

# BARNARD BULLETIN

JANUARY 1997

VOLUME 11 NUMBER 3



## what every barnard bear should know. . .

### ERRATUM RE BARNARD/ SIPA INFORMATION MEETING

The notice that appeared in last week's Bear Essentials incorrectly stated that there would be an information meeting on February 23. There will be no information session on that date. Juniors interested in applying for admission to the joint program must speak with Dean Rundsorf x42024 before March 1. For more information please contact Dean Rundsorf directly.

### MEETINGS FOR MAJORS AND PROSPECTIVE MAJORS

**HISTORY** Thursday February 16 4:30 - 6 p.m. in the James Room Barnard Hall  
**FRENCH** Thursday March 9 4 p.m. 306 Milbank  
**ART HISTORY** Wednesday April 5 12 - 2 p.m. North Tower Sulzberger Hall

### SOPHOMORES—HAVING TROUBLE CHOOSING A MAJOR? —

Come to two information meetings to help you make that important decision. The first

meeting will be held on Wednesday February 22 12 noon - 1 p.m. in 304 Barnard Hall. The second meeting will be held on Thursday March 2 5 - 6 p.m. in Sulzberger Parlor. If you require more detailed information watch for Dean Taylor's memo in your mailboxes. Sophomores should also remember to schedule an appointment with their advisers any time between March 2 - 31 to discuss choosing a major and complete their audit forms. **Majors must be declared and filed with the Registrar by Friday, April 14.** It is extremely important to have completed the audit form prior to the deadline.

### FIRST YEAR STUDY SKILLS WORKSHOP

Dean Webster will be offering a four week study skills workshop beginning the week of February 20th. Topics included time management, note taking from texts and in class paper writing and exam preparation. To sign up call x42024 or send an email message to CWebster.

**SPECIAL INTEREST  
HOUSING APPLICATIONS**  
available at the Office of Student Life (210 McIntosh), the Housing Office (1st floor Sulzberger Hall) and from the Associate Director's office in each Residence Hall. The application deadline is Friday, February 17.

### SENIOR CLOTHBOARD

The deadline for ordering caps and gowns is Friday, February 24.

Seniors who took incompletes in Fall '94 must submit all outstanding work by March 20 if they want to graduate in May. After submitting your work, be sure to fill out a Work Completed form at the Registrar's Office.

### FINANCIAL AID APPLICATIONS

for the 1995-96 academic year are now available in the Financial Aid Office 14 Milbank. All current financial aid recipients must re-apply for financial aid. The deadline for submitting completed forms is Monday, April 17.

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### STAFF WRITERS, SPRING 1995

Kate Angus, Amy Bourell, Vanessa Brennan, Deborah Cass, Jackie Donnelley, Naomi deSilva, Madeline and Ideha G, Karen Kahn, Debby Katz, Sabine, Lammers, Andrea Lane, Ann McCarthy, Elizabeth Michaelson, Becca Miller, Julie Oh, Vanessa Richards, Taryn Roeder, Lari Rubenstein, Geoff Saavedra, Amee Sims, Sarina Singh, Carey White, Ruth Wikler, Suzanne Scaulon

# Get Over It

Francis L. Lawrence, the president of Rutgers University, has always taken heat. First, it was for his three decade commitment to recruiting minority students. Now, it is for an allegedly racist comment that he made about that same group.

At a meeting with university administrators Mr. Lawrence was discussing the value of college admissions tests and remarked: "The average S.A.T.'s for African-Americans is 750. Do we set standards in the future so we don't admit anybody? Or do we deal with a disadvantaged population that doesn't have that genetic, hereditary background to have a higher average?" No one at that meeting challenged his choice of words. It was not until transcripts were made available that those three words - "genetic, hereditary background" - were seen to be the be all and end all of a man's career. Students immediately protested and asked for Mr. Lawrence's resignation.

The irony of the student's actions is twofold - they are opposing a man who was largely responsible for their very admittance to the university and they are perhaps preventing any new affirmative action policies from being installed. Their disorganized and leaderless protests are symptomatic of the fact that they only have a vague notion of what they are opposing.

The worst enemy of the students is themselves. They could not ask for a president who is more dedicated to recruiting minorities than the one whose resignation they are calling for. If a president who is committed to their needs is not what they want, than what is?

The exact meaning of Mr. Lawrence's words can only be known by him. He has yet to explain them clearly, but from the context of what he said it seems reasonable to assume that he meant that minority students are at a disadvantage when applying to colleges and should therefore be held to different standards to better their chances of admission. His choice of words is unfortunate, but it is doubtful that he meant for them to be interpreted the way they were.

If Mr. Lawrence is forced to resign it will mean the end of his career. In this increasingly politically correct world no institution would dare to accept him for a position. Many people who are opposed to Mr. Lawrence's affirmative action policies would probably rejoice at his resignation for the exact opposite reason that the student protesters would. Whatever your views on affirmative action, ask yourself this: do three words utterly negate three decades of action?

And to the students at Rutgers, Don Henley has three words of his own. "Get over it!"

C.S.

### *Editorial Policy*

*In order to be considered for publication, all the Letters to the Editor must be signed by an individual or by a Barnard SGA and/or Columbia Student Council recognized campus organization. Letters to the Editor must be submitted no later than the Wednesday preceding publication. Opinions expressed in the Bulletin are those of the authors, not necessarily those of Barnard College.*

## BARNARD STUDENT GOVERNMENT ASSOCIATION ROUND-UP

**By Binta Brown, Officer of the Board,  
Student Government Association**

The Student Government Association set aside its agenda for the Spring Semester. Hot items for the council include: improving relations with Columbia University, acting to insure passage of the University Wide Sexual Assault Policy, forming or not forming a relationship with Greek Life, housing conditions and finally, issues of multiculturalism.

Smaller projects include proposing a point system which would allow students to use their meal points at any dining hall or food joint on campus, improving PE registration, expanding E-mail usage on campus, and finding indoor space for designated smoking areas.

In other SGA news, the council discussed spring elections for the 95-96 school year and began planning the spring info session format for candidates.

Eurydice Kelly, Barnard's University Senator informed the Council that the Sexual Assault Task Force passed several items including: 1. The gatekeeper role- the role of the gatekeeper is to prove that "you" exist, and to determine sexual misconduct; 2. The Panel structure will be student/administrator/faculty member, and 3. Unanimous voting will be necessary to find the accused guilty (3 out of 3). For more information in the policy call x4-2126 and leave a message for Eurydice.

The council discussed plans for Barnard Celebrates Community Service Day. As of this point, nothing is final.

The following motions were approved by the council: the West Side Voucher Program: this is a program which will allow students to purchase vouchers to give to the homeless, instead of giving them money or food, homeless will receive the vouchers and can use them toward the purchase of a meal.

A resolution on the Smoking Policy, by the Senior Class President, Dana Ostrow, was approved. The resolution expressed discontent with the administration for its untimely notification of the new smoking ban in McIntosh.

In conclusion, the Council voted to give a total of \$350 to the Love and Low Valentines formal which will occur February 11, in Low Rotunda.

The SGA thanks to everyone who showed up last week at the Open House, and would like to encourage everyone to attend the Sexual Assault meeting on Friday February 24, in Low at 1:15 P.M. as well as an issue forum next Wednesday, Feb 15 which will discuss whether or not the council should approve measures which would improve the relationship between Barnard and the Greek System.

If you have any questions, call the SGA office at 4-2126 or stop by in Lower Level McIntosh!!!! Hope to see ya soon

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*SGA holds its weekly Rep Council meetings on Monday evenings in Sulzberger Parlor. Any one wishing to address the Council should contact Binta Brown to be placed on the meeting agenda.*

## Barnard's New Head of Security The Many Facets of Jim Johnson

by Gela Goldstein

Jim Johnson the newly appointed head of security is a man of experience in both education and life. Mr. Johnson came to Barnard from Manhattan College where he was the director of security for seven years. He is quite familiar with Columbia University and the surrounding area. I have lived in this neighborhood and worked in this neighborhood so this is my neighborhood — the Upper West Side. I'm very familiar with the environment and Columbia University.

