

Commonbulletin

1 november 2000

let's talk
about
marx

late
night
in the big
city

remind
of
being
jewish

possibly
not opening

letter from the editors

It's cold. Really frikkin' cold. Just last week, girls could lay in the grass on Lehman Lawn in t-shirts, basking in the 70 degree sunlight. This past weekend, the hats and scarves and gloves came out with a vengeance. Suddenly, the trip to West Side Market seemed like *far* too far to walk, and the willingness to wait an hour while video rentals were being delivered suddenly seemed rational. Not leaving the comfort of one's dorm room seemed like a good idea over the weekend. It even snowed for a brief while Sunday afternoon, spitting a wet, icy reminder that summer is, indeed, over. Time to turn to thoughts of hot cocoa and holiday feasts. Already!? It was just Halloween!

Listening to the radio over the weekend, it became apparent that New York was bracing itself for the coming months. While New York winters are mild compared to where Xy grew up (40 degrees below zero every night from December to February), New Yorkers seem to be particularly sensitive to the cold (except for those few who slept on the sidewalk Sunday night to get a good spot to watch the ticker-tape parade. Yipes.). The wind can whip down the side streets, off of the river, making it seem as though the inside of your lungs have just frozen and are about to splinter into a thousand tiny pieces—especially if you're from a warmer climate, like K8 is. New York cold seems unlike any other cold out there.

The AM radio meteorologist must have been particularly strapped for interesting material, however, when he began to explain this winter's coming weather pattern. In essence, he detailed the fact that the coming winter is going to be as normal as normal can get. He explained that *El Nino* had caused warm

ocean waters, thus effecting the weather pattern. Then, *La Nina* had served to make those same waters cooler than normal, reversing the patterns of *El Nino*. The coming weather pattern, in which the New York winter will be exactly as it has historically been (30 inches of snow, temperatures to match), can be best described as not a pattern at all. It's just the way weather has always been on this coast. And yet, in the obsession to name the current trend, the meteorologist calmly explained that the coming weather pattern would be called *La Nada*—Spanish for "the nothing." Was he serious? Indeed, highly serious, and he went on to explain exactly how normal *La Nada* would be, for a good two-minute radio spot. New Yorkers, prepare, The Nothing is coming!

Weather like that which we saw this weekend—a rapid drop in temperatures, grey, overcast skies—is enough to make anyone stay in their room, let alone those who fear The Nothing sweeping over the land. Good luck, intrepid adventurers, as you go about your day. Beware The Nothing—fight with hats and scarves and hot, spiced cider. We can win in the battle against this villainous cold, but we must be strong. Band together and fight for warmth in this harsh New York cityscape. We can win.

Xy and K

contributors

Junior Kiryn Haslinger is the *bulletin's* features editor and is from Poughkeepsie, New York. She is a Chemistry major and prelaw student. Kiryn loves ice cream, music, and theoretical Physics. She is also a fan of Dinah Washington and knows every tune she has ever recorded. Look for Kiryn's fabulous work in the features section every week.

kiryn
haslinger

Lisa Abraham is a first-year from Allegany, New York, a city in rural western New York State. She decided to come to Barnard for New York City, the all-women's school experience, and its good reputation. Her interests include writing and meeting new people. In this issue, Lisa writes about late, late night places to eat for the new york city living section.

lisa
abraham

Senior Jamie Hardy is a *bulletin* columnist and is an East Asian Studies major. She has lived in many places including California, Indonesia, and Texas. This semester, Jamie writes from Japan. Look for her adventures abroad in the commentary section.

jamie
hardy

barnardbulletin

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forum on Dining Services addresses student concerns



By Renata Bystritsky

When Director of Dining Services Al Sorbera scheduled a forum about food services at Barnard on October 23, he was obviously braced for confrontation. The recent closing of the Quad Café (replaced by Java City) has sparked loud murmurs of disapproval from the Barnard community. Sorbera, accompanied by members of the SGA, Jyoti Menon and Mita Sanghavi, was prepared to field questions, offer explanations and provide reassurance.

Unsurprisingly, the first question was the one that has been buzzing around campus since college came back into session: Why close the Quad Café?

"We wanted a more credible student union," Sorbera responded easily. "We want to foster a direct sense of community. I was given the responsibility to make the Mac center a true student center. We couldn't have two working food-vending operations on campus. It would have been a failure at both ends."

Sorbera then went on to reiterate the efforts he and his colleagues were making to better Java City and food services in general. "I believe in the direction we are going. The Quad Café was the least attended of the food services last year. We have a five-year plan to reevaluate [the dining spaces]. Food services are being entire-

ly reevaluated to bring long-term projected changes."

Sorbera stated that he aimed to please the students. Besides adding an express line to Java City, he also offered his office number, e-mail address and telephone number to the students at large, inviting them to come forth with any suggestions, complaints, or even foods they wanted to have sold in Java City.

Other issues came up as well—such as a greater concern for vegetarian and vegan menus (the conclusion was to place special attention to, as well as put ingredient lists, on the dishes); security concerns (the perpetually unlocked door of Hewitt dining hall); and even staff courtesy and professionalism.

Although he was received with some hostility at the beginning—by his own admission, Sorbera had been "taking a beating"—by the end of the conference, his obvious good intentions had won over students. The forum ended with a spontaneous burst of appreciative applause.

And so, if you have any complaints, suggestions or a complimentary comment (which, I am sure, would not go unwanted), go ahead and contact Al Sorbera at asorbera@barnard.edu or x46663.

Renata Bystritsky is a Barnard sophomore and bulletin columnist.

SGA's view: Dining Services responsive

Curious about all the changes taking place? Upperclassman may have noticed that McIntosh is unusually busy at night. Instead of a barren student center, we now have 300-400 students a night at JavaCity, filling McIntosh with life and activity. Al Sorbera, director of Dining Services, is responsible for creating an incredible student space that is comfortable and inviting. He has reclaimed Upper Level McIntosh for students.

On October 23, Sorbera held a forum on dining services. At the forum, he attentively listened to suggestions that students offered. Sorbera continuously takes constructive criticism and suggestions, making improvements on dining services. Due to long lines, a second register opened in JavaCity. Toasters, microwaves, and snacks were added, including vegan, vegetarian, and kosher selections. A new supervisor was hired to serve the needs of the vegan and vegetarian population.

Students that attended the forum asked for the option of keeping the dining hall open between meals for cereal and other foods. He responded by asking students to give him a week to work on that. Students concerned with labeling of foods, especially the ingredients in vegan and vegetarian selections, were confronted with a similar response. He had immediate positive answers for requests such as a waffle maker and balsamic vinegar in Hewitt. As for extended hours, he is willing to try a test period, especially through exam period. If this works, he will permanently make the changes. Sorbera gave students clear and definitive answers with reasonable time frames in which the change will take place. He encouraged the Vegan and Vegetarian Advocacy group to send representatives to the Barnard Dining Tri-Partite Committee meetings. This committee, chaired by Sorbera, serves to represent student needs and improve the quality of dining services.

Sorbera urges students to contact him with any problems at x46663 or asorbera@barnard.edu. For more info visit at www.barnard.edu/dining.

—Mita Sanghavi,
SGA Vice President of Student Activities

bearessentials

MANDATORY FIRST-YEAR PROGRAM PLANNING MEETINGS: All first-year students must attend one of the following Program Planning Meetings with Dean Kreger: today, Wed., Nov. 1 from 5-6:30pm; Wed., Nov. 8 from 4 to 5:30pm; or Friday, Nov. 10 from noon to 1:30pm. All meetings will be held in the James Room, 4th fl., Barnard Hall.

SPELMAN COLLEGE EXCHANGE: Learn about this unique opportunity to study for a semester or a year at Spelman at an informational meeting on Monday, Nov. 13 at 5pm in the Ella Weed Room, 2nd fl., Milbank Hall. For more information, contact Gloria Anderson, Office of Multicultural Affairs, at x49130.

NEED TUTORING? Because tutors will be less available toward the end of the semester due to their own course work, the best way to request a tutor is this Friday, Nov. 3, in the Dean of Studies Office, 102 Milbank.

APPLYING TO LAW SCHOOL THIS YEAR? The assistant dean for admissions of Georgetown University Law Center will conduct group interviews for students interested in Georgetown on Thursday, Nov. 2 from 4 to 6pm, in the Spanish Room, 202 Milbank. You must sign up in advance as space is limited. Contact Jayna Abdo at x47599 or jabo@duo@barnard.edu.

DEPARTMENTAL PROGRAM PLANNING MEETINGS: These meetings are very informative, and we urge prospective majors, as well as majors, to attend.

