

BARNARD BULLETIN

VOLUME CI NUMBER 9 NOVEMBER 15, 1993

Stress Anyone?



Wuzara Sederya

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BEAR ESSENTIALS

CHOICE AND CONSEQUENCE FIRST YEAR STUDENTS

If you are not currently enrolled in a FIRST YEAR SEMINAR, you should have received a memo from Dean Webster in your mailbox. Be sure to fill out and return the form attached to this memo to the Dean of Studies Office, 105 Milbank, by Wed, Nov 17. If you did not receive a copy of the memo, come to 105 Milbank as soon as possible. Remember to submit your seminar preference sheet by the 17th to ensure your placement in the seminar of your choice.

First Year English: Go directly to the English Department and sign up on the bulletin board outside the office by November 12.

Program Planning meetings

American Studies Thursday, Nov 11, 4 pm in 414 Lehman, Architecture, Wed, Nov 17, 4 pm in 314 Barnard Hall, Art History, Nov 8, 5 pm in the Art Studio, 305 Barnard, Biological Sciences, Friday, Nov 12, 12-1 pm in 903 Altschul, Chemistry Friday Nov 19, 3-4 pm, in the Deanery, Economics Thursday, Nov 11, at noon in 422 Lehman, Education Thurs, Nov 18, noon - 1 pm in 335 Milbank, English Tuesday, Nov 9, 1-2 pm in Sulzberger Parlor, Environmental Science, Tues, Nov 11, noon in 331 Milbank, French, Nov 11, 3-4 pm, in 306 Milbank, Italian Monday, Nov 15, 5:30 in 320 Milbank, Medieval and Renaissance Studies Nov 19, 12:30 pm in 214 Milbank, Political Science/Urban Affairs, Tentative date Tues, Nov 23, 12:15 pm in 421 Lehman, Philosophy, Thurs, Nov 11, 12-1 pm. Please call dept for details. Psychology, Nov 16 at noon in 415 Milbank. Religion Thurs, Nov 11 5-6 pm in Spanish Lounge (207 Milbank), Statistics

Thursday, Nov 11, 3-5 pm in 613 Mathematics, Theater, Nov 9 4 pm in 229 Milbank,

The deadline for filing tentative spring '94 programs with the Registrar for First-Years, First Semester Sophomores, and New Transfers is Thurs, Dec 2.

Copies of personalized bubble sheets have been sent to your adviser, see your adviser complete the sheet, have your adviser sign it, and submit it to the Registrar's Office (107 Milbank).

COURSE DROPPING, WITHDRAWALS AND PASS/D/FAIL

Thurs, Nov 18, is the last day to drop a course that is to be deleted from a student's record. Students are required to speak with their advisers before dropping a course. The deadline to request Pass/D/Fail grading is also Thurs, Nov 18. Students are encouraged to speak with their advisers before electing P/D/F grading. The deadline to withdraw from a course (W recorded) is December 8. Be sure to file the appropriate forms with the Registrar 107 Milbank.

LIMITED ENROLLMENT

Although students normally wait until January to sign up for Columbia courses, those interested in enrolling in a history seminar at Columbia should consult the Barnard Limited Enrollment Course List which includes Columbia as well as Barnard history seminars. All of these seminars require that you sign up immediately. Students must obtain permission from the seminar professor and then pre-register, at either the Barnard History Department (415

Lehman) or the Columbia History Department (611 Fayerweather), by completing a request form. The deadline to pre-register is Fri, Nov 19.

Students are also reminded that the Psychology Lottery will take place Wed, Nov 17 - Fri, Nov 19, in 415 Milbank.

Biology Preregistration (except BIO BC1002y, BC2001y and BC2004y) will take place Nov 30 for seniors, and Dec 1 for non-seniors in 1203 Altschul. If your last name begins with A-K you come 8:45 am - 10:45 am, and if your last name begins with L-Z then you come 1-4 pm.

Biology BC 1002y, BC2001y, and BC2004y. Sign-up sheets will be posted on the 9th floor of Altschul until the end of the semester.

PREMED STUDENTS-

1. Albert Einstein College of Medicine will hold its Annual Minority Student Open House on Sunday, Nov 21st. A tentative agenda and registration form (which is due Nov 12th) is available from Jayma Abdo in the Dean of Studies Office.

2. The Dean of Studies Office has some materials available to help students prepare for medical school interviews. Please see Jayma Abdo.

AUDITIONS FOR MANHATTAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC will be held on Jan 10 and possibly on the Jan 11, 1994. The application deadline to enroll for the spring 1994 term is December 1 and the audition fee is \$85. Students must pass the audition in order to secure enrollment.

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BARNARD BULLETIN

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The *Barnard Bulletin* is published on Mondays throughout the academic year. Letters to the editor are due in our office by 5pm the Wednesday preceding publication. Opinions expressed in the *Bulletin* are those of the authors and not necessarily of Barnard College.

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Media coverage of women's issues must become more responsible

After a history where topics such as date rape and sexual harassment were non-issues in the media as well as in legal terms, these issues have gained more and more space in our newspapers and on our television screens. Should women be cheering in the streets that issues for which they've been fighting for so long are finally being given overdue recognition? Unfortunately, any celebration would be premature at a time when date rape and sexual harassment are still often being placed in a context of hysteria and over reaction. Perpetually oversimplified, ahistorical, even mocking, these accounts are no victory for women. Yes, it continues that it is the women who bring up charges of acquaintance rape or sexual harassment—not the accused—who are subjected to the most grueling interrogation by the national media. "What was she wearing?," "How many partners has she had in the last year?" the headlines demand. Most reporting on these issues is riddled with sensationalism. They are glamorized, given a sexy spin and kinky character.

The media need to live up to their social responsibility and provide more sensitive, serious coverage of these issues. Crimes against women do not exist in a vacuum. Gender-based power distribution and economic exploitation still characterize contemporary society and allow violence and harassment against women to persist. If truly informing and educating the public on the subjects of date rape and sexual harassment is a genuine concern of the media, it is about time that they looked at the broader picture.

EDITORIAL POLICY:

In order to be considered for publication, all Letters to the Editor from an individual must be signed by that individual and/or from a Barnard SGA and/or Columbia Student Council recognized campus organization.

Letters to the Editor must be submitted no later than the Thursday preceding the publication of the issue.

Signed articles, letters, or editorials represent the views of the writer; they do not necessarily reflect the views of the entire *Bulletin* staff.

Roundtable discussion focuses on Roiphe, Antioch Code and the feminist movement

by Michelle Baird-Andreasen and Jennifer Lerer

On Wednesday, November 3, the Barnard Center for Research on Women (CROW) hosted a roundtable discussion on "Rape and Sex Codes: Antioch, Roiphe and Beyond." Leading this discussion were Leshe Calman, Director of CROW, Lynn Chancer, Professor of Sociology, and Abhaya Kaufman, a Barnard student currently actively involved with the Women's Co-op.

Leslie Calman opened the discussion with her comments on Katie Roiphe, a doctoral candidate at Princeton who has recently published "The Morning After Sex, Fear, and Feminism on Campus." Calman called this publication "near total 'dreck,'" stating that Roiphe is a woman of great privilege who would rather be ignorant than safe in terms of Sexually Transmitted Diseases and sexual violence. Roiphe tends, according to Calman, to see women's anger as neurosis. Calman further stated that the feminist movement has been gaining strength, and the media has been looking for a chance to trash the movement. "The book," she continued, "goes over the line of common sense and gives the media this chance." However, Calman agreed with Roiphe's point that women must take responsibility for their own drug and alcohol abuse.

Professor Chancer continued along a similar vein. She agreed that Roiphe's book was quite academically lacking, saying that she would give it a "C-" had one of her students written it, and criticized Roiphe's confusing methodology. Moreover, Roiphe, Chancer stated is "personally obnoxious," lacking any historical context in her unclear thoughts. However, there remained issues of Roiphe's work which Chancer did not dismiss lightly. "Roiphe is part of the backlash against feminism

which turns back the tide of feminist gain," Chancer claimed, and cited a definition of backlash which included false and illogical equations and blaming feminism for a whole laundry list of problems for which feminism could not possibly be responsible among other faults. Among the more ludicrous examples from Roiphe's book which Chancer pointed out was blaming feminism for the need for safe sex and for the AIDS crisis. However, Chancer also found limited good points in Roiphe's poorly researched book, including her criticism of feminist essentialism and

Roiphe's willingness to speak what she believes, which Chancer called "courageous, while obnoxious."

Abhaya Kaufman spoke on her concerns with Roiphe's lack of media criticism. Roiphe, according to Kaufman,

blames feminism for focusing on issues of rape and date rape to the exclusion of many other issues when the media should carry far more of that responsibility. While Roiphe claims that this issue is dominating feminist thought, Kaufman claimed that this conflicts with my own experience. In my own work, this is not a priority. The media just ignores what is less sensational. Kaufman also criticized Roiphe for

her "protective attitude towards men," citing Roiphe's inability to recognize the anger in women who make up marches such as Take Back the Night. Kaufman pointed out that, contrary to Roiphe's claim, we are not afraid at Take Back the Night; rather, it is the one night when we can walk outside without fear. Roiphe also errs in claiming that feminism regulates sex. Kaufman claimed that sex was already regulated by social conditioning.

In addition, many objected to Roiphe's claims that the image of the woman who is concerned about date rape today is strikingly similar to the image of the 1950s woman, a woman who is in need of protection and who is always a potential victim.

Many objected to Roiphe's claims that the image of the woman who is concerned about date rape today is strikingly similar to the image of the 1950s woman, a woman who is in need of protection and who is always a potential victim.

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Fair Barnard

First in a series

by Sarah Bronson

In 1990, Rona Wilk (BC '91) ran a feature series in the Barnard Bulletin, called 'Fair Barnard' on life at Barnard during the 1910's

The title comes from a song that was popular among Barnard students in the early years of this century. While we do not expect to reach Ms Wilk's level of wit and scholarship, we would like to take the liberty of continuing the "Fair Barnard" series, concentrating this time on the experiences of Dean Virginia Crocheron Gildersleeve, Barnard Class of 1899, who led the College from 1911 to 1947

Miss Virginia C. Gildersleeve was not at all impressed by Barnard College when she first arrived. She had applied to college because her mother felt it important that she go. Young Miss Gildersleeve had begun to agree with her mother when she sat down to take Barnard's entrance exam (this was long before the days of the SAT) and discovered to her own horror, that she could not list the names and dates of all the Roman emperors. Despite her fine secondary education at the Brearley school, the future Dean of Barnard decided that she must go to college now. Despite her ignorance of Roman history, she was accepted and entered Barnard in 1895 with much trepidation.