He attended John Jay College of Criminal Justice where he earned a Bachelor's Degree in police psychology and history. He began his career as a police officer in 1965 where he was involved in various boards and divisions including those specializing in street crime and civilian complaints of police brutality and misconduct. Mr. Johnson later advanced to the Internal Affairs Bureau inquiring into more serious allegations of misconduct. He was also assigned to the intelligence division where the main purpose was to protect various diplomatic leaders.

Returning in 1980 Mr. Johnson became involved in education. He graduated from Teacher's College with a Master's Degree in higher adult education specializing in student personnel. He then became Assistant and then Associate Director of Admissions and Financial Aid at Bank Street College of Education for a couple of years. He worked in proprietary education namely at Jefferson Business College preparing individuals whose aims were to get involved in business subjects. Speaking of the transition from educator to security director Mr. Johnson said: "The transition was somewhat complicated but I think my background at Teacher's College

helped me to understand the college environment from a historical perspective right through today.

He also commented that "The community as a whole is acute as for the need of security. And students should trust their instincts and assume greater responsibility in maintaining their personal safety. His door is always open for student's suggestions. He feels that the impact of suggestions will only make his department better and promote community involvement in security operations.

Concerns are more pronounced at institutions catering to young women. There are more aspects that have to be looked at with a critical eye, he said regarding the differences in security between coed educational institutions and single sex facilities.

"We have greater concerns for the young women as they have been selected victims over the course of time in trying to secure a community predominantly made up of women. In adding the concerns must be gauged more specifically to the needs of young women.

He believes in a cohesive approach of maintaining security as a whole. Communication between Columbia College, Teacher's College, the Morningside Alliance and St. Luke's Hospital in their respective security departments is essential.



Jim Johnson, Head of Security

Mr. Johnson is a proponent of student personnel where a natural kind of bond should ensue between his department and other aspects of student personnel such as residential life. Each week Mr. Johnson meets with the Dean of Residence Life and other administrators and is on various committees to maintain communications with the rest of the college. He described the atmosphere at Barnard as very uplifting and he said he was told it was due to newly elected President Judith Shapiro. He has met with her and describes her as a woman with a dynamic personality. A very nice person.

He believes that the new team between his department and that of the administration will continue to grow and go far and do great things here to carry on the tradition that has been developed through the years. He is very excited in looking forward to what the future will bring.

Gela Goldstein is a first year student and the Barnard Bulletin News Editor.

## No First-Years In Elliott

by Gela Goldstein

The Quad consisting of Hewitt, Sulzberger and Brooks Halls has always represented a center of first year friendly atmosphere and camaraderie because of the predominantly high percentage of first years housed there. However first years housed in Elliott located on 49 Claremont Avenue feel physically as well as socially isolated from their fellow classmates. Being located outside the Quad has often meant extra traveling time in terms of meeting friends at the Quad Cafe or other events geared toward the class that often take place within the Quad.

Last week due to incessant proposals by representatives of the Student Government Association the Barnard Administration has declared that beginning with the Fall '95 semester first year students will no longer be housed in Elliott Hall. Kafi Brown, president of the class of '98 said, "Due to Barnard's increasing popularity more women have chosen to attend. This presents housing difficulties. It is important to keep in mind that placing the first years is essential as far as unity goes. The council is very happy with this decision."

Next year the first year class of Barnard students of 1999 will be coming in the Quad where certain rooms will be renovated in order to accommodate such a transition. Amy Bromberg (BC '98) who was involved in the petitioning process said, "Moving the first years to the Quad will enhance the community feeling in the class and will help to give everyone a



Elliott Hall 49 Claremont

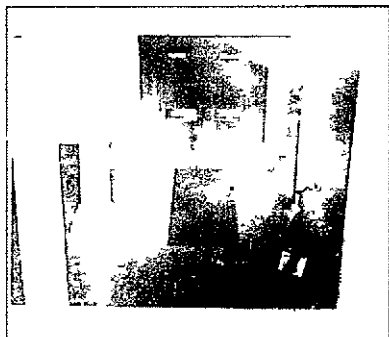
better introduction to life at Barnard. All in all the first years residing in Elliott feel that this change will be effective for future students. I'm glad that future first years won't have to miss out on Barnard activities and the nurturing atmosphere of Barnard because of being so far away," said one first year student living in Elliott.

Gela Goldstein is first year student and the Bulletin News Editor.

## Admissions Office Repainted

The admissions office has undergone some renovations in the past few weeks perhaps in response to the increasing popularity of Barnard. The office received 700 more applications in 1994 than it did in 1993.

Located at 111 Milbank, the admissions office receives the traffic of thousands of new applicants yearly. After several months of planning the exterior and interior were painted yellow and gray and a sectioned off waiting area was added. Congratulations to the admissions staff on their new office in good luck with the added work load.



## With Love and Latex... Communicating With Your Partner

by Micah Roberts

Ricki and Toni have been going out for three months and just recently began having sex. Ricki has just come back from Health Services where she found out she has herpes. She decides to tell Toni. Toni is upset and thinks Ricki has been cheating in their relationship. Ricki defends herself by saying she got it from a past partner. They negotiate and eventually decide to continue their sexual relationship after Ricki tells Toni what kind of safer sex they can have.

Such was one of many scenarios enacted Thursday night at SCOPE's Talking With Your Partner, a conference discussing communication about the sexual aspects in relationships. The scenarios were realistic situations aiming at the fears sexually active people have to face in today's disease ridden world. Not only did they handle these topics accurately and openly they also tackled the difficulty in discussing such uncomfortable situations with one's sexual partner.

Following each of the scenarios was a period of open discussion in which audience members were allowed and encouraged to ask questions and give comments on how they thought the scene was handled and what needed more clarification. The live action scenarios were encouraging examples of sex life after a sexually transmitted disease has been discovered. Discussion about safe sex and the power of honesty in relationships.

SCOPE is a sub group of Barnard's Well Woman program that has existed for six years. Evan Van Dommelen and Marie Segares, representatives from SCOPE, conducted this week's conference and led the discussions, giving their own researched and insightful

information to the questions the audience produced.

You can't lose when it comes to talking about safe sex. Van Dommelen said after the conference.

It is a matter of making trust a greater asset than love. When your loved one is not willing to have or even talk about protected sex, then how much are you able to trust their motivations? How do you know what their past relationships have been like or what their sexual

*It is a matter of  
making trust a  
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love.*

history is? The more you discuss these matters with your sexual partner, the more likely it is that the relationship will grow to have a simple basis of mutual understanding and respect. Even if STD's do not occur, communication in relationships, especially when they are sexually active, about such problematic subjects as safe sex will be a strong background for an entire world of much more difficult and painful discussion.

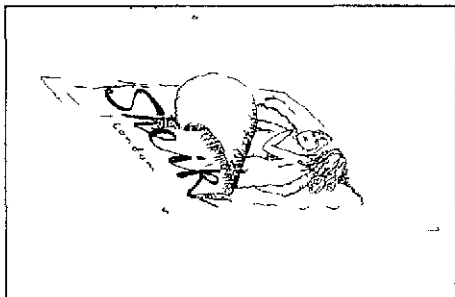
The message has been shoved down our throats for years. USE

CONDOMS OR DIE. But now that we know what to do, how do we go about doing it? How do we interrupt instantaneous romantic sensations with uncomfortable phrases like "Did you remember your condom?"

The answer is not easy. But in the mean time, speak up, do not let a lack of communication come between a long and happily active sexual life and a short and constantly fearful one. The preferable relationship is obvious and having it only takes a little strength and as the actors at Thursday night's conference proved, the honesty to communicate openly and candidly.

The Well Woman program is holding a series of similar conferences this month including HOPE for Hot Sex, a sexuality and eroticism workshop on February 13th from seven to nine p.m. in the PurEd Office. HOPE's Latex and Love, February 13th through the 14th from eleven to two p.m. in lower level McIntosh and STAAR's Violence Against Women with Katha Pollett, February 27th from four to five thirty p.m. in Sulzberger Parlor.

Micah Roberts is a Barnard First Year and Bulletin Photographer/Editor.





