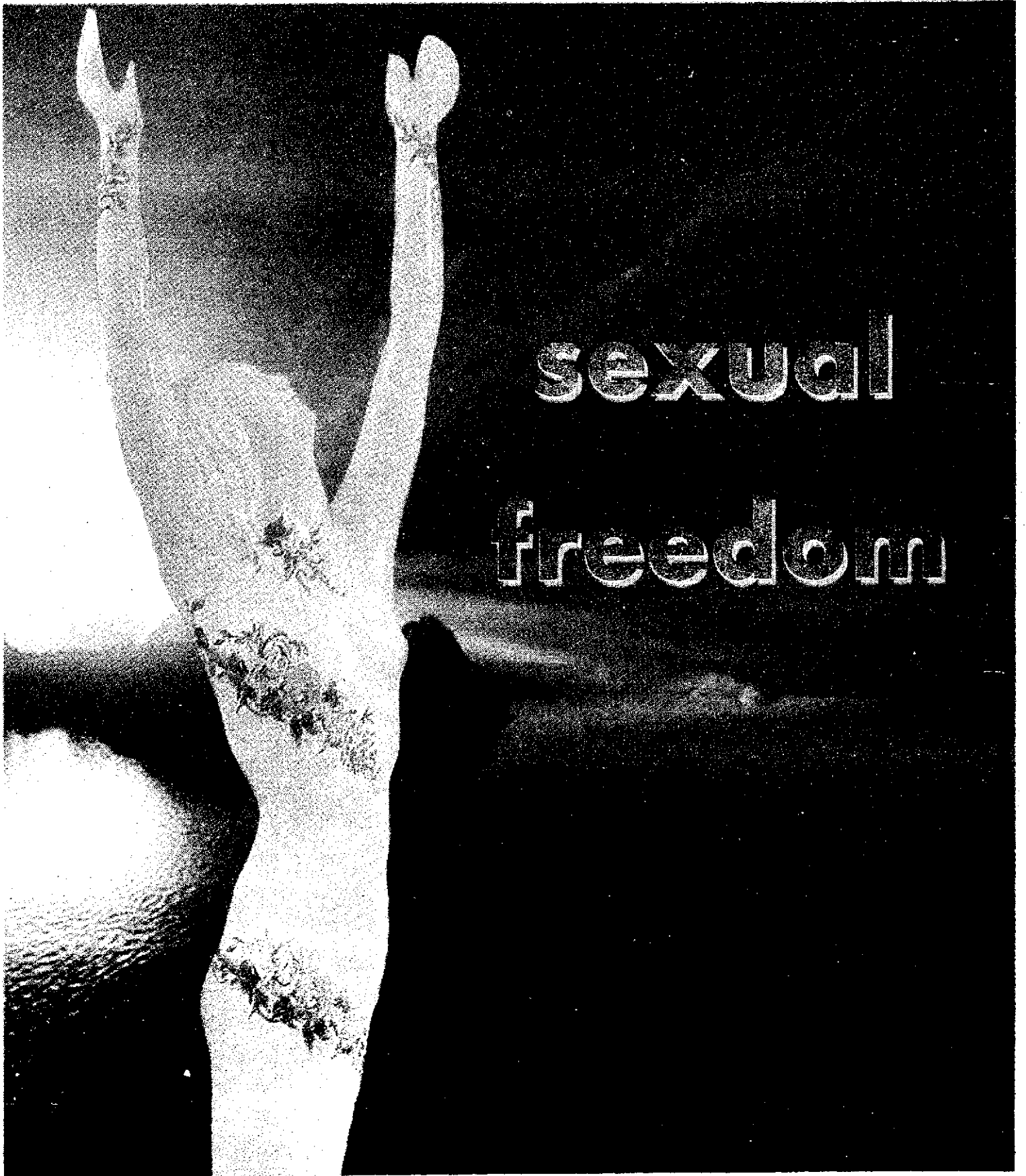


barnard bulletin

25 april 2002



sexual
freedom

letter from the editors

This brainchild was born late one night at the bulletin office. Somewhere between a filthy comment and a dirty joke, I squealed "Let's have a sex issue!" Somehow, the idea caught on, and, lo and behold, what do you hold in your hand but the bulletin sex issue (and hopefully nothing else).

In case you haven't noticed, this issue is dedicated entirely to sex and all things sexual. Yes. Hide in a bathroom stall to read this one, ladies. This is where all the late-night perversions that go on in our office come out in print. This is the bulletin that you don't want to show your grandma!

Not that I have any idea why sexual content is any reason to hide or censor printed material. Not that I can understand why anything consensual should be considered perversion. Not that I know what makes your grandmother's sex life so different from yours or mine (let's face it, the process hasn't changed much over the years). But hey, who am I to protest the idea of sex as wrong, immoral and something not to be spoken about. It is this idea that makes this issue so lusciously taboo.

I have to admit, I delight in taboo subjects. Most people, when they meet me think I am either perverted, frustrated, or both. Not that they are wrong. I do appreciate a naughty joke, and I am a devout practitioner of the art of innuendo. However, as much as sex – and all its nuances – fascinates me, I am even more fascinated by the way sex is reacted to in our society.

Despite our liberated time, despite the uninhibited atmosphere of New York City, despite the numerous sexual education opportunities available to us, startling amounts of people continue to pretend that sex doesn't exist. Sex is euphemized, whispered about, understated. Half the time, the word itself is repressed. "Hooking up." "Doing it." "Play." "Fooling around." I feel like I'm talking about a playtime activity here. (Well...)

I can appreciate the value of discretion. I can understand that some people prefer to keep their sex lives private. Sex can be a beautiful and intimate thing between people who love one another. However, sex – and all its derivatives – is a fact of life. Apparently (and unfortunately), this is a fact that some people don't know very much about.

Here, at Barnard, we are encouraged to be strong, liberated, independent women. And yet, it is shocking how many of us are poorly informed about something as basic as our own sexuality. How can we be liberated women if most of us refuse to acknowledge our own vaginas? How can a woman be independent if she knows nothing about masturbation, and depends on her partner for any sexual satisfaction?

How easily we can discuss issues of murder, suicide, terrorism and war. Yet we hesitate before mentioning one of the most natural things in the world. Earlier this year, Well Woman sponsored a workshop that attempted to demystify the female orgasm. Personally, I am not sure why the female orgasm should be shrouded in such mystery. I was stunned at how little most of the women at the workshop knew about their own bodies.