The Barnard Dean Gildersleeve entered was very different from the one we know today. Only six years old, the college was located at 343 Madison Avenue in an

overcrowded, shabby brownstone front². In the four stones of this building, Barnard students and faculty had

luch room, club room, lecture room, study, and chapel all within the same four walls, where it is impossible to sit in comfort without being suffocated by the heat or almost driven out by the cold³. In order to establish that Barnard girls could withstand the same demanding curriculum as Columbia boys, students took all the Columbia exams, even when different professors were teaching the parallel courses. But these Barnard girls, the first women to attend college in New York City, loved their classes, held them sacred, and were more than up to the pressure of proving that women could handle the same courseload and work as men.

In six short years, Barnard students had also created a bit of college life for themselves. There was a Freshman Debating Society, a Haphazard Club, a Novel Club, and a chapter of a fraternity (what we would now call a sorority). In 1892, an Undergraduate Association, a precursor of SGA, was formed, and in 1894, Barnard's first student publication, the Annual, went to print. Every month, the Undergraduate Association held a tea for students, faculty, and distinguished guests. Elia Weed, the first administrative leader of the fledgling school, had recently passed away, but the new Dean, Emily James Smith, was young and energetic, and added an exciting



photo courtesy of Barnard Archives

flair to the activities at 343 Madison

Miss Gildersleeve entered a class of twenty-one twenty of whom were from New York or the surrounding areas. In those days there were generally two types of students at Barnard: those who could not afford to be sent away to a country school like Bryn Mawr and the debutantes who had to stay in New York City for the winter socials. But Gildersleeve described her class as quite homogenous: most of the students came from upper middle class backgrounds.

She herself came to Barnard shy and aloof and when her class elected officers in her first year, she sat in the back of the room thinking sardonically that "there's one person sure not to be elected to anything, and that's VCG."⁴ Yet just one year later she was jumping on a sofa in the back parlour of 343, Sophomore Class President zealously preparing her second-year classmates to initiate the freshmen. She later wrote that "of all the excellent education I received from Barnard College by far the most valuable part was experience in human relations, the development of an ability to know and understand people of various kinds, to appreciate them and to enjoy helping to organize them."⁵

In the fall of 1897 Miss Gildersleeve's third year, the Barnard community abandoned, with mixed feelings, their dear building on Madison Avenue for their luxurious new site across the street from their brother school, Columbia. The complex of three connected buildings, Fiske, Milbank and Brinckerhoff Halls, could hold 500 students, and to the small student body seemed very roomy indeed. Brinckerhoff, the east wing of the building, held the theater with a stage that folded up to reveal a dance floor and fireplace. Fiske, the east wing, was a dormitory, and for four years, (until the space was needed to expand the science departments) could house almost 100 residents.

The move to Morningside Heights led to friendlier relations with Columbia College, now that the brother and sister colleges were neighbors as well. At the Commencement ceremonies of 1898, Barnard girls marched for the first time along with their Columbia counterparts to receive their degrees. The move to the larger facilities also led to an increase in extracurricular activities. The students started a Greek club, Banjo club, Bicycle club, Christian association, and an Athletic association. The Mortarboard replaced the Annual in 1897 and there was the addition of more national fraternities. Suddenly Barnard girls were having to budget their time, besides tests to take and papers to write, there were

meetings, labs, and dances to attend.

Milbank's biggest asset seems to have been the view. Having moved away from the hustle and bustle of Madison Avenue, Barnard students reveled in their new comparatively rural environment. To the east lay The Boulevard (Broadway) and Columbia University, which was comprised of just a few buildings and many sprawling lawns. To the south lay an open expanse of fields and to the north was a similar tract on which one could watch goats grazing during an occasional boring lecture. And of course to the west lay the beloved Hudson River. No Riverside Drive obstructed the view of the water and Palisades. Memories of the lights by the Hudson would bring tears to many an alumna's eye for years to come.

The proximity to Columbia made access to Columbia's classes and facilities easier. Gildersleeve was particularly impressed by the great columns—let alone research

The Barnard Dean
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opportunities—of Low Memorial Library. In 1897 Barnard's curriculum was expanded when Columbia's Faculty of Pure Science opened their classes to Barnard women, so now Barnard seniors could attend Columbia lectures in astronomy, botany, geology, mathematics, physics, and zoology, although the lab work would still have to be done separately, in Milbank.⁶

More room was made for electives in that year as well. In their first year, all freshmen took together English, Latin, Greek, and Mathematics and had a choice between French and German. There was no such thing then as a major, but every student had extensive requirements. In the Junior and Senior years, students had almost completely free choice. The most popular electives, interestingly, were Latin, English rhetoric, and Greek. Virginia Gildersleeve's

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Kalinka's runway is every woman's runway

by Lavinei Savu

Last week New York became the fashion new for the annual offering of the spring 1994

Fashion buyers and journalists shifted their critical gaze from Europe where the spring collections had already been presented to Manhattan. On the second day of New York's fashion week the runway was set at the Supper Club and all eyes turned to the Kalinka spring collection.

The Kalinka collection entitled "Take A Left At Nirvana" lured the audience back across the Atlantic past Paris and Milan, to the land of Krishna Punks and Krishna Goddesses. It was India but with a modern flair; the models were Krishna Goddesses but they sometimes opted to parade the oasis in platform shoes.

For spring 1994 the emphasis of the collection was on comfort with respect to both the silhouette and the lightly fitted designs. The New York buyers were

lured by denim jackets, Top Mihil and Oasis print dresses and

plum suns and Krishna face skirts. At the climax of Kalinka's

homage to India the club diva Kabuki appeared on the catwalk alone covered in blue body paint and draped in a gold mantle and a magnificent gold headdress. Another model wore a dress made solely of gold links. It was a different approach to the diaphanous outfits which Kalinka had presented in her fall 1993 line last spring. The designer explained in an interview last spring that she uses diaphanous fabrics in her

collections to show people

how they can do it's see through look. She adapted this look for the spring with a painted linen gauze apron and a silk shirt which were presented as outerwear worn over casual wear dresses respectively.



PHOTO BY LAVINEI SAVU

Aged blue Zen Nehru jacket with slim pant

The collection included several suits in sand linen, aged blue "Zen" linen/viscose, and ivory crepe. Variations in the suits included the number of jacket pockets, the type of lapel (keyhole, nehru,) and the length and cut of the skirts and pants. The "Floppy" skirt in sand linen, worn with an ivory halter, flared just before ending above the knee.

The simple and graceful lines of the collection suggested an elegant, yet unfussy approach to fashion. "Mine is a

modern kind of glamour, clothes that are very easy to get on. They require very little thinking to get on, but they look spectacular," remarked the designer. The sensational hair design, by Mathu Anderson, consisting of hair spheres and long extensions, added to this "spectacular look," a look which Kalinka has consistently proven is accessible to every woman.

Lavinel Saru is a senior at Columbia.

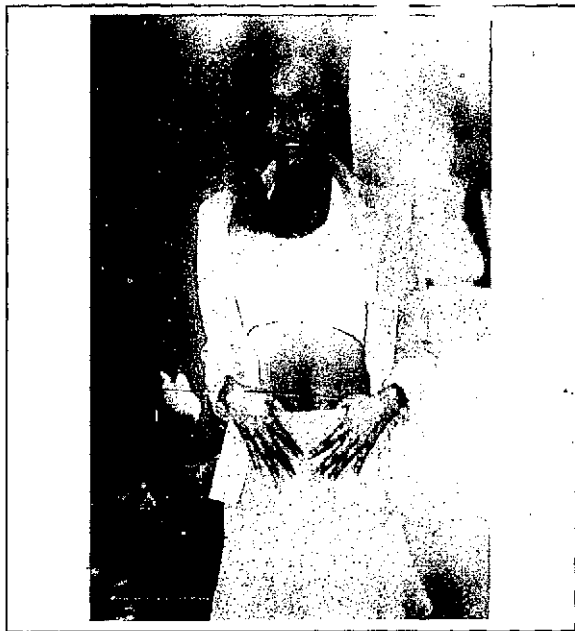


photo by Lavinel Saru

Sand linen "Mally" jacket and "Floppy" skirt with ivory halter.



photo Lavina Szau

Green Taj Mahal print robe with mauve stripe chenille beach dress

KALINKA



photo by Lavina Szau

Condom dress with painted linen gauze coat and gauze dress

India...



photo by Lavina Sava

The "Krishna Goddess" Kabuki



photo by Lavina Sava

Pompeii and navy "Desert Oasis" print nehru suit

but
with a
modern
flair.

