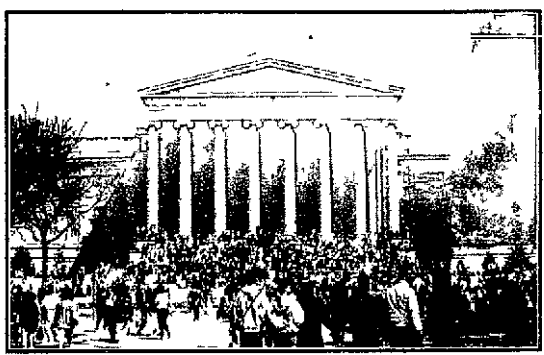




BARNARD BULLETIN

VOLUME CI NUMBER 17 APRIL 18, 1994



Spring has sprung!

Inside

- Springfest 94 review
- SGA election results
- WBAR installs new staff
- Contemporary women's poetry
- Upcoming events in art

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The Barnard Bulletin is published weekly 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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University faculty and administration should attend Take Back the Night

On Wednesday, April 21, Barnard and Columbia students will participate in an annual event—painful for some, empowering for others—urging each of us to look within ourselves and examine our roles in society: the Take Back the Night rally, march and speak-out. A 1990 Ms. Magazine study reported that 25 percent of college women have experienced a rape or an attempted rape, and yet only five percent notified the police. For the hundreds of people who participate in the Take Back the Night march, these numbers are more than statistics, they are mothers, friends, lovers, professors, teammates, and roommates.

Last year, only one rape was reported on Columbia campus, and no rapes were reported at Barnard. Can this be true? Was only one woman in this entire raped last year? This assertion defies statistical evidence as well as the dozens of stories courageous women will tell on Wednesday night. It may be hard to acknowledge that rapes actually do occur in our elite environment, but only by coming to grips with this fact can we mobilize to prevent the sexual assault statistics from rising even further.

So how can the real Barnard/Columbia sexual assault emerge? The answer is obvious: Unless women who are raped report the attack, the administration can do very little. We must foster an environment at Barnard where women feel comfortable reporting abuses. A supportive atmosphere would benefit every woman at the University. With this in mind, we urge members of the Barnard and Columbia administrations to attend the Take Back the Night speak-out. It is important that administrators show their support for this annual event in the hope of making this campus safer for its students. We encourage President-Select, Judith Shapiro and University President George Rupp to venture over to Lehman Lawn on Wednesday, where, leaning against a tree, they can get a better feel of the constituency they represent. In this bastion of higher education, students, professors and administrators can learn so much in just one night.

***Correction: The article "Lesbian archives chronicle "herstory"" in the 4/4 issue of the BB noted that the LBGC co-sponsored "An Evening with the Lesbian Herstory Archives," when the Women's History Month co-sponsored the event. BB regrets the error.

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.

A successful Springfest at Barnard

by Celeste Guzman

On Wednesday, April 6, at 12 p.m. spring hit Barnard College with the annual Springfest. The first event was a recruitment of volunteers for community service called "Barnard Celebrates Community Service." Students in Upper Level McIntosh were given information about various community service activities on campus and were treated to refreshments and a small singing concert. Thursday the 7th of April, brought the Vendor Fair with its numerous booths lining up and down the walkway in front of Wollman Library and snuggled between students in Lower Level McIntosh. Trinkets, jewelry, and clothing scattered atop many of the tables. The Reggae Dance Party allowed students to dance away their paper blues in Lower Level McIntosh on Thursday night. Continuing the festival on Friday the second day of the Vendor Fair crowded onto Lehman Lawn along with an ARA sponsored grill. The International Dessert Festival and the live DJ turned the Lawn into an all-out party. Lower Level McIntosh echoed with sounds of Spanish and Indian music

along with the steps of dancers, in International Dance Festival. Friday night was topped off with a showing in Alstchul Auditorium of the critically acclaimed film, *Like Water For Chocolate*. Springfest closed on Saturday with "Finger Painting for Children of Harlem."

Each event drew people that wanted to jump into the spirit of Spring as well as escape the stress of deadlines. The SGA Springfest Committee sponsored the festival along with co-sponsors: Office of College Activities, McAC, Student Life, Career Services, and Harlem Restoration Project. All sponsors deserve an applause for their hours of work and a wonderful multicultural and communal four day festival. Let's hope spring comes just as wonderfully next year.

Celeste Guzman is a Barnard College first-year.

Time is running out!

Submit your commentary, letter to the editor, arts or music review soon, before the year is over.

Call the *Bulletin* at ext. 42119 for details.

WBAR installs new staff

by Rachel Rinaldo

The staff of Barnard's radio station, WBAR, has elected Spectre Bearn, BC '95, as its new general manager for the 1994-1995 academic year. The General Manager of the radio station has a great deal of responsibility in overseeing the staff and DJs, as well as serving as liaison between the station and the Barnard Community, said Ginger Wade, BC '94, who currently holds the position.

