



BARNARD BULLETIN

APRIL 24, 1995 VOLUME III NUMBER 10

BEAR ESSENTIALS

PROGRAM FILING DEADLINE

FIRST-YEAR STUDENTS AND FIRST SEMESTER SOPHOMORES. The deadline for filing programs with their advisers is Thursday, April 27. First year students who still need to take either First-Year English or First Year Seminar must see Dean Webster (105 Milbank) before they file their programs. SECOND-SEMESTER SOPHOMORES AND JUNIORS should plan their fall 1995 programs now even though their final programs are not due until the beginning of next term. It is particularly important to secure spaces in limited enrollment classes now.

COURSE CORRECTION:

CPL BC3001, Comparative Literature Representation and Encounter, will not be offered in fall 1995.

LIMITED ENROLLMENT COURSES

BIOLOGICAL SCIENCES. Students must pre-register this semester for all Barnard Biology lecture and laboratory courses they intend to take for the fall 1995 term. Pre-registration for BC1001x lecture and lab, BC2002x lecture, BC2003x lab will be posted on the 9th floor Altschul Hall, until the end of the semester. Pre-registration for courses EXCEPT BIO BC1001x lecture and lab, BC2002x lecture and 2003x lab, will take place as follows: Tuesday, April 25 8:45 a.m. - 11:45 a.m. seniors A-K 12:45 p.m. - 3:45 p.m. seniors L-7 Wednesday, April 26 12:45 p.m. - 3:45 p.m. non-seniors A-K 8:45 a.m. - 11:45 a.m. non-seniors L-7. Pre-registration will take place in 1207 Altschul.

Spaces are available on a first-come first serve basis. You must pre-register in person. If you are unable to come at these times, you may pre-register on the days following. When you pre-register bring with you a program signed by your adviser. You may not pre-register for more than two labs. Lab fees are now automatically billed by the Bursar during the fall registration period. However, it is imperative that you tell the instructor if you decide not to take a lab for which you have pre-registered. Juniors must pre-register for all 95 - 96 Senior Seminars (fall and spring).

CAVFAT RE FINAL EXAMINATIONS

Deferring an exam is a LAST RESORT FOR EXTREME EMERGENCIES. You will be receiving a memo from Dean Blank in your mailboxes entitled "What Every Barnard Student Must Know About Final Exams, Final Grades and Incompletes." PLEASE READ IT CAREFULLY so that you will thoroughly understand the rules on deferring exams. In the event of serious illness or other emergency you may request a deferral of your final in a course. Be sure to NOTIFY THE INSTRUCTOR BY THE DAY OF THE EXAM as well as the DEAN OF STUDIES OFFICE (x42024) or your deferral may be denied. Deferred exams for Barnard courses will be given on Friday Sept. 8 and Monday Sept. 11 ONLY.

SOME BEHAVIORS THAT CONSTITUTE ACADEMIC DISHONESTY

PLAGIARISM the submission or presentation of ideas or work in any form that are not one's own

without appropriate acknowledgment of the sources. SUBMISSION OF THE SAME WORK for more than one course without the explicit permission of the instructors involved. CHEATING ON EXAMS, giving or receiving assistance during an exam from another student, another exam paper, other written material or any source not explicitly permitted by the instructor having access to exam questions prior to taking the exam without the instructor's approval. EXCEEDING THE LIMITS of allowable collaboration in coursework as specified by the instructor. FALSIFICATION OR MISREPRESENTATION of grades, honors, or any aspect of one's academic achievement. MISREPRESENTATION OF ONE'S STATE OF HEALTH or personal situation to gain unjustified deferrals of exams or extensions of academic deadlines. FORGERY OF ANOTHER'S SIGNATURE on any document or form related to a student's academic life. If you have any questions regarding any of these issues see your Honor Board Chair, Rebekah Adams, your Class Dean or Dean Blank.

DEADLINE TO WITHDRAW FROM A COURSE

Remember to notify the Registrar officially if you are planning to withdraw from a course. The deadline to withdraw from a course is Thursday, April 27. A W will appear on your record. No extensions on this deadline will be permitted and your decision is irreversible. Bear in mind the eligibility requirements for financial aid and satisfactory progress toward the degree. Also note that you must complete 12 graded points each term (with a year long GPA of 3.4) to be

The Bulletin is now on-line! Send comments and/or Letters to the Editor through e-mail. Please clearly state whether your Letter to the Editor is intended for publication and be sure to comply with our policy (as delineated on p. 4). Our e-mail address is BarnardBulletin@Barnard.Columbia.edu

BARNARD BULLETIN

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VOICES

Senior Fund.....	4
A Response: Participation is the Key.....	5

NEWS

Emily Gregory Award.....	6
--------------------------	---

FEATURES

Shine, Sin, and Splatter.....	7
-------------------------------	---

WOMEN'S ISSUES

Revealing Lesbian Abuse.....	13
------------------------------	----

ARTS

Review: <i>Measure for Measure</i>	14
------------------------------------------	----

MUSIC

Interview: Matthew Sweet.....	15
Review: Del Amitri.....	17
Review: Widespread Panic.....	18

COMMENTARY

Laughing in Church.....	19
<i>Heart of the Matter</i>	20

STAFF WRITERS, SPRING 1995

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SENIOR FUND

Recently, seniors and soon-to-be alumnae of the Class of 1995 received in their mailboxes a letter from the Senior Fund requesting donations. This fact in itself is neither surprising nor disturbing. The same cannot be said, however, for the letter accompanying the pledge envelope in which the names of those students who have already contributed are listed.

The Senior Fund is a worthy cause and donations are greatly appreciated. Whether the display of names was intended as an extra measure of thanks or as an encouragement to other students to follow suit is unknown, but whatever the case, open advertisement of generosity is contradictory to the spirit of the sentiment. The students who gave presumably did not do so in exchange for public acknowledgment, but because they felt a genuine desire to give back financially to Barnard. Any reward for such an impulse is not only superfluous, but cheapens the act of giving.

To list names in so overt a manner alienates the many students at Barnard who have not given. Assuming this to be an unintentional side-effect, we must remind those in charge of the fund that the purpose of the donations is not only to provide monetary support but to fuel class spirit.

The Class Fund should not so monomaniacally pursue the task of raising money that its representatives fail to realize that there are some seniors who simply cannot afford to give money. It may still come as a surprise to some, but, yes, there are indeed students on this campus who cannot spare a dollar, much less a large quantity of them, for a non-necessity like a donation.

This issue raises another concern. To some people, donation is clearly an imperative, but to others it simply is not. Everyone's experience at Barnard is different, hence never should anyone assume that her individual priorities are universal. Everyone has a right to an opinion. Barnard has taught us to respect others whether we agree with them or not, not to punish our peers for having different values or views. Therefore we must realize that not every senior feels indebted to Barnard for her education, not everyone appreciates her time here to the same degree, and some students, many even feel that they have paid dearly enough to spend four years here. Every student is entitled to make her own decision without the fear of a public penalty. In short, a donation is predicated on certain feelings which are personal, individual and private. Money cannot always reflect individual circumstances or perceptions, is not always the chosen vehicle for these contingencies, and certainly not make them any more or any less valid.

The annual fund has a very important purpose, but never should sensitivity be compromised for money. Such an approach is distasteful, but even more, is ineffective. Guilt tripping by drawing discreet analogies will never prove a successful strategy, peer pressure should play no role in this process. Notoriety is unfair to everyone involved, to those who did not or cannot give and to those who gave with good intentions, only to be used as inadvertent instruments of persuasion. Display of names establishes a dynamic in which students who do not donate may feel as though they must justify their behavior to their classmates.

There are many ways to give back to Barnard besides conventional ones like money. Just because a student has not given money does not make that student a less valuable or less enthusiastic member of her class. Many women have offered a good deal in return for their Barnard education and, more importantly, many have given as much as they can. All deserve to be equally recognized for their accomplishments and the best way to do that is to cease publicizing the names of some for their specifically financial contribution. After all, it is likely that when we remember the members of our class in the years after graduation, we will want to remember most their skill, their kindness, and their energy, not their Senior Fund donation.