We needn't be intimidated by sexuality. We shouldn't be afraid to speak about it. How many rapes are followed by a humiliated silence from the victim? We shouldn't be afraid to explore it. How many women go through their entire lives without ever experiencing sexual satisfaction? What are we sacrificing our womanhood to?

And so, here is our issue on sex. And whether you are happily and openly sexual or still have a problem with the word, I hope it's good for you.

Renata Bystritsky & Thea Tagle
editors-in-chief

contributors

22 year old, big-hearted, booty-shaker seeking a lover who can teach me to play the harmonica, free style and moonwalk. Loves traveling to places without pseudo-feminist TV shows like *Sex in the City* and/or *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* but instead only reruns of the *Cosby* show. Especially after a hot man with an obsession for words and/or a really nice ass, who wants to sing me songs and give me foot rubs. If interested, show up at my doorstep with a St. Ide's special brew and a goofy grin. Password: rocksfar.

courtney martin

adrienne serbaroli

F seeking M
Potential Tae Kwon Do black belt seeks sensitive, emotional, naked Calvin Klein underwear model. Must not mind being springboard for flying sidekicks. Must not also be gay. Sparring gear a plus. Must be attractive enough to distract from thesis and black belt testing. Smokers need not apply.

barnardbulletin

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"Whose Streets? Our Streets!" TBTN Marches

by Karin Isaacson

"Columbia unite! Take back the night!"

If you were out on the night of Thursday, Apr. 18, you probably heard shouts like these echoing off the buildings that line the streets surrounding the Columbia and Barnard campuses, as members of the university community united in an annual demonstration against sexual and domestic violence.

People were invited to gather at the 117 St. gate at 7:45pm to orga-

nize. There, the members of the Take Back the Night organization (TBTN) and Columbia Men Against Violence (CMAV) handed out whistles and sold green and gray TBTN tee shirts to the crowd, while yellow armband-wearing marshals waited for the signal to begin the march.

Many members of the assembled crowd were first year students, such as Barnard's Mahsa Sohrab, who cited her reasons for attending the event. "I heard a lot of good things about [TBTN] from other people. I heard that it was really emotional, and because it's a cause I believe in, I thought I could make a difference by showing up and supporting the victims [of sexual violence]," she said.

Barnard senior, three-year marcher,

and former marshal Becky Porath underlines the importance of the annual march: "It's become a tradition at Barnard and Columbia."

The crowd was called to order amid much cheering, clapping, and shrill

that affects all of us."

"Together we are stronger. Together we have the power to stop the violence!" cried CMAV.

At that point, the men were asked to adjourn to Upper Level Macintosh for a short workshop. They were to join the women once the march passed through College Walk.

With that, the march was off. The banner-holders and marshals led the crowd onto Broadway to meet the New York Police Department escorts that were waiting for them. The group of women marched south on Broadway, west on 116 St., north onto Clare-



students march to take back the streets and their bodies

mont, headed east on 119 St., then south on Amsterdam Ave., east again on 118 St., went south on Morningside Dr., and finally headed west on 116 St. again to march through Columbia proper. The women paused in the middle of College Walk for a moment of silence.

After that, the female marchers met with the men as they continued west across Broadway. The march then snaked throughout Riverside Drive, 114 St., Amsterdam Ave., 111 St., and back up Broadway.

Many female marchers, like Porath, valued that specific portion of the march. "What's great is when the guys march with us," she said. "It's amazing to see that it's not just a women's issue."

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Through Morningside Hts.

Except during the moment of silence, the chanting never ceased. "Rape is a felony, even with CU ID!" cried marchers. "What do we want? Safe streets! When do we want them? Now!" A few demonstrators came complete with bongo drums. Different student organizations, including the Black Organization of Soul Sisters and Mujeres, brought their banners to the march to demonstrate their support of TBTN.

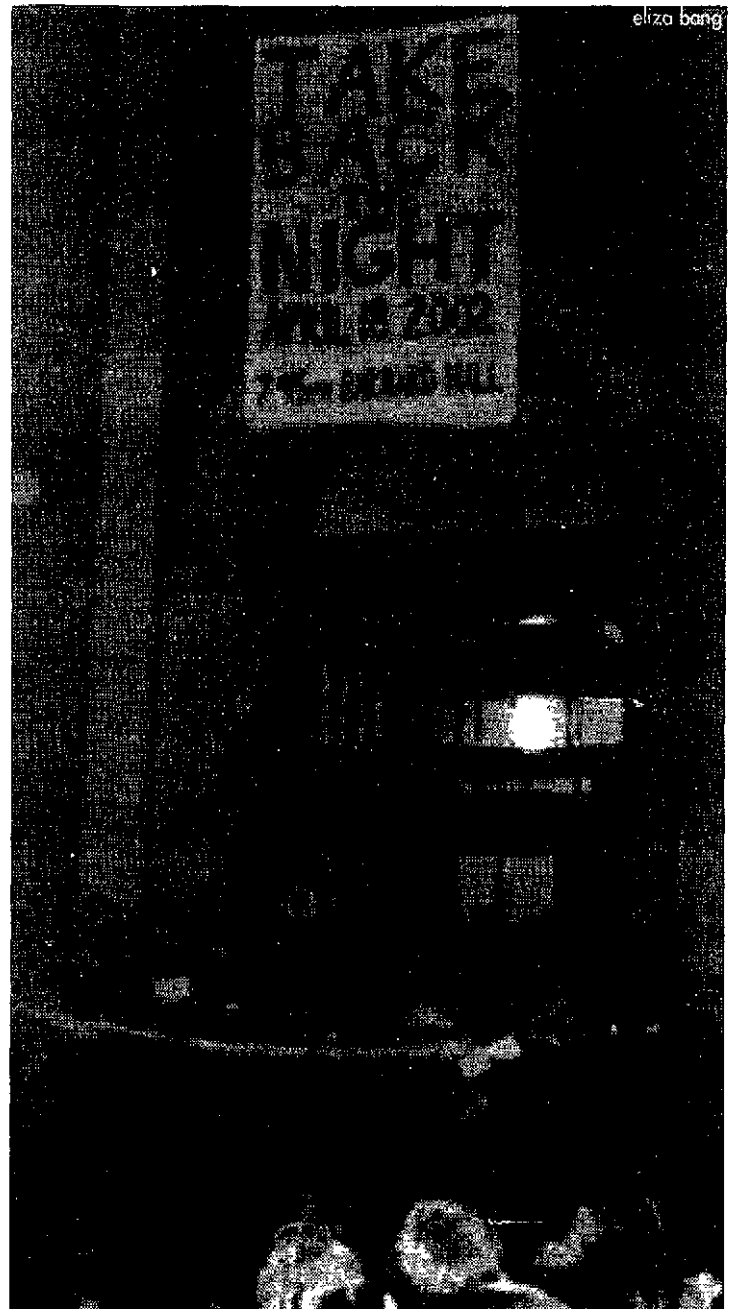
"I started chanting right from the beginning," said Sohrab. "People were crying and screaming. I would look back, see the huge group, and realized how important a cause it was, and how many people were willing to donate their time to it."

