



**BARNARD
BULLETIN**

**MAY 1, 1995 VOLUME 21
NUMBER 1**

BEAR ESSENTIALS

CAVEAT 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.

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**.

SENIOR CLIPBOARD

ATTENTION MAY GRADUATES! Your diploma and transcript will not be released if there is any hold on your account (Bursar, Financial Aid, Library, Health Service, Columbia Telephone, etc.). Please make sure all your accounts are cleared by graduation day.

Tickets for Commencement will be distributed in the College Activities Office (209 McIntosh) starting Monday, April 24 at 10:00 am.

If you have not yet ordered your

cap and gown, you **MUST** contact Lillian Appel, x42024, immediately.

DLGREET 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.

ATTENTION STUDENT EMPLOYEES

The last day students (non-seniors) with academic year contracts may work is May 14. Seniors with academic year contracts may work only until the date of their last exam. Paychecks will be sent to your permanent address if you provide a self-

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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 Bulletin@Barnard.Columbia.edu.

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Tenure:

A Microcosm of the Barnard-Columbia Relationship

At the end of a year which has been full of changes and adjustments for Barnard (including a new president legislative changes and student government policies) it is once again time to evaluate Barnard's relationship with Columbia University. Perhaps this task is most effectively accomplished by examining the communication between the two schools on an isolated level.

Recently on the Barnard Campus there have been complaints on the part of disgruntled students about the tenure process and questions on why the Provost of Columbia College is responsible for the final decision on tenuring Barnard Professors. This situation exists because Barnard is part of a larger community. As much as we want to preserve our independence from the bureaucratic trials of a larger research University we value Columbia because it assists us in paying our professors and it adds an important dimension to our experience. The problem in the complex tenure process arises not in Columbia's vital participation but in the objectives of the professional and administrative staff at Columbia.

According to the Dean of Faculty and Academic Affairs at Barnard it is an equal if not higher success rate at tenuring professors through the Columbia tenure process than Columbia College does. Given this fact it is important to evaluate who is being denied tenure and why. Though all of the decisions are not yet final of the thirteen cases of professors seeking tenure in the 1994-1995 academic school year two thus far have been rejected by internal processes at Barnard. This statement implies that Columbia had nothing to do with the termination of these specific cases because the applications never reached the Columbia Committee in the first place. There are those involved who would argue that a letter sought out from Columbia faculty concerning the capabilities of the professor in question if not positive could ruin the chances of a candidate. This letter places a great deal of emphasis on the amount of publishing that a professor has accomplished and less emphasis on the quality of teaching or passion for a subject.

This is the point in the process where Barnard may need to rethink its extensive involvement with Columbia. What are the pressures that we want our professors to be placed under publishing or dedicated teaching? It is understood that Columbia gains monetary resources from the publishing of its professors and this money are a benefit to the entire university however one of the qualities which Barnard students value is Barnard professors' is their energetic dedication to their students' extensive student professor contact and a true enthusiasm for their subject. It is possible that the goals of the Barnard faculty administration and student body are different from those of their counterparts across the street. Another inequity in the process is the inability of the President of Barnard to override a decision made by the Provost of Columbia. This powerful capability of veto power given to the Provost of Columbia and the complex and often unsuccessful appeal process that can be waged by both the candidate and the president leaves Barnard at the mercy of an institution which is finance and research oriented. There is a step mid way through the tedious tenure process which calls on impartial referees to examine a comprehensive dossier about the candidate. These referees are selected through various methods by tenured professors in the candidate's department who select them. The referees accept suggestions from the correlating department at Columbia. This process of having at least a dozen impartial judges comment on a candidate is an attempt at fairness. It should also be noted that Columbia professors are put through an identical process to gain tenure including a recommendation letter from the correlating department at Barnard.

No students participate on the tenure committee at Barnard. This could be an important improvement or at least a beginning to closing the rift between Columbia, Barnard and a highly unaffiliated student body. There is much miscommunication on the campus about the tenure process and quite evidently emotions run high because students become attached to the teachers. It is apparent that not all candidates seeking tenure could possibly be accepted however Barnard may want to revise tenure policy in conjunction with the goals of a smaller personal college.

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 camp or 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 Barnard College.

The Bulletin Welcomes Letters to the Editor!

The *Barnard Bulletin* Welcomes the New Staff for the 1995-1996 School Year

Editors in Chief
 Catherine Anne Pajak
 Anne Washburn

Women's Issues Editors
 Diana Adams Clardullo
 Helmi Nasr

Art's Editor
 Ann McCarthy

Music Editors
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Commentary Editor
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Columnist
 Taryn Roeder

Layout Editor
 Becky Karush



The current staff of the Bulletin would like to congratulate and thank the out going seniors for their hard work and dedication this year. RANA BONNICE, TAMOKO YAMAHARA, MARGARIDA JORGE, SHEILA DAVID, SAE YUN KIM AND CATHI MARTARELLA- (not pictured.)

JOIN THE BARNARD BULLETIN

REVOLUTIONIZE JOURNALISM-News Editor
 BECOME A COMPUTER GEEK-Layout Editor
 PRACTICE BUSINESS MANAGEMENT IN A RELAXED
 ATMOSPHERE AND GET PAID-Business Manager
 RECEIVE MONEY FOR REASSURING US THAT WE
 HAVEN'T BROKEN THE SCANNER-Computer Consultant
 AIR YOUR GRIEVANCES WEEKLY-Columnist

HELP MAKE BARNARD A HEALTHY COMMUNITY
 We're waiting for your call

x42119

Vegetarian South

A Food Initiative

by Gela Goldstein

Hewitt dining has embarked on an era of haute cuisine with the new addition of its Vegetarian South. Roses can be seen on every table, calming lights are over the salad bar and a relaxed ambience permeates Hewitt dining hall. What can be attributed to this remarkable makeover? Aramark Dining Services has initiated Vegetarian South and other improvements at Hewitt Dining Hall. Vegetarians at Barnard and Columbia University have long been disadvantaged in terms of dining needs. In response to the increasing number of vegetarians at Barnard, Aramark has initiated Vegetarian South to satisfy all veggie needs. Aramark and dining services are very very happy to be able to provide this service to the vegetarian population of Barnard and the rest of Columbia University. began Jeff Howse, Assistant Director of Aramark Dining Services, we are extremely pleased overall with the success and very pleased that the students find dining an enjoyable experience.

Monday through Thursday from 5 PM to 7:45 PM in the South Dining Hall vegetarians are able to eat meals ranging from Vegan Stuffed Eggplant to Cheese Quesadillas and Vegan soup and

other various entrees. On Fridays due to the lower volume of students vegetarians can eat in the main dining room with the same variety of foods. Aramark has been working on this new initiative of vegetarian meals since January. Susan Inters, Food Productions Manager, has improved the decor of both dining halls as noted by the new flowers atop every table in Hewitt Dining.

Student feedback has ranged from extremely positive to curly negative. Comments and Suggestions cards have been placed in Hewitt Dining for student response and feedback. For example, comments have included questions about bigger coffee mugs. The manager's reply is always polite and aim to please. One student asked for more soy sauce and the manager's reply included 'you asked for it you got it.' An anonymous comment included 'I just want to congratulate you on the great additions you've made to dining services this year especially Vegetarian South. I think you're doing a great job.'