- American Studies:* See History.
- Anthropology:* Wed., Nov. 8 at 11am in the Ella Weed Room (2nd fl. Milbank).
- Architecture:* Wed., Nov. 1 at 12:30pm, in 306A Barnard Hall.
- Biological Sciences:* Thurs., Nov. 2 at noon in 202 Altschul.
- Chemistry:* Fri., Nov. 10 at noon in the North Tower (Sulzberger Hall) (luncheon and speaker).
- Classics:* Tues., Nov. 14 at noon in 214 Milbank.
- Computer Science:* Fri., Nov. 3, at 1pm in 307 Milbank.
- Dance:* Thurs., Nov. 9 at 6p in the Barnard Hall Annex.
- Economics:* Thurs., Nov. 9 at noon, in the Altschul Atrium.
- Education:* Wed., Nov. 15 at noon in the Ella Weed Room (2nd

- fl. in Milbank).
- European Studies:* See History
- French:* Thurs., Nov. 16 at 4pm in 306 Milbank Hall.
- History (includes American Studies and European Studies):* Tues., Nov. 14 at 4:30pm in 409 Barnard Hall.
- Italian:* Wed., Nov. 15 at 2:30pm in 316 Milbank Hall.
- Medieval and Renaissance Studies:* Wed., Nov. 8, at 10:45am in 421 Barnard Hall (if you cannot make the meeting, call Prof. Platt for an appt. at x42112).
- Music:* Wed., Nov. 8 at noon in 319 Milbank Hall.
- Pan African Studies:* Thurs., Nov. 9 at 4pm in 329 Milbank Hall.
- Physics and Astronomy:* Tues., Nov. 14 at 4pm in 502 Altschul.
- Political Science:* Mon., Nov. 13 at 4:30pm in 421 Lehman.
- Psychology:* Thurs., Nov. 2 at 12:15pm in 323 Milbank Hall.
- Religion:* Wed., Nov. 1 at noon in 202 Barnard Hall.
- Slavic:* Wed., Nov. 15 at 2:30pm in 409 Barnard Hall.
- Spanish & Latin American Studies:* Thurs., Nov. 9 at 5:30pm in 207 Milbank.
- Statistics:* Tues., Nov. 13 at noon in 622 Mathematics (lunch will be provided).
- Theatre:* Wed., Nov. 16 at 4pm in 329 Milbank.
- Women's Studies:* Tues., Nov. 14 at 5pm in 101 Barnard Hall (Center for Research on Women).

ELIE WEISS PRIZE: Prospective majors and seniors interested in submitting an essay for consideration should meet with Dean Schneider as soon as possible. Please call x42024 to check his hours. The Prize is described on page 4 of this year's Scholarships and Fellowships handbook. (Copies available in 105 Milbank or on the Web.)

CIRCLE OF SISTERS, A SUPPORT GROUP FOR ALL WOMEN OF COLOR: This group provides a safe place for women of color to share their experiences of being women of color at Barnard and in society. Come and discuss experiences related to adjustment concerns, homesickness, relationships, career/ academics, body size, spirituality/religion, stress, racism, friendships, family, and more. New group participants are always welcome. The group meets every Tuesday from 5-6:30pm, in 102 Hewitt. Call x42092 for more information. Sponsored by Barnard Counseling Services and HEOP.

There will be no issue of the *bulletin* next Wednesday.

Don't cry.

Look for the *bulletin* election special
on Friday, November 10.

it's

CRUNCH

time for environmental degradation

On October 31, Frankenstein was spotted on college walk. Students dressed-up in scary garb were promoting Ecopledge, a national student environmental group, which works to convince companies to decrease their detrimental impact on the environment. On Tuesday, students helped educate the Columbia campus about Nestle's use of genetically modified organisms in their food products. Just a small representation of Ecopledge's activism and outreach, the Halloween pledge drive was successful on a local, as well as national, scale. Not only did students become informed of Nestle's practices and ways to boycott their products in the Columbia community, a national pledge was signed. This pledge reinforced the fact that students across the country are not willing to work for, buy from, or invest in companies that are not ecologically and socially responsible, until they change their harmful practices.

"We are showing companies that they must take us seriously. We know what we want. We are organized, intelligent, and are serious about only working for companies

that respect our values and beliefs. The job market is allowing us to be selective and we are selecting to work only for companies that are not destroying the environment. Companies want us. They spend millions of dollars recruiting us to work for them. We will work for them if they show a commitment to the environment and to our ideals," said Virginia Cromie, Columbia's ecopledge.com campus leader

Currently, over 150,000 people have signed the pledge against irresponsible companies and as a result, Ecopledge has won three victories in the campaign to curb global warming. These recent victories are largely due to the fact that Ecopledge is a pioneer environmental group which embraces the potential of students as force to promote change. Students on campuses everywhere must realize that their voice can be heard; they can make a difference.

For more information, visit www.ecopledge.com.

—Lisa Patrick

Writing Toward Hope: A Symposium on Literature and Human Rights was held October 25 in the James Room. Sponsored by the Center for Research on Women, the event featured Chilean poet Marjorie Agosin, an international activist and recipient of the United Nations' Leadership Award for Human Rights. A professor of Spanish at Wellesley College, Agosin is visiting Barnard this semester and teaching a course titled "Women and Literature of Resistance."

Writing Toward Hope emphasized the power of literature and other art forms as means of resistance to cruelty and oppression. The event also stressed women's ability to use the arts as a vehicle to express human rights violations to the world. These themes are echoed throughout Agosin's book *A Map of Hope: Women's Writing on Human Rights*, a collection of 77 works detailing ways in which women have stood up to oppression by telling their often horrifying stories.

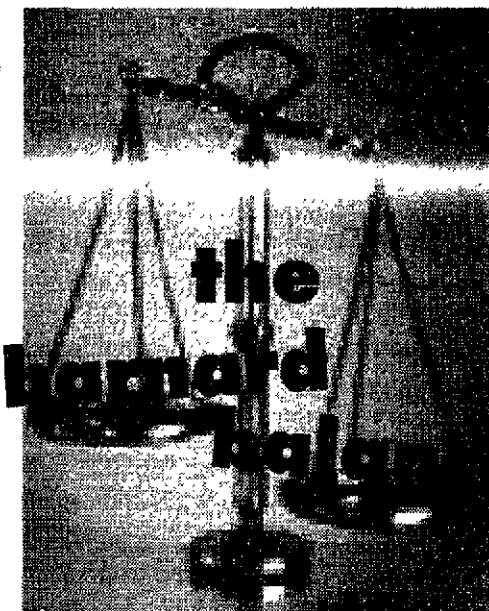
Mahnaz Afkhami, Executive Director of the Foundation for Iranian Studies and a long time women's rights advocate, joined Agosin along with author Barbara Smith, whose work has been influential in redefining the race and sexuality, and poet Meena Alexander, a Distinguished Professor of English at the Graduate Center and Hunter College.

Following the panel discussion was a theatrical performance titled *donde estas? (where are you?)* (pictured right). In this piece, the Judy Dworin Performance Ensemble juxtaposed text, music, movement and song to portray struggle of the Mothers of the Disappeared. During the military dictatorships of the '70s and '80s in Chile and Argentina, the Mothers were one of many groups to protest the disappearance of "subversive citizens." This piece summed up the message of *Writing Toward Hope*—that the arts can be used as a means of expression and resistance to oppression.

Writing Toward Hope shows the power of words



—K8 Torgovnick



a weekly weighing of
Barnard news

The 700-ft. sub sandwich was devoured in less than 30 minutes last Wednesday. This unprecedented event reinforced the idea that free food brings the community together.



Illegal cable gets shut off in certain Barnard dorms the night of the final World Series game.



Fall Fest continued with pumpkin carving on Thursday. Even though cupcakes were only given to those who carved, the rewards went far beyond food.



Last Friday, Wellness Day, was celebrated on college walk. The free yo-yo's helped students begin to recover from midterms.



= we love it



= we hate it

This week's total. . .



barnard**events**calendar

November 1

Lunchtime Mind Opener Series presents *Love, Work and Play*. Noon-1:30pm in the Altschul Atrium. Speakers and discussion on topics including the meaning of success in women's lives, women and career development and many more issues. For information, call Barnard College Counseling Services at x42092, or visit www.barnard.edu/counsel/.

Election Issues. 7pm, in the Sulzberger Parlor. A panel discussion with Jennifer Bryon, Kathryn Rodgers and New York City Council Member Margarita Lopez. For information, call the Barnard Center for Research on Women at x42067, or visit www.barnard.edu/crow/.

November 2

Women Poets at Barnard: Readings by Mei Mei Berssenbrugge and Martha Rhodes.

8pm in the Sulzberger Parlor. For information, call the Barnard Center for Research on Women at x42067.

The Bread and Roses Play. 6:45pm in the Minor Latham Playhouse, Milbank Hall. This performance only is free. For reservations, call the Barnard College Theatre Department at x42080.

November 3-4

The Bread and Roses Play. 8pm in the Minor Latham Playhouse, Milbank Hall. \$5 general admission; \$3 with CUID. For reservations, call x42080.

November 9

Lunchtime Lecture Series presents *Que Pasa? With the Feminist Movement in Latin America and the Caribbean: A Report from the VIII Encuentro Feminista de America Latina y El Caribe*. A lecture with Elisabeth Friedman, Assistant Pro-

fessor, Political Science. Noon in the Center for Research on Women, 101 Barnard Hall. For information, call the Barnard Center for Research on Women at x42067, or visit www.barnard.edu/crow/.

Are Human Beings by Nature Bisexual? A lecture with Elisabeth Young-Bruehl. 6:30pm in the Sulzberger Parlor, 3rd Floor, Barnard Hall. For information, call the Barnard Center for Research on Women at x42067, or visit www.barnard.edu/crow/.