No matter where they went, the group of 750 marchers was met with awed stares. Some observers seemed jubilant, like the group of women on a balcony in 620 who were cheering and waving a Pride flag. Many Greek organizations hung banners on the front of their houses to show their solidarity in the fight against sexual violence, with some members watching from their porches.

Young and old Morningside Heights residents alike often stuck their heads out of windows, waving to the demonstrators down below. Passersby and observers who cheered alongside the students, such as one woman sitting outside Café Pertutti, were often applauded reciprocally en masse by the TBTN marchers.

After the march, a speak-out was held on Lehman Lawn for marchers to share their thoughts on sexual violence. Food was available in Upper Level Mac, courtesy of Aramark and Che Bella Pizza, among other local eateries. The Rape Crisis/Anti-Violence Center and Nightline were open for extended hours to provide counseling to those in need.

Karin Isaacson is a Barnard first year and the bulletin features editor



STUDENTS AGAINST SILENCE

BECAUSE ONE SUICIDE IN OUR COMMUNITY IS TOO MANY

THERE WILL BE A VIGIL HELD FOR THOSE WHOM WE HAVE LOST IN THE PAST YEAR ON
THURSDAY, APRIL 25 AT 7:00 PM
ON LEHMAN LAWN

bea**essentials**

CREATIVE WRITING READING Students in current Creative Writing courses will read from their works on Thursday, April 25, beginning at 6:30pm in Sulzberger Parlor. Everyone is invited.

SENIORS Please be sure to check the Commencement majors list posted on the Bulletin board of the Dean of Studies Office to make sure that your name and major are listed correctly. If you notice a problem or if your name doesn't appear and you believe that it should, please see Ms. Appel at the Center for Studies.

ADVANCE PROGRAM FILING FOR FALL 2002: Please read the Registrar's memo and the information on Barnard limited-enrollment courses. Programs must be entered online, and approved by your adviser online, by 4:30pm on April 30. Please check with your adviser early on to find out when s/he

will be available to meet with you.

ALL STUDENTS GOING ON STUDY LEAVE: Please fill out the study leave and waiver forms available at the Dean of Studies Office by Tuesday, April 30, or as soon as you are admitted to the program you will attend. Please submit this form in lieu of filing a program.

Pre-approved course forms due on last day of classes, Monday, May 6.

Please plan to attend the Study Abroad Pre-Departure meeting on Wednesday, May 8, 2002 from 5 to 6:30pm in Artschul Atrium. We will also be joined by the Admissions Office to discuss opportunities for speaking with prospective Barnard students who are abroad and by students who have returned from study leave who will share tips for going abroad.

digital divas: looking at porn? not me!

A bi-weekly column by RCAs—write to resnet@barnard.edu with computer-related questions. This week's Digital Diva is a total porn star!

Don't lie, you know you do it. Everyone looks at porn on the Internet. As true and perhaps widely accepted as that may be, it's still embarrassing when your friend asks to use your computer and stumbles upon your history list. Even worse, when a web address is auto-completed (i.e., your roomie types "L" to go to lycos.com, and the browser conveniently displays lesbosex.com in the address bar, along with any other dirty "L" websites you've been visiting) it may be even easier to be found out.

Here's how to cover your tracks:

1. Find the "Internet Properties" window for Internet Explorer. This can be accessed either by right-clicking the icon and choosing "Properties," or, if Internet Explorer is open, from the "Tools" menu by selecting "Internet Options."

2. Once this window is open, two tasks must be com-

pleted. First, clear the history (by clicking on the "Clear History" button). Then, delete the temporary internet files (by clicking on an equally self-explanatory button). When asked whether to delete all offline content, click "yes," in order to be completely thorough.

3. Now, right-click on the "My Computer" icon on the desktop and choose "Explore." Open the hard drive folder (usually drive C:), and then open the "Windows" folder found therein. Open the "Cookies" folder, and delete all files EXCEPT the first in the list, called "Index."

4. It's a good idea to also double-check the temporary internet files, which is in the same folder as "Cookies" (C:/windows/temporary internet files). This folder should be empty. If not, delete all the files inside.

Only in New York City is one able to find a bakery that gives new meaning to having your cake and eating it too. Located at 511 East 12th Street, between Avenues A and B, Masturbakers creates erotic and custom cakes for every occasion. For more information, visit www.masturbakers.com

wellwoman: it takes two to tango

For the sexuality issue, we here at the *bulletin* decided to give our readers something we could all use: some really good, multiple . . . Well Woman Q&As! (What were you thinking?) We would like to thank the ladies in 109 Hewitt for their double contribution to this issue and for having no fear of answering the tough ones, as well as for always looking out for the concerns of Barnard women. Keep up the good work!

Q All the dykes I know at Barnard are always talking about wanting to get laid, yet none of us are getting any! How can we effectively address this problem?

Horny & Confused

A This situation must be frustrating in more ways than one. In order to answer your question well I need to know more about what you are asking. Is it casual sex to release sexual frustration that you're after, or is it sex in a long term relationship? Sometimes peo-

ple are comfortable talking about this topic but a little shy to act on it, so the talking replaces the doing. I think you raise an important issue. We see lots on TV and the other media about how to flirt with men, how to be attractive to men and how to "get a guy", but we don't see very much, if anything, about how women can do the same with women. It all feels very risky and nobody wants to be rejected.

You ask how this problem can be addressed effectively. I'm not sure I have the answer, but communication is the first step and being

willing to take a risk the next. I would like to suggest that next fall you and your friends and "all the dykes you know at Barnard" come meet with us at Well-Woman and perhaps we can begin exploring some ways that you could have your needs met. Sometimes just having a safe, welcoming place to meet other like-minded people is all that's needed to get something going. If you would be interested in working on this contact us at Well-Woman before you leave for summer, so we can get some more of your ideas.

do hormones affect who I sleep with?

Q I had a really great Valentine's Day. I spent time with two really sweet darling guys, one who I truly adore, but went to bed with a scoundrel. Is this hormonal?