Editorial Policy

In order to be considered for publication, all 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 author(s), not necessarily Barnard College.

The Bulletin Welcomes Letters to the Editor!

PARTICIPATION IS THE KEY

by Amanda Morcheles

By now most of you know about the Senior Fund—whether you have seen the confetti-filled bears in McIntosh, have been to the Senior class dinner, or have read the letters we have sent, then you know about our goal of 50% participation for the Senior gift to the College. The gift is the students' way of giving something back to Barnard, which has given and will continue to give so much to us.

We have the chance to begin a new tradition. Barnard ranks last among the Seven Sisters schools in annual giving participation. The percentage of our classmates who contribute to the Fund, as well as that of alumnae who participate in the Annual Fund, indicates to other contributors, such as foundations and corporations, that we care and have a strong commitment to the future of our College. If we would like to continue to receive outside support, then we must first help support ourselves. We, as students and soon to be alumnae, should make an effort to make Barnard the "Big Sister."

Recently we sent out a letter reminding the seniors about the Senior Fund as well as thanking the seniors who have already responded to the Fund. We listed the names of the seniors who have participated for two reasons. First, we wanted to thank those who have participated, and second, we wanted to encourage more seniors to participate. It is important to acknowledge the classmates who have helped in this year-long effort. We have continually emphasized that your participation is what matters—not the dollar amount. Right now, our participation rate is 19%, which is 85 students out of a class of 450. Your participation is vital in reaching our goal of 50%. By participating in the Senior Fund, we can step forward, make a difference, and most importantly, make a statement about how much our Barnard education means to us.

Amanda Morcheles is a Barnard senior.



Photo by Shari Givens. Photo by Bill Driscoll. Photo by Susan L. and Photo by Sarah Roberts.

Emily Gregory Honor Awarded to Lisa Gordis

by Chandra Steele and Cynthia Helton

A twenty-year old Barnard tradition was carried out on April 11. The Emily Gregory Award dinner was held. Lisa Gordis, assistant professor of English, was the recipient of the award which goes to a professor who has amply demonstrated his/her dedication to students and field of study. Gordis said "I'm delighted and honored. Teaching is important and means a great deal to me."

Gordis teaches *Nineteenth Century American Women Writers: American Literature to 1800, American Literature 1800 - 1870 and the senior seminar Colonial Encounters with Native Americans*. Gordis said, "I like teaching at Barnard because the students are not just bright, they're intellectually serious. They take their coursework seriously and they invest a lot of themselves in their work. It's gratifying and exciting to see students that get excited about learning."

Gordis joined the faculty of Barnard in 1993, after receiving her Ph.D. from UCLA where her dissertation was *Mighty in the Scriptures: Art and Unsettling in Puritan Quotation*. Elizabeth Dalton, chair of the English department, commented, "We're all extremely proud of her, especially since this is only her second year at Barnard."

Dean of the Faculty, Flora Davidson, who attended the event, said, "It was a splendid occasion and we were delighted that Lisa Gordis won, especially since this is only her second year here. She clearly made a very big impact very quickly. Lisa joins a worthy list of people who have won."

The Emily Gregory Award is sponsored by the McIntosh Activities Council (McAC) and the Associate Alumnae of Barnard

College. Students are solicited to nominate professors of the College by essay for the award. Erin Henriksen '95 is the author of this year's winning essay. The essays are submitted to a committee comprised of interested students who read and discuss each essay. The accessibility of the professor, the quality and clarity of lectures, and the actions taken by the

"I like teaching at Barnard because the students are not just bright, they're intellectually serious. They take their coursework seriously and they invest a lot of themselves in their work. It's gratifying and exciting to see students that get excited about learning."

-Lisa Gordis

professor in an effort to improve the Barnard community enter into the final decision.

The award is named after Emily Lovira Gregory, a former professor of botany at Barnard College and the first woman given the title Full Professor by Columbia University. Gregory came to Barnard in 1889; the year it was founded as an instructor in botany. She taught at Barnard as an unpaid professor because she had an independent income. Gregory went to Europe

in the summers of 1889, 1893, 1894 and 1895 to purchase with her own funds the microscopes, charts, models and books she needed for the laboratory at Barnard. She taught both undergraduate and graduate science spectators and underwrote the cost of graduate fellows so that the women could have the essential laboratory and research experience.

On Gregory's death in 1897 it was said of her "That Dr. Gregory was one of the principal attractions of the college in the early days of its career cannot be denied for at first the number of special students in botany exactly equaled for three successive years, the total number of students in the College."

Gregory received her B.A. from Cornell in 1881 at the age of 41. She then went on to receive a doctorate from the University of Zurich in 1886. Gregory was one of the first American women to receive a European doctorate. (In the late nineteenth century women were not allowed entrance to American graduate programs.) Prior to her appointment at Barnard, she was a botany teacher at Smith College, a lab assistant at Harvard University, an associate at Bryn Mawr College, and an assistant at the University of Pennsylvania. Regarded as an expert in her field, she was the first woman to be elected to membership in the American Society of Naturalists. She also published a text entitled *Elements of Plant Anatomy* in 1895.

Gregory was an integral part of Barnard College and her legacy continues in the bronze tablet that the Barnard Botany Club dedicated in her honor in 1899 and in the Emily Gregory Award.

Chandra Steele is a Barnard Junior and Barnard Bulletin Staff Writer and Cynthia Helton is a Barnard First Year and a Bulletin Staff Writer.

SHINE, SIN, and SPLATTER

award winning fiction by Ann McCarthy

It was summer and the days left me frizzy and greasy. My hair was always bleeding cheap black dye onto my best tee-shirts, so I chopped it all off, just below my ears my first week out there. The nights were breezy, like how I'd imagine some tropical island. But then, the only tropical islands I've seen are framed and hung on the walls of bad motels, to make hell feel like a vacation.

Anyway, I spent most of my time behind the train station exit. The sidewalks in Harvard Square are brick, and pretty, and there's a little brick pit behind the station, where punks hang out and make fun of tourists. That was home. Sometimes, I was alone there, sometimes with skin heads or Eva's friends, and very occasionally with Skitz.

The nights I spent out there were scary at first but I got to liking them, especially since I had my gun. My gramps gave it to me a few months before he died. He let me smack with him during that time, since my mom was in detox. Gramps was the best, an honest to goodness freak. My gramps died a year before him, and he had a little shrine to her, with white candles in red glass holders, arranged around pictures of her and Jesus and Mary. He burnt the candles every Sunday and he prayed and cried while the red shadows flickered around him.

When I moved in with him, he gave me the gun and taught me to use it, because he said that if the devil ever took over his body, the way it had taken over my uncle's, he wanted me to kill him. And I would have. I don't believe in devil possession, but I believe in evil. And I hope there's a hell, so my uncle can go there. Problem is, I'd probably end up there with him, knowing the terrible thing I've done, and that I don't feel sorry. And if hell is a moment, it will be that moment of foreign pain, eternally. But, I will be satisfied, knowing how my uncle suffers.

