

letter from the editors

What if you took the time to do each of the thousand things you promised yourself you'd do everyday? What if you somehow arranged your schedule perfectly so that every meeting, every appointment, every assignment, and every event was neatly penciled in to your life? Imagine: you wake up at 7am, go for a brisk run in the park, grab a quick shower and then type up that short story for the literary magazine for which you've always meant to write. You eat a healthy breakfast, arrive at class exactly on time, and take detailed, attentive notes, pausing only to ask a thoughtful, critical question. You walk peacefully to your next class, taking in the crisp fall air, and repeat your stellar academic performance once again. You take the time to eat a good lunch, get a package from your dad, stop into the dean's office to check on your scholarship application, and head off to another class, in which you give a terrific presentation that you prepared three days in advance. You leave class and head to your dream internship, where you learn interesting things and meet incredibly talented people who do exactly what you want to do for a living. You come home, knock off a quick five-page paper, have dinner with that girl around the corner, head to an organizing meeting for that group you really want to work with, grab a cappuccino with your best friend before you put in two solid hours of productive studying for your midterm tomorrow. You go home, email your best friend from high school, and call your mom, who you talk to for at least a half an hour. You do some sketches for that painting you're doing in your spare time, and then go to the gym to

meet your intramural badminton team. You come home, satisfied with your day, and drift off to sleep at midnight, ready for tomorrow. Ha. Yeah, right.

More like you wake up ten minutes before class, brush your teeth in your room while printing out a paper, stumble bleary-eyed through three incoherent classes, and are late for work because you had to drop off that article you meant to write two days ago. You put off studying for your midterm until 5am the morning of the test, haven't talked to your mom in weeks, your best friend doesn't know if you're still alive, and you forgot to eat until after Hewitt was already closed for the night. You cross the street when the president of that club you're supposedly in walks toward you, and you go to bed at 3am, after having read an entire novel for your 9am class. Nineteen hours somehow isn't enough to do all that you need to do, and yet you still have to do it all. And the amazing part is, despite how crazy it seems, you do it. You get it all done, because that's what being here is all about. That's what a college this demanding does. Maybe it's prioritizing. Maybe it's just insane. But it's the way things work. So, fellow bleary-eyed, over-committed barnardians, we know what you're going through. And we wish you luck. Sometimes, we need it, too.

Hy and B

In an article on Acting President Boylan in our October 11th issue, we incorrectly stated that President Shapiro is on a year-long sabbatical, when indeed she will be on leave for only six months. We apologize for the error and any confusion it may have caused.

contributors

Lara is a Barnard senior and the *bulletin* photo editor.

She's a bio-chemistry major, and works in a research lab that studies heart disease and Alzheimer's disease. Look for her work all over this darn magazine, in every darn issue. And if you see her lens pointed at you, don't be shy...you could be our next cover model!

Emily Hackel is a first-year from Alpine, New Jersey who decided to come to Barnard

for its strong community situated in the larger Columbia university. Her interests include going to museums, going to and performing in theaters, and learning about other cultures. She is also a lover of chocolate. This week, Emily explores the life of a taxi driver for nyc living.

Liliana Segura is a junior who claims to be from D.C. but is really from a surrounding Washington suburb. She hopes to pursue magazine journalism in the future and is currently an intern at *Paper Magazine*. This week, Liliana interviews Barnard professor and author Caryl Phillips.

barnardbulletin

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

Nader challenges the left to vote for systemic change

By Lisa Patrick

On Friday, October 6, activists and skeptics alike welcomed to the Lerner Auditorium Ralph Nader, the Green Party candidate for this November's presidential election. Nader's hour-long speech focused on his goal to form a new political movement, free of the corruption and corporate greed that he believes is omnipresent in the current administration. His words, directed towards intelligent, politically savvy young liberals, were meant to inspire self-introspection. By criticizing the current political system, Nader allowed listeners to examine the roots of their own beliefs and preconceptions of the way this country operates.

Nader emphatically stated and restated that it is irrelevant whether a Republican or a Democrat is in the White House, because both parties avoid dealing with the issues face-on. Touching upon the clear-cutting of old-growth forests, Nader claimed the environment would suffer regardless of the future president's political affiliation. "Democrats want to grandfather deals to cut down forests, and Republicans want to cut down forests." The environment loses either way, Nader says.

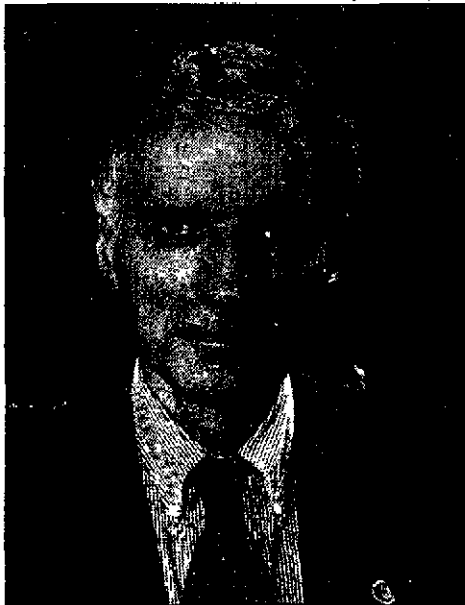
In addition to environmental issues, the Green Party also addresses the structure of labor, consumer health and safety, corporate welfare, national jurisdiction, and the tools of democracy. Nader severely criticized corporations for their desire to gain poor or no enforcement of the law, government contracts and grants, and subsidies and immunization from liabilities. With a concentration of power in one area, Nader stated, citizens

will lose national, state, and local sovereignty.

Using minimum wage as an example, Nader showed how corporate America's unfair and irresponsible behavior negatively affects each and every citizen. In 1968, the purchasing power of minimum wage was \$7.30. Today, in 2000, minimum wage only has a purchasing power of \$5.15. In addition to these staggering statistics, 70% of the 10 million Americans receiving minimum wage are not teenagers, he points out.

Drawing comparisons to his own youth, Nader reflected on the differences between growing up "corporate" and growing up "civic." Most students, leading lives centered around corporations, possess an "absurdly low expectation level." Even though Nader

courtesy of Harper's



Ralph Nader, Green party candidate

reprimanded the audience for not examining politics and the media with a critical eye, he praised college students' abilities to be a cohesive driving force towards a national paradigm shift. In order to accomplish change, however, students must question authority, question their belief systems, and question their sources of information.

Recognizing that the net worth of 120 million lower-class Americans is reported equal to what Bill Gates received in the month of January, Nader proclaimed that "these are the times for bold new politics." He believes that the actions and platforms of both the Republicans and the Democrats will get progressively

worse every four years. Right now, for example, the military budget is as high as it was during the height of the Cold War. To Nader, this seems cause enough to vote for the Green Party, for "the choice between the bad and the worse is not acceptable in the year 2000." Nader

By criticizing the current political system, Nader allowed listeners to examine the roots of their own beliefs and preconceptions of the way this country operates.

proclaimed that an increase in third party votes will result in a rapid change in the Democratic party. While seemingly well versed on today's issues, Al Gore is, in fact, "a great imposter and a great pretender" in need of a reality check. Nader commented on his own awareness that many voters are grappling with a decision to vote for either him or Al Gore, and declared that one of his main agendas of the evening was to dispel the myth that a vote for Nader is a vote for Bush. He rhetorically stated, "Do I know that I may cost Al Gore the election? If that were the case, I never would have run." Nader attested that Gore is not invested in the best interests of society, for he is too engrained in the corrupt system. He claimed that "if only words would have a biological effect, Al Gore would have a forked tongue and a Pinocchio nose."

To conclude his speech, Nader called upon the audience "to take [their] hand at the wheel of justice." He encouraged students to replace small talk with progressive political talk and to apply their knowledge of civil action for the pursuit of justice. According to Nader, "If you are not turned on to politics, politics will surely turn on you."

Immediately following Nader's formal speech, the forum was opened for questions from the audience. Members of the community specifically asked about illegal immigration protection and for an elaboration of Nader's proposed steps to decrease corruption in America. After a few lengthy responses, Nader apologized for having to end, flashed a hopeful smile, and encouraged attendance at a

library essentials

WORKSHOPS: Dean Schneider's series of workshops on proposal and personal statement writing will begin on Friday, October 27, at 10am, in 202 Milbank. Please call x42024 to reserve a space. Participants need not attend every workshop.

HISTORY MAJORS: Please check with the History Department, 415 Lehman, about seminar applications for limited-enrollment courses.

STUDENTS INTERESTED IN THE HEALTH PROFESSIONS: The third in a series of group meetings designed to help you prepare for and strengthen your applications to medical, dental, and other health professions schools will be held on Wednesday, October 25, at noon, in the Ella Weed Room (2nd floor Milbank). The topic is "Experience and Dean Bournoutian will explain what and how to gain research experience, both volunteer and paid. For more information, contact the Health Professions Office at 202 Milbank or email hpoffice@barnard.edu.

DEMOGRAPHIC RESEARCH STRATEGIES FOR CLIO AND THE WORLD WIDE WEB: Thursdays at 11:15am and Fridays at 11:15am. Improve your research skills using CLIO, find out which are the best Web search engines, and learn how to evaluate your searches so that you can find the best information available. Research Strategies for Online Indexes and Databases Thursdays at 11:15am and Fridays at 1:15pm. Improve your research skills using the periodical indexes and full text databases available on LibraryWEB. No sign-up is required. You may want to consult the Library web page for more information about library demos at www.barnard.edu/library/.

CONSULTATIONS FOR RESEARCH: The Barnard Library offers a consultation service to students undertaking a research paper or thesis. A reference librarian will assist you in identifying and using library resources-bibliogra-

phies, catalogues, periodical indexes, electronic resources including the internet and other materials relevant to the project. Appointments for an individual conference can be made at the Reference Desk on the 2nd floor of the Library or by completing the consultation form on the Library's home page and submitting it to reference@barnard.columbia.edu. Please supply specific information about your research topic to the reference librarian and allow a sufficient number of working days for the librarian to prepare for the session.

DEPARTMENTAL PROGRAM PLANNING MEETINGS: These meetings are very informative, and we urge prospective majors, as well as majors, to attend. Listings will be updated in future issues.

Biological Sciences: Thurs., Nov. 2, at noon, 202 Altschul Hall
Chemistry: Fri., Nov. 10 at noon in the North Tower (Alzberger Hall) Luncheon and speaker.

Computer Science: Tues., Nov. 14, at noon in 214 Milbank
Environmental Science: Fri., Nov. 3 at 1pm in 307 Milbank
International Studies: Tues., Nov. 14, at noon in the Ella Weed Room (2nd floor Milbank)
Journalism: Oct. 21 at 12:30pm in the 2nd floor Milbank

Political Science: Thurs., Nov. 16 at 4pm in 306 Milbank Hall
Religion: Wed., Nov. 1 at noon in 202 Barnard Hall
Russian & Latin American Studies: Thurs., Nov. 9 at 4pm in 207 Milbank
Theatre: Wed., Nov. 15 at 6pm in 229 Milbank
Women's Studies: Tues., Nov. 14 at 5pm in 101 Barnard Hall (Center for Research on Women)

Environmental Science: Fri., Nov. 3 at 1pm in 307 Milbank
Journalism: Oct. 21 at 12:30pm in the 2nd floor Milbank
Political Science: Thurs., Nov. 16 at 4pm in 306 Milbank Hall
Religion: Wed., Nov. 15 at 2:30pm in 316 Milbank Hall
Spanish: Wed., Nov. 8 at noon in, 319 Milbank Hall
Urban African Studies: Thurs., Nov. 9 at 4pm in 329 Milbank Hall
Political Science: Mon., Nov. 13 at 4:30pm in 421 Lehman
Psychology: Thurs., Nov. 2 at 12:15pm in 323 Milbank

Religion: Wed., Nov. 1 at noon in 202 Barnard Hall
Russian & Latin American Studies: Thurs., Nov. 9 at 4pm in 207 Milbank
Theatre: Wed., Nov. 15 at 6pm in 229 Milbank
Women's Studies: Tues., Nov. 14 at 5pm in 101 Barnard Hall (Center for Research on Women)

rally in Madison Square Garden on October 18, which, incidentally, sold out the venue the night of the event.

Politically charged students left Lerner Hall around 11pm, and while most were ready to run to the polls and vote Nader, some remained skeptical. Barnard junior, Sonal Jain, commented that "Nader was appropriately critical of the

problems in American society, but, unfortunately, did not put forth a concrete plan of change that he would implement as President."

Immediately proceeding Nader's speech, Joanna Fernandez, the driving force behind his campaign in New York, reported that national support for the Green Party has risen from 5% to 7%.

Even if the audience members present on October 6 do not further increase this statistic, hopefully they will heed Nader's advice to re-evaluate their own political and social agendas in order to take an active role in their futures.

Lisa Patrick is a Barnard junior and the bulletin news co-editor.

exhibit paints a painful history of Korean comfort women

By Mary Kunjappu

The traveling art exhibit depicting tales of Korean comfort women during World War II found temporary residence in the James Room of Barnard Hall from October 6 to October 12. Titled *Quest for Justice*, these paintings and sketches, while full of shame, anger, and lost innocence, portrayed the struggle of comfort women to receive justice and understanding from the Japanese government.