A If you are asking if there was a hormonal cause for your choosing to sleep with a "scoundrel," the answer is no. The decision was yours to make. Howev-

er, there are other factors that may have influenced your behavior. Alcohol and other substances will certainly affect our ability to choose what is best for us while under the influence. Furthermore, the way we feel and think about ourselves can also cause us to make poor choices.

If you want to examine why you slept with a man you don't admire, it may be wise/useful to seek counsel

from a third party. Student Counseling Services has many wonderful counselors to help you process your behavior. It's always a good idea to examine our lives especially when we find ourselves participating in unsatisfying behavior.

Remember, the door to the Well-Woman office (109 Hewitt) is always open and you can stop by anytime for confidential discussion.

"Well-Woman" is a weekly feature in the *bulletin*. The responses, written by the Well-Women Peer Educators, answer questions from members of the Barnard community. Questions may be submitted to the Well-Woman Office, 109 Hewitt. The information provided is for informational purposes only. Please take issues or medical concerns to your healthcare provider.

got a comment? we want to hear it.
email the *bulletin* at bulletin@barnard.edu



Summer Session

SESSION ONE
May 28-July 5, 2002

SESSION TWO
July 8-August 16, 2002

EARLY IN-PERSON REGISTRATION FOR BARNARD COLLEGE STUDENTS

April 22 – April 26, 2002
9:00 a.m.-5:00 p.m., 205 Kent Hall

www.ce.columbia.edu/summer

 **Continuing
Education**
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

Keep thinking.

BONDAGE, DISCIPLINE, SADISM, MASOCHISM

CONVERSIO VIRIUM

debunks BDSM Myths

by Karin Isaacson

If you perform a Google search for the phrase "BDSM," you should find yourself afloat in a sea of about 1,540,000 hits, the top ten of which is composed of pages ranging from the innocuous-sounding "BDSM Index" to the suggestive "BDSM Backroom" (hmm . . .). Add the phrase "Columbia University" to your existing search, however, and something very interesting pops up at number one: the *Conversio Virium* homepage.

Not that you'd ever think to do that, of course. Juxtapose the name of our precious alma mater, you say, with some of the most taboo sexual practices our culture has to offer? No sir, not me, never! (Hey, we're not here to accuse anyone.)

Conversio Virium, however, is here to do just that—every Monday night at 9 pm, they bring information on and a love for BDSM to 413 Hamilton in a continued effort to break down a little bit of the hush-hush atmosphere that surrounds the subject. That's right, BDSM stands for bondage, discipline, sadism, and masochism. And Hamilton Hall is here at Columbia, folks.

Maybe you're not picking your jaw up off the floor right now, though. You might be one of those savvy undergrads who have heard the whispers about this weird, secret S&M society on campus. I was one of you before I started my investigation—I'll admit it. What I found out from it, however, was that the organization is really something a little different.

Conversio Virium, according to their website, is Columbia University's Student BDSM Discussion Organization. To find out a little more about it, I met up with and interviewed their president, a Columbia College junior who asked that we refer to her as "just Rachel," at the Fed Bash on Saturday, Apr. 13

"*Conversio Virium* means 'exchange of power,' in Latin," she said. "It's a name that doesn't immediately go 'S&M!' We wanted to be subtle."

Visitors to their website will notice that it is not a pornography site, but instead an informative gathering of pages on the very active club's events, history, membership requirements, club-related services, and links to information about the BDSM community here in New York city and otherwise

Conversio Virium was founded approximately eleven years ago when a group of CU students realized the need for education and instruction in this area so that people who practiced

BDSM would know to do it safely

"It's not a support group," explained Rachel, "but the intent is for information more than play. The meetings are open to everyone [including alum and community members], and [attendance is] mainly friendship-based. There's not much of a club atmosphere. We don't need a huge power structure."

Atmosphere aside, *Conversio Virium* is a legitimate USO and SGA sponsored organization. They boast an executive staff of a president, vice-president, secretary, and treasurer.

Each weekly meeting of *Conversio Virium* has a different

theme. Most of these events and programs, such as Apr. 15's rope work and bondage discussion with area promoter Master Steelow, are organized by committees of volunteers

"We have a large number of guest speakers from the fetish community," said Rachel, noting that most of the contacts are picked up by members at goth parties. "We had the creator of Goffick Arts to do a demonstration how to make your own toys for people on a budget, a videographer of fetish parties, a fetish party coordinator, and a representative from the vampyre community"

But what about Columbia's Ivy League reputation? How does *Conversio Virium* get treat-

ed by the rest of the campus? "I haven't felt any prejudice or anything from the administration," she said. "And people who choose to come to New York City for school are pretty much cool with it"

Conversio Virium has a higher profile on the Columbia College campus than it does on the Barnard one, a fact that Rachel regrets. "Barnard just seems more open to it. There's a problem with advertising, though"

Rachel underlined the fact that not all *Conversio Virium* members are necessarily interested in the relationship between pleasure and pain. "It's more about experiencing different sensual sensations, like with blindfolds, tickling with feathers, using a fuzzy pair of handcuffs. For plenty of people, it's not sexual. The sensations are intense, but it's not necessarily pain"

So Barnard women are you dying to <<page 13>>



a bondage demonstration at an exciting *conversio virium* meeting

Sexhibition:

by Tara Coleman

Marchers and speakers in Take Back the Night, held last Thursday, expressed feeling a variety of mixed emotions—empowerment, nervousness, and anger—during the event. In the past, Take Back the Night has faced criticism on many levels because of the mixed feelings held by the community. Some of the issues surrounding this criticism have been resolved, such as the exclusion of men, who have now been marching for five years. Other critiques, such as the commonly held belief that the march consists of raging feminists condemning both men and the practice of sex, were more difficult to handle. Take Back the Night relies on an element of shock value in order to make its point. At the same time, its creators never intended to give off the impression that they were anti-male or anti-sex, despite what onlookers commonly believe. Two years ago, the TBTN



sexpert Carol Queen

march committee came up with a solution to this problem, resulting in an exciting, fun, slightly risqué counterpart to Take Back the Night which shows that anti-violence does not mean anti-sex. They called it Sexhibition.

