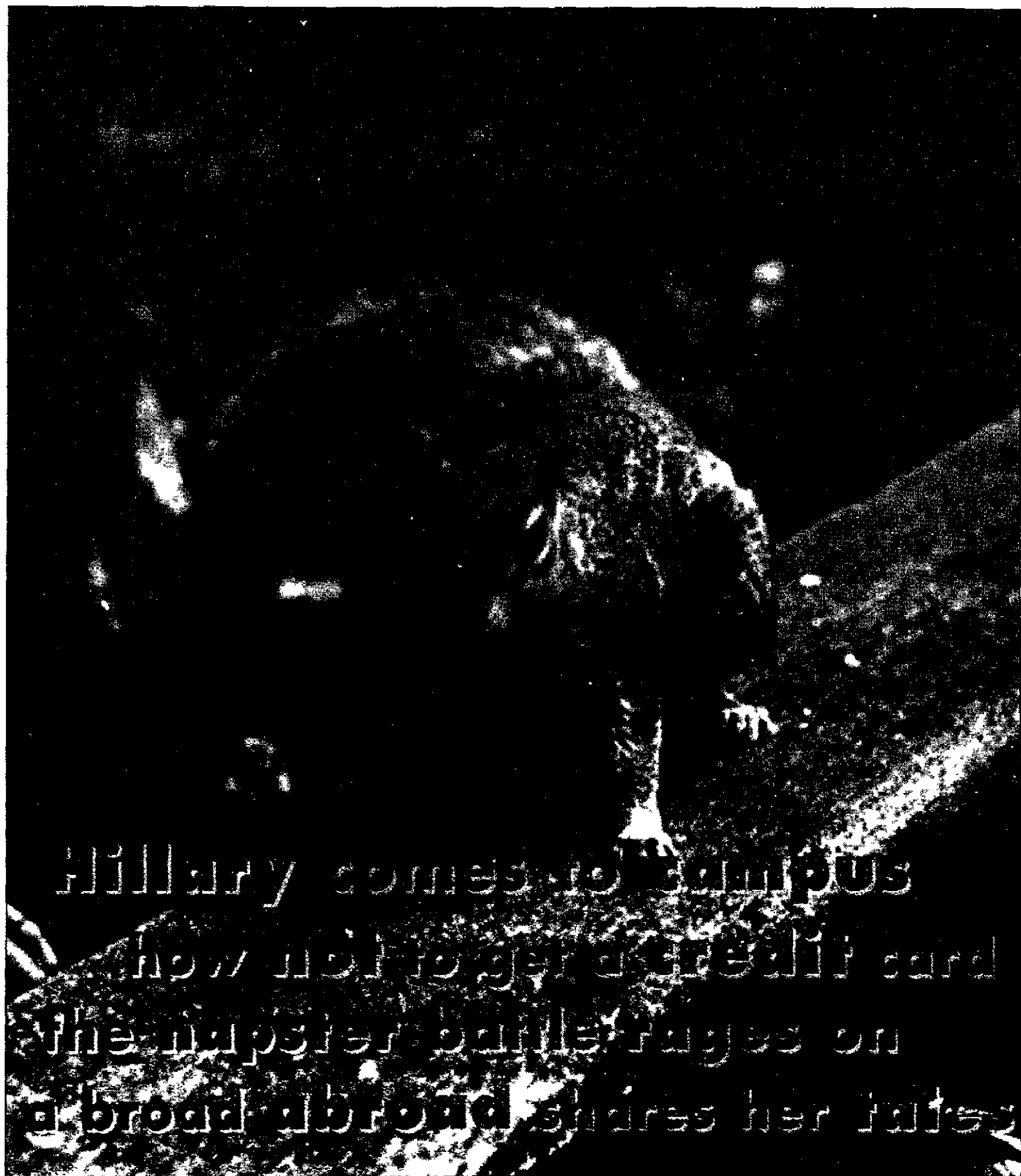


l'ornement bulletin

4 october 2000



Hillary comes to campus

how not to get a credit card

the napster battle rages on

a broad abroad shares her fate

letter **from** the **editors**

It's funny what an anomalous environment college is. I suppose it's not that anomalous, given the number of college students in this country, but the fact that I left my room at 1am to head to my office says that I am in a situation highly unlike that of the "real world." And now, as it's 3am, and I still don't feel like I can sleep, I think I may just stay here, maybe do some of my homework here...go to sleep around 5ish, maybe? I have to be back here by 9am, so maybe I just shouldn't leave. This situation is one not often replicated outside of the college environment—at least not without severe emotional or physiological damage. But somehow we go with far too little sleep, we forget to eat because we have seven thousand things to do each day, and we still manage to relate to people on a human level. This, to me, is a marvel.

A summer spent in a 9-5 job more than an hour away shifted my sleeping pattern considerably. If midnight rolled around and I was still awake, it was miraculous. To think that that was a few short months ago, and here I am, still living yesterday while so many other people that I have everyday interactions with are already starting tomorrow. When I go home tonight (if I go home tonight, perhaps?) I'll bear witness to the change in shifts...the early morning security guards, desk attendants, and maintenance staff will be starting another day at work. It's strange—I view their sleep as a luxury I can't afford, while I'm sure they look at me, stumbling home bleary-eyed and half-awake, and think what a life it must be to have a schedule that permits me to still be awake at 5am. What they don't know is that my schedule doesn't really permit me to still be awake to witness the sunrise, it *dictates* that I must be. There's just

too little time in 24 hours.

Sitting here, at 3:30 now, I'm reminded of this schedule for the first time, really, of the semester. This being the second issue, we're all starting to settle back into the old patterns. And it's not just when we sleep, it's when we eat, when we study, and when we stop to breathe. And I find that now, more than ever, I'm alone. Alone down here, alone in my thoughts, alone in my studies. I forget, really, how to be alone—the constant companionship, or at least presence of others, is part of the old system. I still wake up at 8am, regardless, worried that I'm going to be late for the job I haven't had for months. Certain parts of that old program are dying slowly, and this part, this sensory memory of what alone-ness is, is slowly coming back to me. I no longer wrap my arms around another body, breathing in my partner's heat, and drift off to a long, undisturbed, well-deserved slumber. I'm back to sleeping in fits, when I can, where I can. Grabbing a quick nap on the lawn, or in the library, or on the couch in the office. This schedule, this routine, has ripped me from a life where staying up late is a luxury, where friends are all around. This school, this environment, these deadlines and demands will slowly teach me again how to be alone. And I will remember the contentment in that loneliness again, I'm sure, but right now, it's a tough transition. Here's hoping it gets easier.

Thy and g

contributors

Thea Tagle is a first year from Fort Walton Beach, Florida near southern Alabama, who decided to come to Barnard for its academic reputation and its

thea tagle

"cool chix." In the future, Thea hopes to be a journalist. She likes popsicles and is fearful of heights. This week, Thea writes about Napster and the MP3 controversy for the music section.

Senior Brittany Retherford is a Development and Exploration History major from

brittany retherford

Colorado. She is also afraid of heights, though she loves sports that involve jumping from the sky. After graduating from Barnard, she hopes to be a rockstar. Look for Brittany in the features section where she writes about Barnard and Columbia athletes at the Olympics.

Lauren Palmisano is a first year from New Jersey. Her interests include writing and reading

poetry and visiting art museums. She has also been dancing ballet for twelve years. Lauren aspires to become either a theoretical physicist or a cosmological researcher in the future. This week, she writes about the Boesky gallery for the arts section.

barnard **bulletin**

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cover photo by beth blacklow
Butler Through the Apple copyright Harold &
Esther Edgerton Foundation, 2000,
courtesy of Palm Press, Inc.

Hillary Clinton speaks at Lerner

By Sarah Koo

First Lady and New York Senate candidate Hillary Clinton visited Columbia last Wednesday to talk about fiscal responsibility in an event sponsored by the Columbia College Democrats and Columbia Political Union. She was joined by financial heavy-weights former Treasury Secretary Robert Rubin and multi-billionaire Warren Buffet.

Their appearance, scheduled to start at 9:30am, drew an extremely large crowd which filled Lerner Auditorium to capacity by 8:50am. By the time Clinton entered stage left, loose gatherings of people standing in the back of the auditorium also added their numbers to the audience.

Buffet, who is an alumnus of Columbia Business School, spoke first, and joked a bit while introducing the idea of fiscal responsibility. Rubin spoke next relating that while serving as treasury secretary, his office was two doors down from Clinton's and therefore he had many conversations with her about the economy. He spoke about the current election and gave an overview of the economy of the past seven years.

Rubin credited the Democratic economic policy with the turnaround in the economy that began in 1993, because it, "centered on fiscal responsibility." He said that both Al Gore as President and Clinton as Senator would continue this fiscal responsibility if elected, and that the opposing candidates would bring national debt on the "non-social security side of the budget" with their proposed economic plans.

Clinton, who was no doubt the star of the show, praised Buffet and Rubin amidst a barrage of camera flashes, saying, "These men believe in justice." She went on to explain that fiscal responsibility meant to her economic welfare, as well as social welfare. Clinton gave

numerous statistics on poverty and income levels in the United States and concluded again that fiscal responsibility means that societal benefits can be widely shared.

Clinton went on to discuss the decline in the national debt, her plan for responsible tax cuts, the lowering of college tuitions, and a universal prescrip-



Clinton has a candid moment on this stop of her campaign tour

tion plan. She also touched on the environment. Clinton said emphatically, "We cannot, must not, should not abandon fiscal responsibility. . . It is a generational responsibility to relieve the debt."

Clinton then transitioned to budget surpluses and emphasized the speculative nature of our predicted future surpluses, and the fact that it cannot be assumed that these surpluses will materialize. She proposed "conservative use of surpluses" and introduced her plan to set aside 20% of the national surplus to alleviate debt. If more than 80% of the surplus was to be used for other purposes, Clinton's plan would require a 3/5 majority vote in both houses. Her goal is to keep the interest rate down.

Before ending, Clinton stated that she does not support any tax that would use the surplus and that Bush and Lazio are proposing "tax schemes" that are not fiscally responsible.

Clinton ended her speech and invited Buffet to explain his lottery analogy to a prosperous and just economy. Buffet, who at times was incoherent due to the rambling nature of the speech, said that life is a barrel of 6 billion lottery tickets and no one knows which ticket he will receive—a winner or a loser. Therefore, he said, we must create economic policies that create opportunities for everyone to participate, politically and economically, in a just society.

Next came a question and answer period. Questions on inheritance taxes, the death penalty, abortion, and the stock market were asked. While Clinton answered most questions, Buffet and Rubin added their expertise as well. Clinton stated that she does not support eliminating the inheritance tax but does support reducing it.

During the question and answer period, students asked about Clinton's support of the death penalty. She said she is a reluctant supporter of the death penalty—but only in

cases of horrific crimes. She is concerned with the widening criteria used to put people on death row. She also supports increasing access to DNA technology and adequate defense for people on death row.

Clinton also said that if elected to the Senate, she will not vote to confirm any nominee for the Supreme Court who is against the woman's right to choose. She believes it is a constitutional right and that those opposed to it are undermining the law. Overall, Clinton was well received by students, and this stop on her campaign tour marked an early, and interesting, morning for many.

Sarah Koo is a Barnard first-year and a bulletin staff writer.

bearessentials

FIRST-YEAR STUDENTS who would like help improving study skills are welcome to schedule an appointment with Dean Kreger to discuss your individual needs.

TRUMAN SCHOLARSHIPS: Juniors with very strong academic records who are considering graduate school and a career in public service may wish to consider applying for a Truman Scholarship. For further information, please call x42024 and sign up for Dean Schneider's information session, which will be held on Thursday, October 12, at 5:30pm. In addition to strong academic records, candidates must have extensive leadership and public service experience.

BEINECKE SCHOLARSHIPS: Juniors planning to attend graduate school in the arts, humanities, or social sciences are eligible for this highly competitive award. Applicants must have an exceptionally strong academic record and a history of receiving financial aid. The award is \$15,000 per year for two years.

FEBRUARY 2001 GRADUATION: The 2001 graduation ceremony will be held on Friday, October 6.

STUDENTS INTERESTED IN STUDYING ABROAD: On Wednesday, October 18, Columbia University will be holding a Study Abroad Night from 6-7:30pm in the Kraft Center. Students who have returned from approved programs will be available to share their experiences with students considering going on study leave. Please note that Dean Alperstein will be out of the office Oct 3-12 visiting study abroad programs. She will be available via email during this time. In addition to her regular daytime hours, she will have office hours for walk-in advising on Wednesday, October 18, from 5 to 7pm in 105 Milbank.

As you begin to consider studying abroad, we encourage you to obtain a passport if you do not already have one. Visit the U.S. State Department: Passport Information website at http://travel.state.gov/passport_services.html. International students should speak with Dean Kuan Tsu (ckuantsu@barnard.edu) about the impact of study abroad on your visa.

LAST DAY TO DROP A COURSE for the fall 2000 semester is October 10. This is the deadline for all Barnard students for all of your courses. Please pick up the appropriate form at the Registrar's window. Remember that Barnard students are expected to maintain a minimum of 12 points each semester.

MATH HELP ROOM, 333 Milbank Hall, is open Monday-Friday for students enrolled in calculus or lower-level math courses. Please check the web at www.math.columbia.edu to find the Milbank Math Help Room schedule (normally 10am to 10pm, Mon.-Wed.

[closed between 6 and 7] and 10am-5pm, Thursday and Friday).

CALL FOR TUTORS: Tutors are needed in many subjects. Tutoring is a wonderful way to put your academic talents to use for the Barnard student community, as well as earn some extra cash. Interested students, in addition to excellent grades, are required. See Michael Johnson in the Dean of Studies Office for details.