Monday, November 13

Managing Time in the High-Tech Workplace. Sponsored by Barnard Business & Professional Women. BBPW events are open to all, but reservations are required. Admission to most events is \$25-\$45 and generally includes a light buffet. Most programs start at 6pm. For more information, call Enid Ringer, (212)961-

9740, or BBPW voicemail (212)479-7969, or visit www.BBPW.org

Tuesday, November 14

Voices from Chiapas: Indigenous Life and Resistance in Southern Mexico. A discussion and performance featuring the Barnard-Columbia Chiapas Delegation and Elvira and Hortensia Colorado. 6:30pm in the Sulzberger Parlor 3rd Floor, Barnard Hall. For information, call the Barnard Center for Research on Women at x42067, or visit www.barnard.edu/crow/.

Thursday, November 16

Rennert Women in Judaism Forum presents *Yidl in the Middle: Growing Up Jewish in Iowa*. A screening and discussion with Marlene Booth 7pm in the Sulzberger Parlor, 3rd Floor, Barnard Hall. For information, call the Center for Research on Women at x42067.

small but mighty:

dialogue on race draws

By Thea Tagle

It called itself "Many Paths, One Journey: Building One America." Yet, the week of dialogues on race relations held at Barnard from October 10-16 was met with large indifference from the so-called builders of racial awareness. Where were all of the committed, racially aware Barnard students? Were they actively pursuing racial dialogues on their own time? More than likely, they were taking midterms or just not as interested as they thought they would be. A great opportunity to broaden horizons was lost on many students, who did not attend any of the 20 dialogues offered that week.

Sponsored by the Office of Multicultural Affairs and coordinated by ASAP Program Director Sandy Bernabei, the week of dialogues was held in conjunction with other schools nationwide. Last year, President Clinton began his Initiative on Race, designating one week in October as the National Week of Dialogue. Colleges throughout the country held different programs addressing this issue; these dialogues were Barnard's solution to the Initiative. The program was set up in this way: one or two faculty members, along with selected students, were the facilitators of the event. They helped start the discussions on the right track, and offered extra advice and guidance when participants needed it. Up to five different topics were offered for each day, from the hours of noon until 1:30pm, or 5 o'clock until 6:30pm. A total of twenty dialogues were offered, a large increase from last year's program. Interested students could sign up prior to the event.

but the majority of students who attended were simply walk-ins. The dialogues were set up in roundtable-like format, which fostered open communication between the students and facilitators.

From topics ranging from "Race in Sports: Why is it Important that Venus Williams Won?" to "Race and Human Relations: The Spiritual Bridge," these dialogues offered something for everyone of every race, religion, and sexual orientation. Besides the typical racial issues, topics dealing with homosexuality, religion, women's rights, and more were offered for discussion.

While many programs did not have the attendance that their coordinators hoped for, a few were big successes on the smaller scale. "We were small but mighty," said Bernabei, "and the size of the dialogues doesn't fully reveal the depth of discussion that went on." A

participants felt the most connection with and had the liveliest discussions about.

One of the more popular dialogues had a political as well as racial agenda, titled "Do we know Malcolm X: The Man and his meaning." The faculty facilitator was Professor Dennis Dalton of the Political Science Department at Barnard, and was aided by Erika Swanson, currently a Barnard senior. Professor Dalton opened up the discussion by briefing the attendees about the life of Malcolm X. From there, the room was open for opinions, which turned out to be quite varied from one person to the next. Besides talking about Malcolm X, participants also discussed a topic closer to every Barnard student's heart: race relations on campus. The consensus seemed to be that there is not much hostility between different ethnic groups at Barnard; if there were hostility



an intimate setting at the dialogues on race

Eliza Bang

ty to be found on campus, it would be more likely due to religious differences. Students expressed concern that some religious groups on campus have become more separatist as of late, and those not involved with these close-knit groups can sometimes feel excluded. Professor Dalton pointed out that though the school could not force people to come to

total of 75 students participated in the dialogues, not including the student facilitators and faculty members on the panels. They came from many different backgrounds, geographically and racially, and each had her own different perspective on the issues. The dialogues that seemed to attract the greatest number of students were the most specific in topic: these were issues that

open dialogues such as these, having them available is the first step toward acceptance of others. His proposed solution, to have more dialogues and programs such as these for open communication—seemed to be best idea to all who heard him. Swanson said of her experience in the dialogue: "I've been an R.A. for three years, so I think I'm pretty in tune with the community on

open dialogues such as these, having them available is the first step toward acceptance of others. His proposed solution, to have more dialogues and programs such as these for open communication—seemed to be best idea to all who heard him. Swanson said of her experience in the dialogue: "I've been an R.A. for three years, so I think I'm pretty in tune with the community on

small crowds, big goals

campus. I didn't learn anything about race relations here that I didn't already know, but I actually learned more about Malcolm X. I was surprised how my own preconceptions about him were not correct. Professor Dalton's speech actually prompted me to get the book."

In contrast to Swanson's experience, first-year Rea Cisneros got much more out of her attendance at the session "Reparations: What is owed to Native and Black Americans." A member of the Anishinabe tribe, Cisneros found that this topic hit particularly close to home. In her session, the main topic of discussion was reparations,

both emotional and monetary. "A lot of people didn't know what reparations exactly mean. For me, a reparation I would like is to get my language, Ojibwe, back on the reservation [where I lived]. One of the women present said as far as reparations went, she only

wanted money. Still, this discussion gave me more inspiration because there are a lot of people out there who are not of Native or African American descent. They don't 'have' to care, you know? It



discussions between students and faculty

is good to know that there are many who do. I had my own stereotypes of people, and through this discussion some of them were broken," said Cisneros.

It is clear that these discussions were beneficial to those who participat-

ed, but what about the many who did not? The Office of Multicultural Affairs, anticipating further discussion, collected names of participants who stated they wanted to continue such dialogues

Eliza Bang

in the future. Hopefully these students will join the sub-committees that make up C.O.R.R.I.E, the Committee on Race, Religion, Identity & Ethnicity, to create further dialogues to be held later in the semester and school year. Perhaps with the pressure of midterms behind them and a greater conscience upon them, everyone will take part in at least one horizon-expanding activity this year.

If we, as a Barnard community, are really to "build one America," we must start on our own campus. Racial awareness does not happen spontaneously, but through conscious efforts on everyone's part.

Thea Tagle is a Barnard first-year

have you signed the pledge?

make the right decision.

ecopledge.com

visit the national website at www.ecopledge.com, or find us at www.columbia.edu/cu/ssri

come to SEEJ meetings wednesday nights, 9 pm, in the dodge room of earl hall

email Gin at vc116@columbia.edu for more information

Marx in Morningside:

French professor brings discussion to campus

By Diya Nag

A French professor introducing a program called Marx on Mondays? The very idea seemed puzzling, at least before entering Professor Gavronsky's office. However, getting to know a man who has been at Barnard since 1961 and can be considered an asset to the college forced me to consider the concept in a different light.

Of French origin, Professor Serge Gavronsky would have probably been living in Auschwitz if he had not moved to the United States during World War II when he was a young child. He is truly a veteran of Morningside Heights in the sense that he was raised in New York City, attended Columbia College and also received his Master's degree and Ph.D. in European History at Columbia University. He began his career by teaching courses in Cultural History in the French department at Barnard. Why Cultural History as opposed to pure language? "I have always been interested in courses that deal with socio-economic, intellectual, ideological questions more than strictly speaking, aesthetics," said Gavronsky.

For several years, Professor Gavronsky has been teaching a course called 20th Century French Thought. "Marx has featured unavoidably in 20th Century French thought and philosophy," he said, enforcing his link between French language and philosophy. This semester, Gavronsky is teaching a course called Marx in France, a subject that interests him greatly. To enhance the course, he developed a discussion series called Marx on Mondays. The program was initially intended as a way for his students to be introduced to Marx in greater detail. However, it has grown into something much bigger and more fascinating—a special series at Barnard, open to all students and faculty free of charge, which will be informative and engaging at the same time.

The Marx on Mondays series is, according to publicity posters, "A two Monday roundtable on the presence of Marx in history, philosophy, economics, Spain, Italy, Poland and more . . . followed by discussions." Anyone can attend this program and soak in Marxism in its most diverse forms from

the different points of views of speakers from various academic fields and diverse cultures. The first discussion held on October 16 involved topics related to economics, philosophy, and Marx in Sweden. At the second, which will be held on November 20, the topic of the discussion will be Marx and Italy, Russian Roots of Soviet Marxism-Leninism, and Marx and Latin America.

Gavronsky explained the importance of the influence of Marx in our world today. "Marx and Freud, to name two, are so fundamentally central to 20th century thought, politics, ideology, revolutions—from Japan to Brazil, that it seems totally unavoidable to fail to touch Marx," said Gavronsky. "You don't have to be for Marx, but if you don't understand Marx or Freud, you're missing out on some foundational influences in the 20th century." One is not expected to fall in love with Marxist thought after attending these discussions, but rather to become aware of and acquainted with it. Professor Gavronsky explained, "None of these six speakers that I've invited are self-defined Marxists. They are all observing the impact of Marx in their field." They are aware and want students to be equally aware of the world around them.

"It's an intellectual responsibility. Going through four years of college without ever coming into contact with certain writers and thinkers is unfortunate," Gavronsky said. At Barnard eminent individuals are studied every day—from Homer in First-Year Seminar and de Moivre in Statistics to Smith in Economics. Even though one may not come across Marx in class, it is every student's duty to at least be conscious of the ideas he introduced to societies around the world. There are some things that just cannot be missed if one wants to live life to its fullest potential. According to Gavronsky, Marx is one of them.