# LABIA Opens Up

by Heidi Nasr

LABIA as its anatomically colorful name suggests is a group for women specifically for politically active lesbian and bisexual women. Funded by the Barnard SGA LABIA (Lesbians And Bisexuals In Action) is setting out to eliminate homophobia one person at a time by increasing the visibility of lesbians. They are following the example set by the Gay Men's Health Crisis (GMHC) which helped gay men move from the fringes of society into the mainstream by increasing their exposure. Our main goal is fighting homophobia says Heather LABIA's director and that's big enough so that we have to have smaller goals to make it work. We're going to concentrate a lot on gaining visibility if it worked for gay men it can work for lesbians.

LABIA works by providing a forum for its members to discuss instances of homophobia in their lives and then encouraging them to take action. It is not primarily a support group. Instead it seeks to fill the gap left for homosexuals between the struggle of deciding to come out and the situation of being out and not knowing what to do about the homophobia that they then face. To this end the protected society that college offers is a boon to LABIA because there is such a singular lack of consequences for speaking out in college. This facet of university life does not extend to the real world a fact that LABIA wants to use to train its members.

If you get used to speaking out when you're young, Heather says it makes it easier to deal when you

face the homophobia in the world. We want to start here. We want to change the common conception of lesbians but we're not interested in changing it from one stereotype to another. We want to show that there's more than one way to be a dyke. As it is any woman over the age of nineteen who looks the least bit tomboyish is considered a lesbian. That's just not accurate.

Among the things that LABIA considers a hindrance to its progress is the insidious nature of political correctness. It's so much harder to fight homophobia if people won't admit to being homophobic because

*We want to change the common conception of lesbians, but we're not interested in changing it from one stereotype to another. We want to show that there's more than one way to be a dyke.*

they're afraid it would be politically incorrect. We can't get anywhere like that. If people would just admit it then we can sit down and talk about it and maybe get something done.

Heather believes that everyone heterosexual and homosexual alike has internalized homophobia to such a degree that they don't even

know when instances of it are occurring. For instance she says that many homosexuals when they come out are advised by loved ones to make sure, ostensibly to protect them from the cruel vicissitudes of homosexuality,

"That's so wrong. In the first place it assumes that being homosexual is all about sex which it's not. In the second place if a nineteen year old woman comes up to you and says 'I think I want to get married and have kids you don't ask her whether she's sure that she's heterosexual.' She also points out that such a reaction is a way for people to avoid expressing their discomfort with homosexuality by implying an attitude of 'Well I can talk you out of this phase you just need to come to your senses and then I won't have to deal with this.' Homosexuals have come to accept this sort of reaction and LABIA is encouraging them not to. Instead learn that they don't have to be apologetic for who they are. It's so frustrating to be pitied all the time.

We can deal with being lesbians so many other people can't and we have to accept that that is their problem and then try to explain to them what they don't know. Heather says

That's what LABIA is for we want to educate people who have not been very exposed to lesbians we want to provide an information service for lesbians and bisexual women and above all we want to change what we are able to. The hardest part is asking for what you want.

Heidi Nasr is a Barnard First Year and a Bullen Women's Issues Co-Editor.

# Oh My God, It's A Boy!

by Diana Adams-Ciardullo

Barnard Women beware! I feel it is my duty as a fellow Barnardian to warn you about the potentially harmful condition spreading throughout our campus in epidemic proportions. The as yet unnamed condition seems to be especially prevalent at fraternity parties and various local bars. Although there are no definite causes and individual cases vary, alcohol and loud club music both seem to exacerbate the symptoms. I have coined the condition the "Oh My God it's a boy!" syndrome, otherwise known as O.M.G.I.A.B.

I first discovered the condition at an Earl Hall frat party. After watching in shock and horror the transformation of intelligent, coherent and seemingly sane women into giggling, drooling animals resembling intoxicated cats in heat, I launched into an in-depth investigation of the syndrome. Gazing around the party, I discovered that my friends were not the only ones afflicted. The display was almost too much. I felt my stomach churn more than once. What I wondered could possibly be responsible for the metamorphosis I was witnessing? Women I have heard debate Freud and tackle Organic Chemistry over hagels in McIntosh were battling their eyelashes and sticking out their feminine appendages like Tory Spelling on 90210. Just as I was about to grab one particularly hard hit victim of "O.M.G.I.A.B." by her choker, a group of tall, Levis-clad men walked by and the pack of A-line skirts and platform shoes frantically ran after them.

Being at a women's college, I realize, makes it easy to forget that men are simply human beings of the opposite sex. Men become such a rare commodity, such a treasure, that their presence has an intoxicating effect. Under the influence of a few beers or the notorious frat punch, staring into the eyes of a cute boy, one suddenly seems to forget basic things like decency and self-respect. Above all else, decorum suddenly goes out the window.

Most often, daylight and sobriety return the afflicted women to their normal state. For many women, however, immediately following the

night is a prolonged period of recall where, once the hangover is gone, one remembers various actions and words of the night before. In retrospect, the things they said, the words they chose, and the jokes they laughed at make an episode of Beavis and Buttthead seem intellectual! Often, most of the night is a blur until around twelve or one in the afternoon, where women will suddenly cry out, "Oh my God! I can't believe I said that! What was I thinking?" Hmm.

Good question. Flirting, I can understand, hell, I even advocate it. Making eye contact with the hottie who slaps your hand at the door, or casually rubbing elbows with the guy you sort of recognize from a class, go for it! Whatever method works. But bear in mind that future generations of Barnard Women are looking to you as role models and a level of decorum is highly recommended at all times.

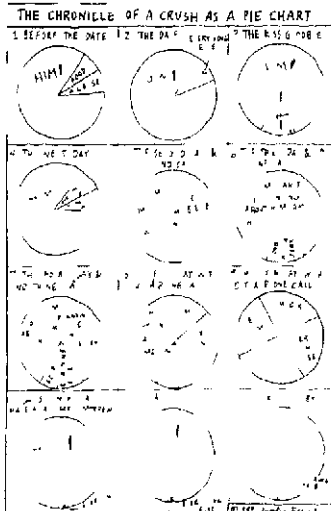
The following is a list of the symptoms of O.M.G.I.A.B. and I would advise having them on your person the next time you go out, as recognizing the symptoms early can decrease Saturday morning embarrassment. First symptom, excessively using the word "like." More than two to three times a sentence can be indicative of a pathological condition. Symptom two, laughing at sexist and tasteless jokes. In my eyes, this is the worst side effect of

O.M.G.I.A.B. Nothing shocked me more than to see my friend who is a Women's Studies major giggle at first a dumb blonde joke and then a

large hooper joke. Come on! This same friend has been known to walk out of the TV lounge because of the offensively chauvinistic views of some late night hosts.

Partying in moderation is good for the soul and certainly so is flirting. Boys can do wonders for relieving stress, but they are not. I repeat, NOT the end all and be all. It can seem that way, I know. Going to a women's college makes it easy to forget how to deal rationally with males. Partying and alcohol intensify the need for male attention, resulting in O.M.G.I.A.B. Let me just offer a word of advice: next time you are out and find yourself flipping your hair to the point that it is standing on end from the static electricity, remind yourself that guys are just boys and they are not worthy of such grandiose displays.

Diana Adams-Ciardullo is a Barnard First Year and a Women's Issues Editor.



# THAT'S AMORE

by Ronnie Koenig

Okay, I admit it. Valentine's Day never really meant that much to me. I never wore a red sweater to class on the "big day". Those little cards we were forced to hand out to elementary school classmates made me nervous. What exactly were those tiny pictures of Goofy surrounded by hearts supposed to mean? If I gave one to my science teacher, would he realize I had a crush on him? Then there was always the Romeo who, instead of just scribbling his name, would sign "Love," on his cards, finding a special place in the heart of any self-respecting fourth grade girl with a Jondache pocketbook. To me, those seemingly cute cards had deep symbolic meaning.

Then there were the years when I would try to forget that the day even existed, only to be reminded by a chocolate heart from my grandmother. I shouldn't have been surprised, though. It came from a woman who, from the time I reached puberty, sent me Mother's Day cards that read, "To a future mom: Love, Grandma."