THE WRITING CENTER has specially-trained peer tutors and a quality-level writing consultant to work with you on everything from First-Year English papers to lab reports to your senior thesis. You can come in at any stage of the writing process. Sign up for conferences (up to two per week) on the door of 121 Reid. You will need to sign up at least a week in advance.

CAMPUS WEEK OF DIALOGUE: The Office of Multicultural Affairs is planning a "Campus Week of Dialogue on Race" to engage our community in discussing issues dealing with race and diversity. During the week of October 10-16, one and a half hour discussions will be held from 4-5pm at various locations on campus. Students are encouraged to participate in open discussions. Registration is required.

HEALTH SERVICES (x42091): Students with asthma, respiratory illness, or other conditions are particularly encouraged to get the vaccine. The vaccine is available now on a first-come, first-served basis in Health Services 8:30-11:30am and 2-4:30pm. Reminder: Health Services is closed Thursday mornings from 9-10am. Cost is \$5.

FROM THE BARNARD COUNSELING SERVICES: "Work, Love, and Play in Women's Lives," the 2000-01 Lunchtime MindOpeners lecture series: In her address to Barnard graduates last year, Doris Burns Goodwin talked about the need for balance in these three aspects of our life. On Wednesday, October 4, Maura Bairley, coordinator of the Barnard-Columbia Rape Crisis/Anti-Violence Support Center, will address bringing passion to work through a career in journalism. Other speakers this semester will address power and class issues in women's careers: November 8, Marcia Gillespie, Editor-in-Chief of *Ms. Magazine* and former editor of *Essence*; November 6, Roza Alonzo, vice-president of Latino.com.

Talks are open to the entire Barnard Community and will be held in the Altschul Atrium from noon to 1pm. Refreshments will be provided. For more information about the series contact the Barnard Counseling Services at x42092.

National Depression Screening Day—Lift your spirits! On Thursday, October 5, Barnard Counseling Services will host an information fair for National Depression Screening Day. Information regarding different types of depression and treatment options will be available. Massages will be offered to all. Stop by Lower Level Counseling Services between 11am and 3pm.

Mascot provides new on-campus internet services

Life is like a box of chocolates—so is Mascot. This new online informative web service was introduced to the campus on Wednesday, September 20. When students discover the different 'flavors' of this website, they are sure to be excited, as Mascot provides many more services than both the Columbia and Barnard homepages.

Once students log on to www.columbia.mascot.com, with their cunix ID and password, they arrive at the Mascot service's homepage. Mascot provides such services as an instant messenger, a campus events calendar, a personal calendar (that can be downloaded to a Palm Pilot), a swap board (where students can post 'For Sale' ads), and a ride board (where students can offer and request rides to various destinations).

While some particularly independent students feel they have access elsewhere to these services, they still may find the Mascot website helpful for connecting to the school community and keeping up with campus-wide events. Group and

club leaders will also find this service valuable since they can encourage membership and populate their organizations through Mascot.

Without using any paper, Mascot postings can reach out exclusively to group members or the entire community. Leaders can also designate when the events should be posted, so they will not have to manually put up flyers for the same meeting every week. By logging on to Mascot, club members have the ability to see all upcoming, as well as past activities and events. Students looking to join clubs can browse online and have their applications approved online as well.

Although Mascot was a service initiated last Fall, Columbia waited until this year to launch Mascot. Cherie Sheridan, of the College Activities Office, explains that while the creator of Mascot—an alumnus of Columbia University—contacted Columbia last fall, Mascot did not have the multi-school function for the three colleges: Barnard, SEAS and Colum-

bia College. Therefore, Columbia delayed the launching of this service until this year, after the company developed the function in July.

According to Sheridan one of the challenges while preparing for the launch of this website was ensuring the confidentiality of students' identity. Mascot combats this fear by allowing students to edit their ID card when they first register. Upon initial log-in to Mascot, students have the option to hide or change information about themselves, including their picture. For example, if a student has a problem with their ID picture (which is directly from the student ID card), she can change the picture to one of her own.

Since Mascot has been launched, Sheridan says the next challenge is to get students to utilize the service. Confusion is no excuse, for Mascot offers an online tutorial. Of course the best way to learn how to use Mascot, is to dive right in.

—Tania Lee

first feminist fair held on lehman lawn

If you met SATAN, you were there. If you signed up to volunteer with victims of rape and violence, you were there. If you picked up a "Hillary for U.S. Senate" sticker, you were there. Got a smooch at LABIA's kissing booth? Snagged some free condoms? Took advantage of the candy and cookies? If you walked past Lehman lawn Thursday, you were there. So what was this all about, exactly?

What you may not have realized, perhaps due to minimal advertising, is that you were at Barnard College's first Feminist Fair, organized by the Barnard Center for Research On Women (CROW). Over 15 feminist groups on campus turned out for the event last Thursday afternoon on Lehman Lawn.

Tabling at the event were most of the feminist and feminist-friendly groups on both campuses: CROW, Take Back the Night, Columbia College's Women's Center, a CORRIE (Committee on Race, Religion, Identity and Ethnicity) subcommit-

tee on Queer Awareness, LABIA (Lesbians and Bisexuals in Action), Columbia Men Against Violence, Women Helping Women, Alice, NOW (National Organization for Women), Students for Choice, National

eliza bang



The LABIA kissing booth—one of many tables at the first annual feminist fair

Abortion Rights League, Well Woman, SAFER (Students Active for Ending Rape), SATAN (Student Alumni Tenure Action Network), and BEDA (Barnard Eating Dis-

order Awareness).

Notably missing was the presence of specific minority groups, for example, Mujeres, Asian American Women, Black Sisters of Barnard and Columbia, many of whom were asked to table, said Liz Budnitz of CROW, who was involved with organizing the Feminist Fair.

The information being given away was diverse, from ways to get involved with what each group is doing this semester, to taking immediate, tangible action including registering to vote, rallying for student and alumni participation in tenuring female professors, volunteering to welcome women at abortion clinics and 'taking back the night'.

Also available were the dates of forums and speakers, information on calling attention to the university's policy on sexual violence, breast cancer awareness, the World March of Women, and feminist poetry slams. In addition to the information given out, there << page 9 >>

university athletes head to sydney to go for the gold

By Brittany Retherford

The 2000 Summer Olympic Games have just ended in Sydney, Australia. While American patriotism shines bright, the university community is also proud to have athletes who participated in the games. Six Columbia University students, alumni, and coaches were in Australia for the past few weeks, competing with the world's finest in swimming, crew, fencing, and soccer.

These world-class athletes include second-time Olympian, Cristina Teuscher, who graduated last year from Columbia College. Her position on the U.S. swim team led the American team to a gold medal victory in Atlanta. After a stellar and undefeated record during her time at Columbia, she won a bronze medal in the individual 200-meter medley.

Matt Napoleon, a '98 graduate, also returned to the Olympic Games as a goalkeeper with the U.S. soccer team. The U.S. Men's Soccer Team lost against Chile in the match for the bronze medal last weekend. Tom Terhaar, Columbia varsity men's lightweight crew coach since 1997, also returned to the Olympics coaching the U.S. Women's team. He was recently named "Coach of the Year" by the United States Olympic Committee. Also representing the Lions' crew team was Tom Auth, a '90 graduate, who was a part of the lightweight straight four, making his second Olympics appearance.

Two female fencers also competed this year. Ann Marsh, a '94 graduate of Columbia College, returned for her third Olympics as a member of the United States Women's Foil team. The team placed fourth in the competition, losing to Germany who won the bronze medal.

Barnard junior Erinn Smart joined the Women's Fencing team this year as an alternate. At 20, Smart was the youngest member of the Columbia representation. This was her first appear-

ance in the Olympics.

Smart is a prominent member of the American fencing community and is ranked number four in the United States for fencing. A native New Yorker, Smart has been fencing since she was

courtesy of Barnard Public Affairs



Erinn Smart, fencer extraordinaire

eleven years old, when her father introduced her to the sport. Her coaches soon noticed that this young girl had an amazing potential and placed her into a rigorous training program that included training several days a week and competing in her first local competitions after her first year. One of her coaches, Aladar Kogler, has stayed with her as her main coach for the last ten years.

"[Fencing] is a physical thing and also a mental game," said Smart. "For every action, there is a different reaction." The right actions and reactions have brought both Smart and her brother, Keeth Smart, far in the world of fencing. Her brother followed Smart to Sydney this year and competed in the United States Men's Sabre.

Smart's accomplishments as a fencer were significant even before the Olympics. She placed third at the Junior Olympics in 1994, and in 1996,

she became a three-time Junior Olympic Champion in three categories. A year later, in 1997, Smart placed fifth in the World Championships and was a National Champion when she competed on the Senior World Team in 1998 and 1999. She won her first gold medal in the Women's Foil U.S. Fencing Association's Division I National Championships in June 1999.

When Smart accepted a place on the United States Women's Fencing Team, she was also opting to miss the first month of classes at Barnard. Smart chose to attend Barnard two years ago because of the solid academics that were coupled with a strong fencing team at Columbia.

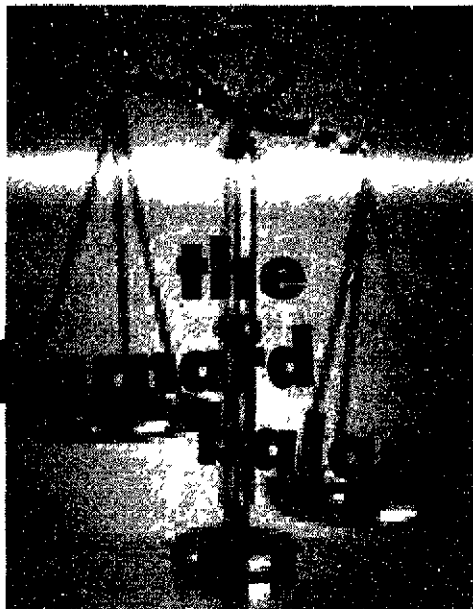
According to George Kolombatovich, one of Smart's coaches at Columbia, Smart has been able to maintain the difficult balance between academics and athletics. Kolombatovich remembered when he accompanied Smart to the Junior World Team Competition in Hungary last year. Between bouts, he found her sitting in the stands, with her Barnard T-shirt on, studying with a book on her lap. "[She's] the real student athlete," he said. "Erinn is a tenacious and extremely hard worker who is willing to put in the time and effort."

Smart had a positive experience at the Sydney Olympic Games. To her, the most amazing part of the games was being able to meet people like Carl Lewis and Dan O'Brian—athletes that she has always looked up to. She also had an opportunity to do some traveling around Australia.

Smart is determined to return to the Olympic Summer Games in 2004, and there is little doubt that she will keep up the hard work so that she can bring home a medal.

For those interested in following the Olympic Games 2000 and Barnard/Columbia athletes, check out the official web page at www.olympics.com.

Brittany Retherford is a Barnard senior.



a weekly weighing of
Barnard news

McAC decided to distribute free recycling-promotion mugs to first-years. Great, but will the new Java City even honor the discount?



Dean Ellen Kreger moved into a new home and is looking for help to fix up the place. Painting in Riverdale is not worth 3 points, but it could be fun. Give her a call. Seriously.



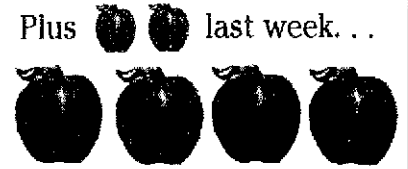
New Mascot web service connects students at Columbia University. With an online facebook, event calendar, and fun page, procrastination and stalking reach a new high.



Registration began this week for the first ever Columbia University dance-a-thon to benefit the Elisabeth Glaser Pediatric AIDS Foundation. Break out those dancing shoes and sign-up.



This week's total... Plus last week's...



barnard**events**calendar

Wednesday, October 4

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

Voices from the Inside: Women's Prison Writing in Performance. 6:30pm in the Altschul Atrium. A performance featuring Zoe Caldwell and Gertrude Fester. For information, call the Barnard Center for Research on Women at x42067, or visit www.barnard.edu/crow/.

Thursday, October 5

National Depression Screening Day. 11 am-3pm in Lower Level McIntosh. Information regarding signs, symptoms, and treatment of depression. Screening for depression. For information, call Counseling Services at x42092, or visit their website. above.

Barnard Forum on Migration presents *How Immigration Detention Affects Refugee and Ethnic Communities in New York*. 5:30pm in Sulzberger Parlor, 3rd Floor, Barnard Hall. A presentation by Will Coley of Jesuit Refugee Services. For information, call Sari Gliberman at x49011.

Women Poets at Barnard presents *Readings by Elaine Equi and Elizabeth Macklin* 8pm in Sulzberger Parlor, 3rd Floor, Barnard Hall. For information, call the Barnard Center for Research on Women at x42067, or visit their website above.

Tuesday, October 10

Queers & Diaspora Film Series presents *Darker Side of Black* and *The Attendant*. Two films by Isaac Julien. 7pm in the Sulzberger Parlor, Barnard College. For information, call the Barnard Center for Research on Women at x42067, or visit www.barnard.edu/crow/.

Wednesday and Thursday, October 11-12

Blood Drive For information, contact

Susan Quinby, Office of Disability Services, x44634.

Wednesday, October 11

Coming Out Day. Events will be scheduled in conjunction with Queer Awareness Month.

Thursday, October 12

Louise Alone Thompson Patterson: A Celebration of Her Life and Work. 7pm in Sulzberger Parlor, 3rd Floor, Barnard Hall. A screening and discussion with Mary Louise Patterson, M.D. For information, call the Barnard Center for Research on Women at (212) 854-2067, or visit www.barnard.edu/crow/.