Wade said that she feels that the station has accomplished quite a bit in the past year. "I feel confident that I'm leaving the station in competent hands. I'm sure that our entire executive staff will be capable" she added.

Next year, Bearn hopes to increase fundraising, sponsor a number of on-campus concerts and work toward getting the station a licence from the Federal Communications Commission. She mentioned that she would like to see the station "have a more active orientation," and "expand [its] programming." She plans to continue furthering the station's goal of "bringing an alternative source of music to the campus in a wide variety" and hopes to expand WBAR's listening audience. Toward achieving these ends, Bearn wants to see the residence halls at 616 West 116th Street and 49 Claremont wired to receive the station next semester.

WBAR is applying for money from both Barnard and Columbia, next year. The station has not previously received money from Columbia. "If Columbia gives us money, we will use that money to wire a Columbia dorm," said Bearn. The station is looking at the possibility of wiring Columbia residence halls, John Jay and Carman.

When she assumes her position in the fall, Bearn plans to make some minor changes, including revising the way DJs are trained. She also wants to expand into genres of music that are "more than just college music," especially reggae and rap. Bearn says that music like reggae should not be just for specialty shows, where it is currently confined. She hopes that the station can increase its collection so that people with reggae or rap shows don't have to depend entirely on their own personal collections.

The WBAR Managing Board for the 1994-1995 Academic Year:

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Rachel Rinaldo is a Barnard College senior and a Bulletin Staff Writer

SGA Election Results are here!



Lareina Yee '95, SGA
president

President	Lareina Yee '95
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Class of 1997 President	Jan Woo
Class of 1997 Vice-President	Mandalyn Mcleland
Class of 1997 Treasurer	Carne Franklin
Class of 1997 Secretary	Naomi Thetherly
	Jessica Tsai

Congratulations to all those who were elected for the
1994-1995 year!

Contemporary women's poetry

by Amisha Uphadyaya

The power of the word is such that even the systematic silencing of a people cannot prevent them from speaking. The Native American consciousness growing in this nation is proof of that in poets such as Joyce Harjo and Linda Hogan. Hogan connects her lost woman heritage with her lost Native American heritage. She is a mixed-blood Chickasaw. She was born in Denver but her tribal lands are in Oklahoma. Her poetry sings of the praises of every aspect of nature, the sounds of insects, the changing seasons. She says that though her home is now in Colorado, she knows every rock, every plants, the migratory patterns of the birds. Home becomes something very different than just a place where one eats and sleeps. In her blood is still the idea of living with the environment not just in it.

And in her poetry is a consciousness of her womanhood; nothing is bluntly stated but just in the constant mention of the word "woman," one realizes that her identity is very much tied up to what her womanhood as much as her ethnicity. In her casual mention of "woman" one sees the comfort with which she accepts her womanhood. One aspect of womanhood she stresses is motherhood. Once again, her personal life is revealed: she has adopted two Native American daughters, estranged and yet tied to her family who seem so much closer to the heritage than she.

The simplicity of her words are belying, for though they seem quiet enough, at times they speak of rage, of profound beauty, of the ecstasy of living. The cadence, the phrases, take these words to an almost ghostly level — maybe because she is trying to reconcile herself to the ghosts of her lost heritage.

from Calling Myself Home

"Song for my Name"

Before sunrise

think of brushing out an old woman's
dark braids.

Think of your hands,
fingertips on the soft hair.

If you have this name,
your grandfather's dark hands
lead horses toward the wagon
and a cloud of dust follows,
ghost of silence.

That name is full of women
with black hair and men with eyes like night.
Everything rises.
It means no money
tomorrow.

Such a name my mother loves

from Eclipse

"Morning's Dance"

Quiet.

Time to sleep,

time when trees move earth

and wells begin to wake.

Black springs

rise out of the dark

land of heartbeats

land breathing

the long red morning

calling awake

trees which lean into it,

the yellow light of pitch.

I rise, breach

as earth does

when clay begins to walk

to take on life

while she works gently
in the small house.
She is a white dove
and in her own land
the mornings are pale,
birds sing into the white curtains
and show off their soft breasts.

If you have name like this,
there's never enough water.
There is too much heat.
When lightning strikes, rain
refuses to follow.
It's my name,
that of a woman living
between the white moon
and the red sun, waiting to leave.
It's the name that goes with me
back to earth
no one else can touch.

and sing.

Sweet pollution,
the trees in morning,
black locust,
red willow,
trees the wind moves
move this life,
my voice in the leaves.
Breathing, hear them breathing,
rising, dissolving the ground.
Carbon
red ochre
we rise
burning out of soil.

