



Pre-Break Reviews Issue



Lineke Rijxman as Diane, a newcomer to the Club Happy House Brothel.

"Broken Mirrors" Cuts Into Consciousness

by Signe Taylor

"I would have done as much for a dog," a man says after driving a stabbed prostitute to the hospital. This man's callous remark succinctly expresses the misogynist tendencies in our society, which are fully exposed in Marleen Gor-

ris' compelling new film. "Broken Mirrors" (now playing at Film Forum I). Gorris, a feminist Dutch director, confronts us with extreme forms of violence against women in this profoundly disturbing and brilliant film. The film juxtaposes two

stories, one involving prostitution and the other, physical torture, to present a bleak and distressing picture of abusive power relationships between men and women.

The principal setting of the film is a



Also:

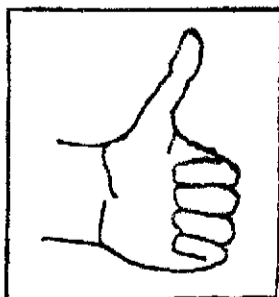
- Restaurant Reviews
- Buster Poindexter
- Mark Twain Suite
- And More . . .

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Alpine Fire

by Andrew Economakis

Picture a happy family on the tranquil Alps. All is relatively quiet for these four Swiss-Germans. Dad tending the land, Mom the house, and the daughter and son helping them out. Even the family pooch is as happy as a rock in the sun. Thus opens "Alpine Fire," a film by documentary great Fredi M. Murer, which at first glance appears to be an almost per-



sonalized documentary of a simple alpine family. Just when you're settled in for this peaceful glimpse of life elsewhere, simplicity and normality flutter away. All changes and the plot thickens. And this is the beauty of Murer's film.

First off, the son (Thomas Nock),



Columbia Closes Its Ears . . .

See pages 4-5 for Bulletin photo essay

Barnard Bulletin

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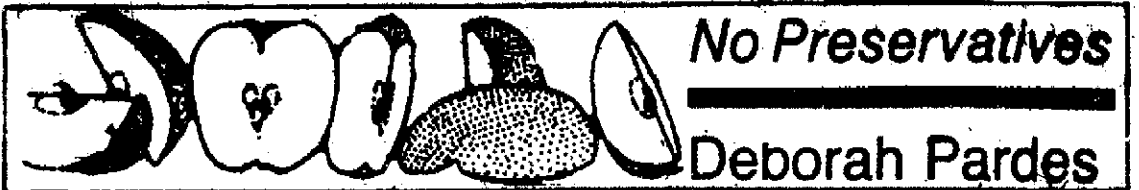
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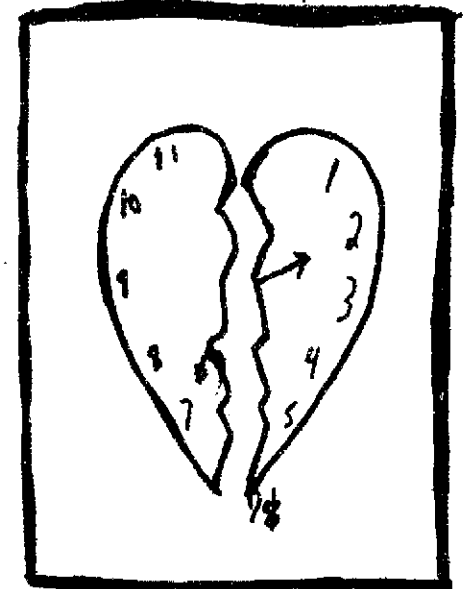


Last week I made a phone call to Baltimore to catch up on the life of an old friend who I had met there when I was a freshman. She has since been married and is working on her PhD in biology. The last time we spoke, I found out that she was pregnant and I was most curious to see how that was going. But when I inquired, she solemnly told me about her miscarriage, that it happened while she was in Europe and how everything is OK now. I expressed my heartfelt sympathies and just started crying from the shock. She assured me that it had all been for the best; that it wasn't really a good time in her life for a baby anyway. I was thankful that she had come to grips with it so well, but I have to admit that I was shocked at her ability to chalk it all up to 'bad timing anyway.'

I thought it all over more when I got off the phone and then realized the viability of what she said. We all want the very best for the people who we care about the most, and when we're unable to offer those conditions we'd rather that they just weren't around, for both our sake and theirs. This explains why ailing people frequently choose to spend their time alone, and why poor people avoid inviting others to stay in their perhaps less-than-adequate homes. This also explains why the maintenance of relationships during college years is so damn tough. Half the time, we feel great about life and are proud of what we have to offer those around us. But the other half of the time, we are so knotted up in our own worries that we feel guilty about bringing in even our dearest friends to help us cope with matters. As college students, we are an extremely proud brand of people who frequently choose to compromise some of our own needs for the sake of others or even for the sake of other people's opinions about us. In doing this, we risk the loss of one of the few accessible joys in life: easing our burdens by sharing them. Go ahead—take a piece out of a friend's schedule and find a new meaning for the phrase 'time share.'