Sexhibition is essentially a pro-sex fair, usually held the Monday after Take Back the Night. This year, it is to be held on Monday, April 29, and is co-sponsored by LEWD (Learning Exciting Ways to Do it), a working group of the Rape Crisis/Anti-Violence Support Center. The fair includes representatives from many different pro-sex groups from around campus and throughout New York City, as well as food and games. "The idea," according to Erika Levi, the treasurer of Take Back the Night and co-coordinator of LEWD, "is that a part of anti-violence work is healthy sexuality. TBTN often talks about the hard parts about this kind of work. Sexhibition is meant to show people that connection."

c o n -
sensual
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means
g o o d
s e x

Before Sexhibition was created, Take Back the Night sponsored a women's health fair to give TBTN supporters a way to channel the energy they gained at the march; the fair, however, had poor attendance. Shireen Barbay, BC '01, said, "After the intensity of Take Back the Night, the fair ended up hitting people with all this information on sexual violence again. We wanted to do something that would be fun but equally as important." So Barbay and her fellow TBTN committee members began Sexhibition.

In 2000, the first year it was held, Sexhibition took place on College Walk. At that time it was mostly about having a presence, says Levi. It was held on College Walk because issues of sexuality are usually only discussed in private, if at all. When an event takes place right out in public, people are forced to pay attention. College Walk, a highly visible area of the college, became a good place for questioning sexual

taboos of all kinds. Last year, however, Sexhibition was moved to Lehman Lawn, to test out the effect that Barnard campus and a more encapsulated area would have on the event; this year, Sexhibition will again be held on Lehman Lawn.

Sexhibition will feature tables from groups such as Blue Stockings, a women's bookstore from the city; Toys in Babeland, a female-owned and female-friendly sex shop; Everyone Allied Against Homophobia; Well Woman; Alice!; and others. There will also be games such as Genitalia Twister, Dildo Ring Toss, and Pin the Clit on the Vulva that participants can play.

Another aspect of Sexhibition that the creators hope to make a tradition is the inclusion of a featured guest speaker. This year's speaker is Carol Queen, a sex educator from the Bay Area who has written books such as *Exhibitionism for the Shy* and edited anthologies such as *Whores and Other Feminists* (in which she also wrote "Sex, Radical Politics, Sex-Positive Feminist Thought and Whore Stigma"). She has direct experience in sex work, and discusses what feminists can learn from that work. She has been active in her field from the 1980s until now, accumulating extensive experience along the way. Queen will be featured in two events. The first, to be held on Friday, April 26, will discuss how to develop ideas about consent in a sex-positive setting; this event is for administrators and students involved in peer

education and outreach, as well as the leaders of campus organizations. The second event, to be held the Monday of Sexhibition at 7:30 pm, will be about "how to talk dirty, and how to make sex communication sexy. In other words, how to include consent into sex to make it better," says Levi.

One of the main themes of Sexhibition is consent. The activists behind this event believe that by giving people the skills they need to engage in consensual sex, they increase their chances of having positive sexual experiences, instead of having those that are uncomfortable and run the risk of becoming violent or ending in rape. Part of learning how to say no is learning how to say yes. That is a big part of why LEWD joined the planning and running efforts of Sexhibition this year. "It is partially because TBTN just needed help putting on another event so close to the march this year, but also because LEWD does so much of its work around consent, that we are sharing the sponsorship of Sexhibition with them," said Priscilla Caldwell, the co-coordinator of Take Back the Night.

As Sexhibition moves into its third year, the hope is that it will continue to grow and develop. "Sexhibition far surpassed my expectations," says Barbay, "and I think it has the potential to really grow in the years to come."

Tara Coleman is a Barnard first year and the bulletin arts editor

Dimensions presents:

COSA

a Celebration of South Asia

April 25th, Thursday

7:30pm

Altschul Atrium

Featuring: Uttara Coorlawala of the Barnard Dance Department; Amanda Weidman, Anthropology graduate of Columbia

Discuss aspects of changes in styles of music and dance in South Asia, through colonial, post-colonial and present times.

Informal setting. Some audience involvement!

Mo' MONEY, MOSEX



a racy new museum comes to new york

by Joyce Liu

New York has never been afraid to flaunt its sexuality – from the bawdiness of the infamous Red Light District to the posh and frankness of the downtown gay population. Recently, however, the fascination with sex seems to have reached a new echelon. Sex and sexuality have become not only topics of recreational interest, but also topics of mainstream academic interest. Along with the myriad of new books recently published with a sexual theme (such as *The Art of the Female Vagina*) and the ever-rising popularity of HBO's *Sex and the City*, museums such as the Metropolitan Museum of Art have offered exhibits such as *Surrealism Desire Unbound* and *Earthly Bodies: Irving Penn Nudes*. The exhibits act, unbeknownst to many museum-goers, as a preview for two soon-opening sex museums in Manhattan.

The Museum of Sex (MoSEX for short) is the first such museum of its kind, and is currently being constructed on an inconspicuous corner of Fifth Avenue and East 27 Street. The architectural design of the museum itself is quite innovative. From an aerial view, the museum is L-shaped and undulating. The form of the human body inspires this sensual curvature. The material that forms the building is also seemingly organic; the undulating glass wall and alternately translucent inner walls are analogous to a person's skin and skeletal structure. The translucent walls, which serve to separate the various exhibits inside the museum, certainly incite anticipation as one sees the next installation in silhouette fashion. Indeed, the museum, with its curves and semi-transparency, is one big seduction. To add an obligatory modern flair, huge metallic letters spelling out

MoSEX line one periphery of the L.

Businessman Daniel Gluck and curator Alison Maddex are the co-creators of the MoSEX project. Gluck previously managed a software company, and Maddex is best known for her 1993 phallus-exalting exhibit. (Ironically, she is the longtime lover of Camille Paglia.) Gluck eloquently sums up the goal of the museum: "We want to run the whole gamut of understanding culture through sex." Procuring the funds for such an extensive project has been a difficult task for the pair. Even institutions such as Playboy were hesitant to make a contribution to MoSEX. The New York Board of Regents had qualms about officially labeling MoSEX as a nonprofit organization, fearing that it would make a mockery of the current institution of museums. But ever since the inception of MoSEX's website (www.mosex.com) the project has

acquired about one million dollars in private investments and loans

The real question that inevitably follows is: Will the contents of the museum attract enough museum-goers to sustain itself? What exactly will lie behind all of that fancy exterior, and what exhibits can live up to the museum's irresistible appeal? Daniel Gluck, the president and executive chief, has as grand of plans for the interior as he did for the glamorous exterior. Dubbing it the "Smithsonian of Sex," he says the museum plans to explore the "the history and evolution of human sexuality." In other words, the museum is not so much interested in sex per se, but rather in the peculiar, and sometimes bizarre, ways that society and different cultures have reacted to sex.