The discussion will be held on November 20th in the South Tower of Sulzberger Hall (17th Floor) at 3pm. All are encouraged to attend.

Diya Nag is a Barnard first-year. Photo courtesy of Barnard Public Affairs.



eating disorders through history

In the past few decades, eating disorders have progressively received more attention from the medical profession, researchers, and the media alike, and have increasingly become a topic of concern.

Research surrounding the multitude of causes for eating disorders and the most effective treatment methods has provided for a hopeful outlook. Despite the recent attention brought to these devastating diseases, eating disorders have existed for years—long before the fashion industry launched its waif-thin models of the '80s and '90s or Hollywood paraded before young eyes a long stream of beautiful and thin actresses and actors.

Richard Morton, who described the anorexic patient as "a skeleton clad only with skin," first formally diagnosed Anorexia Nervosa in 1689. Long before this, however, relics and written documents from ancient times describe practices of certain people who would today be considered eating-disordered.

Ancient Romans held big banquets at which people binged on mass quantities of food and then went to a public vomitorium to purge themselves—only to return to the ban-

quet and continue eating. Ancient Egyptian hieroglyphics and Persian manuscripts describe people with symptoms embodying the modern terms anorexia and bulimia. Even early Chinese dynasty scrolls reported the symptoms of these disorders.

When first recognized, Anorexia was thought to be a physical demonstration of diseases such as tuberculosis. At one point, eating disorders were thought to be caused by endocrine deficiencies or hormonal imbalances. Only in the 1930s did the medical profession recognize these disorders as a response to psychological and emotional turmoil.

Our knowledge of eating disorders, their causes, and the most effective treatments grows every day. As this knowledge develops, new forms of eating disorders are recognized. Common stereotypes and fallacies are brought to light and questioned, including the idea that eating disorders affect only upper-class, white females. Eating disorders span all classes, races, religious and ethnic affiliations, and genders. If time tells anything, it is that in the years to come we will understand more fully why these devastating illnesses occur, and perhaps more importantly, what we can do about it.

Got Questions for Well Woman or Residential Computing Assistants you would like to see answered in the bulletin?

Send 'em on in. Email well woman at wellwoman@barnard.edu or RCAs at resnet@barnard.edu.

wellwoman: Weight Watchers

Q Do you know if there's an on-campus Weight Watchers session on either campus (Barnard/Columbia)? Is it possible to set one up?

A There is no Weight Watchers meeting on the Barnard or Columbia campus. However, there is a Weight Watchers meeting at the Presbyterian Church, 601 W 114th & Broadway. You can call Weight Watchers at 1-800-651-6000.

Well-Woman may not be the

Weight Watchers meeting you are looking for but we do offer many helpful resources to you free of charge. Peer Educators are at the Well-Woman office from 7pm-9pm every Sunday, Monday, Wednesday, and Thursday if you want some help planning meals.

Peer Eds are well informed and have access to all of the WW resources. We have brochures (*Eating 101: The Basics of Good Nutrition*); videos (*Eat Smart, and Stop The Weight Elevator*); magazines (*Vegetarian Times, Nutrition Action*); and books

galore: *Eating on the Run, The Essential Guide to Vitamins and Minerals, The Tufts University Guide to Total Nutrition, Enlightened Eating, Nutrition for Women, Eat for Health-Food Guide.*

If you need additional help there is a nutritionist at Student Health Services. Remember the Well-Woman office is open to you every Monday through Friday from 1pm-5pm.

You can call us at 4-3063; e-mail to wellwoman@barnard.edu; or stop by the office. We hope to hear from you soon.

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

artspicks

for the week of november 1

art

Bridget Riley

At Dia Center for the Arts
(548 West 22 Street).
Through June 17.

The Dia Installation, with Movement in Squares. This is a mathematical survey that veers into mysticism.

film

Calle 54

Written by Ed Martinez
and directed by
Fernando Trueb

This film depicts the Latin pop explosion of 1999.

The Tavern

Written and directed by
Walter Foote Opens
October 20th at the
Village East

Two working-class buddies decide to buy a restaurant-bar somewhere in Manhattan, encountering many dilemmas along the way.

theatre

The Beginning of August

Studio Museum in Harlem

By Jessica Marcy

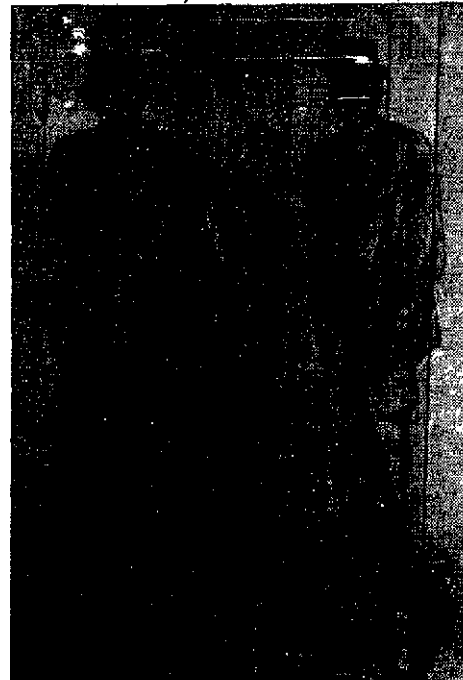
In my tireless quest to find the best and the brightest artists out there, I decided to bypass the gallery scenes of Chelsea and Soho, to forget the blockbuster exhibits offered at mega-institutions like the MoMA or the Met, and decided to go a little north. Though it is only a ten-minute walk from campus, Harlem is an all-too-often forgotten neighborhood in the Barnard student's mind. In an effort to discover the art scene in Harlem, I decided to head up to The Studio Museum in Harlem (SMH), one of the most renowned exhibit spaces located in Harlem.

Unfortunately, SMH proved disappointing. With a hodge-podge of exhibits, SMH offered a quick glance at a variety of different art forms and left the viewer desiring to see more than just a superficial sampling. Established in 1968 with the desire to exhibit a "renowned collection of art by African American artists and artists of African descent internationally," SMH falls short of achieving this goal for, most likely, lack of money. Currently displayed within the small, two-floor space is a variety of exhibits, including *Whispers from the Walls* by Whitfield Lovell, *Collection in Context: Selections from the Permanent Collection*, *Vagabondia* by Isaac Julien, and *The Cane Project* by Martin Puryear. Most of these exhibits will be showing through November 7.

The exhibit that initially attracted me to SMH, *Whispers from the Walls*, was also my favorite of the current exhibitions. Focusing on the intertwining roles

of memory, history, and emotion, Whitfield Lovell uses a mixed media installation to recount the experience of a prospering African American community living in Denton, Texas. When the white community began to fear the close proximity of this African American community to a women's college, the African American community was forced to leave in 1921.

courtesy of the New York Gallery Guide



Whitfield Lovell's Shine

Lovell recreates an actual house surrounded by heaps of dirt and clothes which is emotionally evoking with country blues music coming from an old record player, a variety of domestic objects such as a hand-made quilt and a half-empty liquor bottle, and life-sized, wood drawings on photographs of people from the time. All of these elements reconstruct an emotionally rich reality.

As I walked by the exhibit, I was compelled to search inside the windows, desiring to see the inhabitants who were not there. Unfortunately, Lovell's exhibit consisted solely of this one house leaving the viewer desiring to see more—which they can do by making a trip down to the DC Moore Gallery (located at 724 Fifth Avenue).

Next, I journeyed on to see *Collection in Context: Selections from the Permanent Collection* which once again offered a very small number of pieces, many that were a bit blasé. Among the more moving pieces were Romarc Bearden's *Conjure Woman* and the *Virgin* which uses paper collage on masonite to recount the violent rape of a woman in the woods, Larry Walker's *Ascension III* which uses acrylic and paper collage on board to show a man removed from his surroundings and entering the heavens, and Eldzi-

interesting, but too brief

er Cortor's *Dance Figure* which is a simple yet powerful drawing expressing the dancer's strong curves and forceful lines.

On the second floor, British filmmaker Isaac Julien exhibits his most recent video *Vagabondia*. Using a double-projection video, *Vagabondia* uses a variety of innovating film techniques that are exciting both musically and visually. However, the actual story line which centers around the affairs of a bank in England prove boring, leaving the viewer impressed by his cinematic talent but uninterested in the movie's theme. Julien participated with Barnard's own Center for Research on Women as part of the *Queers and Diaspora* series, which presented some of Julien's earlier films.

Also on the second floor, Martin Puryear exhibits *The Cane Project*, a series of woodblock prints that prove only mildly interesting. Puryear's prints act as illustrations for Jean Toomer's novel *Cane*, which the museum describes as "one of the highest literary achievements of the Harlem Renaissance and a masterpiece of African

American writing."

While my overall experience at SMH left much to be desired, this institution is making some strides in the future. Currently under construction, the museum is undergoing a renovation and expansion that will result in an additional 2,500 square feet of much needed gallery space. Also, the scheduled exhibits for 2001 look quite enticing including *Selections from the Vanderzee Archive*, *Views from Harlem*, and *Smithsonian African American Photography: The First 100 Years, 1842-1942 & Art and Black Activism*. While I would recommend bypassing this museum now and spending your time exploring other aspects of Harlem's rich culture, including simply enjoying Harlem's streets and ambiance which is so distinct from that of Morningside Heights, SMH should be a place to check out in the future. After a little renovation and some new exhibits come around, hopefully SMH will become the interactive and provoking institution that it was envisioned to be.