"Leave me alone. I'm thinking" is a line we'd expect to hear during a math contest, but when we hear it from a friend at a small party it's just plain weird. She really should leave and go think in the library where her silence would be more appreciated. It's very hard to deal with someone who requests an extremely defined private space in the midst of a relaxed social setting. But then think of

the alternative. If she chooses to verbalize all that she is thinking at the time, she might force us to respond to some very personal topics. That will probably cause things to become slightly uncomfortable, so instead she chooses not to speak at all. But the next week, things may get worse because she might not deal with that situation at all and just stay home a bit more. Life will slow down because she'll like it that way—more time to think and sort things out. Friends will call and she'll say next week. Parents will call and she'll lie. It'll be her own matter to deal with, her own cynicism about education or work or people. Then slowly the cloud will lift and things will seem to look better but not because anything major has been resolved, but rather because she is forced to concentrate on other things. Life will start to get busy again and she'll be able to trivialize dilemmas that were once monstrous road blocks. To friends she'll say, "Last week? God—I was so depressed. I don't even want to think about it." But the truth is that she will have to think about it and sooner than she expects. Thoughts so ingrained like that don't just disappear. But the next time she's hit with a wave of depression and uncertainty she might choose to wash up on someone else's shore besides her own, where she's likely to encounter some very familiar and welcoming faces.



There no rule against taking all the time we need to be alone for what ever reason. But when our solitude skews our perception of our friends' ability to be there 100% when we need them, then it becomes a destructive thing. Needing does not make us less attractive or less able to give of ourselves. It only helps us more fully understand the true meaning and beauty of relationships that virtually invalidate the potential for 'bad timing.'

★ Bear Essentials ★

THE FOLLOWING STUDENTS SHOULD REPORT TO THE REGISTRAR'S OFFICE: Jacqueline Benn, Donna M. Benson, Karen Bramson, Lydia D'Amato, Katherine Ebel, Icilma Fergus, Elizabeth Fuerstman, Lauren Graham, Robin Higgins, Hyun Kim, Jane Lee, Paula Ann Lidestri, Requel Y. Lopes, Ileana Lopez-Balboa, Britt Nylund, Alexa Pollack, Elizabeth S. Reiger, Elena Rover, Dawn Rowan, Simone Salmon, Katherine Siegler, Nalini Tiwari, Kristen Vallow. SOPHOMORES ARE REQUESTED to file official audit of degree progress with class adviser. Schedule for appointments: Last names: A-I, MAR. 2-6; J-R, MAR. 16-20; S-Z, MAR. 23-27. Remember to declare your major with the Registrar by FRI., Apr. 10. IMPACT OF DROPPING COURSES: Students should be aware that reduction of programs to fewer than 12 points during

the term may disqualify them for certain scholarships and grants, e.g., the Regents scholarship. (A minimum of 12 points at the beginning of the term is needed for almost all forms of financial aid.) Eligibility for Dean's List is also contingent on at least 12 letter-graded (i.e., other than P-graded) points each term. The current qualifying average is 3.40. DEADLINE to drop a course to be deleted from the record: THURS., MAR. 19. CORRECTION ON LOTTERY AND ROOM SELECTION INFORMATION: Deadline for BARNARDEARLYGROUP SIGN UP, HOUSING DEPOSIT, AND SIGNING LOTTERY CARD, 210 McIntosh, has been revised to MAR. 16. PRE-MEDS: University of Alabama Medical School will be on campus WED., MAR. 4, 202 FBH, 5-7 PM, to meet potentially interested MD or MD/PHD applicants.

The Bulletin Will Return on March 25
Good Luck on All Your Midterms and Have a Great Break

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Alpine Fire

(Continued from page 1)

referred to as "the Boy," is deaf and in the throngs of sexual awakening. Sheltered from the world outside his alpine roaming ground, what is normal for the Boy is often the opposite for the people around him, especially his family. He digs his face into the mud when lightning strikes, hates radios (to the point of breaking them), and even wires the dog's dish to the electric fence. The Boy shares his in-built tension with his mature older sister Belli (Johanna Lier), who herself is longing for the type of affection any sexually aware young person trapped in mountain isolation would want. That the two end up sleeping together is not indicative of a preferred incest, but of the need to find vent for the smothered love, feeling and sexual awakening in themselves. Together they represent a society yearning for more openness, for change in a desolate environment.

Representing the opposing and overbearing status quo that is trapping Belli

and the Boy are the two kids' parents (Rolf Illig and Dorothea Moritz). Comfortable in their chosen habitat, the two parents, and especially the father, are the embodiment of constancy, and they are not for any sort of change in their peaceful lives. Though caring in their own way, the parents cannot fully understand their children's dilemma. No doubt these two different sets of people collide. And collide they do, leaving both parents dead, to be buried in the snow in front of their idyllic alpine house.