And watch out: this sex museum is taking the high road. Pure pornography



Frank and John by Michael Rosen

need not apply. Maddex is concentrating her efforts on continuing her recruitment of such experts as distinguished scientists, sex historians, doctors, anthropologists,

and psychologists. Her list of academic endorsers includes Valerie Steele, chief curator of the Fashion Institute of Technology's museum and author of *Fetish*; and well-known Rutgers University anthropologists, Helen Fisher and Lionel Tiger. A little star power never hurt, either. Maddex has already acquired the endorsement of celebrities such as comedian Sandra Bernhard, *Politically Incorrect* host Bill Maher; exhibitionist performance artist Annie Sprinkle; and fashion designer Todd Oldham.

The museum plans to have a permanent collection of "sex objects" on display. This description, however, is misleading. Sex objects include not only the mundane dildos or vibrators, but also anti-masturbation devices used by mental institutions during the Victorian era and the "bundling board" – a Puritan-era bed that was constructed to prevent couples who would sleep in the same bed from engaging in any sexual activity. There will also be virtual recreations of historic brothels. Other planned exhibits include "Cagey City: History of Sex in New York City," designed by the artist Louise Bourgeois; "Future Sex;" "Lawful Sex" (about the "evolution of obscenity law and sexual freedom in the United States from the 1700s to the present," explains Gluck); and the blockbuster "Sex in America." Until the museum opens, Gluck and Maddex will be using temporary places, such as cafes and galleries, to house some exhibitions.

An offshoot of the original MoSEX project is the website www.sexmuse.net. It is co-founded by Alison Maddex, and is an open forum where people can sell their erotic works online. Like the pio-



Nipple Bite by Tony Ward

neering MoSEX, it is the first of its kind in the online trade sector. Its objective is to be the premiere website for new artists to display their erotic work. Sex objects are also welcome. The website does not require an upfront fee for displaying work, but does charge a standard commission fee if the work is sold. The website offers an art gallery, collectibles, sex art expo section, and a section on certain artists. Maddex and her co-founders hope to open a sex museum of their own next spring.

With these fine prospects online and coming to New York, sex is well on its way to becoming a major and legitimate venue for a subject of much artistic and historic fascination.

Joyce Liu is a Columbia first-year

Conversio Virium's homepage at <http://www.columbia.edu/cu/cv/> to find out about upcoming events and meetings.

Karin Isaacson is a Barnard first year and the bulletin features editor

<<page 9>>

attend but scared your suitemates in Plimpton will have a cow? Rachel stressed that the main rule of Conversio Virium is confidentiality. According to their website, "Conversio Virium's meetings and activities are a safe space for BDSMers... People with concerns about

the impact of their own BDSM-related feelings are encouraged to explore them with us."

And at this point, dear readers, we leave it up to you to do the rest! If you like what you hear and want to save yourself a Google search, you can visit

Kissing Jessica Stein

not bold enough to break boundaries

by Tara Coleman

After watching the newly released film *Kissing Jessica Stein*, one can easily imagine a group of lesbians trashing the theater and a group of straight men leaving it quite satisfied. It is one of those movies that not only perpetuates stereotypes, but also creates new ones. Although it was neither badly done nor lacking in entertainment value,

the film left me wondering at the end- what are

they trying to say? It is supposed to be a feel-good movie about taking risks, with the message of "how you never know things about yourself until you try them." At the same time, it sacrifices a lot of sensitivity to the issue of homosexuality and the stigmas already attached to it for the expense of entertainment, and any attempts the film makes to qualify what it does are shallow.

Kissing Jessica Stein is about a twenty-something woman named Jessica (Jennifer Westfeldt), who is perfectly happy with every aspect of her neurotic life as a copy editor at the *Tribune* in New York City except for one thing- men. She has had extreme difficulty in the dating pool, and it all comes to a head one day when she is told off by old lover and co-worker, Josh (Scott Cohen), who points out her propensity to analyze men with the same fervor (and underlying insecurity) that she uses for a newspaper article. That, in fact, is her problem when it comes to looking for a partner who will make her happy.

Meanwhile, there is Helen (Heather Juergensen), an assistant director of a posh art gallery in Chelsea, who has had no trouble finding men to sleep with her and fawn all over her, but who can't seem to find the one person that can satisfy her emotional

needs. She decides to put out a personal ad in the women seeking women section to find someone to fill that gap. Jessica, of course, stumbles across this ad when her friend reads it aloud to her. The Rainer Maria Rilke quote that Helen uses in her ad is a favorite of Jessica's, and even when she finds out that the personal was written by a woman, she still decides to investigate. At their first meeting, Jessica flips out entirely

"Did you know that

and tries to escape, but once she realizes



lesbians accessorize?"

that Helen has also been primarily with men, she decides to stay and they have a great night of conversation. At the end of the night, when Jessica is still convinced that she's not ready for a relationship, Helen surprises her by kissing her in the middle of the street. The next day, Jessica decides to give it a try.

The whole introduction to the relationship makes perfect sense. Everyone is allowed to experiment in his or her life at some point. From that point on, however, my frustration with the movie continued to mount. Jessica, exemplifying the journalistic spirit, shows up to their first private date with books about lesbian sex, talking

at hyper-speed about hardcore lesbian sex, strap-ons, and more. Helen calms Jessica, by suggesting they take it one step at a time, which ends up being more of a mistake than a wise suggestion. Their subsequent dates involve only kissing and little touching of any sort for over a month. As cute and innocent as their initial awkwardness may seem, Jessica's continuing nervousness and giddiness is childlike and perpetuates what many people like to think of lesbians - cutesy girls giggling and kissing at the same time. Comments are made, such as "did you know lesbians accessorize?," that do not help matters much, nor does the scene where Jessica first deems a kiss a success, then awkwardly high-fives Helen.

As their relationship progresses, the two get more serious about each other, but neither ever tries to reconcile with what this may mean for their sexual identities or their futures. Wouldn't a person suddenly involved in a monogamous relationship feel that they should stop to consider such things?

A scene takes place around this point between Helen and two gay friends; it is a valuable attempt

to reconcile the conflict portrayed in the film. One friend argues that Helen is an embarrassment to the gay community, because she flaunts her experiment to others as if it were not a serious issue for anyone else in the world. The other friend claims, "an orgasm is an orgasm," and that everyone is allowed to experiment. This gets to the heart of the problem: experimentation is fine, but at what cost? The rest of the film is clear in its answer.