However, there are some comments that say 'Horrible!' with no explanation. Comments and suggestions can only be acted upon if they raise specific concerns. We use these comment cards and customer feedback to provide the best service we are able to give, but we need the student's help and comments, continued Jeff Howse.

Another comment included praise for the frozen yogurt and ice cream but requested some new additions to the salad bar like raisins, nuts, corn and dried fruit.

Nuts and raisins can easily be added, replied Jeff Howse. We are here to serve our customers needs in the best way that we

can. Aramark will be implementing new initiatives early next year. They will be planning new menus and various food cycles during this summer to accommodate all types of dining lifestyles. Stan Hynski, Director of Dining Services of the Aramark Corporation said 'Vegetarian South has been widely received and a great success as shown by the positive student feedback. We have come to realize that there are a great many vegetarians on campus and we need to supply a lot of people's dining needs that normally wouldn't be a part of the regular meal plan. Dining Services is always open to suggestions in order to improve our relationship with the students and Barnard.'

Gela Goldstein is a Barnard First Year and the Bulletin News Editor.

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HOW THE OTHER HALF LIVES

Barnard's Scientific Dimension

Earth Day 1995:

25 Years of Progress and Working for More

by Susan L. Park

Since the first Earth Day in 1970, environmental awareness among Americans has steadily increased. Here at Columbia University, students are taking advantage of recycling facilities for glass, paper, and aluminum cans. During Earth week, students attended several events including a Burma movie and lecture night



5th Park and the environmental activists. PHOTO BY MICHAEL ROBERTS

in order to learn more about such issues as Burma's military dictatorship which is committing major environmental and human rights abuses and about the American corporations such as Texaco and PepsiCo who are supporting it. The Barnard SGM is also recently passed a resolution stating that the students of Barnard College will not support the Mitsubishi Corporation by buying any of their many products or by allowing recruiters on campus because Mitsubishi is the world's largest corporate destroyer of forests.

We have grown more active and knowledgeable. We boycott companies such as Mitsubishi with

whose environmental policies we disagree. We are also more skeptical of self-congratulatory corporate advertising or greenwashing by major corporate polluters. We shop for items with less packaging, and support companies who have assessed the profit motive to find a socially proper

However, I'm encouraged by the fact that on April 22, 1995, the 25th anniversary of the official Earth Day, we would all be celebrating our improved relationship with the planet. Congress is considering a massive roll back of 25 years of environmental progress. As part of the Contract with America, our

blueprint for change that would effectively alter beyond recognition the legislation which stemmed from the original Earth Day.

In the early 1970s, those bills, including landmark provisions like the Clean Air Act, the Safe Drinking Water Act, the Clean Water Act, the Endangered Species Act, the National Environmental Policy Act, and the Superfund, passed strong bipartisan support and were signed into law by a Republican president. They also yielded enormous benefits. Burgeoning public health threats like smog and water pollution were curtailed or even eradicated. The government banned DDT, which protected Earth's est

EARTH DAY '95

(continued from last page)

time, land use decisions began to take into account environmental impacts. Recycling came into being, as local and state governments focused on it as a remedy to the solid waste crisis. The federal government emphasized conservation and solar energy as positive alternatives to foreign oil. Citizens and communities won expanded legal rights to hold polluters accountable.

We have accomplished a great deal of progress to protect our environment. However, our Earth and our public health remain in jeopardy. Consider:

*More toxic chemicals are produced every year than were produced in all of human history before 1960. For example, in 1993, 2.8 billion pounds of toxic chemicals were dumped into our environment. One of the results of all that toxic material is that now more than 33,000 U.S. sites are under investigation for suspected toxic contamination, and many of those sites pose direct threats to drinking water supplies. Increased industrial, residential and agricultural development upstate continues to threaten New York City's watershed and we as taxpayers are faced with the potential need to construct a filtration system that is estimated to cost up to \$8 billion dollars to build because the city has yet to protect the land surrounding the reservoirs.

*The planet's natural resources on which our lifestyles depend are being consumed at a rate that will leave little for future generations. Only 10% of America's ancient forests are still standing. Worldwide consumption of fossil fuels has more than doubled since 1961. At our current rate of extraction, the Earth's petroleum reserves will last only another 40 years.

*The population explosion has slowed only marginally, creating further stress on natural resources.

According to current projections of growth, by the year 2050 the world will have a population of 11.9 billion people—more than twice the population of today and 3 billion more people than the maximum experts agree the Earth can sustain.

*The planet's ecosystems continue to destabilize. New problems have arisen: global warming threatens to readjust the planetary thermostat; holes in the ozone layer cause skin cancer and blindness, and rainforest destruction deprives us of as many as 70 species daily or 4 species an hour whittling away the natural pharmacological resources that might one day have cured many human diseases.

Many of us continue to do our part to minimize our own environmental impact; we know that we have made progress yet environmental problems persist. Why, then, is Congress prepared to turn back the clock 25 years, potentially losing the hard won ground that we have gained in our efforts to save the environment and ignoring the mounting challenges of an increasingly populated and used up world?

One of the main reasons is money. Congress is responding to the only thing that seems to really matter to them: the amount of money they receive from corporate polluters—front running and timber conglomerates, from oil and chemical multinationals, from real estate developers and their lawyers, and from special interests intent on making a fast buck at the expense of future generations.

In the 1972 election cycle, the average House candidate spent less than \$70,000 to run for office. In the 1994 cycle, the average House candidate spent \$303,974. Campaign spending has increased partially as a function of industry spending on contributions to elected officials. In 1977, business PACs contributed \$8 million to political campaigns. In 1992, business interests contributed \$295 million.

These figures are increasing constantly and behind them are the growing legions of industry lobbyists—more than 80,000 in the 1990s as compared to only 9,000 in 1980—who lobby our elected officials and urge them to make things easier on polluters regardless of the cost to our environment and public health.

If you share my concern about the environment and want future generations to be able to sing America the Beautiful and relate to the lyrics to be able to drink New York City's tap water, to be able to swim in the ocean, or even to breathe the air safely during their first months of life, we need to do more to ensure that the planet we leave for future generations is a planet worth living on. We need to watch carefully our elected officials every day, not just on Earth Day. We need to voice our opinions and concerns in order to counter the special interests who would rather trash our environment and our public health than decrease the amount of pollution they emit or the excessive level of logging or mining they support. Until the supply of special interest money to elected officials is cut off, our environmental future will remain in jeopardy, no matter how much we each do as individuals.

Susan L. Park is a Barnard First Year and Bulletin Staff Writer. Susan Rakov, coordinator of The Fronner Group, a project of the Fund for Public Interest Research, provided help for this article.

