



how secure is security?

• biking cross country for WIN

a Walker Evans retrospective

fall in love with Three Terrors

letter from the editor

In slapping together that handy little contributors section over there, I realized that despite numerous differences in all of us, there is a common bond that links many of us *bulletinas*—dyed hair. All three of those contributors boast beauty-in-a-bottle, and two even mentioned it in the bios that they gave me. K8 sure does it. I too, have dripped much more than my fair share of Clairol and Fudge (“rock star hair color,” the package proudly proclaims) onto my floor and the floors of friends. And Jamie’s right up there with K8 and I, in the land of multi-colored beauty. Okay, so the rest of the staff appear to be beautiful naturally and don’t feel the need to permanently alter their physical states of being. Maybe their natural appearances are simply more in accord with their spiritual and emotional state of being. Or maybe they just haven’t reached that state of boredom yet.

When I stop to think about why I make myself up to look the way I do, I know that I’m making a statement about who I am. I can only assume that that lies behind the motivations of everyone else to change—or not to change—their appearances. But how healthy is this? If we transform ourselves, physically, so that other people, upon sight of us, will know what we’re about, are we simply subscribing to stereotyping? Do baggy pants and sweatshirts make you a skater, or coke-bottle glasses an indie-rocker? Can you *not* identify with African-American heritage if you don’t look like an extra from a hip-hop video? Does a skirt make you femme, and a short haircut butch? If you like to wear running shoes everyday, does that make you a jock?

We place ourselves into so many categories. Perhaps one of the most difficult tasks we could undertake would be to

find the one word we’d use to describe ourselves. And yet it’s so easy to pigeon-hole others, to say, “you know that punk-rock girl?” or “that guy is SO flaming!” We pick a particular physical characteristic—hair, clothing, makeup—and latch onto that, making that someone’s whole identity, when we would *never*, and maybe even could never, do that to ourselves.

And maybe that’s why. Maybe we stereotype others because of our own insecurities. We feel the need to point out physical characteristics in others as if they were indicative of personality, even when we don’t know the person in question, I’m guilty of it, I know. Many a time I’ve caught myself raising my eyebrows at a friend when a guy walks past me with green hair, or a girl in my class is wearing a flight-jacket. I place too much significance on physical appearance, and find myself with preconceived notions about people I’ve never met. And I still become infuriated when someone passes me off as just some useless punk.

I suppose what I’m seeking here is a cultural revolution - a state of being in which stereotypes don’t exist, and we judge people not on how they look, but on who they are. I suppose what I’ll *get* is more of the same—but maybe I can try a little harder. I’ll make a concerted effort not to name people by their physical appearance (no more crust-boy or red-haired dyke-girl) and maybe they’ll do the same for me. And maybe, just maybe, it’ll catch on.

ky and k

contributors

Sophomore Shannon Kearns brings us two articles this week, as she delves into the sociological phenomenon of both skinheads and mullets. A sociology major, (how convenient!) Shannon hails from Maine, but currently calls Rhode Island her home state. She serves the *bulletin* not only as a writer, but also as the office manager.

shannon
kearns

Catherine Wallach, who we’re informed is less than 2001 days from being a senior, comes to us from across the river in Brooklyn,

catherine
wallach

and is the *bulletin* webmistress, in addition to working for an independent jazz record label. This week, she shares some great independent music stores with us - Tower Records beware!

Stacey McMath, a junior and a history major from Castle Rock, Colorado, has not seen her natural hair color in five years. Nevertheless, she makes one fantastic editor, working diligently every week to bring us the New York City Living section. This week, she tells us a little something about the Nuyorican Poets’ Cafe.

stacey
mcmath

barnardbulletin

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Barnard community concerned about safety

by Bianca Jordan

After a sexual assault near campus November 11 and an on-campus murder February 5, safety has become a concern to many students.

On February 1, the University posted and e-mailed security alerts to students and warned them that a Barnard student was sexually assaulted at gun-point on a median of Riverside drive between 114 and 115 Street. The assailant approached the student as she was walking and asked for a match. Though the assault occurred in November, students did not hear about the incident until mid-February. The student reported the crime to security after hearing that another student had been approached in a similar manner, though she was not assaulted. Security notices recommended taking advantage of services provided by Barnard Security and groups such as the Barnard/Columbia Safe Haven Program.

According to William Plackemeyer, the Director of Barnard Security, the sexual assault was an atypical crime for the area. He said, "The use of a gun makes this extremely difficult. That has never happened before. . . This area remains one of the safest anywhere." Plackemeyer has directed Barnard's security for the past two-and-a-half years. A former Detective Captain in Brooklyn, Plackemeyer has been a member of the New York City Police Department for 32 years.

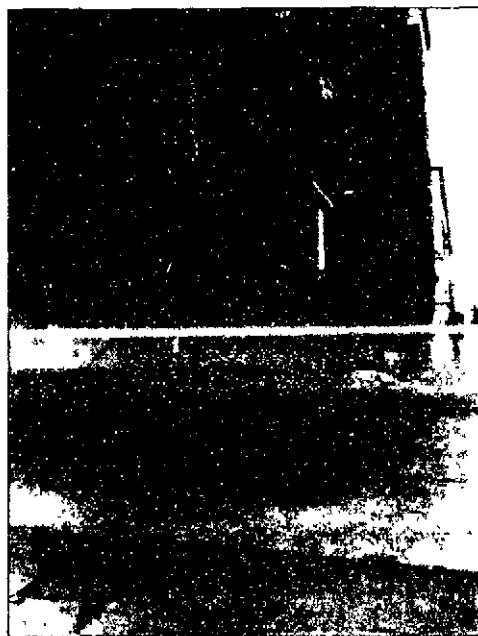
Though he says that Morningside Heights is a safe area, Plackemeyer emphasized the importance of avoiding dangerous situations. "Try to avoid walking on deserted streets after dark and walk with a companion whenever possible," he said. After living in the city for a while, Plackemeyer says that students will develop a sixth sense about which situations are dangerous and should be avoided.

A volunteer at the Rape Crisis Center agrees. She said, "I think [the Barnard/Columbia area] is about as safe as any other inner-city college area. It's also as safe as you want to make it. You

can have any of the security groups walk you home at any point in the day."

Although most students and security members feel that the streets of Morningside Heights are safe, many noted that there are danger zones such as Riverside and Morningside Parks, Amsterdam and smaller streets off of Broadway, above 120 street on Amsterdam Avenue, and below 108 on Amsterdam. Josh Prue, a SEAS sophomore says that he avoids many of these areas. "I've never been north of 120th. I don't know if that makes

Lerra Crook



A security booth on Claremont Ave.

it a bad area, though," he said.

Many students were disturbed by the news of the November 11 assault. Barnard Sophomore, Hilary Spier said that news of the attack effected her feeling of security in the area. "I should be cautious wherever I am," she said.

Sophomore Maya Kadar was particularly affected by the news because she felt that it could have been her who was assaulted. "I might have fallen for the same trick," she said. "I don't think I would have been in that neighborhood. After reading [the security alert about the assault], I have to say, though, that I signed up for the self-defense class."

On February 5, Columbia sophomore Kathleen Roskot was murdered in her Ruggles hall dorm room. News of the

murder shocked the campus, and the university's counseling services mobilized to help the community deal with the tragic loss. Police believe that Roskot was killed by her former boyfriend, Thomas B. Nelford. Nelford killed himself shortly after Roskot's body was found.

Though students were shocked and horrified by news of the murder, many do not consider the murder a threat to campus security. "At first, I was scared, but as soon as I learned more of the details, I realized it was an isolated incident, and that it wasn't a threat to campus life. It made me question who to trust on this campus," said Kadar.

Senior Renata Espinosa agrees that the incident, though it saddens her greatly, did not make her feel unsafe on campus. "I thought it was just really sad. Obviously, there was just something really wrong with this guy. I don't think it had to do with how safe this campus is. It was someone she knew, not just some random stranger."

Andrew Grohsal, a 20 year old New Jersey resident whose girlfriend attends Barnard, said, "I thought [the Roskot murder] was very sad, but I did think, to use the cliché, it was an isolated incident. It wasn't some psycho off the street—it was her boyfriend. The only way to stop it would be to go overboard with security."

A Ruggles security guard said that security did everything as it should have, and that it was really out of security's hands. Presently, visitors to Columbia dorms must be signed in by a resident after leaving photo identification with a desk attendant. Before leaving, visitors must sign themselves out of the building and report the time they left. At Barnard, a resident must sign a visitor in and leave a picture identification. On the way out, the visitor must take their id, although they do not have to sign themselves out.

Since the murder, there has been talk about the merits of New York University's dormitory policy requiring residents to both sign-in and sign-out their guests. The Associate Vice President for Public

bedressentials

APPLY FOR HISTORY SEMINARS If you intend to take a History 2000 Seminar, you must apply beginning now. The deadline, Friday, March 10. Seminar applications and seminar lists are available across from the History Department, 413 Lehman Hall. You may also get a list of seminars and apply online via the History Department website, <http://www.barnard.columbia.edu/dept/history>.

STUDENTS SEEKING TUTORING Please speak with your instructor first, but if you need additional help from peer tutors, they're available for many (unfortunately not all) courses. Fill out a tutor request form in the Dean of Studies Office. For more information contact Ms. Pearson, x42024.