Jessica Marcy is a Barnard senior and arts editor for the bulletin.

artspicks

...continued

Atlantic Theatre Company
336 West 20th Street
212-239-6200

This suburban folk cultivates a Chekhov-like, elliptical style, with all the important things left unsaid. The main characters cannot wait to spill what's on their minds.

theatre

Stranger

Vineyard Theatre
108 East 15th Street
212-353-0303

This is a dense and unnerving production, in which the characters' well-spoken ways seem to exist on a higher plane than their actions.

on campus

38th Annual Ann Arbor Film Festival

Tuesday, November 7 at
4pm in the Roone
Arledge Auditorium in
Lerner Hall. Free with
CUID.

Come see nyc's only stop
for the Ann Arbor Film
Festival, the oldest exper-
imental film festival in the
US.

tickets, tickets, tickets.

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easy. you are soooo lucky.

portrait of the art opening

By Vanessa Garcia

Art Opening: n. 1. A phenomenon in which people gather (aka: artists, friends of the artist, art students, the gallery clangs) in a room for the inauguration of an art exhibit. The paintings, or installations (or whatever they may be) are rarely looked at. 2. A social outing; a stroll on the boulevard to see and be seen.

There are several kinds of openings, each distinguished by the atmosphere, what is served or not served (i.e. What kind of alcohol is served), and what the snippets of conversation are like. Let me clarify.

There is, for instance, "The Damien Hirst Opening": A huge, just opened Gagosian gallery space, very white, walls appropriately sterile and new, mobs of people, crowded doorways, photographers, celebs, money... This is the superstar opening—the opening of the artist turned entrepreneur; artist turned business man. A celebrity prom of sorts, where all are sporting new outfits and all have carefully selected their dates. There is no wine, given the mobs.

Overheard conversation: "Oh, Johnny, those are brand new cowboy boots, are they not?"

"Why yes, they are," coy smirk, "just bought them today, honey. Fabulous, aren't they. A bit uncomfortable though— but not terribly."

"Well, that's what being a cowboy is all about, sweetie; breaking in your cowboy boots." Laughs all around.

Next we have the "Martin Kippenberger opening:" Metro Pictures, early afternoon. There are a few people around, not too many. Not a huge opening, not an insignificant opening. There's wine served. There are good paintings: people are actually look-

ing at the paintings. These paintings are of Jacqueline Picasso, from pictures found of her among Picasso's things; they are "the paintings Pablo couldn't paint anymore." I'm by myself and enjoying myself, until...

Conversation: I am standing in front of what has become my favorite painting of the group (Jacqueline crouching) and I feel a looming shadow over me. Then, suddenly: "Sort of reminds you of Shnabel's work doesn't it?" I smile politely and move away because I have no desire in talking to this man in his burgundy scarf.

Finally, or thirdly (I hear the best writing technique is

to do things in threes), there is "The Mathew Ritchie Opening": A young, popular, well-known painter, showing his stuff at the Andrea Rosen gallery. A Chelsea show; there is a crowd of smokers outside, there is beer served inside. Beer, not your usual Merlot. Andrea Rosen is serving up Rolling Rock. Is this because they are trying to be hip and young? It doesn't really matter, does it, because it's free. Mathew Ritchie is standing behind me; I survey the crowd and I know a fair amount of people there: art students, professors, friends. I'm fairly comfortable here, drinking my beer, talking to a friend. This is a pretty good opening.

Overheard Conversations: "Mathew, how are you? Haven't seen you since Miami."

"Yeah, I know. Thanks for coming, I'm really glad you came..."

So there you have it—the portrait of the gallery opening—its many faces.

Vanessa Garcia is a barnard senior.

Overheard conversation: "Oh, Johnny, those are brand new cowboy boots, are they not?"

"Why yes, they are," coy smirk, "just bought them today, honey. Fabulous, aren't they. A bit uncomfortable though— but not terribly."

garage mania with wbar!



november 9

garage sale: 6-8pm

garage music: live bands @ 9pm

free food. free beer. (2 IDs to drink)

just \$2 to get in.

visit www.wbar.org to listen or for info.

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The Middle East Institute
presents a Brown Bag lunch:

**TURKEY TODAY:
A NATION DIVIDED OVER
ISLAM'S REVIVAL**

by Marvine Howe

Independent Journalist &
Former Bureau Chief for the
New York Times in Turkey

Thursday, November 16

12:30-2:00 pm

**Room 1118 International
Affairs Building**

***Coffee, tea and cookies will be served**

The University Program Board Presents...

The 38th Annual Ann Arbor Film Festival

in its only NYC showing

Tuesday, November 7 @ 4pm

Roone Arledge Cinema, Alfred Lerner Hall

Free w/ CUID, \$5 for general public

The Ann Arbor Film Festival is the oldest experimental film festival in the US, showcasing animation, documentary, cinema verite, narrative, and experimental short films from around the world. The touring program represents award winners and favorites of the film jury which tour the US and Canada after the initial event in Michigan. See <http://www.aafilmfest.org> for more information.

Featured films include:

Flip Film by Alfonso Alvarez & Ellen Ugelstad

Water Ritual by Izumi Hirayama

Restricted by Jay Rosenblatt

**The Etiquette of Letter-Writing by Lucy Lehmann
and Slow Dance by Tamara Tracy**

musicpicks

for the week of november 1

november 2

They Might Be Giants

At Bowery Ballroom (6 Delancy Street at Bowery). For more info, call 533-2111.

The quirky melodies and esoteric sense of humor of these college rock sensations, who were huge in the pre-grunge era, are not to be missed.

Ani DiFranco

At Hammerstein Ballroom (311 W. 34 Street). For more info, call 564-4882.

In case you hadn't heard, the divine Miss DiFranco brings her rockin' show here Nov. 3rd and 4th.

Banana Fish Zero

At Brownies (169 Ave A). For more

Alumna Amy Correia a

By Thea Tagle

Sitting in the darkened lounge, listening to the sound check guys yell repeatedly into a mic can really mess with your concentration. Trying to remember all the questions I wanted to ask Amy Correia was nearly impossible with all the noise going on around me. Thoughts of "Will she like me? Will she be nice? And can she really sing?" kept invading my brain, making the time go by even more tortuously. When she finally arrived, forty five minutes late, I was a ball of nerves.

With a simple smile, and kind introduction ("Hey, I'm Amy." As if I didn't know) she dispelled all my fears, and gave me the best (and first) celebrity interview of my life. For those not in the know, Correia is Capitol Record's next big thing, a gifted songwriter whose melodies are haunting and passionate, and above all, real. The songs on her latest release, *Carnival Love*, are the musings of a well-worn traveller, evoking images of love lost and people left behind. "I was looking for a savior but you are just a man/ I have to save myself and now I understand/ That love doesn't knit you a night full of stars," she sings in "Fallen out of Love."

Correia grew up in the small town of Lakeville, Massachusetts, and moved to New York at the tender age of seventeen to attend (surprise, surprise) Barnard College. Correia said, "I think I was very attracted to New York, and to be honest with you, I think the idea of a women's college put me off a bit at first. But now that I did it, I think being at a women's college can be better for women than being at a coed school. I feel like at

Barnard you got the best of both worlds."

During her years at Barnard, Correia wrote music, but was never in the school's music program. Her one attempt at getting involved was met with disappointment. "I once went and auditioned to take singing lessons across the street at Columbia and was turned down—the classic thing of walking into an audition, and everyone's kind of looking at you as though you don't really belong there," said Correia. Thankfully, Correia never gave up, and after graduating in '92, she took her talent downtown to perform in clubs like CBGB's Gallery and the Fez—where she performed the night of

Thea Tagle the interview.



Amy Correia on stage

For four years after college, Correia lived in Chinatown, which gave her a new perspective on life and new instruments to boot. She had played guitar since her teenage years, but during her time in Chinatown, she "accidentally" came upon a baritone ukulele and mandolin. These instruments help give her the unusual sound found on the album, and make an even more dramatic presentation in live performance.

With all of these New York experiences, it's interesting to note that many people mistake her for a Southerner. Her songs have been described as having "rustic, fishing-hole imagery." With songs like "Blind River Boy," the tale of a drowning death in Memphis, Tennessee, it's no wonder. "I don't know why [people say that]. I read southern writers, you know Flannery O'Connor was one of my favorite authors. Maybe that's been an influence on the imagery in the songs. I also went to Memphis one time, and I kind of gathered a lot of images the one trip that I went there."

A truly modern songwriter, Correia has

Rising Star

taken her life's experiences, whether they be living on Mott and Hester or visiting the South, and translated them into graceful prose. She relies on her own heart, rather than standard conventions, to make her music. This sensibility transcends any geographic boundaries, giving her a timeless, boundless quality seldom found in today's commercial music.

Since getting signed to Capitol three years ago, Correia's life has been on an upward momentum. After completion of *Carnival Love*, which was released nationwide in September, Correia took to the road. She toured this summer with four other up-and-coming women artists for the Girls Room Tour, and began opening for John Hiatt October 21.

Her fan base has expanded through this exposure. "[The fans' response has] been really positive. I think performing is one of my biggest strengths. I love the energy that an audience has. I feel that now I've been out performing, my voice is stronger. It's all very different from recording, where you're just like alone," she said.