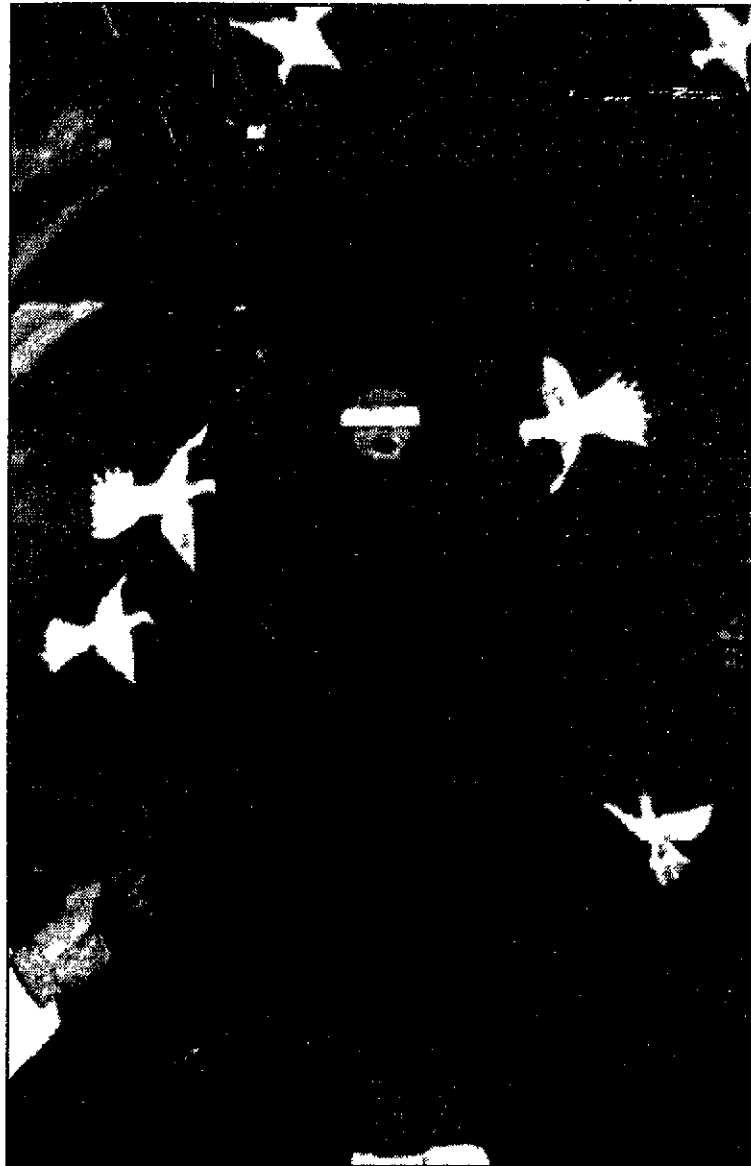
The term "comfort women" describes women forced into sexual slavery in Japanese military camps during World War II. Women who were able to return home after the war often lived in poverty, enduring physical and emotional hardships while suppressing their painful memories. Since the early 1990s an increasing number of former comfort women have begun to reveal their pasts and demand reparations from Japan.

On October 6, opening night, the exhibit was honored with a special forum open to the Barnard community. The prestigious speakers included Soon-Duk Kim, one of the featured artists; Hye Jin, founder of the House

of Sharing, a sanctuary for former comfort women; Dai Sil Kim-Gibson, director of a documentary film on Korean comfort women, and; Rhonda Copelon, Professor of Law at City University of New York. In addition to the visual art, Kim-Gibson's film, entitled *Silence Broken. Korean Comfort Women* was also screened during the event.

Several paintings in the exhibit graphically illustrated the horrors comfort women had to endure from Japanese soldiers, either in comfort stations or in the field. For example,

courtesy of public affairs



the art of so-called "comfort women" reveals the horror of their collective history

one painting depicted a queue of soldiers waiting for their turn with the women; the men were given numbers, similar to a store. During this time, comfort women were in sexual bondage and therefore required to satisfy any soldier able to pay the nominal fee. When they went out into the field, comfort women were expected to have

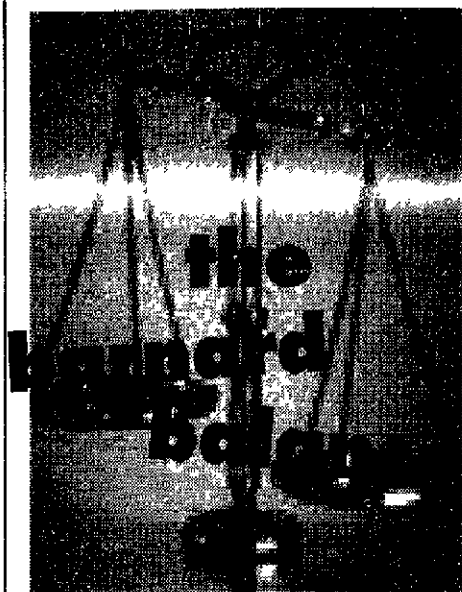
sex with every soldier in the area.

The exhibit's posters stated women were forced to be with about thirty to thirty-five men on weekdays and even more on weekends. Lured to Japanese military stations around East Asia by the promise of work, over 300,000 women were exploited in this way. Only recently, in 1992, after more than three decades of pain, comfort women finally found sanctuary in the House of Sharing, in Seoul, South Korea, where they receive art lessons as part of their therapy.

Many student and faculty members, especially those with Korean backgrounds, visited and enjoyed the exhibit. When asked what drew her to these paintings, Allison McKim, a Barnard senior, replied "It was a general interest in women's issues and rape, and there is no access to this type of information anywhere else." These paintings invoked strong reactions in all visitors. "None of it surprises me, but it's very moving, especially the photograph of Japanese men waiting on line...this one even has a smile on his face. This really makes me angry," said McKim. While anger was definitely present in those who viewed this

exhibit, it was not the sole emotion. The ability of the Korean comfort women to use art as an emotional release allowed exhibit-goers to recognize their devastating mistreatment, but look forward with a small glimmer of hope.

Mary Kunjappu is a Barnard first-year.



a weekly weighing of
Barnard news

Last Tuesday marked the beginning of the new drop deadline for all Barnard students. The deadline for all Columbia College sophomores through seniors still remains fixed at Nov. 16.



Queer Awareness Month continues to be celebrated on campus through films, forums, and National Coming Out Day last Wednesday.



Barnard held its annual blood drive. Thanks to all of the women who donated their time and hemoglobin. We'll ignore the blood creep-out factor.



The seniors toasted their final year at Barnard with champagne in the Deanery. "To life, liberty, and an interview with J.P. Morgan."



= good news



= bad news

This week's total. . .



barnard**events**calendar

October 18

Meeting with Pre-Med Advisor Ani Bournoutian. 7 pm in Upper Level McIntosh. Sponsored by the Network of Pre-Medical Students of Color.

Social Entrepreneurism. Sponsored by Barnard Business & Professional Women. Reservations are required. Admission to most events is \$25—\$45 and generally includes a light buffet. Most programs start at 6pm. For more information, call Enid Ringer, (212) 961-9740, or BBPW voicemail (212) 479-7969, or visit www.BBPW.org.

21st Annual Fall Seminar of the Seven Sisters of Fairfield, Connecticut presents The New Genetics: A Blueprint for Fate or Freedom? Registration is at 9am, followed by a keynote address and panel, and a question-and-answer session. Lunch will be served at 1pm. At The Italian Center of Stamford (CT), 1620 Newfield Avenue. Cost is \$30 per per-

son, includes lunch. Acclaimed speakers will discuss genetics from various perspectives, including the genome project and its impact, breast cancer as a specific model, and the ethical implications of genetic technologies. For information, call Judy Dorsett at (203) 655-9083.

October 19-21

Barnard Dances at Miller. The 2000-2001 season of the critically acclaimed Barnard Dances at Miller features ballet and modern premieres by established choreographers, as well as performances of works created by modern masters. 8pm at Miller Theatre. Tickets are \$10; \$5 with CUID. For information, call the Barnard College Department of Dance at x42952.

October 20

Dance Showcase. Showcase concerts present works created by students, faculty, and guest artists in an informal

theatrical setting. 3pm at Miller Theatre. Admission is free and open to the public. For information, call the Barnard College Department of Dance at x42952.

October 23

"The One and Only Circle": Translating Paul Celan 6:15 pm, reception to follow in the Ella Weed Room, 233 Milbank Hall. John Felstiner's Selected Poems and Prose of Paul Celan (W.W. Norton) is to be published in October. His book *Paul Celan: Poet, Survivor, Jew* (1995) won the Truman Capote Prize for Literary Criticisms and was a finalist for the National Book Critics Circle Award. He teaches literature and Jewish Studies at Stanford.

October 25

Writing Toward Hope: A Symposium and Performance on Literature and Human Rights. 6:30pm in the James Room, 4th Floor, Barnard Hall. For information, call the Barnard

Center for Research on Women at x42067, or visit www.barnard.edu/crow/

October 26

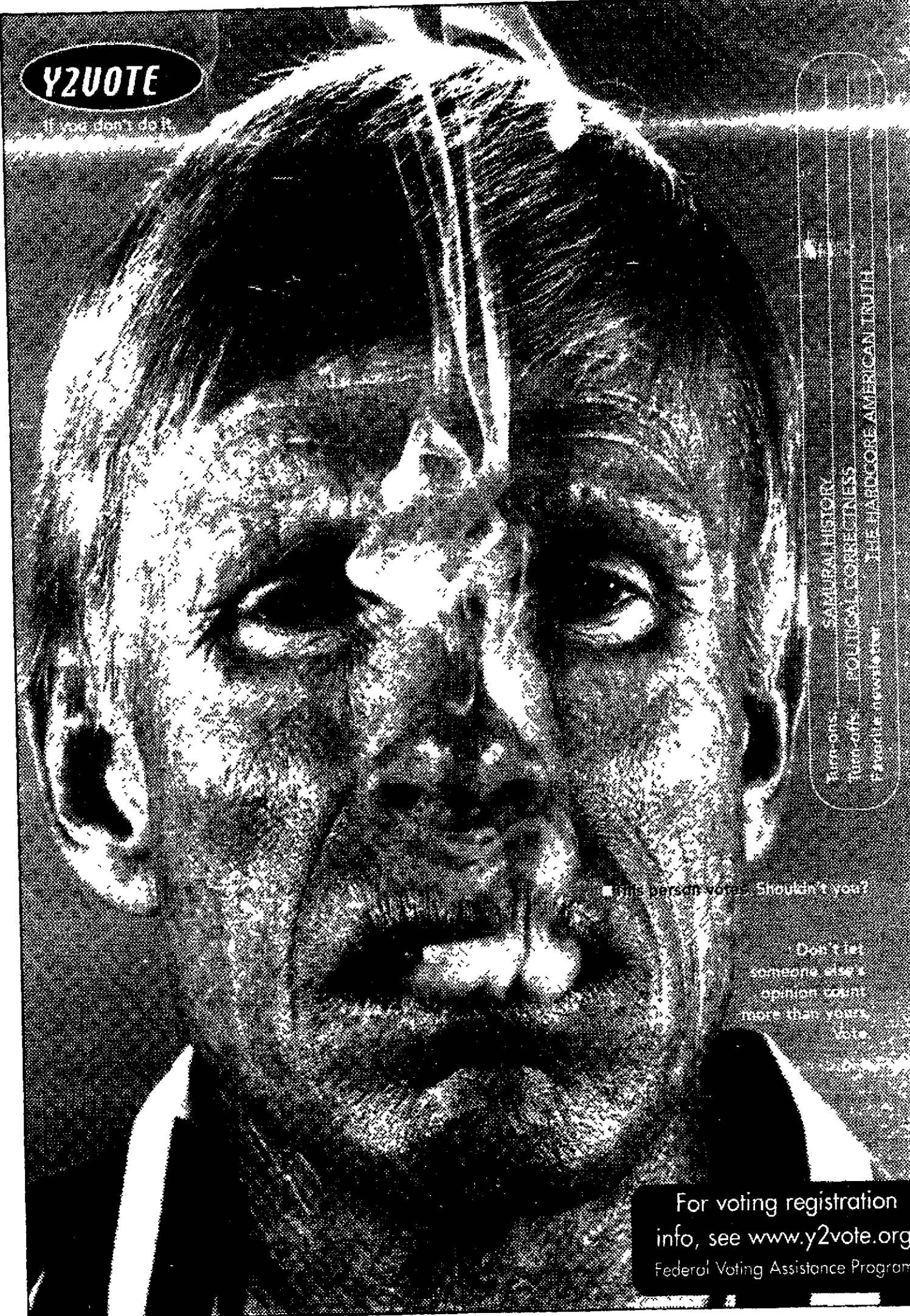
Lunchtime Lecture Series presents Where Have All the Women Gone?: Lots of Chemistry Undergrads but Few Faculty. A lecture with Linda Doerrer, Assistant Professor, Chemistry. Noon in the Center for Research on Women, 101 Barnard Hall. For information, call the Barnard Center for Research on Women at x42067, or visit above website.

October 27

Dance Showcase. Showcase concerts present works created by students, faculty, and guest artists in an informal theatrical setting. 2pm and 3:30pm in the Streng Studio Theatre, First Floor, Barnard Hall Annex. Admission is free and open to the public. For information, call the Barnard Dance Department at x42952.

Y2VOTE

If you don't do it,



Fun-ons: SAMURAI HISTORY
Fun-offs: POLITICAL CORRECTNESS
Favorite movies: THE HARD CORE AMERICAN TRUTH

■ This person votes. Shouldn't you?

Don't let
someone else's
opinion count
more than yours.
Vote.

For voting registration
info, see www.y2vote.org.
Federal Voting Assistance Program

Student Government Association
Open Forum on Dining Services
with Al Sorbera, director of

Monday, October 23

7:30pm

Altschul Atrium

Voice your concerns and hopes and help
Dining Services plans for the year.

Look for more SGA community events in the future. Visit SGA online at www.barnard.edu/sga.
Or call x42126, or visit the new SGA office in 211 Upper Level McIntosh.