LOOKING FOR HELP IN PHYSICS? Stop by the Physics Help Room, located in 413 Pupin Hall. Hours: Monday thru Thursday, 1-6pm.

LOOKING FOR A MATH TUTOR? Come to Barnard's Math Help Room, located in 333 Milbank Hall. Hours: Monday, 9:30am-1pm and 2-5pm; Tuesday, 9am-5pm and 7-10pm; Wednesday, 9am-5pm and 7-10pm; Thursday, 10am-5pm;

and Friday, 10am-5pm. See the schedule on the door for particular instructors or check the Help Room website at: www.milbank.columbia.edu/~my/Help_Room_Milbank.shtml

PRE-LAW STUDENTS There will be a panel of lawyers speaking about careers in the law on Thursday, March 2, 6-8pm in Lewis Lounge. For more information, contact Ms. Abigail Milbank, x47599.

FELLOWSHIP The Clark Fellows Program provides fellowships to students with a strong academic record and a demonstrated interest in management and leadership of non-profit and community-based organizations. Those selected will receive \$30,000, which includes a stipend and tuition assistance toward an appropriate master's degree. Contact Dean Runsdorf at x42024.

THE OFFICE OF MULTICULTURAL AFFAIRS is co-sponsoring with the Women's Studies Department a lecture by Minnie Bruce Pratt, "Making Revolution Irresistible: The Artist's Role in Social Change" on Thursday, February 24, 12-1pm in Altschul Atrium.

barnard events calendar

Wednesday, February 23
From School Gals to School Teachers: A Feminist Choice
A panel discussion 6:30-8pm in the Altshul Atrium.

McAC Alumnae Speaker Series 6pm in Sulzberger North Tower.

Thursday, February 24
Speaking of Women presents *Making Revolution Irresistible: The Artist's Role in Social Change*. A lecture and discussion with Minnie

Bruce Pratt. 6:30-8pm in the Altshul Atrium.

Friday, February 25
WBAR event The Clocks, Dirt Bike Annie, Drive on, The Hissyfits 8pm in Altshul Atrium.

Saturday, February 26
BSBC Fashion Show 8pm in Lerner Auditorium. *After Party* 11pm-2am in Lower Level McIntosh

Saturday, February 26 to

March 3
Celebration of Black Womanhood. A week-long celebration.

Sunday, February 27
Not in My Community: Healing the Mind, Body, and Soul of Jewish Women and Men
Registration begins 9am in the lobby of Barnard Hall. For more information call x45111.

Cemennal Scholarship Program presents *Putting Your*

Mouth Where Your Money Is Managing Endowments at Barnard and Columbia A presentation by Catharine Slack 7pm in Sulzberger North Tower.

Tuesday, February 29
Closing Reception for Black History Month 7pm in Lower Level McIntosh.

Wednesday, March 1
Women Et Glass Ceilings 7:30pm in Lower Level McIntosh

Affairs at Columbia, Virgil Renzulli, told the *New York Times* that the University is considering putting more limits on dormitory visitors, although she said it is an issue which must be discussed with students before any action is taken.

Though some students agree that more stringent visitor policies might be a good idea, others think a tougher policy is unnecessary. Ashley Lyle, a Columbia

sophomore, said, "I don't see how there could be more security. The fact that [the desk attendants] make me sign in my parents every time when it's obvious that they're my parents shows they're pretty strict about dorm security."

Josh Rosenblum, a SEAS senior, agrees that tougher visitor policies are not needed. "In light of the recent events it would seem to make sense," he said

"But, then if I have a guest, I have to babysit them."

A town meeting regarding security issues was hosted last night in Altschul Atrium, sponsored by the Student Government Association. Since the forum occurred after the *bulletin* went to press, expect full coverage in the next issue.

Bianca Jordan is a Barnard senior.

students bike cross country to WIN

by Lauren Veloski

This summer, while most sink into the familiar lull of bad cable television, Barnard Junior Susan Convery and Senior Phoebe Damrosch-Williams will be pedaling across the country on their Trek bikes.

Convery and Damrosch-Williams are ecstatic about this trip and describe it as "absolute, total freedom." But their ultimate goal is far more earnest. Convery and Damrosch-Williams are biking across the country to raise money for Women In Need (WIN), a non-profit organization that works to help homeless and disadvantaged women and children.

"We went and looked up a bunch of different organizations and called them for more information. When WIN sent us their information, I opened the envelope and, on the stationery, 'WIN' was written in these big, bold, red letters. It was perfect. And since it said 'WIN' and we're both athletes, it just seemed like a sign," said Convery.

WIN, in operation since 1983, runs a comprehensive set of services. Besides providing both transitional and permanent housing, WIN's many sites offer every resource essential to a successful, self-sufficient future—child care, family support, education, employment assistance, AIDS education, and substance abuse services. Ultimately, WIN aims to enable "women and their families to realize self-determination," as they make explicit in their mission statement. It is to more help WIN reach this end that Convery and Damrosch-Williams will be biking all the way to the opposite coast this summer.

The day after graduation, the two will leave from a New York shelter and, after an estimated two or three months of travel, complete their nation-wide jaunt with their arrival at a San Francisco shelter. Their route will take them through Pennsylvania, beneath the Great Lakes and

through Chicago, across Nebraska, and down through either Denver or Wyoming.

Though their daily mileage will vary with the terrain, Convery and Damrosch-Williams estimate that they will be biking an average of 60 to 80 miles a day, riding 3 to 4 hours in the mornings and evenings to avoid the oppressive mid-day summer sun. Their route will often leave them in the barren stretches between towns, so they plan to spend the majority of their nights camping. But occasionally, and only if there is extra room to accommo-

children and at Visions: Vacation Camp for the Blind. She currently works as an English tutor at New York's International Center. Damrosch-Williams, an Erica Jong Writing Fellow, has dedicated much time to literacy training in her home state of Vermont through Adult Basic Learning and spent two summers working with HEOP (Higher Education Opportunities Program), a program that helps economically and academically disadvantaged prospective Barnard students prepare for college. Both also volunteer through NY

Lara Crook Cares.



Convery and Damrosch-Williams show their stuff

None of this, however, places Convery and Damrosch-Williams in an untouchable arena for the socially conscious. While their respective activities and accomplishments are impressive, Convery and Damrosch-Williams want to stress that making a difference requires no prerequisite whatsoever. It would be a mistake to view their kind of commitment as out-of-reach for the rest of us. If anything, Bike to WIN should go to show that, as Damrosch-Williams explained, "any-

one can do something like this."

Convery and Damrosch-Williams have been working out in the gym, and when spring arrives they will move their training outdoors. The two friends, who met freshman year rowing together, are familiar with both the physical grind and emotional rewards of a team effort. And while their bike trek will not be a big group activity like a team sport, the fundraiser and all those it will aid have replaced that aspect for them. There is a common goal, and a greater reward. In May, these two Barnard students will take off for the West Coast, and all the adventure that lies along the way—just two girls and their bikes.

Anyone who has suggestions or questions for Bike to WIN can e-mail Convery and Damrosch-Williams at: biketowin@yahoo.com.

Lauren Veloski is a Barnard sophomore.

Black History Month: beyond **filling** in the **voids**

by K8 Torgovnick

When Dean for Multicultural Affairs Vivian Taylor was a young girl, being black was not a source of pride. Girls felt the texture of their hair was too kinky, or that their lips were too full, she said. "Someone lighter that you would call you black—and it was a terrible thing," she said.

To Taylor, Black History Month is important because it allows for the celebration of racial identity, instead of its degradation. She said, "[Through Black History Month] you can find pride in celebrating who you are, because it had been something that was put down."

Black History celebration was begun in 1926 by Carter G. Woodson, a black scholar and historian for the purpose of celebrating and remembering the history of African Americans in the United States, as well as acknowledging the contributions of African Americans to society. During the United States' bicentennial celebration in 1976, the week long holiday which constituted the celebration was elongated to a month.

Many events have been planned to celebrate Black History Month at Barnard. The department of Pan African studies sponsored three lectures for Black History Month; *Lumumba*, a film screening and discussion with assistant professor Linda Beck. *Rastafarian Motifs in Jamaican Visual Culture*, a slide presentation by sociology professor Ennis Edmonds, and *Frantz Fanon. Black Skin, White Masks*, a film and discussion with anthropology assistant professor Lesley Sharp. In addition several student planned events have been held throughout February, such as a Black History workday where people decorated McIntosh Student Center with historically significant quotes written on brightly colored construction paper. Next Saturday, February 26, Black Sisters of Barnard and Columbia will hold their annual fashion show 8pm, in Lerner Auditorium, and after party from 11pm to 2am in Lower Level McIntosh. Festivities will end on February 29 with a Closing Ceremony at 7pm in Lower Level McIntosh.

Senior Junea Williams, one of the two student planners of Black History Month at Barnard, said that the celebration still serves the same purposes for which it was originally created. Williams stressed the importance of Black History Month as a time of learning, and supplementing the information provided by traditional American curriculum. "If you take an American History class, nine out of ten things you learn about African Ameri-

cans is in slavery or the civil rights movement," she said. "There's a big gap there. That's part of the picture, but not the whole gamut."