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tears mingle with sweat and create a divine cocktail of
humiliation as she shoves her fingers down her throat and roughly
massages the familiar places

come on, sweetie

you can do it

you are **STRONG**

you can be **POWERFUL!**

she held back from laughing as the water washed her dinner down
the pipes, no binging just purging ppuurrgginnng

this is strong?

this is powerful?

she heard the water hiss as it touched her burning cheeks

"FUCK YOU," she spat at the drain
she heard the sink laugh
no, fuck you, you untreatable bitch

though she knew it was true, she preferred nameless angel She
liked the way it made an ugly thing seem pretty it said
the same thing, but the prettiness changed everything
isn't pretty everything?

no, you say? hmmm convince the man who drives the tropicana
truck down broadway, the men downtown who follow me, the man
who proposes to me at grand central station

hand graces my thigh, "lovely "
tongue tickles my ear, "hey gorgeous - commere "
finger traces my nipple, 'could you take my pulse, baby? i'm
dyin "

tell the cosmo model who stares me down from her perch in the
subway station on 16th street, tell ck one, tell the legs
in tweeds catalog

and tell me tell yourself change this

are they really enough to cause such suffering and pain?

do they really have that much control over me?

over you?

Veneza Michalson is a Harvard First Year

Women's Lack of Rights in Turkey: The State and Forced Virginitv Exams

by Catherine Anne Pajak

According to an investigation by the Human Rights Watch the Turkish government contrary to international law and their national law mandates and forces virginity exams. Extensive interviews have documented numerous cases.

The government forces exams on political detainees common criminal suspects charged with improper behavior hospital patients state dormitory residents applicants for government jobs and women suspected of working as illegal prostitutes. But the government is not solely responsible for all the forced virginity exams. Additionally state medical professionals perform exams on women whose own families have compelled them to have such exams.

A woman's virginity represents her honor and also the honor of her family. A damaged honor ruins marriage prospects. Women will traditionally undergo virginity exams before entering into a marriage promise. Families often bring their adult and minor daughters to state or private doctors to verify virginity or to file criminal illicit sexual activity charges in the hopes of obtaining physical proof that will compel a sexual partner to marry the daughter. In most of these cases women consent to these exams.

But women detained by the government almost never give permission to be examined. The state justifies forced virginity exams on women in custody. Police assert that women checked for their virginity will be protected against sexual assault in the same way that they are protected against other forms of torture or cruel treatment by a general physical exam. Once

women are brought into custody they undergo an exam then upon release women are examined again. According to the government these double exams guarantee that women will not be raped in custody. This rationale implies that a non virgin woman cannot prove that she was sexually abused in custody.

These double exams have detrimental effects on women. If a girl is not found to be a virgin the police harass her with this fact. But

Women detained by the government almost never give permission to be examined. The state justifies forced virginity exams on women in custody. Police assert that women checked for their virginity will be protected against sexual assault in the same way that they are protected against other forms of torture or cruel treatment by a general physical exam.

if a woman is still a girl (in Turkish the words girl and women are interchangeable) the police threaten to take away the girl's honor. A related medical procedure forced on former political detainees is a gynecological exam used to identify sexually transmitted diseases. If a woman is infected she is harassed for her assumed immoral conduct.

After detaining one woman suspected of collaboration with the Worker's Party of Kurdistan the police threatened to rape her. According to the one woman the police said to her: "If you don't like we'll rape you. Now you're engaged but after we rape you no one will marry you. The woman

was raped tortured and then released."

Another political detainee Ozgur Der testified that during the eleven times she had been captured in three years she had been subjected to extreme sexual abuse. Her abusers taunted her about her virginity status. Ozgur Der reported:

"Are you still a girl? We'll stick our fingers in you and you won't be a virgin anymore. Don't worry if we take your virginity then we'll fuck you and marry you or give you to the prostitutes where you can get fucked all you want. I tried to resist. They put a wire on my nipple one on each of my hands and one on my toes. They were saying: Her body is really pretty. Her cunt is really pretty. Let's not give electricity. Let's rape her. Then they started the electricity."

Forced virginity exams are a major human rights violation that undermines a woman's rights to her body and her rights to refuse medical procedures. On a hopeful note many medical professionals have begun to refuse to perform virginity exams. But not all health workers are aware of their right to refuse do such procedures without the consent of the woman.

All information in this article was compiled from the Human Rights Watch Women's Rights Report June 1994 rep. in AMAN (Power State Control of Women's Virginitv in Turkey. Human Rights Watch's NYC office is located at 485 Fifth Avenue 212/977 8400.

Catherine Anne Pajak is a Barnard Sophomore and the Bulletin Commentator/Editor.

Let's Talk about Sex

with Heidi Nasr

Sex condoms and spermicide and safe sex. It is common sense to most people (and a paradigm of thesis antithesis and synthesis to any lecherous Hegel aficionado). Most condom users think they have condoms all figured out. Well, that's where our friends at Sheik/Ramses those personable purveyors of pleasure protectors set out to get rid of our self-satisfied notions. They have made it possible for plebes like us to revel in such abstruse facts as:

- 36% of people in Atlanta, Georgia, have sex more than 15 times per month.

- 46% of New Yorkers use condoms 100% of the time. Atlantans are thorough: 54% of the time, and Chicagoans are the big losers, with only 16% of the population using condoms every time they have sex. This may be because:

- The favorite activity of Chicagoans, according to the Sheik/Ramses poll, is bar hopping. Of New Yorkers, theater and cultural events, and of Los Angeles, going to see movies. If that sounds too pat to be credible, you are justified in being suspicious: they surveyed a total of 250 people from Atlanta, Chicago, New York, and Dallas combined. Which explains such disturbing things as:

- Apparently, 10% of men and 4% of women (none of them from New York) are disposed to call condoms jimmy hats, which name, despite the obvious hilarity it must add to any sexual undertaking, is inscrutable. Other popular names for condoms, in order of frequency, are rubbers,

protection raincoats, and party hats. 1% of those polled also exhibited a predilection for communing with the eighteenth century by calling condoms French letters.

- 55% of the men polled were incurable optimists. We know this because they claimed to carry between two and four condoms at all times.

- 30% of men learned how to use a condom from the package instructions. They then magnanimously shared their knowledge with the 46% of women who learned how to use condoms from their partners. To no avail, however, because 72% of the men still said that they were the ones who put on the condom during sex.

- Small percentages of those polled reported having got some (I quote from the poll) in cars, parks, beaches, bathrooms, and the woods. Perhaps they would have gotten more of it in these places if they did not refer to it as "getting some."

- 72% of those polled admitted to making noises during sex; the majority of those said they breathed

heavily or moaned, but some found the energy to make animal noises and a creative few sang as well.

Now you may run out and usurp the role of prodigy amongst your Jeopardy! loving friends. But don't take these results too seriously. John Blumenthal, the director of marketing for London International, the company which owns Sheik/Ramses, says about the poll: "We studied consumer buying habits and realized that the public is suffering from *fear fatigue* when it comes to condoms—they've heard too much about the negative effects of not wearing a condom and not enough about the advantages [sic]. The issue of smart sex is a serious one and while people understand that using a condom is the right thing to do, many still chuckle and are embarrassed when it's time to use or talk about using one. Of course, that may be because people refer to them as balloons, sleeves, sheaths, and other travesties of nomenclature, but it does no good to question the assertions of the capitalist machine."

Now armed with the help of

London International and their handy poll, you can caper and frolic safely and intelligently. Take this knowledge and beware of Atlantans bearing gifts. Especially more than 15 times a month.