After Gramps died, I moved in with Mom, who had ditched detox, and I started bringing the gun to school. It made me feel safe, and it wasn't even loaded. No one would have found out about it if I hadn't pulled it on this guy who kept grabbing my waist while I was at my locker. If I'd had a shrink, I know he would have said the gun was a security thing, that I needed it to forget my uncle, his wet mouth, beery breath and the pain. But no one ever got me a shrink, and instead, there was talk of a hearing and a special school. They left me in my mother's care before the hearing. But I

didn't like staying with her, so I moved in with Eva, who had gone to my high school occasionally. I ended up on the street because I didn't quite get along with her boyfriend Haezher. I was mad she made me leave, but I got it. She loved Haezher, I guess. I couldn't stand boys anyway. They all seemed like the guys Mom used to bring home, and hang out with in the living room. Those men had scared me because they leered, or were missing teeth, or were always sweating, so I'd sleep in the tub, with the water running, wearing my bathing suit. I didn't want to hear what they said to my mother, or their noses. But I was also afraid of sewer creatures crawling between my legs, so I kept the drain plugged. One night, my mom found me with water rising up in the tub, almost filling my nose and mouth. And she freaked, thought I was trying to kill myself. I don't know what she was on. She had started taking pills, because she had watched one of her friends die with a needle in his arm, watched it fill with the last of his living blood. Ever since that time, she hasn't been able to use needles. On herself at least. But, when I'd have nightmares or tantrums, she always allowed herself to use them on me, filled with whatever leftovers she could scrape up. She'd stick them between my toes where teachers would never see. But, that night, she didn't give me junk. She just grasped me around the shoulders and sobbed, said she didn't want me to die. And that's all she's ever given me. That, a pretty little Bible from a motel room and my name, Shine. I don't know why she didn't want me to die. I've never cared enough to really try to end my life, but I've often wished I never happened. That my mom's habits had ended me in the womb like everyone expected. But I lived. I'm healthy. I do not understand why.

So, I completely hated Haezher. He was one of those tough guy assholes. He had long, bleached hair that looked like something out of some lame heavy metal video. And his lip was pierced. He and Eva once went to a show with his lip ring attached by a four foot chain to her belly ring. Hers got ripped out when he was moshing around. She didn't even feel it, just smeared the blood around her stomach and her breasts like she was finger painting. Haezher thought it was cool. I thought it was disgusting. He had hurt her, and he was proud. That's why I hate him. He says he's a sado-masochist, just

FICTION

because that's the cool thing to be but really he just relishes other people's pain. If he loved pain so much why wouldn't he let me pull out his lame hair when I tried? And why did he make Eva choose between us when I scratched his neck with the kitchen knife?

Eva was nice about the whole thing. She let me stay until all the slush had melted. Then she gave me a big army bag, some clothes, bullets, and money, and sent me out.

I slept in the pit a lot, using the bag as a pillow, clutching my gun under Eva's warm flannel shirt. Thinking about it, I wonder why I didn't worry that I'd accidentally fire it in my sleep and end myself in a bloody mess on my puke-green backpack. But I didn't worry.

And one night, when I'd been out there about two weeks, this girl showed up. She got dropped off by a tall boy in a baseball cap, probably her boyfriend. She was crying and drunk. He carried her into the pit and propped her up against a bench. Then he asked her if she was sure, said he'd be back in a couple of days, kissed her, and left.

She sat there. I looked at her. She had on jeans and a tight black shirt. Her hair was long and bright, the kind guys go for. She was wearing new-looking steel-toed combat boots. But her

lumpy pieces of turquoise and jasper set in them. They looked so perfect on her liver-spotted hand like flowers growing in a dying garden. And I think they must still look beautiful, except they bloom in a cold, dead garden. And I remember that as Grams was being buried, I thought of what a waste it was to leave them on her fingers when she died, how pretty they'd look on my hands. But the only ring I wore was an ugly one with a skull and crossbones that I'd stolen from Haulzer. It was made of some tin-type material, and it turned my finger green.

And this girl had so many rings that I couldn't afford. So many that if she ever punched you, I'm sure you'd end up bruised and bleeding. But she never had to fight anyone. She just asked for things and she got them. I saw right through her, and she made me mad: her clothes, her boots, a little like my own, but a lot more expensive, and with those pieces of steel, her suburban boyfriend in his father's car who had dropped her off. And she had come to my home, crying, as if she had my problems, as if she could even conceive of the life I was living. I knew her. I fucking knew her, and I was so jealous, so mad that I wished I had shiny pieces of steel on my boots so I could kick her in the head and scream at her: "Why are you crying? What have you ever had a reason to cry about? Don't tell me you know pain until there's a gaping hole in the side of your skull, you bitch, you bitch, you bitch."

But I felt too weird to even go near her. Instead, I got up, slung my bag over my shoulder, and went.

I was freaking out now. I didn't really know why I decided to see if Eva was working. I walked to Central Square, where Eva was a waitress at a Middle Eastern restaurant. On the way, I passed a bum who was sleeping hard, holding a bagged bottle in a death grip at his chest. The liquor had poured out all over him, and was dripping down his face onto the sidewalk. I slipped a pack containing three Marlboros out of his jacket pocket. I had some matches in my pocket. I always have matches. I smoked, walked, and thought about the girl.

The restaurant where Eva worked was emptying out. I sat in a booth and waited for her to notice me. She came over. Hey, sweetie. You hungry? She asked, offering me a plate with lettuce and falafel on it that she had just cleared from an empty table.

No. Could I have some coffee though? I can't pay for it, you know.

Oh, like I care, she said, giving me a dark red kiss on the cheek and hurrying to the kitchen.

She came back with the coffee and set it down. She told me she could only sit for a minute. I told her about the girl and how angry she made me.

And as Grams was being buried, I thought of what a waste it was to leave them on her fingers when she died, how pretty they'd look in my hands. But the only ring I wore was an ugly one with a skull and crossbones...

hands held my attention the longest. They looked strong, but field hockey strong, never having touched another person except in love or a game. Her fingers were thick and her nails short and cleanly cut. She didn't bite them, or chew on the skin around them. And they were covered with silver rings. The rings had smooth blue and white stones in them, or had patterns carved into the silver.

I remember craving a cigarette just then, and knowing how easy it would be to heat her up and take the wallet that bulged from her pocket, easy, not just because she didn't know how to fight, but because I hated her. I hated her for invading my little home, for being pretty, and for having a fistful of beautiful rings. I'd always wanted to wear lots of rings. Grams had worn silver rings, with

Eva didn't understand. She said to make friends with her that the girl was a gift from heaven maybe an angel. Eva's into a lot of new age crap. She only drops acid to have visions. But it sort of made sense. I had no right to be angry about anything. I decided I'd go back. When I finished my coffee, Eva told me that Haezher was leaving for New York with his band the next morning so I could stay over and we could go to shows and stuff and it would be fun.

"And bring your new friend," she yelled as I walked out the door.

"No way," I muttered, giving her the finger.

I walked back to the pit. She was still there huddled against the back of the station, crying. Rocky Horror was getting out, so lots of freaks were coming to hang out. That meant cigarettes and company for me. Some nights I really need privacy. Even though the Square is usually dead at night, whenever I felt that way I'd go sleep on a second floor fire escape in an alley between a bookstore and an ice cream place. That made me feel like I had a little home, a sort of bed of my own. But I'd always wake up with grooves dug into my skin from the metal, and my hips would get totally bruised because I guess I roll around a lot when I sleep.

That night I definitely needed company. It was so nice out that the freaks stayed until morning. We smoked somebody's dime bag and talked about aliens and the declination of the planet, by us or by them, we couldn't decide. And the girl just sat there all huddled up in the fetal position. People kept asking me if I knew who she was. The guys all looked at her with such longing, peasants looking at a princess, familyless rejects looking at some kind of mother, a weird mother all rolled up in a sobbing, shaking ball. But something came from her, something girls like me couldn't give them. She had strength, and it radiated. Not that I'm weak, but I use up all the strength I have just to stay alive. She had tons extra, and everyone wanted to plug in and drain her energy. She wasn't crying for her pain, she was crying because she was drunk from some suburban basement-bar party. And when I asked her later, she claimed she was crying because she could feel our pain, shining from us like sunbeams, vaporizing through our skin in noxious fumes. After she told me that, I still hated her. Actually I hated her more.

When I woke up, all the freaks were gone. Friends were fluid when I lived in the pit. Only Eva and Skitz were constant. I got some gum out of my pocket and looked around. The schizo was talking to the girl, making all of his cartoon character gestures, and she was laughing. People never talked to Schitz on purpose, but it looked like she was. I couldn't look at her. I had to go

again. I went to Eva's, and we washed my clothes, cleaned her apartment and made brownies. We made plans to get all dressed up that night and go have a fancy dinner, but Haezher was back by eight, he'd quit the band.