2000 Feminist Art and
Art History Conference

A weekend of panels and workshops discussing a myriad of topics
including film, art, business, representations of women, religion,
tradition, and women's identities in the world throughout history.

The closing event will be a keynote panel with distinguished scholars and visual artists
Keller Easterling, Ewa Lajer-Burchard, and Penny Sparke. Ann Pellegrini will moderate the
event Sunday, October 29 from 4:15-6pm in the Julius Held Lecture Hall (304 Barnard Hall).

October 28 and 29

Registration begins at 9am in Upper Level McIntosh

Sponsored by the Department of Women's Studies, Graduate School of Arts and Sciences, Graduate School of Architecture,
Planning, and Preservation. For more information, please call x47907.

Caryl Phillips

teaching, travelling and

By Lilitana Segura

The fourth floor of Barnard Hall is empty on a Friday morning. Where usually frantic English majors dash to colloquia or professors' office hours, an eerie quiet is disturbed by signs of life in 411A, where Caryl Phillips is printing something. As the Henry R. Luce Professor on Migration and Social Order, and organizer of the Barnard Forum on Migration, he wears the weary look of one with multiple projects and little sleep. But then, staying idle has never been high on his list of priorities.

"Sweden, India, Singapore, Poland. . ." Phillips rattles off countries like one might read from a grocery list. They are all places he has taught since graduating from Oxford in 1979—experiences to which he refers with little pomp or self-importance, probably because the question of travelling has been one of such little deliberation. That is to say, it was never a question of whether or not to travel; it was one of when, where and how.

Born in St. Kitts, only to immigrate to Britain as a young child, Phillips grew up with the confusion of identity that comes from a trading of cultures and home at definitive points in life. Torn between the country where he was born and the country where he grew up, Phillips describes a sense of "living with two cultures"—of not really belonging here or there. "I didn't have what you might call a complete sense of myself in British society," he says, ". . . and I also didn't really feel that I properly belonged in the Caribbean." With such a fuzzy sense of home, and devoid of roots strong enough to bind him to one geographic location, either working

or as a graduate student, Phillips decided that the best way to gain a better sense of himself was to travel.

And travel he did. "Bumming around" the trains in Europe, he spent his days in cycles—travelling as much as he could for weeks at a time, going back to Britain to "work. . . or borrow [money]," and then heading out again. It

courtesy public affairs



was as much a quest to discover other people as it was to find himself, and this exposure to others of foreign cultures would become central to his work later on.

"I had a hunch that there were more people in the world who felt like I did," he recalls. "So when I first saw Turkish people in Germany who didn't feel like they quite fit in, or Arabs in France . . . or Algerians in Spain, I suddenly realized it's not unique . . . there are all sorts of patterns like this."

Phillips has been living in New York

since 1990, spending his first eight years here commuting to Amherst College in Massachusetts to teach English. In 1998, he was awarded the prestigious Henry R. Luce Fellowship, an honor which essentially enabled him to expand on areas of research in which he was already immersed. Since arriving at Barnard, he has started the Forum on Migration and Social Order, bringing a number of impressive and influential scholars, authors and filmmakers to campus, as a part of a multi-dimensional lecture series designed to explore the movement of people from place to place, whether voluntary or involuntary. Last year's guests included Ishmael Merchant and James Ivory. This year's series will bring Peter Carey, Edmund White, and other notable academics to further explore the subject of the patterns Phillips describes.

A writer by trade, Phillips is a member of the English faculty at Barnard, where he teaches creative writing during the fall semester. In the spring, however, he is otherwise committed to his craft, having authored numerous books, both fiction and non-fiction. His latest work, *The Atlantic Sound*, is due out this week, and like much of his previous work, grapples with issues of migration and dislocation, and in this case, the definition of "home".

"Home" for Phillips is a shaky word. His own interpretation muddled by his questions of identity and culture, it is a term inextricably tied to immigration. "When you're born in another country," he says, "in that very act of migration, you've lost home." That is, you've lost "home" in its concrete sense—in the label it serves for an individual who hails from one place and identifies him-

or herself with it entirely. "In a peculiar way, England can never really be home," he says, despite having grown up there.

taking risks

Likewise, St. Kitts, his native country is not home either. Thus, says Phillips, "In my own personal life, the whole question of what constitutes home was something which became critical very early."

It has, in fact, informed his work for years afterwards. The Atlantic Sound deals with these complexities in the context of the transatlantic slave trade, and the way in which such dislocation of home and identity shapes an individual. An upcoming symposium by the Forum On Migration is titled "Citizen of the World or Migrant?" and will discuss the experience of writers who have moved to foreign lands.

As a professor at Barnard, Phillips wishes to share with and instill in stu-

dents a love of writing and books; and teaching, is something that he has not gotten tired of. "I'm hoping to get treatment for my addiction to [teaching] class," jokes Phillips, citing the discussions with students on books and literature as "much more exciting" than any he might have with fellow writers or colleagues, for whom, after all, writing is a job. "For me the joy of actually teaching is that it's one of the few forums left where you can have a serious discussion about books with people," he says. This joy being something in fact, so significant, he has been compelled to share it with his students. Last year he began a program in the English department where students went to public high schools in the surrounding area and taught creative writing twice a week. It was very successful, and he hopes to continue the project in the future.

Clearly, Phillips has made much of his time at Barnard. But is New York home? "Its home in the sense that I like coming back here," he says, noncommittally. "I think at different stages of your life you have different notions of home . . . and for me New York now at this stage

in my life is good." This would seem unsurprising, considering the wealth of resources available to a scholar on migration in a city that has been a historical entrance for immigrants for ages. However, once a traveler always a traveler, and Phillips is certainly not ready to make his last stop. "[New York] is not home" he declares, "in the sense that I couldn't leave if I decided that I just wanted to go write under a palm tree." Easier said than done? Maybe. But something about Phillips (his life's trajectory, perhaps?) speaks to the genuine nature of his words.

When asked what advice he would give his students upon graduating, he had two things to say. First and foremost is—surprise surprise—travel, especially before you get tied down to one career or profession. The other: "No one ever achieved anything by playing it safe," he says, in a casual voice that belies the truth of these words to his own experience. "Don't be afraid to take risks. It's the quality that will keep you alive."

Liliana Segura is a Barnard junior and bulletin art director.

Are you stressed about food?

Do you find yourself ruminating about **what to eat**?

Do you find yourself repeatedly **over-eating or under-eating**?

Are you **preoccupied** with your size and weight?

Do you sometimes **avoid social situations** where there might be food?

Are your **feelings about yourself** affected by what you eat?

Many females struggle, at some time in their lives, with weight and diet and body image. Periods of transition and pressure, like college, can prompt or intensify these struggles. Separating from family, making new friends, managing academic responsibilities, and planning out your future can all be stressful. If **you, or anyone you know**, is having difficulty with food, know that there is confidential support and treatment available at Barnard.

At **Counseling Services**, located at Lower Level Brooks Hall, ext. 4-2092, *Julia Sheehy, Ph.D.* provides consultations, assessments, short-term individual therapy, and long-term group therapy.

At **Health Services**, located at lower level Brooks Hall, ext. 4-2091, *Maria Sorbara, M.S., R.D.E.* offers nutritional counseling, and *Polly Wheat, M.D.* monitors all medical issues related to problematic eating.

At **Well-Woman**, located at 109 Hewitt, ext. 4-3063, *Giselle Harrington, M.Ed.*, staff and peer educators provide information on nutrition and run workshops on body-image and eating concerns.

ready, get set—GO!

barnard gets in on the new york senate race action

By Anna Godberson

Where's the second most exciting race for political office in the country? The race to replace incumbent Senator Patrick Moynihan, a Democrat, who has served New York since 1976, has produced some politics-as-usual low blows. The high-visibility of its candidates and the big spending that entails, however, have produced some less-than-classy political theater as well.

Since she entered the race, Hillary Rodham Clinton's opposition, Congressman Rick Lazio, has dogged her with accusations of carpetbagging, insisting that election to the Senate will serve her own self-interests rather than the state's at large. Barnard sophomore Megan Romigh agrees with Lazio. "I see her as an outsider, who doesn't know a lot about New York," she said.

Romigh hails from the upstate town of Massena and has worked on the Lazio campaign. Lazio supporters claim that he is better qualified, because he has held office as a Long Island congressman. Romigh said, "I don't think that the Senate is a proving ground. It's a place where proven people go and make laws."

Columbia College sophomore Samir Arora who has worked for the Clinton campaign since January, said, "Lazio is running on his experience and hoping that the voters of New York never find out exactly how he voted on certain issues." During recent talk show appearances, and throughout the race, Lazio has highlighted Clinton's involvement in her husband's administration, invoking the issue of her character, and shedding doubt on her trustworthiness and integrity. Recently, state Democrats have balked at Lazio's voting record. Accusing him of absenteeism, they claim that he has missed 111 house votes since April.

Lazio stepped into the race after May 20, when Mayor Giuliani announced that his prostate cancer would prevent him from running. Clinton campaign commercials emphasized the four-term Congressman's less moderate strains, pointing out that he was Newt Gingrich's Deputy whip and involved in Gingrich's "Contract for America." Despite Lazio's experience in the house, Clinton has portrayed herself as the more seasoned candidate, pointing to her work as Pres-

ident of the Children's Defense Fund, her nomination as one of America's top 100 lawyers by Lawyer Magazine, and the considerable influence that she wielded in the White House. Clinton has derided Lazio's tax plan as "irresponsible" and "risky." Romigh defends Lazio, saying "He knows a lot about New York. His parents, like many New York residents, were immigrants."

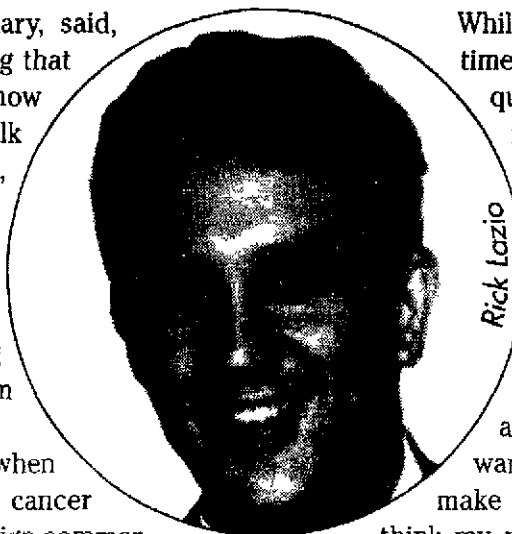
At the candidates' first debate on September 13, held in Buffalo, Lazio left his podium and approached Clinton, challenging her to sign a ban on soft-money. In fallout from the debate, Clinton and her supporters have labeled Lazio a "bully." Lazio has countered with accusations of "sexism." Beyond the rather comical and pathetic poor-little-skirt and mean-nasty-guy imagery, the soft money debate has become an important issue in the race. Lazio has been able to tap into the more national issue of campaign finance reform.

While Clinton is far better at fundraising soft money (contributions collected in unlimited amounts by party committees, which is not supposed to help candidates directly, but which is used for commercials and other promotions), Lazio leads in collection of hard money, or regulated campaign contributions. While Clinton has claimed that the agreement puts her at a monetary disadvantage, it is also a chance for her to prove her credibility. Since the agreement, however, both candidates have continued raising soft money, maintaining that none of it will be used for their own advertisements.

While both candidates have spent much time claiming that they are the most qualified to revive the upstate economy or the more trustworthy, they have also tangled over issues close to our undergraduate hearts. Clinton, for instance, supports College Opportunity Tax Cuts, a proposal which would provide up to \$10,000 in tax relief for those pursuing undergraduate study, graduate study, or training courses. "I want to see Hilary pass her plan to make college tuition tax deductible. I think my parents would like that, too," says

Arora. Lazio, who's daughters attend a public school on Long Island, supports school vouchers, which Clinton opposes. While they are both against gay marriage, Clinton supports more rights for gays in "domestic partnerships" than Lazio.

The abortion issue has gotten new emphasis since the



FDA approval of mifepristone or RU-486, the so-called French abortion pill. Lazio supports the decision, but does not believe that medicaid should pay for it. While this represents a break from the position of Republican presidential nominee George W. Bush, reproductive rights advocates maintain that Lazio is not, as he claims, pro-choice. Lazio has consistently voted against federal funding of abortions, backed parental notification laws, and other restrictive measures. Clinton supports the

distribution of mifepristone, as well as its funding by medic-aid.

While Clinton's personal life and Lazio's interpersonal skills may get the most spin, their ideological differences are quite pronounced. November 7 will provide a real choice between dramatically different candidates.

Anna Godberson is a Barnard junior and bulletin staff writer.

wellwoman: safe S&M

Q How can I make S&M safe?

A In order to make Sado-masochistic (SM) play safe it is vital for all partners involved to be aware of safer sex guidelines and to be consenting to the specific activity. In situations where "no, please don't" or the like can be a part of the fun, it is very important to have a "safeword" which, when used, will

stop all play immediately.

In terms of disease prevention, some important tips include: (1) If a toy comes in contact with blood, vaginal fluids, or semen, it must be washed (10% bleach, 90% water, followed by soapy water. (2) Hepatitis B is hard to kill especially on leather or suede items. Make a visit to Health Services if you have not yet been immunized against Hep B. (3) For play piercing or cutting, be sure to clean

the area first, use sterile syringes, and soak all non-disposable instruments in 50% bleach, 50% water. (4) Activities such as bondage, spanking, psychological domination, submission, etc. are STI-safe. For more information, see <http://www.stopaids.org/saisex.html> and check out Columbia's own BDSM discussion group, *Conversio Virium*.

Remember that will all S&M activity both partners must consent to each specific activity.