Although yours truly hasn't been deprived of the wonders of amore, I confess that I never seem to be "attached" once the day of red rolls 'round. So, for the past few years, my girlfriends and I partake in our own Valentine's Day ritual. No, we do not indulge in cupid-bashing. We do not steal our happy friends' Vermont Teddy Bears and tear out the innards, and, no, we do not send ourselves roses (although who among us can admit that the thought never crossed her mind?). What

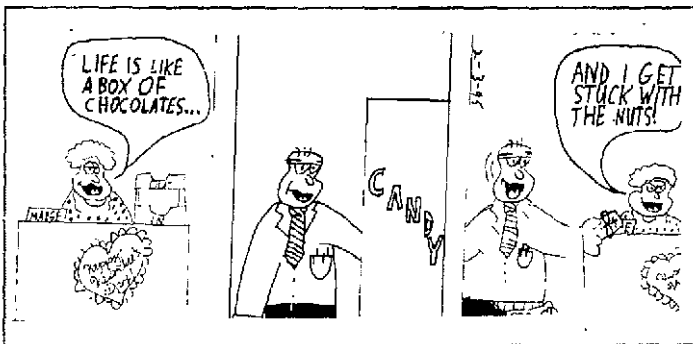
we do is get dressed up in our finest apparel, and dine 'out at a chic New York restaurant.

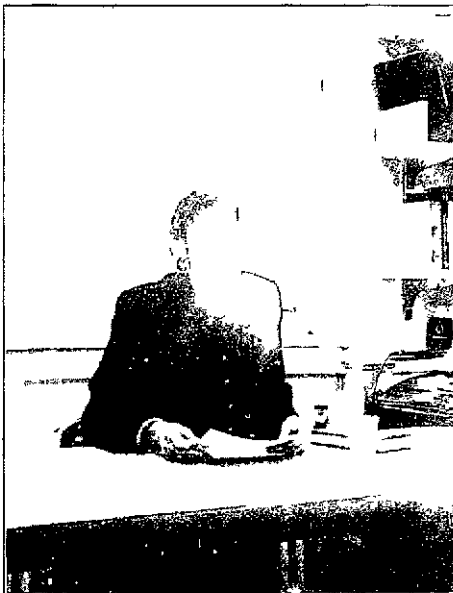
Call it self-affirmation. Call it self-indulgent. It makes us feel good. For those of you who may be skeptical of entering a restaurant sans date on the holy day of love, I urge you to try it some time. Your presence in a restaurant on Valentine's Day will reinforce your identity as an individual. You will realize that you don't have to be part of a couple to be valid. You will not spend a cab ride downtown trying to argue with someone that oral sex is not a fair means of reciprocation for a spaghetti dinner.

For those of you who are involved in a relationship, do not feel neglected. I understand that Valentine's Day can be a time of great pressure and anxiety. You must ask yourself questions such as, "Should I buy that gold and diamond necklace with our names on either side of a heart, a billboard expressing our everlasting love, or just stick with a Hallmark?" To help relieve your other half's worry over what to get you, you may want to try hinting at what you would like. My suggestions include writing a poem on a sign, wheels. Both are inexpensive, last longer than flowers, and can be used at a later date as evidence in a court of law to prove your mate's insanity and bad taste.

On the 14th, many reek in unison at the sight of little heart candles and mylar balloons everywhere. Yet, dear readers, I must confess that long-stemmed roses would have been gladly accepted.

Ronnie Koenig is a Barnard junior.





Ruth Sidel, noted Professor of Sociology at Hunter College, addressed approximately 25 members of the Columbia Community on Thursday in a lecture on her newest book Battling Bias, The Struggle For Identity & Community On College Campuses. Her extensive publications include Health of China, On Her Own, Growing Up in the Shadow of the American Dream and Reforming Medicine: Lessons of the Last Quarter Century. The lecture at the Barnard Center for Research on Women focused on anonymous interviews Professor Sidel had done at campuses across the country. The interviews were personal accounts of prejudice students have experienced as part of a college community running the gamut from religious to gender based bias.

## Mock Trial

April 4, 1995

Alcohol and Substance Abuse Program



## MCAT

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# HUSBANDS AND WIVES, TANNED AND TALKING. HITS MIAMI

by Annie Washburn

A guiltless self-indulgent society controlled by ringing, portable phones, convertibles and the temperature of the surf. If it hadn't been titled *Miami Rhapsody*, the innocent movie watcher might think it a documentary about the lifestyles of the upper-class in Los Angeles. The story revolves around reams of tanned people concerned with the importance of their last draft of advertising copy when all the while the viewer knows they are only really concerned about that final glance in the mirror.

I am allowed this movie because I grew up in this city born and raised. I live in Miami for 18 years, all the while waiting for my New York Phase to arrive. I am finally here and looking back on my years in the sunshine state, I can authentically say that writer-director producer David Frankel hit the nail on the head. Sarah Jessica Parker, the comic center piece of the film, has the slightly affected style of someone attempting a neurotic Woody Allen character. In fact, she is a cross between someone in my high school economics class and Dianne Keaton in *Annie Hall*. The dilemma about Parker is really deciphering whether or not this was an acting job for her.

The talky self-important style of dialogue attempts to mimic Woody Allen kind of like a *Husbands and Wives* hit in Miami, except the characters here are far more attractive and a *I am* lover is thrown in for a twist of the exotic. More reminiscent of Allen's style is the presence of Mia Farrow in the film. It is my guess that she took the job for an extended vacation on South Beach or maybe to spite



Sarah Jessica Parker and Antonio Banderas in *Miami Rhapsody*

Allen's ex. In any case she is the same pretty face with even less to say.

Antonio Banderas, veteran of such films as Almodovar's *Tie Me Up Tie Me Down* and *Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown*, is the recovering Cuban who came over on the left. His strategic placement in the film gives the female characters a sense of perspective and social variety. He is also present to represent how the other half live. Playing a nurse incessantly accused of being a homosexual, he seems to lack his usual luster and sex appeal, even in the vibrant rays of the South Florida sun.

The film is filled with cameo appearances by Houston Oilers football star Bo Foston (plays for the Dolphins) and Naomi Campbell (plays a supermodel). Both of their performances are weak. Campbell is beautiful all

the while.

Although the script is tortuously self-reflective in a shallow and unimporant way, Frankel did capture the essence of life in a perpetual tanning salon. In one especially poignant funeral scene, Jordan Marcus, played by Kevin Pollack, receives a phone call on his cellular phone. Hey, at least Sarah Jessica Parker looks stunning in black.

Annie Washburn is a *Barnard* first year and *Bulletin Co.* Layout Editor.



Naomi Campbell and Kevin Pollack

## WOMEN IN THE SPOTLIGHT

by Taryn Roeder

*Boys on the Side* (New Regency Films/Hera Production) is the story of my life. Well, not really. I've actually never even been to Pittsburgh, let alone tied up a wife beating asshole, left him with a concussion and some spring water to die on the floor. I've never been forced to stop town with my friends, dodging good-looking policemen and playing mini-golf in motels. But I sure would be one cool chica if I had huh?

Don Roos' original screenplay depicts three women, played by Whoopi Goldberg, Mary Louise Parker and Drew Barrymore, who are thrown together for a cross-country trip. Each begins the trip with the intention of leaving her past and memories behind. Yes, it's another road-trip movie. No, you never really get that *Thelma and Louise* picture out of your mind despite Whoopi's comment to her giggling travel companions: 'Oh no, I'm not going to go over a cliff for you two.' In contrast, *Boys on the Side* is about three women, not two, and they drive in a blue mini-van, not a dream convertible.

I liked the film, but I question the premise that director Herbert Ross pounds into the collective head of the audience: *here are three very*

*dissimilar women and they are going to become friends.* Oooh. Don't we always become friends with people who are different from us? I do. There's too much competition otherwise. Ross wants his audience to be impressed with the women's discovery that below the surface they are all alike: they all are reaching towards some sort of Gatsby-like, green-light, orgasmic future. The problem is we expect the women to be alike below the surface; we would be more surprised if they weren't.

The character's differences do, however, make them interesting. Jane (I'm the lesbo (Goldberg) is a smoking singer, longing to leave behind a dead career and a life of loneliness. Robin (Parker) is a girl scout cookie of a real-estate saleswoman, easily shocked but rational and down to earth. Drew Barrymore brings Holly to life, a peroxide blonde with more sexuality than Helen of Troy and less brains than Joey from *Blossom*. The film plays on stereotypes, but it works because it acknowledges that it does.