Correia doesn't have to worry about being alone any longer, if her performance at the Fez is any indication. Playing to a small but devoted crowd, her breathy, child-like voice was the main attraction. Alone on stage except for her instruments and a simply fantastic cello player, Correia's talent was showcased even better than on *Carnival Love*.

Opening up about her inspiration for songs, she even made mention of her Barnard College experience with a personal note to me ("I remember my freshman year, it was terrifying. But I got through, it took six years. I hope it doesn't take you as long."). She bantered with a group of rowdy men seated in the back of the lounge, and delivered anecdotes between every song. This personal approach may become impossible as she moves on to larger venues, but for now, it showed the true love she has for performing and the care she has for her fans.

Playing nearly all the songs from the

album, Correia showed the crowd exactly how versatile and dynamic she truly is. Opening her set with "Angels Collide," her first single from the album, Correia sang to the haunting string melody played by cellist Gerri Sutyak, a talented musician in her own right. The formerly loud room instantly quieted the second her voice penetrated the air. Sad and longing, Correia sang this lullaby-like tune with such conviction it was impossible not to be mesmerized: "Gone just like a photo you lost / Love turns its eyes away / Was it you crying in a company car / I saw on the freeway today."

After this, instead of continuing in a melancholy vein, Correia went into a spirited rendition of "The Bike," one of my personal favorites. Her only purely autobiographical song, "Bike" takes a sad moment, the death of her great uncle Pat, and turns it into a celebration of life. Inheriting a rusted red bike from Pat, she takes it for a ride; she sings like an excited kid about the time: "Hey you know I'm riding around / riding around on it. Hey!" The show didn't slow down a bit from her powerful opening. She picked up her various instruments throughout the night, offering a little bit of something for everyone. Through it all, the cello played on, turning her set into the best "unplugged" show you'll never see on MTV.

The show went on for a slim hour before Correia and company called it quits. At the urging of a still excited crowd, Correia came back to sing two sweet surprises. A soulful rendition of the classic Edith Piaf song "La Vie en Rose" revealed a mastery of both the French language and her vocal chords; her final performance was a blues song that involved crowd participation. While we clapped in rhythm (and badly at that), Correia sang on like an old pro. When she left the stage for the last time, the sudden emptiness of the room dawned on me. Without her magic to grace the room, the lounge was once again the dreaded place in which I had waited to meet her for the first time.

Committed to her craft, Correia has managed to do what << page 18 >>

musicpicks

...continued

info, call 420-8392.

This NYC power rock trio is a mix of late seventies metal and early eighties punk, touring in support of their second release *Maiden America*.

november 8

Macy Gray

At Roseland (239 W. 52 Street). For more info call 777-6800.

If you dig her funky, unique sound, this is the time to check her out.

november 8

Peter Murphy

At Irving Plaza (17 Irving Place at 15 Street). For more info, 696-9737.

The former lead singer for Bauhaus, that post-punk goth band of the early 80s, brings his successful solo tour to town along with a special film screening at the show.

albumreviews

Wallflowers return with a vengeance

The Wallflowers fronted by Jakob Dylan (son of Bob Dylan), are back and better than ever. Fans of the 'Flowers thought they'd seen the last of the melancholy crooner and his band after their first album, *Bringing Down the Horse*. Though *Bringing Down* was a success, the music industry heard nothing from the Wallflowers for several years. We thought for sure they had disappeared.

Three years later, Dylan and his boys are back with *Breach*, which is actually a lot like *Bringing Down*, but better. Dylan's voice is just as gritty and earthy as ever, and the album is a sweet-'n-sour mix of poignant ballads and angry rock à la

Matchbox Twenty. (Remember "6th Avenue Heartache?") This time around, however, the melodies are more complex, and the songs make use of instruments that are not traditionally of the rock genre. (Listen for the sweetly orchestrated strings bridge in "Up from Under.") Dylan's lines are as brooding and reflective as ever. "Maybe I could be the one they adore / That could be my reputation . They think I'm a whore / I'm an educated virgin," he reflects in "Sleepwalkers," the first single.

If you're looking for a raw, passionate album from a contemplative frontman and his quartet of rockin' musicians,



Breach is for you. I know I won't be deleting their tracks from my Napster playlist anytime soon.

—Jody Patricia Mullen



Robbie Williams is the absolute quintessence of happy-go-lucky Brit pop.

The kid once known for his involvement in the UK's version of NKTOB, Take That, has once again shown us what a man he's become by releasing his 4th full-length *Sing When You're Winning*. "So where did I hear of this guy before?" you ask. Well, Rob (he hates being called Robbie) became widely known in the US when his song "Millennium" off of his second album *I've Been Expecting You* hit it big.

c'mon get happy with Robbie Williams

Since then his goofy football-loving (that's soccer to you, buddy) self has been a favorite of American popsters, but this ain't no MTV crap. I first encountered Rob in Europe and fell in love with another single off of his *I've Been Expecting You* album called "Strong."

But my job isn't to tell you how good he previously was, I'm here to tell you why he's still the king of his trade (and why you should love him). *Sing When You're Winning* is a grand-master flash punch in the gut of happy dancing joy. Rob delivers everything. Starting with an epic song called "Let Love Be Your Energy," he progresses into "Better Man," a mellow ballad that, had it included the accompaniment of electric flying V guitars, would have been at the top of the '80s hair charts.

Number three picks up the pace with his definite dancehall single "Rock DJ" for which he's already filmed a video, which may already be running all over MTV (according to my informants).

There is no way you could not move to this song. I personally opted to look like an idiot on the subway. Big point: this album is so EURO. If any of you have ever spent some time in Europe and listened to the music, you'd understand that it has its own feel, and Rob Williams is feelin' it, whatever it is.

Back to the album—if only I could individually describe all 12 songs. They're all over the place, slow, fast, dance-y, happy, sweet, and catchy. And the last song "The Road to Mandalay" is a folky heartfelt wrap up to another great bunch of Williams songs. Two more pluses, tons of cute pictures of Rob in soccer uniforms (and even one naked) and the video for "Rock DJ" to be found on the enhanced CD.

This album is almost worth paying 17 dollars for. Save up your allowance and your laundry quarters cause Robbie Williams is more fun than you can handle.

—Mara McLaughlin

<< page 17 >> many Barnard students only wish that they could. She has accomplished her goal of being a professional musician. I believe this perseverance will get her much farther than where she is now. She said, "I hope the emotional qual-

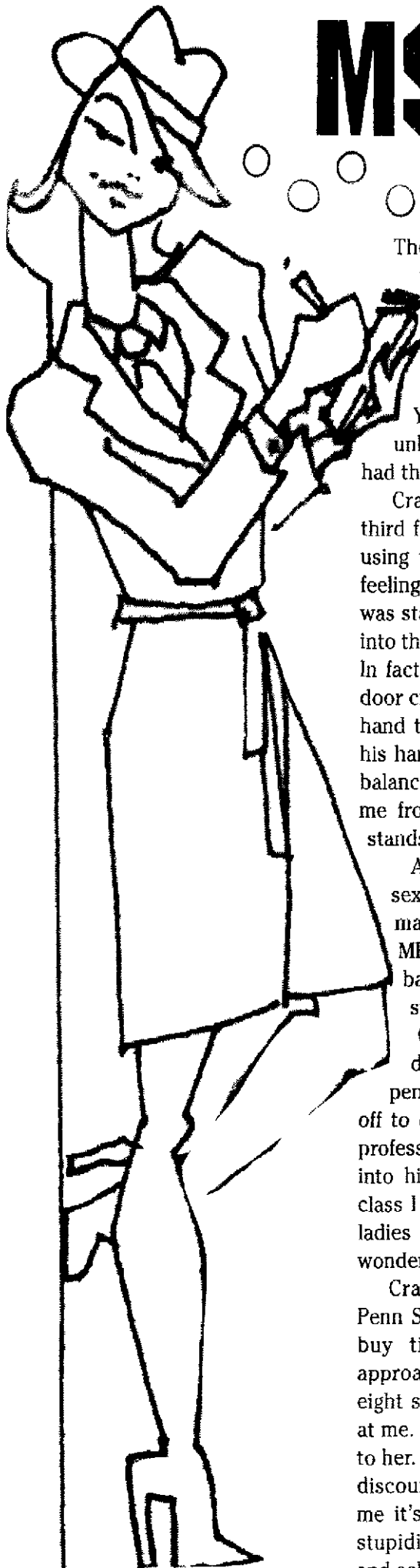
ity [of my songs] comes out as strongly as the intellectual part of it. I think I always knew I could do this. I just sort of had that confidence. It felt right, you know when you're doing something...and it's good." Amy Correia has definitely done

something right, and hopefully there will be much more to come from this diamond in the rough.

Thea Tagle is a Barnard first-year.

MS. MANHATTAN

gets caught with her pants down



Katie O'Shea

The crazies were after me. In my quest to find the most fundamental New York experience, I've shared tales of diners, tattoo parlors, Coney Island, and a club. This time, I did not go in search of New York. New York came to me in all its mentally unbalanced glory. In just one week, I had three encounters with crazy people.

Crazy New Yorker #1: The scene is the third floor Hamilton ladies room and I'm using the bathroom. Suddenly, I get the feeling I'm being watched. The guy who was standing in the hallway before I went into the bathroom has decided to join me. In fact, he's staring at me from the stall door crack. After a few moments, I see his hand touch the floor. Why, you ask, was his hand on the floor? But of course, for balance as crouches down and looks at me from underneath the stall. He then stands up and exits the bathroom.