"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, and is not a substitute for individual medical advice. You are encouraged to see your own health care provider.

COMMUNITY TALKS BACK

Stop by **Upper Level McIntosh** and take a look at the issues that are being faced in our community. Here's your chance to **VOICE YOUR OPINION** and **BE REPRESENTED!!!** Comments will be posted every two weeks.

This week's topic:

Media commentaries are filled with assertions about how students on diverse college campuses are clustering in racial/ethnic groups and thereby not benefitting from the **increasing diversity of higher education**. New research is available, however, that suggests that campus diversity is leading to significant educational and social benefits for all college students. It also suggests that segregation by race or ethnicity is not, in fact, a dominant characteristic on **college campuses today**. Why do so many people, including many students, still perceive racial/ethnic segregation on college campuses as a problem? What is the extent of student segregation by **race/ethnicity**? What difference does racial/ethnic clustering make when it does occur?

artspicks

for the week of october 18

visual art

Dan Flavin: Works from the 1960's

At Zwirner and Wirth (32 E 69 Street. Between Fifth and Madison Aves). Tue-Sat 10am to 6 pm. Through November 4. For more info call 517-8677.

Fluorescent light sculptures from a European private collection.

Coal by Any Other Names: The Journey Towards Good Taste

At American Fine Arts (22 Wooster Street between Grand and Canal Streets). Tue-Sat Noon to 6pm. Through Saturday, October 30.

This gallery examines the four life-stages of an artist: art school, the studio, the gallery and the museum. Beyond these the activities include workshops, field trips and theatrical dramas.

dance

Andrea Del Conte

At Taperia Madrid (1471 Second Ave between 76 and 77 Streets) Tickets are \$15 Call 794-2923 for

combining sculpture with medicine:

by Amanda Brotman

The scene at Larry Gagosian's Chelsea gallery was absolute madness on the evening of September 23, 2000. From the outside it looked more like a Hollywood movie premiere—with flashbulbs popping at the vibrant crowd that included the likes of Richard Serra, Jeff Koons, Anh Duong and Angela Lindvall. It definitely did not resemble the understated cool of usual gallery openings because that's exactly what it was not: a usual gallery opening.

The opening of Damien Hirst's newest exhibit, *Theories Models, Methods, Approaches, Assumptions, Results, and Findings*, an anticipated event in itself, was also the frenzied premiere of Gagosian Gallery's newly expanded Chelsea space. Expanded it was. Once through the anxious and pushy throng of people outside, I felt like I was walk-

ing through a fun-house—room after room of delirious vision after delirious vision. The first spectacle that I encountered was a giant (20-foot tall) painted bronze anatomical model curiously entitled *Hymn*. This sculpture exhibits Hirst's extremely playful nature—his turning of a childhood educational toy into a massive sculpture. exposed eyeball. lungs, intestines and all.

It was also illustrative of one of Hirst's running interests as well as his theme for this show. medical paraphernalia. About his inspiration, Hirst said, "Pharmacies provoke an idea of confidence of trust in minimalism. I love

medical logos, so minimal, so clean, there's something dumb about it." Hirst has parodied the western notion that medicine and chemicals can help a person to cheat death saying, "You can only cure people for so long and then they're going to die anyway... You can't arrest decay..."

Scattered throughout the rooms were other types of works that have made Hirst notorious or famous, depending on which specific piece you're looking at and to whom you're speaking. The first are Hirst's more acceptably famous "dot paintings." They are acceptable because they're not as challenging as most of his other works for which he has been massively publicized and ostracized. (Remember the Brooklyn Museum of Art show last year.) They do happen to be a favorite, being the most quiet with their soft col-

courtesy of the Larry Gagosian Gallery



Hirst's *Hymn*, a larger than life anatomical model statue

ors and harmonious order.

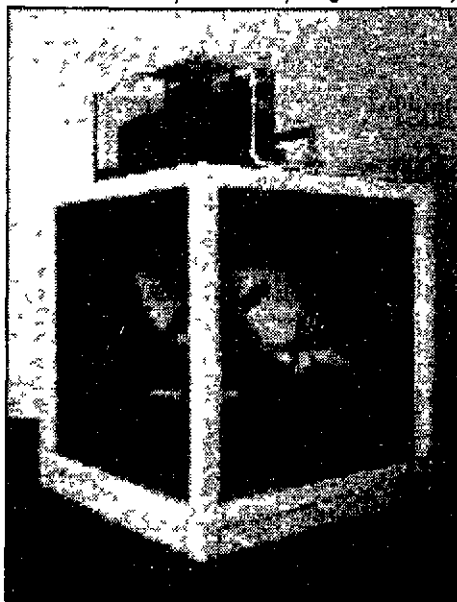
The other paintings in the show are large slick iconic representations of the fronts of different medicine boxes. If one looks twice, however, one will notice that they are not just normal medicine boxes of drugs such as Advil or even Valium. Hirst has humorously packaged the evening's dinner entree of corned beef as a tempting

narcotic. However deep the ideas beneath these works go, they still are the least provocative of the bunch. That is exactly what is so wonderful about the next group of works at the gallery

This next type of work is sculptural.

Damien Hurst at the Gagosian Gallery

but nothing like Michelangelo's David, if that's what you're thinking. This type is more subjective and forces its viewer to spend at least a few minutes staring in deep contemplation in order to make some sense of them. They are not the types of works you can just walk past and comprehend in a second or two—they must be experienced. These sculptures all involve beautifully constructed shiny metal-framed glass cases with some sort of scene set inside. One of the more simple ones was a shallow shelved case displaying hundreds of different colored pills. Others were much more puzzling such as the slightly



another of Hirst's medical sculptures

courtesy of the Larry Gagosian Gallery sickening diorama of a medical examiner's gurneys and tools with bloody chicken bones as well as a human skeletal form underneath sheets on the gurneys. Others were similarly focused on medical paraphernalia, but they were even more extremely surrealistic. These not only had a set up of medical paraphernalia, but were also filled with water and fish, heightening the work's surrealistic aura.

Some of these sculptures seemed slightly humorous (see the glass box with the televisions screening TV commercials of advice as to which medicines one should take in the case of a heart attack), others more creepy (see

the glass box with the robotic doctor working inside). Yet others simply exhibited the fragility and uncontrollability of life (see the table of upturned knives with the white ball being kept afloat above by a fan).

All of Hirst's works in this show (which will be showing until December 16) are ultimately an exploration of mortality in one form or another. They cannot be done any justice by a review; one cannot hope to understand his works or even visualize them from words. So, make a trip down to the new Gagosian gallery (located at 555 West 24th Street at 11th Ave.) and judge for yourself. They have to be treated as an interactive experience executed first hand.

Amanda Brotman is a Barnard junior.

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artspicks

...continued

times.

Andrea Del Conte Danza Espana presents flamenco dancing.

theater

Me...Link

At Theater of the Riverside Church (91 Claremont Ave. Between 120 and 122 Streets). Tickets are \$15-\$20. Call (917)494-9008 for times.

Hye-Jin Kim's Sisyphoe Dance Players presents a piece that examines the relationship between visual arts and dance, death and life, reality and illusion. The performance ends with an actual wedding ceremony.

film

YiYi (A One and a Two)

At Film Forum (209 Houston Street between 6 Ave and Varick Street). Tickets are \$9. Call 727-8110 for more info.

Directed by Edward Yang, this film presents different perspectives on the arc of life. It is in Taiwanese, Mandarin, Japanese and English.

Before Night Falls

BREAKS THE SILENCE

By Vanessa Garcia

I discovered Reinaldo Arenas, the Cuban writer, when I was 17—about the time when I had decided that I would spend my life engulfed in ink, that I would attempt to bring life to blank pages, that I would live by my pen, by my imagination, by my observation. Reinaldo Arenas has been a constant companion throughout my journey.

The first book I read of his was entitled *The Assault*, and, as I made my way through his of kaleidoscopic sharp edged satire, through the seeming absurdity that is nothing less than darkness, nothing more than truth, through his rawness, his daring—as I lost myself in all of this, I understood that it constituted part of my own Cuban past, my own sad inheritance. I realized that I had found a friend, a companion, a brother.

Now, four years after my discovery, I see that Julian Schnabel, whom most of you know as a painter, has directed a film based on Arenas' autobiography *Before Night Falls*. In his autobiography as in most of his books, Arenas brings forth the "secret history of Cuba," the history no one really knows or cares to understand, the one that has been silenced for so many years. The one that describes life under a dictatorship that is still alive and kicking and that most people do not even recognize it as such.

The film highlights the important

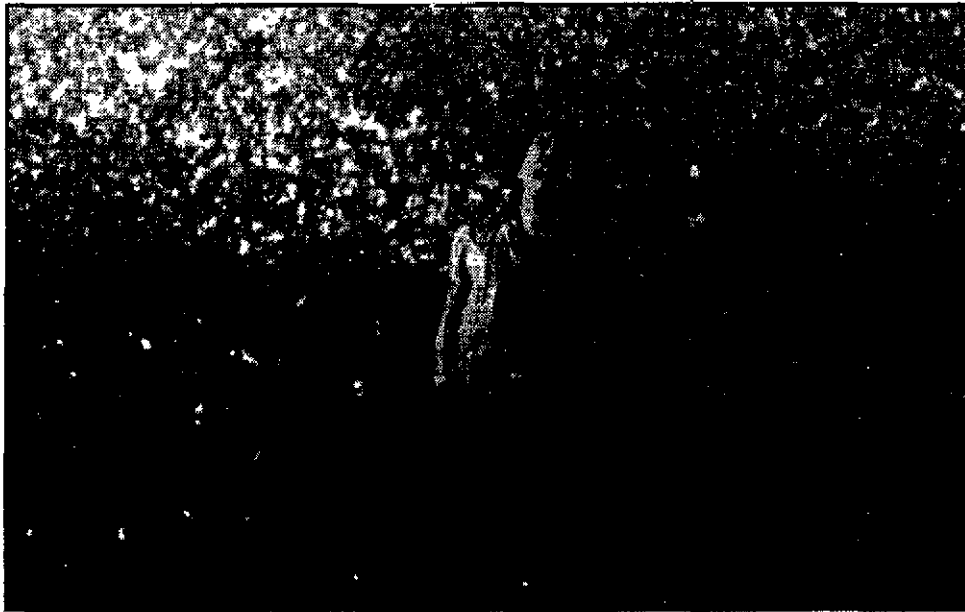
parts of the book: Arenas' poverty as a child, the lack of liberty he had as a writer under the Castro regime, the censorship he witnessed, his imprisonment for being a homosexual and a writer in a country where it is "revolution or nothing," where you risk your life when you speak out against the government.

In Cuba being homosexual was considered a crime because it tainted the militaristic youth of the revolution—Castro thinks of homosexuality as capitalist decadence, as a contamination

ty, its watery undulations and rhythms. If I had taken it upon myself to make this movie, however, I would have had to split myself open and pour all of my blood into this thing because that is the way Arenas wrote. He wrote about open wounds that no one dared touch. Schnabel is a bit less gutsy; his cinematic choices should have been less clothed, more bold.

Still, his direction is not really what is important here—what is important is that he chose to make this movie, that, like Arenas, he has chosen to break

courtesy of the New York Film Festival



Before Night Falls shows Cuba's "secret history"

barriers of silence. I have to thank Julian Schnabel profusely for having the courage to take on this project, for having the vision and the understanding of bringing forth the "secret history" of Cuba onto a screen before a country that, a few weeks ago, worshiped Castro and bowed down to his four hour speech at Riverside Church.

to his society. Schnabel includes the pieces of the novel, also, where Arenas describes the "concentration camps" where dissenters, homosexuals, and madmen are sent. This is where Arenas himself was sent, where he wrote the autobiography of his life on cigarette wrappers in the lightless night of a prison cell.

The film is wonderfully acted by Javier Bardem, who plays Reinaldo, and includes Cameo performances by Johnny Depp and Sean Penn. The film has it's wonderful moments, it's beau-

I thank Julian Schnabel for his insight, for his comprehension, his compassion, and his choice. He has understood Arenas and has decided to show the world through the means that will reach the most people: the cinema.

If you could not understand why the "Miami Cubans" made such a big deal about a little boy named Elian, then go see this movie and read the book so that you may educate yourself with truth before you pass judgment.

Vanessa Garcia is a Barnard senior.

Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon explodes on screen

By Courtney E. Martin

My boyfriend has tried to convince me to watch kung-fu flicks since the first time we met. He has put me through hours of his bootleg collection, clip after clip of meaningless fight scenes that made him "oh" and "ah" in some kind of guttural kung fu ecstasy I certainly didn't understand.

"Wait, what is he fighting about?! Did he have to use that sword like that?! Is this ever going to be over?"

Let's just say it quickly became one of those "you say tomato, I say tomatato" situations. In the end, we just popped in Mallrats and called it a day.

Now we discover, there may be hope for us yet. Ang Lee's new movie, *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon*, is not only a kung-fu flick capable of producing plenty of guttural moans from him, but an epic worthy of redefining any skeptical movie watcher's definition of kung-fu. This delight is no stereotypical

kick 'em up flick.

First of all, the cast of courageous fighters is mostly composed of women. Jen, played by Zhang Ziyi, is a young princess who misleadingly appears to be destined for an arranged marriage



Zhang Ziyi kicks butt in *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon*

and a quiet life. Yu Shu Lien, played by Michelle Yeoh, is a fierce fighter and an awe inspiring muse of sorts to legendary martial artist Li Mu Bai, played by Chow Yun Fat. When the three collide, an explosion of shamelessly dramatic plot twists erupt, made brighter and more entertaining by the second key element that sets *Crouching Tiger*,

Hidden Dragon apart from other kung-fu movies: surrealism.