Girl, you make us all look bad with that. I love a man who hurts me. stuff. Jane tells Holly who wants to run back to her abusive husband. And it's true, the only black character in the film is a lesbian (of course) and a butch one at that (of

course) and she wants to go down on her straight friend (of course). But when one character asks outright, 'she's black and a lesbian?' Jane becomes a more real person and is saved from being seen as a stereotype.

The first half of the film is light and fun; the women become friends as their cross-country voyage begins. In the second half of the film, the three women have settled in Arizona. This is the teary, court-trial, somebody dies (etc.)

The film as a whole captures the nature of friendship between women. Jane, Robin and Holly laugh, sing, argue, defend each other, talk dirty, and are so blatantly honest that it hurts. These are the actions which inspire camaraderie, sisterhood, and family between women. You know that feeling you get when you are hanging out with your two closest friends at 2:14 in the morning, and you realize it's possible to speak directly from your heart to your heads without even opening your mouth? *Boys on the Side* doesn't exactly pinpoint that feeling, but it comes damn close.

Taryn Roeder is a Barnard Sophomore and a Bulletin staff writer.

*Watch Movies.  
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# ...AND BOYS ON THE SIDE

by Elizabeth Michaelson

"A motion picture that celebrates the art of survival, the gift of laughter, and the miracle of friendship." How awful, I thought. Not since Geena Davis' *Angle* which claimed to be about "the miracles we create," has there been a more shameless come-on to female moviegoers in our self-help era that says, "sure, go ahead, eat those Milk Duds" but then insists on a Diet Coke.

So I was prepared for a cheerful and not too preachy parable about three dysfunctional girls on the road. It appeared to be easy to pick the diseases: Robin (*Mary-Louise Parker*) is anal-retentive, Jane (*Whoopi Goldberg*) is a woman who loves too much, and Holly (*Drew Barrymore*) is co-dependent. There would be the usual coy references to *Thelma and Louise* and some menstrual jokes. And into the sunset they would speed in their mini-van with dual passenger airbags. A perfect road movie.

I also cherished a faint hope that this recovery movie would also include some therapeutic release—hopefully in terms of a sex scene with Eric Stoltz. But, alas.

The story is this: Robin, a rather uptight and cheery real estate broker, is looking to change her luck by moving from New York to San Diego. But she's afraid to travel all alone, and advertises for a driving companion. And who should respond to her ad but Jane, a down-at-the-heels singer who's still awaiting her big break, as well as getting over a broken heart. Jane, too, wants to emigrate to California. Despite their personality differences, Jane and Robin decide to travel together.

In a very funny scene in a motel,

Jane and Robin invert *When Harry Met Sally*. Here, instead of having the hero and heroine rhapsodize over *Casablanca*, we have "the whitest woman on the face of the earth" (that would be Robin) crying over *The Way We Were* on cable while Jane snickers.

In Pittsburgh, the zany pair stop off to visit Holly, who's living with her boyfriend, Nick, an abusive drug dealer. Following a violent scene wherein the sleazy Nick beats up Jane as well as his pregnant girlfriend, the three women, led by the demure and efficient Robin, conspire to tie him up after Holly bashes him over the head with a baseball bat.

But once on the road, Holly has a change of heart. After casually informing Robin that Jane is gay (to Robin's, but no one else's, surprise), Holly decides to return to Nick and her destructive relationship. But as she's returning the next morning, Robin and Jane read a newspaper and discover that Nick has died as the result of injuries sustained from the bash to his head. Horrified, the three jump back into the mini-van and head West.

Three months later (there are two such major time breaks in the film) the three have settled in Tucson, Arizona.

Because a real emotional shocker comes quite early in the film, I was thrown off balance. The subjects dealt with are not particularly lighthearted, and sometimes the attempts to joke about illness and inevitable death seem incongruent. That sort of flippancy belongs to a darker, more irreverent film. This film is what they call "warm" and "moving," and so the film's appearance of romantic comedy is deceptive, and finally shocking.

In Arizona, Jane has settled in

at a nearby lesbian bar. Holly has found both a job as a waitress and a boyfriend, a dim but noble cop Abe Lincoln. Holly seems to have no qualms about the prudence of this relationship. Meanwhile, Robin fends off the advances of a nice guy bartender.

When Holly tells the truth about her past to Abe Lincoln, he lovingly has her arrested, with her full consent, announcing, "[t]hat is the woman who is going to be my wife." Jane and Robin have a fight over some information Jane has let slip to the bartender, and Jane moves out of the house the three share. Meanwhile, Robin's emotionally distant mother comes to visit, and Robin tries to reconcile.

What follows is a return to Pittsburgh, where Holly goes on trial for Nick's murder. Jane takes the stand to defend her friend, but the vicious, snide D.A. makes comments about her sexuality that implicate Holly. Finally, Robin appears from Arizona and takes the stand to defend Holly and female bonding.

The trial sequence seems sort of artificial, and Robin's spirited defense of female ties is silly; we don't need a courtroom drama for what is already spelled out. Holly goes to jail on an abbreviated sentence while Jane and Robin patch up their differences.

I was impressed by this movie. I don't want to give away an important plot twist, so I won't say anymore. At first, I was disturbed by the film, which gives such a powerful emotional kick and then expects you to keep laughing. But then I did, anyway. In the end, I was cured, too.

*Elizabeth Michaelson is a Barnard Sophomore and a Bulletin Staff Writer.*

## FLICK FOCUS

On February 17th Sean Connery, who won a Best Supporting Actor Oscar and a Golden Globe Award in 1987 for *The Untouchables*, will re-enter the cinema spotlight through *Just Cause*. This suspense thriller also features Laurence Fishburne (*What's Love Got to Do With It*), Kate Capshaw (*Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom*), Blair Underwood (*L.A. Law*), and Ed Harris (*The Firm*).

This all star cast is embroiled in an incredible mystery. Paul Armstrong (Connery) is a Harvard Law professor strongly opposed to the death penalty, who agrees to pursue an investigation into a murder that occurred many years before. The man convicted in the murder (Underwood) is now on death row. Armstrong re-examines the evidence and he finds himself in constant conflict with the original arresting officer on the case (Fishburne), until he is drawn into an intricate and dangerous web of deceptions that threatens his personal as well as his professional life.

If you are unable to get to the theater this weekend you might want to check out some classic Connery at the video store. Connery launched the longest-running film series in film history when he took on the part of James Bond in the 60's. Think about renting some vintage Bond like *From Russia with Love* or *Goldfinger*.

If you prefer to rent a more recent Connery flick check out *A Good Man in Africa* which hits video stores this week. *The Chicago Tribune* praised the cast which includes Louis Gossett, Jr., Colin Fries, John Lithgow, Diana Rigg, and Joanne Whalley-Kilmer, saying that the film is "a grand party with wonderful guests." This group of party-goers engage in a great deal of illicit sexual activity and political wheeling-and-dealing. When a British foreign diplomat (Fries) in West Africa is caught, quite literally, with his pants down with the sultry wife (Whalley-Kilmer) of a powerful presidential candidate (Gossett, Jr.), he is coerced into making amends in a seemingly mild and easy way: convince an influential physician (Connery) to change his vote against a project favored by the candidate. However, this physician proves to be steadfastly incorruptible in spite of all types of bribes. In the meantime, the diplomat soon finds his own situation increasingly complicated by stuffy bureaucrats, lusty women, power hungry politicians and culture clashes as he learns there is truly a good man in Africa.

Connery is everywhere; he's in the theater and at the video stores. And this summer he stars as King Arthur in a new film about the mythical ruler. Richard Gere plays Lancelot and Julia Ormond (*Legends of the Fall*) plays Guinevere in this legendary love triangle.

The other stars of *Just Cause* have been busy with other projects as well. Fishburne is currently starring in *Higher Learning* and *Bad Company* with Ellen Barkin. Capshaw has just recently completed principal photography on *How To Make an American Quilt* with Winona Ryder. And Ed Harris's next flick is *Apollo 13* directed by Ron Howard.

