

boom! bulletin

28 february 2001

afiqah shabazz remembers
her father's legacy

barnard's dominatrix is back

what's the deal with the
temptation island craze?

we explore the asian
american writers workshop

renata on
internet
love

imax meets
the music
industry in
all access

dinner and a movie: by style

letter from the editor

The recent uproar over Eminem's Grammy nominations and subsequent awards once again called into light the content of the marketing package that is Eminem. Known for his sexist, homophobic and often violent lyrics, Eminem's music has, from the beginning, been simultaneously (if unknowingly) deplored and promoted by the mainstream media. While the music industry and the mainstream news media continue to upbraid Eminem for the content of his music, they are, at the same time, promoting his message to the demographic his lyrics target: the disgruntled, young, white, suburban male.

Eminem targets teen angst, sings about revenge on those who beat him up as a kid, and tells the story of the lonely, depressed, testosterone-filled suburban male. His army of "Slim Shadies" is an army of teens raised in environments in which they learn that they will not make it in the world—that they are not strong enough, not smart enough, and don't work hard enough to earn a respectable place in society. And he recognizes that his demographic is a significant marketing audience: "And there's a million of us just like me/who cuss like me; who just don't give a fuck like me/ who dress like me; walk, talk and act like me." They are marginalized as stupid and lazy, and, in the tradition of marginalized groups everywhere, reclaim the stereotypes leveled against them and use them as their ammunition against the system that they see as oppressive—a system made up of "all the happy people/All the happy people who have real nice lives/And who have no idea whats it like to be broke as fuck."

And so the entire political spectrum—from conservatives who see too much violence in the entertainment industry to gay rights advocates—publicly deplore Eminem's work, questioning his right to hate aloud. What they don't realize is that (much like the case of a child who acts out

for attention) they are only adding fuel to the fire and members to Eminem's fan base.

Eminem certainly knows this, and uses it to his advantage. In the song "Role Model," Eminem attacks the idea that he leads a group of teenage "followers" with the lyrics, "Don't you wanna grow up to be just like me?" Eminem ironically makes reference to the activities that his adversaries so publicly scorn—"smoke weed, take pills, drop outta school, kill people and drink/And jump behind the wheel like it was still legal/I'm dumb enough to walk in a store and steal." Only a few lines later, he asks, "And this is how I'm supposed to teach kids how to behave?" He rejects the idea that he's *teaching* values to his audience, and instead posits that he simply *reflects* the socio-economic situation of those who find themselves in situations similar to his (minus, of course, the millions he's now made as a world-famous recording artist).

Eminem is an artist who knows who is listening. His lyrics reflect not only the daily crises of his target audience, but target, too, those who take issue with the way in which Eminem presents his views. He's incredible at marketing himself, and manages to shoot down his opposition and build more support with a single rhyme. And, ironically, he gains the support of those he rejects: "You think I give a damn about a Grammy?/Half of you critics can't even stomach me, let alone stand me." And yet, there he was, up on stage multiple times to receive accolades from the system from which he claims to be alienated. Eminem is, in many ways, a genius at what he does. And that, for me, is the most frightening part of the Eminem phenomenon—he is fighting a well-armed war against his critics, and he seems to be winning.

contributors

First-year Thea Tagle explains that her name means "goddess in Greek." Thea adds, "No, I'm not Greek; yes, I am a goddess." Hailing from Ft. Walton Beach, FL, Thea possesses an intense fear of heights. Presently acting as music editor for the *bulletin*, Thea reviews the new album from John Frusciante for this issue.

thea tagle

Originally hailing from Sudbury, MA, Junior Beth Roddy is an art history major and a serious cult film aficionada. Beth's two favorite movies are *Valley Girl* and *Bar Fly*. In the past, Beth has worked with the *bulletin* doing layout and was former first-year roommate of editor-in-chief Christy Thornton. Beth explores her love for food and movies in the nyc living section this week.

beth roddy

Senior Jessica Marcy hails from Washington, D.C. and majors in Latin American Studies. Former arts editor, Jessica now works as *bulletin* managing editor with the help of Jacklyn Salama. Check her out this issue with her news article on Attallah Shabazz who she described as "absolutely amazing."

jessica marcy

barnardbulletin

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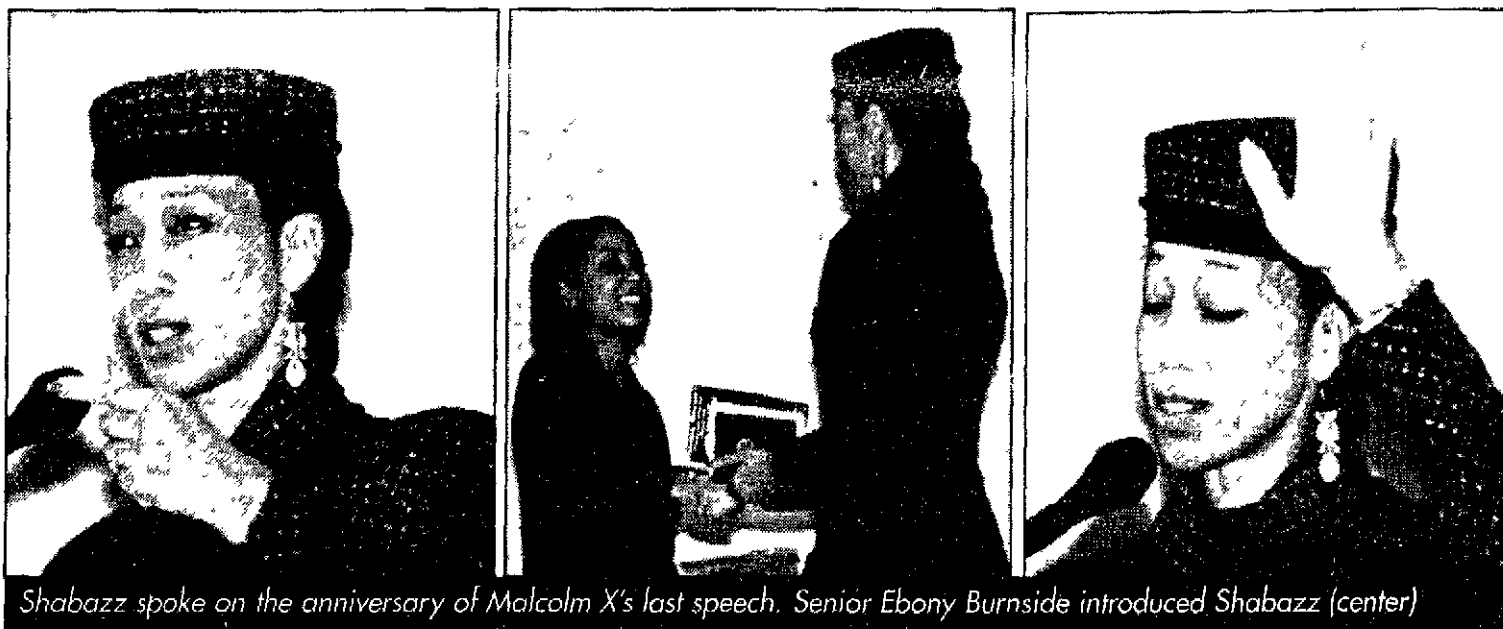
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Attallah Shabazz honors her father,



Shabazz spoke on the anniversary of Malcolm X's last speech. Senior Ebony Burnside introduced Shabazz (center)

By Jessica Marcy

Attallah Shabazz, noted film producer, writer, lecturer, motivational speaker, director and eldest daughter of Malcolm X, paid a personal tribute to her father in a speech titled *Malcolm X: The Man and Father Away from the Podium* on Saturday, February 18.

Shabazz's speech took place in Barnard's LeFrak Gymnasium, the site of Malcolm X's last public speech presented exactly 36 years earlier on February 18, 1965, three days before his assassination. Speaking to an audience of 950 and 300 simulcast viewers, Shabazz delivered a heart-felt speech that offered a complete, personal and impassioned vision of her father. Shabazz's speech was part of a series of events to honor Malcolm X for Black History Month.

The presentation began with introductory speeches by Barnard senior Ebony Burnside, Barnard President Judith Shapiro, Barnard Professor Thulani Davis, and Columbia Professor Manning Marable, who all reflected on the legacy of the incredibly influential black civil rights activist. President Shapiro emphasized Malcolm X's "rare qualities as a leader—courage, honesty, charisma, intelligence, and willingness to grow and learn." Describing him as "one of the most controversial figures

in America," Shapiro praised Malcolm X. "He turned prison into his university, changing himself with every piece of literature he read," said Shapiro.

Adjunct Associate Professor of English and Barnard alumna, Thulani Davis spoke of Malcolm X's influence on her own life with his message "to put our bodies and our hearts on the line." Inspired by seeing Malcolm X "speak the truth" on television in 1960, Davis became active on Barnard's campus by starting a magazine, founding the Barnard Black Student's Organization, and working with voter registration in Harlem, an activity that almost got her thrown out of school. Davis re-iterated many of Malcolm X's messages. "If you're not part of the solution you're part of the problem," she said. "Take that voice and make it heard."

The final introductory speaker, Professor Manning Marable, Founding Director of the Institute for Research in African-American Studies, stressed Malcolm X's legacy as an intellectual figure. Columbia Professor of History and Political Science, Marable reflected on the "intellectual's consciousness," a term coined by cultural critic Edward Said. Marable stated, "The challenge of the intellectual is for dissent." Claiming that Malcolm X participated in the "invention of new souls," Marable said that Malcolm X was driven by the

desire for third world independence and saw the oppression of African-Americans as a violation of "fundamental human rights." Marable said that Malcolm X possessed the "capacity to speak truth to power" and "internationalized the vision of African Americans." Marable applauded Malcolm X as, "one of the half dozen most influential figures in African American history," who redefined "the fundamental struggle between the haves and the have-nots," not solely between blacks and whites.

After this series of praise-filled speeches, Attallah Shabazz took the stage and gave a personal voice to the "fragile yet committed" man who became a cultural icon and whom she loved as her father. "I am a recipient of the life of Malcolm," she said.

"It matters what you stand for," Shabazz stated, fully bringing to life her father's memory "Love really put him in the forefront." Shabazz not only described her father's influence, but also the combined influence of both of her parents. Shabazz stated that the most influential thing in her life was seeing her parents "love each other openly." Shabazz described her mother, Betty Shabazz, massaging her husband's head each night and her bragging about how she knew she was attractive because her husband constantly called her "fly."

Malcolm X, in LeFrak Gymnasium

Shabazz described her father as a friend. "He was my buddy," she said. "He gave you room to explore and find yourself." Shabazz described how her father treated her to vanilla ice-cream after she had done well on a test, while her mother would want to know which question she had missed and why. "I am honored to come from people who were committed to other people," she said. "Whether they are famous or not is not the issue."

Remembering her parents, Shabazz described her sadness of being without them. "I still have a hug I'm trying to replace," she said. "I am still experiencing an adjustment to their absence."

Shabazz described the powerful influence of her extended family, invoking, "all the voices and whispers of the ancestors." She said, "You don't just come out of nowhere." Shabazz is one of six daughters, Malcolm X had 10 siblings, her grandfather similarly had 10 siblings, and her great-grandfather was one of 24 children. Shabazz related her family's roots in Togo, and talked about how another part of her family was part of the 1,000 Cherokees who refused to go on the Trail of Tears. "I have internal confirmation that I come from that," she said

Shabazz described how she loved listening to her relatives talk about their experiences. "You have a responsibility to recognize what you come from," she said. "What a difference it makes to talk to the old people in your house."

Humor and playfulness characterized Shabazz's speech. Thinking about her childhood, Shabazz said, "I was going to marry Frederick Douglas. My father had to tell me Brother Frederick is no longer with us."

Midway through her speech, Shabazz asked the audience to greet the people seated next to them. "Now with the power invested in me, I pronounce you all brothers and sisters," she said.

Shabazz reflected on how she is now older than her father when he was assassinated. "I realize how much a baby this great man was," she said. "[My parents] were a young family trying to make a difference without a lesson plan. . . Their anguish never impaired their service." Shabazz described how her parents committed themselves despite fear, persevering through having their house bombed on Valentine's Day.

"You just can't walk through life

without feeling accountable to yourself and others," Shabazz said. "My father taught me that there is significance in every human being," Shabazz vigorously called the audience to live fully. "If you love more than someone else, so be it," she said. "Dare to live . you have to do it by any means necessary." In response to an incited and inspired standing audience, Shabazz expressed her appreciation. "It's good for me to know it's not gone," she said.

Following Shabazz, Dean Vivian Taylor announced plans for a marker to be placed in LeFrak Gymnasium at the site of Malcolm X's last public speech, to officially mark both Malcolm X's message and his continuing legacy of motivated and uncompromising activism.