Even though it shows Jessica going through the struggle of allowing Helen into every part of her life, such as when she introduces Helen as her girlfriend at a family wedding, the film still eases around the issue of defining sexuality. Jessica never has to explain anything. <<page 30>>

Funny how many sexual songs you can come up with when you've got sex on the brain... Here's a list of the bulletin's favorite songs about, well, you know...

the faint - "casual sex" neutral milk hotel - "song against sex" dead kennedys- "kinky sex makes the world go round" ghostface killah - "child's play" jane's addiction - "sex is violent" pulp- "this is hardcore" the need - "oh sally, how's it feel with a fake hand" the stoness - "sex drive" soft cell - "sex dwarf" sly and the family stone - "sex machine" new order - "temptation" akinyele - "put it in my mouth" erasure - "waiting for sex" superchunk - "phone sex" too \$hort - "invasion of the flat booty bitches" pat benatar - "sex as a weapon" james - "laid" notorious big - "cars and sex" dr dre - "i just wanna fuck (you)" lou reed - "sex with your parents" madonna - "justify my love" weezer- "tired of sex" george michael- "i want your sex" juvenile - "juvenile on fire" clem snide- "joan jett of arc" eels- "i like birds" salt n pepa - "let's talk about sex" tribe 8 - "barnyard poontang" color me badd - "i wanna sex you up" bright eyes - "the city has sex" berlin - "sex (i'm a...)" spinal tap - "sex farm woman" lil' kim - "suck my dick" andrew w.k. - "make sex" dicks - "off duty sailor" peaches - "fuck the pain away" liz phair - "fuck and run" pansy division - "touch my joe camel" tenacious d- "fuck her gently" momus- "coming in a girl's mouth" raekwon feat. method man, ghostface killah, cappadonna - "ice cream" method man - "sweet love" cex- "florida is shaped like a droppy dick" marvin gaye- "let's get it on" tori amos- "icicle" rod stewart- "do ya think i'm sexy" third sex - "love in the basement" missy elliot - "one minute man" bailboy - "sex is boring" beck - "sexx laws" rolling stones - "(i can't get no) satisfaction" ludacris - "freaky thangs" the dismemberment plan - "girl o'clock" beatles - "why don't we do it in the road?" magnetic fields - "let's pretend we're bunny rabbits" erykah badu - "kiss me on my neck" the gossip - "hott date" black box recorder- "the facts of life" the clash- "lover's rock" the doors- "light my fire" dead prez- "mind sex" big pun - "uncensored" dj assault - "dick by the pound" 112 - "peaches & cream" the donnas- "40 boys in 40 nights" r. kelly - "feelin' on your booty" bjork- "all is full of love" foxy brown - "ill na na" xzibit feat. method man & jayo felony - "pussy pop" nelly furtado- "turn off the lights" mystikal - "pussy crook" bikini kill - "i like fucking" nas - "big girl" snoop dogg - "groupie" big l - "who you slidin' wit?" god is my co-pilot - "you smell like sex" portishead- "glory box" red hot chili peppers- "breaking the girl" marcy playground- "sex and candy" a tribe called quest- "hot sex on a platter" tricky- "sex drive" james brown- "sex machine" heavy d- "nothing but love" limp-wrist - "i love hardcore boys/i love boys hardcore" right said fred- "i'm too sexy" hooverphonics- "2 Wicky" tha LOX - "bitches from eastwick" chris isaak- "wicked game" dave matthews band- "crash into me" sneaker pimps- "six underground" divinyls- "i touch myself" violent femmes- "blister in the sun" basement jaxx- "romeo" white town- "your woman" tweet- "oops (oh my)" sublime- "caress me down" q tip- "vibrant thing" jeff buckley- "lover you should've come over" bob dylan- "i want you" phranc - "female mudwrestling"



I

want
your

SEX

...and other love songs

come on baby... Light my fire

Okay, so maybe it is incredibly morbid to say that a dead man embodies sex for you (I'm sure Freud would have a frightening thing or ten to say about that), but I just can't help myself from choosing Mr. Otis Redding as my sex god. If you have ever heard "These Arms of Mine," released in 1962, you can understand why.

First of all, he started out as a choir singer in his father's Baptist church. Yeah, that's right, a preacher's son. There is nothing more arousing than the idea of being turned on by someone who is absolutely not supposed to arouse you. Period.

Second reason why Otis gets my goat: he wrote all of his own songs. As a writer, and a girl who is highly disgusted at how many artists use stupid ghost writers that end up producing lame lyrics anyway, this is a definite turn-on. Rumor has it he was actually sitting on a dock on a bay in San Francisco when he wrote "Sitting on the Dock of the Bay." The guy was for real. And I, for real, wish I could have been dipping my toes in that bay and holding the hand that wasn't writing furiously, dock splin-

Otis Redding

ters in the ass and all.

Final and most fundamental, there is just no topping a blues man when it comes to sex. A blues man automatically has all the precursors for good sex: he can dance his ass off, he has a smile that makes you want to

take your pants off, his perfectly rounded seventies afro screams pimp, and he has big hands (okay, so maybe I don't know anything about how big Otis' hands were, but a girl can fantasize.) And the voice... Otis' voice is better than kisses in an elevator. Enough said.

was
a
sex
god

Courtney E. Martin



Jennifer Nettles

Embodiment of Sex:

"Oh my god, she's sitting at the bar. Look!" I directed my friend's gaze towards the third stool from the left at the Eddie's Attic bar. There, Jennifer Nettles— musician, singer, and my newest god-on-earth— sat, drinking a tall glass of water from which condensation dripped profusely (it was hot in the bar), and playing with some cigarette stubs in an ashtray beside her. As I stared slack-jawed at her she watched television news and made intermittent conver-

sation with the bartender.

"She's sitting right there. Do you think I should go talk to her?" I asked my friend, and as we went to find seats, I started rooting in my bag to find my CD. I had made up my mind. I was going to talk to Jennifer, under the guise of asking for her autograph.

I could pretend as though my admiration was rooted solely in my respect for her musical ability. But it's not. To tell the truth, Jennifer Nettles is sex-

Which musical Artists turn you on?

When I think of sex, drugs, and rock and roll I think of only one person: Joan Jett. Joan Jett's sex appeal lies in the entirety of her being. She is a physical marvel with a gorgeous, muscular body and sultry eyes, but it's her rock and roll that won my heart. Her music overflows with a raw power that emits her sexuality.