The goddamned girl was still there. She was talking to a bunch of punks and Skitz. She was their breeze of suburbia, their taste of something besides punk chick. She smiled with them and laughed and jumped around. They worshipped her because her hair wasn't dyed and her clothes fit. She wasn't real, but they didn't care. I felt violent again. I walked over and joined their group. When I felt sort of calmed down, I interrupted. "So who are you, what's your story?"

She smiled at me. I wanted to bash in her teeth.

"I'm Angela. I wanted to see how long it would take my fucking parents to notice I was gone. And then how long it would take for them to get worried enough to try and find me." She said it so happily so smugly like, "Look at me - I'm alienated too." "How about you?" Where would I start? "Well, I couldn't stay with Eva because I kept trying to injure her boyfriend." "Who's Eva?"

"My mother."

This guy Aaron was there, and he knew Eva. "No she's not. She's just a chick. She works at the Middle East. She throws kinda fun parties. Maybe you've seen her," he said, wanting to hold the girl's attention as long as possible. "She has like a skin bird cut and it's bleached?" "Um, sure, that narrows it down," said fucking Angela, looking at me again. "What's your name?"

"Shine."

"Cool ass name. Why'd you say this, Eva girl was your mom?"

"She's like my mother."

And it was true. When Eva started coming to school, she was my best friend. I hadn't had friends at school before. I sort of modeled myself after her. She dyed my hair for me and we listened to Slapshot and Dead Kennedys and sometimes the Violent Femmes, when we were feeling mellow. We went for coffee and smoked and made fun of people together. But really she wasn't like a friend. She almost never talked to me, just listened and helped and fed me.

"What about your real mother?"

"She died. I said and almost wished it was true."

"Were your parents divorced?"

"Oh, no, my dad died too. I'm an orphan."

And I really wished that was true because orphans are cute and cuddly and get adopted by nice old men, and everybody feels bad for them. "Well," she said, "I like your hair. Want to have dinner?"

"Sure, but oh gee," I said, turning out my

pockets "I must have left my wallet somewhere"

She laughed and said "Come on" She took me to a vegetarian restaurant which really annoyed me because all I wanted was a fucking burger or something And then she ordered for me which made me angrier But the vegetable lasagna was good All layers of mushrooms and tomatoes and cheese I realized all I'd eaten in two days was half a pan of brownies and the leftover batter

Angela talked and I just sort of concentrated on my food She said she got bad energy from me and wondered why I hated her so much I just let her talk If I tried to explain the depths of my dislike when would she ever buy me dinner again? Then she talked about how she didn't eat meat and how she was considering giving up dairy products

"Those combat boots don't look like canvas" I offered I had to be mean She'd probably find it cute anyway a challenge I saw through her She wanted to be our angel of mercy kind and vaguely rebellious She thought she could become one of us then after she went home she'd come back some nights to hang out with her punk friends and maybe bring her prep friends to look at us Free freak show If her friends were pretty too free drugs And she had the added bonus of being able to freak out her parents into appreciating her But she said none of that

She just giggled a little and said "Um well I got these you know like a while ago" and kept talking about the horrible conditions that farm animals are kept in.

When she finished I said "That's really interesting but I wish I had a big thick bloody steak right now"

"How can you say that after all I just told you?" she demanded looking hurt

"Or veal I'd appreciate it so much more now knowing the effort that goes into making it"

"But you should be disgusted I mean the torture!"

"Oh all the little ahn ee mahis! Who gives a fuck?"

"You should"

"I don't care I hate my life"

"Oh that makes a lot of sense"

"That's the thing it doesn't have to"

She started crying "Why do you hate me so much? I've seen the looks you give me Why do you hate me?"

That's when I realized I controlled this girl And that's not a bad feeling I thought of free meals comfy hotels clothes Her rings eventually I controlled this girl Not totally yet but I could First I'd make her think I needed her Then I'd be mysterious and cold so it would be this big privilege this great gift for her to know any little

detail any small episode of abuse and I had so many to share I'd be her ticket to mosh pits worse than the MTV ones she was used to And drugs She'd adore getting needle marks on her arms such a good way to get Mom and Dad's attention Late night pittoos with a rusty needle and India Ink She'd be my new best friend And once I'd gotten everything I could get from her and everything she could get from her parents I'd leave her on the street a ringless junkie with blood poisoning and I'd head for far away Brilliant Perfect So I started then and there to do it In the little cafe with the marble tabletop freezing the skin on my elbows I looked at her crying into her half eaten salad (She starved herself I was sure created crises where none could be found in her soul or in her home She starved herself to fill up her emotional belly with problems even sickness to fill out her personality I started apologizing choking back some sudden slight feelings of kindness I tapped into my hate all of my hate and I comforted

"Stop crying I didn't mean that I lash out A lot It's not you at all I think you're great really nice" and then I said the perfect thing the hardest thing to squeeze out of my throat tightened to keep me from laughing at the bitch "I feel like we might have a lot in common"

Her eyes got wider she almost smiled then caught herself and gave a sympathetic little frown "But why do you lash out like that? Don't you care who you hurt?"

"I don't know I just feel really numb sometimes like I can't care at all I felt like I was starring in a really bad movie"

"Oh Shine that's awful I'm so sorry you feel that way"

"Yeah"

In the next week I spent all my time with her Eva saw that I had someone to provide for me so she spent all her time with Jaecher I saw her at work once though and she looked really out of it She was all puffy from punches or drugs I couldn't tell And I didn't really care either I didn't need her anymore I'd stay in the pit show Angela my fire escape take her places use her money I was going to be okay

Skitz was starting to freak me out Along with me he was Angela's special project Quite a challenge for her really We all called him Skitz but we weren't sure what he was sick with He was just crazy He was always smoking half smoked cigarettes he found on the ground and burning his palms with them screaming every time he did even though he must have been burning the same spots for years His hands were all brown wrinkled scars He just did it so people would make him stop If no one fucking cares I guess he figured you self destruct bit by bit and

you make them care. Sort of like Ange and her parents really. He looked like the stereotypical crazy guy in the street, tall with long flailing arms and spidery dancing legs. He was balding but had a grizzled gray black beard that dripped droplets of saliva whenever he shook his head around, which was often.

I'd always kept my distance from the guy, and I tried to explain to Angela that he was a sexual pervert, always grabbing at women and himself and saying obscene things in his choppy drooling way. But she said it was just because he didn't know any better and lovingly tolerated his offensive motions. She took care of him, good

**WE TALKED FOR HOURS
AND HOURS. I TOLD
HER ALL ABOUT MY
MOM THAT NIGHT, AND
I EVEN SHOWED HER
MY GUN.**

care of him, and he listened to her, or at least closely observed her, when she said things like,

"You can't put your hands in your pants. If you stop, people won't want to run away from you; they'll be your friends like I'm your friend." It was good that he had somebody beautiful who didn't treat him like shit. He didn't burn himself as much, and he stopped harassing women. He still harassed people in general, but at least he lost the grossness that had made him more disgusting, less pathetic. So he got more sympathetic looks from passers-by and college students. More nickels and dimes clinked in his dirty paper coffee cup.

But once she'd given him attention, he wouldn't leave her alone. And despite the improvements in his character, I couldn't stand to be around him. So after I'd had only a couple of days of free cigarettes, restaurant meals, and stupid conversations, he started taking up all of Angela's time. He interrupted my plan, forcing me to realize how sketchy it had been from the start. My skinny angel was not at all dependable.

So I decided to go back to Evans for a while and figure everything out. But she was spazzing on heroin, and her dealer had moved in. Louis-Frazier had died, or moved out, or something. The new guy was worse than anyone. He was fat and short and had a shaved head with a swastika tattoo. He went around shirtless. I couldn't ever

slay the night there.

My options sucked at that point. If I went back to the biological mother, I'd have to go to school, gunless, and I couldn't live with her anyway. But then, desperate, I put together the plan. It would be so perfect. It would tear Angela away from the Skitz, and indebted her to me forever. I would have my benefactor back, and I would truly be able to control her.