Name is a question that Marilyn Chin addresses. As an Asian-American, her name was changed from Mei Ling to Marilyn. A name, that word that identifies you, that holds different connotations for different people, that, though a label, signifies your very being — that too was "Americanized." And like the previous poets, Chin is grappling with understanding her identity, an identity that includes her being a woman, being an Asian, being an American and then understanding what she wants each of those to represent in her life.

from "How I Got that Name"
...Of course,
the name had been changed
somewhere between Angel Island and the sea,
when my father the papersman
in the late 1950s
obsessed with some bombshell blonde
transliterated "Mei Ling" to "Marilyn."
And nobody dared question
his initial impulse—for we all know
lust drove men to greatness,
not goodness, not decency.
And there I was, a wayward pink baby,
named after some tragic
white woman, swollen with gin and Nembuta.

The Silent Era Roars at Film Forum II

by Cathi Martarella

In honor of MGM's 70th anniversary, Film Forum is presenting "The Silent Roar: Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer 1924-1929" from April 15th to May 11th. The festival opened last Friday with "The Merry Widow" from 1925 starring Mae Murray and John Gilbert.

Murray plays Sally O'Hara, a dance hall girl on tour, who meets Gilbert's Prince Danilo Petrovich when her

Director Erich Von Stroheim has crafted a fine film which really plays with the idea of seeing.

troupe arrives in Montebalco, Montenegro. This exotic, mysterious, oriental city provides the perfect backdrop for romance. As soon as Sally's production company appears at a welcoming dinner, the handsome Danilo is smitten with the Irish songstress.

Although Sally is equally interested, the two are unable to really get to know one another because Danilo's cousin, the Crown Prince, tries to monopolize Sally's attentions. The opening scene is full of great visual gags as the two men fight over Sally. For instance, when Sally sits down to dinner, the Crown Prince tries to sit next to her, but because Sally is so good at musical chairs, she manages to sit next to the dashing Danilo. After this incident, the two men try playing footsie with Sally under the table. Unfortunately for them, the chaste and intelligent Sally will take no part in such activity and so she merely places her feet behind the back of her chair. As a result, the silly men end up playing footsie with each other while both Sally and the audience have a good laugh at their expense.

Even though there is no dialogue, the visuals and the accompanying piano are so carefully choreographed that the emotions on the screen are not lost. The lack of sound did not bother me one bit. In fact, I became more engaged in this silent story than in any one with sound that I have seen in a long time. Director Erich Von Stroheim has crafted a fine film which really plays with the idea of seeing. Every shot is deliberate because he can't tell the story with words; he tells the story with images. Image is everything.

Von Stroheim really plays with the idea of the power of

sight in the sequences where Sally performs in the opera house. The audience does not merely view the beauty from behind the eye of the camera, but they see her through the opera glasses of leering men. The camera pans from each man to the sight of his particular fetish. One man has an eyepiece permanently magnifying Sally's legs while another focuses his on her feet.

After the performance, all the men try to invite Sally to supper, but she refuses their invitations because she knows that they only want dessert. Von Stroheim superbly visually crafts both Sally's refusals and the men's feelings of dismay; words are not necessary. For example, when the richest, oldest, and ugliest man in town, the Baron Sadop, invites Sally to supper, she tells him that she has a prior engagement, but that her friends from the chorus would be glad to join him. Instead of showing the audience the women's faces, he shows their feet, which are ugly in big, clunky black shoes. The camera pans from feet to feet and then rests on the Baron's face, full of dismay. The scene closes with the camera following the dainty pink feet of Sally as she runs away to her dressing room.

Producer Irving Thalberg considered the previously mentioned scene to be too risqué for middle America and accused Von Stroheim of having a "footage fetish." There was further conflict for the film when the real Prince Danilo sued the production. Despite all these conflicts and the New York Times warning that this was, "Not a production to which one ought to take others with finer sensibilities," the film was a huge success.

Sixty years after the release of "The Merry Widow," I can see why it was a great success because it is a visual feast: full action, romance, drama, and comedy. "The Merry Widow" keeps the audience in suspense until the very end about the romantic fate of Sally, the show girl, and Prince Danilo. The MGM tribute has had an auspicious beginning. Although you have missed "The Merry Widow," be sure not to miss next weekend's feature, "The Scarlet Letter" with Lillian Gish. I'll see you there and don't forget to buy me some popcorn because Film Forum's kernels are the best in town.

Cathi Martarella is a Barnard Junior and a Bulletin Arts Editor.

Richard Avedon shines at the Whitney Museum

by Alissa Heyman

Richard Avedon is one of the most well known photographers of his generation. A retrospective of his work is now being shown at the Whitney Museum of American Art entitled *Evidence 1944-1994* which will last until June 26. Famous for his fashion photography as well as his candid and disturbing portraits of celebrities and unknown Americans, Avedon is now the **exclusiv**



photographer for the *New Yorker* as well as a leading voice in the world of photography today. Perhaps his greatest contribution to the art world has been to reinvent the portrait as a photographic genre and a great deal of the exhibit is taken up with his portrait work.

This large exhibit starts out with pictures from Avedon's days as a young photographer in his twenties when he explored the streets of his native New York with a camera and recorded the diverse street life he found there: couples lounging in Central Park, children playing in the Harlem streets, people walking to their jobs, meeting friends, standing on corners, caught unawares by the flash of the camera.