The acting and filming of "Alpine Fire" is very good, each complementing the other and producing a slow-paced yet very tense film. In "Alpine Fire," Murer holds the audience hostage with incredibly pictureque shots (each could practically hold its own in a photo exhibit) and an almost mind-boggling plot under the cover of a tranquil alpine framework. Be warned that you won't leave this movie smiling. And you certainly won't forget it.

Letters to the Editor

Lecturer Invites Confrontation

To The editor:

I am a Jewish student and an AfroAmerican history major; as such, I found Dr. Ben-Jochannan's lecture, "Blacks and Jews: a Confrontation. Why?" (Feb. 25) to be a disgusting, disheartening piece of anti-Semitic propaganda. Dr. Ben-Jochannan, a Jew of Ethiopian descent, began his lecture before a large group of students with a disclaimer, saying that he could not be called an anti-Semite because he himself is a Jew. But Ben-Jochannan is indeed an anti-Semite. Tragically, what I call "intra-racism" has long existed within Jewish people, as well as within the black people. The past maltreatment of Eastern-European Jewish immigrants by the longer-established German Jewry of this country, and of Caribbean black immigrants by the "native" blacks of New York City are only two historical examples.

Ben-Jochannan went on to defend anti-Semitic slurs that well-known public figures have made. For instance, he dismissed Jessie Jackson's infamous reference to "Hymie-town" as a term of endearment! "Hymie," he explained, is the affectionate nick-name for the name Hymon. Would Ben-Jochannan accept such an outrageous rationalization for the pejorative "nigger," that it is simply an adaptation of a seventeenth-century Portuguese term for black? I hope he would not!

In a further attempt to rationalize his scape-goating, Ben-Jochannan told his audience that the only thing he had in common with "white Jews" (whom he considers a different race) is a religion. Whatever his personal religious beliefs are, I know that my religion, Judaism, does not espouse hatred toward one's fellow human beings. All Jews—there are Jews in almost

every area of the world, from China to Ethiopia to Russia to America—share a religion and a history, and to the extent that religion and history shape a collective view of life, they share a culture. The goal of such a shared heritage should be to build increased understanding and sympathy, and not, as Ben-Jochannan did in his lecture, to promote hatred and bigotry.

More shocking to me than Ben-Jochannan's hate-mongering, was the response from his audience, composed primarily of Columbia University students. Enthusiastic applause and cheers followed many—too many—of the lecturer's bigoted remarks. Propagandists and bigots feed themselves on emotions and ignorance; it embarrassed me to see so many intelligent and "intellectual" students, caught in the emotional web of Ben-Jochannan, cheering his racist remarks without stopping to think about the actual meaning of the statements.

Anyone can preach bigotry: it takes brains to speak out against it. I believe each member of this audience is obligated, as a college student, to learn the truth about black, Jewish, and black Jewish history for him/her self instead of gullibly accepting Ben-Jochannan's mis-information. It saddened and angered me to see such important groups as the Barnard Organization of Black Women, the Barnard H.E.O.P. Student organization, and the Caribbean Student Association bring such a hate-monger to this campus. With racism existing at so many levels of society, why nourish it?

Aubrey Dova Birson
 CC '87

Aubrey Dova Birson is a senior at Columbia College.

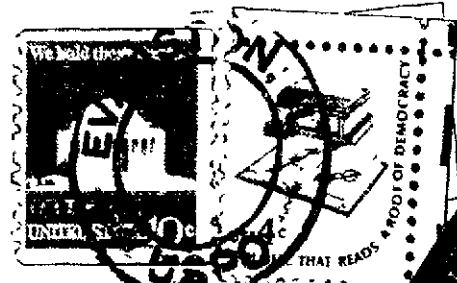
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Windsurfing on Northwestern's lakefront campus

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Newswatch: Eviction & Protest

(Wed. Feb. 25–Fri. Feb. 27)

Photos: Andrew Economakis



Cops guard moving-truck at Susana Acosta's eviction.



Janaquil Jones gets arrested.