She wasn't in the pit when I got back. Night was falling, everyone was going home. I just waited around on the stone bench for about an hour. She came finally, around eight o'clock.

"Hey, honey pie, I'm glad you're back from Evans."

"Where're you been?"

"Oh, I met some guys from Harvard. We hung out. We just talked about books and stuff. They couldn't believe what I was doing, living in the street this way. They thought it was wild. They wanted to protect you."

"Why?"

"Because I told them you're homeless and interesting. And my best friend, and the smartest, cutest girl alive. And that I have to stay out here as long as it takes. I can't go home until I know you're okay. Maybe I'll never go home."

Maybe I'd won her back from Skitz, maybe I didn't need to go through with the plan. But it couldn't hurt, and I was itching to do it, at this point.

So I started. Ange lets have a sleepover party in the graveyard. The graveyard idea was an addition I thought of just at that moment. It would make the whole thing that much more traumatic for her, and that, of course, is what I was after.

"It'll be so much fun. We can get a six pack or something and have a seance. You want to?"

She loved the idea. She thought we'd totally bond, and it would be a good, freaky experience, and all that. So we went. We talked for hours and hours. I told her all about my mom that night, and I even showed her my gun. She, being open-minded and all, was very pro-gun control, and it upset her that I had it. She cried sappy, tippy beer tears for me, and said that we could run away, someplace nice together. I suddenly felt an urge to forget the whole plan. Premonition. I asked if we could please run away now, but she said in the morning, everything would be bright, new, and happy. And her parents would be at work, so we could get their money, and their VCR, and their televisions, and we could sell all their jewelry and things and get rich.

Then she started talking about her parents' house, all the nice stuff that was material stuff, and how she'd show them. She went on and on and fell asleep in mid-sentence.

I got up, found a good sized rock, and put it

FICTION

next to a tree a few yards away from the plot Ange was sleeping on. Then I walked over to the station to find Skitz

It was darker outside than I'd ever seen but my eyes had gotten accustomed to the thick black graveyard air. A line from a song started repeating itself in my head "It's always darkest before it turns pitch black" I found Skitz sitting at one of the red metal tables outside of the Au Bon Pain. Just sitting there. It made me think of all the life that filled the cafe when it was light: all the smiling people eating croissants and drinking coffee. It made me sad to see him there alone at night.

I told Skitz to come to the churchyard with me that Angela was in love with him. He got all excited and ran ahead. I hurried after him and when I got to the yard I crouched behind the tree where my rock was and peed. Then I heard her start screaming. I gave her a few seconds then ran out with my rock to smash his head and gain her devotion. I was only a few feet away when I heard the gunshot. The screaming stopped. The plan had gone wrong.

I saw her sobbing, hugging her knees to her chest. My gun sat beside her on the ground. He'd been really close to her when she killed him and she was covered with blood and gunk. She wiped it from around her mouth and eyes.

"What'd I just do?" she asked.

"Why'd you take out my fucking gun? What were you thinking?" Then I tried to get control of the situation. I couldn't let her realize it had all been part of the plan. But it was all getting away from me now.

She said "He was on me. He attacked me that guy there. He's not dead is he?" She pointed to the body near her on the ground; her eyes were wide and she was shaking.

I almost laughed. He had been blown backwards and was resting the remains of his head on the old gravestone behind him, right under an engraving of an evil looking winged skull.

Maybe he was in heaven. The explosion of muck had painted the ground red. I almost said "Sure Angela, many people have had their heads blown off and gone on to live normal productive lives." But I held it in. I'd lost control. I didn't know what would happen but I just had to let it. I'd started something that needed to finish itself.

Then she recognized him by the clothes he had on because he'd worn them every day.

"Oh it's my friend. He's not dead, he just needs a band aid, some stitches. I will nurse him back to health."

"Oh stop being an asshole. You killed him, Ange."

"He's not dead, where were you?"

She was accusing me of not being there. Of

letting this happen. Maybe she knew, maybe she would realize I had done this to her. I tried to salvage the plan.

I was peeing by the tree. Angela tell me what happened.

But we were past that. She was past listening. I was past caring. A head had exploded, a heart had stopped beating. We were past everything.

She picked up the gun and started babbling "If I pull the trigger I'll wake up?" Maybe she thought I'd stop her.

And she pulled it and maybe somewhere she's awake but in the graveyard she was dead and splattered over everything.

I knew what to do then. The weird haze of the situation evaporated in the sunlight. And she had been right, the morning was the brightest, newest, happiest of my life because I had her rings on and her wallet and the keys to her house.

After I took all the valuables I could find in the house which was huge by the way, she never should have left it. I got on a bus to New York and went to sleep.

I'm in the Lower East Side now and it's the same as Harvard Square. Just stupid kids and drugs.

I've been thinking about what will happen to me when I'm dead and I wonder if it will be eternal blackness and there will be nothing but there's never really been anything much anyway. Just music and drugs and whatever. But maybe I need to be punished for my sin. I feel like I've already been punished though. Like even the sin was a punishment.

But fuck this philosophy. My one hope is that when I die, my life won't flash before my eyes because it might make me cry.

And I haven't cried since I was little.

Anne McCarthy is a Barnard First Year and a Bulletin Arts Editor.

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The Barnard Bulletin is interested in printing Barnard students fiction. If you are interested in being published please submit your fiction on disk or hard copy to room 178 Lower Level Macintosh

REVEALING LESBIAN ABUSE

by Diana Adams Ciurdullo

Shame Silence

Not he

She

I didn't correct him

Domestic violence is generally regarded as a heterosexual concept. On television and in print media we see alarming statistics on the number of women beaten by their husbands and boyfriends. Usually domestic violence is portrayed as something that occurs between married couples. However dating and domestic violence are not necessarily heterosexual concepts. Recently social scientists, psychologists and the lesbian community as a whole have been studying dating and domestic violence in lesbian relationships.

The silence surrounding the issue of lesbian partner abuse can be attributed to many sexist and homophobic myths that exist about women and lesbian relationships. Our society associates violence and aggression with men, while women are thought of as nurturing caretakers. In dating and domestic violence men are often more physically powerful than their partner. In lesbian relationships partners may be of the same size and often people find it difficult to believe that someone of equal or even smaller size could abuse their partner. From this myth stems another that because they are not necessarily larger physically people often minimize the abuse experienced in lesbian relationships by coming up with

Lesbians may be very reluctant in report abuse that they experience in relationships because they don't want to fuel the fire against lesbian relationships. Homophobia is often internalized by lesbian women and as a whole they promote stereotypes that lesbians are better in lessening the sting of homophobia

While a unified lesbian stance provides a strong backbone for what usually are small isolated communities this attitude can lead to denial about the existence of abuse. Pressure also comes from within the lesbian community a partner may be afraid to risk isolation and rejection of her community if she names her batterer.

In the 1986 book *Naming the*

Lesbians may be very reluctant to report abuse that they experience in relationships because they don't want to "fuel the fire" against lesbian relationships.

Violence Editor Kerry Lobe compiled an anthology of victims writing and essays that explored the many facets of the issue. In the book Barbara Hart defines lesbian battering as "that pattern of violent and coercive behavior whereby a lesbian seeks to control the thoughts, beliefs or conduct of her intimate partner or to punish the intimate for resisting control."

Many researchers indicate that emotional and psychological abuse often accompanies physical violence. Emotional violence includes humiliation, degradation, isolation, selection of friends, insults and mind manipulation. Additional forms of emotional abuse fall under the category that Hart coined

Homophobic control. This type of abuse occurs in relationships where the victim is afraid of being out of

to family friends or work. Her partner may threaten to tell family, friends, employer or church that the victim is a lesbian. The risk of having an employer or family find out about their homosexuality can play a powerful factor in keeping lesbians in abusive situations.

Batterers may also play off of society's homophobia, telling the victim that she deserves all that she gets because she is a lesbian. Further she maintains that no one would believe her anyway because she is a lesbian. By reaffirming the homophobia that exists in society, batterers lead their partners to believe that there are no options except to stay in the abusive relationship. This is a major issue for lesbians who are geographically or socially isolated from a strong lesbian community and for young women who are just beginning to explore their sexuality and have not networked themselves among other lesbians.