Backlash part two

Are we scared little girls or angry young women?

by Nicole Hala

Watch what you say Watch what you do An insidious spectre has recently been hovering over American campuses

A new fundamentalist ideology has been infiltrating our classrooms, completely stifling genuine debate Higher up in the faculty, in women's studies departments, its 'central headquarters,' curricula are being restructured to disseminate the necessary propaganda And just outside the ivory towers, in dorms and social meeting places, Victorian like sexual codes are being implemented Who's behind this

madination? It's rape-crisis feminists and rumor has it, they are instigating a new 'sexual correctness'

Sound sinister almost unreal? Well this is not far from the picture Katie Roiphe and much of the mainstream media has put forth to characterize the current atmosphere at American universities Do you hesitate to call yourself a victim? Have you failed to deconstruct your last experience of bad sex into rape? Do you deign to call Alice Walker a bad writer? If you've answered yes to any of these questions and accept the aforementioned media portrayal as fact, then consider yourself lucky if you haven't become a campus pariah oh and if you're biological destiny has it that you're a male well there is no preliminary screening You are the enemy

Launching this latest round of media criticism on campus feminism was the release of *The Morning After Sex Fear and Feminism on Campus* written by Katie

Roiphe a Harvard alumna and graduate student of English at Princeton Providing overnight stardom for

Roiphe the book criticizes contemporary feminism which she describes as being derided at the roadblock of victimhood and overly obsessing about a certain kind of sexual vulnerability Roiphe stated in a recent discussion at Barnes and Noble

I think that in the current campus environment there is a reward being given to those who can say, 'Look how victimized I am,' and they try to identify themselves with some small group that is victimized *

The primary groups being targeted for creating this presumed mind-set are rape crisis counselors, proponents of sex codes similar to the ones in the controversial Antioch policy, women's studies

professors and virtually any feminist who dares to speak of the—actually well documented—one in-four statistic (This statistic is taken from a study on campus rape conducted by Dr. Mary Koss who found that 25% of female respondents had been victims of rape or attempted rape) In an October 25th *Newsweek* cover story entitled 'Sexual Correctness Sarah Chrichton asks 'Has it gone too far?' saving that like political correctness on campuses there's pitifully little room for debate or diverse points of view Is our campus being patrolled by some sort of feminist thought police or might this be a part of a greater backlash against feminism's entry into the academy and revitalization in our universities?

In her *Newsweek* article which borders on a polemic Chrichton complains of a defensive mind set that is being constructed in female students as a result of increasing rape awareness Women are described as being practically

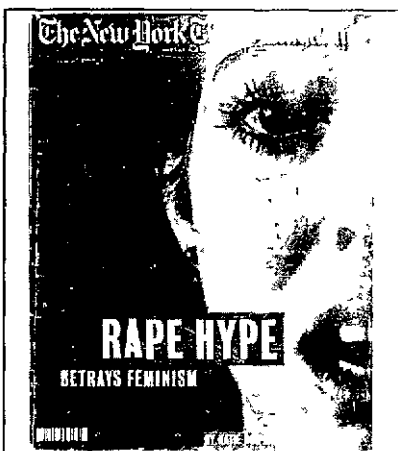


photo courtesy of The New York Times Magazine

paralyzed by fear and feeling like "sitting ducks constantly paranoid that danger lurks behind every corner. Chutkan offers her own advice to violated women. To a student who felt uncomfortable with a professor's romantic overtures, she says "So, tell him to bug off." To women afflicted with eating disorders, she sensitively advises, "Get some therapy and cut it out." In response to this story, Professor Leslie Calman, Director of the Barnard Center for Research on Women says that, "It is so unrealistic as in the real world and the subtleties of sexual interaction and behaviors and power differentials that it's almost beyond belief that it was even published."

A piece in October's *Mother Jones* entitled "Off Course" also calls into question the direction of the women's movement, specifically targeting women's studies as

The picture that comes through from these reports is clear: Preoccupied with concerns like rape and sexual harassment, female students feel more like scared little girls than Angry Young Women. But is this image accurate?

"treating women as an ensemble of victimized identities." Karen Lehrman writes "The guiding principle of most of the classes is oppression, and problems are almost inevitably reduced to relationships of power. 'Diversity' is the mantra of both students and professors, but it doesn't apply to political opinions." The second part of Lehrman's thesis attacks these programs for lacking in serious scholarship and instead providing therapy-like atmospheres for students to air their personal problems. Wendy Kammer, in October's *Atlantic Monthly*, too, questions what she sees as "the exaltation of victimization in contemporary feminism. She asks "Why is feminism helping to make women feel so vulnerable? Why do some women on Ivy League campuses, among the most privileged people on the globe, feel oppressed?" Finally, one must include in this onslaught, the oft-quoted—and frequently criticized story, 'Crying Rape' which appeared in New York magazine last March and reduced Take Back the Night speak-outs to exercises in 'can you top this' victimhood.

The picture that comes through from these reports and accounts like Rosphe's is clear. Preoccupied with concerns like rape and sexual harassment, female students feel more like scared little girls than Angry Young Women.

But is this image accurate? If it does not coincide with the reality we see here at Barnard and Columbia it must be asked why these views are receiving so much press and why date-rape revisionists like Katie Rosphe attract so much attention, far more attention than feminist scholars such as Andrea Dworkin or Adrienne Rich, for example. Why is it specifically women's studies programs that are accused of being too politicized, and not, say, English Literature? And even if women aren't completely ensnared in the victim trap, is there any realistic or historical reason why some may at times identify with that label?

While it certainly isn't constructive to uniformly discuss any and all criticism of current campus feminism or, "rape crisis feminism," as part of an overall anti-feminist backlash, the grossly exaggerated, oversimplified and largely ahistorical critiques that have recently surfaced and have gained instant recognition have led some to precisely that conclusion.

Among those who attribute some of these recent criticisms to a campaign by the mainstream media to delegitimize and undo recent gains in the feminist movement is Susan Faludi, who documents such a trend in her book, *Backlash*. In the same report on "sexual correctness" in *Newsweek*, Faludi writes "When the media discover a feminist concern it gets less than five minutes consideration, then comes the five-year attack."

Calman points to Faludi's thesis as a way to decipher certain media biases. "The women's movement has persisted, it has entered the academy and it's important to students. It's important in the world. So, there's a backlash to it, which makes perfect sense. It's a social movement and to every social movement there's a reaction."

The women's movement is about empowering women and there are people who don't want to see that happen." When asked about her opinion on the recent negative coverage of women's studies Calman pointed to a study conducted by the National Center for Research on Women which investigated reporting that was critical of political correctness. She explains that "though there are thousands of women's studies courses taught throughout the country every semester you read the same 3 or 4 cases of nutty professors over and over and over again. So, are there nutty professors teaching women's studies? Yes. Could you do the same article about the way American

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Feminism must accommodate all; differences should be accepted

by Margarida Jorge

The things you learn at Barnard! After four years of vegetable existence in public high school, every new bit of information seemed miraculous to me at first. The courses, the instructors, the books, left me overwhelmed with a sense of awe that has long since been buried by other senses (fatigue, stress, etc.). What astounded me the most (and still does), however, was not the classes and professors, but the vast amount I learned, completely unintentionally, from the students around me. Ironically, I've been most educated by people who made no conscious effort to teach me.

Take the Feminist Movement as an example. Yes, yes, I've studied it in political science courses. Yes, my professors were knowledgeable and articulate in conveying the information and yes, I learned quite a bit. Only recently, however, with the help of my Barnard peers (who actually don't realize that they are helping) have I been able to piece together the fragments of theory and thus make it a relevant framework for evaluating my own life.

Naturally, I've heard a great deal about feminism since coming to Barnard. I have been told, often mournfully and often angrily, that feminism is dead. Equally vehemently, I have also been informed that it lives. Then, straightaway, I was instructed about my responsibility to do my part in keeping it alive. Finally, I was told how to sustain it. It was at that point that I began to find it burdensome. It was at that point that I discovered that others sometimes find it so as well.

The feminist movement has always retained elements of the paradoxical. Those characteristics which make it

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powerful (i.e. its grass-roots participation, its non-hierarchical organization, its lack of bureaucracy) in some respects weaken it. While many women marvel at the unwillingness of other women to pronounce themselves feminists, their sentiment is, in fact, not difficult to explain. Today's feminism gives women the power to be professionally successful, to choose their destinies and be independent individuals. Yet, simultaneously, feminism snatches back much of the empowerment associated with these aims through psychological coercion which compels women to adhere to a new standard, this time dictated by womankind.

Fifty years ago, men told women that they were valuable only as wives and mothers. Today, women tell each other that they are not valuable if they become wives and mothers solely. No longer is it acceptable to sit home baking cookies and watching the kids, even if you really want to. You must first choose to become a self-sustaining, absolute and independent college woman so that you can nurture a career and family at once. You have the power to choose, but you must make the right choice.

An analogous situation exists at Barnard. For instance, two of my women friends, both of whom are engaged in serious, long-term romantic relationships, have complained to me of late that they feel somewhat oppressed by some Barnard "feminists" who criticize them for "needing a man." Apparently, these "feminists" feel that these romantically embroiled women are spending far too much time with their men, and not enough time being independent. Consequently, these women (my friends) feel alienated from those who, in fact, should constitute their greatest source of support.

Alienation is another of feminism's paradoxical problems. Logically, feminist forces which have unquestionably liberated women from a male yoke of oppression, should draw women together in mutual empowerment. Yet, often, it does the very opposite, engendering alienation among women by establishing a standard that emphasizes the distinction between groups of women: the educated, and the uneducated; the

cont. FEMINISM, p. 31

Visiting professor teaches African women's lit

by Asali Solomon

Toni Morrison, Gloria Naylor, Zora Neal Hurston...these names we know. How about Buchi Emecheta or Bessie Head? This semester, a group of Barnard students are learning these names and several others in a seminar on African women writers taught by visiting professor Chikwenye Okonjo Ogunyemi. In a recent interview, Professor Ogunyemi spoke about topics ranging from women's literature in the African Diaspora to womanism and feminism.

Professor Ogunyemi, who teaches African and African-American Literature at Sarah Lawrence, remembers a time when literature courses had a very different face. As an undergraduate at the University of Ibadan in her native Nigeria, she says, "We were not allowed to read anything African." Unsurprisingly, she adds, "We didn't do any women writers." By the time Ogunyemi had earned a Ph.D. in African American Literature and was teaching at this same university, African writers had earned a place in the curriculum. But she notes that the study of African literature is often summed up with one male name. "Students end with the impression that the only African writer is Chinua Achebe and that the only African novel is *Things Fall Apart*," she says. The class that Ogunyemi is teaching at Barnard aims to change this perception. In "Unheard Voices: The Writings of African American Women," students read the works of novelists, poets and playwrights including Nawal El Saadawi, Mariama Ba, Tsitsi Dangaremba, Flora Nwapa and Ama Ata Aidoo.

Another mindset that Professor Ogunyemi works to change is that with which many non-African students approach African novels. "It is important that they be able to read these books seriously, not just as anthropology...We have to analyze texts rigorously, not just say 'oh there's polygyny, 'oh there's clitoridectomy' and forget the text as a text while we concentrate on rituals that are different than what happens in the West."

