale where daily up to 10 couples meet for the first time. Sometimes it goes well, and people may end up going on a second or third date. In a few cases, people who meet here even end up getting married. That's right — the last time I checked, the number of couples who have gotten hitched since it opened is up to 110 (at least, the ones that they know about).

So you DO want to know more about this, eh? "Where is this place?" you ask. Located between 83rd and 84th Streets on Amsterdam, it is only a short subway ride away from Morningside Heights. "How does this work?" may be your next concern. Well here's the deal: First you pick from one of the binders filled with scores of potential boyfriends — or girlfriends. Each member has listed a profile (no names or phone numbers are listed how-

ever), consisting of required basic facts such as age, sex, occupation, interests, musical preference, "biggest turnoff," as well as "favorite drink at Drip." All binders are separated into four main categories: "female seeking male," "male seeking female," "female seeking female," and "male seeking male."

Now let's say you find a person whose listed qualities pique your interest and you are overcome with a sudden need to get to know him or her better. You then go up to the friendly counter people at Drip, and excitedly tell them of your discovery. After sharing in your elatedness, (and showing you your mystery person's photo) they will ask you for \$20 (did you really think this would be free?), at which point they will hand you a sheet to fill out for your very own profile. They will also call your prospective candidate for you (if you so deem his/her snapshot worthy to take this next bold leap), and give

**In a few cases, people who meet here even end up getting married...the number of couples who have gotten hitched since it opened is up to 110**

that person your information. (They will never give out your name, email, or phone number. "Even," they claim, "if someone threatens us by making us drink Starbucks.") Once that other person has seen your profile, he/she can assess whether they are interested in meeting you in return. If everything goes according to plan, the

two of you will agree to meet soon afterward at Drip Café. You can choose to meet at a time which is best for both of you, and most people tend to meet either on an evening during the week, or during the day on weekends. (There aren't as many blind dates on Friday or Saturday nights, probably because the other person might turn out to be a dud, and who wants to risk a precious weekend night not having fun?) Upon arrival for your initial date at Drip, you will immediately know each other because the staff (who excitedly anticipate playing matchmaker and have the list of couples for that day in their pockets) will introduce you two lovebirds, and then cleverly proceed to take your order for maybe a juice smoothie, ginger peach tea, an Irish Coffee, or even a Cabernet Sauvignon (because Drip also has a full bar). After the two of you have talked for a little while and it's going well, you may want to consider getting married. Or, at the very least, going on a second date.

At any rate, Drip is something to check out for fun with your girlfriends on a Wednesday or Thursday night, maybe a Sunday afternoon. And believe it or not, I have actually seen quite a few hotties in there, filling out profiles and getting their pictures taken, or sometimes just reading The New York Times. So I know that they do exist somewhere in the database . . . it's your job to find them.

Adrienne Serbaroli is a Barnard senior and a bulletin staff writer

# from the *Pink den* of a pop princess

by Jody Mullen

A fictional character with whom I readily identify these days is Elle Woods, Reese Witherspoon's character in 2001's flick *Legally Blonde*. Just the promotional poster says it all. Elle poses in the foreground, donning a pink dress and matching stilettos, walking her Chihuahua. In the background, sophisticated Ivy Leaguers decked in black gawk at her getup.

Okay, so the movie takes place at Harvard and Elle is a law student, whereas this is Columbia and I am an undergrad. The principle, however, is the same. I am a distinct minority at Barnard because I'm not a punk rockin' rebel chick or sophisticated cosmopolite. At least half my wardrobe is pink, and a third of it is fake animal-print. I shop at mainstream teeny-bopper stores like Express, the Limited, Abercrombie & Fitch, and Delia's. My dorm room walls are plastered with posters of Britney Spears, \*NSYNC and photos of me and my boyfriend from prom. The stuffed animals I sleep with take up more room in the bed than I do.

Other things you'll find in my room: pink pointe shoes, sparkly nail polish, a hairdryer, sexy-scented eau de toilette in a pretty bottle, and approximately half of the Clinique makeup line in a sparkly purple Caboodles. I am a die-hard devotee of *Cosmopolitan* and hope to intern at their New York office this summer. Oh! Did I mention that at home, I have a pink car adorned with pink leopard skin fuzzy dice and a bumper sticker that reads PRINCESS? If you think you have me figured out, you're right.