Now let's look at a completely different genre. *The Brady Bunch* hits theaters this week. Don't expect it to be like the classic sitcom because it features RuPaul as Jan Brady's guidance counselor. Jan has always been a loser, but I don't know if RuPaul is the right person to help Jan get out of Marcia's shadow. Jan will probably never be as gorgeous as her teen-model-wanna-be sister but I bet RuPaul has some good make-up advice.

And moving in another radically opposite direction, director Jyll Johnstone's documentary, *Martha & Ethel*, is in theaters. This rough but effective movie chronicles two nannies and the wealthy families they faithfully served, on the way casting a harsh light on the practice of hiring out mothering. A must-see for any Women's Studies majors.

Of course, we've all heard way too much about *Boys on the Side*, so if you're looking for a break from the mainstream, check out *The Secret to Roundfish*. A delicate film based on Irish legend and ancient fairy tales, it captures the struggle of a girl's quest to restore a family to its true home. Along the way she's aided by a colony of seals, which doesn't bode well for those seeking sophistication, but perhaps it can revive some old childhood magic. Besides, it's playing at the Angelika, and that's usually worth the trouble.

The video scene boasts another proud arrival to its extended family, this week *The Little Rascals* join the crowd. Unless I am entertaining five-year-olds, though, I'd much rather rent an Audrey Hepburn or Danny Kaye (for those versed in the delights of Mr. Kaye, I wildly recommend *Wonder Man* or *The Court Jester*). There's a ton of stuff out there--go crazy.



# ARTS EVENTS CALENDAR

## Dance

- The Joyce Theater 175 Eighth Ave. Phone (212)242 0830 for reservations and ticket prices  
 Box office hours M 12 - 6 PM Tu F 12 - 7 PM Sat 12 - 11 PM & 2-7 PM and non performance days 12-6 PM  
 Maggie Gyllis *The New York Times* calls Maggie Gyllis a dancer of "flameliike intensity." This season Gyllis celebrates her 20th anniversary as a performer with new works and recent repertoire that showcase her originality, versatility, and charisma. Maggie Gyllis will be performing from Feb 14 - 19.

## Exhibitions and Permanent Collections

-The Studio Museum in Harlem 144 W 125th St. between Lenox & 7th Avenues Phone 864 4500 Gallery hours W F 10 A M - 5 PM and Sat & Sun 11-6 PM Admission is \$3 for students

--Emma Amos *Paintings and Prints, 1982-1992*

Continuing the Studio Museum's dedication to showcasing the work of African American artists in mid-career, this ten year survey of the painter and printmaker Emma Amos will be presented. Through March 12.

--Sam Gilliam *Recent Monoprints*

This exhibition presents large scale prints and monotypes utilizing screen printing, intaglio, woodblock, offset lithography, and collage by renowned artist Sam Gilliam.

--The African American Experience

In its continued exploration of the African American experience, The Studio Museum in Harlem will present two important documentary videos which survey pre and post Civil Rights in America, *Eyes on the Prize I: 1954-64* and *Black Power in America: Myth or Reality*. The museum will show two episodes of *Eyes on the Prize* on three consecutive Saturdays afternoon from Feb 4-18. On Feb 25 the Museum will present *Black Power in America*.

"MAPPING"

Taking issue with MOMA's version of the same show, this show encompasses far more, including Bochner's compass lines, Burden's Death Valley trip, and Gordon Matta Clark's fake estate. Through 2/18. American Fine Arts 22 Wooster, 941 0401.

"Architecture—Sarajevo, a Wounded City"

A multimedia documentation of the destruction of the city's architecture, created as an act of resistance by the Bosnia Herzegovina Association of Architecture in 1992. Through 3/18. Storefront for Art and Architecture 9/ Kenmare 431 5755.

## Film

Film Forum 2 209 West Houston Street 727 8110

Buster Keaton Feb 10 thru March 16

Born during a cyclone (or so the family legend goes), Joseph "Buster" Keaton entertained audiences at the age of three, and nearly thirty years after his death he's still dropping 'em in the aisles. Check with theater for upcoming films and times.

## Theater

--The Complete Work of William Shakespeare (Abridged)

Shakespeare's entire oeuvre presented in 105 minutes by three actors. Westside Theater 407 W 43rd 307-4100. Begins 2/27.

-Dylan Thomas *Return Journey*

Bob Kingdom's one man show is directed by Anthony Hopkins. Treat yourself, this poet was incredible, and this performance stellar. Perry Street Theater 31 Perry 307 4100.

## Spoken Word

Ovid Revisited

Jeric Graham, Kenneth Koch, Paul Muldoon, Robert Pinsky, and others read new translations and interpretations of Ovid at the 92nd Street Y. Call for time and costs. 415 5760.

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# The Jerky Boys: Original Motion Picture Soundtrack

by Tom Sanford

There is a current trend towards packing movie soundtracks with big name hip hop and modern rock acts. *The Jerky Boys* soundtrack is no exception. Soundtracks tend to make good mixes of popular artists but rarely have much to do with the movie which they are meant to remind us of. This is where the *Jerky Boys* soundtrack does stand out. Even though I have yet to see the *Jerky Boys* movie I will make a stab in the dark and guess that it is about prank phone calls. The *Jerky Boys* soundtrack has prank calls songs about prank calls songs made from samples of prank calls and even songs that have nothing at all to do with prank calls all rolled up into a forty minute who's who of alternative rock and rap.

As one might expect there are small segments of prank calls and movie dialogue during and in between almost all of the tracks. In fact the album opens up with a prank call that is surprisingly weak and not really on par with the calls on earlier *Jerky Boys* albums and bootlegged tapes. The next track is a previously released Collective Soul track by the name of 'Get'.

The next track pissed me off. It was of course those three MTV poster boys Green Day. Now not only did their contribution to the album have nothing to do with phoney phone calls but it wasn't even new material. Green Day decided to recycle 2000 *Light Years Away* off the *Kerplunk* LP. Admittedly it is one of Green Day's best songs but while it might be politically correct to recycle one's trash it just lacks integrity to recycle one's songs.

Track three is one of *The Jerky Boys Soundtrack*'s strongest. It is some new material from Coolio & the 40 Thieves called 'Dial A Jam'.

The song is catchy, smooth and even featured a sample from Rapper's Delight by the Sugar Hill Gang.

The fourth selection is a Superchunk song by the name of 'Shallow End'. To tell you the truth this song made absolutely no impression on me so it could not have been all that good.

Song five is 'Four Fly Guys' which is credited to Hurricane. Hurricane has been the Beastie Boys DJ since the License to Ill Tour and it comes as no surprise that the three out of 'Four Fly Guys' are AdRock, MCA and Mike D. This track is basically a Beastie song with a few rhymes contributed by DJ Hurricane. It is one of the stronger tracks on the album. It is a slow groovy track in the traditional Beastie style and has a ton of timely placed samples. 'Four Fly Guys' reminded me of 'Flute Loop off III Communion' however this track is not about prank phone calls.

Next we have a cover of 'Are You Gonna Go My Way' performed by none other than Tom Jones. Is it just me or does Tom Jones not fit in here at all? I'd like to know who decided that Tom Jones would be on the *Jerky Boys* album. What was the train of thought? OK, we want a bunch of new and alternative rock and rap acts and also Tom Jones. Not only is Tom Jones out of place and his track is a cover song but IT HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH PRANK PHONE CALLS!

Finally a prank phone call song by L7 called 'Hanging on the Telephone'. Well maybe it isn't about prank phone calls but it is about the phone. So we are going in the right direction here. On top of the fact that it is basically the same subject as the movie, it is also a great song with driving guitar and fast paced, catchy lyrics.

Another prank phone call song 'Beef Jerky' by House of Pain. The

only problem is that this song sucks. Typical House of Pain full of over used bad rhymes and the obligatory attempt at a catchy chorus.

The 'Helmet' track called 'Symptom of the Universe' isn't about prank phone calls but at least it is a good song. As usual Page Hamilton comes through with a droning guitar sound that is heavier than a ton of bricks.

Now we come to the track 'Dirty Dancing' by the Wu Tang Clan featuring Old Dirty Bastard. I guess no album today is really complete without some stupid song about pot smoking tough guys. I have had just about enough of this gangster crap and the last thing I want to hear about is exactly how high you are.