Ogunyemi spoke of a similar sensationalism of African cultures by Americans in the context of feminist movements. "The type of problems that [feminists] perceive, we don't necessarily regard as problems, such as polygyny and so on." The real struggles of African women as she sees them include lack of education, and broader issues, such as "grinding poverty." "For instance, this

business of men helping women in the kitchen...that isn't really the problem for the Nigerian women. The thing is, if she has to cook, does she have food?"

On the other hand, Ogunyemi does see some change taking place. "I notice that feminism is beginning to open up. With all of these black women theorists hammering it

Professor Ogunyemi thoroughly explores the concept of womanism in her class, from a literary standpoint.

in that people have to think about race and class, sexual orientation and religion, things are beginning to change."

Professor Ogunyemi thoroughly explores the concept of womanism in her class, from a literary standpoint. The author of numerous articles, a book about Richard Wright, and a manuscript-in-progress titled *African Women Palava: The Nigerian Novel By Women*, Ogunyemi actually came to the term "womanism" independent of its recognized creator, Alice Walker. Defining it she says, "Womanism has to be culture-specific. It has to take into consideration what happens in a culture and how the women perceive that culture, not how outsiders perceive it. And it has to be centered on the people who are doing the feeling." This statement not only counters what she calls a "vague universality" that while feminists have been guilty of, but works such as Alice Walker's *Poaching the Secret of Joy*, which focuses on clitoridectomy and infibulation in Africa. Ogunyemi, who addresses the novel in an article entitled "Ectomies: A Treasury of Juju Fiction by Africa's Daughters," describes the book as "powerful," but expresses strong reservations. "The impression that an African reader gets is that this is a story by an African American reading African—an imperialist looking at Africa." While she agrees with Walker that "there's no question" that the practice of clitoridectomy must cease, she differs with the novelist's approach. "She takes on something that is part and parcel of the culture of a people and treats it by piling one negative definition on top of another. To me, that doesn't work."

While Ogunyemi criticizes outsiders' perceptions of patriarchy's workings in Africa, she naturally retains her

cont. PROFESSOR, p. 21

Celebrating my womanness: A fresh look at bleeding

by Jennifer Girotti

Many moons ago, I asked a friend what she used when she had her period. I was tired of flushing away Tampax and buying plastic-wrapped sanitary napkins, so I took her suggestion to use natural sponges. It took me a couple of weeks to find a natural bath sponge, which I then cut to size. Using a sponge as a reusable tampon was not unpleasant for me, but I must warn you that it is not for the squeamish. I was surprised at how red my menstrual blood really was.

That color became very important to me. After seeing how my friend celebrated her moon-time with special jewelry, I made myself a red bead necklace. I wear it every time I get my cycle, and it helps me look forward to my next. I have made necklaces for many of my other friends, because I believe that such a beautiful outward sign of a woman's flow is very much needed to combat the feelings of secrecy and shame that are normally associated with menstrual bleeding in this society.

Women living together often bleed at the same time. Last month most of my friends began bleeding the same week. I had gotten out of the habit of recording my cycles, but an old roommate's faithful example inspired me to start again. After keeping track, I noticed that I was bleeding during the new moon and ovulating during the full. These are traditional correlations, and living aware of the moon's changes has put me into the ancient rhythm.

I have a calendar which shows the phases of the moon. This is invaluable to me not only in predicting my cycle but

also in celebrating full and new moons. I have celebrated the waxing and waning of the moon's energy alone and with circles of women. The energy flow of life is ecstatically felt as it passes through us during moon rituals. This does not fit the common view of paganism as devil worship — no chickens are sacrificed and no deities or other supernatural entities need be invoked. Songs and dancing to celebrate our lives and deaths — the moon's and women's — take place within the context of nature.

Even without the ritualistic side of menstruation, there are practical benefits. With my success in using natural sponges, I was determined to make myself completely independent of multinational companies for my monthly needs. In an herbal book, I found a pattern for menstrual pads. Using a friend's quilting scraps I made two pads and a belt. I have taught other women this simple pattern, but if you can't sew, don't despair. Many companies sell reusable flannel pads which are very comfortable and soft. There are other options: my friend uses her diaphragm to catch her flow and periodically empties it. A Cincinnati-based company offers a similar product, called The Keeper, through mail order. You can use whatever works best for you. On heavy days I use a sponge and a pad for extra "protection," although I am trying to see blood stains now as a decoration, not something against which to protect.

With my supply of durable goods, I can't wait to be on the rag again.

Jennifer Girotti is a senior at Barnard.

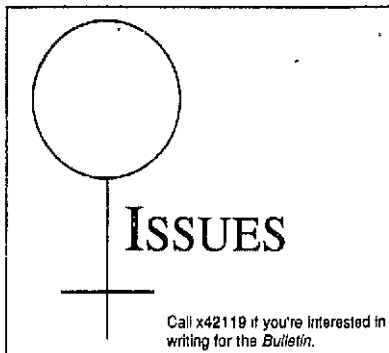
from BEAR, p. 2

RESIDENT ASSISTANT APPLICATIONS for Barnard's Summer In New York: A Pre-College Program are now available in 8 Millbank. Sophomores - Seniors may apply. Completed applications are due December 15, by 5 pm.

HOUSING Attention sophomores, juniors, and seniors in housing! January Lottery Information is now available in the Housing Office, 110 Sulzberger Hall.

SAFETY AND SECURITY AT BARNARD

Students are reminded that important, up-to-the-minute information concerning security issues are posted on the red Alert boards in all residence halls and McIntosh.



Barnard photographers shown in exhibit

by Daisy Chan

Did you know that the Visual Arts section of the Barnard Art History Department organizes various exhibitions for Barnard students throughout the year? Well, I always had a feeling that I was missing out on visual arts events going on at Barnard, so when I heard about a new photography exhibition that the department was sponsoring, I decided to stroll over to the Barnard Annex and see what I've been missing. Attending the "Exhibition of Recent Work By Students" was well worth the walk in the chill of the early Monday evening. The photographs were engaging and the atmosphere was mellow but full of energy at the same time. Photographs mounted on walls all around the room were taken by ten different Barnard students, two of whom I spoke with.

Needless to say, exhibitions such as this are very important to Barnard students who have interests in the visual arts. Jenn Fiore, who contributed "travel photos" to this exhibition, expressed that the only other gallery she knows of is the one Postscript organizes. Looking at the talent displayed on the walls of the room, I feel that students should have more opportunities to present their work. Exhibitions not only benefit the artists, but also exposes



Photo by Lara Kohi

viewers to different talents and ways of looking at things

Lara Kohi, who has been taking pictures since ninth grade, explained that the exhibition was a "good step forward" for the visual arts at Barnard. Lara related that "there are a lot of talented people who should be recognized more." I think that the Photography Exhibition indeed shows that talent is abundant here at Barnard and having more shows is a great start toward recognizing artists. The next visual arts event planned is a printmaking show, so if you have any work that you'd like to exhibit, call the Art History Department and tell them about it! Don't forget that once again, the Visual Arts at Barnard will be organizing a book show at Winterfest coming up in February. Even if your involvement in the arts is merely as an observer, as mine is, you should check out

the events offered by the Art History Department. They're worth the sacrifice of a few hours of studying. One ongoing exhibition that you can go to anytime you like is the photography exhibit in the Dean of Studies office. Just drop on over there the next time you're near Millbank.

Daisy Chan is a Barnard College sophomore

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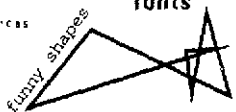
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Cast performs energetic rendering of *Fantasticks*.

by Lisa Budman

It was a cold, dreary night, but inside the Sullivan Street Playhouse in Greenwich Village it was bright and colorful. This contrast was due to the wonderful and talented cast of "The Fantasticks" - the longest-running musical in the world. The theater itself is small and intimate. There are only about 45 rows of seats and there is no stage. The cast performs in a cleared area directly in front of the audience. Because of the personal environment, it is very difficult to not immediately become engrossed by the action of the play.

However, the physical structure of the theater is not the sole factor that allows the audience to so readily become involved in the performance. From the very start, the energetic and endearing cast's exuberance is contagious. During the overture, the actors rush onto stage, getting dressed as they burst into song and perform amusing acrobatics. The narrator, played by Robert Vincent Smith, then sings perhaps the most recognizable and memorable song of the play, "Try To Remember."

Without further ado the story then unfolds. Two fathers, who are neighbors, want their children to marry each other. However, they know that if they expressed their wish, their children would steadfastly refuse. Therefore, practicing the philosophy of reverse psychology, or the ideology of the forbidden fruit, the fathers decide to pretend to be in a feud, construct a wall between their properties, and forbid their children to associate with each other. Their plan works! The boy and the girl relish in the excitement and intrigue of outwitting their parents in their

successful attempts to see each other. It doesn't take very long for them to fall in love with each other. Elated, the "feuding" fathers arrange for their reconciliation so that their children may marry. It seems like everything has worked out perfectly.

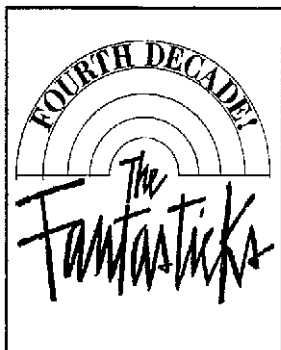
At least I thought so until I realized that there was an entire second act left. The story then proceeds to examine certain realities and truths, some of which are apparent and others that are more obscure.

The boy and the girl (Christopher Scott and Lorne Harrison) express the innocence of their youth and their gradual maturation poignantly. In a word, the fathers (Gordon G. Jones and William Tost) are perfect! They are absolutely hysterical. It could be argued that their song "Never Say No" stole the show. Without saying a word, the mute (Jay Douglas) was a major presence as the wall that separated the fathers' lands. The narrator

who also played a role in the action of the play was terrific. Perfecting the art of slapstick humor, the Old Actor (Bryan Hull) and the Man Who Dies (Michael Nostrand) had the audience laughing as soon as they came onto the stage.

"The Fantasticks" has been playing for over three decades—a compelling testimony of its timelessness and excellence. The play is at times humorous, philosophical, thought-provoking, and always enjoyable.

Lisa Budman is a Bulletin Arts Editor and a sophomore at Barnard.