Heidi Nasr
Barron's
Year and a Half
Women's Issues
File 1

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The Intimacy of the Camera

by Micah Roberts

If George Sand, Sarah Bernhardt, Beethoven, Delacroix, even that *abbé* Baudelaire, who said that a portrait is "a model complicated by an artist," have any thing in common, it would be that they all had a name at the end of the nineteenth century, and Nadar was there to capture that name.

To look at the portrait Nadar (the pseudonym of Gaspard Félix Tournachon) took of Baudelaire is to see anything but complication. Nadar's portraits were personal, enigmatic, captivating. They portray the absolute simplicity of what it means to be a photographer and have the ability to capture the instantaneous second the human soul allows itself to be real, vulnerable, before it flashes into social acting once again.

This simplicity can be seen in Nadar's first major photography exhibition, which runs through July ninth at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Even in this gallery style showing of portrait after portrait of Parisian luminaries, one feels what these people were about. It is impossible to walk by Sarah Bernhardt's portrait and not sense what it meant to be an actress in Second Empire Paris. In the brief moment Nadar gives us, we see how difficult it was for a woman to enchant the mind while enchanting the eye was so simple. It is impossible to gaze at the portrait of Rossmi without seeing the power behind his eyes that will make people cry and hush and dance and sing.

Nadar's portraits

indeed caricatures, exemplify what he said he sought in his work: "the instant of understanding that puts you in touch with the model—helps you sum him up, guides you to his habits, his ideas, and character, and enables you to produce a really convincing and sympathetic likeness: an intimate portrait." While photographing the mime Charles Deburau (Pierrot), Nadar found the pathetic spiritiveness of a clown who dressed in funny clothes and mirrored the photographer who took his picture. The photographer

is the creator of art, while the clown can only mimic it, create an art of his own. Despite the fact that these photos were taken for commercial promotion of the *portraits shop*, and his brother had opened, they speak of the intimacy Nadar strove for. How to find the heart behind a man who is very visible, so put on a mask to please an audience. See his *Portrait of Pierrot the Photographer* in *The Photograph: From the First Photo to the Future* (London: Corgi). Pierrot becomes the man of the mask and masks, but behind each mask is visible the strife, such inconsistency of character calls for.

Also in the exhibit are a series of photographs of the many balloon flights Nadar took when ballooning was the vanguard of travel. These photographs, along with a photo interview of a hermaphrodite, and a series of pictures of the cataracts and sewers of Paris, express Nadar's use of photography as a means to satisfy an insatiable curiosity of the world around him. He wanted to understand the people of his society intimately enough to capture their essence and express to them the simplicity he found there. As a caricaturist, Nadar gave Second Empire Paris a means of seeing itself through eyes never before used by the public. As a photographer, he gave the field of intimacy unparalleled by contemporary portraiture. Perhaps Baudelaire did not appreciate his complication in art, but it is hard to say anything but praise it.



Pierrot the Photographer by Nadar

MICAH ROBERTS is a writer in
 Philadelphia. He is the author of
The Photograph: From the First Photo to the Future.

Red Firecracker, Green Firecracker

by Ann McCarthy

You'd think the whole theme of star-crossed lovers who can never be together because of class or culture would have gotten old by now as innumerable films from *Pretty in Pink* to *The Remains of the Day* have been based upon it. But *Red Firecracker*, *Green Firecracker* a new film from Hong Kong, proves that the theme is really timeless and transcends culture. You'd also think that large numbers of explosions would be limited to action movies but this love story breaks that rule as well.

What sets this film apart is the intensity of the constraints put upon the lovers and the passion with which they struggle to break them. The plot is a bit hard to explain as it seems somewhat removed taking place in early twentieth century Northern China in a culture as steeped in tradition as ours is devoid of it. Also, the plot is not the central element of this particular movie. It is the characters and their emotions that make the film. The plot works to put the characters into an impossible situation but once they are in it, plot becomes less important and it is the images and emotions that really give the film its strength. The main character Chun Zhi (Ning Jing) is the only child born to the Cai family who control a large territory in Northern China and a huge fireworks industry. Because there are no male heirs and the ruler must be male, Chun Zhi must suppress her femininity. She doesn't realize what she's missing until she notices Niu Bao (Wu Gong) a painter working on the family estate. He woo's her by doing dining tricks with

firecrackers and gets into quite a bit of trouble trying to get her attention. The sadistic Mr. Mann is in charge of making sure that Chun Zhi does not stray from her duties and is always trying to torture Bao for trying to divert her. Eventually the kids become lovers and Chun Zhi starts running around in pretty dresses with her hair down saying

I don't want to be your master. I just want to be a woman. That may seem mildly cheesy but it brings up the probing question *why can't she be both?* The harsh and sexist traditions that bind her turn out to be a good match for her passion for Niu Bao and he must participate in a firecracker contest (an actual practice in old China) against Mr. Mann for her hand. The outcome of the contest is shocking and largely symbolic of her choice between power and sexuality.

The film which won three Golden Rooster Awards (China's Oscar equivalent) is very pretty to look at. It is filmed in a small town beside the Yellow River and the shots of the river and the huge palace where most of the action takes place

are stunning as are the often elaborate costumes. In fact director He Ping says images are the most fundamental thing in a film. I believe images themselves can convey many things but I am more interested in using them as a means to convey feelings as opposed to ideas. Images work beautifully as a means of communicating emotions in this film. Perhaps the simplest example of this are the film's namesake firecrackers. They are not only symbolic of devoting sexual passion but also give a sense of the inner conflict that Chun Zhi deals with throughout the film and finally resolves at the end.

But there is much more to the film than this rich visual aspect and it also goes beyond being simply a love story. The themes of duty to family and the old ways are explored throughout. And the irony of Chun Zhi's situation is fascinating: she is called Master yet she is never allowed to make her own decisions and is constantly being watched.

The one thing that became tiresome was the music. It never varied in its intensity and seemed to be telling the audience "Look, something important and serious is happening now." But really it just took away from the simple beauty of the characters' emotions by being so over-dramatized.

Other than that the film is virtually flawless and extremely moving. But it makes me weep for popular American cinema because, according to the experts, the best we have to counter it with is *Forest Gump*. And that's pretty sad.

Ann McCarthy is a *Barnard Post* '76 grad and a *Bulletin* Art Editor.

Images work beautifully as a means of communicating emotions in this film. Perhaps the simplest example of this are the film's namesake firecrackers.

Roberto Zucco

A Look at a Serial Killer

by Jennifer Morrill

This weekend was the closing weekend of the play *Roberto Zucco* presented at the Cucaracha Theatre located in the East Village. Cucaracha Theatre, now in its tenth season, was founded to develop new, provocative and experimental theatre works. Cucaracha has become an artistic home for the growing community of theatre artists who belong to the company. The company produces *The Mainstage Series* (original works and deconstructed classics), *The Annual Summer Cabaret* (a six-week performance art series) and *The Children's Project* (a summer series of free performances for family audiences). Also, for the past three years, Cucaracha has successfully created and produced *The Underground Soap*, a popular late night, multi-plot comedy using the multi-media of music, video and live performance.

The play *Roberto Zucco* was originally written by playwright Bernard-Marie Koltes. This play, Koltes' final work, has received much acclaim in Europe. Until now, only one other play by Koltes, *The Battle of the Negro and the Dog*, has been translated and performed in the United States. In 1989, Koltes died of AIDS. *Roberto Zucco* was translated for the company by Royston Coppenger. Coppenger is known for his radical interpretation of classic plays.