As shown by the standing ovation and the chatter of adoration following the event, the audience seemed to have been inspired by Shabazz's speech. Barnard Senior Kate Fillin-Yeh was glad that she had made it to hear Shabazz speak. "She is an amazing speaker, so eloquent," said Fillin-Yeh. "What really struck me was how funny and passionate she was."

Jessica Marcy is a Barnard senior and bulletin managing editor.



(from left to right): Davis, Burnside, Shapiro, and Marable introduced Shabazz

beaessentials

STUDENTS WHO PLAN TO APPLY TO MEDICAL, DENTAL, VETERINARY, OR OPTOMETRY SCHOOL NEXT YEAR: There will be an important meeting with Dean Bournoutian, the Health Professions Adviser, on Tuesday, March 6, at 5:30pm in South Tower. To find out everything you need to do to apply to medical, dental, veterinary, or optometry school, you must attend this meeting. Materials will be distributed. If you cannot attend, please stop by the Dean of Studies Office sometime after March 6 to obtain copies.

STUDENTS PLANNING TO TAKE THE MCAT: The registration booklets are now available in the Dean of Studies Office. This year you may register on-line at www.aamc.org/mcat.

SENIORS planning to participate in this May's Commencement exercises are reminded to turn in to the College Activities Office immediately their cap and gown order forms, as well as their Gown Marshal, Bryson Award, and Senior Marshal nominations. (These materials were due February 9.) Questions, call or e-mail Ms. Lillian Appel, Commencement Coordinator, 115 Millbank, lappel@barnard.edu.

SCHOOL BREAK Some of you have asked whether any classes on Friday, March 9, have been officially cancelled. To the contrary, the expectation is that all classes will meet. Administrative offices will be open during regular hours, March 12-16. Library hours are: March 10 and 11: closed; March 12-16, 9am-5pm; March 17, closed; and March 18, 10am-midnight.

events calendar

March 1
Lunchtime Lecture: The Demands of Presence in Performance with Adele Barker. Noon in the Center for Research on Women. For information, call the Barnard Center for Research on Women at x42067, or visit www.barnard.edu/crow/.

March 1
Women Poets at Barnard presents a poetry reading by Brenda Shaughnessy and Star Black. 8pm in the Sulzberger Parlor, Barnard Hall. For more information, contact Katy Lederer at katy@bway.net.

March 5
On Dance: Conversations, Films, Lectures. Sally Banes, Marian Hannah Winter Professor of Theatre and Drama, University of Wisconsin-Madison, speaking on Yvonne Rainer and postmodern dance in the 1960s. 7:30pm in the Held Lecture Hall, 304 Barnard Hall. Free

March 7
Controversial Issues Forum presents *Performing Activisms*, a panel discussion with performers Holly Hughes and Carmelita Tropicana, and scholars Jose Munoz and Diana Taylor, examining the ways in which performance arts offer a space in which the borders of "the national" can be manipulated to include those who are—because of race or religion, sexuality or gender, country of origin or political views—excluded from them. 6:30 pm in the Altschul Atrium, Altschul Hall. For information, call the Barnard Center for Research on Women at x42067, or visit www.barnard.edu/crow/

March 7
MindOpeners Series presents *Gloria Steinem and a*

Panel of Young Professionals from 25 Millbank Limited to women and as well as young business women, discuss the future of employment as an industry moves to represent all segments of the population in the James K. O'Neill Room, Barnard Hall. For information, call Counseling Services at x42092, or visit www.barnard.edu/counsel/.

March 15
From an Image Consultant: Your mother said first impressions were important—now science backs you up. How to make the most of those critical seven seconds. Sponsored by Barnard Business & Professional Women. For information, call Enid Ringer, (212) 974-0740, or BBPW voice-mail at (212) 479-7969, or go to www.BBPW.org.

March 20 through April 11
Barnard French Department: Cultural Appearances. Tuesday, March 20. A lecture by Anna Block, renowned translator of the Bible. 4:10-

March 21
PANGI (Pan-African Gender Initiative) presents *Text, People, and Contexts: Understanding Domestic Violence in Swaziland.* Writer and activist Sarah Mkhonza joins us from the University of Swaziland to discuss the factors contributing to domestic violence in southern Africa. 6:30pm in the Sulzberger Parlor, 3rd Floor, Barnard Hall. For information, call the Barnard Center for Research on Women.

March 21
Centennial Scholars presents *True Confessions of a Web Geek Goddess.* A presentation by Alyssa Boxhill. 7pm in the Held Lecture Hall, 304 Barnard Hall. For more information contact Monica McIntyre x46146.



Mason begins tenure as Vice President of Development and Alumnae Affairs

By Mary Kuniappu

Cameran Mason, Barnard's new Vice President of Development and Alumnae Affairs, took office on February 5. This comes at the heels of Barnard's record-breaking year of fundraising after accumulating 162.9 million dollars.

The Office of Development and Alumnae Affairs deals with outreach to alumnae, parents and friends of the college. They program events for Regional Clubs, such as the Barnard Alumnae Club in the San Diego area. Cameran Mason says she would like to, "raise awareness of the different generations that have contributed to Barnard being the way it is today. Everyone has a discount on the tuition because of generous grants from alumnae."

Another important goal for Mason is to link the Alumnae Association with students. "Students need to have stronger ties with the Alumnae Association before they graduate," says Mason. In the same spirit, Mason hopes to have a new focus on young alumnae. "Recent graduates, that is students who graduated ten to fifteen years ago, is a group

that hasn't been explored yet. They could contribute to Barnard and they need to know that." Mason hopes to have programs under way to harness this group of alumnae.

Mason also would like to bring

Increasing Barnard's visibility will be an important goal that Mason hopes to achieve

Barnard into the limelight in terms of the media. "[Media coverage] will improve corporate funding," she said. "Barnard has been successful in the past in securing corporate funding which provides for things like the Mellon grant." She hopes that in the future the Office of Public Affairs and her department will work closely in developing a consistent image of Barnard to the outside world. "I would also like to work on the department website and make it more dynamic. Right now, it's not somewhere you'd go twice," says Mason.

Mason thinks that being the only women's college in a metropolitan city will bring in lot of revenue. "Increasing

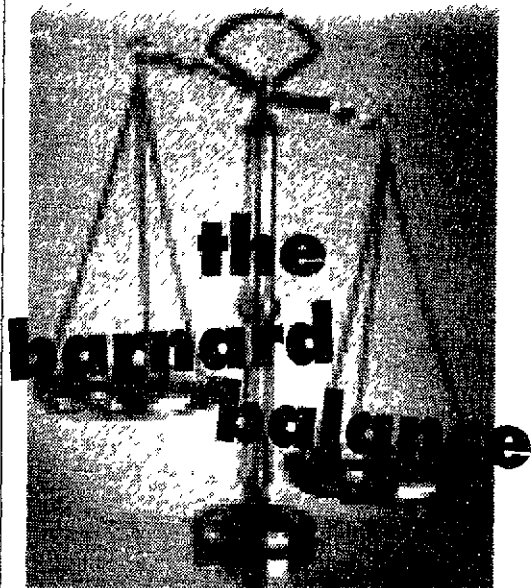
Barnard's visibility will be an important goal that I hope to achieve," says Mason. She also stated that alumnae involvement will be increased.

Mason points out that she has come at an excellent time. "The campaign just ended and now we can concentrate on what Barnard needs and how we can accomplish that," elaborates Mason.

This is nothing new to Mason, who was Associate Vice President for Development and University Relations at Fordham University for 10 years. She helped raise \$150 million and was in charge of alumni relations and public affairs. "Ms. Mason's extensive background in fundraising and campaigning will be key in helping Barnard achieve its development goals in the coming years," says President Judith Shapiro.

Mason hopes that Barnard's future will bring a lot of alumnae endowments, because that is one of the criterion that U.S News & World Report uses in ranking colleges. Mason says, "Endowing the school you went to with grants indirectly shows student satisfaction."

Mary Kuniappu is a Barnard first-year and a bulletin staff writer.



a weekly weighing of
Barnard news

Students received housing selection packets in mailboxes last week. Let the housing selection insanity begin. Don't even try to talk to anyone about anything else.



Columbia University's Sexual Misconduct Policy was attacked by the Columbia chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union for its denial of due process. Does the battle never end?



Barnard and Butler Libraries fill and tempers flair as midterm and paper season kick into full gear. Hang on folks—not even two weeks until spring break.



Both Bill and Hilary Clinton are attacked this week for Clinton's last-minute pardon of Marc Rich. The world is hungry for a scandal.



This week's total. . .



= we love it



= we hate it



Barnard hosts eating disorder conference

As part of the National Eating Disorders Awareness Week, Barnard hosted *Dying to be Thin: A Conference on Body Image and Eating Disorders* Friday, February 16. A day long conference, *Dying to be Thin* featured speakers, panels, and workshops focusing on many aspects of eating disorders and body image.

The conference included speeches by Judy Tam Sargent and Dr. Rudolph Bell, as well as media analyst Dr. Jean Kilbourne who spoke on "Slim Hopes: Advertising and the Obsession with Thinness." The day concluded with a Survivor's Panel who discussed their personal experiences with eating disorders.



the barnard bulletin wants you!

**the barnard bulletin
is a student-run
newsmagazine which
seeks to reflect and
inform the student
body here at barnard.
join us, and make
your voice heard!**

**we're looking
for writers,
artists,
photographers,
people with
layout
experience
and all the rest
of you who
have always
wanted to get
involved but
haven't 'cause
you just don't
know how...**

now's your chance!

**come to our weekly meetings
mondays at 7:30pm
in our office - 128 LL Mac.
questions? call x42119 or
email bulletin@barnard.edu**

professional dominatrix both

So what's a nice girl like you doing in a place like this? How could a self-proclaimed feminist at Barnard College be a professional dominatrix?

Right, because nice college girls like me don't do things like this, and feminists don't get kinky and they certainly don't get paid for sex.

Wrong! Not only am I nice person, I'm a damned fine feminist. I am also passionate about my work and I take great pride in it. I am always aware that my work as a professional dominatrix entails a double bind: BDSM (Bondage, Domination, Sadism, and Masochism) is seen as a creepy sexual practice, and selling sex is commonly thought of as unethical and anti-feminist. These problems all stem from the most damaging constraint of my work: the stigma of prostitution—a stigma that haunts all of us.

When I read literature on prostitution, I am always struck by how abject and terrifying such work seems. The environment of the average prostitute is usually described as one of physical and sexual assaults without legal or psychological recourse, dismissive and abusive police, pimps, drug abuse, STDs and AIDS. Some research

shows correlations between the psychology of sex workers and early negative sexual experience such as incest, childhood abuse, rape, lack of education, and poverty. These factors all contribute to an overall cultural stigmatization of the prostitute as a helpless, victimized object, or a lazy, stupid whore, or even a greedy, immoral bitch.

Although my work is legal and basically safe, the average streetwalker and I would still suffer the same ignominy and official dismissal if I were open about my work. I therefore know, first hand, the unjust ramifications of such a stigma.

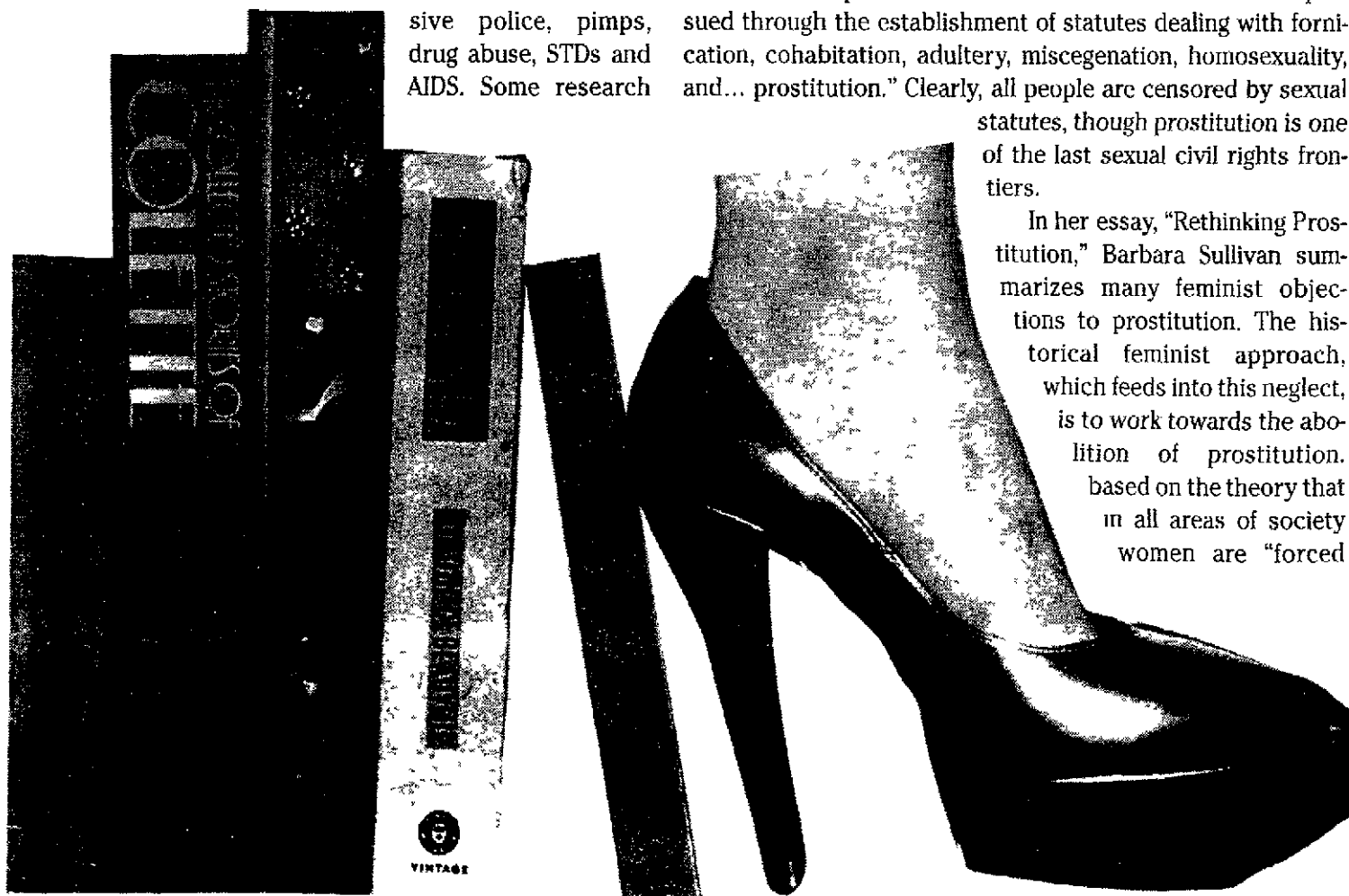
This cultural and legal stigma stems from the fact that prostitution is known as a "victimless crime."