Junior Ebony Burnside agrees that traditional curriculum covers black history in less than desirable ways. "[From classes] it seems like all African American history is the same. But the history of someone from the North might be different from someone from the South, or from someone from another country," she said.

Williams says that the month has multiple meanings and purposes beyond fillings in voids. "The meaning of [Black History Month] is two-fold. It's for people who can identify with black heritage or black history to come together and celebrate the past. But it's also for people who aren't a part of the black American experience to learn about it and celebrate it also," she said.

"It is not just for blacks. It's a time to think about how we can better the present and future."

Because she sees Black History Month as beneficial on so many planes, Williams is disappointed with the lack of interest in celebrating Black History Month. "I would like to see more people turn out to plan this month," she said. "It's a part of me and a part of our nation. It should be celebrated for the whole year, not just 28 or 29 days."

Taylor stressed the importance of people of all races participating in Black History Month. "It's a time to say, 'Let's stop putting each other down. Let's come to the table and celebrate who we are,'" she said. "It's about celebration of diversity. I can celebrate with a Native American, with an Asian American. I can celebrate with my own group and others who are not like me. I love it."

One of the focuses of this year's Black History Month is to get people of all races involved. Burnside says this happens to an extent, but needs more attention. "People hear 'Black History Month' and feel, 'I'm not involved. I'll be the only white person, or Asian person, there,'" she said. "People [of other races] go more to lectures. It's more uncomfortable walking into a party situation. If they go to a forum there's not as much individual focus. It gives people a chance to look beyond skin color."

Williams said, "[Black History Month] has more meaning than just filling in voids. It helps maintain stability in a country that hasn't been that friendly to us and is still not too friendly."

K8 Torgovnick is a Barnard sophomore and bulletin co-editor-in-chief.

You can find **pride** in **celebrating** who **you** are, because it had been **something** that was **put down**. . .

BE DA

The magazine typically portrays body image and eating difficulties as issues only to Caucasian, upper-middle class women. "Every other month," writes Claire M. Kelly, Administrative Director of the Anorexia and Bulimia Association, "you can flip through the pages of all the popular fashion magazines and find dozens of mentions of eating disorders. Very few will even hint at the idea that these problems are affecting growing numbers of non-white women."

This misrepresentation of cultures with regard to eating disorders creates a dangerous environment for non-white sufferers. When society deems eating problems to be distinctly 'white' illnesses, other victims convince themselves that they cannot be ill because they do not fit the stereotype, or they fall slave to embarrassment and do not seek help. America's misconceptions compound a situation already thick with shame and confusion.

Contrary to popular belief, eating disorders span across class and culture. The first cases of bulimia nervosa were reported not in America or Europe, but—surprisingly enough—in Japan. Unlike the circumstances in the United States, Japan purging was driven by an inability to tolerate the "feeling of fullness." The patterns, however, were all the same—rapid consumption of food to the point of discomfort, followed by a compulsion to rid oneself of it, often through self-induced vomiting. The symptoms are the same and the message is clear: American stereotypes about eating disorders are far from accurate.

In 1993, an edition of Essence magazine, the most wide-

ly-circulated African American women's publication in the United States, further challenged the racial stigma. The editors offered a survey to its readers asking about their relationships with their bodies and food. Ten thousand African American women responded, 3.5% of whom demonstrated high risk for the development of eating disorders, virtually shattering the notion that African Americans have few body insecurities.

Religion can also create situations that breed distorted relationships with food. A recent New York study reveals that two-thirds of Jewish Orthodox young women are at risk of developing anorexia and bulimia. The pressure to marry and to bear children early in life can force an Orthodox woman into obsession, as can the highly ritualized structure of the religion and lifestyle. Such a threat can pervade all religions - to the steadfastly faithful, denying oneself of food can symbolize purification, transcendence of an earthly shell of flesh, and the attainment of a higher spiritual existence.

If you exhibit symptoms of anorexia, bulimia, or binge-eating disorder but do not fit the stereotype, still seek help! Help is out there, reach for it, and—especially in such a high-pressure environment as Barnard—anyone may be vulnerable.

Barnard Eating Disorder Awareness contributes a monthly column to the bulletin and they can be reached by calling Kate Curran at x31427 or e-mailing kc361@columbia.edu, or you can call Dr. Toby Sitnick at x42091 with any questions

wellwoman: smoke signals

Q I have a part time job working for a jewelry designer. She gives me bags of beads and things to make necklaces. She's a smoker and the materials she gives me are more or less saturated with the smell of cigarettes. As a non-smoker, can this smell affect me in any way? I know that I don't notice the smell much anymore, it certainly no longer makes me gag. I have no intention of taking up smoking, but is smelling it doing anything to me?

A The smell of cigarette smoke is NOT detrimental to your health in any way. It certainly is annoying, however!

Smoke finds its way into just about anything it contacts: clothes, jackets, bed linens, and even beads. The smell is harmless, however, except of course for the displeasure of working with materials that are saturated with strong odors.

If your boss smokes around you, then you do need to be wary of sev-

eral possible hazards to your health. Second-hand smoke causes many of the same illnesses as smoking cigarettes. These include, but are not limited to, lung cancer, increased risk of breast cancer, fertility problems, inhibited absorption of calcium (which in turn can cause osteoporosis), heart and lung disease, and breathing difficulties.

If your boss does smoke around you, you may want to (tactfully) ask her if she wouldn't mind smoking elsewhere.

"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 in this column is for informational purposes only. Please take issues or medical concerns to your healthcare provider.

The Barnard Center for Research on Women along with the Barnard Department of Women's Studies, Committee on Race Religion Identity and Ethnicity (CORRIE) and the Center for Lesbian and Gay Studies (CLAGS) at CUNY present

MINNIE
BRUCE
PRATT



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the artist's role in social change

6:30 PM
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JEWISH ORTHODOXY, TRADITION & ART:
CONTEMPORARY FEMINIST RESPONSES
a panel discussion with Rivka Abu-El
Haleh Aylon, and Norma Joseph
Thursday, 6 April
4:30 PM
Milk & Honey Hall
Supervised by the Barnard Women's Center

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artspicks

for the week of February 23

Art

The Worlds of Nam June Paik

At the Guggenheim Museum (1071 Fifth Avenue at 89th Street). For information call (212) 423-3500. Admission with student ID is \$7.

The work of acclaimed video artist Nam June Paik takes over the Guggenheim with unusual sculptures, installations, videotapes, and projects for television. The exhibition includes video and laser projections on the spiraling ramps of the museum, and a seven-story waterfall cascading from the top of the museum to a small pool in the lobby below.

Through April 26.

Dance

Andrea del Conte Danza Espana

At the Thalia Spanish Theater (41-17 Greenpoint Avenue in Queens). For information call (718) 729-3880. Admission with a student ID is \$18.

Andrea del Conte and her Spanish dance troupe perform their latest version of Flamenco.

Through March 5.

Walker Evans finds truth

By Courtney E. Martin

Photographer Walker Evans was known to say to his students, "Too much exposure to art is not very good for an artist."

Contradictions like these seem pretty fundamental to anyone's understanding of who Evans was, and, more importantly, what his work was all about. In his most recent exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of Art running through May 17, his early work of detached architectural shots stands next to his passionate portraits of subway riders. His *Fortune* magazine glossies are hung adjacent to his last fumbblings with a Polaroid camera consisting of bug-eyed women too close to the lens and curving road markings. These are all Evans. He is the glossy and the fumbling, the passionate and the detached.

If there is any thread that links the show together, and makes understanding Evans' basic inspiration easier, it is his commitment to honesty. Even during his phase working for *Fortune* magazine during the 1940s and 1950s, his work was never staged. In fact, his obsession during this phase in his career was a fascination with the wording and style of ordinary street signs. Much of the work has an Andy Warhol feel to it—Evans is an artist with the angst to recapture something inanimate and everyday in a surprising and strangely poetic way.

His poetic vision screams throughout his collaborations during the Depression with writer James Agee and with the Farm States Administration (a nationally funded agency which employed photographers to record rural American life). Agee and Evans traveled the countryside in search of the American reality. Agee writ-

ing it and Evans capturing it on celluloid. They conducted intimate interviews with a few struggling families, taking semi-permanent places in their everyday lives. Through this medium, they created a book with a vivid image, both written and visual, of what living through the hardships of the depression was really like. The pair's work, entitled *Let us Now Praise Famous Men*, was, at first, generally rejected. In later years, as both artists enjoyed rising status in their fields, the book was reconsidered and many critics came to appreciate the truth shining from the starving eyes and pale faces which fill its pages.

Evans' Depression photographs are some of his most celebrated works, and



Negro Church, South Carolina, 1936

for good reason. During both his stint with Agee and his employment with the Farm States Administration, his portrait work was intensely moving. The starkness of his subjects, coupled with his own sense of line and shadow, make many of the 175 or so prints in the Howard Gilman Gallery truly unforgettable. Evans' print of Floyd and Lucille Burroughs on their porch in Hale County, Alabama, for example, becomes a part of the viewer as soon as he or she sees it, bringing the viewer into the world in which Burroughs lived.