ARTS, MUSIC, FEATURES, NEWS, WOMEN'S ISSUES, COMMENTARY

Call x42119 to write for the *Bulletin*.

There's no place like home?

by Amy Wexler

Does the word depressing mean anything to y'all? Well it will after seeing *A Home of Our Own*. This is two hours plus of one hardship after another for Kathy Bates, a single mom of six, in the fifties. As the movie opens, Kathy Bates gets fired from her factory job in Los Angeles and decides to move her family somewhere else. Where you ask? She's not sure either, but she'll "know it when [she] sees it." They pick a dilapidated old barn in Hankston, Idaho. They spend the entire movie working to fix up the shack and make it into a home. They even forego exchanging Christmas presents but buy things only for the house. We're talking 4-7 year olds who are supposed to ask for nails and wood rather than a doll or a game. Predictably these kids are so upset that they spend Christmas day in tears. At school it is not much better for them because they are teased for their clothes, which are all made out of the

same old drapery material (a la Von Trapp family), and because they have no father. This movie is directed by Tony Bill (of *Untamed Heart* fame) whose life this movie is loosely based on. He spoke at my film class and is one of the coolest guys ever. He doesn't compromise his films for bankability—he makes honest movies that "speak to him personally" (I think I'm brainwashed). The movie also features Edward Furlong as the eldest and most explosive son, and Kathy Bates' real-life hubby as her sinister boss. This movie is not uplifting, to say the least, but it is an example of a family that sticks together through rough times, which is an important lesson for today's society.

Amy Wexler is a Barnard College sophomore and a Bulletin staff writer.

Students discuss sexual conduct and current attitudes

from **ROUNDTABLE**, p. 5

The audience of students had various problems with Roiphe's work. Many were disgusted by the list of things for which Roiphe blames feminism, including the need to use condoms, with which Roiphe apparently has a problem. Vanessa Richard, BC '97, said that she found it contradictory that Roiphe could claim any concern about AIDS and still support the myth that condoms inhibit sexuality. "We aren't going to stop for half an hour and discuss how you feel about HIV [when using condoms]. It can be very erotic." Many students voiced similar opinions, and no one defended Roiphe. Kaufman added during the discussion, "It blew my mind that she [Roiphe] was believing the rape statistics put out by colleges."

On the topic of Antioch sexual conduct codes which are a new set of regulations written by Antioch college students and recently put into effect which require explicit verbal consent before any sexual activity, Calman said "Antioch is a wrong headed approach." While the ideas behind the codes may have merit, they are not appropriate as they now stand. Calman also pointed out that the glee with which the media greeted the Antioch codes is evidence of backlash. Chaiter claimed to see a danger in

Antioch, that the codes reflect stereotyped images of male and female, and remove choices.

Students listening discussed this issue as well. Opinions were more divergent on this topic, however. Some listeners saw the good points of Antioch, that it applies equally to both people, that individuals, regardless of gender, need to follow the same rules, and that it forces people to communicate about sexual activity. Livy Smith (BC '96), said, "The point is to open up discussion before sexual activity. It is a way to tell students 'You should discuss sex. You should be aware of the consequences.'" Other students, however, agreed with Chancer and Calman in their remarks. "This is going too far in the other direction. This isn't just saying 'no,' this is 'Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes!'" Mike Acquavella, (GSAS), claimed. Another student stated that the Antioch Code reminded him of the anti-sodomy laws in the South, which he said are "undesirable and unenforceable." Elaine Smith (BC '94), said "I can't imagine discussing sex every step of the way. By the end I'd be bored." Calman pointed out that the rules only apply to couples. "Get a third and you don't have to worry."

Michelle Baird Andreassen is a Barnard College senior and Women's Issues Editor. Jennifer Lerer is a junior at Barnard.

Former Gene Loves Jezebel member debuts lovely new project

by Hilary Reiter

Edith Grove: *Edith Grove*
(Avalanche Records)

Michael Aston, formerly of Gene Loves Jezebel, is back with his new project Edith Grove. The band's self-titled debut album was released this fall on Avalanche Records. Edith Grove also features Francois Peraz, a French descendent of Louis XIV (lead guitar), drummer Aaron Brooks who also plays in Duff McKagan's new band, and Iranian born bassist, Morad.

Edith Grove's music, vocals, and lyrics are sexy, imaginative, and quite spiritual. The first single, "River's Edge" is a dreamy tune on which Aston sings, "So long dazed journey into night as I rage in the dying light and now I stare into an empty well." One can't help but wonder if he is singing about his former band.

Other songs on the CD such as "Love the Night," "Cat Black Wizard's Hat," and "Majik (Do You Believe)" are



courtesy Avalanche Records

more bluesy and hard rock influenced. "Cat Black Wizard's Hat" is lyrically reminiscent of the sexual tongue-in-cheek songs written by late 80's hard rock bands: "So dirty I'm tied up honed to/ the wire/ you sweat and you choke on the flames of your desire."

Edith Grove has a kind of late 80's Los Angeles glam image as well, but their songs are far more intelligent and more complex than what was produced by that musical genre. They write poetic lyrics like the ones found on the acoustic track "Venus in Rags (Ave Maria): "You came barefoot into my life/ eroticas star Venus in rags/ my desert flower"

Edith Grove is simply a rock 'n' roll band that should be able to win over both a college and a mainstream audience with their lush lyrics and lovely glam.

Hilary Reiter is a Barnard College first year

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Respect combines rap and thrash

by Geoff Saavedra

Shootyz Groove: *Respect*

And people said that Rage Against the Machine was the ultimate mixture of rap and metal. There's P.E., Anthrax, Faith No More, ONYX, and Biohazard; but none of these bands have anything on Shootyz Groove. This is the definitive mixture of rap and thrash, and they were around since before the *Judgment Night* soundtrack came out.

Respect is a live album recorded at RAW, in NYC. If this is how these guys sound live I can't imagine how they sound on tape. The two vocalists, Sense and Season, trade back and forth like the best of the rappers, riding the rhythms laid down by Dose (drums) and Spec (bass). Donny (Guitars) brings the ultimate thrash crunch into the picture.

Like most musicians, lately, Season and Sense tell everyone, "Open up your eyes! You gotta legalize (with respect to that most popular drug, again, marijuana)!" (*Buddahful Day*) In this song they start off with the almost forgotten Mr. Roger's theme and transform it with there

own "Buddah" phrasing. "Buddahful Day" is a whole song devoted to the praising of marijuana (what's our society coming to?). Shootyz Groove call it their ballad. Now if this is a ballad then what they consider fast would probably rank up there with some death metal. This "ballad" doesn't start off with some cheesy acoustic or a pretty little guitar line—it's driven by the funky bass, and loud drums. The guitar comes in every once in a while to offer a melody line that could be put up there with any hard rock guitar riff.

On "The Craze" we hear premium thrash riffs, that seem to sound a little like Slayer. S and S rap right over them like any scratch and sampled beat that backs up a rap song.

Unlike most rappers, Season and Sense follow the lead of rappers like De La Soul, and try to promote self respect. This is done through songs like "Buddah Blessed" and "Soulfreak." "We rap, we rock n' roll, man we got rhymes!" (*Soulfreak*)

Geoff Saavedra is a first-year at Columbia and a Bulletin staff writer.

Professor brings new outlook to African literature studies

from PROFESSOR, p. 15

own. One example is problems that she sees with polygyny. Unlike Americans who believe the practice is inherently repressive and misogynist, Ogunyemi concentrates on the erosion of family bonds that sometimes occurs. "They can easily become isolated," she says of a woman and her children, from whom a husband can take leave of at whim. This leads to economic troubles. However, she does recognize some progress for women in African countries like Nigeria. "We have equal pay with men and excellent maternity benefits." As for women's activism, Ogunyemi asserts that African American women generally have more opportunities for public struggle. "How much can you do under a military regime?" she says, referring to the bind which constricts African women as well as men.

Although she is aware of the crucial differences between the African woman and the African American's woman's

experiences, Professor Ogunyemi does see evidence of a shared literary tradition. According to her, the work of Nobel Prize recipient Toni Morrison, Flora Nwapa, Bessie Head, Maryse Conde, Paule Marshall, Gloria Naylor, Jamaica Kincaid, Alice Walker and many others, is connected. One example that she points to is the perception of madness or insanity as constructive in the fiction of these women.

Even while criticizing one work by a black woman, (*Possessing the Secret of Joy*), Ogunyemi spoke of the valuable lessons that readers can learn from the characters of numerous other works. "Yes [African and African American women] lead a tough life, we are not all matriarchs, we are not all strong, but you don't go about being a victim. We've always had a hard life and you sort of learn not always to cope—but you don't give up."

Asah Solomon is a Barnard College junior and a Bulletin staff writer.

Good music is always worth the trip

by Jessica Hodges

700 Miles (RCA Records)

Seven hundred miles—that's how far this band drove to record their first demo—a demo that became their first major label debut. This New York City band came together when college friends John Carlin (vocals and guitars), and Tom Clapp (bass) found their perfect drummer in Justin Guip, a part-time chef. In an explosion of creativity, that was conceived when the three joined forces, many songs were written and many miles covered all which can be heard on their debut.

Released last spring, 700 Miles got off to a strange start with no manager, a demo turned debut, and a good deal of unfamiliarity within the band. When recording in Detroit, John Carlin says there was an element of not knowing each other so there wasn't a lot of self-editing. Much of the material was pre-

written by Carlin, but the meat of the album Rachel and Watershed were written on the seven hundred mile drive and played for the first time in the recording studio. In an interview last week, John Carlin said, "We've grown and toured a lot—gone through the process that bands go through before they recorded. We're a band now. The lead singer feels the second album from 700 Miles will actually be the first definitive offer from the band as a whole."

Although they have been touring and promoting their first album for many months, they are hardly sick of their material. Carlin says the music has proved to have lasting power, at least for the band, because they still get excited to play every night for new people. Their live show is a display of the intensity of their material, the rawness and power, as well as the excitement of sharing their creation.