According to a professor of sociology, Valerie Jenness, "[In a victimless crime,] The attribution of victimization is independent of the

individual's self-identification as a victim." The prostitute "victim" here is a silent subject, assigned the status of both criminal and victim, even though such labeling is of judicial and social detriment to her. Jenness explains, "Sex law is one of the most visible instruments of sexual regulation and sexual stratification. Attempts to control sexual activities have been pursued through the establishment of statutes dealing with fornication, cohabitation, adultery, miscegenation, homosexuality, and... prostitution." Clearly, all people are censored by sexual statutes, though prostitution is one of the last sexual civil rights frontiers.

In her essay, "Rethinking Prostitution," Barbara Sullivan summarizes many feminist objections to prostitution. The historical feminist approach, which feeds into this neglect, is to work towards the abolition of prostitution, based on the theory that in all areas of society women are "forced

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a nice girl and good feminist

into sexualized roles and into the (sexual/ domestic) servicing of men in order to sustain themselves," said Sullivan. The belief is that sex work directly perpetuates these roles, and is assumed to be inherently different from other kinds of paid work because it is so "embodied." It is also accepted that the "sale of sexual access" equals a profound "sale of self," says Sullivan.

These kinds of feminist arguments confirm dominant discourses about female sexuality and reinforce the stigmatization of the sex worker. They support the rigid notions that the basis of a woman's identity is her sex/body and they therefore try to protect that body — depriving us of many sensual desires in the process. I do not believe that these arguments give a certain group of women agency to make decisions about how women as a whole nourish and take pleasure in their bodies, spirits and minds. In an attempt to protect women's rights, these feminists are really constricting full expression of the self.

Another insidious argument against prostitution is that women who choose sex work are mentally unstable and/or morally corrupt. The reasoning for this position is the same type of reasoning as used by the anti-queer and anti-abortion corps—that is, people who would be so deprived as to choose this type of lifestyle aren't worthy of the basic right to choose for themselves. This position is insulting and ridiculous if viewed from outside the normal paradigm. Furthermore, few of us are in perfect psychological health, or had perfectly stable upbringings, so what makes us completely qualified at choosing the best lifestyle for ourselves?

Finally, some feminists argue that "prostitutes can be empowered and empowering only within the confines of the pre-existing patriarchal confines and this means they cannot do what is necessary, which is to mount an overall challenge to patriarchy," says Sullivan. Isn't the problem with the patriarchy that it objectifies and dominates women, limiting our choices in work, repressing our sexuality and divesting us of our natural bodies? Any feminist theory that says I can't use my sexuality to earn money or to play with sexual power limits my freedom in the same way. "They"—whether they are the Republican Right expounding "family values" or feminists addressing the victimization of women—control our bodies when their ideologies limit our choices, either through laws or social norms.

We need a re-vision of the constitution of sexual sovereign-

ty. Just because patriarchy reduces women to Body doesn't mean we must never choose the role of Body when we desire it. The very act of choosing gives us power. The concept of "topping from below" in BDSM is similar, in that the submissive really exerts control over the scene because he gives his consent to be dominated. A real slave has no consent to give. We shouldn't have to reject opportunities in order to reject male domination. One of the ironic twists of my work is that by accepting a kind of social-sexual objectification I can enjoy the thrill and satisfaction of sensual female dominance. Yet, it is most unfortunate that the unreasonable stigma of prostitution keeps many women from experiencing this exquisite pleasure. Ultimately, feminist theories can hurt the prostitute

because they stifle the voice of this entire class of women, who are arguably the people who need to be heard the most. Only a small percentage of the world's sex workers currently have political and social agency because they lack decent educational and job opportunities. Such cultural defilement makes sex workers targets for frequent violence and abuse, and is thus a threat to all women. We shouldn't focus on how to get rid of these women or how to put an end to their supposedly immoral and damaging lifestyles. We should ask about how we can make changes that will serve these women. By serving these women and protecting their liberties, we are serving all women. How can we protest sexual expression without censoring our own sexuality?

Changing our consciousness about sex and prostitution will improve the lives of sex workers as well as our own. We need to get rid of our internalized misogynistic views, which ultimately perpetuate the patriarchy and restrain us far more than laws ever can. We need to understand and accept the possibilities of our bodies, respect rather than shame the choices other women make, and align ourselves with prostitutes in order to shatter the stereotypes that discipline each and every one of us. We need to accept the fate of the prostitute as our own fate, because it controls and devalues all of us regardless of how adamantly we deny the possibility. The fact is that all people are censored by the discriminations against the prostitute, just as we are all debased by racist or homophobic oppressions. Essentially, there are no women's/queer/black issues—there are only human issues—and we need to stand up for everyone in order to fully claim ourselves.

The author is a Barnard senior who wishes to remain anonymous.

the latest in the reality tv

Andrea Davila

Fox's new hit reality show, *Temptation Island*, has officially aroused great interest. The self-proclaimed idea of the show, for those who don't know already, is that it is a "short-order unscripted series in which four unmarried couples travel to the Caribbean to test and explore the strength of their relationships." At least, that is how the *Temptation Island* web page describes the show.

For those who also aren't regular watchers of reality shows such as MTV's *Real World* and FOX's *Survivor*, many of these shows draw in fame hungry, unassuming people and thrust them into a whirlwind of conflict, inner strife, and constant self-introspection. Many of the people on these shows ultimately quit, or at least regret their involvement, realizing that they aren't ready to deal with having their lives scrutinized twenty-four hours a day. On *Temptation Island* however, the scrutiny is not only on their own lives, but on their most personal relationships as well. The intensity rises as the invasion becomes all encompassing. Basically, the notion of privacy becomes completely foreign.

Yet, personal perpetual exposure to the public isn't the only problem regarding this revolutionary show. Not only do these cast members have to constantly be wary of how their own will powers will stand up to temptation, but they must also be concerned with whether or not their relationships can withstand such a situation or if their significant others will succumb.

The basics of *Temptation Island* are simple: 4 couples, 13 singles, a tropical island. The specifics, however, tend to get nasty. As one of the tempted males

said on the previews "I didn't expect there to be this level of temptation." (What did he expect? It is, after all, called *Temptation Island*.)

Here's a look at the four couples on the show: Mandy and Billy, a young, hip, lets-dye-out-hair-everyday-for-fun couple, Valerie and Kaya, a we're-so-beautiful-and-blissful-but-we-can-also-be-serious couple, Shannon and Andy, a we're-almost-already-married-and-so-stable-we-could-raise-kids couple, and Taheed and Ytossie, a we're-not-really-sure-why-we-are-here-we-don't-really-like-each-other-in-the-first-place couple. But just in case these couples aren't distinct enough, they each wear matching colored necklaces so that the viewing audience is never confused.

These couples are only on a secluded beautiful island for two weeks, but this short period of time is spread onto a drawn-out series. During this time, they encounter tempters, or attractive young singles of both sexes. On the first night of the show, the couples have the chance to eliminate one of their 13 tempters

(that they find least appealing,) from the island and the chance to block one of the tempters (that they feel their spouse will find most appealing,) from seeing their significant other. For example, the Laker Girl turned kindergarten teacher, Megan, was blocked from Kaya, by his girlfriend Valerie, who claimed to have seen through Megan's sweet demeanor into her powerfully seductive motivations. Megan, was thus, officially off limits to Kaya. This block is easy to remember because, if a tempter is off limits, they wear the same color bracelet as the person they are

blocked from.

Throughout their entire time on the island, the couples never interact. They are completely separated on the island. They cannot be influenced by their partners and never gain insight into how their partners really feel. What makes the show such a vastly entertaining force is that these devoted couples are required to go on dates with the tempters of their choice. To assure that the show remains interesting, and that the tempters are really tempting, after the couples go on their separate dates, the males and females can collectively vote one tempter of each sex off of the island.

After all of these educational and revealing dates are over, and couples have either withstood or succumbed to the temptation, the couples will reunite and "decide the fate of their relationships," as if the whole ordeal wasn't already troublesome enough.

With these basics in mind, a serious discussion is in order. One should keep in mind that, most dedicated fans of reality shows are not watching the shows for their gut wrenching dramas, or for their intense emotional appeals. They watch because the experience is simply exciting and fun. After only a few episodes, many viewers were really taken aback by this show. It seemed so different than the other reality television shows and still, the world has come to accept it as television entertainment.

In the typical reality show, such as *Real World*, people's lives and interactions are taped, but there is no staging of battles, no chances to get voted off, and no obvious driving force against them. In the thrilling *Survivor*, many of these characteristics are, in fact, present, but unlike *Temptation Island*, what is at stake in *Survivor* is money, and possibly, personal reputation. With *Temptation Island*, what is at stake is a highly valued and fully cultured relationship. In this way, the show is much more personal, much more raw, and thus, much

With
"Temptation
Island," what is at
stake is a highly
valued and fully
cultured
relationship.

craze: temptation island

more pathetically entertaining.

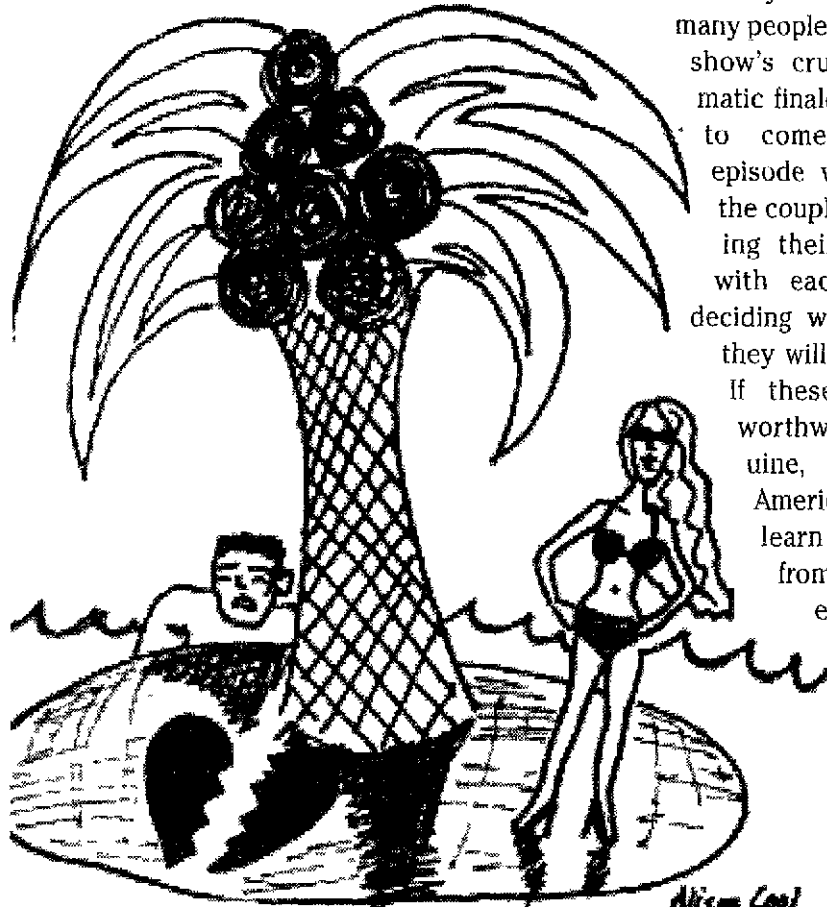
This is also why the show confronts issues of morality. Couples that are supposedly in love and planning on eventual marriage, are placed in situations that aim to destroy the possibility of such a union. The show's justification for testing monogamous relationships in a world that is objectively far too promiscuous, is that it is merely helping the couples see if their relationships are strong enough to really work. This logic may be somewhat inaccurate because the trials aren't practical. Throughout their lives, these couples will almost never find themselves in similar situations. The couples on the show could someday get married and live peacefully until old age, never having had their will powers tested to such an absurd extent.