The fighting transcends realistic limitations of the human body. Yuen Wo-Ping, the martial arts choreographer, brilliantly coordinates traditional

kicks and punches with revolutionary special effects. Yu Shu Lien runs up buildings. Li Mu Bai fights in the tree tops. In this Matrix-like spectacle, all previous boundaries of what is possible are blown to bits.

Both the feminist perspective and the surrealism of the movie made me crazy when I left the theater. Let's just say, my boyfriend was no longer listening to me ask annoy-

ing questions about the point of a hum-drum, fuzzy pictured kung fu flick, but watching me run around the street, throwing kicks off curbs and making a spectacle of myself. I just couldn't help it.

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

so, you're sitting there interviewing john cusak and...wait! you're interviewing john cusak? you must be a bulletin arts writer!

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musicpicks

for the week of october 18

october 19

The Subteens

At Lakeside Lounge (162 Avenue B at 10 Street). For more info, call 529-8463.

Memphis band the Subteens play thrashing sleazy punk rock with just enough melody to keep you wanting more.

october 20

Bad Religion

At Roseland (239 W. 52 Street between 8 Ave. and Broadway). For more info, call 777-6800.

Old school punk fans who cringed when Bad Religion opened for Blink182 will be happy to know this veteran LA punk band is headlining this time around, in support of their twelfth album *The New America*.

october 20

BT with Hooverphonic

At the Roxy (515 W. 18 Street between 10 and 11 Aves.). For more info, call

Weston plays



Weston in all their geek chic and indie rock glory

By Mara McLaughlin

On the warmest night so far in the last few weeks, I ventured off into the funky unknown of Alphabet City. My destination was Brownies, one of the only decent clubs left in the city that actually has good sounding cheap shows. And on this very night they were to showcase Weston, one of the most cool and entertaining bands I've seen in a while.

How to describe such a band? Well, first you have to imagine a group of skinny, geeky looking indie punk rock guys (who are as cute as they get, by the way). Then imagine these same men on stage just rocking their hearts out playing nothing you've ever heard but perhaps something vaguely akin to pop punk or just plain small band from PA rock n' roll

This tour was to celebrate the release of their sixth album, *The Massed Albert Sounds*, on their new label Mojo Records (also home of the Cherry Poppin Daddies and Goldfinger). Singer, Jim Snyder, describes *The Massed Albert Sounds* as different in

that it's the "first recording which we've used anything besides that [the straight ahead approach of guitar/bass/drums], i.e. piano, bells, triangles... We wanted to colorize the record a bit more so that even after 500 listens there would still be something that you hadn't heard before. I dig records like that."

Having established their name touring with many pop punk bands, and it being an all ages show, the venue was teeming with 14-year-old kids with MxPx shirts and 150+ buttons on their army bags, and in between them a scattering of some of the older, more scenester looking folks.

As I stood waiting, for a terribly long time because the people were having a hard time forming a line outside the door, I thought of my grandma and how she used to say, "Patience is a virtue, possess it if you can..."

Once in, it took an even longer time surviving mediocre and generic opening bands. But at last, shortly after 11 PM, Weston took the stage and initiated a warm fuzzy karate chop set to blow the sold-out Brownies away.

from the heart

Starting off with the same-titled hit from a previous album *Matinee*, the singer, Jim, crooned intensely of a "...messenger from God/You're not a boy/You're not a girl/You're too good to be from this world..." And his eyes were shut so tight that we believed that the words were coming straight from his heart to his mouth.

Weston then proceeded to rock hard and vocalize everything in their pretty little heads, playing a mixture of old hits and lots of soon-to-be favorites like "Summer's Over" and "I Quit Rock N' Roll" off of *The Massed Albert Sounds*.

Summing up their set very nicely and simply, Jim stated, "Old equals fast, new equals slow."

However, Weston lovers will be far from disappointed by the new tunes. Rather, they'll be struck by the complex and beautiful noises coming out of these mouths and still not encounter fake fronts or sappy weak guitars. Add in that Weston is as goofy and weird as they've ever been and you got yourself an Extra Value Meal of girls, good times, and rock n' roll. Guitarist/vocalist Dave Weston and bass player Jesse short kept the crowd going with silly stories

and smart cracking quips that sometimes were so bizarre, one just had to laugh.

But seriously folks, this show made me want to run out and buy their new album right away because it made me feel something sincere. I knew they were singing about things they experienced—real things, lovely things, sappy things, geeky things, funny things, absurd things.

Jim thanked us for coming out to see them and selling out the show, for not moshing and just sitting there and enjoying beautiful music. In a passing comment on the new album he said "See? You can fall in love and still kick ass at the same time." True, Jim, very true. And they rocked us on out an hour later playing another old favorite combo "New Shirt/Heather Lewis." off of *Got Beat Up*.

I'd have to say the time flew by just a little too fast and I longed for an encore to keep us suspended in rock n' roll bliss a few minutes longer, but no luck: Days later I'm still on a Weston high. My suggestion to all you music fans out there: run, don't walk.

Mara McLaughlin is a Barnard senior.

musicpicks

...continued

645-5156.

American Brian Transeau revitalized the British club scene with his dream-house, new age techno style. Playing with Belgian ambient popsters Hooverphonic, this is a show you don't want to miss.

october 21

Gregg Allman

At *B.B. King's Blues Bar and Grill* (243 West 42 Street between 7 and 8 Avenues). For more info, call 997-4144.

Powerful rock icon Gregg Allman, of the Allman Brothers Band, brings his southern, bluesy rock and roll sound to the city.

october 25

Violent Femmes

At *Hammerstein Ballroom* (311 W 34th Street at 9th Ave). For more info, call 564-4882.

This classic 80's band, known for their sarcastic, folk-meets-punk sound, returns in support of their latest effort *Freak Magnet*.

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oh, canada. . . can't get enough of the tragically hip

by Veronica Liu

Halfway between Toronto and Montreal, just off the 401 Highway, is the small town of Kingston, Ontario, home to one of Canada's national treasures: The Tragically Hip. Formed in the late eighties, The Tragically Hip is considered by many fans and critics to be one of the top five bands in Canadian music history. Starting out as a bar band, the Kingston natives now sell out arenas and stadiums across their homeland and have won numerous Juno Awards (Canadian equivalents to a Grammy). Just south of the border, however, their following is considerably smaller. They still manage to sell out mid-sized venues and small venues with multi-night runs, but for the most part, American residents are unexposed to the greatness that is The Tragically Hip.

Last Friday, October 6th, The Tragically Hip played at New York's Town Hall theatre, to a sold out crowd—despite the band's lack of presence on New York radio. The audience was filled with expatriate Canadians and folks from border towns who had driven for hours to see the band, as well as Americans who had actually heard of the band on U.S. radio or from other shows. For many people, the New York concert was not the only show that they would catch on the tour. Some fans helped perpetuate Canadian stereotypes by wearing hockey jerseys and clutching Canadian flags. The beer flowed endlessly in The Town Hall lobby before, during, and after the show.

As strange as it seems, Hip fans have formed a community of sorts, ignoring state, province, and country borders to catch their favorite band live. My own random luck on the day of the show started the night before the Bulletin interview with guitarist and back up vocalist Paul Langlois, when I called a woman from The Tragically Hip fan mailing list who had responded to my offer to

sit in on the interview. She was in Pittsburgh, driving into New York with her friends just for the concert, and we began talking of the past concerts we had attended. We had both been at the Central Park free show on Canada Day this summer, and I told her that I had passed out from sunstroke before The Hip had even stepped out onstage.

"WHAT DO YOU LOOK LIKE?" she asked immediately. After I answered, she said, "I stood next to you." I didn't believe her at first, but after I checked up on details surrounding the event, I realized that the hair elastic that I have been wearing in my hair ever since had belonged to her.

It's a hard thing to explain in print, The Tragically Hip onstage. Their studio recordings are remarkable displays of musicianship, but are mere rehearsals to the creative life that is borne show after show. As Langlois says in the interview, "You know, with the sort of freight train we happen to be on live, you can get run over."

Each band member seems to exist in his own space on a time warp. Lead guitarist Bobby Baker, with goatee and straight, hip-long hair, looks the epitome of rock cool as he rips on his instrument. Bass player Gord Sinclair, tight pants and all, has stepped right of a country and western bar, minus the cowboy hat. Drummer Johnny Faye pounds on the drum kit with the clean-cut looks of an aged frat boy. Langlois often strums his

guitar in the dark corners of the stage, elusive and oblivious to the crowd around him. And all five are united by the voice of lead singer/acoustic guitar player Gord Downie, who twitches and rants with the sensibility of a "crazy old man."

Downie, who has written most of the lyrics since the early days of the band, writes and sings with the eye of a filmmaker and a poet. He weaves images and metaphors into poetic one-liners, sometimes highlighting historical Canadian events, more often juxtaposing pigeon cameras and childhood, fireworks and the Cold War, leaving the listener to try to make sense of it all. During the Bulletin interview, Langlois attempted to explain Downie's hesitation to spell out his lyrics, describing that to compromise the experience of a listener and the experience of the songwriter would still not do a song meaning justice.

The new tour, titled "An Evening with The Tragically Hip," has done away with opening acts, allowing the band to play two extended sets, amounting to about thirty songs per night. Many songs off the band's latest album, *Music @ Work*, are included in the sets, but the format also allows the group to revisit older material that is often requested but cannot be played due to time restrictions. Though they had originally thought the "Evening With..." shows would be long and marathon-like, Langlois claims that they are not like that at all, since, in The Hip's early club days, they used to play



two or three sets a night.

"There are a lot of people at our shows in Canada that know us well and remember us as a club band," recalls Langlois, "but there are a lot of people that have really just thought of us, maybe, bigger than that. But you know, to this day, we're still a club band, and it feels like we still play clubs now. Theatres I would put in the same sort of territory, unless it's a great big theatre, but it's like a club gig a little bit. So that's what we're probably the most used to. The adjustment probably comes for the bigger shows up in the arenas."

The extended sets have also brought welcome challenges. Langlois claims, "They're no longer unconscious songs you can just sort of ride through and not tell your fingers and tell yourself, 'Is the end of the verse here?'" No matter how far back they go, however, Langlois says that he would be very surprised if they played anything off the "baby record," The Tragically Hip EP.

In addition to pulling out the back catalogue, the band has invited Chris Brown and Kate Fenner along for the duration of the tour. Brown and Fenner, former members of Toronto's now-defunct Bourbon Tabernacle Choir, had opened for The Hip's summer tour, and Chris had played Hammond organ and Kate had performed back up vocals, during The Hip's actual summer sets. The addition of the two musicians did not inspire the change to the new format, but has amounted to a greater willingness to "have fun and pull out 'new' tunes," according to Langlois.

And having fun seems to be just fine for Langlois, who is often asked why The Hip haven't "cracked the U.S. market down here." The band bounced around between American record labels, and has settled on Sire for the distribution of the past two albums, Phantom Power and Music @ Work. Langlois feels that Sire has treated them better than their previous label, though the band has felt the

effect of the departure of one of Sire's most encouraging employees. In any case, American market domination isn't the goal of this Kingston band.

On U.S. promotion, Langlois says it's "a game that we're not overly willing to jump whole-hog into. We have done, and we'll definitely do radio shows if we're invited to come and do that, but as far as the promotional machine...we've got a good a good thing going, and why get all weird about it and all desperate? We have a very cool career, you know, and it's been one, and it continues.

"It takes certain things happening—we don't know what they are—to have any sort of national-type exposure in this country, so we'll just take opportunities as they come along, but otherwise, we're pretty happy with how things are."

And no matter which country The Tragically Hip plays, the fans are happy too.

Veronica Liu is a Barnard senior.

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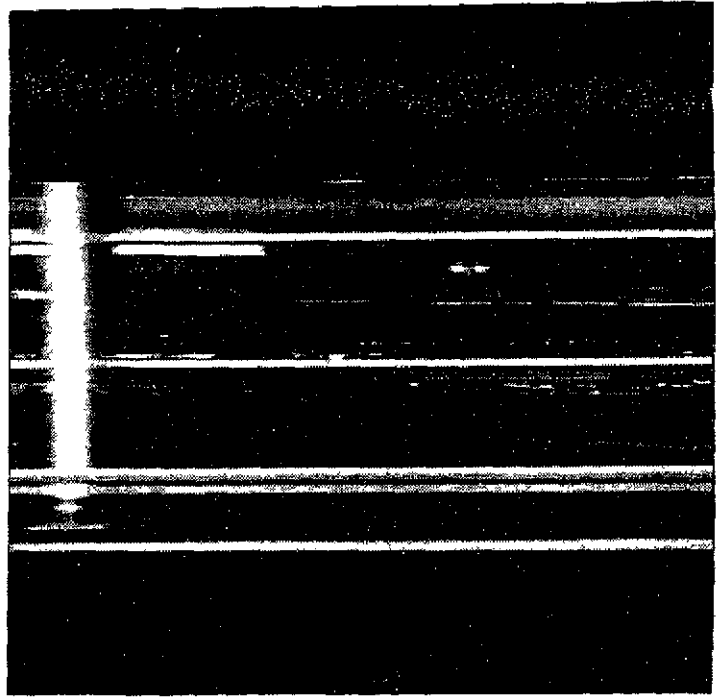
albumreviews

photek expands sound

Photek's recently released album on Astralwerks, *Solaris*, is an unexpected yet quality listening experience. Departing from his usual scientific perfectionist drum'n'bass, Photek seems to have spent some time relaxing and expands his sounds into other electronic genres, including tech-house, house (with a capital H), breaks, ambient, and trip-hop. There is only one drum'n'bass track on the album, "Infinity," a sci-fi influenced tune with frosted synth sounds layered over a driving groove.