The story line of the play revolves around a young man, Roberto Zucco, who by the end of the play becomes a serial killer. The play begins with two jail guards keeping watch over a prison. During this scene, Zucco, who has just been imprisoned for murdering his father, escapes from jail. This scene is quite powerful. Zucco

crawls along the back wall of the stage, a large warehouse, to his freedom.

After escaping, Zucco returns to his parents' house. This story becomes a struggle between Zucco

enter their world; he just lives there. He kills an investigator. He then holds a woman hostage and kills her son. The girl moves out of her restrictive home and becomes a whore in Little Chicago. She tells the police about

He is not a cruel man, but rather one who has gone crazy...Murder is not wrong to Zucco.

and his mother. Each one is holding onto either side of a door. The struggle is depicted by the two spinning around, yelling and grasping the door. Finally, Zucco overpowers his mother and the door flies across the stage. At this point, the audience is under the impression that Zucco is a violent and obsessed man. But once he begins speaking, you realize that he is quite calm and has only come to his mother to get his army uniform. After discussing the murder of his father, his mother finally agrees to give him the uniform. The scene ends when Zucco outstretches his arms and his mother hesitantly embraces him. Zucco then strangles his mother to death.

It is in this scene that you first come to know of the nature of Zucco. He is not a cruel man but rather one who has gone crazy. Killing becomes the logical solution to intense and confusing situations. Murder is not wrong to Zucco.

The play evolves along this theme. Zucco meets a girl who has been sheltered her entire life. He takes her virginity without giving her any love. Then Zucco begins living in the seedy part of town, Little Chicago, with prostitutes and pimps. He never seems to really

Zucco. Zucco returns to Little Chicago and is arrested. Earlier in the play, Zucco commented that he would never be kept behind bars for more than an hour. In the final scene, Zucco climbs to the top of a clock, symbolic of the prison roof and jumps off. He has killed four people and not himself—none with a motive or viciousness, just simple logic.

The play was a superb account of life and death and the ambiguous nature of the two. It also called into question the issue of murder—does everyone have morals and feel guilt? The company presented it in such a nature that you were constantly awaiting a gun shot or enthralling scene. The lighting (shadows were used effectively) and the alternative set and props were highly successful.

Cucaracha Theatre is located on East 3rd Street between Avenues B and C. Fall productions include Kevin Kullike's *Use Me, Abuse Me, Love Me*, based on the work of Catherine McKinnon and Oden Von Hoyrath's *Don Juan Comes Back From the Wars*. I highly recommend catching one of this company's delightfully alternative productions. Jennifer Morrill is a *Barnard* sophomore.

Fairy Tales Can Come True...

a review of **WHILE YOU WERE SLEEPING**

by **Saveh R. Hashemi**

Honestly, I did not know much about this film prior to viewing it. That is, except for the brief summary provided on the back of those free movie passes. However, it didn't give me a very clear idea of the story line.

So there I was sitting in the Sony theater on the night of Wednesday April 19th. I was surrounded (for the most part) by hordes of Columbia and Barnard women. But surprisingly Regis Philbin sat right in front of me! Well, I got his autograph (I have a collection) and sat back to watch the film *While You Were Sleeping*.

This movie is told from the point of view of Lucy Moderato (Sandra Bullock). Lucy works for the Chicago Transit Authority token booth. She works very hard (including holidays) and while sitting in that token booth she daydreams of marrying a particular man and is planning out the rest of her life with him. Oh did I mention that she has never met him? Nonetheless, this doesn't stop her from the wishful thinking that he'll eventually fall in love with her.

Lucy is a lonely woman. She lost her mother when she was young and her father died of sickness a few years back. Basically all that she has is her apartment cat and a couple of friends from her job. It is for this reason that she spends most of her holidays working. As Lucy says to herself to justify it, I know I'm the only one without a family.

Yet working on Christmas turns out to be a good thing. First of all her Prince Charming wishes her a Merry Christmas. Then he's mugged on the platform by a couple of hoodlums and pushed into the tracks. Lucy jumps onto these tracks and manages to pull him a few feet in time to save him from an approaching train.

Afterwards, Lucy visits him at hospital and is mistakenly thought of as the man's fiancée. But this

mistake allows her entrance into the man's room and she is able to see his condition (he's in a coma). Almost immediately she is joined by the family of the man who is identified as Peter Callaghan (Peter Gallagher). They do not give Lucy



Sandra Bullock

a minute to explain that she is not the woman to whom Peter is engaged to. Instead they immediately welcome Lucy into their family.

Lucy knows that what she is doing is morally wrong. But on the other hand, she has spent ore too many holidays alone. She is absolutely thrilled in her new family. And the family is more than happy to have Lucy in it. They all fall in love with her charm, wit and beauty.

Lucy intends on telling the truth once Peter awakes from his coma. But more trouble comes along when Lucy meets Peter's brother Jack (Bill Pullman). The ease soon comes to be an undeniable attraction between the two. This leaves Lucy even more perplexed, especially when Peter awakes and tells her how he loves her. Lucy, a well,

Now I can't say a whole happens but I will say that the audience was appreciative and I think

in the clapping. I enjoyed the movie very much. It managed to delight me through and through (and to my surprise too!). It's one of those movies that makes one feel good all over and also gives a person hope that life may not be THAT bad (even though it may have come across as a fairy tale at times).

I must say that this is the best romantic comedy I have seen since *When Harry Met Sally*. Like *Harry and Sally*, this movie also kept me laughing throughout.

I think it takes a lot for Regis to laugh. I'll admit that I was eyeing him during the presentation and saw him smile only on occasion. Oh but he gave a good hearty laugh when Peter's father Ox (Peter Boyle) said to Jack, "I would've sent your mother on a cruise with Kathie Lee Gifford!"

I was also very pleased with Bullock's performance. You see whenever I think of her I remember her in *Demolition Man*. She wasn't bad in that movie, but the movie wasn't so great. My opinion of her was partly soured because of the bad film. I never saw her in *Speed*, so I had nothing to compare her performance in *Demolition Man* until now.

Bill Pullman was also highly entertaining. I thought he was much better looking than the man who played Peter. Needless to say I spent a great deal of the time drooling at him. And in case you view this movie and wonder where you've seen him before (like I did) he played Lonestar in *Spaceballs*.

All I can say is that I was happy to have seen this movie free of charge but I would not have minded paying eight dollars for it. Judging from the applause many other people at the screening agreed with me.

Saveh R. Hashemi is a Barnard Freshman.

THE EXPRESSION OF APPEARANCE

by Micah Roberts

Before pictures there were memories—memories that involved more senses than sight, memories that were complicated and—as they are today—related to a series of personal experiences that may or may not be easily relayed to an outside source. Cicero wrote: "It has been sagaciously discerned that the most complete pictures are formed in our minds of the things that have been conveyed to them and imprinted on them by the senses, but that the keenest of all our senses is the sense of sight and that consequently perceptions received by the ears or by reflection can be most easily retained if they are also conveyed to our minds by the mediation of the eyes." The camera took from this keen sense of sight an expression that transformed memory into quotable fact. Memories became more than pictures formed in our minds; they became pictures that would relay our memories to a world that may or may not understand this expression. In the book *Another Way of Telling* (Vintage, 1995) John Berger and Jean Mohr explore the expression of pictures with photographs from India to Italy and insight worth not only a thousand words but a new understanding of the photographic image.