The grand finale of the *Jerky Boys* soundtrack is 'You Got Me Sick As A Dog' by none other than the *Jerky Boys* themselves. This is quite a unique little number. It is a song made up of a bunch of *Jerky Boys* samples. Although it might not have all that much musical merit it is refreshingly amusing especially since it follows that horrendous Wu Tang Clan song. I think it might actually be my favorite track on the album.

There really is not too much to say about this album in general. Like most movie soundtracks it isn't particularly cohesive. Personally I do not like enough of the tracks on the album to make it worth my fifteen dollars. But hey it's your money.

Tom Sanford is a Columbia first year and a Bulletin Staff Writer.

# Interview: Killing Joke - *Still Making Great Music*

by Geoff Saavedra

As I walk in to the Limelight to interview Geordie guitarist for Killing Joke I see him walking out to do a Speedball. The guy's about forty with a kid! He can't afford to be doing that stuff! So when he finally comes back I already have a bad impression of one of my idols.

Not only is Killing Joke a pioneer of industrial music but they also follow a rather interesting religious belief. We're all very spiritual chaps. We all like depth. When the band first broke up Jaz was looking for an island at the end of the earth.

This was their second show in New York. A few months earlier they had played at the Academy with Stabbing Westward. In between the two bands there was a belly dancer who performed

Raven, the lady is called the belly dancer stunning. Reminds me of a young Elizabeth Taylor proper figure. Fucking man's woman! tonight there was no opening band

scheduled nor unfortunately was there a belly dancer. The replacement was a man who ate bugs, crushed glass with his face and hung half a cinder block from a body part that just wasn't meant to do that! The show was appropriately called A Night of Pandemonium. We're going to exercise it (The Limelight) tonight. I'm not sure about this place. It's a bit iffy. Funny vibe. But it'll be fine when we leave.

Keep buying our records, we'll be around for a few years. We might change the set and get Age of Greed back in there. Luckily I didn't have to wait a few years. Age of Greed was included in that evening's set. Love Like Blood was also played but before the song started Jaz took a seat and made a dedication. Someone Jaz had met on the tour had just died and they had requested that Killing Joke play Love Like Blood to help his soul pass on.

The Wait was also played. This song was covered by Metallica, which Killing Joke is one of their biggest influences. Others include Nirvana, Ministry, Faith No More, and Nine Inch Nails. So what have people latched onto? I haven't got a clue. Someone once said, 'I'm not sure whether I like it but it's what I meant.' Geordie has also been sighted by many as one of the great guitarists of this type of music. Some have even compared him to Eric Clapton and Jimmy Page. It's not actually that I'm that good, it's if at everyone is so fucking awful!

No matter what the shortcomings of the band's personal life may be, they still make great music.



Youth Bass      Geordie Guitar      Jaz Coleman Vocals

Geoff Saavedra is a Columbia sophomore and a Bulletin Staff Writer.

## My Enlightening Night at UnderAcme Old Man *Tragic Lessons* Release (Grass Records)

by Naomi de Silva

Many who hear that this upcoming phenomenon hails from Long Island, are instantly turned off. Well, if you are expecting a cheesy metal band, I'm here to tell you that you're going to be shockingly, but pleasantly surprised. Their haunting guitar sounds and melodic bass lines mesh into a fury of angst driven music. Old Man's music can be best described as Vanilla Trainwreck meets Green Day. Old Man has more than a few surprises in store for anyone who has the guts to pick up a copy of their debut album *Tragic Lessons*. (Grass Records). This CD captures the band's ability to embody several different influences into a refreshing sound, showing off their dynamic creativity. The band is composed of John Kennedy (vocals, bass), Mark Acosta (guitar), Doug Chopin (guitar) and Greg Giuffre (drums). John Kennedy's powerful voice matched by an equally impressive bassline truly leave any listener in a trance. High points include 'Get Out' and 'A Different Light.'

Recently, I had the pleasure of talking with Kennedy and Acosta at the indie-feasted Under Acme (9 Great Jones Place.) "Every song on the record is great. Some are greater than others, but that's for you to decide." John shot back when I asked him to tell me what his favorite song on the album were. Each member of the band draws from individual influences, but as a whole the band is influenced by The Pixies. "The Pixies are an example of the fact that you don't have to fit the rock n' roll image to do what you want. That's great for us."

Old Man has recently signed

with Grass Records (home to The Wrens, Stigmata A Go Go, Barmyard Slut, Edsel, Filteen, and Brainiac.) The band has had nothing but a "wonderful experience with Grass Records... Everything is a learning experience ... but is going smoothly," stated Acosta. "They really believed in us. They gave us money to record a full length album. We were stuck out in the middle of Long Island, and they took a chance on us."

If you would like to  
talk to Old Man, leave  
them a message at their  
e-mail address  
[Oldman444@aol.com](mailto:Oldman444@aol.com)

Kennedy and Chopin write the majority of the lyrics, and draw upon "experiences from life ... sometimes we stretch the imagination." An interesting tidbit is the background story to the cut "20pts off" This is definitely a story that any college student can relate to. Envision this: it was the first day of psychology class when an assignment was given. If you were even five minutes late handing it in you get 20 points taken off of the assignment (sound

familiar???) John could ace it - no problem. The only problem was that the class met in a totally different room. John was only a few minutes late and . . . you guessed it... 20 points off. He sat in class that day . . . not taking notes, but writing the lyrics to the song.

Old Man likes to play with fellow Grass band The Wrens, and also Thin Lizard Dawn. In the future they think it would be cool to play with Stigmata A Go Go. The band is finishing up shooting their video for their first release 'Get Out.' They are also gearing up for their first appearance at the SXSW Music Conference and are playing Spring Fest at F&M College in Pennsylvania. They are also making a major tour of the Mid and South West.

If you'd like to talk to Old Man, leave them a message on their e-mail address [Oldman444@aol.com](mailto:Oldman444@aol.com), or pick up *Tragic Lessons* at Tower Records (Broadway and 4th.) Which ever one you choose, don't let this band pass by, they are going to be big. When it happens, remember you heard it here first.

Naomi de Silva is a Barnard sophomore and a Bulletin Staff Writer

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## *Is the Senior Thesis A Question Of Choice?*

by Wendy M. Ploski

To Barnard Sisters

"You have to organize! Don't just summarize other people's theories - expand them into your own analysis." The words made me shudder. I was here for my 2:30 appointment with a professor whose help I needed for my thesis. Fifteen minutes went by, with the door open, as I heard the professor counsel one of her own advisees, the clock ticking. I had only a half an hour to meet with her, and I felt resentment well up inside me. I could tell that the meeting with the other student was not about to end soon. I tried to concentrate on my own thoughts, feeling like an intruder, as words not meant for my ears, wafted into the hallway. Then I heard, "Why are you still confused?" A sob - and the door shut. I wrote a note asking for another appointment time and left. I continued on with my busy day but I could not get that sob out of my head.

For some reason, we seniors must pass a final test - a final rite of initiation that separates clearly a BC woman from a CC woman. The senior thesis requirement seems to be taken for granted here. Isn't there anyone who questions this policy? I have undergone my own trials and tribulations attempting to accomplish this final feat, but the completion of my first "chapter" proved to be anticlimactic. That high that comes from academic accomplishment was sorely lacking. Why? Because a little voice inside me said I was only doing it because I had to. As someone who has always been sensitive to any type of authority, requirements seem especially stale to my sense of academic achievement. I have known that books and reading were my passion from a young age. I did not mind environmental science, even learned quite a bit, but a woman has her priorities, a mind has priorities.

The senior thesis should be optional. Having a final requirement senior year is a slap in the face for students who have an intellectual mind of their own. We passed tough standards to be admitted to this school, we survived general requirements that demanded well-rounded knowledge. On top of job interviews, graduate school applications, and apartment-hunting, Barnard's thesis requirement self-righteously demands that seniors have at least one foot firmly planted in Barnard soil. At this stage of our lives, Barnard should not be holding us back - it should be pushing us toward. Research

skills can be attained in the writing intensive upper division classes found here at Barnard. Graduate school-minded seniors may choose to write a thesis if it is an accomplishment they desire to achieve. It is academic independence and freedom that Barnard students both need and deserve their senior year. Instead, there are dorms where more than one Barnard senior finds she cannot sleep, and the next day has trouble concentrating on her classes.