In his old age, Evans never stopped exploring his photographic inclinations. When Polaroid embarked on a quirky promotion and gave him the gift of a camera and an unlimited supply of Polaroid film, Evans embraced the opportunity. After losing the fine motor skills and quality of eyesight needed to perform the precision required of anyone printing in a dark room, he found the point-and-click technology a welcome change. He re-created the Warhol mood of his *Fortune* days by

through contradictions

shooting shot after shot of street markings, seemingly entranced by the yellow dotted lines and the modern street signs. It was also rumored that, even in his old age, he used the Polaroid as a flirtation device with women, entreating them to let him capture them with his "new fangled" camera. These shots, humorously too close and unfocused, conclude the show and remind the viewer that the same man who used the camera to reflect all the grave hopelessness of the Depression was also capable of using it to pick up a girl or two.



Floyd and Lucille Burroughs on Porch, Hale County, Alabama, 1936

The show is very thorough and very diverse. It is inclusive of every part of Walker's career (which did not end until his death in 1975 at 72 years of age), every fleeting fascination and lasting influence. He may not be the most loveable character in the photography world, but he was certainly one of the most contradictory, and consequently, the most intriguing—and the Metropolitan's new show reflects that beautifully.

Courtney E. Martin is a Barnard Sophomore and bulletin staff writer.

artspicks

...continued



Breakfast at Tiffany's (1961)

At The Screening Room (54 Varick Street). For information call (212) 334-2100. Tickets are \$9.

Based on the novel by Truman Capote, this classic movie is set in New York City and stars Audrey Hepburn and George Peppard. A young, jet-setting woman meets a young man when he moves into her apartment building. He is an aspiring writer and she is working as a high-priced escort. This movie is definitely something everyone should see at least once.

Every Sunday at 1:30pm.

Theatre

Sixth Annual 15 Minute Play Festival

At The Studio (145 w. 46th Street). For information call (212) 768-4016. Admission is \$12.

In this annual festival of new short plays, audiences select their favorite of the 32 short plays performed, and the winners are brought back for a week-long run.

Through February 26.

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Book Release

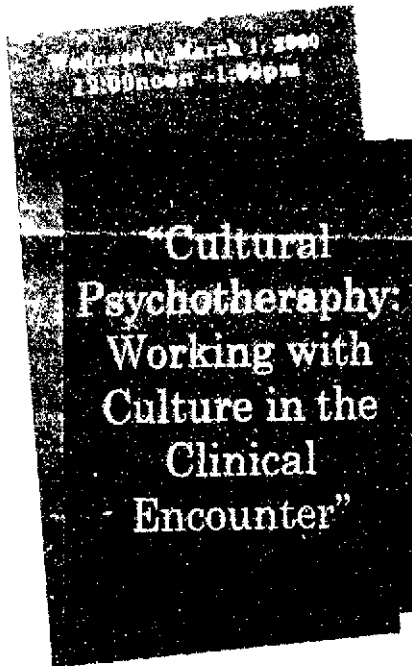
Presenter and Author

Karen Seeley, C.S.W., Ph.D.

Staff Therapist, Barnard Counseling Services

Adjunct Professor of Psychology
Barnard College

Adjunct Professor of Anthropology,
Columbia University



Dr. Seeley will examine the problems of implementing Western conceptions of the self, of the mind, and of psychological well-being in clinical settings that are increasingly culturally and ethnically diverse.

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Altschul Atrium

MFA exhibit thinks too much, feels too little

By Vanessa Garcia

Chagall once said "If I create from the heart, nearly everything works, if from the head, almost nothing." The quote is fitting when I try to find the words to describe the New York Area MFA Exhibition at Hunter College Times Square Gallery. Most of the graduate students showing their works in this exhibit were thinking too much and feeling too little.

The exhibition shows samples of work by graduate students from all of the New York area MFA programs, including Connecticut and New Jersey. I, myself, am a painter and was very excited to see the show—I envisioned greatness, I envisioned the artists of tomorrow, I envisioned life and vigor and color and light. But, when I walked into the first room of the large gallery space containing the works of SUNY Purchase and SUNY Stony Brook, I was confronted by hanging installations, standing installations, and more installations. Oh no, I thought to myself, yet another batch of conceptualists.

I continued my walk through Parsons and Brooklyn College, but the more I walked the more disheartened I became. I was interested to see what was going on at Yale because of its gleaming reputation, but really, I think those were the pieces I hated most—there I encountered a television screen with a screaming auctioneer and other pieces I didn't want to understand. Dryden in "An Essay for Dramatic Poesy," claims that there are writers out there who "give us many times a hard nut to break our teeth, without a kernel for our pains." That's what Yale felt like to me—I wanted some kind of substance, but that substance was all glossed over by ideas. And so I kept walking, longing to find something I liked, something I could mention in this article, but nothing moved me.

I soon found myself at The New York Academy of art, which is just that—an "academy." Among their students' work were nudes that seemed to me studies and I wondered why someone would show them, other than to demonstrate technical skill. All of the New York Academy of Arts' students were technically refined, versed in allegory, realism, and precision. But again, I had to ask myself: where's the heart?

It was about midway through the exhibit that I came to the

conclusion that these students were thinking too much. Their installations were proof that they had read too much art history. One student from Lehman College, Brian O. McKenzie, even wrote his own commentary to accompany his work. He explained that the painting, entitled *Ester's Preparation*, was a visual representation of a scene from the Book of Ester in the Bible, in case the title and imagery hadn't given it away, in case his audience was stupid. I feel that an artist should never have to write his/her own commentary and attach it to a painting—why paint it then? Speaking and painting are two different languages and translations defeat the purpose. The painting

should do all the work; if it doesn't do it then it's not a good painting. It doesn't matter if imagery is not clear to the viewer, it doesn't matter if the viewer cannot understand fully what is going on in a painting or in the work of art, as long as (and this is essential) the viewer feels something, as long as art does something to the viewer, even if it's only for a short fraction of time.

All of this is not to say I didn't like any of it. As a matter of fact I really liked Columbia student Rachel King's painting titled *Self Portrait*

Entering Jerusalem. In the painting the subject is on a llama and what I perceived as a peach or apricot leads the animal that carries the shawl-wrapped-subject into deep purple. This painting contains both a sense of the magical and an eerie sense of the real that makes you want to continue to watch. Another piece I liked was New York Academy of Art student Arie Jacobi's sculpture entitled *Liberty*—a roller blading, spike-haired iron statue, with hard spandex underwear and a star-printed tank top—it was a piece that made me smile.

But don't listen to me—who am I? Who am I to tell you what good art is, what bad art is? Really, why should you listen to anything I say? If I am going to judge what is good and what is bad—then I'm just another one of those people that knows too much. Maybe those students put all of their hearts into that work and I'm the hard-hearted fool. Go see it and decide for yourself—it's open until March 11 and is located at 450 West 41st street

Vanessa Garcia is a Barnard junior and bulletin arts editor.

It was about midway through the installation that I came to the **conclusion** that these students were thinking too much. Their installations were **proof** that they had **read** too much **art history**...

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columbia.edu/cu/wbar/

Not in MY Community:

*Healing the Mind, Body and Spirit
of Jewish Women and Men*

Sunday, February 27

9:30am - 2pm

Barnard Hall, Barnard College

The Workshops

Let's Talk About Sex: *Communicating what we really want.*

Giselle Harrington, Director of the Well Woman Health Promotion Program, Barnard College.

Food, Glorious Food?: *Body image, food, and Judaism.*

Alison Adler, Reconstructionist Rabbinical College and Dr. Toby Sitnick, Eating Disorders Specialist and Staff Psychologist, Barnard Counseling Services.

That's What Friends Are For: *How to support a friend and remain sane*

Charmi Selch and Daniel Rosenberg, Jewish Theological Seminary.

What's Love Got To Do With It?: *When a not-so-perfect relationship becomes harmful.*

Nicki Turano Kaplan, C.S.W., St. Luke's/Roosevelt Crime Victims Treatment Center.

I Am Woman/Man Hear Me Roar: *Getting your point across through experiential assertiveness training.*

Leora Shudotsky, C.S.W., Director of Programming, Center for Jewish Life at Columbia/Barnard

To Life, To Life, L'Chaim?: *When the line between social drinking and problem drinking becomes blurry.*

Dr. Herbert Nieburg, Director of the Student Counseling Service, Jewish Theological Seminary.

TO PRE-REGISTER GO TO OUR WEBSITE AT WWW.COLUMBIA.EDU/CU/JSU/UPCOMING/NOTINMYCOM AND SIGN UP THERE. YOU CAN ALSO EMAIL ANY QUESTIONS YOU MAY HAVE TO 15190@COLUMBIA.EDU OR CALL LEORA AT 854-5111. THE CONFERENCE IS FREE FOR ANYONE WITH A STUDENT ID AND COSTS \$10 FOR NON STUDENTS. A LIGHT BREAKFAST AND LUNCH WILL BE SERVED.

This event is co-sponsored by the Center for Jewish Life at Columbia/Barnard, The Student Initiatives Committee Irving and Sarah Pitt Campus Creativity Grants, Hillel The Foundation for Jewish Campus Life, the Barnard College Center for Research on Women, Student Governing Association, Office of Residential Life, Office for Multicultural Affairs and College Activities, Take Back the Night, the Jewish Theological Seminary, the Student Governing Board of Earl Hall, the Columbia College Student Council.