Carlin spills his guts on stage through his heart-wrenching lyrics and kicks his emotions (and yours) around with his forceful voice that demands full attention. Tom Clapp's sultry bass provides a soothing and sexy foundation for Carlin's emotions. Justin Guip's drums fill the songs to maximum capacity without overpowering. The rawness of their sound and the brutal honesty found in the words tell the story of the band's spontaneous creation. "We hadn't even played our first gig together when we went to Detroit to record—the demo was never intended to be a

debut, but for what it was (or is) we're proud," says Carlin.

700 Miles have reason to be proud. Their brand of rock, which Carlin calls soul music, is for those whose souls rock and roll through the darker parts of life. Their music is rich and full, full enough to be stripped down to an acoustic guitar and still make hearts jump. The power of this band does not rely on one member, but on



courtesy RCA Records

their collaboration. Carlin's lyrics capture "human condition" and his self-described song writing style is like trying to make sense out of things you can never make sense of, but you're trying. 700 Miles sound familiar enough to be a good friend on first listen, but what they say and how they say it is way beyond the same old story.

Refreshingly honest and positively looking out to the future, honoring their act to share with the world, 700 Miles should go beyond their name and cover great distances with their music. Check out their self-titled RCA release as well as their EP featuring live tracks of Rachel and Lullaby, a remix of their new single The Way that it Goes as well as an acoustic version. 700 Miles should be back in NYC in late November.

Jessica Hodges is a Barnard College Senior and Music Editor of the Bulletin.

My life with Thrill Kill Kult: Live at the Limelight

by Geoff Saavedra

Halloween night, and what better place to spend it than at Limelight? My Life With Thrill Kill Kult headlined and bonus opening act Machines of Loving Grace were there supporting their latest *Concentration*.

Throughout the whole night the volume from the speakers was so loud that when the vocalist would sing, all the instruments would become one huge wall of sound pounded by the pedal of the bass drum into one's ear. This relentless, headache-inducing beat took some of the pleasure out of this Halloween experience. Minus the vocals, however, the sound was perfect, causing

massive waves of moshers to slam, especially during Loving Grace's "Acceleration" and "Limiter." My Life With Thrill Kill Kult played for about an hour and a half, providing the audience with selections from all their albums. To the newly initiated into the Kult, it was a pretty good show, but from what long time members say, it could've been much better.

Most prominent on Machines of Loving Grace's album *Concentration*, are the synthesizers, live however, the guitar drove every song with its grating distortion. The show was totally propelled by the music; there was no light show, and the stage was too small for any of the bandmembers to run around and show off physically.

Scott Benzel (vocals) seems to have spent too much time studying Trent Reznor (Nine Inch Nails). In addition to the music sounding very Nail-ish, Scott also acted like Reznor. He didn't demolish his guitarist, or brutalize the rest of his band, like Trent Reznor has done in the past, but Benzel did ignore the audience. On many occasions he would disappear off stage for long periods of time letting the instruments continue the songs without him. On the last song Benzel left before the song was over giving the

audience a cursory good-bye.

After a half hour of waiting and watching the hovering caged dancer, Thrill Kill Kult arrived. The room became pitch-black as the fog machines began to spew out their man made clouds, which, besides blinding the audience,

also provided a little well-needed air conditioning. As soon as the band was on stage a beacon of light shot dramatically from behind them and they began to play.

The bass was the most pronounced instrument, slapping through the funky lines. The guitar was overpowered by



Machines of Loving Grace

courtesy Atlanta Records

all the other elements of TKK's music, namely, the samples, the keyboards, and the vocals. For the song "The Velvet Edge" the audience was transported to the TKK Dimension. The fog was so thick that you could not see three feet in front of your own nose. After what seemed an eternity a purple light was shown on the audience. Reflecting off the dense fog, it created the illusion of a velvet blanket. As the mist started to evaporate Groove Mann began to sing. It was an ultimate Kult experience! Other highlights of the show included rocking renditions of "Daisy Chain for Satan," "Delicate Terror," and "Sex on Wheelz."

A Thrill Kill Kult show wouldn't be complete without the Bomb Gang Girlz. They appeared to us from the dark as if by magic. Had the band moved quicker it would have seemed like people were appearing and disappearing from the stage. But they took their sweet time traveling back and forth in the dark allowing the audience to wonder if that was the end.

Geoff Saavedra is a Columbia College first year and a Bulletin Staff Writer.

Exploring the lighter side of stress

by Ella Aranoff

AAAAUUUGGHHH!!!! Midterms, papers, applications, interviews, research, GRE, LSAT, MCAT, parents, boyfriends/girlfriends, money, meetings, rehearsals, etc. etc. etc... What do all these things have in

common? **STRESS.** In our hectic lives, it's very easy to let stuff pile up until we're drowning in work. The only lifesaver would be to magically add a couple more hours to each day. On top of all that, we have to fit in things like eating and sleeping (okay, maybe not). How do we pull it off without losing it completely? Different students find different solutions. Prioritizing is a good one. Nix everything that doesn't have to be taken care of **RIGHT NOW.** After that you can tackle everything that's left over.

Study breaks are always fun, especially when they're sponsored by somebody else and include **FREE FOOD.** Of course, last semester during finals' week there were so many that I went study-break-hopping and didn't get much actual studying done. Giving in to your cravings is another good way to combat the stress factor. Whether it's pizza, coffee, soda ("pop" for those midwesterners), salty munchies, chocolate, or just anything with sugar in it, you know you've hit the official point of stressed-outness when you have to indulge your craving at some ungodly hour in the middle of the night.

The night before my psychology exam one year, I had the inexplicable craving for oatmeal raisin cookies. Of course I took care of that as soon as it struck (I am). The next morning the professor handed out cookies to everyone during the exam. Afterwards, I told him about my indulgence from the night before, and he said, "You must have read the sourcebook! There's something about

oatmeal raisin cookies and psychology; they just seem to go together." Anybody else out there experience the same phenomenon?

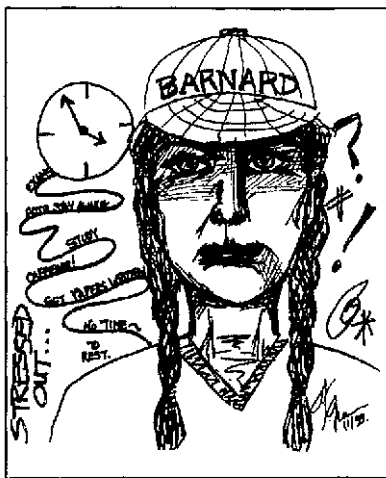
Why can't we deal with stress by exercising, or cleaning, or something else mindless but productive? I envy those who can. I know of a woman who, after her boyfriend broke up with her, made herself a "therapy salad." She cut vegetables while singing along to loud, soul-cleansing music. It was soothing for her to do something with her hands, and she really liked chopping up those carrots and cucumbers. We all know why.

Laundry always piles up during these periods, too. I can always tell when a friend of mine is stressed out because she'll be wearing a skirt when she doesn't have to. That means she hasn't had time to wash her jeans and had nothing left to wear except her rice clothes.

Other universities handle stress in ways that rival Columbia's Orgo Night (not surpass—just rival). Vassar, for example, on the night before the opening of finals week, has a campus-wide "primal scream." All the students go outside at midnight and **SCREAM** out their frustrations. Princeton has groups of runners streaking across campus on their equivalent of finals week. Then again, our track team has been known to do the same. Who knows which came first?

Seriously, though, if you're far too stressed, the first thing to do is to try to lighten your load. Dropping or even pass-failing a course is an option. Get an extension on that paper. You may feel that you're the only loser asking for more time, but you'll probably find that most of your classmates are in the same boat.

Procrastination, while popular, is not the way to go.



Victoria Nam

Senior stress ruins lives

by Sasha Soreff

I actually wrote that title because it sounds very sensationalistic and might catch the reader's attention so that I could then describe a conversation between myself and another senior, which might go something like this

Me "Hi How's it going?"

Friend "I wake up every morning in tears. I don't even care if I graduate anymore. You?"

Me "When I looked at my list of things to do, which seems suspiciously similar in content to the list I devised three weeks ago, I started to hyperventilate."

And so it goes. Another exchange between two students suffering under the requirements of a fourth year college student. Here are some of the symptoms that often develop in seniors and a few things to look out for if you should happen to come into contact with one.

1. A concerned look upon a senior's face as she trudges across this lovely campus, scarcely aware of the flowers that are still in bloom despite the November chill. She is too absorbed by thoughts of her thesis. Not necessarily about what she's supposed to be writing, but concerning another inexplicable question with which she grapples. "How did I get to the point in my life where I would be expected to write 70 pages about a subject of keen interest to me and in the process become something of an expert in that area?"

2. Manifestations of panic. This is distinguishable by a growing glint of insanity in the eye, a 3 am scream as a nightmare warns of impending disaster upon receipt of diploma, or even running around a dorm room for forty minutes looking for a computer disk quite obviously on the bookshelf. Panic ensues from hearing certain information, or encountering certain situations. An example being told, by a very well intentioned career advisor, that, as a graduate of Barnard you are expected to have had some experience in the professional New York City world. Never fear as a senior, you have at least one or two more opportunities to get an internship this year. The word "resume" comes to have an all consuming significance as you realize in horror that underwater

basket weaving does not count as a career aspiration.

3. The response to life questions. Next time you see a senior, ask her what she intends to do next year. The results could be sadness, hysteria, or, on rare occasion, an extremely self assured response with many details that should be regarded skeptically. For my part, I have come up with two answers to questions (quite innocently raised virtually every day) concerning my future plans. Sometimes, I ask the person what she/he thinks I should do, since this is as least as likely as anything else I could think of. This kind of flippancy about one's life very quickly puts the questioner off guard, if not rendering them slightly perturbed by the lack of seriousness about the whole thing. On the other hand, I have gotten some amusing suggestions: my favorite thus far is serial killer. *Of course, some of the best serial killers I know don't even have college degrees, so I would automatically qualify for the highest salary in this position.*

There is also the approach of telling them what they want to hear. If it is my aunt, who is an attorney, a quick "I've taken the LSATs, applied to law school and will hear any day, law is a fabulous profession, don't you agree?" will preempt any further concern about the future.