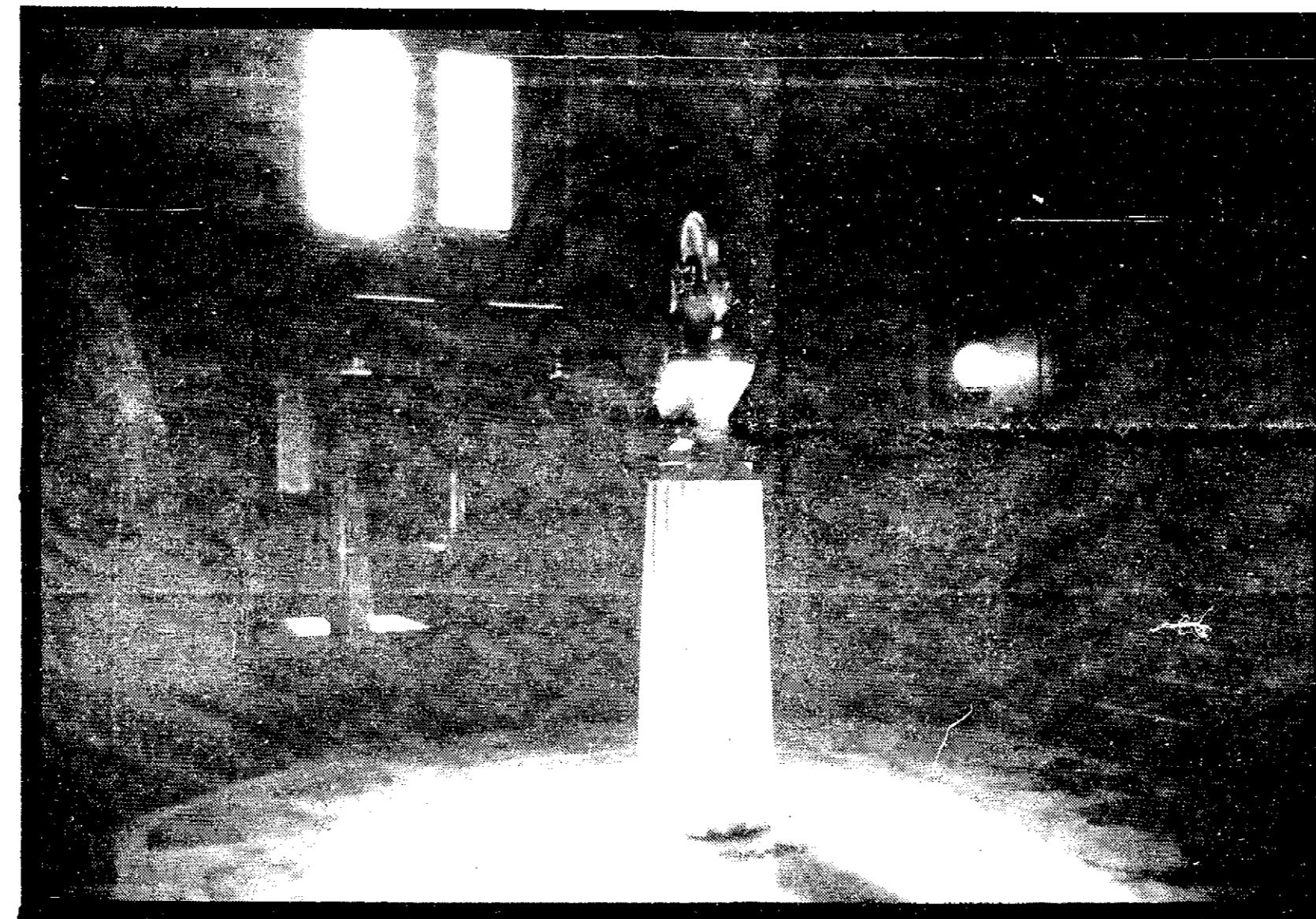
Carrying on the protest.



Eviction protesters walk to Low.



Protesters in front of locked doors.



Wisdom's locked doors.



Gauntlet in front of Low.



Senate Chair Joan Ferrante raps wikh students . . .



. . . yet refuses to meet evicted Susana Acosta . . .



. . . despite HFA members Mimi Adler and Tony Glover's pleas.



They follow her down College Walk.

Restaurant Reviews

Cathedral Cafe and Saloon: Off-Broadway Cuisine

by Delphine Taylor

It is time that Columbia students venture forth from the familiar terrain of Broadway in their habitual search for an evening haven away from the realm of academia. They need not incur travel expenses, however, but simply have the desire to walk a block eastward toward the strange and not so far off land of Amsterdam. On the corner of 106th street exists a welcoming and peaceful oasis, named by its inhabitants the Cathedral Café and Saloon. Although the faces and dress of those that frequent the spot may differ from what we are accustomed to, they are a harmless group whose only desire is to relax over a few beers and a basket of crispy battered onion rings.

On a Friday night, the bar is populated at one end by several fervent men in hardhats, flanked by a quiet neighborhood couple whose charming children pitter-patter between tables and bar stools. The

bartender, with his thick, well-groomed greying hair, stands confidently while filling mugs with Bud, Miller Lite, Rolling Rock, Meisterbrau, Heineken, Becks, and Spaten (from \$1.75 to \$2.25). He offers a smile and a few soft words to the men who sit nearest to the spigots, their large, rounding torsos slightly hunched over their bowls of steaming chili. Above the bar, on each far side, two television screens casually offer two different viewing options, neither of them sporting events or MTV videos.