Photek opens the album with two funky laid-back breaks tracks, and segues into my favorite track, "Glamourama", a throbbing tech-house tune a la Swayzak. Then we get to experience Photek's newfound happy side for two songs, with the soulful, yet admittedly cheesy, classic "Jersey house" male vocals of Robert Owens. The album then cools off, with "Infinity", followed by the title track, "Solaris," a serene tech-house song. "Lost Blue Heaven" will appeal to the trip-hop set, and the closing track, "Under the Palms," is a drum- and bass-less soundtrack song with an '80s synth-y vibe.

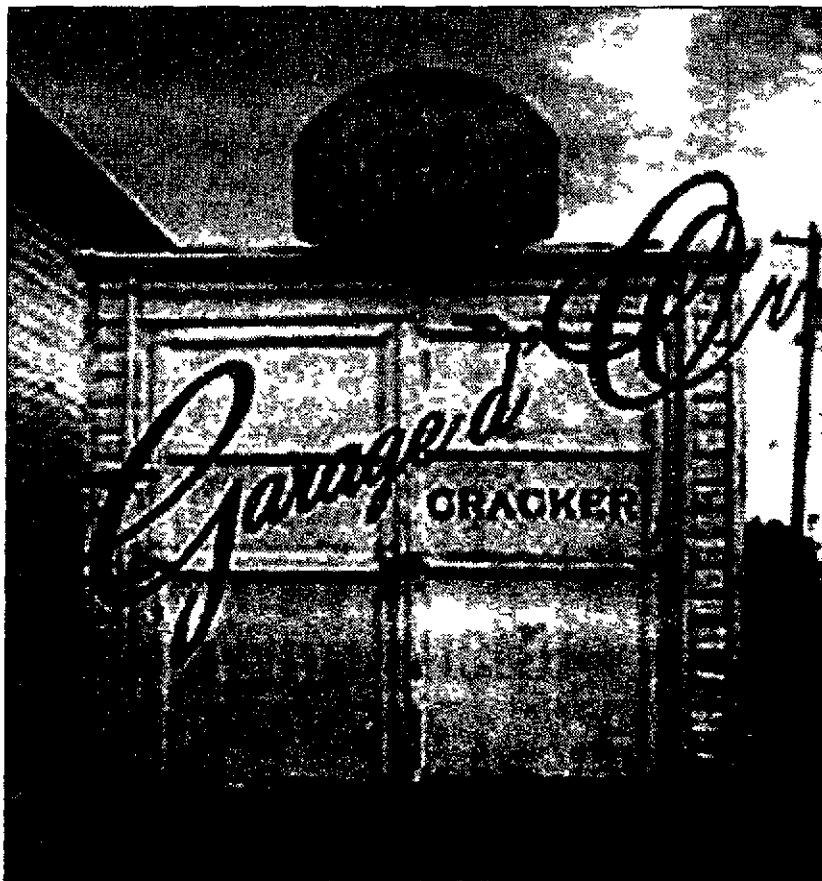
For a hardcore Photek fan or drum'n'bass head, this



album may be a disappointment, but it's a great overview of the current electronic music scene for a broader audience.

—Lina Goldman

cracker's new album not so new, after all...



When I first picked up the Cracker's latest release, *Garage d'Or*, it surprised me that I recognized some of the track titles. I thought, "Hey, cool, maybe they re-did some of their old stuff."

No-sadly, that's not the case. Cracker's "new" April release basically rehashes their five previous albums. Considering twelve of the sixteen songs on the CD come straight off *Cracker Brand*, *Kerosene Hat*, *The Golden Age*, and *Gentleman's Blues*, I find it difficult to call the album fresh and new. Even the new songs, "Be My Love," "Heaven Knows I'm Lonely," and "The Eyes of Mary" sound frighteningly similar to the "usual Cracker."

On the bright side, buying *Garage d'Or* is like getting five for the price of one. And if you're a true Cracker fan, the "Bonus CD with Cracker Rarities" has a sampling of live, unreleased, or covered songs. It's not that the CD is bad, it just disappoints me that the band didn't actually put out anything new—it's simply a compilation, marketed as if it were original.

—Charlotte Williams

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Lunch for Sign-Up in Milbank
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10:00 - 11:00 PM Lower Level Milbank

Wednesday 10/25 The Autumnaire
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7:00 - 9:00 PM From Milbank to the Quad

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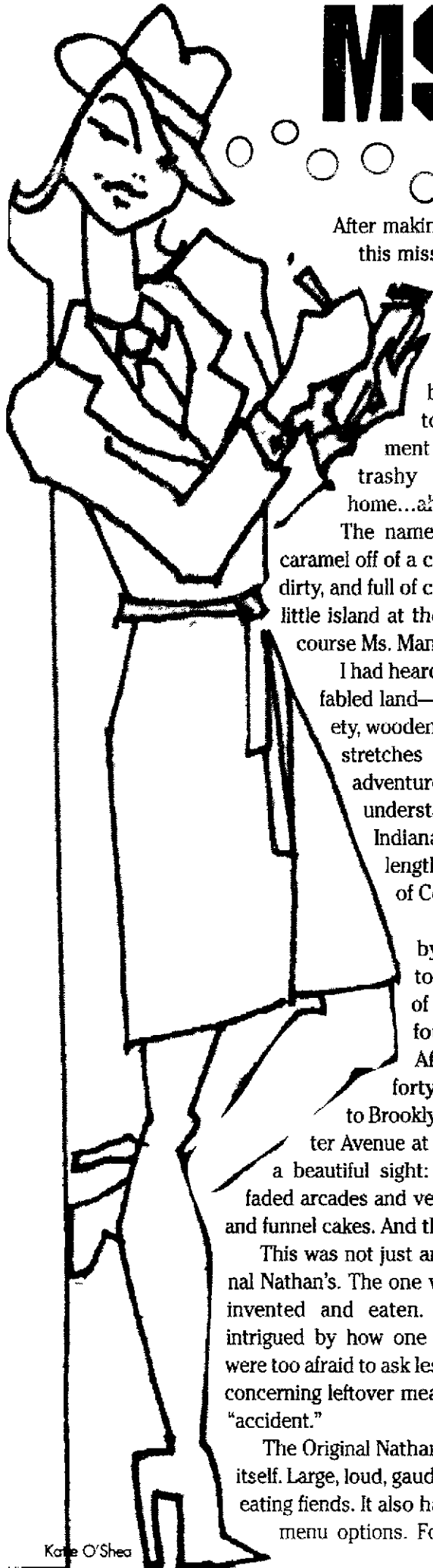
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MS MANHATTAN

a quest to the isle of coney



After making the ultimate sacrifice for this mission to find the quintessential New York: scaring my body permanently, I have decided to go to a place I might fit in with my new body art. A place where tattoos and terrifying amusement ride malfunction, tacky and trashy all find a wonderful home...ahh.... Coney Island.

The name rolls off the tongue like caramel off of a candied apple. Life is sweet, dirty, and full of cheap entertainment on this little island at the end of the N-F-B-D, So of course Ms. Manhattan had to try it out.

I had heard bits and pieces about this fabled land—about the old-school, rickety, wooden roller coaster and the long stretches of boardwalk. But, as any adventurer knows, to hear is not to understand. And so, in the likes of Indiana Jones, I set out on the lengthy expedition to the Island of Coney.

The subway ride there is, by itself, an arduous trek, not to be attempted by the faint of heart, but fortunately I had four faithful companions. After (yes, count them!) forty-two stops from Manhattan to Brooklyn, we step out onto Stillwater Avenue at the end of the line and see a beautiful sight: streets lined with cheap, faded arcades and vendors selling cotton candy and funnel cakes. And then there was Nathan's.

This was not just any Nathan's, but The Original Nathan's. The one where the hotdog was first invented and eaten. And although we were intrigued by how one "discovers" a hotdog, we were too afraid to ask lest there be some vulgar tale concerning leftover meaty parts and some type of "accident."

The Original Nathan's was a treasure in and of itself. Large, loud, gaudy, and packed full of hotdog-eating fiends. It also had an interesting display of menu options. For those who were not as

excited about munching on a dog at the place of its very conception, as I was, they also had a choice of things such as frog legs, chow mein on a bun, and (my favorite) corndog nuggets.

After a strangely satisfying meal of greasy food, we set out in search of the roller coaster, a.k.a. Cyclone. It loomed at the far end of the rows of arcades and after the Wheel of Wunder. But, we were on a mission and even the most desperate calls from the arcade vendors to come play their games (One free game! Everyone's a winner!) could not deter us.

Now, Cyclone does not look so daunting from the sidewalk because it has no upside down loops or wild heights which seem to be the newest trend in roller coasters today, but it definitely does have the true fear factor working in its favor. Wooden 2x4s comprise the tracks, and who knows how old the metal beams are that support the entire system?

As I watched my faithful companions screaming madness and much, much more, I knew this was a roller coaster to be reckoned with. (I myself was denied entry due to broken bones from a previous adventure, so I had to settle with my view from the stable ground). But when my companions emerged giggling and (quite literally) shaken, we were unperturbed, our appetites only slightly whetted, and we went out in search for more.

After exhausting our quarters on the skeeball machines, we headed to the boardwalk for a breezy view of the ocean. It was fabulous, with an actual beach and crashing waves—a sight hard to come by in New York City, as anybody knows. We sat on the benches and watched the raucous roamers of the boardwalk, all the while being innocently hassled by a drunken old Russian man who wanted to give us a piece of his fried shrimp. The sun was setting over the boardwalk and after a farewell dinner of funnel cake, we made a last stop at the candy shop for salt water taffy and candied apples so that we would be well-stocked for the ride home.

And such is life on the Coney...it was pleasing no doubt, but the crashing waves, giant hot dogs, and creaky amusement rides strike me as anything but New York quintessential. All that air and enthusiasm...let's just say it was way too ghetto Disneyland to be NYC. The search continues..

Kate O'Shea

the anonymous ears of the city

by Emily Hackel

There are some jobs in New York that are not found in the average American city. Imagine driving a yellow cab. Imagine traveling from Haiti to New York to do so. Benito Rabhanis came to New York 26 years ago because, "here you can meet everyone from all around the world." He said that he likes everything about New York and that his job is "all right," but "like it or not you gotta make a living." He spoke about his children.

At first he did not have enough money for his entire family to live here, so he let his wife and children come first. Rabhanis moved here a few years later to meet up with them. He said it was to be back together after being apart from them for years. He could not wait to become an integral part of their lives again.

He used to work in construction, but then he transitioned into being a cab driver, and has been driving a yellow cab for fifteen years now. He loves living in New York because it gives him the chance to be with his family, and to be with an amalgamated group from all around the world.

Other drivers echo Rabhanis' sentiments about having such a strenuous job in New York City. They say the work is hard, but that meeting all kinds of people is well worth it.

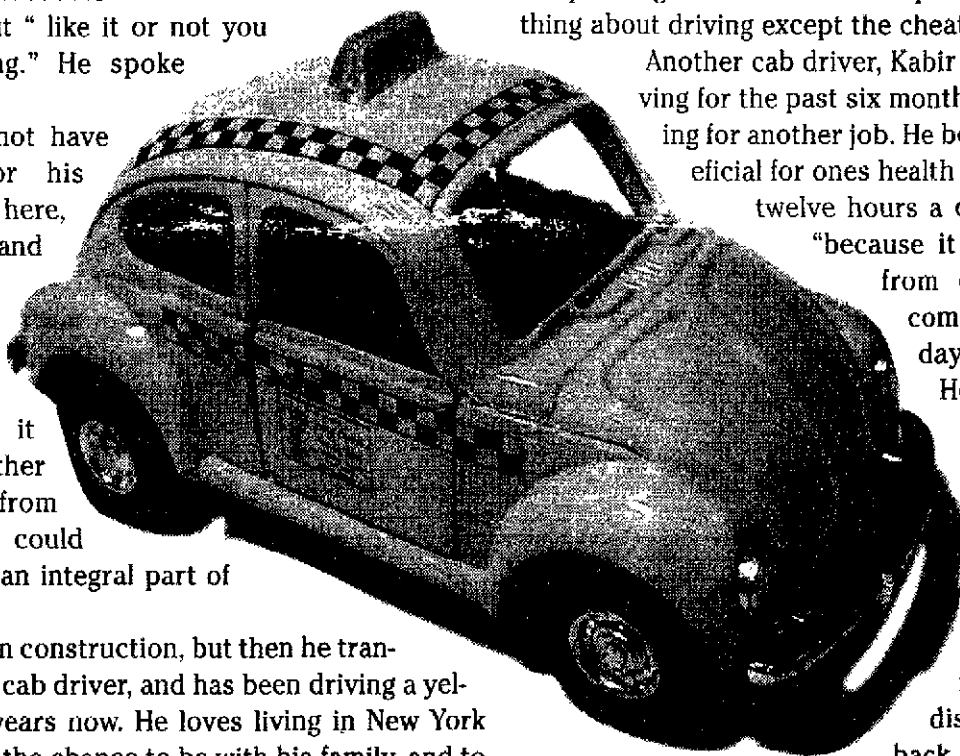
Ajirin Takinso agrees, but he has a certain pessimistic philosophy about driving a cab. Have you ever gotten into a cab and thought perhaps that there was a faster way of arriving at your destination, and maybe suggested that the driver was "cheating?" Takinso feels that people do this often and it is unnecessary because, "I would not cheat." He believes that people unnecessarily accuse him, which angers both the passenger and driver. He explained that he likes everything about driving except the cheating issue.

Another cab driver, Kabir Humayon, has been driving for the past six months, but is presently looking for another job. He believes that it is not beneficial for one's health to be sitting in a cab for twelve hours a day. He loves New York "because it has a lot of jobs and from every country people come. People can also work daytime or nighttime here."