In the photograph included in this article, the girl running poses an ambiguity to her viewers. We, the Barnard students, look at her and bring to her any personal experiences we may have had that relate to her. We view an image where she is running, that she is running from. Does she need help? Does she need help? We may recognize her as being from Indonesia. We may recognize her dress as being particular to her part of India or to Medan, Aceh, or wherever she is from. Perhaps



is an appearance from which we must derive meaning. We create a history and a future for this girl. We bring her closer to us.

After viewing this photograph in my first semester in Barnard, I am in a state of ambiguity. What does she mean to me? Is she a white girl? Is she a girl of color? Is she a girl from India? Is she a girl from the United States? Behind the camera, I am with Berger and Mohr. Last fall I was in Medan with a friend and a photographer he calls "John." He has put the details of his life into the book. I know what I know. It makes me feel that I am perhaps

of a girl from Medan. I am in her head. She is screaming. Her eyes are closed. Her mouth is open. She is crying. She is crying as if she could eat it up. She is crying amongst grass and weeds with a wall behind her. On the wall is a tangle of vines and roots. Mohr asked ten different people for their opinion of the picture. The Dance teacher. She has everything, yet she doesn't realize it. She is crying with her eyes shut. And the tree behind the doll is as big as she is. The Psychiatrist. It puzzles her. She is crying as if she has a pain and yet she is well. She is crying on behalf of her doll, and she covers the eyes as if there was a sight which shouldn't be seen. The Schoolgirl. She is crying because her doll hasn't any clothes.

Who are we to believe? Can we accept the photograph as intrinsic, nothing more than black contrasting with white on a glossy piece of paper, an artistic element with its own meaning and not a part of our lives at all? Do we need the history of a photograph to decipher what meaning may be hidden behind it? Or must we credit to Berger and Mohr this new way of telling?

Our memories, whether photographic or not, will always be an expression of the way we see the world. How we tell the world of these memories is the language we give to the images in our mind. A photograph is these images becoming a part of our own memories, but in subjectivity. Language never describes the way we see the appearance as we see it in our way of telling.

MICAH ROBERTS is a Barnard Freshman. This article is from *Photography: Editing for Barnard* (Fall '95).

Sugar Minott Sparks Thoughts on Gender & Sexual Behavior

by Melissa Bearns

Sugar Minott performed Friday April 14th at SOB's (In case you don't know, SOB's stands for Sounds of Brazil not well you know) I made it to the club for the second set which featured mostly older songs. The set began with two or three performers warming up the audience before Sugar himself actually came onto the stage. One of the interesting features of the show was that in addition to the musicians accompanying Sugar Minott he had the soundman with mixing board and all on the stage with him. At the end of the show Sugar Minott explained that he had chosen to have his soundman on the stage with him because the soundman who is always behind the scenes goes unappreciated. I guess you could have called it soundman appreciation night.

Although musically the show was excellent my enjoyment of it was marred by an incident which occurred about twenty minutes into the set. Sugar Minott invited about six women from the crowd up onto the stage. One of these women was dancing in a somewhat inappropriate manner putting her arms around Sugar Minott and grinding up against him. At some point Sugar Minott got pissed off and ended the situation by pushing the woman slowly off the stage step by step with the microphone one inch from her face singing. We run the show we're in control over and over. As some people in the crowd cheered I felt sick to my stomach because I do not enjoy seeing the humiliation and degradation of another person especially a woman.

No one else in the crowd seemed to think twice about the incident as I sat next to the stage unable to dance lost in thought. I

was thinking about the significance of the event. What does it mean when a man humiliates a woman publicly for expressing her sexuality albeit a bit inappropriately? Finally I decided that the most disturbing aspect of the situation had been the weird power dynamic. Clearly when a band is on stage they are the ones who run the show. But it wasn't that which bothers me.

I will be the first to say that if the genders had been reversed I would not think twice if a female singer had turned around and slapped a guy who was acting the way this woman was. Still I can't help thinking of literally hundreds of times when I have been at a show and have been touched, humped, grabbed or groped by some random guy. How often do you think guys get groped? Probably not that often. It doesn't seem to be a complaint I hear often from my male friends. So the issue becomes why do we so strongly sanction actions from a female that are viewed with slight disapproval from a male?

Let me reiterate that as Sugar Minott was humiliating this woman in a very horrible and almost brutal way some people in the crowd were cheering. This is all speculation but I can't imagine a similar situation where a woman publicly humiliating and degrading a man for trying to dance with her (not even grabbing his ass or breasts which is what usually happens) would be cheered on by the crowd. The general attitude would probably be:

What is her problem in the poor guy was just trying to dance with her. Either way the female would be defined as the person acting inappropriately.

The other question I would like to raise is why as a society are we more likely to condemn a woman

for grabbing a man's ass than to condemn a man for the same behavior? There is the obvious explanation which is that our society encourages men to express their sexuality while discouraging women from doing the same.

The Madonna/Whore stereotype in which women are defined as either the completely asexual Madonna or the Whore still insinuates itself into our consciousness. These stereotypes are reflected in the repression and fear of female sexuality across our country. But I think it goes beyond that to other aspects of societal indoctrination and fear. Power is defined by who can touch who. Men can touch women but women can't touch men. Touching someone can be an expression of your power over them. In a club when a guy grabs a girl's ass it is an expression of his power and rights over her body in the same way rape is an expression of power. Not to cloud the issue with the controversial subject of rape, but my point is that touching or grabbing someone isn't an expression of sexuality or desire.

Ultimately this incident made me think more in depth about my own feelings and prejudices as I examined my own reaction to the situation. Reggae music is traditionally political and addresses issues of racial oppression. Female reggae artists like Sister Carol also address gender issues and oppression. It's about time we dropped the double standard and let it be known that inappropriate unwanted sexual attention is not acceptable regardless of the gender of the perpetrator.

Melissa Bearns also known as Spee is a Barnard College student, the General Manager of WBAR and a Bulletin Staff Writer.

Interview with GENE

by Paula Vayas

For a band that was brought together two years ago by a horrendous car accident, Gene has quickly risen to the top of the British pop charts and to the forefront of rock respectability in the time it takes most bands to get their act together. Having already garnered numerous accolades from all of the prominent British music magazines including *Melody Maker*, *NME*, and *The Face*, Gene are the new practitioners of that grand old genre of guitar rock.

Except there's a bit of a difference.

While it may be a while before loving fans scrawl 'God about London' Gene has rejuvenated what seemed to be a waning type of classic rock n' roll guitar rock with powerful lyrics and a gifted singer. And while time a dozen comparisons to Morrissey and The Smiths continue to plague Gene whenever their singer Martin Rossiter opens his mouth, bassist Kevin Miles is quick to point out that 'I think we're far more soulful than The Smiths and I think Martin's got a better voice and a better range than Morrissey.' And with that one statement, the case is officially closed. Anyone who takes the time to listen to Gene's forthcoming debut album *Olympian* (A&M) will all too suddenly have that Beatles thought enter their mind of 'I didn't know Morrissey had a new band!' *Get out of town!* However upon hearing the stunning musicianship of Gene and the expressive (though non self-deprecating) lyrics of Rossiter, one is quickly converted.