The C.J.L. is supported by J.C.L.E. Inc. which is an affiliate of Hillel, the Foundation for Jewish Campus Life.

music picks

for the week of feb. 23

february 25

Hot Water Music, Saves the Day, and Small Brown Bike At the Knitting Factory, 74 Leonard Street btwn Broadway and Church 212-219-3006 (Take the 1/9 to Franklin Street, walk south to Leonard and east to Church)

Hot Water Music isn't your run-of-the-mill, sensitive-looking-boys-in-horn-rimmed-glasses emo band, and they continued to shove the scream in your face on their last album, *No Division*. Come to be rocked by intelligible rock-n-roll (after all, they did take their name from a Charles Bukowski book)

february 27

Lambchop plus Laura Cantrell At Maxwells, 1039 Washington Street, Hoboken, NJ (201) 653-1703 Take the PATH train to Hoboken, NJ. Tickets are \$7.

Tennessee country folk Lambchop may be on Merge records with the likes of Superchunk and the Magnetic Fields, but their music is straight out of Nashville with a rock-n-rollish feel. It's country, minus the droning twang (and the cowboy hats).

march 1

Chamberlain At CBGB's, 315 Bowery at Bleecker. (212) 982-4052

continued ..

Cocksparrer keeps its promise

by Shannon M Kearns

On Friday, February 11 four of my best friends and I boarded a bus at the Port Authority filled with anticipation and excitement. We were going to Boston—a fine little city that two of my friends had never seen—to see the legendary Cocksparrer. This street rock and roll band from London's East End had not made an appearance in the US for almost 25 years we were going to see them live.

The band formed in 1975 and has become international icons for the skinhead and punk

scenes around the world. Playing songs about working class values and the culture of football hooliganism, this band epitomizes the view of skinhead culture. Their music takes many names: rock 'n roll, street punk or oi, depending on whom you talk to. Their talent as musicians, their reputation for putting on a kick-ass live show and their longevity has all contributed to Cocksparrer's fame and popularity. After being together for 25 years, Cocksparrer had promised a US tour last year. Due to last minute problems obtaining their visas, the band never made it. Then in January the news emerged that they were coming, and this time they kept their promise.

The band came to the States for an adrenaline filled weekend tour, playing four cities in four nights. They opened to tour in New York City on Thursday and then went on to Boston, San Francisco and finally, Los Angeles. My friends and I could not go to the New York for one reason or another, so we decided to head on up to Beantown. The show was scheduled to start at 5:00 because all the punks, skins, and other "troublemakers" had to be out of Karma Club by 10:00 so the Eurotrash could have their dance party (Karma is a

multi-genre venue and there was another show going on). Unfortunately, due to uncooperative Boston traffic and the BigDig, we didn't park the car until 6:30. When we got to the club we discovered we hadn't missed much.

Tommy and the Terrors of Massachusetts opened the show, and we caught them halfway through their set of classic

Andy Gunn



Colin McFaull of Cocksparrer

punk rock covers and original songs. The Reducers SF, a street rock 'n roll band from San Francisco, came on next and performed for a restless, but enthusiastic, crowd of punks and skins. Interestingly, the Karma Club had a no alcohol policy and some of the crowd was a bit dis-

gruntled. My friend Margaret expressed the feeling of many at the show stating, "I haven't seen a good oi show without beer—ever." Although this inconvenience had the potential to ruin the show for some of the crowd, it seemed like most people were in good spirits. The opportunity to see the most famous oi band ever was enough to satisfy almost everyone.

My friends and I found an excellent location to watch the action at the top of the stairs where we could see above the crowd in the pit. The energy was building, but, to the surprise of my friends who had never been to Boston, there were no conflicts between the punks and the skinheads. The energy of both scenes is much more healthy than in New York—a big reason we didn't go to the show at CBGB. Finally, Colin McFaull, the lead vocalist, walked on stage, followed by the other four members of Cocksparrer, and a deafening cheer arose from the crowd.

They opened with "Riot Squad," a popular favorite about the band's disillusionment with the police. This riled the crowd for other hits like "Take Em All," "Because You're Young," "Argy Bargo," "Running Riot," "Where are They Now?" and "Secret Army." During the << page 23>>

albumreviews

Hefner's second time rivals Bukowski

While I can't deny that Hefner's 1998 release *Breaking God's Heart* will always be numero uno in my mind, this British ensemble has made a really wonderful go of it the second time 'round.

On *The Fidelity Wars* Hefner always manages to spout out the most inciteful lyrics that stick around for days. Choruses like "We will always talk this way/Tired and slightly jaded/We will waste our tears/And we'll be waiting years/For the friends who always promised that they'd phone us" from the track "Don't Flake Out On Me" serve

as a prime example of exactly why Hefner is the master of voicing the most uncomfortable sentiments ("What's the point of getting laid?" Darren Hayman howls during the same track). Not since Bukowski has anyone been so literary about drunkenness as Hefner in "Hymn for the Alcohol."

Personally, I feel like Hefner knows exactly how everyone feels. I can't make you buy a Hefner record, but I would if I could.

—Camella Clements

Kittie debut intense

Kittie rocks. As a metal band composed of young adolescent Canadian girls, they may seem like a bit of a novelty item. But let me tell you, Kittie is not your token girl-band. Their debut album, *Spit*, is heavy, hard, and intense. It's exactly what current metal bands need and have been lacking. This group of young women bring their perspective to heavy music and don't take any flak. Kittie sounds aggressive and dark. With a self-described goth-glam, metal look, they play up to the metal scene that they are entering into without any reservation. Their outfits assume an impending stardom that comes off as a pretty impressive show of confidence.

Kittie's music is definitely "new metal," in the tradition of the Deftones. However they should not be misunderstood as belonging to the pseudo "new metal" that Korn and other relatively new acts espouse to be.

From the sound of it, it's quite clear that they've cut their teeth on '80s metal and alternative acts. Kittie has true cross-genre appeal, from metal to hardcore to alternative. This attribute will serve them well.

The album goes from full-out stomping mosh moments to the lilting of soaring vocals. The lead singer, Morgan Lander, has a serious roar, but she pairs it with an alluring singing voice that takes you on an album-long emotional ride. The lyrics speak from a young, female perspective, addressing sexual stereotyping, betrayal, and self-red. Songs titled, "Paperdoll," "Get Off," and "Do You Think I'm a Whore," clearly indicate that Kittie has something significant to say about all of the above issues.

Refreshingly, the album is not stifled by over-wrought teen angst. In fact I wish that they had been around when I was 15; I know I could have used it. I saw Kittie in January, and do these girls put on a hell of a show! They have a dominating stage presence, and they sure can get the entire crowd rocking. After listening to *Spit* you'll definitely want to know more about this young band. Kittie's music and lyrics are captivating, and the group shows enormous future potential. I can't wait for their sophomore effort.

—Ali McKim



musicpicks

...continued

They've toured with everyone from Pearl Jam to the New Rising Sons, but now they're finally coming into their own as they ascend the emo hierarchy. CBGB's is the perfect setting for Chamberlain's signature high energy, emotionally-charged sound, particularly vocalist David Moore's desperate lyrics and amusing antics.

march 1

Dr. Billy Taylor

At the Metropolitan Museum of Art Billy Taylor, world-renowned jazz artist, scholar, and educator has played with all the greats, including Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie. He literally "wrote the book" on be-bop piano. Actually, he's written eleven books and countless articles on the culture of jazz, jazz history, and jazz technique. He is truly a master of jazz piano and one of the few surviving "relics" of be-bop.

march 2

Folk Implosion: Lou Barlow Solo

At the Knitting Factory.

Tickets are \$10

You may know him from Sebadoh, Sentridoh, or Folk Implosion (or really early Dinosaur Jr.). Lou Barlow has been one of the pillars of indie rock going on three decades now. No gimmicks, just Lou and his guitar. This should be amazing!!!

Three Terrors

by Jamie Hardy

The first time I actually saw Stephin Merritt, I fell madly in love with him. It was early September, at the Knitting Factory. It was part of his current endeavor, the magnificent Magnetic Fields's 69 Love Songs (Merge). He just sat there on his stool in a cloud of Camel cigarette smoke, and sang to me. Even when he wasn't singing, he was singing to me. The theme was love, and I was in it.

Fitting it is, therefore, that I should catch Merritt with the Three Terrors on Wednesday, Feb. 9 once again at the Knitting Factory, once again sitting on a stool enshrouded in thick smoke, and once again crooning to me. This time the theme was forlorn love, but that didn't stop my knees from going wobbly the moment he walked onstage and picked up his ukelele.

One of Merritt's billions of projects, the Three Terrors are he, LD Beghtol, and Dudley Klute, both the latter of whom appear as vocalists throughout 69 Love Songs. Together they complement each other, almost forming a super-sensitive, sardonic monster of a performer. Klute provides the seductive good looks; Beghtol, the majestic (or more appropriately, queenly) stage presence; and Merritt, all the brilliance and sadness of the world. Providing piano, accordion, and percussion accompaniment was the evenings opening act Daniel Handler, and on the cello was James Jacobs.