Early in his career Avedon also traveled to Europe and photographed the life of the people in Italy and France. Even these early pictures demonstrate Avedon's large palette of photographic subjects and his taste for mixing the spontaneous with the self-conscious. In one exquisite photograph, remarkable for its grace and studied elegance, two Parisian models sit in a cafe. They are self-consciously posed with their elbows touching, cigarettes in hand, poised in mid-conversation in mid-laughter as if acknowledging their audience. They bend close to one another, sharing some secret, letting us casually overhear it.

Avedon already exhibits his versatility with the

camera in his early subject matter—he goes from sophisticated Parisian models to a picture filled with pathos of a middle-aged woman embracing a sad-looking boy to the comic outrageousness of a carnival man towering over everyone on stilts and he does all of this with ease.

As interesting as Avedon's early work of the 1940s is, it is more traditional than the original style he develops later on in

his career. Starting in the 1960s Avedon turned away to a great extent from the world at large and concentrated on the image of the face. Framed against stark white backgrounds are larger than life and somehow menacing, portraits of the famous and the infamous, the eccentric and the ill-fated, the obscure and the shocking. Many of the photographs are unframed and the over-enlarged faces seem to leap out from the boundaries of their one-dimensional medium. Famous figures look like they have never looked before in Avedon's camera. Some of the illustrious presented here include Andy Warhol, Dwight Eisenhower, Groucho Marx, Jean Renoir, and Henry Miller.

Richard Avedon's portraits of anonymous Americans are just as fascinating. In one particularly striking picture a man stands naked, shown from the waist up. His head is completely bald, and his luminous eyes stare straight ahead as bees crawl all over his body in his ears and on his forehead, covering his arms and swarming up his neck. The photograph is entitled *Beekeeper*.

Other portraits are of meat packers, truckers, rattlesnake skimmers, waitresses, and drifters. They are all intense, each head stands out vividly against a bleached white background. The faces staring out at you are insolent and mocking, aggressive and defensive, malnourished and

cont'd **AVEDON** pg. 12

Opening your eyes and ears: Upcoming events in art

APAAM Events

APAAM Gallery, Shapiro Lounge featuring current talents. Exhibit is from April 17 through April 23. Call Pei-Ling X37501.

Asian American Art and Culture. Teacher's College, Friday, April 22 from 4-10 pm. Call Pei-Ling X37501.

Asian American Art and Culture. Asian American Arts Center, 26 Broadway, 9 am to 6 pm. Call Pei-Ling X37501.

Music of East and South-East Asia, a presentation by Columbia Professor of Asian Music Humanities Daniel Ferguson featuring music from Japan, China, Korea, Indonesia, and Vietnam. Thurs., April 21, Llon's Den, FBH, 8 pm. Call Kevin X32474.

Krushnay Tubhyam Namaha, a dance ballet that endeavors to take the audience from the creation of Brahmamand with the sound "Aum" through the evolution of man with the "Dsavtar," and culminating with the well known episodes in the life of Vishnu's much loved avatar-krishna. Features music in three styles: Haveli, Folk and Contemporary as well as three styles of dance: Kathak, Folk and Contemporary. April 23, Wollman, 4 pm. Call Moha X34052.

Eisa Bekkala Art Exhibition. One person exhibit. Columbia University Teacher's College, April 11th through 22nd, open M-F, 11am-6pm. Call Gallery Director at (212) 678-3360.

Postcrypt Caffeehouse

Carol Lipnik & Joe Caccola, haunting songs from Coney Island in her return to the Postcrypt Stage

Greg Greenway, Boston-based singer-songwriter whose acclaim is spreading quickly

Barbara Kessler has been stunning audiences with her soulful, mesmerizing voice since 1989. She's appeared with John Gorka, Patty Larkin, and the Story.

Dave's True Story, vocalist Kelly Flint and guitar-player David Cantor just released their debut album and will be recording live for their next release.

All on April 22nd in the basement of St. Paul's Chapel,

Columbia University. Music and Dance

Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church presents, The Ambrosia Trio performing Beethoven Piano Trio in C minor, Op. 1, no. 3; Tailleferre Piano Trio; Mendelssohn Piano Trio in C Minor, Op. 66. Sunday, April 24th, at 4 pm at Madison Ave. Presbyterian Church (921 Madison Avenue, at 73rd Street). Tickets: \$8, \$5 with student ID. Call (212) 304-2253

La MaMa E.T.C., River Arts Repertory, and Arts at St. Ann's present "The Strange Life of Ivan Osokin," a new opera based on the novel by P. D. Ouspensky. Music by Peter Gordon, Libretto by Constance Congdon, Directed by Lawrence Sacharow. La MaMa Annex, 74A East 4th Street, NYC April 15-24, Tues-Thurs, and Sun.: \$15, Fri-Sat, \$20. All show times 7:30 pm. Call (212) 475-7710.