With influences ranging from The Faces, Aerosmith, The Rolling Stones to reggae and Motown, Gene is a composite of many different sounds which, when put together

remarks Miles, make quite a nice little combination, really. A self-proclaimed song-based band, Gene has not let their great success get to their heads, says guitarist Steve Mason. 'We haven't done enough, really, to start saying we're

'We want to be songwriters, we want to be respected musicians. Obviously we've written a good album and we're proud of it. But we also look at the career part, it's taken a long time and slowly but surely we've built an audience and reached more people. We never wanted to be overnight sensations.'

the best band in the world. We're not. We're still learning the craft and the art of writing songs. It was their friendly, cordial nature that immediately endeared Miles and Mason to me. As I stepped into the conference room for the interview, I was met by two soft-spoken Englishmen, one of which (Steve Mason) was Brian Jones' reincarnate—without the violent streak. Immediately impressed by their down-to-earth attitudes and articulate comments (most of my interview questions had been over the phone or in the basement of a smoky pub), I knew at once that this was a band who I had been lucky enough to catch just a moment before it was

to explode onto the rock scene. Gene, I am pleased to announce, has finally arrived in America.

'We want to be songwriters,' Mason explained, 'we want to be respected musicians. Obviously we've written a good album and we're proud of it. But we also look at the career part. It's taken a long time and slowly but surely we've built an audience and reached more people. We never wanted to be overnight sensations. Perhaps it is this well-thought-out plan which has allowed Gene to establish such a devoted following and such a solid reputation for themselves in so short an amount of time. Through their separate experiences in previous bands, the members of Gene have set for themselves a certain game plan in which they spent an entire year just writing songs and rehearsing and not playing live,' as Mason puts it.

This June, Gene will release its debut album *Olympian* in the United States. Filled with compelling lyrics and a fabulous sound, *Olympian* will forever change the way audiences look at pop music. With songs which range from the ominous 'Sleep Well Tonight' ('Yet trouble has sprung from the pubs and the clubs/We'll see blood soon when the night's through/So sleep well tonight/Tomorrow we fight') to the disturbing title track about as Rossiter describes it: 'obsessional love.' *Olympian*—an album you will never forget by a band whose new take on an old sound will make sure to catch your attention and hold it till it's well

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Wetlands

Beats with Tuesday Drum Nights

by Melissa Bearns

Every Tuesday night at the Wetlands, located on Varick Street two blocks South of Canal Street, the Rainbow Gathering sponsors a drum circle. The Eco-Saloon, as it is called, starts around 9:00 PM and entrance is almost always free. Upstairs, in the main area of the club, one usually finds a band like the Zen Tricksters or Tiberius, playing Grateful Dead covers with some of their own stuff mixed in. Downstairs, in the purple haze under the hip lights, one finds the drum circle.

The event attracts a wide variety of people primarily from New York and New Jersey. Get rid of your stereotypes at the door because one of the things necessary for the Eco Saloon is a positive attitude. The first time I ever went I was shocked by the warmth and friendliness of the crowd. When someone bumped into me and I actually said "Excuse me," I started to wonder if I was still in New York City.

There is a marked difference between the atmosphere upstairs and downstairs. Upstairs, where the bands are playing, there are usually people milling around, hanging out, drinking and dancing. The edges of the dance floor are always populated by men and women in skirts and long dresses spinning and dancing wildly. Making your way to the center is often be a challenge but you will never have someone get angry as you squeeze past them. Instead, the folks who attend the

Eco-Saloon usually smile and try to make room to let you by.

While you are upstairs don't miss the VW bus located on your right past the stairs as you walk into the club. At the bus you can buy great stickers, patches, t-shirts and of course the CD from whatever band is featured that night. Recently they were giving out "the product is you" stickers which feature the following quotation from William S. Burroughs: "The junk merchant

The purpose of (Vern's) speech is to achieve a silence in which the entire group reaches out for focus. When this focus is reached, Vern...starts the drumming in the form of a round, bringing in each section of the room slowly.

doesn't sell his product to the consumer, he sells the consumer to the product. He does not improve and simplify his merchandise. He degrades and simplifies the client. Food for thought. On the tables around the bus are also multiple petitions focusing on environmental issues as well as a plethora of literature ranging from the pink papers to pamphlets from environmental groups.

As you descend into the bowels of the Wetlands you are greeted by the insistent rhythms of the drum circle. Don't worry, you won't

come and don't have a drum because there will always be someone willing to share or loan theirs. Vern from the Rainbow Gathering also brings his bag of tricks every Tuesday so that those of us who don't have drums can still bang and rattle on hubcaps, triangles, blocks of wood, plastic Easter eggs with rice inside and a variety of other noise making implements.

Don't be surprised when Vern suddenly brings the drumming to a halt to make a speech. This process can go on for a long time as Vern waits for the participants in the drum circle to quiet down and listen, or 'focus' as he calls it. Sometimes this process can go on for as long as a half an hour while Vern addresses the belligerent members of the crowd who eventually leave or shut up. The purpose of his speech is to achieve a silence in which the entire group reaches out for focus. When this focus is reached, Vern then announces the activities of the

Rainbow Gathering and starts the drumming off in the form of a round, bringing each section of the room in slowly.

Since my first time at the Eco Saloon I have not missed a single night. It is a refreshing change from the coldness of the city and sometimes every once in a while the drum circle blows your mind.

Melissa Bearns, also known as Spectra, is a Barnard College senior, the General Manager of WBAR and a Bulletin Staff Writer.

THE NEW RULES OF SEXUAL CORRECTNESS: ANGRY YOUNG WOMEN OR SCARED LITTLE GIRLS?

by Naomi de Silva

Back in the days when men displayed their sturdy swords and women held on to their virtue the roles that people played were fairly easy to follow. Men were the breadwinners while women were associated with the home and family. Throughout the years women have proven to be just as strong and talented as men and millions of women have entered the work force. With the changing roles of women, feminism and the women's movement have evolved. With this evolution new rules apply that seem to echo "Watch what you do. Watch what you say." Even the once broad based women's movement is now divided on the issue of acceptable behavior in our society. Has political correctness gone too far? What are the new rules and who defines them? Will these new rules advance women today or will they actually set them steps behind?

As opportunities continue to rise for women the amount of things that hurt women seem to rise as well. Rape used to be a clear cut crime. If a man forcibly had sex with a woman who did not want to have sex with him it was rape. Throughout the years, rape has changed to mean a number of things. It is no longer just the horrible crime committed in some dark, lonesome alley. Society has finally awoken to the fact that rape can happen not just in an alley with some stranger but can happen on a date, in a marriage on a campus, etc. However the changing code of ethics states that even verbal coercion can now constitute rape. This raises an important question: What is verbal coercion? Is it "Do me now" or else "Or 'Come on honey. If you don't I'm going to break up with you."