He gets the chance to talk with a lot of people and to find out what is going on in people's lives, many times without even asking them. He just minds his business in the front seat and people discuss everything in the back, from movies playing at

the local cinema to the party they went to that evening. He is like the anonymous ears of the city.

Emily Hackel is a Barnard first-year.



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Batcave has appeal for everyone

By Roz Eggebroten

Although Batcave is considered the premiere nightclub for fans of industrial and gothic music, it actually has a very mainstream appeal. The club is held at Downtime, a venue with a lot of potential and the promoters have successfully put together a night which plays off the venue's facets to create an all-around, crowd pleasing place. Consisting of three dance floors situated on two different levels, the space manages to have something for everybody.

After entering, you are on the mezzanine level, which has couches and barstools that overlook the lower dance floor if you just feel like chilling. There's a bathroom next to the staircase, although the line is often miles long. Here the beautiful and exotic mingle with club kids and jaded scenesters in a venue which provides something for everyone, even an average college girl.

I first heard about Batcave from friends in the LA club scene who'd been and couldn't stop raving. Upon my arrival in New York I made a point to check it out.

The lowest floor gyrates to the techno, trance, and industrial sounds of DJ Bent, and has a small, casual stage on which anyone can dance. The stage itself is only a section of the dance area raised about a foot and is very accessible. This

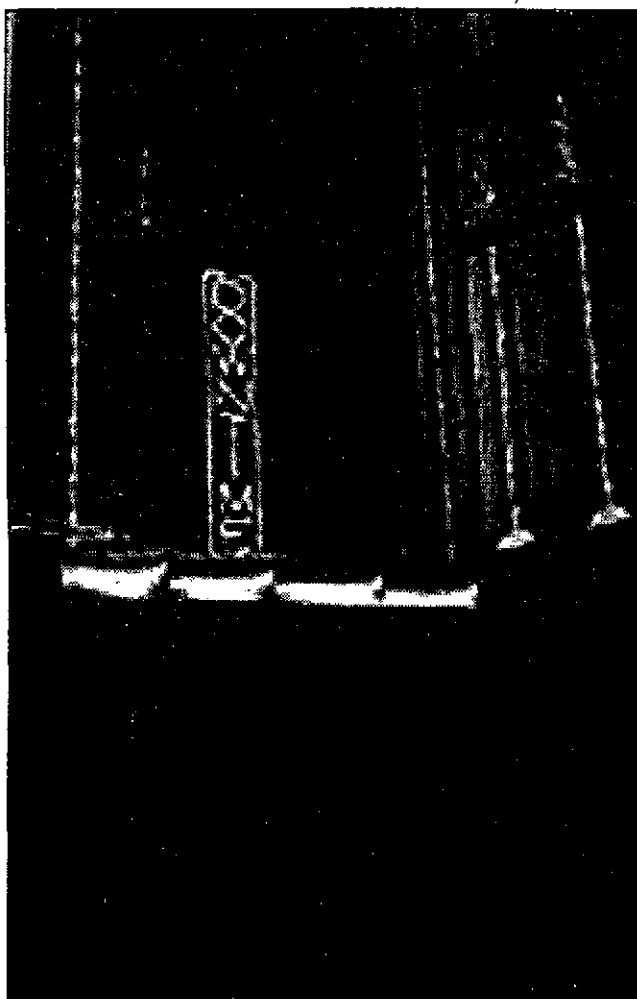
way the venue avoids the whole look-at-me mentality that is so common at clubs with boxes or multilevel dance floors, and you can really get into the music and groove without feeling overly self-conscious.

A screen projecting random images somewhat in sync to the music overlooks the stage and entire dance floor. The DJ

booth and bar are set up opposite the stage, and the space leading to the dance floor/stage area is ideal for socializing in a less crowded area.

When Batcave hosts concerts, as it occasionally does, the lower level is packed with people and far from enjoyable. Most of the time it's the second-best dance floor in the club, especially when

courtesy of downtime



Downtime beseeches you to step into the Batcave

the main level is going crazy to some beat you're just not feeling.

DJ Bent is one of NYC's better industrial DJs and because of his status he is free to play what he pleases. This varies from serious industrial groups such as Covenant and VNV Nation to mainstream favorites like the Chemical Brothers and Moby.

The upper, or main, level of the venue consists of two additional dance floors one large, and one small and cramped. The upper level also houses three bathrooms, two bars and a coat check (\$2 flat rate!). It should be noted, however, that all bathrooms at this club are considered coed by the patrons. The largest dance floor at Batcave is not very large when compared to, say, the Roxy, but only occasionally feels overcrowded. The low ceiling and moderate light use add a feeling of community to the dancers and the energy, rather than becoming trapped, is recycled into the moving mass of people as renewed enthusiasm.

DJ Ian spins a refreshing mix of dark alternative, synthe-pop and new wave. Some highlights include Garbage, Nine Inch Nails, the Cure and Depeche Mode. Occasionally something by Blur will make its way onto the playlist, and the Lords of Acid are a big cult favorite. This is my favorite room because of the variety of the playlist and the energy of everyone present. The songs are not current top 40, like so many other clubs that play anything mainstream, yet they are not so obscure that you have to wait half an hour to hear anything you recognize. With each mix people jump up from the sidelines and plunge their moving body into the pounding dance floor.

The other dance floor requires navigation through a narrow hallway and is much smaller. It is often packed with bodies, yet the frustrating thing is most people there are standing around and talking as opposed to dancing. Here DJ Patrick spins an interesting mix of good and bad Goth bands, and the result is a lack of constant energy. When he does play something inspiring people snarl when you try to make your way to the center. This par-

<< page 29 >>

Renata's ramblings

If I have to set foot into another Lerner party, I think I may very well begin screaming and foaming at the mouth. (Not to worry, however; my howls of agony would not be heard over the infernal techno beat, and my convulsions would merely be interpreted as the newest dance move.)

Every party, whichever campus faction or organization is throwing it, is the same. The same pounding, nonsensical music serves as the soundtrack. (I have never been to a party that had not played "I Will Survive", "La Vida Loca" and "Spin Me Right 'Round".) The same blinding, irritating strobe lights illuminate all of the people dressed in the same clothing, using the same dance moves and the same inane flirting techniques.

In this world, subtlety is a lost art. More skin is paraded around here than in any leather outlet. A girl's status is determined by how high her boots are. A guy's status is determined by how tiny his cell phone is (remember the good old days, when guys would compare sizes of something else?). The boys dump so much gel on their heads that, if they tried to pull a break-dancing move and spin on their heads, they would probably cause a walking hazard. The girls pile on the makeup with such enthusiasm that I begin to wonder if they were inspired by Michelangelo's paintings *al fresco*.

(Later on, I conclude that, compared to their makeup, *al fresco* is the "natural look".)

If you judged the party by a cursory glance around, you would be justified in assuming that there is a uniform code in effect at Columbia. Every female seems to be shopping at the same store (Sexpress, perhaps?), decked out in tube tops and

knee-high boots. Every male either

thrusts himself into the world of preppies or of stereotypical skaters/ravers. Black is the color of choice, interrupted occasionally by a bright splash of techno-color (which usually covers up about three inches of skin).

Any tendencies to originality are obviously squashed long before these people begin to get dressed for the party; it feels like I am walking among a bunch of Buffy- and Carson Daly-wannabes.

The music pounds—at times, it seems almost like the record is stuck, but then, you realize that this IS the way it was intended to sound. Still, between the flashing lights (oh, no, I forgot my Advil), the writhing, sweaty bodies (is that an arm or a . . . ?), and the occasional spilled drink (perhaps someone should walk around selling ponchos), the music retreats to the background. It is suitable to dance to, I suppose.

However, what I observe on the dance floor is not dancing. It is an orgasmic frenzy of groping strangers, grinding up against people whose names you do not intend to ever find out and (sometimes) simply putting on a show. In their eagerness to be impressive, people show off the latest swing moves, unaware that the music is certainly not compatible with these steps. They jump around like bunnies on Prozac, showing off their (oh, so impressive!) endurance, and apparently forgetting that there is a slow song playing.

Best of all are the girls who dig out their shortest, tightest clothes, wiggle against a guy they do not know, smile while he is groping them, then turn around and complain, "Ew! Why was he doing that?" Well, because you let him, for one thing, dear.

And, of course, there are the requisite pick-ups and hook-ups. After a

half-hour of moving your hips against someone else's, it does seem rather odd not to ask for her name at least. Phone numbers are exchanged; the "get-acquainted" make-out sessions go into full swing.

beneath all of the party glitz, you're still a sweating, self-conscious teenager

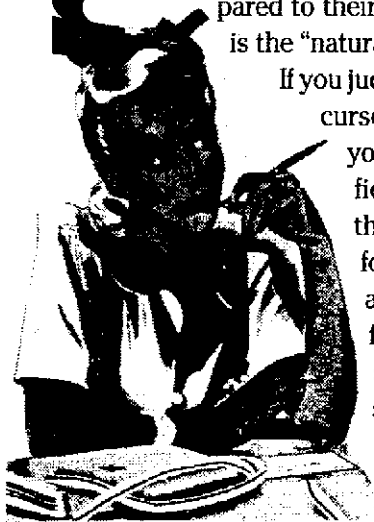
The one word that seems to permeate the party that moves through the stale, stuffy air of the space is "falseness".

Despite the availability of Sprite at the bar it is clear that, in this

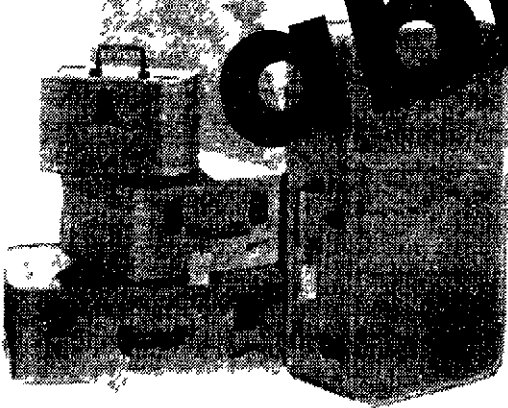
microcosm, image IS everything. It is all about image—the boys' arrogant strutting, the girls' provocative gyrations on the dance floor—everything. The attempt to create an image is evident in the clothes that these people wear, in the way they move across the room, in the tones of their voices as they talk to new acquaintances. It can be seen even in the way they dance—always trying to stand out when they can't, but not so obviously that they would stand out and—uh—forget—be ridiculed. I used to think that we had gotten past the fear of being different in junior high school, but it is obvious now that we have not.

Many people maintain that the only purpose of these parties is simply to get together, dance and have a good time. From what I have seen, however, a very different motive drives people to attend. At these parties, they become the characters they see on TV—the confident, blythe-dressed managers that the media exalts. They become College Students—what they have been striving to be for years. The guys are confident Casanovas; the girls are sexy co-eds. And beneath it all, they are all sweating, self-conscious teenagers.

Renata Bystriksy 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

This past weekend, we went to a weekend home stay out in the *inaka* (country-side). To say I was a little nervous would be a gross distortion of the truth. To be honest, I was petrified of intruding on the lives of a farmer family out in the mountains north of Kyoto for three whole days. All I hoped was that I would make it through the weekend without causing an international incident by offending my new family and making them and all their friends despise Americans for generations to come.

The chartered tour bus, complete with peppy guide-girl in a uniform and white gloves, rode along a highway with the view obscured by big concrete walls that are supposed to be less of an eyesore than the highway itself. The ride was made even longer and more headache-inducing as someone got the great idea to turn on the karaoke machine and yodel to such timeless tunes as "Again, it is Raining in Hiroshima" and "I Love You, OK." Luckily, the concert was broken up every so often by visits to the various rest stops at the side of the road with vending machines selling everything from french fries to hot coffee to ice cream.

The first thing we had scheduled when we arrived in Tetta, a blip on the roadmap

in Okayama Prefecture, was lunch with a group of Tetta fourth-graders. I got to sit next to a spunky little guy named Katsuya, who kindly ate the little dried minnows with eyeballs right off my tray when he saw me scrunch up my nose at them. There was a milk-chugging contest, which ended in one over-zealous contestant drenching his Prussian Army-style school uniform, much to everyone's delight. When the meal was over, everyone cleared all the trays and scraped off all the leftovers into a big pile, separating the compost from the recyclables. They also clean the school every day, wiping and scrubbing and polishing.

After lunch, we bid the kids goodbye as they ran and unicycled across the playground after us frantically waving little paper Japanese and American flags and making the peace sign every time one of us took their picture. Just then, strangely, was a rather large earthquake. By the time I realized it wasn't just the subway going by, all the kids were already on the ground giggling at us idiotic earthquake novices just standing there with our mouths open. By the time we got down too, the whole thing was over and it was time to go meet our host families.

Mr. Itsumi and his 20-year-old son Hisayuki came to pick me up. After the obligatory exclamation of how much taller than both of them I was (reiterated numerous times over the span of the weekend when I hit my head on the top of the doorway to the kitchen every time I entered it), we went home.

I rode in Hisa's new car, a Volkswagen Something-or-other, of which he is very, very proud. I asked him what he usually does on the weekends, being a 20-year-old boy out in the *inaka*. He said he likes to race his car and wash his car. He works the night shift at a tape factory about an hour away. I had never met anyone in the tape manufacturing industry before.

When we got home, it was pitch black out, and all I could hear was the rush of a small river nearby. Mrs. Itsumi was in the kitchen, busy cooking up a storm of vegetarian food just for me. However, "vegetarian" included fish as a vegetable, and I had to eat a lot of little squiggles with faces to err on the side of politeness. She was super cute and super spunky, and shattered my image of the *shufu* (Japanese housewife) whom I assumed she would be; she was sarcastic, charismatic and

brazen, and on the side of being a full-time *shufu*, she read gas meters for a living. She seemed more like a care-free grandma than a wife and mother with people to please and endless chores to do. It made me happy.