Film
"Clean Slate," starring Dana Carvey and Valeria Golino. Coming May 6th from MGM

**Avedon photography display
draws spectators**
from **AVEDON**, pg. 11

tortured, and hauntingly beautiful or ugly or sad in turn.

The exhibit ends with more recent pictures done by Avedon of the tearing down of the Berlin Wall in 1989. These photographs capture the individual amid confusion, as with one picture of a man sitting on top of a street sign, bottle raised to his lips in celebration. Much of this recent work has never been featured before and according to guest curator Jane Livingston, "These new images bring his long career full circle: they hark back to his earliest concerns, and also reveal a mature synthesis of many of photography's concerns in the contemporary era."

This fascinating exhibit of black and white photography is not to be missed, either for its stark aestheticism or its psychological portraits of celebrities and ordinary—sometimes extraordinary—unknown individuals.

Devlins play town hall

by Jessica Hodges



photo credit: Danny Cronin

Last April, Capitol records released a pleasing album from a new group called the Devlins. then they predeeded to bury it. Since the Radiohead and Blind Melon hype has died down at the label, Capitol has smartly seen that rereleasing *Drift* would be a great idea. Whether the album is allowed to do anything or not, the attempt at least blessed us with a local appearance by the Irish brothers.

Colin and Peter Devlin graced the stage of the Town Hall to warm the frigid crowd awaiting Sarah McLaughlin. Playing mainly the ballads straight from the album, the Devlins did little warming until the end. Playing a fantastic (remixed) version of their first single "I Knew That" Colin Devlin ripped into his acoustic guitar with the most passion seen all night. It would be hard to play that song with out emotion. it moves you even when you are

restricted to velvet balcony seats. Ending their set with their new single "Drift", the Devlins left this audience member wanting more. Alas, Sarah needed to take the stage and I guess they don't allow encores in places like that.

As cute as they are, the brothers could not seem to shake the repressed feel of the venue. Colin attempted jokes, but was let down by the crowd response. Occasional Whoops! came from corporate types still in their suits and running shoes. The sound pierced the air like a fart in a silent library. It was uncalled for and embarrassing. The thing is we all should have been Whooping away for this great band with the pleasing sound and oh so adorable members.

Jessica Hodges is a *Baltimore* Music Editor.

Soundgarden: Superunknown (A&M Records)

by Geoff Saavedra

So throw it away you don't have to take me

Make no mistakes I'm what you make me (Let Me Down)

The heaviest of heavy are back! Black Sabbath held this honorable position before but now the crown goes to Soundgarden 15 tracks of utter musical mastery

are contained in this magnum opus called SUPERUNKNOWN.

Combine FOPP, Screaming Life and Badmotorfinger and you get SUPERUNKNOWN. The other albums have been building to this point. There is heaviness, there is punkiness, there is spaciness. Anything you can think of is contained in this 70 minute plus album.

If a comparison must be made it would have to be to Led Zeppelin's In Through The Out Door. In Through was a departure for Led Zeppelin. While it contained some great pieces of music, it didn't have that loud guitar sound that Zep had become known for. SUPERUNKNOWN is as much of a departure for Soundgarden. Let Me Down, Limo Wreck and Spoonman take us back to the Badmotorfinger sound, fast heavy loud. Its songs like Black Hole Sun, Half and Like Suicide, that show the other side of Soundgarden, melodic, soulful, sexy, and quiet.

Before this album Soundgarden had only been compared to Zeppelin and Sabbath. Now with Black Hole Sun



photo credit: Kevin Westenberg

and Head Down a Beatles influence circa Sgt Pepper can be heard. A very psychedelic spaciness has infected the guitar sound combined with a layered vocal effect that is not quite separated enough to be an echo.

Virtually not recognized as a soloist, Kim has come out of his

closet on SUPERUNKNOWN. We've gotten glimpses of his potential on Badmotorfinger and Louder, but never as much as on this album. Kim gets to strut his stuff on virtually every song. During the Badmotorfinger tour, Thayl tended to stand his guitar in front of the amp and leave the stage. Upon returning, he would pose a few times like a classic lead guitarist and call that a solo. With this new material, Kim might actually have to show off his playing.

Great rock and roll doesn't get much better than SUPERUNKNOWN. It will be a tough act to follow. (For you Soundgarden fans out there, there are some stores that are carrying the colored double vinyl version of SUPERUNKNOWN, which has an extra song.)

Go to www.aamp.com for the list of stores that carry it.

The Veldt *Afrodisiac* (Mercury Records)

by Jacqueline Klug

If I had only one word to describe The Veldt it would have to be eclectic. This band incorporates a little bit of every musical style into their Mercury Records full-length debut album *Afrodisiac*. The melodic, swirling guitar sound recalls that of Cocteau Twins or Jesus and Mary Chain, yet The Veldt distinguishes themselves from other bands with their soulful vocals and powerful lyrics.