Perhaps this is one of the show's twisted draws. The viewer can observe, first hand couples struggling to make their relationships work. The viewer consistently encounters the new stressors and temptations that the show forces upon the couples. Though the show does not promote cheating, it forces the tempters to try and come between the couples. The show sends the tempters and the cast members out on dates in a beautiful and surreal atmosphere that invites romance and induces pleasure-seeking tendencies, and that also makes the environments in which the real couples met, pale in comparison.

Another main moral dilemma regarding reality shows, is that they deprive humans of a privacy that is most necessary to their natures. Many people have deemed this utter lack of privacy an, "inversion of life." Is it fair to blame the show for this? Aren't the couples fully aware of the constancy of the filming crew?

There are obviously many criticisms that can be directed towards *Temptation Island*. Some say that it is morally repugnant or that it promotes the degrada-

tion of human relationships, or that it facilitates incessant voyeurism. And believe that it is still an entertaining hour of television.



At this very moment, there are many people discussing the show's crucial and dramatic finale, which is yet to come. This final episode will consist of the couples finally sharing their experiences with each other and deciding whether or not they will stay together. If these talks seem worthwhile and genuine, maybe the American public will learn something from the couples' experiences. If the public utilizes such lessons by applying them to their everyday lives and thus, enhancing

their own relationships, the show would be an undisputed and respectable success. Contrarily, if these final crucial talks seem melodramatic and catty, or if the public cannot relate to them, it will be obvious that television can't really portray any aspect of the real world accurately and this fantasy world serves little moral purpose. Still, the show can still be viewed as worthy for its entertainment value alone.

The truth is yet to be known. The final episode of *Temptation Island* airs tonight, Wednesday the 28. on FOX at 9:00pm. So, those who love it, or hate it, or love to hate it, or hate to love it, can tune in and maybe discover the secret to lasting relationships. If not, they will surely find out if the troubled couple, Billy and Mandy, will stay together.

Regardless of the controversy surrounding *Temptation Island*, the truth is that people love to watch it. Even if it is a disgrace of hedonistic vulgarity many

still, however simple minded and silly *Temptation Island* may be: it is entertaining. Both the dedicated fans and the uncommitted viewers aren't watching to see if somehow, FOX network will stumble upon a fundamental truth and realize the meaning of human life, through reality television. People simply love entertainment.

Viewers can also use the show as a means to satiate their nostalgic tendencies. After watching people enough, it seems inevitable that a viewer will begin to experience their lives vicariously and even form something of a relationship with them. The viewing experience then becomes a forum for emotional outlet and inspires sexual fantasy.

Regardless of the controversy surrounding *Temptation Island*, the truth is that people love to watch it. Even if it is a disgrace of hedonistic vulgarity many

Andrea Davila is a Barnard First-Year.

wellwoman: are there pregnancy "safe" days?

Q Are there "safe days" during the month when a woman can't get pregnant?

A Many women believe that there are certain days during a woman's menstrual cycle when she will not be able to get pregnant. Therefore, some women may feel that it is okay to have unprotected intercourse during this time for there is no risk of pregnancy. It is true that there are certain days

during the menstrual cycle that a woman is particularly fertile and has a risk as high as 30% of getting pregnant. Consequently, there are other days in the cycle that the risk of pregnancy is much lower. However, there are many factors that prevent these certain days from being completely "safe."

For example, a woman's menstrual cycle may be irregular, therefore making it difficult to predict the "safe days." Furthermore, sperm can sur-

vive in a woman's body for three to five days as long as cervical fluid is present. It is possible, although unlikely, that a woman may become pregnant while menstruating. So, there really aren't any "guaranteed safe days" where there is no risk of pregnancy.

Just as important, unprotected sex always carries the risk of spreading certain sexually transmitted infections. There are no "safe days" for STI contraction.

"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, 109 Hewitt. The information provided is for informational purposes only. Please take issues or medical concerns to your healthcare provider.

www.wbar.org

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w/ Jen and Emily

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on sex, sexuality & gender

Mondays

8-10 PM



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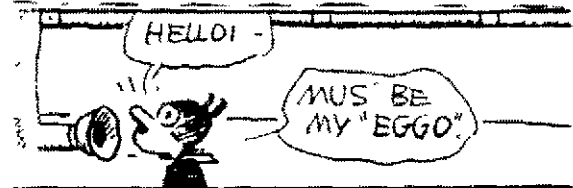
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music picks

for the week of february 28

february 28

Club d'Elf

At Tonic (107 Norfolk St.)
For more info, call 358-7503.

Father-and-son team Joe and Mat Maneri play avant-garde jazz in a jam-band setting. Those looking for free-flowing jazz should be pleasantly surprised with their fresh take on a classic sound.

march 1

Duran Duran

At Beacon Theater (2124 Broadway) For more info, call 496-7070.

Kings of the '80s, Duran Duran has aged gracefully and never sounded better. Their last tour sold out the city's largest arenas—here is your chance to see the group up close and personal.

march 3-4

Matthew Sweet

At Bowery Ballroom (6 Delancey St.) For more info, call 533-2111.

Metal without the

by Renata Bystritsky

There has always been a certain sort of an image associated with "metalheads" and metal bands. Typically, what comes to mind is something that a mother might use to scare an impressionable child into submission—insane amounts of tattoos and piercings, hair styles that resemble modern sculpture, and shrieking, piercing vocals—all the things which I had been sure I hated.

To my happy surprise, I discovered that Detroit-based metal band, Factory 81, while not lacking any of the above-mentioned elements, is not lacking in appeal, either—even to opera groupies like me. I had the chance to chat with Nate Wallace, the band's lyricist/singer and Andy Cyrulnik, its drummer, last week, and they were nice enough to provide a few insights into the dynamics of their band.

In 1999, Factory 81 self-released their first album, *mankind*, in Detroit. The band's high quality music and their

obvious professionalism quickly attracted major record companies. Factory 81 eventually signed with Mojo Records, because, as guitarist Bill Schulz says on the band's website, "The people at Mojo were on the same wavelength as us." And being on the same wavelength was certainly important for this metal band whose lyrics are actually meant to be heard, and who incorporate elements of rock, funk, hip-hop and even the Middle East into their music. Or, as Wallace describes it, "Melodic vocals and phat grooves."

For the past six months, the band has been touring throughout the country, playing with a variety of different bands. Their audience ranges between the ages of 13 and 25, with an approximately 50-50 gender breakdown—that, in itself, is unusual, considering the fact that the majority of metal lovers are male. However, unlike the stereotypical, cheerfully egocentric image of the



typical attitude

with the bulletin's Renata

metal band, this one does not shy away from influences that, at first glance, might seem "foreign."

While Kevin Lewis, the band's bassist, likes the "heavy stuff, with the chunk riffs and screams," the band as an entity has pretty broad tastes. Wallace, for example, likes jazz, some pop, and even some Tori Amos and Bjork mixed in. Cyrulnik is even less picky. "I like anything, any sort of music, vocal, instrumental—anything [including classical]."

Listening to music is where the band members receive most of their training. Although Cyrulnik has been taking drum lessons since fourth grade, Wallace is not formally trained at all. "I've studied from listen-

ing to CDs and musicians, and I [have sung] in coffeehouses [before I became a part of the band]."

"Our number-one source of learning is listening to music," Cyrulnik agrees. He has been performing since he was eleven years old, making his way at school parties and concerts. He is the band's "college boy," having gone to the University of Oakland in Rochester. "My parents made me do it as a back-up," he admits, proving that even rockers have to listen to the parental units sometimes.

But while the band is very serious about what they are doing, they "have no goal to become rock stars," as Wallace says. "It's much more about getting music to people who appreciate it." "I'd rather get people who [like and understand] the music than [become a rock star]." Cyrulnik adds.

When the conversation turns to more mainstream pop music, the guys surprised me by their positive comments. They have not a trace of derision or hostility towards today's bubble-gum pop. "I don't care much for Ricky Martin," Cyrulnik admits mildly, "but [he's got] a good band."

"Some of them have catchy tunes," Wallace says. "People [sometimes] don't understand why they don't like N*Sync [and its peer bands]. They just don't like them

because so many [other] people [do] like them."

The band's song files are all over Napster, and their response to that brings a quick sigh of relief from me. Factory 81 is completely in favor of the cur-

rently endangered file-sharing application. "[Some] people have heard of us through Napster," Cyrulnik tells me. "I think [Napster] is a great idea." The band cheerfully embraces the possibilities of the Internet; before their record deal, they'd had music files on their personal website and they'd directed people to download and listen to the files.

The band plans to keep touring for a while, then take a well-deserved break of about a month and a half. "[But] I guarantee we'll be back in New York in a few months," Cyrulnik promises. Maybe I'll see you at one of their gigs.

For more information about the band, go to www.factory81.com or search Napster for Factory 81.

Renata Bystritsky is a Barnard sophomore and a bulletin columnist.

...while the band is very serious about what they are doing, they "have no goal to become rock stars," Wallace says. "It's much more about getting music to people who appreciate it."

musicpicks

...continued

Sweet pop music for the indie girl at heart. His shimmering melodies and fuzzed out guitars is the perfect background music to snuggle with your "girlfriend" to.

december 2

Weezer

At Roseland (239 W. 34 St.)

For more info, call 564-4882.

These geeky punk-pop boys are back, after a too-long hiatus. Even though bassist Matt Sharp has gone to the land of the Rentals, the rest are enough eye-candy to sink your teeth into.

march 6

Xzibit

At S.O.B.'s (204 Varick St.)

For more info, call 243-4940.

One of hip-hop's omnipresent figures is back blazing new trails. In the hot seat after his acclaimed release *Restless*, Xzibit promises to give a fiery show.

imax meets the all access claims to provide a

by Lisa Poggiali

What is wrong with music today? In a time when Britney Spears and Limp Bizkit are common household names and, along with their pop counterparts, virtually dominate popular music, this question seems fairly easy to answer. In short, artists who are more concerned with image than music are thrust into the spotlight, while true musicians (such as Cat Power, The Magnetic Fields, PJ Harvey, etc.) are left in the dust, trapped inside the college music circuit. Although the corporate music industry clearly pins certain images onto musicians and then dishes them out for the public's consumption, perhaps the public is just as much to blame. After all, what top 40 band does not have legions of followers who attend their concerts, screaming and flailing their arms about, hoping to touch the hand of their favorite performers? Unfortunately, the newest IMAX movie that professes to focus on the concert industry and musicians' relationship to their work, *All Access*, instead spends much of its time portraying these fans and their relationship to the musicians they idolize.

At the beginning, *All Access* actually seems somewhat interesting. The first shots feature the multifaceted techno/jungle/rock artist Moby waking up in his hotel bed sleepy eyed and disheveled, making his first phone calls of the day. For the first 30 seconds of the movie, it actually seems as though the audience member sitting in the theater is holding a backstage pass. However, this feeling dwindles quickly. For much of the film, which lasts roughly an hour and fifteen minutes, the audience members are

made to feel as though they are only fans, with about just as much contact with the musician on stage in the film as someone who shows up to a show. In fact, the closest the moviegoer gets to feeling like someone other than a fan occurs for brief two second intervals, during which the camera pans to some-

equipment to the venue," purports the producers of *All Access*. Yes, somebody did, but unfortunately it is hardly ever shown in the film.

To its credit, *All Access* did round up an interesting and diverse crop of musicians. Sting and French-Algerian star Cheb Mami, "Godfather of Funk"

George Clinton with the "Queen of Hip-Hop Soul" Mary J. Blige, rap/metal star Kid

Rock, songwriter Sheryl Crow, blues legend B.B. King with The Roots and Phish's Trey Anastasio, newcomer Macy Gray, the legendary Carlos Santana and Matchbox 20's Rob Thomas, soul singer Al Green with the Dave Matthews Band, and the eclectic Moby each perform a song and speak about music and what it means to them. Sound suspiciously like a VH1 special? Not quite. Each artist is doled out less than ten minutes, and the film moves from one performance to the next methodically, almost in anticipation, with no substance in between. If not for the huge IMAX screen that makes the performers seem as though they are standing two feet away from the moviegoer, I would have rather stayed home and watched an hour of MTV2 (remember, MTV doesn't show music videos anymore?) for



courtesy www.rollingstone.com

one adjusting a switch on the soundboard, or the ten seconds before a concert when the camera follows an artist from his or her trailer to the stage. "Someone built that stage, somebody put up those lights, somebody drove a truck hundreds of miles to bring all the

free.