At some point, many find it necessary to break down and yes - sob. Not cry, but weep. One tear of frustration of creating a resume, one tear for the realization that you will soon be something other than a Barnard student but you do not know what, one tear for the hopelessness and helplessness of taking standardized tests again, a great many tears for what seems to be a seemingly insurmountable task in front of you - the senior thesis.

I am not saying that it is the senior thesis alone that inspires vulnerability at this stage of our lives. But it is an undue burden that should only be initiated from desire and choice. Choice is a concept that is not highly regarded here at Barnard. There is something precious that is lost in denying seniors choice about the thesis. The policy says you still need to be guided. It teaches you still need to obey. Isn't that the antithesis to all Barnard is supposed to be about? Isn't that frustratingly similar to the parent who does not recognize that her child has grown up? By our senior year, we know what academic disciplines stimulate our minds. We have a sincere intellectual passion that comes from academic maturity. The senior thesis requirement is an insult not only to us as students but also to Barnard as an institution. It betrays Barnard's goal of producing independent, strong women who act not only with passion but with autonomy of thought.

You may disagree with me. You may agree. But maybe now, I can get the sound of that girl's sob out of my head.

*Wendy M. Ploski is a Barnard senior.*

# Fine and Fierce

*a column devoted to but not limited to seniors*

by Sae Yun Kim

## Datta. Dayadhvam. Danyata.

Means "Give. Sympathize. Control." In Sanskrit. T. S. Eliot threads this invocation throughout the fifth section "What the Thunder Said" in his poem *The Waste Land*. Only three words: three reasonable commands. Nothing ever made more sense. Even though these instructions come from a brilliant artist and intellectual, they still come from the mouth of one person speaking to many others (us, the readers). Considering how Eliot was a powerhouse critic too, these words are also apropos of situations where you find yourself critiquing somebody implicitly or explicitly.

Unlike some of my past semesters, I have thrown myself into many classes where the criticism revolves around the work of the people in class, as opposed to the work of dead, silent, mythic authors who have no opportunity to rebut. The process has been more harrowing and emotionally draining because people are far more critical when the creator is in their presence (Give). The flipside is that you have to be more tactful, too (Sympathize). The result of your comments should be a mix of criticism and praise (Control). Three short commands, but they may be the most difficult to follow.

Whenever I am in a situation to give or receive criticism, I am always shocked at the variety of responses elicited from any heterogeneous group. Just this past week, I witnessed a room full of people metamorphose into a firing squad, a kindergarten class focused on manners and sharing, and a family reunion of all of Siskel and Ebert's second cousins when we critiqued a short story on incest. Aside from some of the gratuitous comments that were made, statistically, our responses were very accurate. I believe the majority of the class gave the story a lukewarm "maybe" for possible publication. The numbers were fine, but the responses behind the verdicts were so wildly variegated that I just thanked my patron saint I wasn't on jury duty with them. One woman rigorously claimed that the story was a hopeless muck and needed line-by-line revision. If she had been an ob/gyn she would have remained in business all of two days. Another student casually mentioned that "a word or two could easily be changed" to create a smoother style. In response, I want to just use last week's article of *Fine and Fierce*, "Woman Talk" (2/9/05) as an example. The published version of a sentence ran: "For instance, this morning I shared, intelligent conversations with two female friends." Perhaps the reason why the confusing comma remained between "shared" and "intelligent" was because I meant the sentence to say, "For instance, this morning I had shared, intelligent conversations. . ." I was using "shared" not as a verb, but as an adjective. "Shared" as a verb implies that I consciously relinquished some authority over to the other speaker; "shared" as an adjective implies that the balance of power between myself and my friends was equal. Women who profess grace and equanimity was the whole point of my article. Although the change from "had shared" to "shared" was slight in mechanics, it made a mountain's worth of difference in significance. As an editor/critic, you must sympathize (Dayadhvam) with the purpose a writer has in mind, and not cut words without thinking of the ramifications. Nevertheless, I am trying to dayadhvam with Bulletin, considering the fact it is still up and running with many improvements to boot. Oh, well (Control-Danyata).

As receptors of stimuli, we are all unique in how we perceive the actions, words, movements of other people, but it is a harsh realization to witness firsthand how subjective everyone's judgment is. The only command I would add to Eliot's list (although it should remain a trial) is *Imagine*. The cold, unapproachable professor who condescends to his students may have suffered a few whacks from his own professors in the past. Regardless, you should still have your say, but generous tact counts for a lot (Datta). The professor might also try to remember what it was like to be young, tender-green thirsting for substance, but fair, feedback. Datta. Dayadhvam. Danyata. (Imagine)

*Sae Yun Kim is a Barnard Senior and Bulletin Columnist*

# The Heart of the Matter

by Amy Leavay

## Barnard College Is Closed Today

Snow? Oh no! One of the sure signs that I am maturing has been my gradual distaste for the powdery white stuff. As a child I loved snow. Who didn't? Its magical appearance in the morning basically guaranteed the absence of school and the initiation of a fun filled day. My mother always had "snowy day activities". She made chocolate chip cookies or a really big dinner. Or she'd let us take out the birthday present she made us save for a "snowy day". Snow days were so much fun.

Then, as I began to drive snow became an annoyance, a necessary evil. Of course, I still begged for it to come, anything not to have to go to chemistry, but snow began to lose its luster. I found myself scraping and shoveling snow and ice off my car. Holding my breath when I turned the ignition and begging for engine to start. Skidding on ice patches and avoiding snow drifts in the road as I drove the few miles to school or the mall. Snow days were not as much fun either. Sometime between ages 11 and 14, I stopped liking helping my mom bake cookies because baking cookies always meant cleaning up from baking cookies. On snow days the house became a little smaller. Four children locked up together for multiple hours at a time tend to have many fights over trivial matters. But I endured those days, because hey, I wasn't in school.

And then came college. No longer did I listen to the radio on those cold, snowy mornings anxious to hear if I had school. Do you know why? Because we never close for snow. Just once I would love to hear the words, "Barnard College is closed today." My friends that go to University of Maryland missed over a full week of classes last year because of the 17 ice and snow storms. That sounds like so much fun. Sitting in your suite, eating pizza, watching movies, not worrying about having to walk in the bitter cold and wind to go to the library. Boy, I envied them.

This morning when I looked outside at the snow covered streets and I could hear the wind rattling my window, I knew it was going to be a bad one. I padded myself layer after layer of clothing, desperately trying to insulate my body. I am now wearing two shirts, a sweater, tights, leggings, jeans, wool socks, and boots. When I go outside, I obviously add my coat, gloves, scarf, and hat. I hate that. I feel like a walking closet. And the worst is the second I get inside. I'm so damn hot that I have this need to strip off the top few layers. Especially in elevators. Elevators are very warm areas. Also crowded buses and subways. But of course I can't because I don't have the room or I don't have the time. Going out in the snow sucks.

Recently, a little girl I baby-sit for was telling me how much she loved snow. I looked at her and asked her "Why?" Snow sucks. I began to rattle off the reasons why I hate snow. The wind freezing my ears, chapped lips, icicles on my hair, slipping on the ice, salt stains on my boots, the general yucky feeling I have after coming in from a cold, snowy day. And then I stopped and looked at her bright green eyes and playful smile. "But what about snowmen?" she asked me. I stared at her for a minute and tried to remember what it was like to be ten years old. Not worrying about getting to school or work through the white mess, not worrying about scraping and shoveling, but enjoying the cold wind on my face and the unique feeling of snow packed into a good, tight snowball. Yes, snow does suck when you have to climb through it at 9:00 am just to sit through a two hour colloquium that you didn't even do the reading for. But snow does have some redeeming qualities. I tried to remember the mystical quality that only a snowfall can bring. The feeling it ignites that makes everyone love hot chocolate and fire places. What about the snowmen, you ask. They are still alive and well, they just don't like walking to school.

Amy Leavay is a Barnard junior and a weekly Bulletin columnist.

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