The band hails from North Carolina and is composed of twin brothers Daniel and Danny Chavis, Dave Burns, and Marvin Levi. Daniel Chavis' voice is amazing. He has a lyrical and haunting sound that compliments their music well. The song "Soul In A Jar" boasts some brilliant vocals on Daniel's part. The lulling guitars coupled with his smooth as silk voice makes the listener feel as though one has discovered an auditory heaven. The album features two great mixes of this song one by the J & M Chain and one by Diamond D.

"Revolutionary Sister," a song honoring Black women, features a unique combination of soul and their watery guitar sound - kind of like My Bloody Valentine meets R&B. Another tune "Heather" is reminiscent of vintage Prince music. This song opens with deep guitar feedback noise but then turns into a soulful tune with the aid of a melodic sax accompaniment.

The Veldt also features some poignant lyrics thanks to songwriters Danny and Daniel Chavis. "You Take the World" speaks of the determination of ghetto inhabitants. "Your cops and your guns/It's oh so natural those sad sad places/Step into your world." Their strong



Photo courtesy of Mercury Records

song writing ability proves that they can do more than play good music for their songs are intelligently composed.

The Veldt provides a collage of musical styles on this album. Their mixture of fluid guitar noise, powerful lyrics and soulful vocals is an unusual recipe but is one that works remarkably well. If you are into the swirling guitar noise you must check out the Veldt. Their unusual take on this sound is worth your listening time.

Jacqueline Klug is a Barnard College first year and a *Bulletin* Staff Writer.

Write for the *Bulletin!*

Participate in the section of your choice

Arts Commentary Features
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For more information, call
ext. 42119

Abortion: defining the debate

by Marganda Jorge

NYS NARAL's efforts to rally for equal air time for pro-choice and pro-life television commercials constitutes in itself a reasonable demand. The role of media in a democratic society is after all to ensure that

The conflict is that there must be room for more than one such group to express opinions which may be equally plausible.

as many view points as possible are presented to the audience so that its members can in turn make an informed decision on a somewhat objective basis.

To argue however that pro-life commercials produced by the DeMoss foundation do not present a balanced perspective on the abortion question seems superfluous. I do not find it outrageous (despite my own pro-choice position) nor even surprising, that commercials with titles like *Life What a Beautiful Choice* strongly and exclusively promote one position despite my personal political beliefs. The DeMoss foundation is after all a partisan organization therefore that they distribute partisan propaganda which is likewise biased is hardly incredible nor is it as NYS-NARAL suggests wrong.

The issue of the objectivity of individual commercials is separate from that of allowing for equal air time for varying points of view. That the content of a particular ad such as pro-life ads convey a partisan point of view is unquestionably legitimate. The conflict is that there must be room for more than one such group to express opinions which may be equally plausible.

This is in fact the core of the problem. The statement that NYS-NARAL can not afford to buy up air time, but freedom of speech must not be limited only to those wealthy enough to pay for it rings true but requires some qualification. Money clearly is an obstacle to presenting balanced perspectives and NYS NARAL is correct to assert that some regulation should exist to compensate for differences in financial resources. However pronounced emphasis on the role of Arthur DeMoss as a evangelical Christian may not be the best means to achieve this goal. By equating religious

fundamentalism with wealth NYS-NARAL is establishing a correlation that does not necessarily exist. There are as many wealthy liberals as there are conservatives and the vast majority of fundamentalists have little money. For them this is an issue of faith not class.

There is a degree to which a pro-life commercial is implicitly anti-choice. However most of these ads support their points of view by dint of exclusive attention to one side their side. NYS NARAL's description of these advertisements as misleading simplistic and offensive is a bit of a generalization. There are fundamentalist and evangelical people many of them quite cogent who really don't see abortion as an option because of religious or moral convictions. Whether the pro-choice side sees it as simplistic is irrelevant that is the way pro-life supporters see their situation. It consequently write them off as unimportant is both unfair and unwise. There are likewise women who choose to have the child or offer the child for adoption because although they might not object to legally accessible abortion find it a less viable option in their personal experience. In some cases the personal is not political.

To issue a blanket condemnation of all who do not accept abortion as the best alternative is more than a political action it is a moral confrontation between two separate and very different modes of seeing the world. That is the essence of any debate on abortion. Denigrating one another's visions and misrepresenting or excluding the opposition is often counterproductive. NYS-NARAL might benefit by keeping this in mind when battling for changes such as equal air time for all points of view that are pers. valid.

MARGA JORGE is a Barnard junior and a Bulletin co-editor

The Heart of the Matter...