Now, don't get me wrong. I don't like to form stereotypes about people, and I see absolutely nothing wrong with people who tend to stray from popular culture. I am a double major – music and dance – and studying these two subjects has taught me that although some musical category or dance movement doesn't appeal to me, the fact that someone appreciates it validates it as an art form. So while my guilty musical pleasure is going for a stroll on College Walk jammin' to "I'm a Slave 4 U," I sincerely respect the tastes of people who prefer the underground punk scene that is so popular with the WBAR DJ's (and I always dance wildly to whatever they are playing when I'm checking my Mac mailbox).

I take issue, however, with the idea that anybody who follows the fluctuating trends of pop culture is doing it just to be like everybody else. I have endured constant teasing from my friends at Barnard, most of which is good-natured, because I identify more with Britney Spears than Ani DiFranco and refer

to my boyfriend as "Snugglear."

I don't understand! Highlighting my hair and listening to boy bands do not make me a shallow or unintelligent person who is incapable of independent thought; I just find them fun. Now, being a strong Barnard woman and all, I don't think females should spend hundreds of dollars at Vidal Sasson and Neiman Marcus in hopes of attracting a man. If you have to primp yourself to Victoria's-Secret-model perfection every morning (only with more clothes, I would hope) just to get a certain guy to notice you, is that really someone with whom you want to spend your time? Hell, my boyfriend attends college in another state – when I get dressed up on a weekday, it's just for me!

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I also don't think it's cool to buy the same CDs that all of your friends have just so you have something in common with them. If you absolutely have to worship Dave Matthews or somebody trendy in order to fit into a certain clique, you're better off without those "friends."

Part of having a stimulating and interesting relationship with anybody is agreeing to disagree, dammit! That said, if you like DMB just because you think they kick ass, good for you – I do, too! Furthermore, just because someone enjoys "crappy pop" doesn't mean all of her favorite musicians belong to this genre. I have quite the eclectic CD and MP3 collection ranging from Christina Aguilera to Tori Amos to compilations of Baroque and classical music. I prefer most of this music to the Top 40 stuff; pop is my "guilty pleasure," so to speak. Simply listening to "bubblegum" music does not define me as a person.

My point is that while some people choose to follow the latest fashion and entertainment trends simply to fit in, many of us enjoy mainstream popular culture simply because it genuinely appeals to our taste. I spend most of my time at Barnard, where, if anything, my tastes deviate from the norm and cause me to NOT fit in. Let's face it: on a campus where the "school uniform" is composed of head-to-toe black, Doc Martens, multiple piercings, a cell phone, and a cigarette, I stick out like a sore thumb.

But I'm not trying to oppose the culturally rebellious attitudes of some of the students in this community. And no matter what your choices are, I respect them if they make you happy. All I ask is that you don't borrow my matching fuzzy leopard-skin scarf/mittens/hat set without asking first.

Jody Mullen is a Barnard sophomore

really deep thoughts.

I recently went home to attend the bat mitzvah of Annie, a young girl I used to babysit. On the morning of the service as I stood in front of a mirror, my younger brothers strolled in at various times, looking at their reflections. Then they gleefully reminded me of a declaration I'd once made: that the day I went to Annie's bat mitzvah was the day I would officially be an "old woman."

This was not a welcome reminder. At twenty-two I can accept that I am not exactly en route to the retirement home. But a fast-approaching graduation date accompanied by weighty words like "employment" and "health insurance" have lately made me feel older than I am ready to be. The fact that the bat mitzvah in question was for a girl I used to tuck in at 8:30, after reading *Angelina Ballerina* to her in her pink nightgown, did not help. As I watched this same girl stand before a full congregation in heels and a tasteful bun, I could almost feel my hair turning gray.

This feeling lasted until later that afternoon at the reception, where I found myself taking my officially assigned seat beside my twin sister—as well as my sixteen-year-old brother and his friends. Scanning the rest of the people at the table was similarly odd (they seemed a bit young), but perhaps not as telling as the festive cellophane-wrapped mugs filled with Air Heads and Starbursts that sat beside our plates. (These mugs were nowhere to be found at my parents' table a few feet away.) To my left, Annie's cousin was being asked for ID to order his beverage. To my right I heard an earnest conversation taking place about Britney Spears.