Although I'm wondering what's so sexy about watching me wipe, my primary thought is "WHOA! THAT'S MESSED UP!" On my way out of the bathroom, I see crazy pervert man is still hanging around in the hallway.

Calmly, I walk to the sociology department and explain what happened. A woman calls security as I go off to class. Halfway through class, my professor works the following example into his lecture: "Just before coming to class I heard that a man walked into the ladies room and watched a girl..." How wonderful, I think to myself, I'm famous!

Crazy New Yorker #2: The scene is Penn Station and I have five minutes to buy tickets and board the train. I approach the ticket booth and within eight seconds the saleswoman is yelling at me. I swear I never said anything rude to her. I try to use my Student Advantage discount but the woman refuses it, tells me it's expired, and informs me of my stupidity for trying to use it. I stay clam and ask if I can use my AAA discount or if

she can print me a one-way ticket instead. Crazy #1 ignores me and passes me two full priced tickets that she has charged to my credit card. Once again, she reminds me that I'm stupid and that if I miss the train it will be my own fault because I slowed her by trying to use my expired Student Advantage card. I tell her I had just received the card in the mail that day so I didn't know there was a problem with it. She replies by informing me that I have no reason to get mad at her. At this point, I've come to terms with the fact that I cannot win this situation. I say thank you and barely make the train. My Student Advantage Card does not expire until 8/01, by the way. In addition, Amtrak has a fabulous new satisfaction guaranteed policy and next time I'll be riding for free.

Crazy New Yorker #3: The scene is in a 9 train. I turn to a woman nearby and ask for the time. For the longest five seconds of my life, the woman just stares at me with the most hateful, evil look I have ever received. Finally she opens her mouth: "I don't need to listen to your flippant responses. I know you've been after me. You've been stalking me, standing outside of my work for the past twelve years..."

Ah yes, I found myself a true clinical crazy. Or should I say the crazy found me? Her rant continues nonstop for about four minutes straight. The rest of the people on the train are staring at us. Suddenly, her lecture stops dead and she continues sitting there like it never happened. Another woman whispers to me, "I guess you should get a watch." Perhaps I will also give up talking to strangers.

New York certainly is not like the rest of the world and neither are the people living in it. How often do you see, overhear, or experience something strange and think, "Only in New York?" But are run-ins with psycho freaks the quintessential Manhattan experience? I sure hope not. So my search continues. . .

beyond the black bean burrito:

experience the Candle Café

By Allison Baker

Growing up in Houston, the only vegetarian restaurant that I ever came into contact with was The Hobbitt Hole. It was charming in a quaint, window into the 1960's kind of way, not to mention the Tolkien theme. In terms of culinary excellence, however, The Hobbitt Hole left much to be desired. If memory serves me correctly, the most creative thing on the menu was a black bean burrito. There was not a single thing that excited my jaded taste buds.

So after coming to NY, I was thrilled to discover the variety of vegetarian restaurants that Gotham City has to offer.

One of the most interesting restaurants that I've discovered is Candle Café, at Third Avenue and 75th street. It isn't in the range of an average Barnard girl's stomping ground, yet I find myself crossing town at least once a week to get my Candle fix. I wake up thinking about eating a Barbecued Seitan Sandwich for lunch, or find myself wistfully thinking about Spicy Soba Stir Fry as I sit down in McIntosh to eat yet another piece of vegan pizza. So, in a gesture of pure munificence, I have decided to let all you Bulletin readers in on the object of my obsession.

Although I could very well write an entire article praising the food, I thought it would be interesting to get some perspective from the man behind the magic, so I talked to the chef at Candle Cafe, Jonathon Grumbles, about his ideas. A political science major in college, Grumbles got into cooking when he became a vegetarian around the same time.

He eventually attended the Natural Gourmet school downtown and now spends his time performing miracles. He creates dishes that seem perfectly nutritionally balanced, yet are sophisticated and innovative. A recent special that I enjoyed was delicate squash stuffed with rice and lentils accompanied by curried tofu. When I asked him how every-

thing always seemed to be so perfectly balanced, he said that when you are working with seasonal foods, thinking about the aesthetics of a dish, and always keeping nutrition in the back of your mind, the balancing just sort of happens automatically. One of the owners is a nutritionist, so that input is certainly present in the regular items

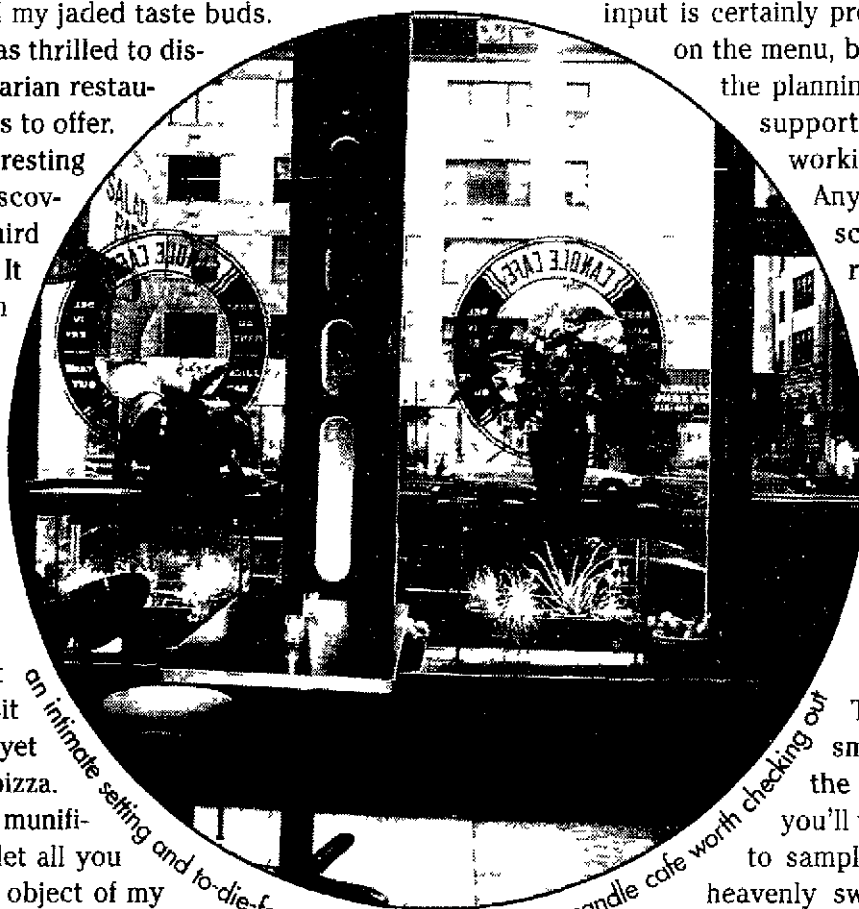
on the menu, but Grumbles stressed that the planning of specials is based on supporting local growers and working with seasonal foods. Anyone who is health-conscious will appreciate the results.

I highly recommend the specials, but the regular menu is also amazing. Under appetizers, the Crystal Roll is a mixture of smooth tofu, crunchy veggies, cilantro, and rice noodles, all wrapped up in rice paper and served with a spicy peanut sauce.

They also serve a variety of smoothies and salads, but the entrees are so good that you'll want to save all your room to sample the Paradise Casserole— heavenly sweet potato, black beans, and millet, served with mushroom gravy, or the Grilled Veggie Lasagna— layers of pasta, summer veggies, and yummy tofu basil ricotta.

Basically, you can't go wrong at the Candle Cafe. I've loved every single menu item that I've tried. The entrees run from about \$12 to \$14, but are so big that they can easily be shared. If you have a sweet tooth, try the seasonal fruit pie with tofu whipped cream. Whether or not you are a vegetarian, get your self onto the cross-town M72, take it to 3rd Ave., walk four short blocks north and experience the Candle Cafe.

Allison Baker is a Barnard junior and bulletin copy-editor.



5:00 am and the night is young... late night snacks in nyc

By Lisa Abraham

Have you ever found yourself at the end of a night, but still not really wanting to return home? It's 5am., but rummaging for the dorm key and admitting that the day is over just isn't going to happen yet. What to do? Where to go? Well, here are some ideas. No matter where in this lively city you happen to find yourself, at all odd hours there is fun to be had and there are plenty of midnight snacks available.

Located on Park Avenue at 20 Street is L'express, a relaxed, dining-room style French restaurant modeled after a Lyonnaise bouchon. Classic French wine and cuisine with a casual crowd and reasonable prices are served—who could ask for more? Their late night menu includes everything from soups and salads "a la française" to more traditional

French appetizers, such as escargot. They also serve exotic French entrees like "tripes a l'ancienne," for those of you who feel daring and creative in the depths of dawn. But don't worry, if you are a typical American girl at heart "Le burger" with French fries is always available for late-night cravings. The average price is around \$10.00 a meal. Come late (or early) enough for their early breakfast of omelets or pancakes for \$6.50.



Tom's: the old Morningside standby

Do you need something a little simpler? Cozy Soup and Burger Incorporated offers a range of soups and burgers, again at decent prices (anywhere from five to twelve bucks a burger). It is located at Broadway and Astor Place, in the heart of downtown Manhattan. It has been around since 1972 and were featured in the film "Big Daddy," so you're sure to find a fun-loving crowd!