Bernarda Alba and Garcia Lorca: A puppet-and-mask spectacle by Amy Trompeter. 6:45pm in the Minor Latham Playhouse, Milbank Hall. This performance only is free. For reservations and further information, call the Barnard College Theatre Department at x42080. There will also be performed on October 13 and 14 for \$5 admission.

SGA presents first-year elections 2000

Don't miss your chance to elect your class council!

President:

Maliha Mustafa
Raleigh-Elizabeth Smith
Rachel Shaw
Beth Steinberg
Chomee Yoon
Elizabeth Nofi
Marielle Vincent
Mary Kunjappu

Secretary:

Stephanie Kwan
Magdalena Mello
Ritu Khanna
Amita Kundra
Ashley Compton

Treasurer:

Jeeho Lee

Vice President:

Vanessa Barchfield
Catherine Chung
Danielle Birrer
Loisa Trackman
Ashley Kelley
Boyoon Choi
Mimi Gosh

Campaigning
October 4th & 5th

Voting
October 5th & 6th
(LL Mac & Hewitt)

Candidate Forum
October 4th, 8:30pm
South Tower
(17th Floor Sulzberger)

<< page 6 >> were awareness stickers for your mind—"No woman should ever be afraid to walk alone", "Hillary for State Representative", etc.; magnets for your fridge; paper doll outfits for George W. Bush (so he can try being a teen mother 'deprived of sex ed, birth control, or an abortion), and goodies for your mouth—including a LABIA kissing booth, highlighting the visibility and viability of female queer, sexuality. To get involved with any of the above mentioned groups, contact the Center for Research on Women at crow@barnard.edu.

—Susan Pulley

we all make mistakes. . .

In last week's article *get back into the swing of things* the Lawrence Rubin Greenberg Van Doren Fine Art gallery was incorrectly credited as the Lawrence Rubin Van Doren Gallery. We apologize for this mistake. Thanks to Amanda Brotan for this correction.

pick a card, any card. . .

By Renata Bystritsky

They crawl all over the campus. They accost us on College Walk, near our dorms, even as we eat lunch in McIntosh student center. Though most credit card representatives are legitimate messengers of Visa, Discover, American Express and Mastercard, others have done not-so-legitimate things to rope students into the wonderful world of credit.

In the past few years, some students have had unpleasant experiences with credit card representatives. Some call at the crack of dawn to alert students of new deals they shouldn't miss. Some have been dishonest about annual fees, finance rates, and other charges—practically tricking students into the “buy now, pay later” mentality. If these students knew how much they were going to pay later, they would not have casually given their John Hancock.

Barnard sophomore Alexandra Lutoshkina had a run-in with a dishonest credit card representative. She was eating lunch in McIntosh during her first year, when a representative from Citibank approached her. Citibank's services are endorsed by Columbia University, and the rep was offering a free gift for signing up. She signed up promptly, and received a credit card shortly afterwards. A few months after that, the bills began pouring in.

She was billed for fees she did not know about, including the “free subscription to Time Magazine” that came with the card. “I was supposed to call them to cancel the subscription,” she said. “But I had no idea which number to

call. Customer service wasn't helpful at all, either; they told me nothing about what I should do, or how I should cancel the card.” Finally, her parents called the company, and everything was magically ironed out.

The constant calls are what bug Barnard sophomore Katherine Oziashvili most about her experiences with credit card companies. “I hate them,” she said. “First of all, [representatives] call constantly, and they do not leave you alone—you have to slam the phone down on them. I signed up for a

Some of the so-called “reps” for credit card companies are not affiliated with the actual credit card company. Their salary is determined by how many forms are filled out; therefore, some rep's objective is to get a customer to fill out as many of those applications as possible. Sometimes, the rep knows next to nothing about the company's policies, and simply harasses people to fill out multiple copies, “just to help him/her out.”

The *bulletin* could not get an answer on exactly where these “temporary representatives” are hired from. However, as several representatives encountered on the street have said (while trying to pitch their offers), their pay is commission-based.

According to campus rumors, a great many of these “reps” are hired from modeling, acting or temp agencies.

Many students have had problems with temporary representatives. Barnard junior Kate Torgovnick signed up for an American Advantage Mastercard through one such rep. “I specifically asked if there was an annual fee, and the representative told me there wasn't,” she said. “But when the bill came, it turns out that the annual fee for the card was 50 dollars.”

Sometimes, the reps coax and cajole—and sometimes, they choose the simpler path of forgery. “I only wanted the one specific card,” she said. “But the rep kept asking me to fill out two others. He said, ‘It would really help me out—I get paid per form I turn in.’”

Although she refused the other two cards, a day after her requested card arrived in the mail, two other cards



courtesy associates national bank

they want you—and they'll stop at nothing to get you to sign up. but should you?

Citibank card once, and they began sending me these huge bills. You have to call them to cancel, and then, they put you through a whole new merry-go-round.” She looked completely mystified. “They actually told me once that I don't have to pay the bill now, but that I should start using the card.”

No mystery there. Credit cards thrive on extra charges. It is easy to miscalculate the amount of money that one is charging, and interest charges swiftly go through the roof. Late fees, although rarely specified in brochures, are also a factor.

but not until you read this

came in After she called the company, she was informed that they had gotten her name through a promotion that had been going on at Columbia University. "I can only guess that the person took my information from the first form and forged it on the other two forms," she said.

The other two credit cards entailed fees and responsibilities that she had never anticipated, or wanted. To cancel the card, a customer must first run the familiar gauntlet of machine-recorded voices, endless holds, and then, a little debate with the customer service person on whether she really wants to cancel the card.

"All of my information was on that form," Torgovnick said. "It had my social security number, my mother's maiden name, absolutely everything." When she tried to figure out who had committed forgery with her name, the company was of absolutely no help, claiming that they could not track down the person who had repped for them that day. "No one seems to even care about this," she fumed. "Actually, I have a problem with Columbia University even letting these reps on campus," she continued. "I know that they need to run a business, but this is a school."

Columbia University gave Citibank permission to have their representatives on campus last year; they had also

installed a Citibank corner in Alfred Lerner Hall, complete with brochures, applications and certified bank manager. Throughout most of the year, this is the place to get signed up for loans, credit cards, checking accounts and a variety of other services.

Your credit record does not note the circumstances of signing up for credit cards. It notes only applications,

altogether. Torgovnick now goes only for offers that she gets through the mail, since it is easier to be objective with a detailed letter than with a vague, insistent rep.

Earl Allen, a legitimate Citibank representative permanently employed on salary at the Citibank kiosk in Lerner Hall, suggests getting information directly from the source, rather than by hurriedly signing on a temp's form. The kiosk can provide valid, accurate information—as well as the time and space to think over one's decision. You can also speak to bank representatives at any

bank in the city that offers a credit card, who will have all the relevant facts and figures on hand, and who are not paid according to how many applications they solicit.

When you are approached on the street, it is a good idea to ask for some form of certification, just to make certain you are talking to a real company employee, rather than a scam artist; since temporary reps look

just like ordinary college students, it follows that anyone can pretend to be a bank representative. Do read the fine print before signing anything, and do think twice before giving up your personal info.

Renata Bystritsky is a Barnard sophomore and bulletin staff writer



declinations and failures to pay, not whether or not you were unfairly coerced into signing anything. In college, it is exceedingly easy to mess up your credit record for life, effectively hampering yourself in future financial endeavors.

Lutoshkina came up with a popular solution—she runs every credit card offer past her parents before applying. Katherine Oziashvili has taken a more radical path, renouncing credit cards

Want to advertise in the *bulletin*?

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rainforest action network

by Annie Tucker

It is Friday night and you and your friends are all decked out and feeling fine—about to have a delicious dinner and then head downtown to a club. But as you are leaving, you check your wallet and realize it is empty. No big deal, you just make a quick stop at the Lerner Citibank ATM, get a couple twenties, and are good to go. In your cheerful, average-college-student ignorance, you have no idea that you have just personally helped “The World’s Most Destructive Bank” decimate the environment and aggravate social problems everywhere.

But do not feel too guilty—you are not alone. When most incoming Columbia University students were conveniently hooked up with a

Citibank account through the school, they did not think it was an ethical issue either. In fact, the hundreds of thousands of Citibank customers in America probably have no idea where their money goes once they deposit it at their local bank. And Citigroup, the largest financial institution in North America and owner of Citibank, likes it that way. Then they do not have to explain why they are using your money to fund the Maxxam Corporation’s clearcutting of Redwoods in California. Or why they give loans to plantations in Indonesia that are encroaching on orangutan habitats. Or why they are underwriting bonds for the Three Gorges Dam in China, which will flood the homes of hundreds of thousands of people. Or why they serve as financial advisor to the builders of the Chad/Cameroon pipeline, which will cut through African rainforest to displace indigenous peoples and endanger wildlife.

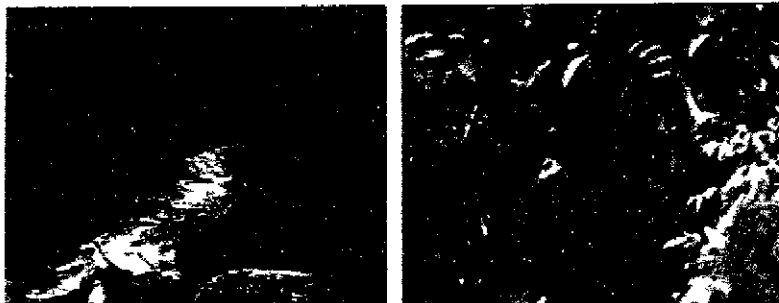
“I had no idea they were investing in

these practices,” said Michelle Collins, a Barnard junior with a Citibank account.

Other students who used to be with Citibank and but switched to another institution named their poor service as a reason for leaving—not Citibank’s investment practices. “They messed up my account and misplaced some of my money,” said Gina Patterson, also a

courtesy of the Rainforest Action Network

Hey Citigroup!
What kind of world will we leave for our children?



Stop funding destruction.
Start supporting a sane and sustainable economy.

publicity materials for the Rainforest action network

Barnard junior. “They were very rude to me, and when I threatened to switch banks if they didn’t improve their service, they just said fine, we don’t care.”

Poor customer treatment gets even more serious for some Citigroup customers, since the corporation redlines, or discriminates, especially in inner city areas. According to www.innercitypress.org. “Citicorp Mortgage denies African Americans 5.84 more times than whites.” In Washington D.C. in 1999, for example, the business “made 385 conventional home purchase loans to whites and 86 to African Americans. Compare this to Assistant Financial Services’ mortgage lending in D.C.: 61 to whites, 84 to African Americans.” In New York City and on Long Island the situation is even worse: “In 1999 Citicorp’s denial disparity rate between African Americans and whites...was a whopping 6.26.” In some inner cities, the bank is washing their hands of their customers altogether—

they are systematically moving out of the Bronx and other high-minority areas.

After several calls to offices in Citigroup, the Bulletin has been unable to get a response on these allegations and practices.

Columbia University is affiliated with Citigroup. Though the Barnard Financial Department also has not responded to questions about their connection with Citibank. Joe Bertolino, Associate Dean of Residential Life and College Activities, said that the University “was offered an arrangement with Citibank, which gave students the opportunity to get an account at a lower cost.” He did not know the details of the arrangement, however, nor was he aware of the bank’s investment practices.

And the general public would probably still be ignorant of the corporation’s globally irresponsible and disrespectful choices if it were not for the Rainforest Action Network’s campaign.

The Rainforest Action Network is a non-profit organization that works in association with Greencorps and other groups to raise awareness in Citibank customers, in hopes that these people in turn will be inspired to take an active part in changing their bank’s attitude. The goal is simple, namely “to bring social and environmental accountability to all aspects of Citigroup’s business practices” and to “[challenge] a definition of business that fails to recognize the value of protecting the environment, preserving democracy, and building a just and equitable global economy.” Information and resources are available through the Network’s detailed website, www.ran.org, with specifics pertaining to Citibank at www.ran.org/ran_campaigns/citigroup/homeV2.html.

They also organize protests and rallies, and use diverse tactics such as street theatre to gain publicity. Perhaps

scrutinizes citigroup practices

most importantly, they have launched college groups at NYU and 50 other college campuses worldwide.

The anti-Citigroup movement is just starting up at Columbia, but it has already mobilized and made its presence known. Thursday, September 21 activists on campus hosted a call-in day, clogging up the business' phone lines with 86 telephone complaints and challenging queries about its illicit practices. Almost 100 postcards were passed out that could be signed and sent to the corporation as a form of petition.

Then, a walk-in was held on Tuesday, Sept. 26. This gave students an opportunity to talk to Citibank workers, many of whom are not even aware of these issues, face to face about their employer's behavior. Some other upcoming events include a fax-in day on Thursday October 5, where students will send in letters and resumes to gain Citigroup's attention by saying they will refuse to work for the corporation until they stop

involvement in destructive projects; and a fundraiser on Tuesday October 10, where two dollar tickets will be sold (the prizes include free videos and movie tickets and a Patagonia fleece).

The campus group is filled with passionate students who are ambitious thinkers. Kelly Rolf, a Columbia first-year and campaign organizer, said, "Whether campaigning against sweatshops or for old-growth forests, students' efforts keep succeeding. We must now focus on the role of the world's most powerful industry: private finance. By targeting America's largest bank, we can change the face of international development forever."

Their current short-term goal is the International Day of Action on Sunday October 17, which will be a massive rally in New York with students coming from various environmental groups and all the other Ivy League colleges. They hope to gain press coverage from publications such as the *New York Times* and get broadcast live on network television.

The power in the Columbia activist group comes from two main sources: their location near Citigroup's world headquarters at 153 East 53 street and their membership of elite and desirable students who will soon have a presence in the workforce. This power is increased by the fact that they are not afraid to wield it. As one student leader, Columbia sophomore Tim Carter, said, "For too long Citibank has used money from our bank accounts, our credit cards and our student loans to destroy the environment. Enough is enough. We're threatening to take our money back until they move beyond the bottom line towards environmental sustainability."