Upon entering the main space, we were greeted by Daniel Handler reading from his book, *The Basic Eight* (Dunne Books). He was a very animated reader, and got the audience riled up and ready to take on the saucy, cathartic experience that was to be the Three Terrors.

Unfortunately, the wait was prolonged by another performance between Handler and the Terrors, one which I could have done without. The folksy band had no introduction and no mention on the bill—and I had no patience for it, probably because I was raised on folk music which now grates on my nerves. Apparently called Mascot, the most interesting thing they had to offer the crowd was a heartfelt rendition of Joan Baez's "Diamonds and Rust," supposedly written ten years after Baez broke up with Bob Dylan. Poor Joan. She loved and she lost. Lets move on.

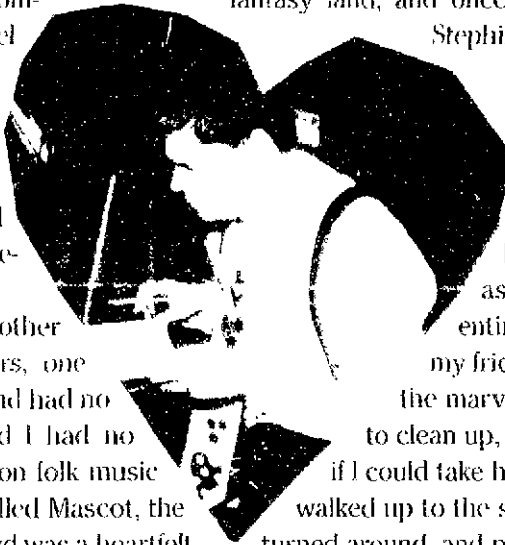
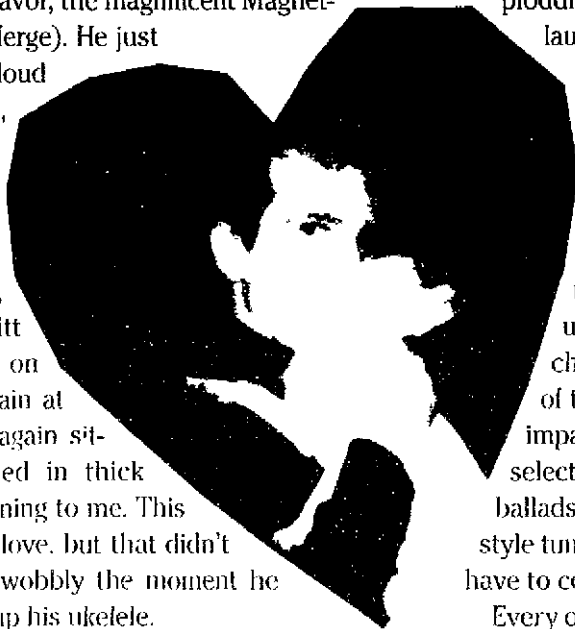
When the Three Terrors finally did come on, I realized I had been holding my breath since I walked in the main space and hour before, and heaved a sigh of contentment. Stephin Merritt walked onstage in his Ukelele Hall of Fame Museum shirt, and lit up a ciggie. Instantly the crowd was whisked away to a far-off land

where nothing goes our way, night supplants day, but we keep plodding anyway, come whatever may. Immediately they launched into a two-hour set of mostly songs it didn't matter that I didn't recognize, even though I did happen to catch "Pretty In Pink" by the Psychedelic Furs, the ballads "Danny Boy" and "Send in the Clowns," and something from the Patsy Cline songbook I saw on the stage after the show.

Even though everyone onstage was biologically male, there was such a refreshing lack of masculinity up there that I found myself in the presence of what I choose to interpret as true musical genius. The gender of their show remained neutral, and therefore the songs impact was universal. Perhaps it was also the pan-genre selection of music for the evening, ranging from '50s pop ballads to prewar blues to mandolin-accompanied, madrigal-style tunes. I found myself in that far-off land wishing I'd never have to come back.

Every once in awhile I was torn from my reverie by what must have been official members of the Dudley Klute fan club, because they wouldn't stop shouting his name. I bet they were also card-carrying members of the Annoying Boys club, the population of which, I have noticed, has grown exponentially in the past few years. But what made them extra offensive was that they were tall, front and center, and they all had really bad hair. As the night wore on, however, I pushed them out of my non-gender-specific fantasy land, and once again, there we were, the two of us, Stephin Merritt and myself.

By the end of the two-hour set, those of us who had the guts to stay that long were transfixed, swaying in unison. Whether it was from the melody or the fact that wed been standing for three hours, I do not know. All I can say is that, as they left the stage, I was utterly and entirely fulfilled. As the crowd filtered out, my friends and I stuck to our spots, reveling in the marvel before us. Merritt came back onstage to clean up, and I worked up the courage to ask him if I could take his picture. He had his back to me when I walked up to the stage, but as I was focusing, he stopped, turned around, and posed with his chihuahua Irving until the flash went off. I barely murmured a thank you, and he smiled and left. For a fleeting instant, it was just us once again, in that far-off land. Then I came back to my senses, went out on the street, and went home. But I will always have that moment in the far-off land that I can return to whenever I'm feeling forlorn.



Jamie Hardy is a Barnard senior. Both photos are by Jamie Hardy. Top photo: Stephin Merritt with dog. Bottom: Daniel Handler with tie.

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small music stores a great alternative

It is easy to walk into a megastore and find the CD you are looking for in two seconds. It is even easier to go online and, in one click, find the same CD. These methods are useful, but shopping for music can be more of a process and an enjoyable hobby at the many small, independently-owned music stores in New York City.

Flipping slowly through the bins of CDs and records in a small store jogs your memory of things you had heard about and had wanted to listen to, but might not have had on your wishlist. It can sometimes be detrimental to your music collection to walk purposefully towards one CD. Many times, smaller stores have lower prices or discounts, a more specialized selection, and more knowledgeable salespeople

who can recommend things based on each customer's taste.

Some stores which have been included on the chart below house in-store performances by artists who have new releases and might be playing a gig in the area soon. These performances are not only a great way to hear new music for free, but they are also a fun way to people-watch and schmooze. Most stores have calendars of such events available either at their location or online.

Many of the stores on the chart below are located relatively close together, and going to a few of them makes a fun weekend afternoon. Shopping for music at small, independent stores can have elements of exploration and of personalization. The experience is definitely worth the trip.

Breakbeat Science

335 E. 9th Street (between First and Second Avenues)
995-2592
jungle, drum 'n bass
cd/vinyl

Generation Records

210 Thompson Street
254 1100
rock/pop/techno, large selection of imports
new/used cds
there's even a tiny, wandering cat!

Throb

211 E 14th Street
533-2328
all types of dance music
tiny—but worth it unless you are a claustrophobic

Rocks In Your Head

157 Prince Street (between Broadway and Thompson Street)
475-6729
most genres
new/used
vinyl/cd/video/zines/
tchotchkes
small, friendly salespeople

Other Music

15 E. 4th Street (between Broadway and Lafayette Street)
477-8150
most genres
new and used cd/vinyl
in-store performances,
www.othermusic.com

Etherea Records

66 Avenue A
358-1126
rock/pop/techno/drum 'n bass
new/used vinyl/cd, zines, magazines
tiny store, friendly salespeople

Sound and Fury

192 Orchard Street
598-4300
rock/pop/techno/drum n bass
new/used cd/vinyl
in-store performances

Mondo Kim's

6 St. Mark's Place (between Second and Third Avenues)
598-9985
most genres
service not too friendly,

huge selection of merchandise (as low as \$2)
new/used
vinyl/cd/video/zines/
tchotchkes

Rebel Rebel

319 Bleecker Street (between Grove and Christopher Streets)
989-0770
all things English
new/used cd/vinyl

NYCD

426 Amsterdam Avenue (between 80th and 81st Streets)
724-4466
jazz/blues/rock/pop/soundtracks
new/used cds (as low as \$1, discount on bulk purchases)
voted best cd store in New York Press 1999 Readers' Poll

Rockit Scientist

43 Carmine Street (between Bleecker and Bedford Streets)
242-0066
prog-rock/ reggae/

dub/soul/jazz/surf/Latin
new/used cd/vinyl

Disc-O-Rama

186 W. 4th Street (between 6th and 7th Avenues)
206-8417
most genres
new/used cds (lowest regular price \$9.99, \$8.99 with coupon), also laser discs/DVDs/videos/software
www.discorama.com

Satellite Records

347 Bowery at 4th Avenue
780-9305
all types of dance music—jungle, house, techno, etc.
cd/vinyl

Moon Ska Records

84 E. 10th Street (between 3rd and 4th Streets)
673-5538
a mecca for all things ska
cd/vinyl/clothes
www.moonska.com

—catherine wallach and molly durkin

Nuyorican takes poetry to a competitive level

by Stacey McMath

If you're wandering down Third Street on a rainy night, you might just walk right by the Nuyorican Poets' Cafe. ("Nuyorican" is a slang term for Puerto Ricans who have settled in New York City.) If it happens to be a Friday night, or any other night they host an event, the chances that you will walk by unawares are significantly less—these poets are loud. Located on a dark stretch of 3 St. between Avenues B and C, the Nuyorican Poets' Cafe may be a bit out of the way for most Upper West Side residents, but the trip on the train (the N/R to eighth street and a hike across St. Mark's Place is generally a good route if you don't want to change trains three times) is worth it.