Adolescent lesbians face many issues in regard to their sexuality and this confusion coupled with a lack of knowledge about normal lesbian relationships makes it extremely difficult for them to identify abuse in their relationships. Once they have identified the abuse reporting it poses a new obstacle since that would mean coming out to family, friends or school workers. Unfortunately because of the homophobia that is rampant in our society many adolescent lesbians don't view coming out as an option.

Lesbian couples are often more dependent and isolated than heterosexual relationships. Thus lesbians are even less likely than heterosexual women to report and seek help when involved in abusive relationships.

Diana Adams Ciurdullo is a Barnard First Year and Bulletin Reviews Issues Editor.

Basic Shakespeare

SOHO REP DOES MEASURE FOR MEASURE

by Ann McCarthy

Soho Rep is not even located in Soho but on Walker Street across from some sort of textiles distributor. There are signs across from the toilet that advise you to move the handle around after flushing. There are only about fifty seats or so in the actual theater and the stage is tiny—it seems like a strange place for a performance of *Measure for Measure*.

Surprisingly enough, Soho Rep is an ideal venue, especially for the Basic Theater Company, a six-year-old off-Broadway company that recently began its residence there. As the name suggests, Basic Theater is dedicated to embracing the basics: the actor, the text, and the audience. This is somewhat revolutionary, especially today with our generation's exposure to Shakespeare being largely limited to Kenneth Branagh's huge-scale, very Hollywood productions.

Measure for Measure is one of Shakespeare's most serious comedies but is nonetheless just hilarious. Its seriousness comes from the main concept of the play that is the idea of morals being forced upon society and the hypocrisy that inevitably results. The plot is as confused with twists and mistaken identity as any Shakespearean comedy but the basic conflict is between Angelo, the Duke of Vienna's deputy, and Claudio, whom Angelo plans to execute for fornication. Really all that Claudio did was impregnate his girlfriend Juliet, who would have been his wife but for complications with a dowry. And Claudio's execution is just one part of Angelo's Moral Majority-esque actions. He also closes down brothels and puts everyone he

believes immoral into prison. The Duke, who left Angelo in charge, having become frustrated with the moral polarization of the country, soon returns disguised as a priest to keep an eye on what Angelo does and, in the end, to fix everything. The plot is deepened by Angelo's



insistence that Claudio's sister Isabella (who comes from the convent where she is about to be consecrated) exchange her virginity, giving it to him, of course, for her brother's life. This naturally makes him just as bad, if not worse than the people he is punishing for moral offenses. Clearly, the plot is quite thick and at times hard to follow. But it is an extremely interesting choice and is directed in a refreshing manner.

The director, Jared Hammond, also the Artistic Director of the company, says some interesting things about the play's significance in the context of current events in his Director's Notes. He says, "Our society's battles to define its moral code have heated up again, and we need venues for exploring how other ages have addressed this issue and for realizing that the answers are unlikely to be written in black and white." The play is certainly quite timely in that respect, and one of the stylistic elements of the play does

an excellent job of conveying its universal theme. As Hammond writes, "The production's central design element is the costumes, all of which are constructed out of plain muslin. Thus everyone is literally cut from the same cloth—and we do see that it's merely one's actions/attitudes that set him apart from the others."

The plain muslin accented by the occasional modern touch, like the red high top Chucks worn by Pompey, a tapster or servant to the madame, Mistress Overdone, also serves the purpose of taking the audience's focus off of extraneous elements of the production, like costumes, and keeps the focus on the actors and the actual writing.

The lack of embellishment characterizing this production reaches to the set, which is constructed simply of long sheets of off-white material. This set may sound boring, but the amazing thing about the production is that the acting is good enough to actually create its own setting. I did not realize it until I was long out of the theater, but I never once wondered where the action was taking place. The actors managed to create such a mood that one didn't miss the lack of furniture or colorful decorations. In fact, the off-white drapery and costumes add a real elegance to the performance that can't be found in showier productions.

Unfortunately, the play (along with *Titus Andronicus*) only continued in repertory for five weeks and those are now over. But Soho Rep is a great little theater, and Basic Theater, a wonderful company. The pair promises to do many good things in the future.

Ann McCarthy is a *Buried Alive* Year and a *Bullseye Arts Editor*.

MUSIC

shy about, kind of like, being a performer, that's what it is. It's definitely not my goal as a young person to be on stage.

J: (Thinking, he thinks he's young?) So do you feel you're more of a studio person?

MS: Well, at this point, I don't really like it physically so much, but I'm better. But my new record has a picture of me on the front AND the back!

J: But you're a little kid in the front picture

MS: Well, yeah... that makes it a little easier.

J: And on the back you're wearing sunglasses and we still don't really see you

MS: But I'm making a video. And I'm in it all over the place. It's going to be airing on [MTV's] 120 Minutes.

J: I don't have cable but what's the new video for what song?

MS: "Sick of Myself."

J: How do you get ideas for your songs?

MS: Well, I try to start with a good melody, or have a guitar riff or something, sometimes I'll come up with the lyrics first, and they'll be about whatever I'm feeling that day, or I'll just try to capture a mood or a feeling.

J: What instruments do you usually play?

MS: Well, you know, I play guitar and bass on my records, I can sort of fake it on almost anything. I can sort of play piano and drums

J: Well, since your songs come from your emotional state, do you consider yourself a happy person overall?

MS: Well, I don't know. A couple of years ago when I wrote the songs for *Girlfriend*, I was in a different state of mind than I am now. I guess I have times when I'm

really depressed, other times when I'm really happy.

J: There was in an article in the *New York Times* a while ago called *Rock Finds Religion*

MS: Oh, I got in a lot of trouble over that!!!

J: Well, since your songs come from your emotional state, do you consider yourself a happy person overall?

MS: Well, I don't know. A couple of years ago, when I wrote the songs for *Girlfriend*, I was in a different state of mind than I am now. I guess I have times when I'm really depressed, other times when I'm really happy.

J: Why?

MS: Because my wife's family is, like, super-Catholic and I basically said in that article, "You know, I basically think of myself as an atheist." They made such a ruckus. They were totally freaked out by that. I don't know, I just have a hard time believing in God and religion, you know? I was raised Catholic, and I have a hard time understanding why, if God exists, he allows bad things to happen. And I disagree with a lot of what the church says, what they stand for.

J: What are some of your favorite new bands?

MS: Redd Kross, Velvet Crush, Frank Black

J: (Not bothering to mention that those bands aren't really new) A lot of people call your music "alternative" but there are a lot of top 40 commercial radio stations that call themselves "alternative." What does this mean to you?

MS: Well, in the beginning it meant music that wasn't played on mainstream radio... like, college graduates playing guitar and stuff. Now, I'm getting more airplay on commercial stations, but obviously I still care about college radio. That's why I'm doing this interview

Janine Papp is a Barnard College Junior

Del Amitri Knows How To Rock

by Paula Vasas

Del Amitri has brought true rock n' roll back from its over-extended holiday. From amid the dredges of trendy, alternative and thrashing club noise, hands came this shining Scottish group of musicians. Influences slide subtly to the surface of the sound: The Allman Brothers, The Beatles, The Eagles and country rock all play massive parts in Del Amitri's sound. I first heard them live two weeks ago at The Mercury Lounge (East Houston Street) and was won over immediately.

These fellows *really* know how to rock.

Opening with "Food for Songs," the first cut from their new release *Twisted* (A&M), Del Amitri quickly raised the audience into a frenzy of adulation. The evening was an utter success as the Dels performed many highlights from both their new and previous albums, including "Just Like a Man," "Start With Me," "Jimmy Blue" and "Being Somebody Else." By the time they'd finished their encores, I had been convened to see how much these men love what they do is enough to engravate themselves to any listener—singer/songwriter Justin Currie with brilliant guitar and co-writer Iain Harvie has created a catalogue of songs chronicling the human condition in all of its horrid sorrow and passionate glory. The lyrics brought forth from this partnership are not to be believed. Very rarely in the last twenty or so years, has writing as prolific as this

been available to music listeners: this is stuff on the par of Bob Dylan, Roger Waters or Sting. And the music which accompanies it relates in the most perfect of ways. From the emotional guitar of Harvie to the driving bass lines of David Cummings—to the *humanness* of the lyrics.