For more information about how to get involved in Columbia's Citigroup campaign, contact Tim Carter at 853-1939. Or, if you want to ask Citibank themselves about these issues, you can call 1-800-456-4277.

Annie Tucker is a Barnard junior.

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Y2VOTE

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www.wbar.org rock on.

Is Fat a Feminist Issue?

Professionals and feminists frequently eating disorders as just another piece of evidence of oppression against women, unveiling the discrimination of a world governed by white males. In a recent episode of the country's longest and most popular television show, twenty minutes in front of the television, watching advertisements for the diet industry that glorify possibly-thin women (and men very rarely, although the advertising industry has shifted the trend), and which strategically preface promotion commercials for *Barbie* film, reveals a distorted and unfair message regularly pumped into American homes: to earn love, success, and happiness, women must manipulate and torture their naturally beautiful bodies. This mentality weaves itself even into the popular press: why are men called "Buddha bellies" and "beer bellies," while women suffer from redneck cheeks when attention is drawn to their "THUNDER THIGHS"?

America's objectification of its women truly does suggest that eating disorders may be classified as a "women's issue." But if this is the case, how can we explain this statistic, recently obtained by Massachusetts General Hospital: "One study of Navy men reported a 25% prevalence of anorexia, 6.8% of bulimia, and 40% of binge eating [disor-

der]?" Men have body issues too.

Although the focus of eating disorder discussions is often food, weight, and body image, the crux of this serious issue is one's emotions, insecurities, and self-perception, distortions of which are only manifested through manipulations of food. Perhaps the core of anorexia, bulimia, and binge-eating disorder—disturbances of the mind and heart that echo worthlessness and self loathing—makes no distinction between genders. From this perspective, indeed, eating disorders may very well be a feminist issue, aggravated among women by the constraints imposed by a sex-obsessed and sensationalist society. The key causes of eating disorders reflect a disturbing phenomena that crosses all boundaries of humankind.

Barnard now has a full-time eating disorders specialist! Dr. Julia Sheehy has just joined Counseling Services, x42091. She hopes to hold informal discussion groups in the residence halls throughout the year; all are welcome. BEDA is also proud to announce its three co-presidents: Anjali Chopra, ac694@columbia.edu, Bitou Fofana, bf105@columbia.edu, and Ali Marron, am661@columbia.edu.

interested in a student committee about the use of the bowling alley?
contact christine at cs525@barnard.edu to find out how to get involved!

well woman: sexual frustration

Q I am very sexually frustrated. I think it's becoming a medical condition. What should I do? (I don't have a boyfriend or a girlfriend.)

A Many people experience bouts of sexual frustration, even if they are involved in a relationship. It is perfectly normal for your levels of desire to vary. You may find that for weeks your libido seems

to be in a lull, and then suddenly you can't get sex off your mind. Often times the frequency with which a person masturbates matches these high and low points of desire. There is nothing abnormal about masturbating frequently, even several times a day.

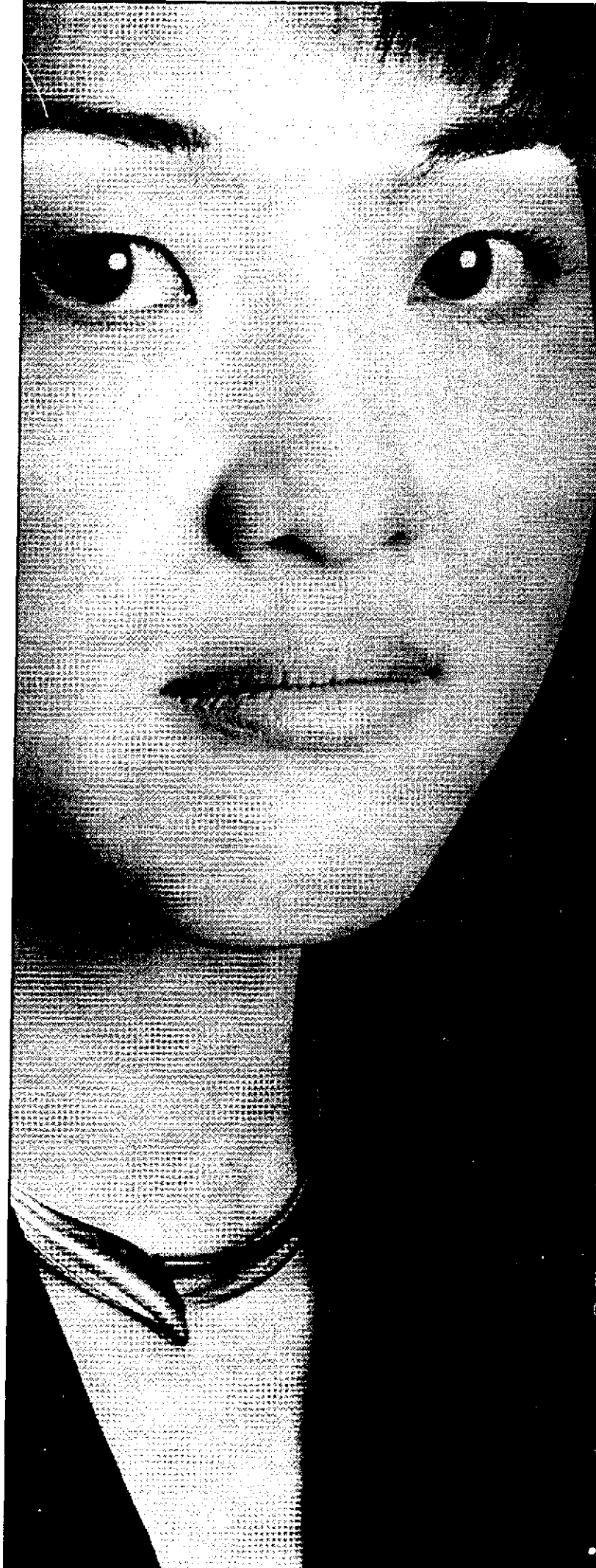
The only time there is cause for concern is if masturbation becomes so central a part of your life that you can't function without it. Even if frequent masturbation causes mild geni-

tal irritation, just taking a break can remedy the problem.

If you want to satisfy your sexual desires in other ways, take this opportunity to explore your personal fantasies. Don't stifle yourself. Go outside and soak up the fall sunshine. Let your mind wander.

If you want, fuel your imagination by reading a sexy novel or renting a steamy movie. Most of all, don't fight your desires - they're perfectly normal!

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



I don't believe in following a career path.
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Interviews

for Barnard students will be held on:

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November 10 for positions in
- Markets

November 13 for positions in
- Asset Management Services

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artspicks

for the week of October 4

Dark Days (2000)

At Cinema Village (22 E 12 Street). Tickets are \$8.50. Call 924-3363 for times.

A Documentary directed by Marc Singer. This film depicts the life of homeless people living in an underground Manhattan tunnel.

Ran (1985)

At UA Union Square (850 Broadway). Tickets are \$9.50. Call 777-Film for times.

Akira Kurosawa directed this Japanese film which appears with subtitles. Influenced by King Lear and a similar Japanese legend.

"In the Presence of Spirits: African Art from the National Museum of Ethnology, Lisbon."

At the Museum for African Art (593 Broadway) Tue-Fri 10:30am-5:30pm, Sat-Sun noon-6pm. Tickets are \$2.50. For more info call 966-1313.

bjork shines bright



courtesy of Time Out NY

Bjork and Catherine Deneuve in *Dancer in the Dark*

Courtney E. Martin

When my friends and I left Lincoln Plaza Cinema after seeing *Dancer in the Dark*—Lars von Trier's newest experiment in digital film starring paralyzingly brilliant Bjork—we were struck to a numbing silence. We decided to walk back to school instead of taking the subway, fearful that too many voices would break up the suspended emotions that were the confusing aftertaste of the film.

Somewhere between 64 Street and 116 Street, a spindly armed lady with missing front teeth and a dirty jean jacket appeared, swinging around the pole of a shop awning and singing. She beamed at us as we approached, danced and sang down the street, weaving in and out of us as we made our way down the street. Eventually the four of us joined in her singing, skipping and laughing as we went. She grabbed our hands and swung our arms in time to her imagined music. It was as if a world had been created, a different time and place.

That woman was *Dancer in the Dark*. The suspension of reality, if only for a moment, is what the film is all about. It is in the suspension of reality, somehow, that the most authentic moments are created.

The movie, set in Philadelphia in the 1960s, centers on Czech immigrant Selma (played by Bjork) who works faithfully in a grueling factory. She suffers from a genetic eye defect that strips her of her vision by the end of the film, and anticipating that the same will happen to her son, she stacks hard-earned dollar bills in a candy tin to finance the surgery that will save his sight.

Her only friends appear to be her landlord couple, a beautifully acted factory friend played by the infamous Catherine Deneuve, and a relentless, awkward suitor who can not resist her thick bottle cap glasses and bobby pinned hair.

The story sounds simple enough. Hard working immigrant mom attempts to save her child from the same horrors she is experiencing. But, the treatment is anything but tra-

in *Dancer in the Dark*

ditional. Lars von Trier chooses to break up the exquisite acting (especially exquisite is that by Bjork—who has sworn off ever doing it again) using Selma's musical number fantasies. Yes, musical numbers.

In true Bjorkian flare, a group of factory workers drops their assembly positions and performs graceful pirouettes, loggers on a train create a kick line, and Bjork shines brightly in the middle of it all with her unparalleled voice singing Selma's woes. Each new number is jolting. As the viewer, you feel either uproariously amused or totally disgusted at the choppiness of it all—you either love or hate the audacity of a film maker who uses such an untraditional method so unabashedly.

The musical numbers throw a stark jolt from reality into the film that makes it feel like authenticity would be impossible...and then Bjork blows through another scene so naturally that you convince yourself the previous musical number was perfect.

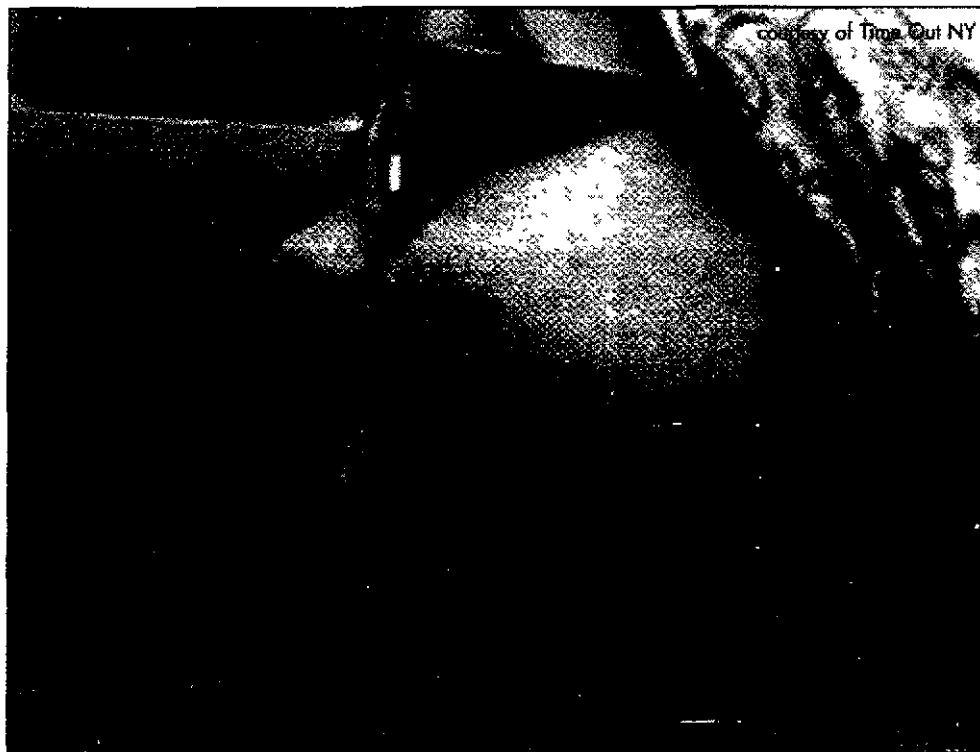
The whole thing is new and con-

fusing and revolutionary. Sometimes you wonder what the hell any director could have been thinking when he put this patchwork of artistic challenges together.

The next moment you marvel at the fact that no one has ever done it before. The one constant is the absolute brilliance of Bjork's performance. Near the end, she delivers the most powerful scene I have ever seen in a movie.

When you leave the theater you are crushed (let's just say it doesn't come up all roses), but at the same time strangely sure that what you have just seen was an awkward masterpiece. It is emotionally provoking and artistically ingenious. It is the real risks, the random musical numbers, which give the movie its perfect suspension of reality. In the end, it is in the midst of their absurdity that you feel somehow redeemed by the truth of the film.

Courtney E. Martin is a Barnard junior and NYC Living co-editor.



Bjork delivers a serious and musical performance

artspicks

...continued

These art and artifacts from Sub-Saharan Africa reflect the spiritual and secular connections with the supernatural. Through December 31.

theatre

Jitney

At Union Square Theatre (100 E 17 Street). Tue 8pm, Wed 2pm or 8pm, Thurs-Fri 8pm, Sat 2pm and 8pm and Sun 3pm. Tickets cost \$55. For more info call 307-4100.

This play is set in a Pittsburgh cab station in the year 1977. It chronicles, decade by decade, the 20th century African American experience. New York Drama Critics' Circle for best play.

art

"A Brush with Nature: The Gere Collection of Landscape Oil Sketches"

At The Frick Collection (1 E 70 Street at Fifth Ave) Through November 12. Tue-Sat 10am to 6pm, Sun 1pm to 6pm. Tickets are \$5. For more info call 288-0700.