What is perhaps most ironic about *All Access* is that while it is advertised as a movie about music in its organic state and musicians who express passion for the pure quality of music, most of the movie is staged. "Seven of the

music industry

real glimpse behind the scenes

nine musical performances were shot in controlled environments with camera and microphone placement optimized for the IMAX film," explain the producers. This means that not only were all the technical aspects set up for optimal viewing, but that the fans were hand-picked and probably instructed how to act. The fans' obsessive nature, then, can be attributed wholly to the producers' image of what they wanted the fans to appear like to an outside audience.

At the George Clinton, Kid Rock, B.B. King, Carlos Santana, and Macy Gray concerts, every time an artist reaches the tip of the stage, a mass of hands would reach out, trying to grab on to any little piece of the musician they can get. It is ironic that artists who (for the most part) seem very interested in their music are paired with fans that are more typically associated with image-conscious performers who may not even write their own music. Perhaps *All Access* is trying to assert that since "legitimate" bands in the eyes of the corporate music industry have obsessive fans, people were instructed to play the role of the obsessive fan. If this is true, *All Access* would certainly be saying something about the state of music today, and it would be a pretty sad assertion.

Putting aside what the movie says about music indirectly, it is perhaps

more upsetting what the artists say about music in their own words. "We feed off the audience and we feed off each other," says George Clinton in the space reserved for thirty seconds of speaking between one concert song

and the next. One-liners such as this one are interspersed throughout the movie, never really connecting together and certainly never forming one cohesive thought about what music is or how it affects musicians differently or similarly. Each artist that plays in the film gets the opportunity to say a few



lines about how he or she first became interested in music and who his or her influences are. There is no artist, however, that is shown in depth. In this respect, *All Access* comes up far short to VH1's *Behind the Music*. It is sad news

that a TV show can give more than a full-length movie about music.

Although what the musicians say are in no way connected in the film to form any kind of solid idea about music, the different glimpses of concerts are strung together in a unified way. After the end of each concert song, a steady beat comes in, fusing a musician's banter to the next concert scene. It is strange that in a movie which, in choosing so many different musicians, clearly celebrates the diversity of music, a repeated beat is used to connect almost every non-concert scene. Music is important, but only in the context of a staged concert, the movie seems to say.

In essence, there are major flaws with *All Access*. The movie is not about being able to look at a concert from the perspective of someone backstage as it contends, but about being an audience member at the "perfect" concert, one that is staged in a "controlled environment." Although the concerts themselves are interesting and exciting, especially on an IMAX screen, they represent exactly what is wrong with music today. Music is not supposed to be controlled, fenced in, and attached to an image. In doing just this, *All Access* purports that even those artists who do have a serious attachment to their music do not play music solely for the joy of it and do not have fans that attend their concerts because they believe in the music. And that idea, that the relationship between fans, musicians, and music is calculated and in some way tainted, is exactly what is wrong with music today.

Lisa Poggiali is a Barnard first-year

peppers' guitarist mellows out

"Between 1992 and 1997 John Frusciante had many periods where his main social activity was with spirits manifested, thought waves, astral bodies, and decay of physical matter. The things they taught him (often in non-earth language, but often in English) are contained in this record's words. The feeling of this music is the feeling of the spirits John Frusciante is friends with." —official press release

Whoa. Does this mean he was on hallucinogenic drugs at the time? If you know anything about John Frusciante, that would most likely be a resounding 'yes.' The guitarist for the Red Hot Chili Peppers has been through hell and back, overcoming drug addiction, abandonment, and the complete bottoming-out of his musical career. Back with the Peppers after his five year hiatus, Frusciante is now making some music of his own. For those expecting the funk and bass driven sound of RHCP, his solo release *To Record Only Water for Ten Days* is something of a shocker. More of an aural implosion than an explosion, this mellow record shows a talent and versatility not evident behind the show-stealing tactics of fellow RHCP bandmates Anthony Kiedis and Flea.

Softly played guitar is the driving force of the album, with understated electronic and classical elements thrown into the mix. Frusciante's voice is soothing, in that I-was-on-heroin-for-ten-years-and-I-can-barely-speak-now kind of way. Sometimes higher pitched in a child-like whine, sometimes in a deeper whisper of a man that's stared death in the face, his voice tells you his story of someone that's just barely missed falling off the edge. His first single, "Going Inside," seems to be a testimony of his drug abuse: "You don't throw your life away/going inside and who beside <<next page>>



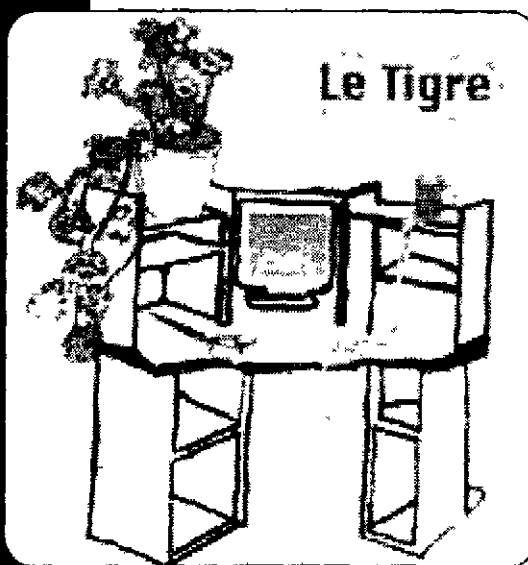
less riot, more grrrl... le tigre releases from the desk of mr. lady

The best term to think of when trying to describe Bikini Kill's ex-frontwoman, Kathleen Hanna, is evolution. From her start in the abrasive and revolutionary feminist-punk of Bikini Kill to her experimental and lo-fi (low-resolution) solo-project, Julie Ruin, we finally end up with her latest creation, Le Tigre—a poppier, more electronic, less political rendition of Bikini Kill that reminds us of other fem-bands like Chicks on Speed or Sleater Kinney. This January 24, Le Tigre, also made up of videomaker Sadie Benning and zine-woman Johanna Fateman, released their second album entitled *From the Desk of Mr Lady* on the Mr. Lady label. The EP's seven songs are no competition for those on their debut, self-titled album released on October 26 of 1999, however, Le Tigre once again shows off the dichotomy under which they function: covering their sometimes controversial, sometimes sarcastic feminist lyrics with a punky, garage rock-inspired beat that is more fun to dance to than to consciously listen to and extrapolate a deeper meaning.

The second track "Bang! Bang!" that remembers the NYPD shooting of the unarmed African-American immigrant, Amadou Diallo, is definitely political as the band finishes the song with a countup to represent the 41 gunshots Diallo suffered. However, on the whole, the EP reminds us again that Le Tigre is not about a political message as much as they are about fun and experimentation with their early '80s drum and sampler-keyboard machines—a fact that they definitely made clear on their first release with tracks like "Deceptacon," "The Empty," and "Let's Run". The EP's first track "Get off the Inter-

net" and sixth track "Mediocrity Rules," are those famous screeching, chorus-heavy, pop-punk Le Tigre tracks reminiscent of songs like "My My Metrocard." Other tracks like the fragmented, speech-heavy "They Want us to Make a Symphony out of the Sound of Women Swallowing their Own Tongues" and the electronic

calypso-like "Gone b4 yr Home" are not atypical Le Tigre, yet show a further step taken on <<next page>>



<<previous page>> you resides, in your body/ where you're slow." In "The First Season," he states: "let the pretend take over - and that season be the first - shadows we're in become us - so we set up interspersed." Heavy stuff.

Regardless of Frusciante's personal history, *To Record Only* Water isn't a depressing record; on the contrary, many of his songs play in an upbeat note. His lyrics are deep, worth listening to purely for content, but are set to music that somehow keeps the album from sounding like a funeral march. This album seems to be his catharsis, a way of exorcising his personal demons and sharing them with the world. If that is the case, I'm glad he let us 'go inside' his head. A beautiful album from a survivor.

—Thea Tagle

<<previous page>> Hanna's grand spectrum of evolution. So there we have it, a seven-song EP that leaves Le Tigre fans hungry for more and music critics inspired to analyze Hanna's apparent loss of "Riot" and recent embodiment of "Grrrl." But honestly, would we have wanted Bikini Kill's edgy setup to continue into a hackneyed, out-of-date realm when we can have something like Le Tigre that makes sense for the early millennium? I am certainly impressed that Kathleen Hanna is able to steer her vehicle of femme-power in ever-new directions and do not see her as "selling out" as many critics do. Especially if you haven't kept up with Kathleen Hanna's many projects, Le Tigre is a wonderful starting point—so, GET OFF THE INTERNET and start dancing in your pink undies while screaming those girlie anecdotal bits!!! (Or just come by my room because booty-shakin', Le Tigre imitatin' is definitely on my daily agenda...)

—Steffi Fahrion

<<page 23>> cals, *The Asian Pacific American Journal*, which features short fiction, poems, essays, scripts, artwork and *Ten*, an arts/concept magazine, conceived according to "ethnic, thematic concerns." *Ten*'s latest issue deals with gay and lesbian topics and the next one will comment on the Korean-American war.

When asked about the AAWW's future plans, Boa's first thoughts fell upon plans for the Workshops upcoming 10th birthday. Not all of these plans have coalesced as yet, but they do know, whatever it is, it's going to be big. One of the programs of the year will be a festival of works held in October, celebrating a decade long project of hope and art. General plans for expansion include "more readings in the boroughs and more collaborations nationally." With a multitude of projects and events simultaneously underway, the Workshop pulses with a certain excitement. One gets the sense that, despite its 10 years in existence, the Workshop continues to grow while staying true to the vision that inspired its original point of nascence.

Anjali George is a Barnard junior

WOMEN'S HISTORY MONTH OPENING RECEPTION

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artspicks

for the week of february 28

film

Pollock

At Lincoln Plaza Cinemas
(63 street and Broadway).
For tickets call 777-FILM.

Ed Harris directs and stars in this film about artist Jackson Pollock. It also stars Marcia Gay Harden who received the New York Film Critics Circle Award for best supporting actress.

theatre

Urban Zulu Mambo

At the Signature Theater
(550 W. 42 street) For
info call 244-7529.

This performance consists of solo works by African American women that will be performed by Regina Taylor. Production includes work by Kia Corthon, Ntozake Shange, Suzan-Lori Parks, and Taylor herself.

a rebirth

a brief glimpse into the Asian

by Anjali George

A gem tucked away on the tenth floor of an innocuous looking office building in the middle of little Korea, the Asian American Writers Workshop is not an easy find. If you end up at this wood-floored, refreshingly spacious joint, then you've either read about the Workshop in an independent publication of sorts or you've arrived at its friendly door by word of mouth, and chances are, you're Asian.

The AAWW is a community based, non-profit literary arts organization "dedicat-

ed to the creation, development, publication, and dissemination of Asian American literature." The organization is "race specific" as AAWW's managing director, Quang Bao put it, and therefore focuses on the needs and wants of the Asian American writer and the Asian American community at large. Though the Workshop does not exclude the participation of non-Asians and in fact encourages and has worked with other minority peoples, its history and its beginnings point specifically to the struggles and experiences of Asian Americans, which is what makes it so special and rare.

In September 1991, the seeds for the Workshop were planted at a Greek restaurant in Astoria, where a small group of Asian American poets and writers aired and shared their frustrations with mainstream publishing houses. The AAWW's founder, Curtis Chin, and others with him had grown tired of having to conform to a "narrow definition of the Asian American experience" in order to

get published. So began a group effort to publish an independent journal devoted to the Asian American experience as defined by Asian Americans. What was first an organization of 60 odd members has now far surpassed its modest beginnings, boasting a community of 650 paying members. The money and recognition

the Workshop has received over the past nine plus years have enabled it to expand in wonderful and immediately apparent ways.

The AAWW is a community based, non-profit literary arts organization "dedicated to the creation, development, publication, and dissemination of Asian American literature."

Upon entering, shelves of Asian American titles lining almost every wall in sight whisper their quiet greetings. According to the AAWW website, the Workshop operates the "largest and most comprehensive Asian American bookstore in the nation—offering more than 2000 titles." On the evening of February 17, 2000; however, the candlelit book shelves backed-down from center stage in order to accommodate and add to the ambiance of *Recollection*, the Workshop's monthly open-mic night. The line-up featured professionals, novices, and open mic "virgins," each performing, sharing, and beat-boxing highly personal and oftentimes deeply touching written/spoken pieces. A high-school student's English assignment on breasts; a young girl's rhythmic, scathingly powerful poem of rape and America's betrayal; a sweet, Belle-and-Sebastian-like tune accompanied by a bass guitar and smiles; a dirty number called "I wanna a man" performed by the poet's collective feedBack. are all just a few of the many humorous and tearful highlights of the night

of culture

American Writers Workshop

A usual brand of after-show tricks followed the open mic. Someone turned up the boom box, and ignited a rhyming circle, which was broken here and there by rather impressive break dancing digressions. Audience members and performers mingled for a while, browsing through the collection of books, picking up flyers, and making plans for the later half of the night. On a night like this, with people chatting, reacquainting themselves, perhaps meeting for the first time, the sense of "community" Bao mentioned earlier becomes apparent.