I left The Mercury Lounge vowing to get Del Amitri's new album, and I quickly did. *Twisted* is definitely one of the best albums of the 1990's; it beautifully captures every aspect of *humanity* in fifty-three minutes. Had to believe I understand, but utterly and completely true. From love to betrayal, loneliness to decadence,

might well have wished your mind of him.

So let me in tonight so we who losers might start to win.

Currie's impassioned voice makes his lyrics come to vibrant life. These are songs which speak for all of us. While Currie's lyrics may seem rather depressing and harsh on the surface, when you look closely there is the glaring optimism of the fact that he understands why, *really*, we are all coming from. The profane nature of the songs combined with the power of the music itself creates a type of music rarely heard nowadays—simply brilliant. There is little else I can say other than that I absolutely love Del Amitri. That's



Andy Alison, Iain Harvie, Justin Currie, and David Cummings of Del Amitri

Twisted is an unparalleled masterpiece. One song, "If Much As Well Be You," analyzes the motives of one night stands.

And if we go home, in that you might find the very thing

that come the, the, the, the,

if. Any explanation seems superfluous once you actually hear the music. They're awfully good at everything they do. Honestly.

Justin Currie is a Pariah of First Class in the Music of the 90's.

Widespread Panic at Irving Plaza

by Melissa Bearns

After having already seen Widespread Panic at the Academy of Music at the show on Friday April 7th at Irving Plaza was refreshing. The Irving Plaza shows were a step down in the size of the venue but the band was booked for two nights which allowed fans to see them in a smaller more personal setting. Iately Widespread Panic has been playing in larger venues including both the 1992 and 1993 H O R D F r o u s.

Widespread Panic's sound is tight and varied and they rely heavily on improvisation and solos. They have been compared to bands like Blues Traveler, the Spin Doctors and Phish but have a definitive style of their own. The music never gets boring or repetitive because it is always changing as the band weaves together different tempos, melodies and rhythmic patterns. Widespread Panic is not a band that you go to see for their beautiful lyrics or harmonies. What brings fans flooding in to fill any club they play in New York is the way that they lock into a groove and rock the entire joint. The winding guitar of Michael Houser and intricate rhythms of the drummer Todd Nance and percussionist

Domingu S. Ortiz are held together by the steady and solid grooves of bassist Dave Schools. The other members of the band include keyboardist John Hermann and John Bell on lead vocals.

Opening the show with *Stop and Go* a catchy tune with an upbeat feel. Widespread Panic then moved into *Heroes* described by the band as an *everyman anthem* off of their new album *Ain't Life Grand*. By the time they got to the third song *Little Kan* also on *Ain't Life Grand* the club was packed. The crowd was going crazy and people were dancing where there was no room to dance. Responding to the high energy of the crowd Widespread Panic then played four songs with no break which featured the long sections of improvisation that have become their trademark sound. Highlights of the show included the title track off of *Ain't Life Grand* as well as an extended jam between drummer Todd Nance and percussionist Domingu S. Ortiz following *Papa's Home* in the second set. After a raucous rendition of *Love Tractor* which ended with loud feedback, the band walked offstage as the crowd went wild. Encores included *Porch Song* and two classic rock staples *Can't Find My Way Home* by Blind Faith and

Mr. Soul by Buffalo Springfield.

Unlike many bands which constantly try to promote their new material, Widespread Panic played only four songs off their new album released on Capricorn Records. To my surprise they didn't play their hit *Can I Get High* which has been getting a decent amount of airplay and has also been featured on MTV. The album catches the vibe and feel of a live show which is not surprising considering that all of the tracks on the album were recorded live in the studio without splices or samples. My favorites off of the album are *Ain't Life Grand* a bouncy melodic tune that makes me want to get up and dance, *Raise the Roof* a moody and soulful ballad and *Jack* a song with a hitting beat and a catchy chorus. Then there is the unlabeled 12th track which is a beautiful acoustic guitar solo.

Like they say in those cheap imitation perfume ads: If you like Blues Traveler you'll love Widespread Panic. Or if you're just looking for grooves and a good time, check out one of their shows or any of their four albums.

Melissa Bearns also known as Spectre is a Barnard Senior and General Manager of WBAR.

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Laughing in Church

by Catherine Anne Pajak

I have never laughed so hard in church before. Granted it was silent laughter, the kind of laughter you almost want to sneeze to cover up, but still it was laughter during Easter mass at St. Pius X.

St. Pius X is the church of my youth. It is where I received my first Holy Communion (they cut the lawn the morning of the service — my mom was furious!) where I was confirmed (I made a gift commemorating the occasion for the Bishop and presented it to him. I had to because I missed confirmation dress rehearsal because I was in play) where I went to my first school dinner where my sister played the flute in the schola where I decorated for grown up St. Patrick day parties where my mom taught CCD and now leads adult Bible Study where my sister played basketball where I taught Vacation Bible School where my parents met many of their friends and where we buy stuff at bake sales.

Easter mass brought me back in time. Like a seventh grader making comments to her best friend in math class I kept turning and whispering my funny observations to my mother who surprisingly paid attention to me. She didn't say *shhh!* rather she began telling me sagas. All the crying babies disguised her whispers of parish gossip. But even more surprising was that our chattering did not stop when mass ended, rather the whole way home the rest of my family joined in to comment on the hysterically awful liturgy.

It was the children's liturgy on the holiest day of year. And although I first remarked at the awful pink hat with a black feather boa on it worn by a eucharistic minister who also wore a hideous pink satin dress cinched at the waist with a black plastic belt, those type of snide comments were quickly overcome by commentary on the priest's mannerisms and his sermon. The topic flourished and as we sat at Easter brunch with friends of the family, St. Pius X members also, we continued to discuss all the parish controversies.

My father gave our Easter blessing in his loud powerful Almighty voice.

I responded to his prayer. I was thinking as I listened to that sermon this morning and the priest who was talking over everyone's head and not relating any of the preaching to our lives that what a good priest my dad would be. How it really isn't right that he can't finish his ordination. And how my dad could give good relevant awakening sermons and that they should change the rules and then I looked over at my dad, and he was asleep.

We all laughed at my dad's habitual sleeping during just about anything. But my dad, the almost priest who spent over ten years in the seminary, usually did not doze during mass. No one blamed him for sleeping through this mass.

We are dust to ascertain the situation (the retired priest preached at us, reading his sermon and raising his voice telling us our fate. He was so bland and thin just like a television evangelist, he would shout at us).

What eight year old knows what ascertain means. At typical children's liturgy the priest would call up all the children to the altar and he would explain Easter's

message or the story of the resurrection or how the children do a skit. But not this year. This year the children's choir acting out song lyrics was followed by ascertain.

But as much as I would like to continue criticizing the priest's sermon or the ridiculously awful rhymed versions of blessing he used or the condescending attitude he took towards the altarboys, the priest must be praised for the mere fact he gave mass. This priest is not assigned to my parish and is living in a Catholic retirement community a few miles away, but he voluntarily fills in when our elderly minister is too ill to give mass. Living in that sheltered convent community surrounded by nuns and retired priests, no one can blame him for being out of touch with a relatively young congregation.

St. Pius is a conservative Roman Catholic church that has a large older population, but also many young families. Even though the church was constructed soon after Vatican II, the architecture and inside decor is reminiscent of days gone by, a certain historical saving heritage. A relatively small church, the parish has no grammar school of its own and up until a few years ago had to rent out a neighboring public school for Sunday CCD classes.