And then I knew for sure. This was, undeniably, the kids' table. And I, for the purposes of this party, was a kid.

Strangely, I felt no chagrin at being placed at the same table as a kid whose diapers I used to change (my brother), or a boy who used to play *Streetfighter II* in Batman underwear

until I put him to bed (his friend). I was, in fact, happy to sit there. Relieved, even. To sit at the kids' table, you see, was to revisit the privilege of my fading youth.

Do you remember the kids' table? Allow me to jog your memory.

The kids' table is a phenomenon everyone with an extended family is bound to have encountered at some point — if not repeated-

ly — over the years. It is an adult creation, seemingly universal, and proceeds in the following manner: soon after graduating from the high chair, a child is beyond the need for constant parental supervision but still considered unfit for polite adult society. He or she is flung alongside the cousins or children-of-friends to a mealtime subculture characterized by a not-as-big table with not-as-nice china. Over the years the kids' table takes many forms. When you are little it is a forum for non-boring (read: non-adult) discussion that excludes topics such as taxes or the stock market (the main topics we as kids used to be convinced constituted adult conversation). It is also a safe haven from vegetables and other enemies of the culinary sort, not to mention prime planning grounds for the hastening of dessert.

There was always a goody two shoes or self-proclaimed "mature" individual who claimed to prefer the adult table, which rendered him or her immediately suspect. Members of the kids' table would repeatedly glance over at them like they were exiled comrades, with a mixture of curiosity and concern. On the occasion when the adult table seemed appealing, it was usually because your same-aged companions were absent, or because you were being entrusted to make nice with some too-shy or too-

obnoxious child.

Over time the kids' table became an adolescent table, and hence turned into a place for the conversations you didn't want your parents to hear (talk that would flow freely until you caught on that parents were not only listening, but had an alarmingly far-reaching auditory range). The

on the kids' table

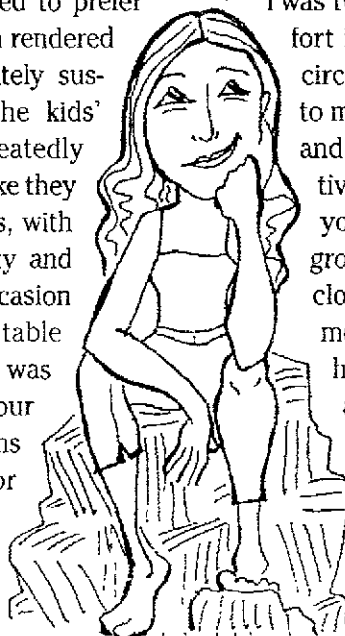
mealtime subculture remained distinct, now due to the general awkwardness of its inhabitants and the implied rebellion parents seemed so convinced that you were launching against them.

Bit by bit, the adolescent table became the young adult table, and slowly its members would be found missing at family gatherings, due to work, school, or prior plans. Come college, it was a challenge just to get everyone in the same room and the kids of old began to resemble new adults. Which brings me to the present.

Extended family dinners have become more rare as I have gotten older; and populating the kids' table is a task that has been passed on to my brothers, whose penchant for extra dinner rolls and speedy dessert are all too familiar.

At Annie's bat mitzvah, my neighbors' eyes widened when I told them I was twenty-two. But I took comfort in knowing that in certain circles I will always be a kid—to my parents, to their friends, and to those maddening relatives who never fail to tell you how much you've grown. As graduation comes closer, I wouldn't mind more moments of unbridled childhood. I'll take my seat — and my candy mug — with pleasure.

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



<<page 14>> Just as Dred illustrated her understanding of gender through performance, Halberstam illustrated it through well-informed, witty speech. She complained about how most popular media tend to leave out the opinions and points of view of the academics, opting instead for celebrities.

"The subcultural historian is an active participant in the subcultural scene," she asserted. "Leaving the academics voice out . . . produces a mediocre, lame sort of discourse."

She spoke of her experience with television. *20/20* once did a special on drag kings and consulted Halberstam on it, but ended up asking her to "simplify."