Landscape sketches from 18th and 19th century painters.

Boesky Gallery gets a little saucy and a little silly

by Lauren Palmisano

If you're looking to get in on the NYC art scene, throw on your black turtle-neck and head downtown. A newly renovated venue for artists, Marianne Boesky Gallery on 22 Street, may have just what aspiring art critics are looking for this season. The current group exhibit has a wide sampling of artists, and, while minimalistic in its number of pieces, provides some thought-provoking material.

The themes in the exhibit range from feminism to war to whimsy. Each artist deals with his or her chosen theme in a unique way, and these oblique slants challenge the viewer to consider the possibilities of interpretation. The presence of so many different artists in a group setting gives the show its own unique feel. It is a kind of hodgepodge with only a few scraps donated by each individual. The exhibit works well in the sense that the important pieces are apparent, while those that have less artistic value are easy to overlook.

The group of artists now displayed includes many accomplished women artists, as well as a recent graduate student with an MFA from Columbia. The focus is mainly on a more polished, pictorial form of art, though a few painters have maintained a classical sense in their work.

One such artist, and among the most eye-catching in this exhibit, was Karin Davie. Davie has been featured in magazines such as *Art in America*, and *Harp-er's Bazaar*, among many others. Her large scale paintings have an organic feel and an intriguing movement to them, making them very pleasing to the eye and somehow almost narrative and emotional in quality. Davie possesses a skilled craft that is vacant in lesser abstract modern artists. She hails from Canada and received a Master's degree in fine arts from Rhode Island School of

Design in 1989, earning herself the school's Graduate Award of Excellence. Her exquisite work is an integral part of this show and is certainly worth seeing in person.

courtesy Marianne Boesky Gallery



yuskavage subverts the objectification of women with her eroticized nudes

Another notable female artist on display is Lisa Yuskavage, a "bad girl" of the art world—as she has been described in many publications. Her erotic, explicit paintings of women almost seem painted with the purpose of creating controversy. The beautiful works shown at the Marianne Boesky Gallery are among her tamer ones to be sure, though one of the two depicts a full frontal nude with an air of self-indulgence. Other works sometimes exist in an Alice-in-Wonderland-type fantasy world, but never lose the strong theme of women being

exposed for the voyeuristic viewer. Nonetheless, her paintings are attractive both in their well-formed composition and their well-formed subject matter. If there is one painter shown here to learn more about, it is Yuskavage. She focuses on feminine stereotypes and exaggerates them to bring the power back to the woman. Her unique view of art and feminism are food for the mind and soul.

Art students hoping to one day receive a Master's in Fine Arts from Columbia may want to see that there is hope for postgraduate art students by taking a look at the work of Barnaby Furnas. Though he is fresh out of school, he is displayed here with some well-known artists. His cartoon-style watercolors ironically depict a violent war as two armies struggle to keep their flag flying. He certainly has his own style, and might be especially eye-catching for those interested in both art and history. He is well represented here; look for his work at future exhibits.

The exhibit also includes a good deal of photography and sculpture. Sarah Sze makes a showing with a freeform ladder at the entrance of the exhibit. It is unfortunate that she does not have more work to see at this location. Yoshitomo Nara, an artist from Japan has one painting and one sculpture at the gallery. His painting depicts a very unhappy looking child in a bubbly anime style, which my companion and I particularly enjoyed. Less impressive showings were made by Annee Olofsson and Takashi Murakami. Olofsson's work is a series of narrative photographs, which were ambiguous and mildly thought provoking, but hardly worth the subway ride. Murakami had several paintings of neon-colored mushrooms in a very crisp cartoon style. All mushrooms were covered in eyes and seemed to drip with hallucinogens. Little originality was apparent. If patrons are << page 19 >>

<< page 18 >> interested in learning more about the artists in this exhibit, it is advisable to take a look through the information the gallery has readily available about each artist. One of this gallery's biggest assets is its helpful, knowledgeable staff. The small gallery is great for anyone who has never had the art gallery experience before, and is sure to have many other alluring shows in the future. It is located on

22 Street between 10 and 11 Ave., and is in the company of many fine other galleries along the block. Indeed, the entire Chelsea gallery area from 26 St. to 15 St. between 10 and 11 Ave. is worth checking out for anyone who could use more art in her life.

Lauren Palmisano is a Barnard first-year.

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meetings monday nights at 7pm in 128 LL McIntosh.
but don't get too antsy, missy. you're not takin' over yet.

musicpicks

for the week of october 4

october 5

Outkast

At SOB's (204 Varick St. at W. Houston). For more info, call 243-4940

Atlanta hip hoppers Outkast are back with fresh tunes off their most recent release *Aquamini*. Rolling, lyrical abilities and gritty sounds characterize this rap duo, who are most likely trying to drum up a delayed buzz for their 1998 LP.

october 7

Jill Sobule

At Roseland (239 W. 52nd St) Tickets cost \$27. For more info, call 777-6800

Yeah, she wants to be a supermodel, and she kissed a girl. But she's also got a new album out in attempt to recreate the success of her 1995 hits. Come see why Jill Sobule stands apart from the rest when she opens for the father of Brit-pop Paul Weller.

october 8

Saint Etienne

At Bowery Ballroom (6 Delancy St). Tickets cost \$19. For more info, call 533-2111.

Saint Etienne is one of several new indie dance bands from the UK who get away with layering

we keep on ...and the controversy surrounding

By Thea Tagle

You're listening to the radio late one night, trying to stay awake so you can finish your art history paper.

Suddenly, the "Thong Song" comes on, and in an instant your mood has lifted, helping you get through those final two paragraphs. (Yes, it's cheesy, but admit it, you love Sisqo.) You decide that you MUST have a copy of it, but really don't have the time/money/desire to go to Virgin Records and pick one up. Napster can solve your dilemma—within a matter of minutes, you've located, downloaded, and burned your very own booty mix CD, complete with your fave song.

For many Barnard students this scenario is nothing out of the ordinary—it's another day in the life of a Napster user. "I love Napster. It's the best thing since sliced bread!" said Barnard sophomore Mia Poole.

Alexis Gumbs, a Barnard first-year agrees. "I like [Napster] because it has a lot of songs you can't get anywhere else like instrumentals and mixes and stuff."

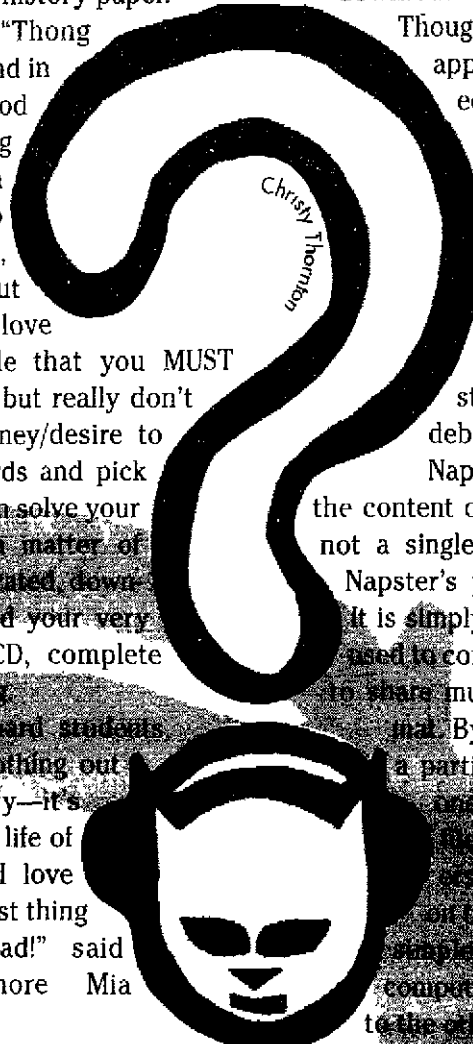
Yet for musicians such as Metallica and Dr. Dre, and for recording companies that promote them, Napster is the enemy, and they're doing everything in their power to make sure it goes down. The Recording Industry of America sued Napster in December 1999, citing copyright infringement and music piracy. In July 1999, Metallica, in a sep-

arate suit, won the right to keep Napster users from downloading their music; Napster is required by this ruling to kick off any user that is found to download a Metallica song.

Though Napster has made appeals, and was granted an emergency stay after Judge Patel ruled a preliminary injunction to shut down the site on July 28, the fate of swapping music over the Internet is still undergoing heavy debate.

Napster does not control the content of its website, in fact not a single song is actually on Napster's permanent database. It is simply a software program used to connect users who wish to share music files in MP3 format. By typing in a name of a particular song or artist, one user can access the files of hundreds of others with the same title or the artist's name. By a simple click, the user's computer is already linked to the other's, facilitating downloading and uploading songs in much the same way that an email is sent.

The problem with this file sharing, of course, is that copyrighted music is being sent to mass audiences without royalties being paid to the recording industries or individual artists. Because Napster allows this type of copyright violation to go on without interference, they are, in essence, responsible for the problem. Their fight to prove themselves innocent has been an uphill battle, and they have



downloadin'

napster keeps on ragin' online

...the support along the way. Throughout the case, Napster has argued that the Audio Home Recording Act of 1992 has protected them under Section 1008. This Section states: "No action may be brought under this title alleging infringement of copyright based on the noncommercial use by a consumer of a device or medium for making digital musical recording." However, Patel, the judge who has presided over the case in these past few high-tension months, dismissed 1008, saying that it applied only to physically manufactured products such as portable MP3 players, and does not extend to software applications (e.g. Napster).

Without the protection of this rule, Napster has resorted to claiming that they are in the same situation that Sony was in sixteen years ago, when they were sued for selling VCRs with recording capabilities. In the landmark 1984 Sony Betamax case, the Supreme Court ruled that these VCRs did not break copyright laws, as they could be used to record TV shows and other programs not protected by copyright. Napster says that they are providing a similar service, allowing people to share music that is not protected by copyright.

Patel has received much criticism for her involvement in the Napster case. Rapper Chuck D, member of the legendary group Public Enemy said, "If Patel was the key judge at the last turn of the century, we'd still be relying on horses and buggies and trains to get around. Stopping the process of file sharing is like trying to control the rain." It is very clear that long after the ruling is made, there will be continued debate over sharing files over the Internet.

Though Napster may be under fire elsewhere, the site won a big victory

this week at Columbia. Howard King, the lawyer representing Metallica and Dr.Dre in the Napster case, sent a request to University President George Rupp requesting that Columbia stop student's access to Napster on the university computing system. Rupp denied King's request, saying that the University does not censor students' access to the web.

Now that Napster's demise looms over the horizon, where should music lovers turn to when they want a quick fix? MP3.com? No, they were sued as well, and may go bankrupt paying up to \$620 million to Universal Music Group, the world's largest recording company. Any content that could come out of that site would be pay-per-play. Students would be left paying for subscription fees, tax, and more. Scour? Perhaps, but maybe not for long.

First year Jessica Conn is not terribly worried about the loss of Napster. "Napster is really convenient, I can find the songs I want right away. But if it shut down, I wouldn't be crushed. I would find another program to use instead, like Scour. It would take a little too long to get used to it." she said.

The next great hope will be services such as Gnutella and Freenet, decentralized servers that will be much more difficult to shut down. They have no CEOs, they have no central website, heck, they don't even claim to be affiliated with anyone at all. With new programs springing out of the woodwork at a tremendous pace, namely Amster, a program that combines a Napster-like search engine with AOL's Instant Messenger, Napster fans shouldn't have to look very hard to find another way to get the music they love should Napster meet its demise in court.

Thea Tagle is a Barnard first-year

musicpicks

...continued

hip hop and trance beats over catchy melodies and smooth vocals to create a whole new genre. They've been around longer than you'd have thought (since 1990) and are more than worthy of your attention.

october 9

The Flaming Lips

At Irving Plaza (17 Irving Place at 15th St.). For more info, call 777-6800

Despite losing several key members, the Lips are back to prove they aren't one hit wonders with their surprisingly well-reviewed studio effort *The Soft Bulletin* and a club tour to boot. College radio kids, this one's for you.

october 11

Fenix TX

At Bowery Ballroom (6 Delancy St). Tickets cost \$13.50. For more info, call 533-2111

Pop-punkers Fenix TX might appeal to Blink182 fans, but did you know that they've also been compared to the Suicide Machines and Less Than Jake? Pseudo-punkers and fourteen year olds alike have already discovered that this fast-paced, funny trio puts on a great show; now it's your turn to check 'em out

VNV PUMPS YOU UP

A T T I O N

by Roz Eggebroten

A mix of electro, industrial and dance music, British band VNV Nation have a surprisingly large and enthusiastic following for a group with a relatively narrow appeal.

This was evident at Limelight on Tuesday September 12. The club, housed in a former church and usually reserved for gay dance nights, was packed with fans eager to hear and see how this synthe-pop darkwave band would come across live. Comprised of electronic wizards Ronan Harris and Mark Jackson, the band fulfilled audience expectations with their powerful, pulsing sound and inspired, almost political lyrics on the future of Europe and civilization.

VNV Nation was initially a musical project started by Harris in 1990 as a response to the burgeoning electronic dance scene. With the addition of Jackson, the sound became more industrial, but retained its dance foundation, helping to create a new sub-genre of industrial music that now includes groups such as Covenant and Apotygmia Berzerk. VNV, an acronym for Victory Not Vengeance, symbolizes Jackson and Harris' view that "one should strive to achieve, not sit in bitter regret." This message comes across in their emotionally charged, existential lyrics and adds to the precise, defined power of their sound, which is refreshing compared to the raw, testosterone fueled sound of alternative radio today.

At their only NYC date it seemed the entire tri-state Gothic scene had come out to show support. Two hours before the band was scheduled to start their set, the dance floor was crammed with bodies and running makeup.