On Friday nights, they host a poetry slam that rivals any cultural event in the city. Poets of every age, ethnicity and experience level ascend the stage to compete with the others who are brave enough to join them. The evening usually opens with a featured poet (occasionally these are writers on book tours who are hoping to drum up support for their work) and is hosted by the Nuyorican's slam master, Keith Roach. He selects three or four groups of audience members at random and gives them markers and flash cards with which to rate the poets. When the slam begins, each poet performs a poem, and is rated by the audience.

After a few rounds of this sort of thing, the ratings are tallied up and a winner is announced. The lucky poet receives five dollars and an invitation to come back to perform in the semi-finals. If you go, just don't let Keith recruit you to tally up the scores—there is nothing worse than having to do math in the middle of a high-tension moment. The admission is five dollars at the door, and there is a full bar.

Not that you really need a drink to enjoy yourself. The poetry is riveting, and it is remarkable to see these poets some still in high school, others seasoned in the slam scene, some freestyling, some speaking from memory all with passion and the desire to communicate the issues that they transform into art.

The diverse artists and audiences provide the fresh, ever-changing flavor that characterizes the Nuyorican, and this is exactly what this feisty little cafe is all about. They are committed to empowering the underclasses, and to providing a voice to the community of the Lower East Side, which comprises Puerto Ricans, Dominicans, African-Ameri-

cans, Polish, Irish and Ukrainians. The cafe is a space for poets, writers, performance artists, thespians, musicians and visual artists. Since the organization was founded in 1974 by Miguel Alagrin, it has spawned numerous other projects, including the Nuyorican Poets' Cafe Theatre Festival (parts of this festival have traveled to The Black Arts Festival in Atlanta) and publications like *Aloud: Voices from the Nuyorican Poets' Cafe*. They have received numerous awards and, in 1993, were named by the Municipal Society of New York City as a "living treasure."

So not only does this space provide a damn good time, but it also serves a purpose in the community as a cultural resource. Their investment in the artistic community that they strive to serve is immense, and we are lucky enough to be able to witness the performances and exhibitions of

THE DIVERSE ARTISTS AND AUDIENCES PROVIDE THE FRESH, EVER-CHANGING FLAVOR THAT CHARACTERIZES THE NUYORICAN, AND THIS IS EXACTLY WHAT THIS FEISTY LITTLE CAFE IS ALL ABOUT.

artists who might not find support elsewhere.

The first Wednesday of every month, Bobbito the Barber, of Hot97 and WKCR fame, hosts a hip-hop, jazz and poetry open mic. The event was designed to allow up-and-coming musicians and poets to hear each other (as well as acclaimed musicians, such as Erica Badou) and to jam in an open-mic format. This is one of the most popular events at the Nuyorican, and is often standing room only; the admission is \$10. Monk, a new play by Lawrence Holder, runs

Thursday through Saturday at 7:30 and Sunday at 3:00 through March 26. This is a one-man show starring Rome Neal that is based on the life of jazz musician Thelonious Monk, who performed through four decades and inspired generations of musicians. Tickets are \$15, and you can call (212)465-3167 for reservations.

The Nuyorican's commitment to the artist shows through in everything that they do. They also sponsor a series called The Fifth Night, which presents readings of original, feature-length screenplays, in addition to screening independent short films. The Fifth Night season runs Tuesday nights, from January to May and September to December. These performances start at 8pm, and tickets are \$8. Be sure to call ahead, as reservations are required.

Nuyorican also hosts various musical performances—everything from Big Band to Hip Hop and the best way to keep up on these events is to visit their website at www.nuyorican.com.

Stacey McMath is a Barnard junior and the bulletin New York City Living editor.

Mita's musings
 Mita's musings
 Mita's musings
 Mita's musings

something to remember

by Mita Mallick

One of my friends the other day had commented, "Did you read Mita's column last week? She sounds so depressed!" Many think my column is depressing; for others the complaining annoys them, like a rash irritating their skin. Yet ironically enough, many of these people are drawn to read it every week and complain about my complaining. Very interesting.

My close friends know me very well, and perhaps some of you reading this know more than you would care to. For the record, I am not depressed. I am not on medication. I am not a victim of a horrible childhood. All of this I can say with confidence. I enjoy entertaining people with my words, and have a strange sense of humor which some people just can't understand. It's called sarcasm.

So I am happy, very content with my life at Barnard. No sarcasm intended.

With that in mind, I will proceed with my musing this week. It is about a recent, heart-warming experience I had.

Please don't fall out of your chair or trip while reading this. That's right, you heard me correctly. I, Mita Mallick, am about to talk to you about a positive experience I had at Barnard, of all places. Sarcasm intended.

I had never really planned on getting a college ring. I never got one in high school; partially because I didn't like my high school enough to splurge on the big, red gaudy stone which protruded from my hand. They were ugly, over-priced and simply cheesy. There were too many other things to waste my hard-earned baby-sitting money on.

When Charlé bought the Barnard ring last year, there was something about the way it looked on her hand which made me think. It was elegant, simple and would fit into every Barnard woman's host of accessories. I thought about it. And thought about it some more. Then the sentimental Mita got the best of me. Three hundred some odd dollars later, the deed was done. I was now the proud owner of a Barnard class ring.

Earlier this month, seniors received invitations for the ring ceremony. I imagined the Jostens woman reciting the "Why I love my Barnard ring" poem, as we huddled in a dark room around a candle in the shape of Athena, being initiated as

proud ring owners.

Nevertheless, Deena and I decided to take the risk and attend the ceremony, sporting our new rings. At the very least they would be serving food.

That evening we found ourselves in the North Tower, happily stuffing our faces with pastries and downing sparkling cider. I saw people who I hadn't seen since last semester; I sat and spoke with people with whom I normally wouldn't have the chance to socialize. The President of our class, the President of the Alumnae Association, and the Dean of the College were all to speak about the new tradition of the ring ceremony.

But it wasn't until the Dean of the College spoke that I felt a small lump growing in my throat. She spoke about the tradition of the ring and its importance to Barnard. It grew bigger and bigger as she spoke of her best friend, whom she had met during orientation as a first-year. As she spoke about our senior year and how these last few months would be some of the sweetest moments of our lives.

It was at the ring ceremony that it finally struck me. I am a senior. And in a few months I will be gone. No more job search. No more thesis. No more musing in this column.

About the amazing friendships we would take with us. As we all toasted to the future and to the wonderful accomplishments which awaited us outside of these gates.

The lump in my throat was about to explode. I sneaked a peek at Deena and she too had a sentimental look in her eyes. The sentimental creature had gotten the best of us.

It was at the ring ceremony that it finally struck me. I am a senior. And in a few months I will be gone. No more job search. No more thesis. No more musing in this column. No more of Mita at Barnard.

Somewhere along the way, with the chaos of making plans for the future, the stress of graduating and the anxiety of joining the real world, I have forgotten the most important thing: to enjoy my last few moments as a Barnard student.

It's funny how a piece of gold metal resting on my ring finger can create a lump in my throat. That years from now when I look at it, I am sure it will conjure up the strangest, most important memories of what it was like to be here. A ring which for me symbolizes how much I have grown and changed as a person since I arrived in August of 1996 on that scorching afternoon. And that somewhere along the way when I wasn't looking it happened. I became a woman.

Authors note: The musing of such heart-warming experiences will not be a weekly occurrence. Expect to complain about my complaining next week.

Mita Mallick is a Barnard senior and a bulletin columnist

bad journalism

the mullet: never a hair don't



The Mullet was. The Mullet is. The Mullet will always be.

The Mullet has many names: the shlong, the sho-long, bad lesbian hair (BLH), the bi-level haircut, hockey hair, the el camino, the ape drape— and has been seen throughout history on the heads of the world's most forward thinking men and women. Unlike most haircuts, the Mullet crosses gender, race, and geographic boundaries to become the unofficial haircut of world peace.

"What is a Mullet?" you might ask. The Mullet is not worn by just anyone, yet it is easily discerned from less fashionable haircuts by its unique quality of being "short on top and long at the back." Cultural icons such as John Stamos, Billy Ray Cyrus, Barry White, David Bowie as Ziggy Stardust, Florence Henderson (Mrs. Brady) and that guy you saw at the Monster Truck show all sported the Mullet. If these examples don't jog your memory, keep your eyes open for this swank haircut all around you. It is characterized by being close cut on top (sometimes spiked daringly) and cut above the ears. Like the raging souls of its wearers, the Mullet flows free at the back, thereby allowing one to have both a sophisticated Sollo short haircut, while still sporting the sexy long tress-look. Business men often wear the Mullet to appease their conservative superiors and to stay true to their heavy metal roots (no pun intended).