Old wooden pews sit humbly face to face under the great black ceiling, distinguishing the dining area from the bar. Along the wall parallel to the pews, several free-standing wooden tables, illuminated by tiny white votive candles, further extend the seating options. Here, one may choose to drink and nibble on appetizers in a more meditative fashion, or explore the unambitious, yet diverse list of

entrees. The offerings are not dissimilar from what we find along Broadway, but the calm and unharried atmosphere and the considerate service make them seem worlds apart from Café Pertutti and Gargantua.

The finger food remains in the two-to-four-dollar range. A small chalkboard above the bar lists them: nachos, fried mozzarella wedges, onion rings, fried zucchini, and french fries that leave those from the West End limp in their greasy residue. The more substantial food ranges from burgers and sandwiches to pasta and steaks. A bacon burger that truly tastes like beef is served on an english muffin accompanied by fries and fixings (\$4.50). The cheese steak sandwich is a hearty meaty-cheesy mélange that smothers pieces of meek rye toast (\$5.25). The ubiquitous fettucine alfredo costs \$6.95, and the chicken marsala, piccante, or

(Continued on page 7)



Cathedral Cafe and Saloon.

Photo: Andrew L. Conant

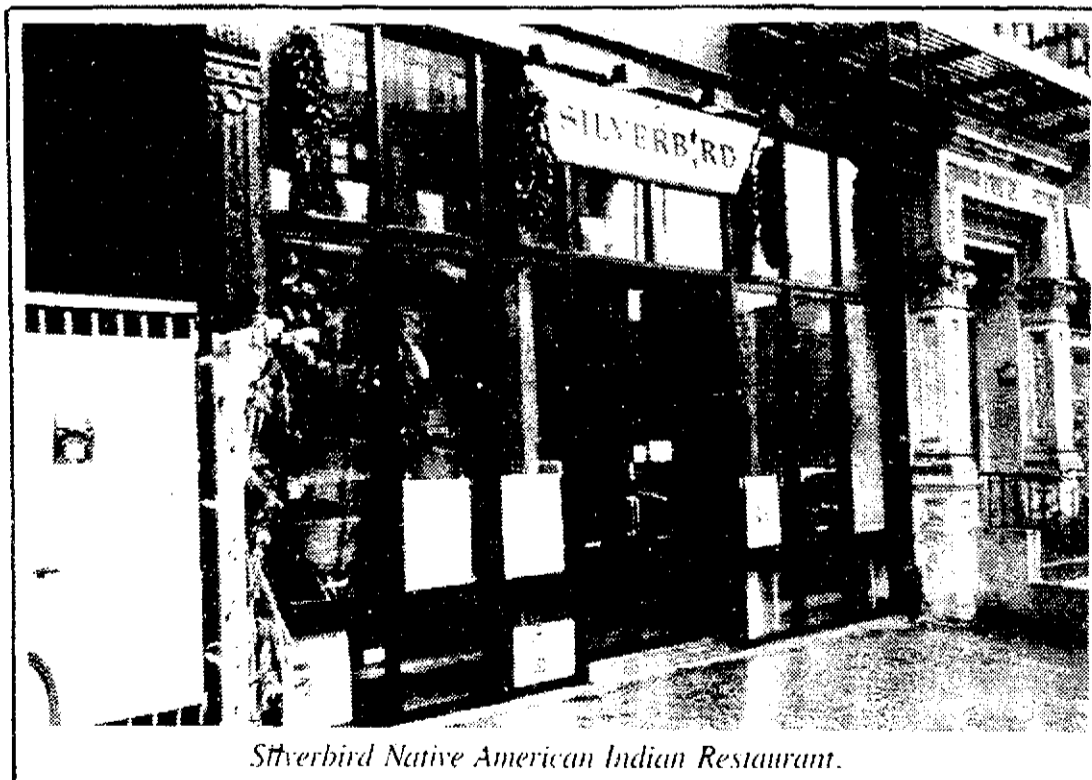
Silverbird Doesn't Soar

by Delphine Taylor

Native Americans have finally reclaimed territory on the Great Western Frontier. No, not somewhere on the vast plains of South Dakota, but on the Upper West Side's cosy block of 84th and Columbus. Silverbird proudly calls itself the only American Indian restaurant in New York, serving authentic recipes gathered from the Navaho, Zuni, Hopi, and various other North American tribes. The idea is an attractive one, and Silverbird has success-

those seeking a traditional harvest meal, roast venison with cranberries is served with wild, wild rice.

Unfortunately, the idyllic notions that surround the noble savage's plate quickly fade as we face the scanty portions of tasteless, unrecognizable grub. Tiny pieces of venison in a brown sauce resemble strips of ancient rawhide soaking in mink oil, while the three or four token cranberries wallow nearby. The wooden, boiled carrots, soggy corn-on-the-cob, and gristly,



Silverbird Native American Indian Restaurant.

Photo: Andrew L. Conant

fully balanced the necessary New York trendy with Hollywood tacky to keep its tiny sand-painted tables filled with content urban dwellers whose foraging for sustenance has led them here.