4. The weariness-to-the-point-of-looking-ill aura that often surrounds a senior. Who wouldn't be exhausted juggling a thesis or senior project, those important internships, and work to fund this education, not to mention trying to figure out whether to go to graduate school right away and what type of entry level positions can be found, visiting career services regularly, finding enough professors who know you well enough to write decent references, maybe having fun for just a little while and still managing to keep up with any other random courses you need to take (have you fulfilled all your distribution requirements)?

They say that your college years are the best years of your life. Does that include senior year?

Sasha Soreff is a Barnard senior and Bulletin commentary editor.

Counterpoint

University should reconsider holiday policy

by Sarah Bronson

In the October 11th issue of the *Barnard Bulletin*, Jaiuk Maksrivorawan argues that since the university makes an effort to accommodate Jewish students who miss class for their holidays, there is no discernible reason to cancel classes for the High Holidays, especially since, in Maksrivorawan's view, canceling classes would cause hardships for the entire student body ("Holidays need not be observed by the entire university") Maksrivorawan's logic, however, is extremely flawed and fails to recognize the realities of a large Jewish student population. The time truly has come to cancel classes on the High Holidays.

Maksrivorawan mentions the university policy on religious holidays and a memorandum to the Barnard faculty, which suggests that they schedule make-up classes and tape their lectures for religious students. Now it is true that most Barnard faculty members are very understanding and are wonderful about allowing Jewish students to make up missed work. But let us remember that the memorandum contains suggestions, not requirements. In my three High Holiday seasons here at Barnard, with 14 different professors, only three teachers have taped or made up classes. On the other hand, one of my professors had the Orthodox students write an extra paper for her class, and a friend of mine was advised not to take a certain seminar because she would miss too many sessions something of a difficulty, since this seminar is a requirement for her minor. The memorandum is a lovely expression of concern, but it takes only one insensitive professor to ruin a student's semester. The policy does not do enough to respect the communities' religious observances because it takes people to have respect, not a sheet of paper.

It is time to cancel classes on the High Holidays.

Maksrivorawan seems to think that canceling classes for Jewish holidays would create a burden for non Jewish students since when classes resumed the workload would be twice as much because the whole class would have to try and catch up with the lessons missed during the High Holidays. She seems to forget that if the classes are not held, then no one has missed any work. Every week, every single student in this university misses two days of school for religious holidays. Saturdays and

Sundays. I don't hear anyone complaining that they have more work because they get off for the weekends.

Maksrivorawan correctly asserts that "we too are paying \$25,000 per year to receive an education, not to have to miss on someone else's holiday." Neither are the Jews but we do miss for other people's holidays, because Christian holidays are national holidays. It is ludicrous to suggest that class time is too expensive to cancel for Jewish holidays, when every year we get a three week vacation for Christmas and (the Christian) New Year. My parents are not paying \$25,000 per year so that I can watch television on December 25th. One also cannot argue that the university is simply following the Government's lead in recognizing Christmas and New Year, because the government of New York City recognizes Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur, the public elementary, middle, and high schools all cancel classes for the High Holy Days, as do Queens and Brooklyn Colleges and all the other CUNY schools.

The only argument which seems to make sense for holding classes on Jewish holidays is that if classes are canceled, "[the university] should do the same for other holidays of other cultures and religions. [W]e would begin to establish the idea that the bigger or stronger groups on campus deserve more or special treatment." The problem is, though, that the biggest, strongest group does get special treatment: the Christian students never have to worry about handing papers in early or taking an exam two days before the rest of the class, because their biggest holidays do so conveniently fall during winter break. It would behoove the administration to cancel classes for the second biggest religious group because academic life for everyone is disrupted every September as the large number of Columbia's Jews try to make up classes and notes and reschedule midterms. Labs and Gym classes get overcrowded by students who must make up the classes they have missed and professors who are, thankfully accommodating must expend extra energy dealing with absences. Next year the first day of class will be on Rosh Hashanah. Innumerable students—including

cont. HOLIDAYS, p. 29

Separatism ferments at Barnard College

by Chiu-Huey Hsia

The end of this story was not printed in the last Bulletin. Following is the story in its entirety

During the First-Year Academic Banquet, I conversed with a girl hoping to discuss conversational topics like our hobbies, hometowns, and Barnard experiences. Our conversation was murdered by her question about race. I felt strange about her inquiry because I didn't understand the importance of knowing other people's races. The tone of her question had a sharp edge that pricked my heart. After I told her my nationality, the conversation died like an engine running out of gas. I wondered if we ran out of things to say, if she grew disinterested, or if she decided to never speak to me again. That's the message I received from her oblivious eyes when I passed right by her on the way to classes after that incident. Strangely enough her friend, whom I hardly ever spoke to at the banquet, said hello to me and smiled whenever we ran into each other.

Was the "oblivious girl" disappointed that we didn't share the same race? Why is it that whenever I see her eating at Hewitt, I see her only talking to people who appear to be of similar nationalities? Does she feel comfortable with her "kind"? After the anger and frustration dissipates, I can think clearly and try to understand why and how cultural separatism occurs.

I've spoken to others who are angry about this situation at Barnard. They point out that although Barnard is culturally diverse, centered in the most exciting multi-cultural city in the world, there is a lack of cultural integration. A situation demonstrating this exact point happened to my friend May. May was having lunch with an Orthodox Jew when a friend of the other woman came over to their table and was introduced to May. The friend scrutinized May after she asked her last name. It seemed that the friend was interested in May's last name to find out what her religion and/or nationality was. She questioned May in a harsh, condescending tone: "May, what? What's your last name?" May was hurt by how she spitefully asked such a question. Did her last name really matter? Isn't personality and character important? Why did she ask such a question? It didn't matter that the girl who questioned her was an Orthodox Jew. It was just how she asked the question. May couldn't understand why she wanted to know her religious preference. Was

this a separatist incident? How would others react if that happened to them?

In many occasions people cluster in homogeneous racial and religious groups. Perhaps it's human nature to want to be with people who have the same values and morals, yet some people extend this to race and religion. I can understand this human tendency, but should people limit themselves to homogeneity in culture? It is comforting to speak your native language and/or discuss your religion with someone else who shares your beliefs.

Many people have friends who they have met through religious services whether they be campus organizations, churches, mosques, or temples.

Is there another reason why people cluster in cultural groups? Some people say that insecurity is another reason. I remember that I considered joining certain cultural organizations when I first came here. I wanted to find my niche. I wanted to belong. I wanted to feel certain of who my friends were so my first impulse was to consider grouping myself with the first common trait: race. However, I found that seeking friendships solely based on race was limiting. Some people with the same cultural background as mine didn't appeal to me. I didn't feel a connection with them concerning personality and character. It just didn't work out for me so I gladly returned to my old way of thinking. When I was small, I played in the sandbox with whomever I wanted to be with. I didn't even know what race was. I just wanted to have fun and friends. It wasn't until people began to label me with words that barely describe a person: Does Latin, White, African American, Asian (the list goes on...) describe anything about a person? Maybe stereotypically they do, but what about what's inside a person? If I put my full name under this article, will you judge my sentiments on what race my name sounds like? Why are we segregating ourselves after all the toil and suffering our ancestors endured for equality?

I am growing accustomed to perceiving groups of similar nationalities, yet I don't feel frustrated and insular anymore. I know that I don't have to cluster myself with people solely based on their cultures. If I did, I wonder if the friendships would last as long as the friendships bound by personality and character.

Chiu-Huey Hsia is a first-year student at Barnard.

But at least no one's killing brain cells, right?

by Jennifer Hall

OK, here's the situation. I'm sitting at work one day last week and as I pick up the phone to say, "Good afternoon, this is the Office of Student Life" in my cheery receptionist voice, I begin to hope that the person on the other end of the line is a loud talker, a very loud talker. Now, you have every right to ask, "Are you deaf?" and if so you probably ought to find yourself a different job. But the answer is No, I have no trouble hearing, I simply have trouble competing with the television. That's right, not "a" television, but "the" television—the behemoth stationed in the corner of upper level McIntosh. I happen to be stationed in the opposite corner of McIntosh four days a week, and too often these 'inanimate object v. living human shouting matches' have erupted between the two of us.

Fortunately, most students who watch the TV don't keep the volume at outrageous levels. However, on the particular afternoon mentioned above, I soon realized that if I didn't go out and turn it down, then a) everyone who came within a 200 foot radius of the TV was going to experience permanent hearing loss and b) I'd sound like Kathleen Turner with a bad head cold by the end of the day. As I approached the blaring giant, I asked whether anyone minded if I turned down the volume. Not a single person made eye contact with me—everyone just kept staring at the screen. In fact, the only response I received was after adjusting the volume—as I turned away from the screen, one of the zombies asked (no, I take that back she whined) "Can you turn it up just a little? It's really hard to hear." Barely attempting to hide my astonishment I simply told her that I was working in an office on the other side of the building, and when I picked up the phone

I couldn't even hear the caller! She just looked at me for a few seconds, then focused again on the gigantic screen eight feet in front of her.

While the volume issue is rather unusual, the program content is all too predictable. Hey folks, for your viewing entertainment today we have soaps, soaps, and guess what?—more soaps! On Mondays, when I work until 5:00 (the post-soap hour), we usually finish with a rousing episode of 'Batman'—the animated version. Those who happen to sit down in front of the TV and dislike soap operas will almost always turn on a talk show. In other words, if I'm not being forced to listen to Jack and Laura's newest tragedy, then I must sympathize with the anorexic, on-the-honor-roll, no-makeup-wearing teenage girls whose overweight, tattoo-drawing, too-much-blue-eyeshadow-wearing mothers have stolen their boyfriends because Elvis told them to when he bumped into them at K-Mart last week. You may have guessed that I'm just a little disturbed by the choice of programming—you also may have guessed that I'll most likely become more and more disturbed as the semester progresses. In all seriousness though, as I sat down to write I realized that the principle of the TV upsets me more than the stupidity that blares from it all day long. I don't like the fact that when one enters Barnard's student center, the focus of almost all attention (at least upstairs) is a television set. For those of us who work in McIntosh or who choose to study upstairs while eating lunch or who simply don't feel the need for constantly-changing visual stimulation, the TV is neither a source of enjoyment nor of relaxation, but an inescapable distraction. Last January, I had no problem with the TV being used to air Clinton's Inauguration because I feel that was an event worthy of everyone's attention. However, most of what we find on TV today is not so worthwhile. I do not suggest getting rid of the TV all together, but as a compromise between the viewers and the non-viewers, I recommend that it be placed in a less obtrusive setting. Thus, those who wanted to watch could do so without forcing everyone in the vicinity to watch—or overhear.