For a particularly trendy part of town, check out Around

lara crack the Clock 24 Hours, in the East Village at 9th Street and 3rd Avenue. Around the Clock is a diverse restaurant for diverse tastes—you will find appetizers, burgers and meat, as well as vegetarian dishes. They also offer two soups daily, for those chilling, late-night adventures when a little warmth is needed before heading home. The average bill is also around \$10.00, depending on how much your appetite can handle while the

sun is coming up.

However, if you make it all the way uptown and realize that you still crave more before reaching the bored desk attendant, there's always Tom's Restaurant just around the corner for greasy delicacies and a home-style atmosphere.

Lisa Abraham is a Barnard first-year.

got a beef?

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

Renata's rambblings

Israel has been in the news every day lately. Middle East tensions are back; religion is again in the public eye. And it seems like everyone has an opinion and a prescription.

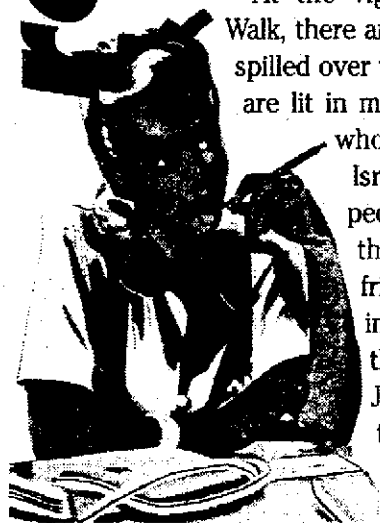
Me? I have no prescription. I have no logical formulated opinion, either. I am just frightened at how much hatred can exist and how much of it has obviously been boiling, suppressed just below the surface. And I feel angry.

My anger is not reasonable. It is an atavistic sort of anger; to be honest, I know pathetically little about the history and politics of the Middle East. I know only the fury that I feel when I watch news bulletins about Israeli soldiers being lynched. I know only the inexplicable sorrow that I feel when I watch footage of riots in the streets of beautiful Jerusalem.

Why do I feel this way? Am I often given to erratic bursts of intense emotion? Do I have some sort of psychological issues? No. It is much simpler—and, at the same time, much more complicated. I am Jewish.

I suppose it's a little sad that we only realize this in times of tragedy. Jews are bound to one another by a shared history of suffering; we can assimilate, change our names and get the noses of Vanderbilts, but our history is in our blood. I know many Jews who don't know the meaning of tray; I even know Jews who celebrate Christmas. But I do not know a single Jew who does not feel a twinge of emotion when he or she hears the HaTikvah.

At the vigils on College Walk, there are genuine tears spilled over the candles that are lit in memory of those who have died in Israel. Do all of the people present at these vigils have friends or family in Israel? No. Are they all religious Jews? No. But they have good reasons to be there.



I have never been religious. Until coming to the United States from the former USSR, I'd had no idea I was Jewish—in the Ukraine, it was simply safer that way. Because of the repression back there, my family knew little about Jewish traditions. In America, we've taken to celebrating the major holidays; I had a (somewhat perfunctory) Bat Mitzvah, but, when I was growing up, being Jewish just never seemed like a big deal. My encounters with people who were "more Jewish" than I was, only served to convince me that I didn't belong to any religious group—not really.

Still, there was one little thing. Since age 11, I have been wearing a Star of David necklace. I put it on purely on impulse that first time; these days I am so used to wearing it that I do not feel safe if I leave my room without it.

And then, spring break of last year, I visited Israel for the first time. It was a trip that my parents and I had long wanted to take, but the situation in the Middle East, other priorities, and our own rather busy agendas had kept us from doing it.

When I stepped off the plane, I was literally thrown for a loop. I had been looking forward to Israel—after all, I did know of my own heritage—but I had never expected to feel the way I did. It felt like coming home; it felt as though I was returning to a place that I never should have left.

There was nothing reasonable about feeling that way. I had never been to Israel before. Certainly, there are countries with equally beautiful landscapes and landmarks; there are countries that have equally friendly people and equally pleasant climates. However, there is no other place I have visited that touched me nearly as much as Israel did.

And now, I watch TV, and I see all of the heartbreakingly lovely places I have seen, except the caption beneath the video footage displays the current death toll. I watch sacred

grounds overrun by violence; I watch people hurling stones at one another, and I shut my eyes, because I just can't bear to watch it.

I have no personal connection to Israel. I am not observant enough, nor learned enough to be able to say

a prayer in Hebrew. However, to me, being Jewish is not about being able to say a prayer.

When I see a photograph of Hitler, I feel a real flash of fury—not merely antipathy, but real rage, the sort that makes me want to claw at the flat image. The Holocaust is not merely a ghastly piece of history—it is a piece of my own history. I feel a stab of pain every time I watch the footage of the concentration camps and gas chambers.

But it isn't simply about anger, sadness, and pain. It's also about being able to smile at a stranger, just because she is wearing a Star of David. It's about being delighted to find out that George Gershwin was Jewish, even though this certainly won't change his music. It's about feeling pride when Joe Lieberman was chosen as Gore's running mate (although I may not agree with his politics). It's about knowing that, no matter what, you belong to a people.

More than anything else, it is a tribal feeling. Perhaps it does come from a shared history of continuous oppression. Perhaps it comes from being a "minority." I cannot rationalize it, nor can I begin to understand it—nor do I really want to. It is my heritage, and somehow, despite the oppressions of the USSR, despite the "melting-pot" mentality, despite my utter lack of religious education, it has seeped through into my very being. My heart beats faster when I hear the "Havah Nagila"; I get ridiculously misty when I hear Penman's violin. Irrevocably, inexplicably, and completely, I am Jewish.

Renata Byshitsky is a Barnard sophomore and bulletin columnist.

tales from a broad abroad



by jamie hardy

I am sitting in the loft of my teeny weeny apartment in the Leo Palace complex, located in the textile district of Kyoto, built on the former grounds of a shogun's palace. It is 1:37am Monday morning, 11:37am Sunday morning in New York City. It's relatively cold outside, but not unbearable; my lovely lantana plant is still out on the "veranda" (another word for the facade behind which gurgles my air conditioning unit). My friend visiting from Tokyo, Chris, is calmly reading the Lonely Planet guide to Japan on my couch.

The entire left side of my living/dining/office/television/guest room is stacked high with the luggage my parents, visiting for ten days, left here so they wouldn't have to lug it around with them every day. There is, as usual, a party going on next door. If the lightly thumping music coming through the wall during every lull between the songs on *The Immaculate Collection* I'm listening to weren't enough to tell, the pile of shoes visible in my neighbor's doorway would be. My walls are nearly covered in leopardskin material, records I've bought, calligraphy done by my shodo teacher, and photographs. My airplane-like, one-unit bathroom is soaking wet because I sprayed water all over it in a spontaneous act of mischief when washing my hair this evening.

I like apartment life. This year, my

study abroad program offered two kinds of housing: apartment and homestay. Much as I love my family, eighteen years of living with them was definitely enough to last a lifetime. I have gotten too used to no curfew, no intrusions, no family spats. To be honest, I don't know what all the kids who opted for homestays are thinking. There are 43 of us, but only seven of us live alone in apartments. Some people have gotten lonely and moved into homestays from apartments, and others have gotten fed up with their new families and filled up the apartments. I guess maybe to the ones who stay in the homestays, all the things I have come to need, like privacy and independence and quiet, are less important to them. I suppose it would be interesting to live with another family for a little while, to see how it works, what makes it tick, what wrenches can be thrown into its machinery. But not for four months.

Sometimes I wonder if I am missing out on the Japanese Experience by living alone. I speak the language a whole lot less (I speak a whole lot less in general), and the only people I see on a regular basis are the other college-aged people in my building. I don't hang out with a middle-aged mom, or a bubbly seven year-old sister, or a tired, overworked dad. I don't get to deal with a yappy little dog, or fish heads for breakfast I can walk around in my underwear

without worrying about running into an embarrassed grandpa on the stairs. I don't have a grandma to sit me down and talk about the olden days, using such old colloquial dialect that even a linguist would have a hard time understanding her.

I can fall asleep on the couch and go for midnight bike rides. Friends from out of town can come visit for a few days. I don't need to bring back souvenirs from wherever I go, but I also don't get to go to very many places outside of town, especially the ones that would require a car to get to. I don't need to ask permission to eat anything or use anything, but I have to pay for everything I eat and use. I don't have to do my dishes right away, but I do have to do them.

So I guess it's a trade-off. Maybe I'm not getting the total cultural-immersion that some of the other students are getting, but at the same time I am also not drowning in it. I have time to explore the city and the people at my own pace and on my own terms. To me, that's what experiencing a new culture is all about.

Speaking of which, tomorrow I am about to be catapulted into yet another culturally-shocking experience. I am going to Tokyo. Tokyo and Kyoto, so similar in name, are as alike as night and day (in Japanese, I heard that the saying would be that they are as alike as turtle and moon). Kyoto is refined and fairly quiet, rich with Japanese culture and easy to get around in. Tokyo is like a mixture between New York and Calcutta; bright, bustling, modern, seedy, fabulous. So tune



Jamie dressed the in Heian
art-style robes of a demure
lady-in-waiting

in the week after next for an ethnographic comparison of my experience in both places. Let the games begin!

Jamie Hardy is a Barnard senior and the bulletin consultant

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1/01