People who have met through a mutual friend or used to go out with so and so find themselves all in one place, which is a rare occurrence in the typically scattered life of a New Yorker. Perhaps it is this atmosphere of intimacy that disarms and opens people up to others so effectively.

If you show up at AAWW's door, you become a part of the community, regardless of whether you are Asian or not. If you have come to celebrate an alternative vision of art,

poetry, and literature, then you already, automatically have something in common with those around you. Strike up a conversation and you just might be graced with a pleasant surprise.

Before events like *Recollection* began, the AAWW had already been a host and facilitator of regular book readings, which are perhaps more renowned or at least typical of the AAWW than

events like *Recollection*. Readings happen twice a month, and Asian American writers from all over the US make stops at the Workshop while touring their latest books. The AAWW also holds Creative Writing Workshops, facilitated by extensively published writers and award-winning artists in the field. "It's a way to share work in beginning stages with culturally literate people," Bao explained, "It's a safe place, there aren't silly expectations to write about narrow topics." The workshops fill up fast since enrollment is usually limited to about a dozen for obvious reasons, like intimacy and personal attention. The AAWW also has a writing program for high school student called CreateNow, which consists of 10-week Saturday junctures in poetry, prose, and video making.

The AAWW has also made its presence known in universities. One of their other modes of "dissemination" has

involved bringing together panels of writers and poets to colleges, typically during the Asian Pacific Pride month or other times of relevancy.

Aptly titled, the National Literary Caravan also visits both private and public schools of the 5 boroughs of New York City. In the past the Workshop has provided textbooks for Asian American Studies classes and has proved a helpful resource for students and academics in the field. In addition to academic journals, the bookstore also sells copies of AAWW's own periodi-

<<page 21>>

artspicks

...continued

art

Under Pressure

Through March 3 at SI/NY (495 Broadway at Broome Street).

This group show features inflatable works such as a video installation of balloons exploding and a wall length work entitled "Pfffffft."

film

Traffic

Through April 29 at the Museum of Television and Radio (25 West 52 Street). For info call 545-7536.

This five and a half hour, five part miniseries was shown on Britain's Channel 4 ten years ago. It is the basis for the critically acclaimed film *Traffic*.

Jivamukti

spiritual enlightenment

by Allison Baker

The word YO'GA comes from ancient Sanskrit and means literally "spiritual union." While practicing Hatha Yoga (the physical postures or asanas that precede meditation in Classical Yoga) is nothing new to the

United States, it has become an exercise trend in recent years. As a former ballet dancer, the transition from ballet to yoga was natural for me and I chose to start practicing yoga as a way of staying limber. However, when

I first began studying yoga in Houston, Texas, at the gym that my family belonged to, all of my expectations were reversed. I had conceived of yoga as one of many other exercise forms, so I was surprised to discover that the yoga teacher at the gym was something of a cult figure. The regulars uttered his name with absolute reverence, as though he was the mortal incarnation of some god.

He was charismatic, but seemed to me to be more of a contortionist and less of a guru. After a few classes, I fell in love with yoga, but decided I had to find a new teacher. Needless to say, after coming to New York, I had the opportunity to study with various instructors, all of whom were highly qualified, but the classes always seemed to stay on a very mundane level. My teachers would usually make cryptic references to the enlightened state that a student of yoga should strive towards, but it was never very clear exactly what that state was.

So, in search of a more pure form of yoga, I ventured downtown to the Jivamukti Yoga Center, located at 404 Lafayette Street, right next door to a humongous Crunch gym (an interesting juxtaposition). The inside of the Center is decorated in bright solid colors, fantastical murals, and a massive fountain. Upon entering, I was instantly reminded of other studio venues, such as Ballroom Dancing. There is a counter where you pay for the class (\$25 + \$1 mat rental) and a "yoga boutique" that offers everything from Jivamukti t-shirts to velvet yoga gear (?!). With a slightly quizzical expression on my face, I went into the changing room.

As I arrived slightly late, I entered the classroom

Yoga Center

or muscle fatigue...you decide.

as the lesson was beginning. The lights were dim and there was a stage in the center of the room (the studios double as performance spaces for various clinics and shows the Center offers), surrounded by purple columns. As I sheepishly found a space on the floor, the instructor began the chanting. This was no simple "Om," rather an elaborate series of incantations that all of the regular students had memorized. After the room stopped reverberating, the instructor read from the Bhagavad Gita, a chapter from the Mahabharata, the great Indian epic and the longest poem in all of world literature. She read in Sanskrit and then translated into English. The general message was about going from darkness into light and from death into immortality. This was no Power Yoga class and much to my surprise, all of a sudden I began to feel out of place. Was I being sacrilegious by profaning this spiritual haven? Did I lack some special initiation to the ranks of the enlightened? My thoughts began to flow like quicksilver as the class launched into Breath of Fire (short, sharp exhalations, almost like hyperventilating).

Breathing exercises quickly gave way to asanas, or physical postures. The instructor, rather than demonstrating the poses at the front of the room, walked around the classroom calling the poses out: "Downward Facing Dog, Plank, Upward Facing Dog, Warrior I, Warrior II" The pace of the class was excruciatingly fast and as soon as we completed two rounds of Sun Salutations, I was drenched in

sweat (also partly due to the warm temperature of the room-I think she wanted us to sweat out

all of those impurities). As I laboriously made my way through the poses, I noticed that the woman in front of me seemed to be having no difficulty. I continued to watch her out of the corner of my eye and soon enough, the green monster reared its ugly head. The adage "if she can do it, I can" came to mind and I began pushing myself even harder, trying to do poses that I had never even seen

before. As I attempted one, I rolled over my head and landed sprawled out across three mats. I tried to regain some dignity as we began the next pose.

During this entire process, my thought never ceased. At one point the teacher made what seemed to me a very pointed remark: "There is a place for everyone in yoga. If you see someone with a very meditative practice and start to feel inadequate or jealous, try to let go of those feelings and concentrate on your breath. That kind of practice is what you're striving for." Instead of delving more deeply into my psyche, I began to wonder about the instructor. She did not look at

all like the stereotypical crunchy yogi, rather, she was tiny and blond, with a deep husky voice that sort of made you think she was an actress. And yet, yoga was clearly a way of life for her. Perhaps there were no criterion for practicing here, after all, other than the will and desire to do so. It wasn't until I got out of the class and onto the train that I began to realize (as I bumped into various poles and walls and kept staring off into space) that I was in a state of profound introspection. Although yoga may never be a way of life for me, it is something that interests me and that I will continue to study. So, for any student of yoga, or anyone wanting to try something new, I suggest taking a class at the Jivamukti Yoga Center. Not only was it one of the most demanding classes I have ever been to, it also prompted all of these vaguely philosophical wanderings.

Who knows, you might even find enlightenment there.

Allison Baker is a Barnard junior and the bulletin nyc living editor

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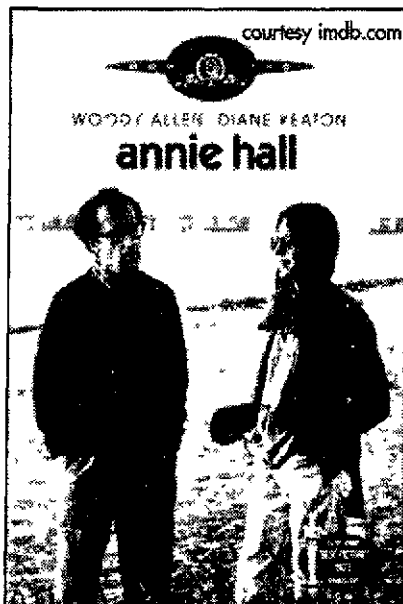
dinner and a movie

By Beth (Susan) Roody

New York, New York...the city that never sleeps. A place of myth and folklore, and the setting for many a film, from cult to blockbuster. As a resident of the Big Apple, you have the unique opportunity to relive the greatest scenes from some of the greatest movies ever made. So, adventurous one, embark on a journey of New York films, New York food, and New York fun!

First, break out onto the roof of the Quad—go up the right staircase, put right unstockinged foot on the wooden banister and hike out the window. Throw your shoes first. (I assume that the pseudo-emergency door with no bolt must have been fixed since I was a first-year.) You are on the roof. If you crane your neck while leaning, thrust fully over the edge of the roof top railing, you can see the empire state building. (I only suggest that if you like the empire state building.) First stop is a rooftop/balcony cliché with white wine driving the *mise en scène*

Go rent *Annie Hall* (1977, directed by Woody Allen). February is the perfect time for lobster, eh? Alvy Singer is hamming it up with the crustaceans: "Annie, there's a big lobster behind the refrigerator. I can't get it out. This thing's heavy.



Maybe if I put a little dish of butter sauce here with a nutcracker, it will run out the other side." Alright, so lobster's expensive...I suggest a cheaper rendition—try lobster bisque. And hey, clam chowder is almost the same, and you can pick up the Legal Seafood variety on *kozmo.com*—frozen yet very tasty. Or head down to FISH restaurant on 106 Street and Broadway. But smell before you go and if overly fishy, abort mission. Get a boule, wherever you like your bread, but NOT the new schmancy place Milano. Do not trust those jerky clear windows—freshness is severely impaired when the bread truck comes not every morning, but every three mornings. Drink white wine, cheap white wine like Gatto Blanco or something, and get a big bottle The perfect *Annie Hall* companion!

Now go play in Port Authority with Madonna at her best.

Go rent *Desperately Seeking Susan*, (1985, directed by Susan Seidelman) my middle namesake of a movie. Time to go all out and eat old-school Madonna-style Miller high life and "fuck this all, let's go get a slice." Avoid Domino's because the head is some anti-abortion freak, and Famiglia's (come on, the tomato paste coats the inside of



your nostrils the next day). Order some Koronet

(coore-oh-nay) and fold it properly—in true New York style. Or, there's CheBellaPizza.com if you want to avoid the phone altogether. Remember that Aidan Quinn is everyone's heartthrob and dream of having that loft with the pseudo-Liechtenstein artwork. Be desperate and cheers to Susan!



Tired? Go rent *Sleep* by Andy Warhol (1963), the eight-hour film of a person sleeping. What do you dream of? Get a Bento Box from Tomo deliv-

ered right to your door, and top it all off with hot cocoa with mini marshmallows—that will put you in the mood for *Sleep*. But, then again, Sushi is entertaining enough to keep you awake.

When you wake up, *Stranger than Paradise* (1984, directed by Jim Jarmusch) will be calling you in Hungarian. How do you say cool in Hungarian? Vacuum your room, buy a cheap thrift store housedress and wax lackadaisical about Florida. TV Din-



ners are in order—"a balanced meal." Or go to Mike's Papaya and get a hotdog, or two. You have to do it sometime in your stint in Morning-side Heights, so get it over with. After all, "this is what we eat in America." If you happen to be up for it, get some Chesterfields and brood outside in the gray at the Hungarian Pastry Shop—long shot with the cat, cut-in to pensive line of Tiramisu (in black and white) or that chocolate thingy—I also highly recommend the Cheese

new york style

make it a night
with these classic
films about nyc!

Puff. At \$6.75 a Puff, you get apricot jam and something warm to counterbalance this chilling notion of Paradise. Come back to earth and enjoy this movie with friends (or alone). Oh yeah—don't forget to hold your breath in the sleeping/shade/back seat car sequence—absolutely beautiful.

Ready to rage, rumble and roughhouse? Be 17 again and lounge around at your Bronx neighborhood pool and “don't get yah haaire wet,” in *Raging Bull* directed by Martin Scorsese (1980). Or get it wet and see what your nasty boyfriend, boxer boy Robert de Niro, does to you. Thank God this movie is in black and white, since you would be seeing lots of red otherwise. Not for the faint of stomach, eat your steak and have it too...but way before you watch this movie. Where's the steak? Reminder to Barnard women—you need iron, so eat some red meat! I love Smith and Wollensky's, not neighborhood pool or neighborhood bar prices—expect to spend \$25-\$30 for the filet mignon. Save up for it! Or, for a mere \$7.99, go to Toast on Broadway between La Salle and Tiemann (yes, you can go North of 116 St.!) and have the number 19. Steak sandwich with peppers, onions, cheese and gourmet graaaavy (I promise it's not scary). Oh, and Jake la Motta is in the latter half of the film—his wife, Vickie, only eats once in the entire film. She wannah piece of chocolate cake. La Motta replies, “You can't have the chocolate cake.” Well girls, you can have it, so go get the cake from Nussbaum and Wu, 111 Street and Broadway. You know which one you want, the one with the



cherries, and remember that, as Barnard women, we are not obliged to be stupid and smear it in anyone's face, or to eat it only when we have our period, geez—all you have to do is eat cake whenever you want.