My very own Brady Mania bit

by Amy Leavey

Last week I'm sitting in my room, being very academic despite the recent arrival of Spring and the absence of sub-degree weather, when all of a sudden, the phone rings. Aroun to procrastinate (Hey, no one's perfect), I hoped it would be a friend and not a work/Bulletin/babysitting related matter. Fortunately it was Ziona. I say "fortunately" because I know that when she calls I'll definitely be on the phone for a while. So, we're blabbing away about this and that, when I hear in the background, "Here's a story of a man named Brady." My heart skips a beat, and my voice full of hope I ask, "Ziona, are you watching the Brady Bunch?" No, she tells me, she is listening to her brand new Best of the Brady Bunch CD. Now, my heart really begins to pound with enthusiasm. "You have what?" I yell, most probably blowing her car drum out. I could not believe that playing four short blocks from me was an entire CD filled with the voices of the greatest child actors ever to adorn my television. Greg, Marcia, Peter, Jan, Bobby, and Cindy. Was it my birthday? Did I win the lottery? Was my fairy godmother on overdrive? Nothing could stop me from owning a copy of that CD. I quickly told Ziona I'd be over in two minutes, grabbed a blank tape, and ran over to EC. 120 seconds later, I arrived ready to delight my ears in the sounds of the Brady 6.

I really don't recall when I was first exposed to The Brady Bunch. But, for as long as I can remember my family owning a television (all my life), I have taken every opportunity available to watch the trials and tribulations of this television clan. Arriving home from elementary school, I would plop down in front of the TV and engross myself in the world of the Brady's. Perhaps it was Mike and Carol's endless understanding or the omnipresent problems resulting from having a large family that would be miraculously solved in twenty-seven minutes that amused me. Whatever the attraction, I became hooked.

I used to imagine myself being a Brady. "Amy sister number four." Of course I would have to die my hair blond and get a nose-job, but it would be worth it. I'd have Alice cooking me breakfast each morning and Mike helping me with my homework each evening. Peter could stick up for me if someone bullied me in school and Marcia

could help me look pretty for a big date. The possibilities were endless. What a life!

Eventually, I outgrew my childhood fantasy, but my addiction remained. I purchased all the Brady trivia books which were published in recent years including Barry

Was it my birthday? Did I win the lottery? Was my fairy godmother on overdrive? Nothing could stop me from owning a copy of that CD.

William's controversial *Growing Up Brady*. I taped the short lived, but extremely emotional television series on a few years ago entitled *The Brady's*. And the special, *A Very Brady Christmas*? I know every line by heart.

Now you understand the delight I felt when I was given the opportunity to replay over and over again. "When its time to change you've got to rearrange," and "I think I'll go for a walk outside now, the summer sun's calling my name, I hear it now." These songs will live in infamy as the songs which my surrogate family, the Brady's sing. The CD brings all the aspects of Brady Mania together: music, trivia, and controversy. It has solidified my commitment to a cause. I know I sound a little crazy, but I truly believe that the Brady Bunch is one of television's most precious gems. The Partridge Family and that innane Step-by-Step only pale in comparison. So let's sing just one time all together now. Here's a story of a lovely lady.

Amy Leavey is a Barnard sophomore and the Bulletin Commentary Editor.

Que Sera Sera...

Killing the Hawaii myths

by Tara Griffin

My dad and brother are coming to visit me on Thursday. They're coming up here for my Grandpa's 80th birthday. This will be the first time I've seen them since winter break. A lot of you tri-state people will be wondering why I haven't gone home in 3 1/2 months to,

So, in the name of Asian-Pacific-American-Awareness-Month, I'm going to drill you with mindless tidbits about the 50th state until you scream.

say, do my laundry or pick up those shoes I forgot to pack the last time I visited. There's a simple explanation for all of this, I don't live on the continent; some would say that I don't live in the United States (but then again, they're morons). I am from HAWAII- yes, that tropical paradise you American people only dream of. So, in the name of Asian-Pacific-American-Awareness-Month, I'm going to drill you with mindless tidbits about the 50th state until you scream. You might even acquire a (limited) command of the Hawaiian language (yeah, some of those "exotic creatures" in the islands actually have their own language-shocking isn't it?

Why don't we start by dispelling some of those wonderfully entertaining stereotypes I am subjected to frequently:

1. NO, I don't wear a grass skirt to school (a coconut shell bra maybe, but never a grass skirt).
2. NO, I don't speak Hawaiian at home. English is preferred but Chinese, Swedish and German are also accepted. Hawaiian is strictly prohibited though.
3. YES, we do in fact have cars in Aloha-land. We did away with the bicycles and canoe last year when Volvo imported those strange four-wheeled creatures.
4. NO, we don't eat dogs. Well, that's not true, some of us eat dogs, so that has some validity to it. Pleasant, ain't

it?

We consider ourselves rather normal people- except for that cannibalism scandal last year (joke in case you didn't realize it). We have problems with our economy (it sucks large eggs) because you people won't shell out the money for a fun-filled Hawaiian escapade. Our government is also corrupt, something we're very proud of. The more money we are forced to spend on taxes, the fewer benefits we get in return. Sound like your state government? We have more in common than you thought. But I bet you didn't know that the cost of living in Hawaii is the second highest in the United States; New York has the highest. We have the nicest people in the country though (better than southern hospitality- I should hope so- we don't have the KKK).