Balconies overflowed with girls and guys in suits, in T-shirts all dancing to DJ Hellraver. The crowd eagerly anticipated the show, collectively holding its breath each time a new record was put on the turntable in hope that VNV Nation would soon take the stage. Most in attendance wore black lace, vinyl and PVC in true Gothic fashion and the DJ in the side dance floor spun a slightly eclectic mix of old school favorites such as The Cure, pop sensations Garbage and dance floor cheese such as the "Mortal Kombat" theme.

At last, Harris and Jackson arrived on stage and exploded in to an awe-inspiring version of "Dark Angel." They followed this

with a set that included "Joy, Honour, and Solitary" off their 1998 LP *Praise the Fallen* (recently re-released stateside on Wax Trax Records), and "Standing and Legion" off their newer release *Empires*. Harris' dark, sometimes angry voice reinforced lyrics such as "I'm a mood for total war / To the darkened skies once more / And ever onward," but the vocals remained secondary to the powerful electric sound of VNV Nation.

Rapid, spiraling synthesizers pounded out rhythms as overlay tracks sung out above the intense commotion. The sounds flowed together with the precision of an army, and were emotionally articulated through the orchestral passion and electronic energy that is VNV Nation.

What makes VNV Nation true artists, as opposed to just studio wizards, is the fact that the sound they create is fueled by a passion for music combined with an ability to voice their fears and emotions about the future of civilization, war and history through their lyrics. From their website (www.nation.demon.co.uk): "The project preserves that which

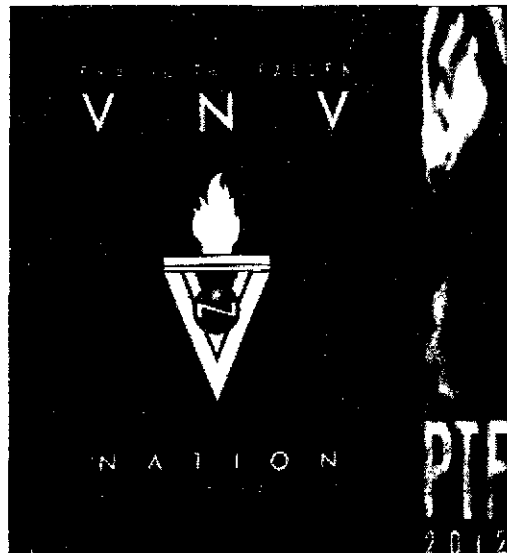
it seeks to express; the notion of Europe, modern and classical, clashing. So many facets representing her land. Mythology and Technology in uneasy fusion. Fast travel through consecutive cultures." This ideology is present in the imagery of their lyrics and the synthesizer sound that drives the group, and comes across live as a brilliant union of human and machine, twentieth and twenty-first centuries, old and new.

The relaxed attire of Harris and Jackson (both sported black t-shirts and jeans, prompting a friend of mine to remark that they resembled plumbers) contrasts with not only their philosophical endeavors but their social commen-

tary as well. In addition, their ability to perform for a crowd was far greater than I had imagined. Rather than simply mind-ing the machines, Harris engaged the crowd in clapping and yelling, repeatedly thanking them for coming to the show between songs. It was simple gestures such as these that proved VNV Nation creates their music not only for themselves, but for their fans.

The energy put forth to engage those fans was refreshing from a group within a genre that tends to disengage. VNV Nation proved they can perform as well as create and put on a live show that rivals the sound of their engineered albums. They succeeded in bringing that sound to the fans and ultimately putting on an awesome show.

Roz Eggebroten is a Barnard first-year and the bulletin music assistant.



VNV Nation's latest cd, *Praise the Fallen*

albumreviews

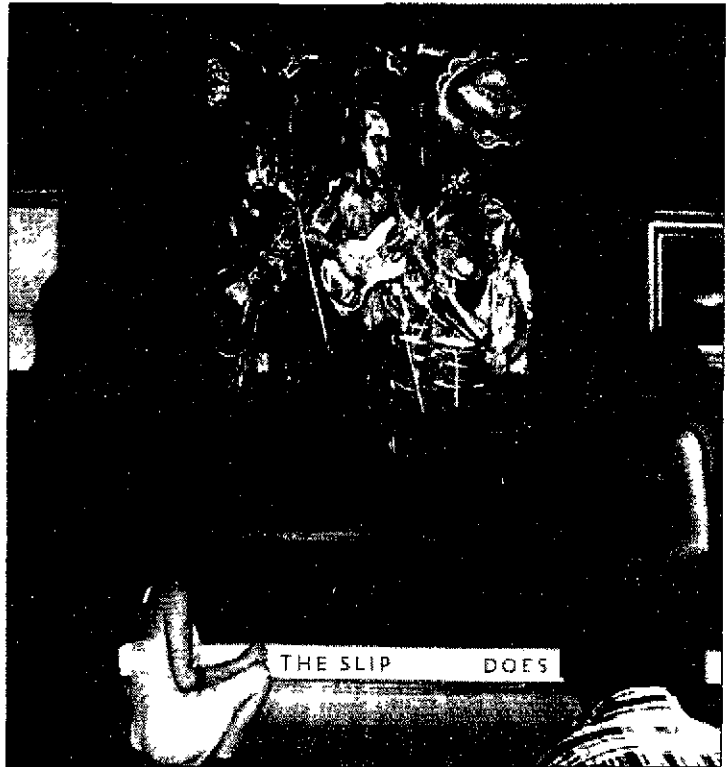
The Slip's second release mellow, soft

The Slip delivers a comfortable exploration of normally trite and chafing musical spaces on their latest release, *Does*. The music manages to break you from your daily tempo, slowing you down and cradling you in its meandering groove. Though lyrics like "I get tossed like a bone to the dogs in the sky" and "closing is a gathering, a gathering of the eyes" may leave you scratching your head, wishing yours could be kaleidoscope eyes, the overwhelming instrumental ebb of this trio will help you picture yourself on a boat on a river, nonetheless.

Vocals notwithstanding, The Slip sounds a seamless undercurrent of jazzy, jammed out bass and guitar lines that nicely compliment a day-in-the-life of any urban, discman toting funk-fan.

Does is The Slip's second attempt, following their premier album *From the Gecko*. Each of these albums speaks best in its softer moments, calling on the simple sentimentality that ekes out of each of us under the influence of a slow electric strumming that's just right. It is for these moments, surprisingly abundant, that *Does* deserves an endorsement.

—Kelly McCoy



Ultimate Fakebook a bit too precious

This CD is cute, very cute. Too cute, in fact. I've been in a moral dilemma since I first stuck *This Will Be Laughing Week* in my CD player. The songs "Far, Far Away" and "Downstairs Arena Rock" off of Ultimate

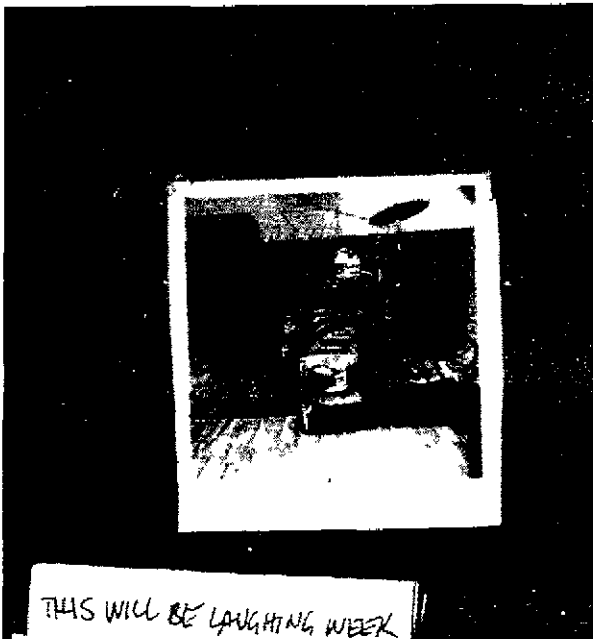
Fakebook's previous release on Noisome Records kicked booty, but since they were snatched up by Epic no one has heard much from them since.

The picture on the back of the CD depicted them as cute little boys, and so my hopes were set fairly high to begin with. Disregarding the warnings of a few friends I looked forward to a few more good tunes. In comes the moral dilemma. I couldn't stand most of the songs, except for the two mentioned above from a previous album and bits and pieces of others.

Still, I found myself singing along like a blaring idiot. I'm sure what Epic saw in this threesome was a radio phenomenon just

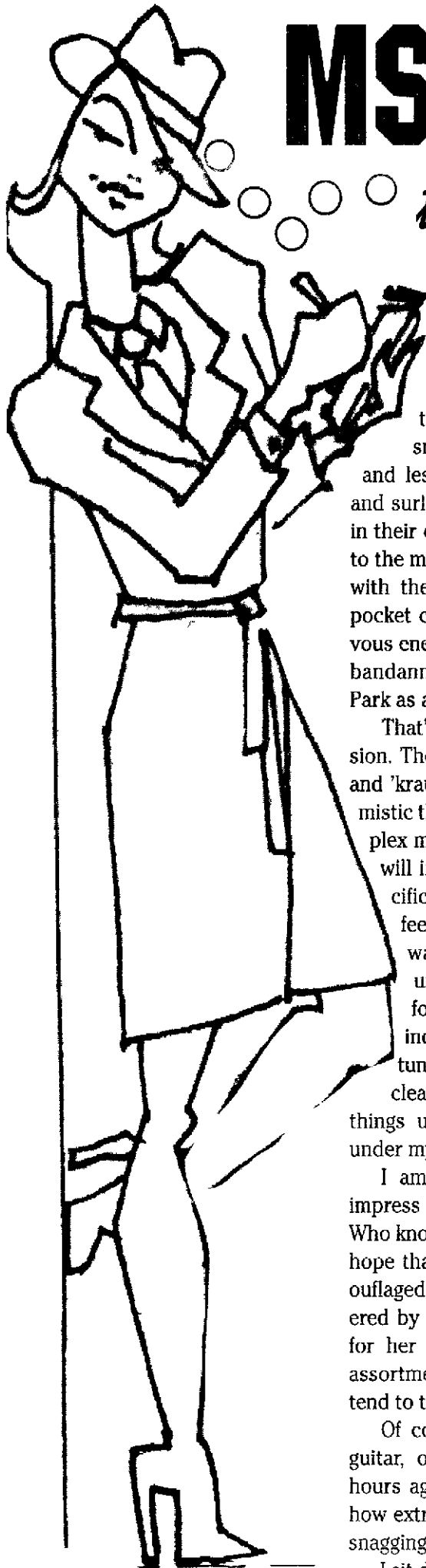
waiting to happen and I will not deny the fact that UFB has great potential for achieving that. Still, as much as there are some cool guitar riffs and drum beats, the falsetto slipped in by Bill McShane, the singer, throws much of the enjoyment off and you start to wonder where you've heard this concept done much better. Weezer perhaps? The catchiness and distorted guitars don't really compliment each other. They're just a little too sugary sweet bubble gum pop for my taste. Perhaps your 16-year old sister will like them. However, as much as I criticize them, I know there's no way I'll get rid of this CD. Now I'm gonna sneak back and program my stereo to only play numbers 6, 8, 10, and 12. Bottom Line: UFB is worth a listen, if even only once.

—Mara McLaughlin



MS. MANHATTAN

takin' a turn as a starving artist



Kate O'Shea

After a brief, slave-like stint in the wonderful whirlwind that is waitressing, I've decided to pursue my ambition for the perfect NYC experience in an atmosphere that is more conducive to sly smiles and coincidental meetings, and less likely to breed ketchup stains and surly jeers from customers wallowing in their own lactose intolerance. I'm going to the mecca of chance meetings to politic with the local peeps and pick up some pocket change. I depart all hope and nervous energy, in patchwork pants and a red bandanna, to stumble through Central Park as a quasi-starving artist.

That's right, I'm off on my second mission. Though slightly jaded from the slaw and 'kraut overload of dinerdom, I'm optimistic that rolling through the park's complex maze of trails with a guitar in hand will induce all sorts of Manhattan-specific encounters. The winding asphalt feels like the guts of the city, all warm, wriggly and spotted with unsightly stains. I meditate on this for a moment, and think of a way to incorporate this image into the folk tune that is forming in my head. I clear my throat and start to warm things up by humming a soulful ballad under my breath.

I am nervous. There are people to impress in my dirty face and torn sweater. Who knows, there is always the underlying hope that my talent, no matter how camouflaged by inexperience, will be discovered by a passing record label mogul out for her daily power-walk. I practice my assortment of coy facial expressions. I pretend to tune my guitar.

Of course, I cannot actually play the guitar, or I couldn't until several short hours ago, but I figure a prop, no matter how extraneous, can't hurt my chances of snagging change from passers by.

I sit down and start screeching out gut-

tural noises, trying to sound truly tortured. I imagine that my lover has left me for the Ringling Brothers and that all I've eaten for the past ten days are stale tofu-dogs. My guitar finds ways of scaring all squirrels, dogs, and small children within a fifteen-foot radius. I guess that practice may be a more integral part of panhandling than I had figured, but I keep playing.

I think I sound fairly authentic, but the saxophonist at the other end of the lawn seems to be luring each potential donor with his "talent" and "rhythm." I curse him for vaguely resembling Maceo Parker.

Peppy schoolgirls in gray-on-gray uniforms pass me on their scooters and smile. A sleek blonde parades in front of me, pulling her decorated pooch by its rhinestone-studded leash. Through her thick-rimmed sunglasses I see her wink lovingly, without breaking the stride of her East-Side strut. I turn just in time to see a pack of hell-bent joggers sprinting in my direction. A quick dive onto the nearby lawn to miss their pounding feet saves me, but my beloved guitar is not so lucky. With no change in my hat and a splintered guitar, my stint as a musician grinds to an abrupt halt.