Rape and sexual harassment occur in our society more frequently than many people think. But somewhere between crime and sexual happiness is a dark lurking fog. In order to clear this up, universities are attempting to create some guidelines to follow. The goal behind these guidelines is to guarantee consent before intercourse. For instance, some colleges have established strict rules which require consent every step of the way. The way to obtain this consent is to ask. In other words, if you want to kiss a woman you are supposed to ask. If you want to take off her shirt you are supposed to ask. If you want to touch her you are supposed to ask. Doesn't this take away from romance? Doesn't this get rid of the unexpected feeling of a kiss? A touch? Isn't dating supposed to be an exciting experience? How necessary are these new rules?

Society has been bombarded with codification. How to act, what to say, who to date and how. Many men and women including veteran feminists like Betty Friedan pose the question: Are women wallowing in a victim state? As some people perceive it, instead of becoming angry young women many women are becoming scared little girls. Perhaps some of these new rules inhibit the strength of women and force them to react instead of to act.

Despite all of these new guidelines unfortunately the problems are not going to disappear. Culturally, children are still being raised the same manner. At the moment of birth boys get a blue crib full of baseball bats, footballs and trucks and girls get a pink crib full of dolls and teddy bears. Parents begin to instill the differences among the genders and continue to do so all through their lives. Boys are taught how to mow the lawn while girls help their moms clean the house. Boys are given a six pack and a bunch of condoms when they turn sixteen and girls get a lesson on the dangers of promiscuous behavior. As one of the members of the infamous Spur Posse was being escorted to jail his father was asked if he thought his son did anything wrong. His reply? That his son did nothing that a typical teenage boy wouldn't do. This attitude is not going to simply "go away" by enforcing new rules of political correctness. Attitudes like this are learned, much like prejudice, and no guideline is going to change the minds of rapists, sexual harassment offenders, or even parents.

Even with all these new guidelines of political correctness women still aren't achieving all of their goals. Women find obstacles in almost everything they do. The fact is that men and women still aren't working together. If anything, the new political correctness is partly to blame for this phenomenon because it women act like scared little girls instead of angry young women the tension between women and men will increase. As a result of this tension many men cringe at the word "feminist." But even worse is the fact that many women cringe at feminism also.

Naomi de Silva is a Banned in the USA Bulletin Staff Writer.

Fine and Fierce

by Sae Yun Kim

See You Later

A few weeks ago I had insomnia, and thinking over the day's events, I remembered that I hadn't yet picked up the *Bullenn* to read my column. It was as good as anything to do at that hour. So, dashing out at four-in-the-morning in just a big t-shirt and my striped knickers, I picked up some copies of my article. "Hmnnnn... no title. Okay, just as well, but I liked the title. It was supposed to be 'Jag'. Well, what to do... what to do..." I read it. I got that uncanny feeling of wondering who the person was who wrote it that I was not really me when I was in print. At that moment, I seriously wondered if anybody ever read "Fine and Fierce", except for the editors. And then I got stage fright because I began to remember all of the wonderful comments I have gotten from friends, peers, administrators, and professors. I felt a little naked.

But that was the whole point behind creating "Fine and Fierce". To strip off as many layers of my bundled up person as possible. I needed this column desperately for myself, to push myself to write on a topic of my choosing, regularly, without the fear of being formally judged, and to change it as I saw fit. This column was once called, "Fine and Fierce Longings". Come second semester I chopped "Longings"; I had never been so happy to amputate something in all of my life.

Aside from the artistic impulse, I also needed F&F for a very different reason. You could say it's the entire theme of this last article. I needed an outlet for letting all of this go slowly. Well, I knew I would be talking it out anyway, but what about putting something in print? Would it serve anyone? I think it has. I think we all needed a little easing out, a motion to back out slowly. In a way, I already said good-bye in the first installment of F&F: "I Will Remember". I started a little backwards. But that's okay, because technically, "commencement" means "beginning", and a death is a simultaneous birth. You see, I was preparing for this all along.

I think it all jibed nicely for the most part. Just a couple of days ago, I stood in the elevator looking intently at the doors in front of me, trying to do my best imitation of a Stonehenge rock when the live person next to me asked, "Are you Sae Yun? You write the column in..."

"Yep," I say. She says something very nice about it, and I'm startled once again to realize I'm not writing into thin air. If I had a dialogue with even a few of you, even if you were all first-years, that's fine. That's good, really good.

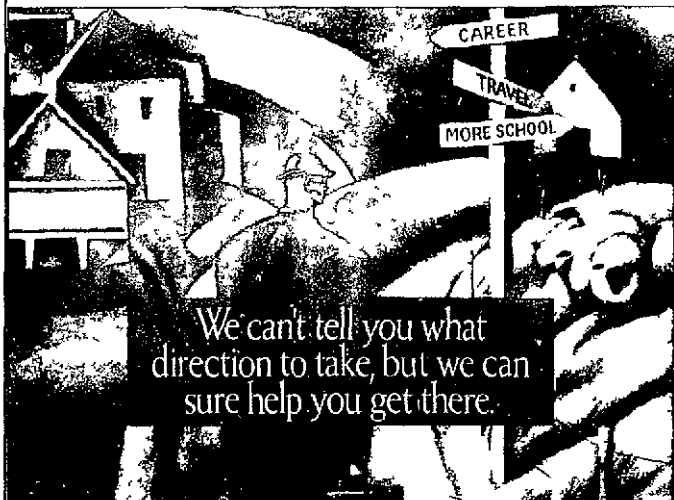
Well, I hate good-byes. I would rather just go with the indeterminate "see you later". You wouldn't suspect it because I can be very formal and distant when I want to, and I often put on that persona a lot, or so I'm told. But graduation is going to damn near kill me. I'm telling you right now so you won't be surprised if I just collapse when they call my name during commencement. At least my name will be pronounced correctly because I gave the phonetic spelling to the lovely Susan Cohn of the Deans Office. I don't want to see my parents grimace in the audience. It's pronounced "Say Yun" (rhymes with "fun" or "gun"), although just about everyone with the exception of my Dad knows me as "Sam". Okay, secret is out now.

I'll tell you something, I'm almost 22. At the end of this month I will have leapt into the new year of my personal calendar. I grew with this column, I grew with Barnard, I grew up with all of you reading this. Leaving Barnard is just a little death, just like leaving high school was a little death, just like leaving junior high was a little death, although when I left junior high I died real happy. And I know some of you will be dying real happy this time around, too. But I wanted to emphasize the beginning-ness of all this too. Some of you have already started, just by making the smallest travel plans, or just by figuring out where you are going to live after May 17. There is a little less structure this time around, a little less guidance, but I cannot imagine it being all that different. People don't change. I look at all of the twenty-two-year-olds I know and I think, "We could all be eighteen. No big deal. Still babies. The only people who think we're really old are five-year-olds". Keep subtracting four years right on down the line, and it doesn't change all that much. The only difference is that when I was a child I knew exactly who liked and disliked me. Now it's a little hard to tell.

There really is nothing more to be written, considering how this change called graduation is far more a birth than it is a death at this point in our lives. The adventure starts all over again and all I can say is, "see you later", while you're on your adventure and I'm on mine. In the meantime, be fine. Be fierce.

"To the Super heroes of BC and CU, you have taught me well. This one is for you."

Sae Yun Kim is a Barnard Scholar and Bulletin Commentator.



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