We're kind of lazy though. Well, let me clarify myself, everyone is hard working once they're at work but getting to work is the problem. Hawaiian People's Time (HPT) is our big problem. If someone from the islands says she is going to meet you at 11 am, she really means 1:30. If a studly Hawaiian surfer boy says he'll pick you up at 7:30 pm, he really means 8:30 pm (you need to allow for the just-before-sunset-last-minute-swell on the south shore (surf lingo) he decides to take advantage of and the inevitable fact that he'll get lost navigating his way to your mountain home- this actually happened to me, damn shmuck).

Even though we don't believe in punctuality, we take great pride in our own language. We're the only state with its very own official language- cool isn't it! I don't know very many words, but I'll try my hardest to teach you the basics:

- "Aloha" - hello or good-bye (ours is a versatile language)

- "Wahine" - woman

- "Kane" - man (this is important to know if you ever want to use a public restroom in Hawaii)

- "Lei" - pronounced, lay- it's one of those necklaces made out of flowers the Brady's wore when they went to Hawaii

- "Mahalo" - thank you

Mahalo Nui Loa"- thank you very much

"Melekalikimaka"- Merry Christmas

"Makahiki ho"- now I'm not too sure, but I think that this can have two meanings: have a nice day and Happy New Year. If you know- as if- give me a call.

"Haole"- white person

"Hapa Haole"- if you're 1/2 white 1/2 something else. The best looking people in Hawaii are "Hapa Haole."

"Kamehameha"- our coolest king back in the good old days.

"Pali, Like Like, Kalanian'ole"- random highways in town. And Like Like is not pronounced as you think it is: the "i" sounds like "e" and the "e" sounds like an "a"

"Honu"- turtle: my favorite animal. They're everywhere.

Please share all of this information with your friends, parents and that crazy cousin on your mom's side (we all have one). Those of us that live in Hawaii are very proud of our home so you better show us some damn respect. We're the people who brought you Don Ho and his stinking "Tiny Bubbles," Magnum P.I. and Higgins, Hawaii 5-0 and those cheery 70's flower-printed shirts

(now where would you be without those shirts?). Where would the Brady's, that Growing Pains family and basically every other sitcom family vacation if Hawaii didn't exist, huh? Admit it, you are nothing without sitcoms on boring weeknights and sitcoms are nothing without Hawaii so, through substitution, you are nothing without Hawaii. You could never say the same thing about the Pocanos, yet mainlanders have more respect for the Pocanos than for Hawaii, which is beyond me.

Why don't you come for a visit. Bring your rich friends and buy a truckload of paraphernalia. You could catch the new "CHARO SHOW" down in Waikiki and meet a nice local boy or girl who can show you around so that you can spend more money. Imagine the possibilities, if every Columbia student came to Hawaii and bought something touristy and useless, our economy would be thriving again. Give me a call when you get there, I'll buy you a beer for every three grass skirts you purchase.

Tara Griffin is a Barnard sophomore and a Bulletin Staff Writer.

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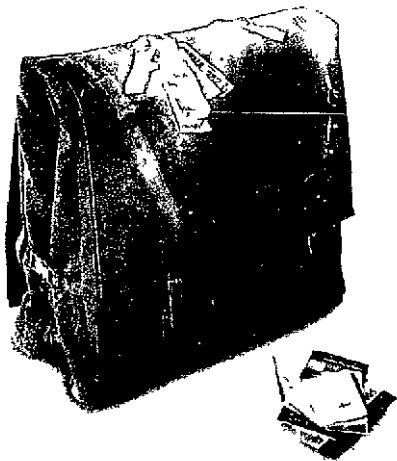
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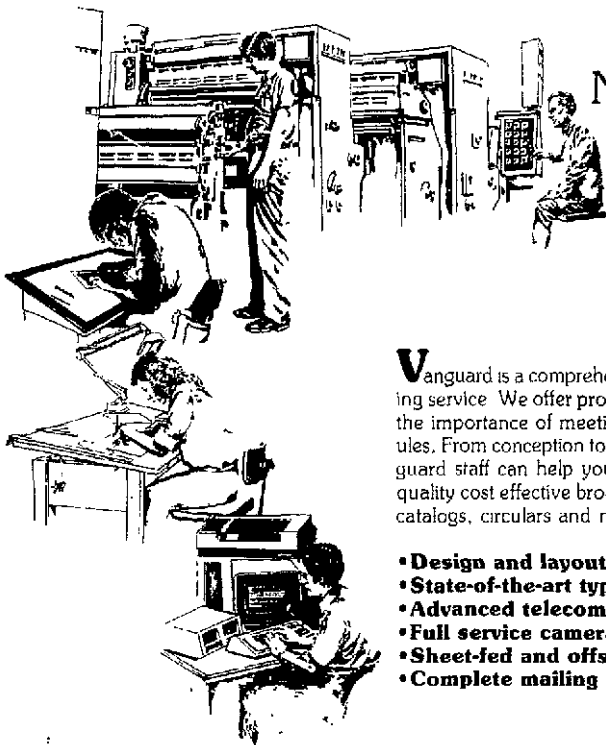
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