But my biggest surprise was Mr. Itsumi, who was even cuter than his wife. At just over five feet, he was an endless ball of energy with electrical engineer glasses and a comb-over. Between slurps of his miso soup, he told me about how he is not only an electrical engineer but also a city councilman (he explained this by holding his hand way above his head and said, "President Clinton," and then put his hand on the floor and said, "Itsumi"). He also told me about the yearly firefly festival, of which he is in charge, and during which millions of fireflies congregate in the forest and light up the night for a month. Mr. and Mrs. Itsumi were loving and affectionate of each other, and they made playful jokes at each other's expense for my benefit. They would probably cringe if they knew I am referring to them as Mr. and Mrs. Itsumi; they liked me to call them *otoosan* (dad) and *okaasan* (mom). And after every meal, everyone helped clean up. Right then and there I decided to throw out every preconceived notion I ever may have had

international
incident avoided:
our broad spends a
weekend in the
inaka

about Japanese families and just enjoy the ride.

The room I slept in was the guest reception room, where they kept the family altar to grandma and grandpa. It was a little disconcerting at first to have two almost life-size photographs of dead elderly people staring down at me all night long, but after I got used to it, I liked having them there. It was a reminder that I was a guest in their house, and it actually helped me feel more at home. I slept well, awakened only a couple of times in the night by subtle earthquake aftershocks that were more relaxing than anything else.

After I got out of bed and had yet another feast of the leftovers from the night before, we walked outside to get in the car and start the day's activities. The first thing I saw was their little white doggie, *Shiro* (white), whose nickname is *Kuro* (black) because she likes to roll in the dirt all day long. Then I looked up and saw that we were indeed in the *inaka*. On either side of the house rose huge green mountains, soon to turn fiery red and orange with the change of the seasons. There were rice paddies, chestnut trees, the family cemetery, a massive vegetable garden, and the river I had heard the night before. The air was crisp and mist was floating around the tops of the mountains around us, just like a thousand-year-old ink painting.

Our first stop was a little hut on the top of a hill where we pounded fresh, steaming rice with big mallets until it turned into a paste; we then kneaded it into balls called *mochi*, out of which innumerable dishes can be made. The tastiest was the *mochi* with *anko* (sweet bean paste) inside. After eating four of those, I

had soup with two more *mochi* inside, and yet another *mochi* rolled in this sugary coating stuff. After that, I never wanted to see *mochi* again. But of course, nothing is



schoolchildren in Okayama Prefecture

wasted, and the day's uneaten *mochi* showed up again that night for dinner in the form of fried cheese *mochi*.

After making and eating all the *mochi* we could muster, we rolled ourselves into the car and went to Kannondaki, a beautiful waterfall with little statues of the Japanese Buddhist deities Kannon and Jizo carved into the rocks all along the wooded path. Mr. Itsumi was certainly not dressed for the occasion, wearing a suit and dress shoes. But that didn't stop him from plowing through the mud and poking at enormous spiders and pointing out all the different kinds of mushrooms he could name as we passed them.

When we got home, Hisa invited me to his *Kendo* practice. *Kendo* is a martial art involving bamboo stick weapons, elaborate armor and a lot of screaming, jumping, and striking. Hisa looked like a totally different person out there in his armor with his stick. Gone was the bashful kid who cleared his own dishes and liked Britney Spears; in his place was a brave samu-

rai defending his honor by slicing his enemy in half with a bloodcurdling screech and deafening stomp. It was quite a transformation; one that he didn't even seem to notice as he made it.

The next and last day of my home stay in the *inaka*, after a stunning breakfast of vegetable *tempura* and, you guessed it, cheese *mochi*, we went to a local *matsuri*, or festival, with homegrown fruits, vegetables, rice, pottery and furniture for sale. Nobody seemed to be buying anything, and the only people watching the performance of the ancient Japanese origin myth onstage were the Americans. I think the real purpose of the *matsuri* was to get together and drink sake at 11am, because that's what everyone was doing.

It soon became time to leave and get ready to go back to Kyoto. I gathered up all the presents I had amassed over the three days, including five eggplants, two pears, half a pound of grapes, a hat and book about the firefly festival, three spinning tops, postcards, digital photographs of our outings, and a stuffed animal made for me by Harumi Itsumi, the eldest daughter, whom I never met.

Right before we were about to leave, Mrs. Itsumi brought out Harumi's *yukata*, a sort of casual *kimono*, and told me to get undressed. Before I knew what was happening, I was standing in front of their family altar in Harumi's *yukata* posing for pictures. Everyone was highly amused, and I thought it was funny how I had become the tourist attraction, even though I was the tourist. They finally let me get back into my clothes and drove me back to the karaoke bus for the long ride home.

Jamie Hardy is a Barnard senior and bulletin columnist.

<< page 26 >> ticular setup has a lot of attitude. I usually stay out.

Both dance floors are lined with couches and tables which provide a nice repose from all that moving and shaking. I also found the club to be very well ventilated, with lots of air shafts and fans blowing nice, cool air.

Most people tend to shy away from a club labeled as Goth or Industrial and usually end up at some packed venue with no air and too many strobe lights. That Batcave is less dark and depressing than its reputation would have is a little known fact.. You should check out Batcave because it's got a (mostly) relaxed atmosphere, awesome space, and a variety of DJs.

The dress code is pretty accepting – despite a few extravagantly dressed patrons, most people wear whatever they feel like – and the clientele is hardly from one united music scene.

The music is great and the location is convenient. I find Batcave an ideal club for any college student who loves to dance.

Batcave is located at 251 W. 30th St. between 7th and 8th Avenues and is open from 10 PM to 4 AM. You must be 18+ to enter. Admission: is \$15, \$10 with e-flyer from www.nycgothic.com (click on clubs). The average cocktail costs \$7. For more info call (212) 253-1046

Roz Eggebroten is a Barnard first-year and bulletin staff writer.

might doesn't make right. . .

LIVING IN A LIBERAL MAJORITY COMMUNITY

By Kiryn Haslinger

At Columbia, it's really easy to hate Republicans. Conservative thought is not popular among students here, and the overwhelming temperament on campus is very liberal. Liberal in politics, but not in thought.

The rise to majority of a group that is historically marginal carries with it interesting consequences. Traditionally, people subscribing to liberalist ideology have been particularly outspoken as a defense to being suppressed. Grassroots changes have historically been effected by a small, vocal group of people. But when this group outnumber all others, one must consider whether their oral charisma comes from a passion for the issues or fear of losing their majority status.

New ideas—many of which have been born out of liberal ideology—have often been received with threatening public responses. Ironically, I have found that there is a danger on this campus of presenting an idea that is not on the political left. Threatening attitudes hang over political conversations. Many people have a difficult time listening to minority (i.e., not liberal) opinions. Since those in social power here are the same types of people whose ideas have historically been suppressed, this is a frightening transition—one which attests to the fact that history does not teach progressive lessons; or that people are blind to learning them.

How did it come about that students fear the challenge of worthy opposition and debate from minority groups? On line to hear Ralph Nader speak last week, I overheard a disturbing conversation among undergraduates discussing socialist groups on campus.

The conversation, which shed light on this inquiry, went something like this:

Student 1: I go to the [ISO] meetings but once I announced that I'm not a socialist and they got angry and lectured me for an hour.

Student 2: Sometimes it's better to just smile and nod.

Smile and nod. Allow the most vocal and most threatening to prevail. Why is it that loud voices are more powerful than intelligent arguments? And why have we been frightened into surrendering our minds to their voices?

We do not cower to professors. We stand up boldly against neglectful administration. Yet, to our peers, we

opinions. not by hearing and disputing his ideas, but by protesting his right to speak. Loudly. Students rallied against the free speech of an individual so loudly that the conservative chairman of the California Civil Rights Initiative was kicked off our university campus.

This is the consequence of the majority wielding excessive power.

This power has infiltrated our lives and experiences on an intimate level. It has discouraged individuals from presenting ideas in the classroom and among peers. It has closed our minds from questioning popular ideology and from fully understanding why we do or do not subscribe to it. Our education

Our education should not consist of silencing opinions that we do not like, with loud, overwhelming shouts underlined by threats.

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smile and nod, displaying to those with loud voices, and all other weak-voiced persons in attendance, that we submit; setting the example for others that minority ideas cannot prevail—that force triumphs over thought.

Outside the Nader speech a small contingency of Columbia Conservatives (CCCC) quietly and peacefully posted signs, presenting both facts and opinions as opposition to the liberal majority attending the event. This peaceful display of opposing ideology pointed to the purpose of our education at a university: the open and thoughtful exchange of ideas. The event was a vivid contrast to another that occurred at Columbia two years ago. When Ward Connerly was scheduled to speak on campus, a group of liberal students made their protest, not by respectfully posting signs to present their differing

threats. We should neither disregard nor suppress ideas with which we disagree, but contest them, openly and respectfully. We should create an environment in which no person feels threatened to state his or her ideas, however unconventional or seemingly contrary to the status quo.

People do not think in the face of fear. They yield. They may outwardly accept terms of the argument—they may smile and nod—but they are not intellectually convinced. Instead of agreeing with the majority by default, we should consider our own personal beliefs and present them proudly. Instead of polarizing to preserve solidarity, we should assert our ability to reason, to articulate our ideas, to carry on a debate without hate or fear.

Kiryn Haslinger is a Barnard junior and bulletin features editor.

letters to the editor

getting to the nitty-gritty on dining at barnard

After reading the article, "Line, Line, Everywhere A Line," in the September 27th issue of the Barnard Bulletin, we felt that it was necessary to provide you with a more accurate picture of the services Aramark provides to the Barnard community.

All of the changes seen this year have been made based on clear signals given by students through surveys and focus groups coordinated by the President's Task Force on Campus Life (a committee of students, faculty and administrators charged with evaluating campus life). One common theme students expressed was the need for a comfortable space in the student center (preferably café style), that would allow students to study, interact with friends, possibly meet with faculty members, or hold club meetings. In fact there was a strong desire to have a space that was neither academic nor residence in flavor but a comfortable, inviting commons for the students of Barnard. Hence, the creation of the new JAVA City coffee bar.

Historically, the McIntosh Student Center has had difficulty attracting students in the evening hours, and the Quad Café, while popular, was more of a "grab and go" operation and not a "comfortable" common area for students to lounge and hang out. Thus in attempting to meet the needs of our students and create a new common space, it became clear that the McIntosh Center would be the best venue (the Quad Café was simply too small) for such an endeavor. It is also important to note that in order for an evening McIntosh operation to be successful, a similar, competing operation a few buildings away did not seem feasible. So with a focus on the future, and goals of thinking big, Barnard and Aramark jointly agreed to close the Quad Café, in hopes of giving the McIntosh Student Center a reasonable chance of being successful.

Over the next several months you will see Upper Level McIntosh transformed into a new lounge and café' space. Attractive new café' tables and chairs have been ordered. New comfortable sofa's and chairs, with coffee tables and area carpets are

also planned for the space. A custom made counter around the stairwell and along the windows will provide the space with a coffee house feel. Finally, new computers will be placed in areas around the upper level to create an Internet café' atmosphere.

Soon to be opened in the Quad Café will be the new Student Store, combining the current store with an expanded selection of Barnard clothing and products. The store will also house several convenience items including sundries, light packaged snacks, books and magazines. The other half of the old café' will become a 24 hour lounge with vending machines and brand new comfortable furniture.

No transformation takes place without some growing pains. Yes there are lines in upper level at JAVA City, a concern that we in the dining services are keenly aware of. We are making every possible adjustment to correct the problem. Please know that since opening day we have increased staff and added a second register. In response to student feedback, a toaster and microwave have been ordered and will be in place shortly. Specialty chips and other products continue to be added. As always, we will continue to evaluate and improve on the services we provide.

Please know that dining services understands the problems and are responding to each and every issue within our control. We hope that this information will give you a better understand of the many changes currently taking place. We invite you to join us at JAVA City as we move forward in creating a positive common space for our community. If you have questions or comments please feel free to e-mail food service at asorbera@barnard.edu.

Sincerely,

Joe Bertolino, Associate Dean of Residential Life & College Activities

Al Sorbera, Director of Dining Services

The article titled "Line, Line, Everywhere A Line," in the September 27th *Bulletin* issue really concerned us because of the lack of research on the part of the writer. We realize that there are many issues with Java City and the overall new changes, but it is critical that before publishing a news article complaining about the changes, research should have been done. No one spoke with Al Sorbera (Director of Dining Services) or Joe Bertolino (Associate Dean of Residential Life & College Activities) both of whom were directly involved in the changes. We understand your concerns, however we feel that when writing such an article, both sides of the issue need to be addressed. Students need to know all the issues so they can create their own opinion on the changes.

After hearing several complaints, Al has made appropriate changes to JavaCity to suit the needs of students. For example,

he has added an express line, a toaster, and a microwave. These changes may not seem major, but it shows Al's consideration for the students and openness to student suggestions. We believe he deserves credit for his commitment to Barnard College and its students.

The changes were made with the intent of promoting community on campus by creating a true student center in McIntosh. Students complain about the lack of community on campus and the minimal use of the McIntosh Student Center. Now, we have the opportunity to make McIntosh our student center and work to improve Barnard's community one step at a time.

Regards,

Jyoti Menon and Mita Sanghavi
Student Government Association

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here's your chance to break into
the big-leagues of college
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need to know to get involved and
start getting your words in print.

share story ideas, meet the editorial board,
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wednesday, october 18

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