And its congregation is leaving. Our parish has no programs for young adults and has only recently developed a marginally active high school youth group. A friend of the family got married two years ago but left the church of his childhood to do so. My sister's schola has fled to another parish after the Easter priest made condescending remarks in a sermon about folk musicians stamping their feet. Another priest told a friend of the family that she was not a good mother to her son — the faithful derby boy and boy scout — because he had gotten one small braid in his hair in the Bahamas. These individual church practices and moreover the steadfast conservatism of the Church are driving people away from Catholicism.

Imagine being eight and listening to this sermon, my sister remarked during mass.

Imagine being nineteen! I responded. This priest at Easter condemned me to dust. I have been told that pretty much I am doomed for my transgressions. Earlier this year two of my friends and I were told by a conservative priest. You three are all dying, you are going against nature. (One of my friends misunderstood, dying and thought he said dying and was rather shaken up all evening.) Even though I was dieting and I don't think I am doomed for my transgressions thinking about these issues or merely stepping in a church just makes me want to go to confession. Catholic guilt. I feel guilty about criticizing the church of my youth and the Church of my family.

I did get the message of forgiveness out of Easter mass. I forgive the priest for the awful mass and the Catholic Church for its traditional conservatism. The tradition is not to blame. Active constructive criticism and commentary of the Church and my church is needed to make them us.

Later on Easter day my dad and I delivered Pope John Paul II's influence on Poland. If only my dad could be canonized.
Catherine Anne Pajak, 1481 and 5th Ave. N.E., 11110, Bellingham, WA

The Heart of the Matter

by Amy Leavey

The Promise

I took a deep breath, plastered a smile on my face, and cautiously walked into the Intensive Care Unit hospital room. My brother had tried to warn me about her coloring, her IV's, and her general appearance, but nothing could have prepared me to see my mother lying in a hospital bed. "Hi Mommy!" I said, trying to sound the same as when I come home and find her grading papers at her desk or cleaning the kitchen after dinner.

"Amy, you're here. The intern trying to take blood out of her arm, already black and blue from the multitude of needles stuck in her every day, told us to wait outside. My mom protested, "That's my eldest, she came in from New York, let me just give her a hug." The intern consented. I went over to my mother and gingerly gave her a hug.

"I'll just be a minute," he said softly to me. I walked into the hallway with my brother and sisters, let out a deep breath and wiped the tears away. How could this have happened? I asked myself for the millionth time. Why?

My mother's illness came as a shock to me. While I knew she was sick and not going to work, I don't think I understood the severity of it until I saw her. At that moment, I had just seen the woman I know as my caretaker, my support system, my life line lying helpless in bed. In the few moments that I stood outside her room, countless thoughts and memories swarmed my head. I remembered how when I had surgery this past summer, my mother ran up and down the stairs getting me anything I could need or want. I thought about how just six weeks ago, my parents had visited me in New York. My mother, a lover of shopping, anxiously walked along 5th Avenue with me window shopping and catching up on my life. Now she looked like a different person. Her face aged, her skin yellow because of the liver failure. Again I asked, "Why?"

When I finally was permitted to enter her room, I sat down on a chair near her bed and began telling her about school, work, New York. She began asking me about a paper I was writing on urban education. She's an urban educator. I started telling her about my research, my thesis, my analysis, all the while she was looking at me with a look I had never seen on her before. It was one of pride and happiness mixed with pain and sadness. I stopped talking and went over to her bed. "Mommy," I said, "I have missed you."

Then my mom began questioning my sisters and brother. "How was school today?" she asked, as if we were all sitting at the dinner table. My youngest sister Dena began telling my mom about her report card. "Pop, pop gave me five dollars for it!" she bragged.

"Did you bring it with you?" she asked Dena.

"No, I forgot it at home," she answered. My mother looked away. Usually she is the first to see our report cards, our school projects, our art pictures.

"We'll bring it tomorrow," I assured her.

After several hours of visiting we left. I gave her a hug and kiss. "I'll talk to you tomorrow," I told her. We walked out of the room. My sister's brother and I wandered down the long hallway until we reached the elevator. Dena slipped her hand into mine. I gave her a little hug as we waited for the elevator. "Everything will be okay," I told her softly. "I promise."

Amy Leavey is a Barnard poet and a weekly Bulletin columnist.

BEAR ESSENTIALS CONTINUED

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INCOMPLETES

If you have been unable to complete required written work in any of your courses, you should speak with the instructor(s) immediately. The College allows students with compelling reasons an extension to the opening of the following fall term. However, the instructor may set an earlier deadline. A student must file the appropriate form with the Registrar after having it signed by the instructor. Applications for incompletes must be filed NO LATER THAN MONDAY, MAY 1

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Tickets for Commencement will be distributed in the College Activities Office (209 McIntosh) starting Monday, April 24 at 10a.m.

If you have not yet ordered your cap and gown, you must contact Lillian Appel, x42024 immediately.

STUDENTS WHO PLAN TO GO ON STUDY LEAVE for the fall semester 1995 or for the 1995-96 academic year must file a Notice of Study Leave form with Dean Runsdorf (105 Milbank) by Monday, April 24, 1995. If you have any questions, you may contact Dean Runsdorf at x42024.

DEGREE CREDIT FOR
SUMMER COURSES

If you are planning to take a summer course for degree credit and want to know whether you will receive credit for the course at Barnard, you should file the application for approval with the Registrar at least three weeks before registering for the course. Before submitting the application, make sure that the course meets for at least five weeks. Present a course description to the department Chair before obtaining a signature. Columbia courses do not require Chair approval unless they are to qualify for major credit or are in Education, Economics, English, French, German or History. However, Columbia courses still require the submission of an application and the signature of your adviser. You must submit all required materials (course and hours) before your application will be considered. Please note that you must order an official transcript from the summer school you are attending. (Columbia will automatically send us a transcript.) No credit for summer work will be awarded without BOTH an official transcript and the Barnard summer school form with the appropriate signatures.

THE LESBIAN BI-SEXUAL GAY COALITION has announced its Second Annual Queer Studies Research Awards. Applications are available at the Institute for Research on Women & Gender, 763 Schermerhorn Extension. Submissions should be 15-25 pages on a queer topic in any non-fiction discipline. Seminar theses will also be considered. The deadline for submissions is Friday, April 28, 12 noon. For further information, call x43277.

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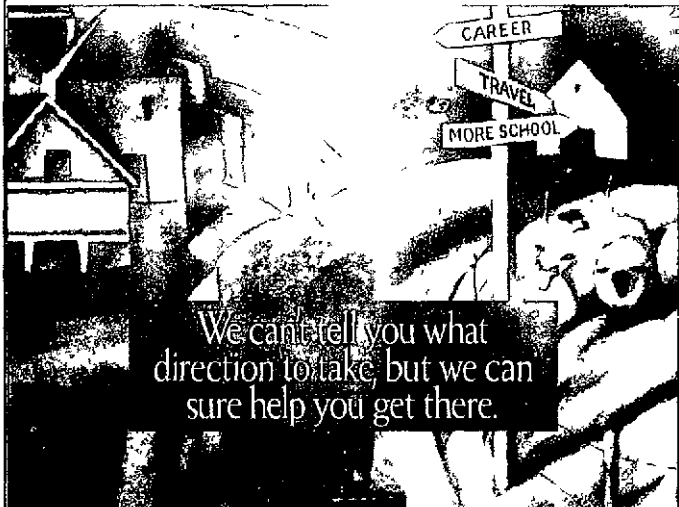
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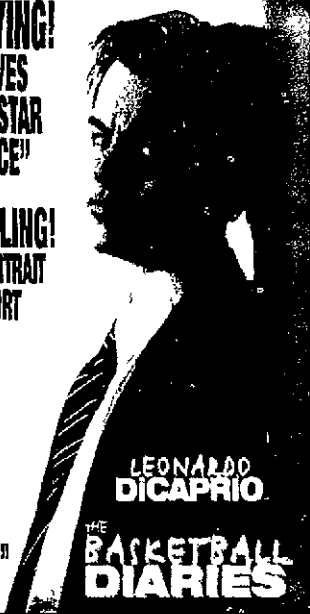
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