The golden pine bar glistens like the desert sands at sunset, and the gentle lights glow softer than dying embers in a campfire. Among cardboard cacti and blazing desert panoramas, one may feed on blue corn tortillas and blue corn soup, or buffalo mozzarella and sweet fried bread. For

fatty catfish paint a grim picture of what supper must have been in the teepee. Although the décor entertains us as much as spaghetti westerns of late-night television, the food makes us wish instead for a steaming plateful of that lovely and reliable Italian staple.

The proprietors and staff proudly retain Native American dignity and poise, but they seem to have adopted some attributes of the white man as well—namely, instead of hunting for bucks, they prefer

raking them in. Perhaps the motivation behind Silverbird is not merely capitalistic, but educational as well. By accurately depicting the blander aspects of Native American life, the owners can eradicate the fantastical myths wrongly associated with American Indian culture. But for \$18 an entree, \$3.50 for tortilla chips, and \$15 for an average bottle of wine, the Indian legend could stand to be spiced up a bit. After all, Hollywood did it.

If West is really where you want to

go, skip the dinner invitation and spend the same amount on a one-way Continental flight to L.A. Or, even better, rent "High Noon" and order out for pizza the next time you're longing for wide-open spaces and a taste of the Old West.

WOMEN POETS at BARNARD

SPRING, 1987

and the Barnard
New Women Poets Prize

MARCH 5

JORIE GRAHAM
with
LAURA MULLEN

Introduction By
JANICE THADDEUS

All readings will take place at 8:00 p.m., in Barnard Hall, west side of Broadway above 116th St. The public is cordially invited.