Jennifer Hall is a senior at Barnard who's currently addicted to The Simpsons, Northern Exposure, and Martin.

Hey folks, for your viewing entertainment today we have soaps, soaps, and more soaps.

Almost a century later, similarities at Barnard are apparent

from FAIR, p. 7

class was the last to have two years of required math, although the three year English requirement and Classics requirements would continue. As many classes before had done, the Class of '99 held a ritual burning of their math textbooks at end of sophomore year.

Then, as now, Barnard students faced the challenge of the unavoidable thesis (of course, the Class of 1899 had to write theirs by hand) Miss Gildersleeve had taken many courses in history and government, and wrote her baccalaureate thesis under a professor of French History, on the "Ideals of Social Regeneration of the Terrorists, Especially of Robespierre and Saint-Just."⁷ She wrote later that her thesis had not been very good, but she still managed to graduate first in her class, having been senior class president as well. And so, in 1899, she found herself asking a question all too familiar to seniors everywhere: "Now here I was, educated more or less. What next?"

Little could she have imagined how the duration of her association with the little college she had applied to in

order to please her mother.

Sarah Bronson is a Barnard College junior.

This article was made possible by a grant from SGA and is dedicated to Barnard students past, present, and future.

Works Consulted:

Gildersleeve, V.C., Many a Good Crusade, MacMillan Company, New York, 1954
White, M.C., A History of Barnard College, Columbia University Press, New York, 1954

¹Gildersleeve 40

²Gildersleeve 39

³History 32

⁴Gildersleeve 40

⁵Gildersleeve 41

⁶History 31

⁷Gildersleeve 47

University classes should be cancelled on High Holidays

from HOLIDAYS, p. 26

First-Years, who have enough to worry about as it is— will be unable to shop for classes. And don't forget that many Professors are Jewish and are currently forced to choose between giving lectures and spending their holidays with their families. Some do hold make-up lectures, but at inconvenient times when not all students can attend. So, in effect, non-Jewish students sometimes must miss a class because of Jewish holidays. Having school on Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur is unfair to all of us, students, professors, Jews, and non-Jews, and puts unnecessary strain on the entire Columbia community.

The time has come to cancel classes on the High Holidays.

Sarah Bronson is a junior at Barnard

Looking for the Perfect Summer Job?
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8 Thursday, Nov. 18, 11:15-1:15pm, in the Ellice Hall Parlor.
Sophomores, juniors, and seniors are eligible to apply

Media backlash ignores reality of violence against women

from **BACKLASH**, p 13

History is taught? I'm sure you could. It's just that no one is setting out to trash the group that is called American historians."

Professor of Sociology Lynn Chancer, who teaches a course on Feminist Theory, also points to a backlash dynamic, and suggests that it is the existence of this dynamic which might circumscribe healthy dialogue on campus in reference to feminist concerns. In a panel discussion on "Kate Roiphe, Sex Codes and Beyond," she talks about what she calls the p.c. problem and asks, "In feminism is there a worry that if we say or think certain things will they feed into the enormity of that backlash?" Chancer hints that in all social movements, not only feminism, there are times when we may feel reluctant to express certain views for fear that they may somehow conflict with our group's specific cause.

Whether or not one accepts the contention that perhaps much of the negative coverage of "rape crisis feminism" is being governed by an overarching backlash, it is instructive to apply criticisms of campus feminism to the existing atmosphere at Barnard-Columbia. Have we been overcome by the cult of vulnerability?

Abhaya Kaufman (BC '95) who's involved with various feminist organizations including the Women's Co-op and has repeatedly participated in Take Back the Night, thinks not. Roiphe devotes a whole chapter of her book to these Take Back the Night events and targets them, as many other critics do, as breeding a sense of fear in their female participants. Kaufman offers reflections quite different from these, saying that, "TBTN makes us feel as though we can do something about the violence outside of our lives, but that we have to be afraid walking in the evening. For me, Roiphe's analysis of TBTN is from someone who hasn't marched in TBTN and who hasn't experienced the kind of empowerment that can come out of the march. Michelle Baird Andreasen (BC '94) also wonders if Roiphe has ever gone to a TBTN speak out and would choose an alternative image to describe those women who have. "Delicate" is a word which I must say has never entered into my mind at a Take Back the Night event. Militant 'angry, vocal, strong,' surviving and united have never wide-eyed or innocent.

Sonya Aurora (CC '97) a volunteer for Women Against Rape (WAR) also involved with the Rape Crisis Center at Columbia is one of those people involved in anti rape

activism that Roiphe and similar critics accuse of spreading paralyzing anxiety among impressionable young women. Not so says Aurora. She contends that rape awareness is about "making women more self-confident and aware, more self-conscious." She continues, "There's nothing wrong with saying the potential is there. It's something you have to realize to make yourself safe." She doesn't seem to come to the same conclusion as Roiphe, that awareness translates into paralysis and a sense of incapacitating vulnerability. Things don't seem all that simplistic in reality.

And what about those students who are following women's studies programs on our campus? Are they being brainwashed by 'victimology,' spending most of their time talking about periods or their sex lives, unequipped with the ability to engage in critical analysis? Linda Kim (BC '95), a Women's Studies major, thinks that, "it's ridiculous to say that it's soft academics, that it's not hard theory. They obviously haven't looked at third-year Feminist Theory. What I've noticed is that there's a real reluctance to get too personal. Everything has to be intellectual, cerebral."

Faludi, as well, has a response to charges of politicization in women's studies. In the Nov/Dec issue of *Mother Jones*, she says, "Women's studies courses are downright 'infected' by ideology. Like other academic disciplines are devoid of political content? Like the many professional gentlemen who have been relentlessly promoting a womanless history and literature curriculum all these years have no ideological point of view?"

Professor Najmabadi of the Barnard Women's Studies department echoes Faludi's opinion and wonders why an increased sensitivity to issues of gender, class and race somehow indicates a criminal politicization in women's studies. Najmabadi finds the generalized conclusion arrived at through only limited samplings of a few courses to be a dubious methodological proposition. She adds that, "what a lot of people in the p.c. debate don't bring out in the discussion of women's studies, gay and lesbian studies and African American studies is that these programs had a very different birth from courses which have traditionally been part of the university curriculum.

Unlike these other fields, they came from social movements of the 1970s. They came into academia in a different way and keep that connection as social

cont **BACKLASH** p 31

Feminism must acknowledge varied feminist tenets

from **FEMINISM**, p 14

housewives and the working women, etc. Some are empowered at the cost of others' lifestyles.

What we have, and what women are finding ever less acceptable is one group of very vocal and homogeneous feminists who set forth their view and expect everyone to adopt it. Unfortunately, their experience is not universal, despite efforts to impose it on everyone through manipulative guilt tripping. The reality is that, for some women, the obstacle of womanhood takes second or third place on their list of identifying and unifying factors. Hence, we should not be surprised if a black woman feels more affinity with a black man than with a white woman. Likewise, a poor woman may feel more akin to a poor man than to a rich woman. It is no wonder, then, that these women resent being told what is important, or should be important to them and that they are criticized for not accepting "feminist values."

Being told how to be is, in general, an annoying

experience. Not all feminists accept the same tenets of feminism, and, indeed, there isn't any reason they must. There are infinitely many types of women, with unfathomably varied experiences and there is room in feminism to accommodate all quite comfortably. Feminism, after all, is simply about choice. Men have no right to dictate the place of women. And women, in the same way, have no right to dictate to other women what is valuable, what is "feminist" and, hence, important and viable. Each of us is a feminist in her own way, or, perhaps not a feminist if she so chooses. In any case, our strength has a common source: our faith in our ability to know what is best for each of us, as individuals and to pursue that course without detriment from our peers. We need not be identical to be unified, we are alike in our very differences. In the end, we have no alternative but to acknowledge this: divided we fall.

Margarida Jorge is a Barnard College junior and a Bulletin staff writer.

Media puts spin on campus feminism

from **BACKLASH**, p 30

movements. Lehrman thinks that there's something wrong with that.

Far from "wallowing in victimhood," the campus feminists at this university, enriched by academics with a sensitivity to societal change and struggle, and the newest women's organizations on the scene such as Riot GRRRLS, Guerrilla Girls, WHAM, and YELL seem quite confident and angry. As Faludi points out, "Stand tall feminists use wit, not whining, to make their point."

Finally, it is important to note that victimization of women is hardly just a figment of their imagination, a defense-mechanism cooked up in their wandering minds. It's a reality and has been for centuries. However, what's changing now—though mainstream critics have failed to acknowledge it or may choose to ignore it—is that women are fighting back more strongly and boldly than ever before.

Nicole Hala is a Bulletin Features Editor and a senior at Barnard.

Stress relievers galore for over-worked students

from **STRESS**, p 24

Everything will just add up the more you put it off. As a friend says: "I'm getting a degree in procrastination as soon as I get around to it."

There's always the good ol' fashioned all-nighter, with the assistance of what I call "drug-induced concentration": caffeine pills. If you really need someone to talk to, you can turn to Nightline, at x4777 (every day, 10 p.m. to 3 a.m.). They will listen and keep everything confidential. So confidential that they wouldn't even talk to me about it.

The best way to combat over-extension is just to keep everything in perspective. It will all be over soon. Too soon, as a matter of fact. Before we know it we'll be responsible for much more important matters, without the time to take advantage of what we have now. Listen to me, I sound like a senior! I'll shut up now. I need an oatmeal raisin cookie.

Aisa Aronoff is a senior at Barnard.

Barnard Bulletin

Application for Spring, Fall 1994 Editorial Board

Application **must** be submitted to 105 McIntosh (in the mail slot on the *Bulletin* office door) by **December 1**.

Please include writing, photography, or layout samples.
Answer on a separate sheet.

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What niche does the *Bulletin* fill?