My main course is *Jupiter's Wife*, (1995, directed by Michel Negroponte) a documentary film which turns all the tables on these other dishes. I am not going to spoil your dinner by telling you what the “matrix coming down on

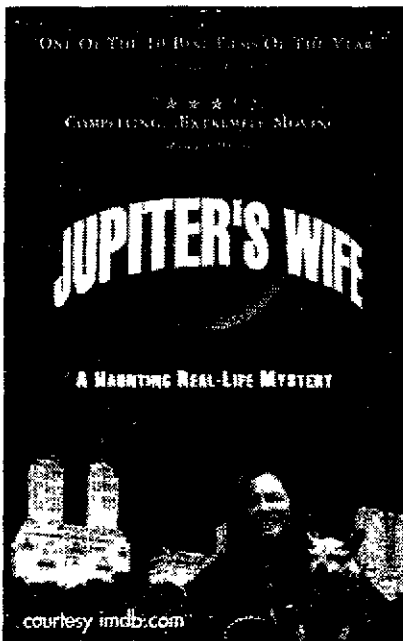
us from above; I'm in the living room,” means. Finally, a film set in Central Park about a homeless woman and her litter of dogs and Woody Allen is not strolling around, inhaling the frame. In going with the theme of Jupiter and Roman/Greek goddesses, be a goddess yourself by making the best concoction in Hades, Purgatory and the Elysian fields. Ambrosia is one vat of cool whip, one half bag of colored mini marshmallows, 1/2 cup of coconut and one can of mandarin oranges. Make picnic sandwiches and go to the Shakespeare garden in Central Park and hunt around for Maggie—Jupiter's wife, who just had a litter I hear. You will not find a more amazing Maggie in your life.

Finalmente, *la crème de la crème*, the cream of the crop, Nicholas Cage with his sweaty big knife tattoo in the bread sequence, Cher's burgundy va-va-voom lipstick, rich red wine, la bella luna made of parmigiano, champagne with sugar cubes and “old man, if you feed another piece of my food to those dogs, I'll kick ya till you're dead.” Be *Moonstruck*

(1987, Directed by Norman Jewison) by Ronny Cammareri: “They say bread is life. And I bake bread, bread, bread. And I sweat and shovel this stinkin' dough in and out of this hot hole in the wall, and I should be so happy! Huh, sweetie?” You could eat elaborate Italian, or egg-in-a-bread on the frying pan with roasted red peppers to top it all. You could eat Minestrone and a double vodka with an NYU professor (you could make espresso shots and vodka shots interchangeable). And don't forget to order a couple “love bites.” Rose Castorini: “You—you got a love bite on your neck. He's coming back this morning, what's the matter with you? You're life's going down the toilet! Cover up that damn thing! Come on, put some make-up on it!” Eat and be depressed—whoever said being merry has anything to do with living in New York? Chin-chin, cheers, salud, and to your varying health—eat and be stuffed in the company of the greats of New York film.



Beth Roddy is a Barnard junior



Kennata's rambblings

Do you ever think of the olden days, when people hooked up at the neighborhood burger joint, like in *Happy Days*? The times when people got all dolled up on Friday and Saturday nights just to strut their stuff in a public place and meet attractive members of the opposite sex? The times when people we knew introduced us to their friends and siblings? Those long-lost days of "I just went out with my friend's cousin's brother-in-law's nephew"? Well, those days are waning. After all, why would you bother blow-drying your hair for a half-hour before a party when you can scan in a nice picture, plop it online and let your fingers do the walking (as your unmade-up face and messy hair happily rest from paints and gels)? The world is at our fingertips...why shouldn't romance be?

When the Internet first sprouted into public consciousness, it seemed that the nightly news was awash with stories of sex offenders finding their own perfect playground behind the monitor. My parents used to get heart palpitations whenever they saw that I was chatting online, and always shrieked at me not to ever tell anyone my real name or location. Gradually, chatting wore out its novelty for me, and the concept of meeting people online was something that I laughed about.

It seemed absolutely ridiculous to me that I could actually get to know someone through mute, impersonal lines on a screen. Shortly after the Internet became commonplace, daytime talk shows began bringing together people who were "in love" without ever having met in real life. Naturally, the shows played on the concept of "blindness" for all it was worth—and it came to a gloriously funny head on a talk

show when two people were brought onto the stage, but were separated by a screen before they finally saw each other. From behind the screen, a 5'4", 110 lb. man proposed to a, well, rather large woman, who then emotionally accepted the proposal. As the audience burst into applause, the screen was taken away and the newly engaged cyber-lovers stared at each other with frozen smiles and panicked eyes.

Granted, this situation manipulated man's shallowest instincts (which of course took place way before scanners and digital camera became as common as toasters). Still, the practice of online romance is burgeoning. Nearly every aspect of a love life could be simulated online—cyber-flirting (*hug*, *blush*, etc.) to falling in love (you'd be surprised at the sorts of emotional connections that can be formed over the Internet) to consummating the relationship (yep, cybering is still the safest form of sex). I understood all this from the inception.

Still, when my geeky friend in eleventh grade announced to me that he was planning to meet up with a girl he had met on AOL, my eyes bugged out and I advised him to bring along his sharpest fountain pen. For all he knew, this "girl" was a forty-five-year-old man with hairy toes and ill intentions. After all, I had watched the news. I knew how these things worked!

This friend of mine continued to go online and pick up girls, but I decided to accept this as an exceptional deviation from the norm (but then again, many things about this boy deviated from the norm). I continued to scrupulously avoid chat-rooms with any sort of romantic slant. I didn't respond to amorous AIM messages. I ignored the ads for

online matchmaking services—even though as I got closer to high school graduation, more and more began to spring up. And as more and more of my friends began to tell me about scheduled meetings with cyber-

sweeties, I simply got more and more convinced that I was living in a world of desperate crackpots who cared not a whit for their own darned safety.

Then the term "online boy/girlfriend" came into existence. I will never

forget the day that my friend, Nadia—who is the most cynical, unromantic person I have ever met—called me up and told me that she was in love with some guy in New Jersey whom she had never seen. Shortly after they finally met, he became her first lover.

I figured it was merely another exception to the rule. And the rule, to me, was crystal-clear. Nice girls did not meet boys online. Boys online could easily turn out to be crazy rapists. Nice girls who choose to disregard this rule end up in ditches somewhere in the woods of Montana. And I was definitely a nice girl who was living and breathing in New York City—quite happily, thank you very much.

However, nice girl or not, there is no avoiding progress. Internet romance threaded its way into the media. Tom Hanks and Meg Ryan typed their way into true love in *You've Got Mail*. Britney Spears warbled "E-Mail My Heart" while Ally McBeal got into a little hot water with an underage boy whom she had fallen in lust with online. And yours truly tried something she had previously regarded as something that only desperate, lonely people did.

Collegeclub.com didn't seem like one of those ridiculous online match-up services. <<page 31>>

**snap
screech pop:
love connec-
tion estab-
lished**



vague and ~~useful~~ ~~is there more to diversity than just numbers and statistics?~~

by Francis Webb

Everyone wants it. Everyone talks about it. But what is diversity? Today's academic institutions are obsessed with it. Colleges and universities that don't consider themselves diverse have workshops and initiatives to increase representation on campus. Yet the context in which I hear it used is so often is that of racial, cultural, or ethnic homogeneity or heterogeneity. It seems this is what academia desires. Yet is it this simple? I propose that there is more to diversity and that some use it irresponsibly to further unfair agendas.

According to *US News and World Report* (the guys who come up with those rankings that we try not to care about) schools are rated with an index that factors in the total number of minority students—not including international students—and the mix of racial groups. This includes American Indians and Alaskan Natives, Asians and Pacific Islanders, blacks who are non-Hispanic, whites who are non-Hispanic, and Hispanics in these calculations. The formula produces a diversity index that ranges from 0.0 to 1.0. The closer the index is to 1.0, the more diverse is the student body. So, according to this idea of diversity, international students don't figure in to campus diversity. Is that fair? Apparently to *US News*, the bottom line for them is racial difference. I don't intend to argue with the composition of their index, but to criticize their violation of the idea behind diversity that this simplification promotes. In academic institutions, it seems we should value diversity of experience and thought, not merely skin color—culture and ethnicity certainly provide gateways to diversity, but they shouldn't pass as a substitute.

In my freshman year of college, I had a white roommate from PA who had attended St Andrews in Delaware. He was pretty conservative. played squash. drank

and was a severe atheist. There was another white guy who lived across the hall who was from Maryland. He was a born-again Christian, very interested in snow-shoeing and China, and was perhaps the nicest man you could ever meet. His white roommate, a varsity runner, was from the San Francisco Bay Area and born into a wealthy, hard-working middle class family that was very liberal. Now at first glance, seeing these three white male individuals of average height walking

everyone wants it.
everyone talks about it.
but what is diversity?

across campus wouldn't smack of diversity at all. Throughout my freshman year, however, the differences in their experiences and ideas created a very distinct intellectual climate for me that I found quite edifying. Would *US News's* index reflect what I experienced? Obviously not.

Let me use my life as an experiment in the perception of diversity. How much diversity I would add to your educational experience? Pause after each sentence and consider the question. I currently live in Hanover, New Hampshire, but home is in southeastern Massachusetts. I used to live in southwestern Connecticut. My father is from upstate New York. I was born in Ft. Lauderdale, Florida and my mother is from Medellín, Colombia. I grew up in a household where both English and Spanish were spoken. Early in my childhood, I lived in Mexico City, Mexico and later in Sao Paulo, Brazil.

My goal here is not to alienate the different racial and ethnic groups on college campuses or deny the positive affect they can have on everyone's education experience. Diversity is a positive element that we should seek as part of the enlightenment beginning in our college years. When race and ethnicity alone are used

as an easy substitute for diversity, I feel we are slighting ourselves and the very education we seek. I sometimes question how diverse organizations such as cultural groups really are. If everyone in the room is Latino or Asian, is the group diverse? Are they sharing what they add to the overall diversity of the campus with others or merely segregating themselves from that other majority? It is clear to me that place of birth, religion, political views, gender, sexual orientation, educational pursuits and extra-curricular activities are part of the diversity picture too, and they should not be overlooked.

Diversity, or rather lack of diversity, is here at Dartmouth being used to judge and question the existence organizations such as Greek Houses and athletic teams. But ask yourselves, are groups diverse or not diverse merely because of their racial composition and gender, or because they are composed of people with similar interests? How much diversity are minority students on campus bringing to "the rest of us" if they cloister themselves? And are we ignoring the tendency of people to join groups voluntarily? Once on campus, everyone has a basically equal opportunity to choose classes and join different groups with few exceptions. I urge students and especially administrators to be careful not to judge diversity on an over-simplified definition. We should be cautious not to make sweeping changes based on a word that has different meanings to different people. I think administrators and students should strive for a true diversity of experience and ideas on our college campuses. Every individual regardless of race or ethnicity brings their own personal diversity to our campuses, and at some point wasn't this the goal? Shouldn't we be judged not by the color of our skin but the content of our character?

Francis Webb is a Dartmouth sophomore.

Karenata's rambblings



Do you ever think of the olden days, when people hooked up at the neighborhood burger joint, like in *Happy Days*? The times when people got all dolled up on Friday and Saturday nights just to strut their stuff in a public place and meet attractive members of the opposite sex? The times when people we knew introduced us to their friends and siblings? Those long-lost days of "I just went out with my friend's cousin's brother-in-law's nephew"? Well, those days are waning. After all, why would you bother blow-drying your hair for a half-hour before a party when you can scan in a nice picture, pop it online and let your fingers do the walking (as your unmade-up face and messy hair happily rest from paints and gels)? The world is at our fingertips...why shouldn't romance be?

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snap screech pop: love connection established

Then the term "online boyfriend/girlfriend" came into existence. I will never forget the day that my friend, Nadia—who is the most cynical, unromantic person I have ever met—called me up and told me that she was in love with some guy in New Jersey whom she had never seen. Shortly after they finally met, he became her first lover.

I figured it was merely another exception to the rule. And the rule, to me, was crystal clear: Nice girls did not meet boys online. Boys online could easily turn out to be crazy rapists. Nice girls who choose to disregard this rule end up in ditches somewhere in the woods of Montana. And I was definitely a nice girl who was living and breathing in New York City—quite happily, thank you very much.