BARNARD



Join Bulletin
x2119

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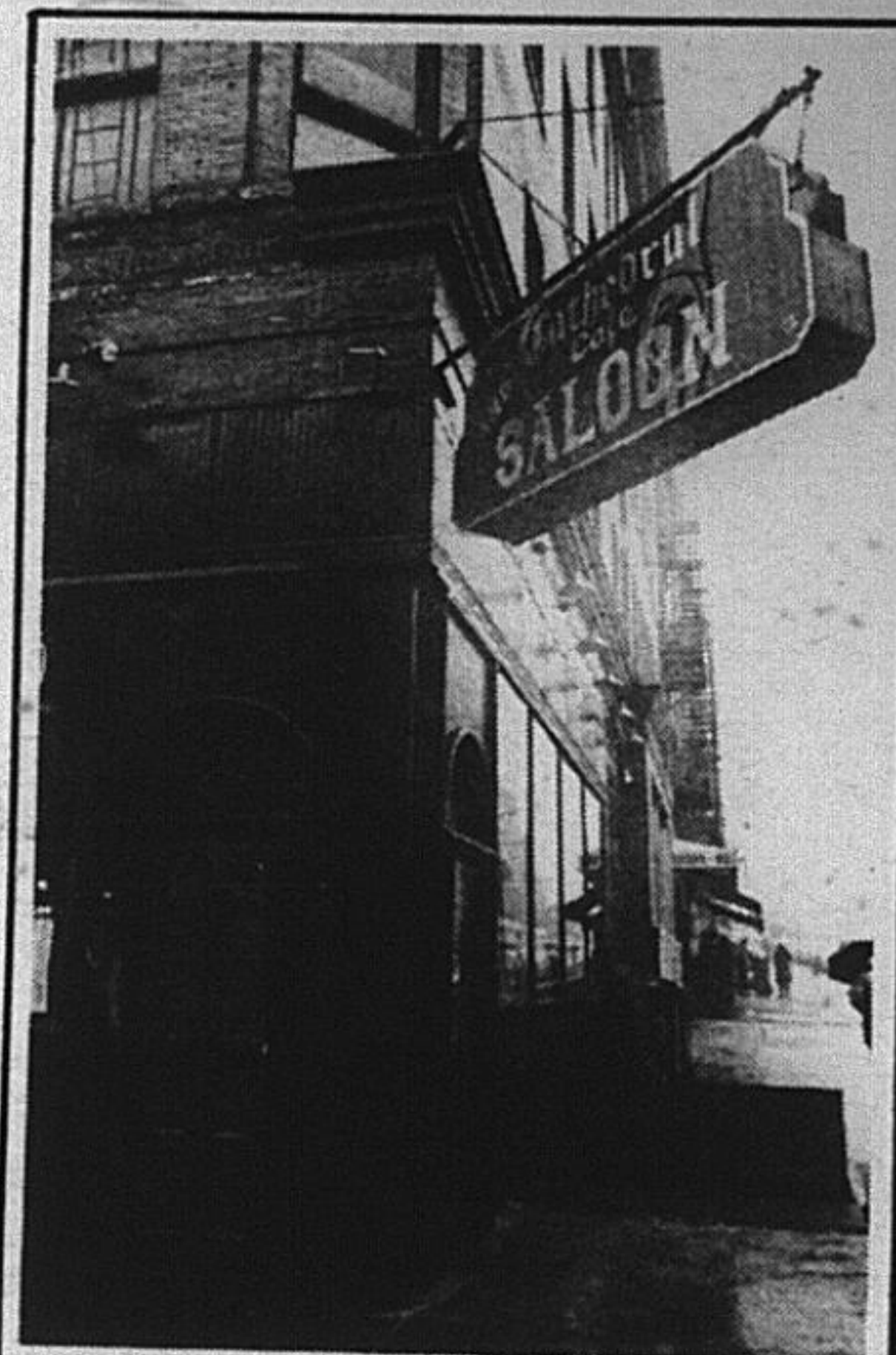
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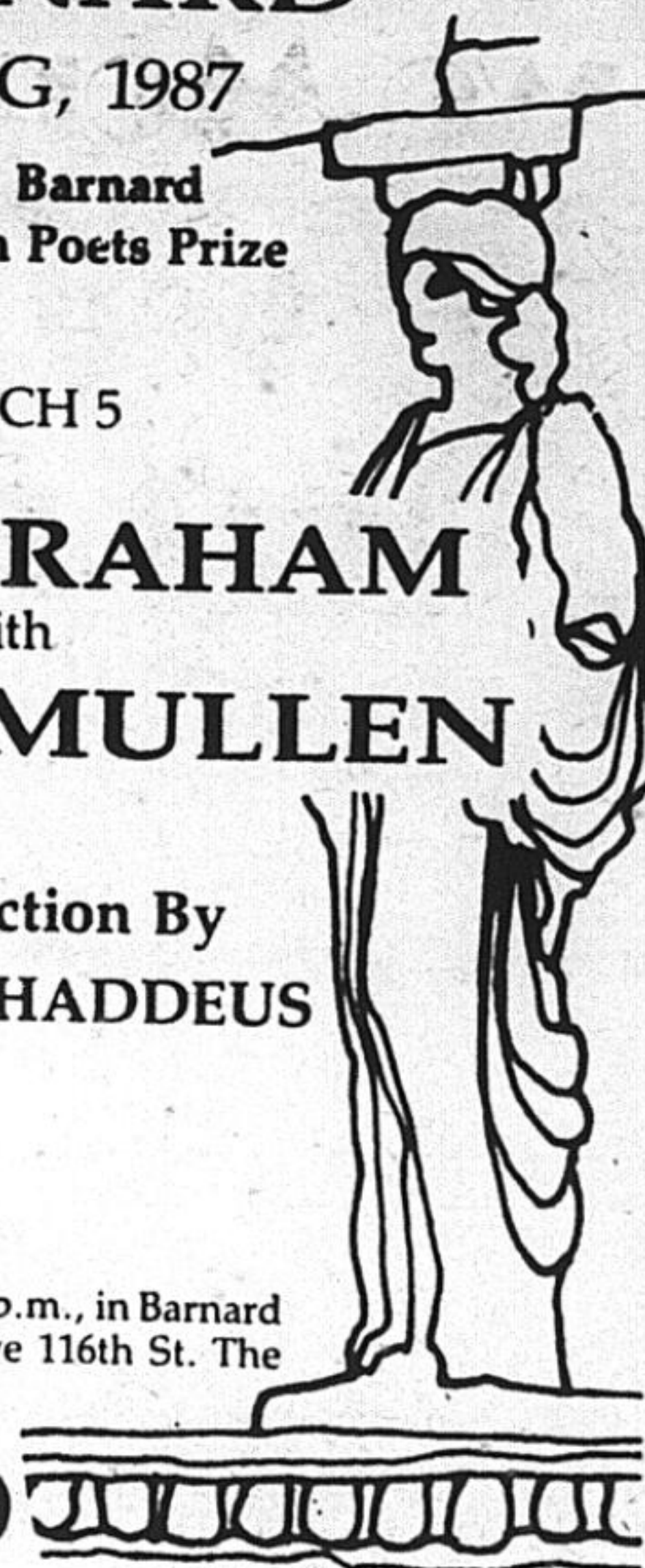
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BARNARD



"Man" Evokes Social Criticism

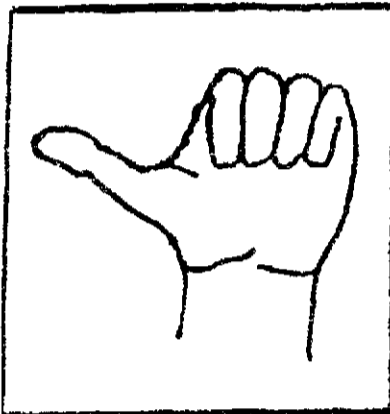
by Ricardo Mireles
and Matthew Gonzalez

The latest movie by Argentinian filmmaker Eliseo A. Subiela, "Man Facing Southeast," is the story of a man who appears in an insane asylum claiming to have come from another planet. His relationship with a psychiatrist is an excuse to engage in intellectual discussion about the failings of the human race. Behind the exteriority of insanity the movie engages contemporary issues of trust, belief and alienation. "Man Facing Southeast" evokes concern for the human condition, but does so with such heavy religious symbolism, that it actually detracts from its legitimate criticism of authoritarian hegemony.