I consider switching genres, remembering that street performers can make lots break dancing. But a middle-American childhood short-changed me on the vital art of urban gymnastics. I resolve to spend the rest of the afternoon as captive audience for other struggling acts. I tour the park for hours, encouraging pantomimes, fortunetellers, and strange men sprayed silver who offer advice for a quarter. I even get a balloon animal, baby blue bear please, to bring back to Barnard.

So was my short-lived career as a sidewalk entertainer. I feel an itch, and I know it's more than the old wool sweater I stretched around my torso. This unease means metamorphosis. It's time for something new...

deep roots in the city soil

elementary keeps urban tradition alive and kickin'

by Courtney E. Martin

After the open mic showcase Thursday, September 21 in Lerner 555, it seems that eager talent, rather than restricting ivy, is taking over Columbia's walls.

The University community showed up in big numbers to see brave souls grace the stage, performing spoken word and rhyming, in this Elementary sponsored event. They proved that the monotony of academia is not the only thing Columbia University students are thinking about.

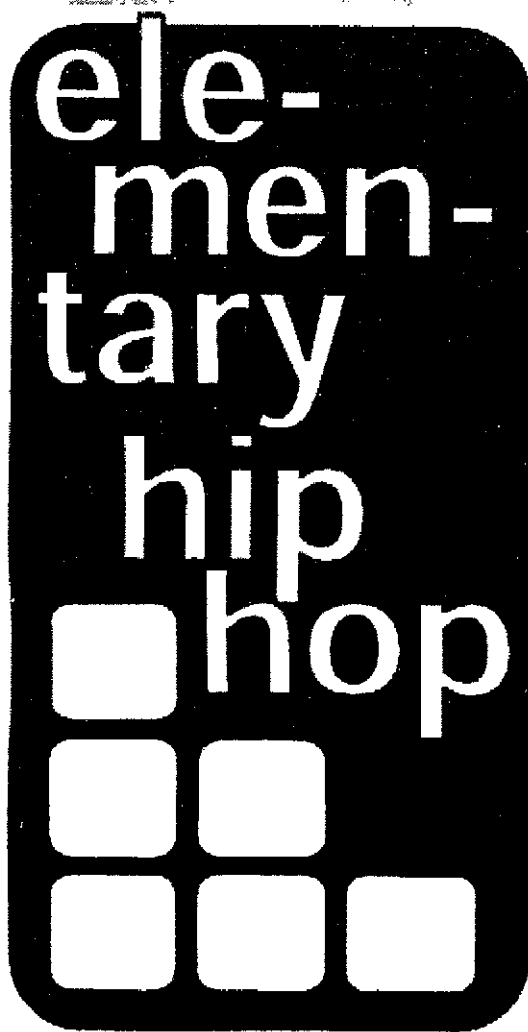
Very few colleges can boast the background of what many argue to be the most culturally rich city in the world. New York gives us a place to discover art and music in ways that other institutions, sheltered by suburban stretches of safety just can not. The fertile and constantly changing scenes attract the native New Yorker and the frustrated suburbanite alike to Columbia. Students want to be where the action is.

Hip hop, for starters, was begun in the boroughs of the city by struggling youth who couldn't afford expensive Manhattan shows or trendy clubs. To pass the time and create their own form of expression, kids in the late '70s and early '80s got together to make up rhymes, break dance, experiment with turntables, and practice bombing (graffiti writing).

The birth of hip hop symbolized more than an alternative to expensive entertainment in the city. It was the dawn of an era. Hip hop began to represent more than music. For the b-girls and b-boys that fell in love with it, the music symbolized a politically aggressive, self-aware, often confrontational mentality. The political, social, and artistic implications would not be fully felt for many years after hip hop first originated. But today, it is undeniably

one of the most powerful forces in shaping the creative production of our generation.

Proof of a hip hop-influenced generation of artists was in full force Thursday night. Columbia is home to a handful of talented MCs, not to mention two extremely adept DJs who played the



soundtrack for the night (one of them Harvard's very own junior Kate Levitt). It is clear that Columbia's setting, subway stops away from the birthplace of hip hop, is an inspiration to many students, and may have been a large factor in their choice of colleges.

Another talented group of individuals filled the stage, but this time without the help of a background beat the poets. Yet again, the city has an unde-

niable influence on the fertile spoken word scene here on campus. Spoken word also originated subway stops from CU, this time at the lower East side Nuyorican Poet's Café, where Puerto Rican immigrants first started setting the stage on fire with intense political protest in the form of poetry. The genre has evolved, to include a mix of races, themes, and forms, but the thick history remains unforgettable.

StrangeFruit, an established event for CU poets, certainly owes a lot to the New York spoken word tradition. Would there be a StrangeFruit (the bi-annual open mic event on campus that has been the start for many Columbia artists) were it not for the backdrop of the city's deep roots in spoken word? Very few suburban schools can boast such infamous showcases of talented artists, predominantly minority, performing and supporting one another in a creatively alive environment. There is no question that the startling spoken word pieces heard Thursday night were not only manifestations of personal expression, but verbal homage to the city where spoken word began.

Talent exists through out the country. Small pockets of the suburban west are probably just starting to flourish with original MCs and aspiring DJs. Certainly poets are born every day on various university stages across the country. But, Columbia is inproportionately blessed with a group of talented up and coming artists.

The strong scene of hip hop talent which we have had in Elementary's first open mic event will blossom because of deep roots in this city soil. We are lucky to be surrounded by a history rich with artistic inspiration and the talent to further the urban tradition.

Courtney E. Martin is a barnard junior and bulletin co-nyc living editor.

beer and classism at yankee stadium

a new ban on brew in the bronx bleachers breaks a baseball tradition

By Courtney E. Martin

There are very few things more "New Yorkian" than the tradition of a beer and a brat in the bleachers of a Yankees game. The Stadium, which was first opened on April 18, 1923 in the Bronx, has long stood as the home of the obnoxious New Yorker, who pays a cheap price to sit in the bleachers and causes a ruckus. The profane jeers, shouted by aggressive fans with livers saturated in cheap brew, are infamous in the major league and beyond. The Yankees stadium bleachers, paired with intoxicating beverage, has been a hallmark of what Americans perceive New York to be all about.

That perception is sure to take a turn for the docile due to the newly instated beer ban in the bleachers of Yankee's stadium. In late Spring of 2000, the Yankee franchise and stadium management introduced a ban on alcoholic consumption in the bleachers. Their motivation is, as of now, unclear. When the bulletin tried to reach the stadium public relations officials for comment, no one was "in town," and therefore there was no official comment.

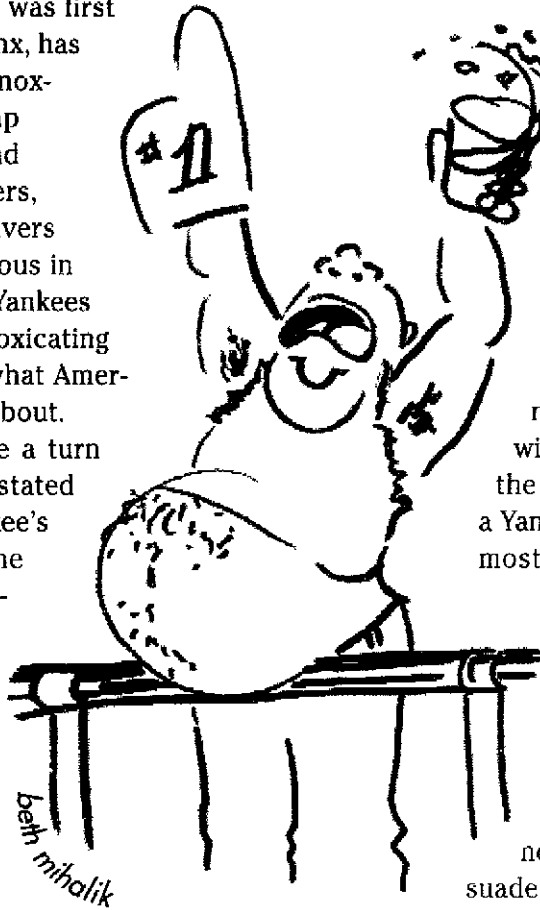
The most puzzling aspect of the ban is that it was only applied to the bleacher section of the 6,000 person capacity stadium. The more expensive seats, located on either side of the bleachers, are subject to no such ban.

The bleacher fans have always been notorious for lewd behavior, logically associated with the large beer consumption during Yankees games, but for seventy-seven years, this behavior was monitored by stadium officials and NYPD officers on duty without much uproar. The occasional fan jumped onto the field to harass an opposing team outfielder, but no harm beyond a bit of distraction was ever caused.

Barnard senior Brittany Retherford recently went to a Yankees game, eager to exercise her 21-years old status to get a brew to enjoy while sitting in the bleachers with her friends. After realizing that scenario was an impossibility, she grew bored with the game and went across the street to the bars. "I just think the purpose of going to a Yankees game is partly to watch the game, but mostly to watch the crowd," Retherford explained. "With the alcohol ban, the people are just not entertaining to watch anymore."

So, if Retherford and her friend's reactions aren't an anomaly, the beer ban will not only deter loyal fans, but lose money for the franchise. Only time will tell if economic concerns will have the power to persuade the creators of the ban to lift the class-based prohibition. Loyalty to the Yankee fans and their bleacher tradition certainly has not.

Courtney E. Martin is a Barnard junior and bulletin co-nyc living editor.



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MTA gets a makeover

new train cars on the 1/9 and 2/3 mean a more comfortable ride

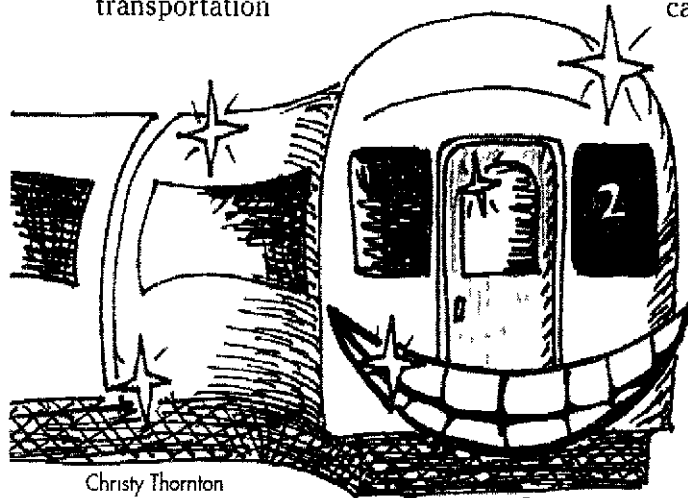
By Maya Cohen

When I came to New York freshman year, I had never been on a subway before. It was the first thing that struck me as being uniquely New York. It was stinky, dirty, rat-infested and yet, in spite of it all, people were still riding it. And not just the people that couldn't afford cars or taxis—everybody was riding it. At rush hour, I would be wedged between natives and tourists, beggars and businessmen.

It wasn't until I did some traveling on the East Coast that my concept of the subway broadened. Visiting friends in Boston I discovered a subway could talk ("Now entering Davis Square, Tufts University. No smoking, please!"), and (more shocking) be clean. Spending Spring Break in D.C., I found that a subway could be fashionable, too. I fell in love with the lights signaling a train's arrival and the spacious architecture — Why didn't New York think of this? The Metro is even cleaner than the T, probably out of necessity to uphold the nation's image for tourists, but still it's impressive. The atmosphere on the T and the Metro is radically different than the New York subway. There are no drunks making threats at you. Panhandlers are rarely seen, and the stations and trains are mostly clean and free of trash. Behavior is generally more reserved and possesses friendly overtones lacking from NYC's ridership. In comparison, New

York's subway system seems outmoded, ugly, and more than a bit embarrassing.

New York seems to have realized this and the Metropolitan Transit Authority is responding in the form of the Capital 2000-2004 plan, an initiative to restore, replace, and improve the largest transportation



Christy Thornton

system in North America. An integral part of this plan is the purchase of 1,130 new R-142 cars which, coupled with the last five year program (1995-1999), will result in a seven percent increase in fleet numbers. These cars, built by Bombardier and Kawasaki, are meant to replace the majority of the "redbirds", non-stainless steel cars dating back as far as 1958. Testing began in July on the #2 and #6 lines and will continue until the cars pass a test of running 30 days with out problems. Any difficulties will push full, regular use back. An option to order another 380 cars, replacing the redbirds entirely, is being considered. Eventually, the IRT line (1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 9)

will be entirely composed of the new cars.

The R-142 cars are unmistakably new. The highly reflective outside and bright gray-white walls inside combine to produce a dazzling effect that makes the car shine in the dark station. The new cars are wider, accommodating more passengers than the older cars. Seating is more or less the same but bars are better positioned, allowing for more comfort and ease for people with a variety of heights. The next stop is displayed on an electronic marquee hanging from the ceiling and announced by an electronic voice. A side panel details the line's stops as well as others' with similar routes with lights that turn off once a stop has been reached.

In addition to the new cars, the MTA plans to install a public address system at all IRT stations, providing real-time train service information in both audio and visual formats. 64 stations are slotted for restoration, raising the number of rehabilitated stations to nearly half of the city's 468. MTA will also be enacting a Clean Fuel Bus Plan with the purchase of 800 new clean fuel buses and 350 regular buses meeting EPA clean air standards. The new clean fuel buses will run on CNG. New subway transfers are planned as well as more commuter options.

Maya Cohen is a Barnard junior and bulletin web editor.

we know you're probably filing this sucker away to savor the memories of your college years. but if not

please recycle this paper.

Renata's ramblings

"What year are you?"

"Fir—uh, sec—uh, sophomore."