However, nice girl or not, there is no avoiding progress. Internet romance threaded its way into the media. Tom Hanks and Meg Ryan typed their way into true love in *You've Got Mail*. Britney Spears warbled "E-Mail My Heart" while Ally McBeal got into a little hot water with an underage boy whom she had fallen in lust with online. And yours truly tried something she had previously regarded as something that only desperate, lonely people did.

Collegeclub.com didn't seem like one of those ridiculous online match-up services. <<page 31>>

vague and unhelpful

is there more to diversity than just numbers and statistics?

by Francis Webb

Everyone wants it. Everyone talks about it. But what is diversity? Today's academic institutions are obsessed with it. Colleges and universities that don't consider themselves diverse have workshops and initiatives to increase representation on campus. Yet the context in which I hear it used is so often is that of racial, cultural, or ethnic homogeneity or heterogeneity. It seems this is what academia desires. Yet is it this simple? I propose that there is more to diversity and that some use it irresponsibly to further unfair agendas.

According to *US News and World Report* (the guys who come up with those rankings that we try not to care about) schools are rated with an index that factors in the total number of minority students—not including international students—and the mix of racial groups. This includes American Indians and Alaskan Natives, Asians and Pacific Islanders, blacks who are non-Hispanic, whites who are non-Hispanic, and Hispanics in these calculations. The formula produces a diversity index that ranges from 0.0 to 1.0. The closer the index is to 1.0, the more diverse is the student body. So, according to this idea of diversity, international students don't figure in to campus diversity. Is that fair? Apparently to *US News*, the bottom line for them is racial difference. I don't intend to argue with the composition of their index, but to criticize their violation of the idea behind diversity that this simplification promotes. In academic institutions, it seems we should value diversity of experience and thought, not merely skin color—culture and ethnicity certainly provide gateways to diversity, but they shouldn't pass as a substitute.

In my freshman year of college, I had a white roommate from PA who had attended St. Andrews in Delaware. He was pretty conservative, played squash, drank

and was a severe atheist. There was another white guy who lived across the hall who was from Maryland. He was a born-again Christian, very interested in snow-shoeing and China, and was perhaps the nicest man you could ever meet. His white roommate, a varsity runner, was from the San Francisco Bay Area and born into a wealthy, hard-working middle class family that was very liberal. Now at first glance, seeing these three white male individuals of average height walking

everyone wants it.
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across campus wouldn't smack of diversity at all. Throughout my freshman year, however, the differences in their experiences and ideas created a very distinct intellectual climate for me that I found quite edifying. Would *US News's* index reflect what I experienced? Obviously not.

Let me use my life as an experiment in the perception of diversity. How much diversity I would add to your educational experience? Pause after each sentence and consider the question. I currently live in Hanover, New Hampshire, but home is in southeastern Massachusetts. I used to live in southwestern Connecticut. My father is from upstate New York. I was born in Ft. Lauderdale, Florida and my mother is from Medellin, Colombia. I grew up in a household where both English and Spanish were spoken. Early in my childhood, I lived in Mexico City, Mexico and later in Sao Paulo, Brazil.

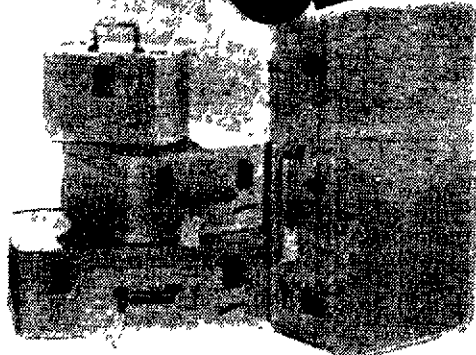
My goal here is not to alienate the different racial and ethnic groups on college campuses or deny the positive affect they can have on everyone's education experience. Diversity is a positive element that we should seek as part of the enlightenment beginning in our college years. When race and ethnicity alone are used

as an easy substitute for diversity, I feel we are slighting ourselves and the very education we seek. I sometimes question how diverse organizations such as cultural groups really are. If everyone in the room is Latino or Asian, is the group diverse? Are they sharing what they add to the overall diversity of the campus with others or merely segregating themselves from that other majority? It is clear to me that place of birth, religion, political views, gender, sexual orientation, educational pursuits and extra-curricular activities are part of the diversity picture too, and they should not be overlooked.

Diversity, or rather lack of diversity, is here at Dartmouth being used to judge and question the existence organizations such as Greek Houses and athletic teams. But ask yourselves, are groups diverse or not diverse merely because of their racial composition and gender, or because they are composed of people with similar interests? How much diversity are minority students on campus bringing to "the rest of us" if they cloister themselves? And are we ignoring the tendency of people to join groups voluntarily? Once on campus, everyone has a basically equal opportunity to choose classes and join different groups with few exceptions. I urge students and especially administrators to be careful not to judge diversity on an over-simplified definition. We should be cautious not to make sweeping changes based on a word that has different meanings to different people. I think administrators and students should strive for a true diversity of experience and ideas on our college campuses. Every individual regardless of race or ethnicity brings their own personal diversity to our campuses, and at some point wasn't this the goal? Shouldn't we be judged not by the color of our skin but the content of our character?

Francis Webb is a Dartmouth sophomore

tales from abroad abroad



by kiryn haslinger

They say stage two of culture shock is total embitterment with one's surroundings. I was in this stage with all its ups and downs for the first few weeks of my stay in Spain. I apologize if I have discouraged anyone from pursuing study abroad by my cynical portrayal of my experiences thus far. It's not all that bad! Now that I'm much more acclimated I am enjoying myself, my classes, and my surroundings.

Case in point, after recently learning the word *la grifa* (faucet) I thought I'd try it out. I went to a restaurant and tried asking for tap water: "*agua grifa, por favor?*" The waiter laughed uproariously and told me that I had just ordered marijuana water. The correct word for faucet or tap water is *el grifo*, he told me. So much for my indelible vocabulary lesson.

I have to say it seems that I have a cosmic connection with pot here. A Spaniard once told me that my name (pronounced as it is in Spain) is a type of hashish. I should make it easier for everyone and choose a Spanish name, instead of trying to translate a name with which even Americans have problems. From now on, I'll be Carmen.

And on that musical note, I want to tell you that one of the most interesting cultural aspects of Seville is street performance. In the shopping district, which is only navigable by foot, musicians and other performers line the streets, performing for donations. There, a *gitano* man simultaneously plays trumpet and keyboards (surprisingly well) and a string quartet plays Vivaldi wearing tuxedos. In the same area, I have caught an opera singer and his three sons (who play violin, bass, and accordion respectively), also dressed in full suits. My personal favorite of the street performers is a trumpet player who plays with one hand and with the other holds the leash of his flamenco-dancing dog. Mind you the dog dances on his hind legs wears a red and green polka-dot flamenco dress...it's truly a riot.

More seriously, I do sometimes wonder if some of the performers have no other means to survive or if they play for fun or love of music. But besides this entertainment, the streets of Seville contain other important points of interest.

The buildings of the city are a mixture of varied forms of architecture from different cultures. The main cathedral (third largest in the world after St. Peter's in Rome and St. Paul's

in England) is stationed in the center of town, immediately next to Alcazar, an old Arab castle. The cathedral was built over the ruins of a Muslim mosque of which some elements remain. In the center of the gothic church, a Moorish-style tower called La Giralda functions as the bell tower, and is the most famous part of the cathedral. The cathedral's neighbor, Alcazar, was discovered by a Christian king who later remodeled a portion of it into a royal palace for himself. But with the exception of a few crosses carved into the wood and some rectangular doors, the Arab structure remains mostly intact.

Down the street from the cathedral and castle and next to the river is the

Plaza del Torros, a rather famous bull-fighting ring.

stage two of culture shock: ok, maybe it's not so bad!

The building, which is much more modern than the ones I just discussed, resembles a spotlessly white circle with red and yellow trimmings typical of Spanish decorations. Seville is also filled with interesting, unique buildings that were constructed

for the World Fair of 1928, all of which display their representative country's name and causing the city to seem unusually multicultural. The truth is, however, that there is not a large variety of ethnicity here. The assimilation of Arab, Christian, Jewish, African, and Northern European cultures mirrored in the architecture is such that the ultimate culture is universal, Seville does not have the kind of tense energy characteristic of New York, and other American cities, through the clashing of many different cultures. Perhaps that's why being Carmen here isn't as preposterous as it sounds and the reason my culture shock wore off before it could keep me from more experiences here

Kyrin Haslinger is a Barnard junior.

surviving temptation island

why i tune in faithfully every week

by Jacklyn Salama

"It's not about sex," Fox Network says. Of course it's not. With the fantastic appeal of a daytime soap yet a bit more risqué, the show gives the American public just what they want: a TV show that allows them to space out for an hour while watching the plight of others. The viewers can either sympathize with the characters or thank the heavens that it's not them going through it.

Before the show premiered, I condemned its producers for using an immoral and illogical story line to attract viewers, at the expense of 38 suckers (Hey, must the world's suckers always suffer?), knowing full well that they would succeed. After watching the first episode, though (not to mention every episode thereafter—without fail), I

became hooked. Yes, I know it's stupid to think that 4 couples (now 3) can make a rational decision about their long-lasting relationships after a mere two weeks of being slammed in the midst of unusual and unrealistic temptation, which takes place, of course, in complete (well,

It's about severe emotional distress, torturous decisions and summing up years of supposedly meaningful relationships during the whole of two weeks on a paradise island. And that's why we love it.

almost) separation from each other. I know that the show is mostly based on sex and physical temptation (they didn't call it *Temptation Island* for emotional reasons). I know that as an educated college student I should know better than to

be suckered into condoning such an atrocity of society. Well, I haven't fallen into that trap. I don't condone it. I just like watching it. And I think that Fox's producers are brilliant for being able to play on some of America's greatest weaknesses: sex, emotional plight (think of the audience that Jerry Springer has) and more sex, masked by a shallow psycho-analytical play on relationships and making the right choices. Some people watch Jerry, and others play Snood. I'll choose *Temptation Island* as my one evil. The reality of this "reality" show is hilariously frightening, and I will watch

it while I shake my head in pity and disbelief till its bitter end, enjoying every last minute of it.

Jacklyn Salama is a Barnard junior and bulletin assistant managing editor.

letterstotheeditor

Dear *bulletin* Staff,

Just wanted to let you know how much I enjoyed last week's edition of the *bulletin*. It was informative, interesting, and perfectly balanced, with no real weak spots. I feel like in three years I have really watched the bulletin hit its stride, and this issue was particularly impressive in its overall composition. Thank you,

Anonymous, '02

Dear Editor,

I would like to applaud my class- and floormate Rebecca Krevosky's article "West Side (of Broadway) Pride." Aside from being witty as hell, it was both well-researched and well-written, and it reaffirmed my faith in the women of the Barnard community and their mature outlook.

Jody Mullen, Class of '04

<<page 28>> It was a place to chat with fellow college students, read funky articles, take amusing quizzes. But when I encountered a Columbia student (with some dynamite pictures, I will admit), it seemed silly not to meet him in person.

Well, that didn't work out. However, the breach had been made. I began to accept the Internet as a viable place to meet people. I didn't fly to Seattle to meet my e-mail pal (as someone I know did), but I did begin to regard the Internet as a meat market—a rather intangible one, but a meat market nonetheless.

Right now, one of my acquaintances is dating a guy who had found her e-mail on the Columbia server. Another one is dating a Columbia student that she had met online (the common bond thing always works). And I...I am happily dating a guy whom I got to know exclusively over e-mail (although our real-life encounter took place through a mutual friend).

Are singles bars going to be rendered obsolete anytime soon? Absolutely not. Does the 'Net guarantee you a Valentine by next year? Not quite. Can the 'Net be used as a way to meet people? That ques-

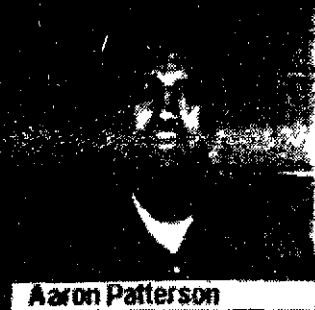
tion is a bit more difficult to answer because there are still many risks associated with meeting online pals. The truth is, I still don't recommend beginning a romance with a complete stranger. But, hey—it really is a global village and every village has a local barn where you can meet other guys and gals.

Whatever you choose to do online or off, I would like to offer you this token of my affection:

@_____^_____

Renata Bystritsky is a Barnard sophomore and a bulletin columnist.

Innocence on DEATH ROW:



10 Stories from Illinois

They say that no innocent people get the death penalty...But what if you were put on death row by a confession that was tortured out of you?

10 men were tortured by Chicago police officer John Burge – and forced to confess.

10 men have been awaiting their own executions, for over 15 years.

10 men have been fighting for their freedom and against the death penalty.

Come Hear Their Stories.

8:00 pm-Wednesday-Feb. 28th

Hamilton Hall – Rm. TBA

Sponsored by the Campaign to End the Death Penalty
Call x37880 for more info or email nodeathpenalty@columbia.edu