"I would tell them something very, very basic, and they would say, 'Could you break that down for me?' It's part of the mainstreaming of this culture to cut the deeper thought out of it and make it a spectacle for the hetero audience."

After showing a clip of her film (starring, among others, Dred), the drag king and the academic sat down for a chat with one another and with the audience.

Asked about how she actually identified herself, Dred shrugged, and replied simply, "I don't identify myself as butch

or femme. I just flow every day."

Halberstam pointed out that pop culture is not as hetero-centric as it would like to perceive itself. "We should bring out how queer adolescence is. I mean, all those boy bands, who perform for shrieking girls. . . . How heteronormative is that?" Incidentally, there is a group of drag kings in California who are calling themselves "The Backstreet Noise."

Walking home, I considered the fact that I had just encountered two women who did not simply take gender as it was handed to them. Gender seems so basic to us, doesn't it? No one seems to challenge it; no one seems to want to test its boundaries. Our sexuality, our perception of ourselves and of others, our entire experience is constrained by this reluctance.

Sometimes, I wonder why it takes an artist to show us what reality is all about. I wonder why we are not all able to be as free and accepting of ourselves and our gender as Dred Gerestant and Judith Halberstam. But I am grateful to both of them, and to CROW, for showing us a glimpse of our female potential.

*Renata Bystritsky is a Barnard junior and bulletin co-editor-in-chief.*

<<page 13>> that utilized the strength of the diagonal with the interest of moving straight across the stage added a deep pulse of energy to a dance that—like *Jesu, Meine Freud*—was both earthly and celestial. Somewhere between sky and water, the effect of the dance was that of an Escher composition—a transformation between extremes that left one to wonder how it ever happened. One such metamorphosis that recurred throughout the piece and thus unified the varying sections was a weighty, animalistic lunge-crawl that quickly became a light (and yet regal) walk.

The piece kept reverting back to this reptilian crawl that was somewhat foreboding in its dragon-like heaviness and unwavering focus. Two groups would pass through each other like the clasping fingers of an enormous beast (or brooding overseer), and be transformed as soon as they collided.

The evolution from downtrodden crawling to stately walking—from horizontal to vertical—looked like a biology book rendition of the development of modern man from the monkey: greatness rising out of the primordial muck. But the metamorphosis of man to beast also happened in reverse, suggesting that nothing is definite, but exists only in the moment, ephemeral like dance itself.

Abstract, almost-ballet in movement vocabulary (beating jumps and pirouettes), *V* was still modern enough to be human. Every movement was alive and full of breath, not rigid or static; the lines of legs and arms seemed to extend to the borders of the universe.

Light turning leaps and sophisticated non-gendered partnering built in complexity and energy as the piece progressed. The final "V" formation was similar enough to the beginning to create a sense of completion, a cycle returning to the source.

Like the prehistoric crawling, the themes of the piece were repeated just enough to brand one's memory and leave a searing after-image, but were not so repetitive to allow the viewer to figure out Morris' complex patterns.

But continually going back to that theatrically powerful for-

mation also reminded one of having completed a journey with the dancers and the dance itself. Going through the life-changing experience of seeing what will surely be a classic, I was surely impressed by Morris and his dance company.

*Marie Yereniuk is a Barnard sophomore.*

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# COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY



## BIOSPHERE 2 | TUCSON, ARIZONA

**Columbia's Biosphere 2** is an extraordinary campus for hands-on exploration of Earth systems science, policy, ecology, and astronomy. Earn credits toward your major or help fulfill science requirements by attending these programs.

### SUMMER PROGRAMS:

- Sky Islands, Desert Seas** June 3–June 28, 2002
- Sea of Cortez: A Natural History** June 3–June 28
- Summer of Stars** June 3–July 5
- Deserts of the Southwest** June 17–July 26
- Earth Systems Field School** July 15–August 23
- Biodiversity Institute** July 15–August 16

### FALL PROGRAMS:

- Earth Semester** September 3–December 20
- Biosphere Research** September 3–December 20
- Universe Semester** September 3–December 20

**Enhance your College experience.**

For more information call: 212-854-3223 or e-mail: [lar46@columbia.edu](mailto:lar46@columbia.edu) or visit:

[www.columbia.edu/biosphere/ca](http://www.columbia.edu/biosphere/ca)