Yes, I am a sophomore (or, as my errant tongue insists on saying sometimes, "second-year"). Somehow, that year that I had spent my entire life preparing for, that frightening barrier between Real Life, and myself, that imposing monument to maturity has come and gone. I have completed my stint as a first-year at Barnard College, and have been summarily propelled into sophomore status.

Being a Barnard first-year, you should know (if you are one of them), is going to affect you. You are going to listen to Verve Pipe's "The Freshmen" and hum "We were only first-years." You are going to resent people who call you a "freshman." You are also going to LOVE this year.

It's odd, I suppose—this year is so much more intimidating than my first one was. You prepare so much for the first year, that, when it comes, you are perfectly braced for hardship. Instead, you are pleasantly surprised with a miasma of diversions. This second year, however, sneaks up on you.

Enjoy your first year, because, believe me, you are getting an absolutely amazing induction into the haven that is our college. I happen to love this school no less now than I did before. However, I will have to admit that my first year, in my newly acquired retrospect, was absolutely fabulous.

For one thing, the creation of a schedule is made wonderfully easy for first-years. You receive a nice little booklet in the mail, breaking down every one of those annoyingly ambiguous requirements, and listing courses that can be used to fulfill them. (At this point, I am thrilled and proud to be a packrat. I saved that booklet. I

think it's worth about \$1,593 on the open market right now.) And, believe me, that booklet comes in mighty handy when you find yourself leafing through a catalog which seems to list everything but what you are looking for.

(Try sitting up at 3 AM, trying to find an H course that satisfies a Distributive A requirement and can also go toward your minor. For that matter, try to figure out if such a course even exists.)

I used to complain copiously about first-year housing. There was no air-conditioning, the meals were awful, the overhead light wasn't bright enough. This year, I am not living in the Quad—and believe me, I do miss being able to roll out of bed and race for your first morning class, and not having to wear outerwear, even in the middle of January. The advantages of living in the Quad are not ever truly realized, until you wake up at 10.42 and show up on time (hygiene miraculously maintained) for your 11am class.

Appreciate the efforts made for your first-year orientation. When I was signing into my first-year room, my RA, Adriana, walked me to my room, opened the door and pointed out a good spot for posters. I was given a tour of the dorm; I even received a complimentary doorstep. This year, I was handed a key, and happily, hastily sent on my way. Not that I am complaining, really—I mean, I do know how to get around the dorms. Still, it's nice to feel taken care of.

Last year, there were ice cream socials and dessert-making parties. There were first-year mixers and a variety of parties and gala events. There were dozens of programs created especially for first-years; it was virtually impossible not to acquire a group of friends by the end of Orientation. After that first year, we are expected to take care

of our own social life—or lack thereof.

In many ways, my first year was my first real insight into adulthood. I got out of my parents' house; I had to rely more heavily on my

own devices. I took up

sophomore

sez

several activities at Barnard and Columbia, including ones that really didn't provide any sort of lasting benefits. I learned new things; I discovered brand new passions.

However, in many other ways, my first year was an easy ride, offering a rather deceptive view of what college would be like. At some point, real life has to start. College does not begin in our first year at Barnard. We are merely slipped a little taste of what it is.

This year, the flavor of college life is a little stronger. After your first year, there are fewer safeguards, there are fewer reminders to do what you are supposed to do, suddenly becomes much, much easier to take a terrible misstep, because no one really emphasizes these years; people assume that you know exactly what to do, trained by the preceding year.

Post first-year, Barnard life is still exhilarating in many ways. There are more challenges, more opportunities, even if the very profusion of these challenges and opportunities sometimes threatens to overwhelm you. You can feel yourself maturing; you take real steps to realizing your own potential.

But, really. . . I think the first year of college (at Barnard, anyway) is one of the most purely FUN times in a person's life. And, hey. . . complimentary doorstops are nothin' to sneeze at, either.

Renata Bystrzky is a Barnard sophomore and bulletin columnist. Comments? Pent-up aggressions? Email her at rb557@barnard.edu.

tales from a broad abroad

by jamie hardy

Well, *konnichiwa!* I am literally reporting from Kyoto, Japan.

I am sitting under a tree with my laptop, inside the vast grounds of the Imperial Palace built well over a thousand years ago, when this place was called *Heian-kyo* and was the imperial seat of the Empire of the Sun.

Now it's a quiet park with wide gravel paths to bike along, and tidy squares of grass to sit upon and relax underneath tall evergreens. Even though (according to the diorama at the south entrance) the Palace grounds looked nothing like this in the eighth century, I like to imagine the members of the Heian aristocracy teetering down the paths in their stilt-like *geta* shoes and stunning silk *kimonos*; talking in hushed tones about the fluttering plum blossoms, but really only using that as a metaphor for their undying passion for the one they love but cannot have.

For me, there are two Japans. There is the one that exists within me, and there is the one that I exist within. When I came here, I brought along misty memories of my week-long visit to Japan in the spring of 1996. I also brought along an amalgamation of

images gained from the books I had read and movies I had seen, most of which were fiction or fictionalized accounts of the truth. And you, faithful *bulletin* readers, get to watch the two Japans slowly meld into one as my measly semester here whittles away into a nostalgic *omiyage* (souvenir) tucked deep away in my memories.

I am still getting used to some things around here, even though it's already been almost a month. Sometimes I see a shadow pass over me and I look up, expecting to see a flock of pigeons terrorizing the neighborhood, but instead I see a majestic crane on its way to the Kamo River to wade in the reeds and look for fish. When I bike down the street, I instinctively stay on the right side, and then realize that the traffic is coming at me head-on, politely swerving rather than honking to tell me I am the one at fault. When I walk around crowded places, the only other faces I can see are the other *gaijin* (foreigners) because everyone, even the girls in 6-inch platform shoes, comes up to my chin. I can be strolling down a tiny alleyway lined with silent houses and parked bicycles, and suddenly turn a corner and be blinded by a neon street bustling with shoppers and revelers. When I turn on the TV, unless I give it

my undivided attention, the sentences just turn into sounds and I totally miss the point of what is being said. When I go into a department store and see a fabulous pair of shoes I simply must have, I forget that the largest size any of the stores carries is still about an inch too small for my oh-so-dainty size 10 feet. When I first got to school, they gave us the test that they give to Japanese third graders to graduate on to the fourth grade. I failed.

But I like all those idiosyncrasies. I like seeing *Ally McBeal* called *Arii, my rabu* (say it with a Japanese accent, and you have "Ally, My Love."), and dubbed over with annoying, high-pitched voices. I like the 6-slice "loaf" of bread I have to buy 3 times a week, and the "carton" of soy milk I go through in 2 days. I am amused that "vegetarian" usually means that fish is included somehow, and I really liked trying to memorize how to say "vegetarian" in Japanese: *saishyokushyagishya*. I like watching the Olympics on TV and not having the slightest idea about how the U.S. is doing, but knowing that Japan won the women's marathon and 200-meter backstroke, but didn't do so well in the synchronized swimming.

I guess that's actually why some people go abroad in the first place: to escape from the U.S. and its trappings and experience a life nothing like what they are used to. Some flee back home at the first chance they get, and others never permanently return at all. To maintain my sanity, I hope to straddle the line between the two extremes and appreciate both experiences at the value they are worth. And I will be sure to keep you posted.

Jamie Hardy is a Barnard senior and *bulletin* columnist



Jamie eats a meal of traditional monk food at Daitokuji temple in Kyoto

MEN'S MAGAZINES BRING MORE SEX, MORE SPORTS... MORE HAPPINESS?

by Angela Tsang

For Keith Blanchard, no other job quite compares to his current position as editor-in-chief for *Maxim* magazine. Even as he contends that being "Emperor of Rome was a good job," he argues that his present occupation may even oust the Emperor in the contention for the Best Job Ever.

Blanchard certainly has reason to gloat. After only a brief time on the publishing market, *Maxim* now outsells *GQ*, *Esquire*, *Rolling Stone*, and *Sport Illustrated* combined. Few individuals will fail to recognize the scantily dressed actresses and bold headlines that characterize a typical *Maxim* cover. Easily, we could dismiss Blanchard as a chauvinistic male who exploits women and actually gets paid for it. However, if we are to simply typecast Blanchard, we miss the opportunity to closely examine the phenomenon of the men's magazine—and why they are suddenly so popular and socially acceptable.

Flipping through the pages of *Maxim*, I sought some answer for the appeal and popularity of this magazine for men. Yet as I read on, I encountered countless images of women dressed in no more than a bikini and articles with titles such as "How to Spot a Nymphomaniac" or my personal favorite, "How to Score at a Funeral"—all of which seemed only to confirm the stereotypical view of men as sex-crazed, power-driven maniacs.

Surprisingly, however, *Maxim* also shows a willingness to poke fun at itself and its stereotypical nature. Unlike *Playboy*, *Maxim* seldom shows women in the nude and approaches its articles with a self-deprecating kind of humor. As my male friend said, "If you read *Playboy*, it's taboo. People think that you are sex-crazed maniac. When you read *Maxim*, you're ok." By exploiting the stereotypes of male behavior for the use of humor, *Maxim* provides an outlet for men to reveal their sexual desire without appearing overly sexist.

What disturbed me most, however, was how *Maxim* shows the growing need of man to define his masculinity, whether through fitness, sports, or money. If we are to ask ourselves, what does it mean to be a woman or man in this day and age, we are barely left with any clear definitions. For myself, *Maxim* seemed no worse than *Cosmopolitan* or any other women's magazine in promoting the relentless search to define our gender roles and their significance. Just as



women's magazines of the same nature encourage women to act, dress, and behave a certain way, *Maxim* presents the equivalent male ideal to reach. My male friend said, "In *Maxim*, the men are always fit, the women always skinny, even as thousands become obese." It made me realize that in today's image-conscious society, men are also facing the same burden as women. They too have gained a heightened consciousness to the impossible ideal that society has conceived and now face the pressure of reaching it.

Aside from these revelations, what I found most alarming and perhaps even comical, were the exaggerations of gender roles in *Maxim*. In *Maxim*, women were no longer humans, but some foreign being that males could only somewhat

interpret. For example, in *Maxim*, women must have had to develop their own language since "men feel ridiculous talking to women in their language" which requires men to "engage in a little female speak." In all fairness, this is the same treatment of men in countless female magazines. In their depictions, men are no longer emotional beings, but sly strategists attempting to best navigate a path to the bed.

These stereotypic portrayals are certainly humorous, because we all know that they are blatantly false. At least for me, I know that I do have the ability to communicate with men in the same language. Also, I realize that not all men desire sex, not all men use every opportunity to score, and that all men are just as complex as any other being. The portrayals of gender roles in *Maxim*, rather, illustrate the growing confusion of being a woman or a man. Seeking to affirm their masculinity in a society that stresses the equality of the sexes, men turn to *Maxim* for assurance. What disturbs me most is not the clichés used throughout *Maxim* or countless other magazines; rather it's the fact that we failed to engage in any dialogue about the changes in sexuality and gender and instead rely on stereotypes.

To my surprise, I never really found *Maxim* offensive. Its wisecracking humor and self-deprecation actually amused me. I certainly will not radically argue for everyone to boycott this magazine and countless others. Instead, I hope that my thoughts spark more thoughts so that when you find yourself reading the cover of some hip magazine, you take time to think about what you read and don't accept it at face value. Certainly, in my opinion, it would be an injustice to simply believe that what all men want is "More Sex, More Money, More Fitness, More Girls" simply from the bold headlines of a *Maxim* cover.

Angela Tsang is a Barnard sophomore.

letters to the editor

senior dislikes orientation issue coverage

Dear Editors,

I was the Orientation coordinator this year, and I was a little surprised/upset about the content of the Orientation Bulletin issue [on August 29th]. It was very blatant and honest about the way Barnard women are perceived by many (specifically by Columbia students) and using phrases and terms that were pretty offensive. While that information is definitely legitimate, I felt that it was inappropriate to convey that message to these new Barnard students and their parents. The magazines were given out at every Orientation event and every parent was reading it hoping to get a glimpse into the

college their daughters will be attending for the next four years.

I would not be surprised if many people were upset after reading that issue. I just wanted to know the reasoning behind putting together that issue. And, I wanted to express my frustration to you. I just don't think the first years first exposure to Barnard should be so negative. Although it is honest, it could be disclosed later on once the students are already comfortable in this environment.

Thanks,
Becky Cole, BC '01

editorial on sororities uninformed, upsetting

Dear Editors,

As a former arts editor for the Barnard Bulletin, I used to pride the paper in its coverage of diverse issues concerning the Barnard community. However, after reading Courtney Martin's editorial regarding sororities, I probably will never read another copy of the paper again.

Ms. Martin's article was not only bitter and angry, it was obviously unresearched and completely inaccurate. Ms. Martin stipulates that "the majority of your time...even on week nights must be devoted to activities within your sorority house." In my two years in my sorority, I have produced three Columbia University productions, served on the Barnard Bulletin staff and held internships at several public relations firms. Joining a sorority was the best decision I ever made for reasons that completely contradict Martin's article. I have

been introduced to extracurriculars that never before interested me. We have sisters involved in everything from Barnard Dance to Model European Union. Rather than stifling each other, we broaden each others horizons and introduce each other to new things.

Most importantly, Ms. Martin's article made me question why I attended Barnard in the first place. The anger that poured out of her editorial showed the kind of judgmental behavior that I did not want at a university. I selected Barnard because I felt that I could be accepted for who I was regardless of what extracurriculars I chose. Ms. Martin's article upsets me because it shows an obvious stereotype that is not only untrue, but unsubstantiated.

Lisa Dean-Kluger BC '01
VP Membership Recruitment, Sigma Delta Tau

**letters to the editor can be addressed to
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more than 400 words long. please include
your name and affiliation with the college.
we appreciate your feedback.**

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