The extraterrestrial Rantes (Hugo Soto) is constantly portrayed as Jesus Christ. Even in the midst of the mental hospital, Rantes gains a huge following from other patients. The combination of his organ playing, food handouts, and telepathic communications with his space craft make him the most popular inmate. Even the doctors express interest by giving him access to the pathology lab, where he is allowed to cut up human brains as part of his rehabilitation. But too much freedom gets doctor Julio Denis (Lorenzo Quintana) into trouble. During one of many excursions away from the hospital, where Dr. Denis and Rantes speak of important issues concerning human emotion, Rantes decides to conduct the local symphony, which gets him arrested and gives the hospital bad publicity. The pressure is on Dr. Denis to start limiting Rantes' freedom as well as begin sequestration. Questions of authority and simple human freedoms become the main focus of the movie. Dr. Denis is Pontius Pilate as he beholds the man Rantes. The doctor's suppression of the only content patient serves

to further support Rantes' contention that man's problem is that he is unhappy, aware of it, yet chooses to do nothing about it.

In the midst of this confusion is Beatriz the Saint (Ines Vernengo) who appears to be Rantes' only connection with the outside world. As we learn part of the secret of their relationship (this movie never reveals everything), the plot gets more entangled and certainty becomes less attainable.



As winner of the 1986 International Critics Prize at the Toronto Film Festival, "Man Facing Southeast" has been compared to the magic realism of Gabriel Garcia Marquez. A more appropriate comparison would be to the existentialism of Argentinian writer Ernesto Sabato or the fantasy/physical allegory of Jorge Luis Borges. In any event, Subiela's "Man Facing Southeast" is a critique of social institutions and their inability to provide positive results.

The acting is excellent, the direction is precise, and the subtitles are terrible. Subiela's second feature film, "Man Facing Southeast," is well-done but leaves much unanswered. Perhaps this is the intention, as friendship becomes betrayal, and society is revealed as deceptive.

MEL GIBSON · DANNY GLOVER

Two cops.
Glover carries a weapon...
Gibson is one.
He's the only L.A. cop registered as a

LETHAL WEAPON

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New York Choral Society Series Kicks Off

by Sonia Bujas

On Saturday, February 28, the New York Choral Society gave a performance of Orff's *Carmina Burana* and Lewis and Clark's *Mark Twain Suite*.

I had never heard of Lewis' *Mark Twain Suite* until Saturday night. It was commissioned by the New York Choral Society and first played in 1983. It is a series of short songs based on Twain's writing and thus depicting nineteenth century America. The start reminded me of Chopin's *Funeral March*, but the singing quickly became more lively. At times I felt as though I were sitting around a camp fire in the Midwest, listening to the sound of night-owls and banjos. One piece, "The Awful German Language," describing the difficulty of German grammar and the length of its composite words, had

everyone giggling. But I think that the ones who laughed the hardest were people like myself who spent years trying to manage that language. We knew exactly how Mark Twain felt!

Orff, a Bavarian who lived from 1895 to 1982, was fascinated with musical theories throughout the ages and especially with Medieval music. *Carmina Burana* is a collection of profane songs written either in vulgar Latin or old German, based on an old manuscript found in Bavaria. Composed in the 1920's and 30's, it is Orff's best known work. The songs treat all sorts of everyday life themes, from love and sex to drinking and gambling.

The first and also last piece, "O Fortuna" was popularized in the movie "Excalibur." It is played as the knights ride

off into the battle and such a scene correctly portrays the power of this piece. I promise to all those who usually fall asleep during concerts that they will be kept awake. The songs greatly vary in themes, and rhythm, but on the whole are extremely lively, as they make use of about every percussion instrument available. Every time I listen to my recording of it, "*Carmina Burana*" fills me with energy. It is one of those pieces that I just have to listen to full blast, much to the dismay of my poor neighbor. I'm sure.

The low point of the performance came near the end. As the soprano soloist was singing her last lines, she choked, but recovered quickly. The awful sound lasted long enough, however, for everyone to hear it. It became the major topic of conversation as the audience walked out, the

poor woman!

The American Symphony Orchestra will give a performance of *Carmina Burana* on March 9 at Avery Fisher Hall, accompanied by Berlioz's "Death of Cleopatra" and Brahms' "Tragic Overture."

It is the first of a series of concerts called the 1987 Masterworks Choral Series that will run in New York until May 31. The tickets for these concerts are relatively inexpensive: \$8, \$12, or \$18. Such great works as Handel's "Israel in Egypt" and Mozart's "Requiem" will be featured.

If you really enjoy choral works, however, I hear that the best place to listen to them is at the Eos Club, on the Island of Eos in Greece, while watching the sunset. See you there!