Some people think that the Mullet is too hip for New York City. Thankfully, they're wrong! Our vast metropolis is not Mullet free. Mullets have been spotted as close as on Barnard's own campus and as far downtown as 11th Street (the heart of the über-trendy East Village). We have seen several different kinds of Mullets in this fair city. The classifications we use were "borrowed" from the cornucopia of Mullet information, <http://www.mulletsgalore.com>. The "Meximullet," the "Midgiemullet," the "Ultimullet," the "Halfmullet," the "Skullet," and the "Mulletica" just to name a few. John Stamos, champion of the Mullet, wore the "Feathermullet" during his career on the wildly successful sitcom, *Full House*.

Now that the new millennium is almost upon us, we can look back at Barnard's history and see the Mullet as a prominent halo above the heads of Barnard students of long ago. In the 1984 Mortarboard at least ten graduating seniors sported Femmullets, no doubt these strong and intelligent women were at the forefront of fashion. After extensive searching, we were saddened to learn that, currently, there are no Mullets worn by students on Barnard's campus. There is hope, however, for our school! This is a call to arms, if you will! A request, no, a plea for you, as conscientious Barnard women to cut your hair in the glorious manner of the Mullet! "If there were Mullets on this campus it would be ten times cooler, don't you agree?" an enthusiastic Mullet-lover said, when interviewed.

"Mullets, for lack of a better word, get me off," proudly states Alina Aliyar, a Barnard sophomore and Mullet-lover. "I think it's the hairstyle of the future," declares Chris Parks, a New York native and Mullet-fan. The Mullet, no doubt, has had a strong impact on the lives of all who encounter it. It has made its mark on the music world, the fashion world and the lives of regular people around the world. The Mullet, without a doubt, is the ultimate in hair expressions!

Califa Davis and Shannon Kearns are Barnard sophomores, and Shannon is the bulletin office manager. photos courtesy of the Mortarboard and the Columbia University Facebook



viewpoints: security on campus needs improvement

by Christy Thornton

While I feel generally safe when I am on the Barnard campus, I cannot say that I have never felt threatened here. In my room, for instance. As a freshman, I lived in Brooks Hall in the Quad. My room was a triple, and got along fairly well with my two roommates. There was a particular instance, however, that made me feel that the security system at Barnard is more lax than it should be.

My roommates had been out for the night, presumably to a bar. They had not come home until very early in the morning, and upon returning to the room and waking me, they told me of the night's adventures. One of them had gotten involved with a man, and he had come back to the Quad, but they had returned to someone else's room. She was unsure if he knew where our room was, and assumed that she would never hear from him again. I had no reason to doubt her story, and I, too, assumed that he would never be an issue again.

A few nights later, my roommates, some friends and I were all eating dinner in the dining hall. My roommate recounted the story of what had happened with the young man, and we all had a good laugh about it. Upon returning to our room, however, we found a note on our board, signed by the very man with whom my roommate had been involved. At first, we dismissed it as a joke. But she had only just told us

his name—no one else knew it. Uneasily, we entered our room, and we came to forget about the note on the door

He continued to be a part of our lives, however. We would receive on-campus phone calls from him, despite the fact that he lived in the Bronx. He would call from the first floor of Lehman Hall, a building that supposedly requires CU ID for entry. While this made us uneasy, we didn't seem to be in any actual danger. My roommate was afraid to tell him that she no longer wanted him to call, for fear of some kind of retribution. So we continued to tell him on the phone that she wasn't home, and yes, we would tell her that he had called.

One night, as I was preparing for bed, there was a knock at my door. My roommate—not the one who had been involved with the strange man—and I exchanged glances. We were the only two home. I opened the door, wearing only my pajamas, expecting my RA or someone of the like. Instead, I came face to face with a man I had never seen before, asking if my roommate was home. No, I replied, she was out at the library. He introduced himself—he was the one who had been calling << page 23 >>

just fine, thank you

by Courtney E. Martin

Part of why I chose to go to Barnard was because it was an all-woman's school in an atypical all-womens environment. In other words, while its mission was to celebrate young women, validate their intelligence and help them change the world and themselves, all of this goes on in a real life environment where men are present and active. Women are made to feel strong in a co-educational world, a world that although relatively sheltered and centered around academics, feels very real most of the time.

That is why, when I hear Barnard students raise questions

Janice Hardy



about security on campus, I must remember why I came here. I want to be protected. I want to feel safe. But I also want to feel like I can be trusted to take care of myself, to make responsible choices and deal with the dangers that the "real world" presents.

In light of the recent tragedy, plus various crimes that I have no doubt occur frequently on and around campus, many students have brought up their discomfort with the level of security provided here at Barnard. I do not share this discomfort. I am completely satisfied with the level of protection that I receive both as a Barnard and a Columbia University student.

Every time someone walks through a Columbia University residence hall they are theoretically held accountable. I realize that there are fire escapes and other miscellaneous back exits that seem to have presented complications for this theoretical accountability, but I see these as a product of a complicated world. I feel that in general, Columbia has done a commendable job of hiring competent people who are aware of both the students that live in their residence halls and the buildings themselves.

This system is the average, if not above the average, security system in place at apartments around the city and colleges around the country. When we graduate from this place and relocate in all parts of the country, not to mention the world, we will deal with even less built-in security. That is why I think it is ridiculous to demand that Columbia do more. Not only would it put a strain on the current security, but it would lull Barnard and Columbia students into a lacsadasical attitude where they would feel babied in and out of the dorms. I want to test boundaries, learn when and where I should be to feel safe, what kinds of people I << page 23 >>

<< page 22 >> all this time. Here he was this man, with whom my needs roommate (who was currently not in the room) improvement had had some sort of relation, asking to come into my room. We had not signed him in. We had not authorized his entry into the building. And yet, here he was, standing in the doorway of my dorm room, a large man in a heavy leather jacket, inquiring as to the whereabouts of my third roommate.

I didn't know what to do. I went downstairs to seek the advice of a friend while he spoke with my third roommate, and by the time I returned he was gone. We called security, and they searched the building for him, to no avail. They told us that most likely, he had just walked past the desk attendant in a large group of people. I found this incredulous—a large man could pass by a desk attendant with a group of college age girls without being noticed? When I suggested that he could have perhaps entered through a tunnel entrance, the head of security was highly insistent that the building was not accessible in such a manner. Still, I wondered.

Eventually, the man stopped calling. He was never banned from campus, and would show up every once in a while, surprising one of us in a library or passing through campus. We were made to feel as though his access to our room was somehow our fault, and not the fault of a security system with numerous loopholes. I continue to feel fairly safe as I walk about campus. But I still check twice before I open the door when I'm not expecting anyone.

Christy Thornton is a Barnard sophomore and bulletin co-editor-in-chief

<< page 22 >> want in my dorm room, how long I want them to stay. By implementing any just fine, stringent security policies that do not thank you already exist about these sorts of decisions, the Columbia community would only be doing the students a disservice. We would graduate with diplomas from a prestigious academic school, but without the common sense afforded by experience to help us use those diplomas in the real world.

I wish that no one on this campus had ever been a victim of crime, sexual or otherwise. I wish, more than anything, that women didn't have to be scared, make difficult decisions about men in their lives or those on the street. I wish a lot of things, but they are not going to be granted by smothering Columbia students in a tight web of overactive security. We will only be set free from the crime that has plagued this campus when students are educated about safety and compelled to put their education into practice. We will only find some solace with more relationship counseling, more community outreach, more concerned friends. Barnard's first duty to its students is to believe in them, including their potential to make good decisions and deal with difficult real life situations.

Courtney Martin is a Barnard Sophomore and bulletin staff writer

<< page 14 >> between song banter, Colin fueled the rivalry between the New York and Boston scenes by telling the crowd that the New Yorkers had claimed superiority over the Bostonians. This only inspired the crowd to be more enthusiastic and the sing-alongs became a tool to prove Boston's reputation. In the middle of the set, Cocksparrer, who had never been to Boston before, dedi-

cated "We Love You" to famous, and now mainstream, Boston oi/punk icons, The Dropkick Murphys. They also played "A.U." a song of their most recent release Two Monkeys. When they left the stage after the set, the crowd was not ready to go home and they were left cheering for an encore. Cocksparrer did not let us down. They came back to play "Sunday Stripper," a crowd favorite. Their encore

also included "England Belongs to Me" and "Chip on My Shoulder," two of their greatest anthems. The night finally ended with an energy-filled rendition of "We're Coming Back." With the last cords of the song, the legends promised to return to the US in another 25 years. I hope that they survive that long, because they would be the most rock 'n roll bunch of 75-year-olds the world will ever see.



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Student Initiated Events Fund

application

The Student Initiated Events Fund is a chance for any student groups at Barnard or Columbia to receive funding from the Women's Center for programming they create themselves dealing with Gender Issues and Women's Lives.

*Please fill out this form by February 25th, 2000 5:00 PM and return it to the Women's Center
101 Barnard Hall, 3009 Broadway, New York, NY. 10027 phone: 212.854.2067*

Name of Student Organization:

Student Contact Information, including name, phone number and email address:

Name of Student Organization Co-sponsoring the event:

Student Contact Information, including name, phone number and email address:

Please conceptualize the event that you have in mind below. Include the subject matter, the speaker or speakers, the format, and prospective times and dates. Feel free to suggest alternate speakers and/or formats.

*Thank you for applying for the Student Initiated Events Fund
We will contact you as soon as possible as to the status of this application*