The first time I ever heard Joan Jett play "Bad Reputation," I was awestruck. She captured every emotion I had ever felt in the chords she played. Her voice screamed of strength and authority. Joan Jett explodes with beauty and revolution as she sings about the kind of things good girls only dream about.

Her songs encompass the rebellion inside every girl, the little girl turned cherry bomb. Her lyrics call out for women to be independent and to cast off society's expectations. Instead of being a plaything for men, she treats men like objects that exist solely for her pleasure. I always felt like Joan Jett was singing only to me, telling me to be the rebel and not worry about what others demand of me. She doesn't

want to act the way the world wants her to act; she wants to act in her own way.

Joan Jett didn't use her body to sell records or get recognition the way many female artists did. She looked inside herself to create music with substance, and never let anyone else tell her how to write or play music; she never betrayed her music to get ahead. It was her talent, not her cleavage, that propelled her to fame, and that's why I can still look back on the times I spent listening to her and know that her music inspired me to be the strong person I am today, rather than just inspiring me to flaunt my femininity. Joan Jett is not only the woman I fantasize about being with; she's the woman I fantasize about being.

-Devika Mitra



Joan Jett

she is the stuff that fantasies are made of. When I saw what she was wearing (red leather pants and a tight black tank top), I almost drowned in a pool of drool.

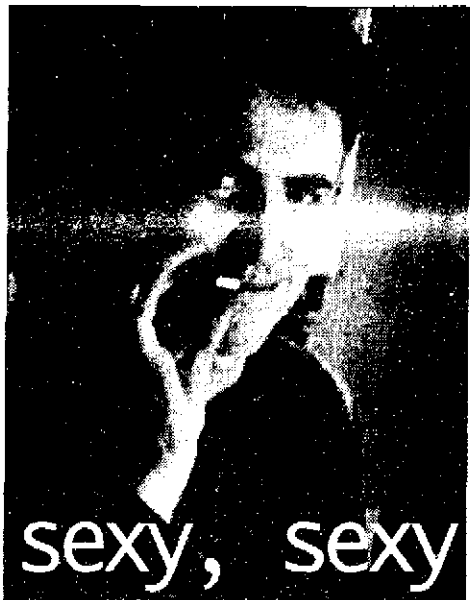
With a voice from the gods and a way of sounding as though she's moaning in every song she sings. Nettles and her concerts are like foreplay. Heavy foreplay. When the tiny beads of sweat glean from her shoulder/neck area as she's holding her hair back and talking to the audience in that sly southern accent, I often find myself biting my lip so hard in frustration that

it bleeds. I've always had a thing for leather pants, but on her, something about the way they fall on the curve of her hip makes me want to rush the stage—and not to crowd surf. It helps that she's so talented, dedicated, and determined to forge a career for herself despite the fact that no major labels are biting (for artists of the folk-rock genre, it can be tough).

But nothing is more of a draw than those red leather pants.

-Anna Schwartz

ROCKS
me



The wild Billy Childish is one of those few delightful people in this world who are truly sexy-pants because of talent, creativity, and productivity. That stoner you like may be cute, but has he made more than 1000 paintings, more than 150 musical releases, more than 40 books of writing and poetry, started the label/publishing house Hangman, and edited hella fanzines in the past 20 years? Ha ha ha... I win, because Billy Childish is the best.

As a musician, Billy (of

Billy Childish

Chatham in England) darling is most popular for his work with The Headcoats, The Mighty Ceasars, The Milkshakes, and The Buff Medways. He also played backup music with the rest of The Headcoats for their girl-group counterpart, The Frump-

ies.

To the best of my knowledge, Billy isn't married (yay!), but is pretty damn notorious for dating British artist Tracy Emin. She was the lady in that "Sensations" exhibit at the Brooklyn Museum a few years ago who made a tent with the names of everyone she'd shared a bed with sewed on it. Of course, Darling Billy's name was there. By his name, she sewed "His artwork is stuck. He is stuck, stuck, stuck." So Darling Billy responded to this by starting a kind of anti-conceptualist art called "Stuckism." All this seems to be a pretty big deal in England.

True, the only visual art he makes is traditional paintings and prints, and all his songs seem to be either blues or rock 'n roll. But that's why he's so great — he thinks originality and the idea of artist as genius is a hod full of shit and isn't afraid to say so. That's why he still calls himself an amateur artist/musician/poet, although he's been making stuff forever and he's like 43 or something, dude.

Ja, and it's so good to know Tracy Emin's now out of the picture. Billy Childish, I want to marry you!

-Ann Everton

Mick is sex. Mick was sex in 1962, when he pretended to be way lower class than he was, sneered, and came up with a pseudo-Cockney semi-comprehensible drawl that made every word he sang sound like sex. Mick has been sex ever since 1967, when he was arrested for drugs and waved to the camera, in handcuffs, with a "Mick Is Sex" pin on his belt buckle. Mick is still sex, even now that he is a gentleman rock star who doesn't smoke, with love children and paternity lawsuits, gray hair, a plethora of wrinkles and a new album that sold, like, nothing.

Why? The lips, of course, the laughably huge curling masses of lip that look pretty obscene even before Mick opens his mouth and starts hitting on the mic. And yeah, there's the skinny, skinny ass and the twitching hips and the way he moves his body like he's under a spell. Above all else, though, it's the voice, Mick making it sound like he's singing only to you, like you matter more than anything. Like when he shrieks he needs you more than ever, he means it. But at the same time, he knows it's the other way around, that time... time... time is on his side, that you're under his thumb (ha), that when he



SOULMAN'S SEX

lets out one of those half-breath half-moan things at the beginning of a word, you're all his.

As Mick would embody sex alone, he requires Keith and Charlie and whoever else is around, to make the guitars whine and wail and the drums throb (yow!) and the backup vocals to convince you to abandon all resistance. Case in point: the eight minute live version of "Midnight Rambler." The band starts off tight as hell, then breaks down into an endless jam, slowing almost to a halt, then a sneaky lead guitar comes back in with a painfully beautifully slowed down series of bends and double-stops, the bass slides around, and gradually, at just the right moment, Mick whines, "Well you've heard about the Boston..." At that moment, he, the drums, bass, and all guitars make a collective "UUUUUUUUUU" in what can only be described as an orgasm.

-Tanya Cooper

Sex = Bjork

Not quite a woman, but not a little girl either, she is the ultimate embodiment of sexuality. Bjork has never used her body to sell her music, and her artistic integrity despite changing trends in music is commendable. When I first saw her cooking eggs in her video for "Venus as a Boy," it was love at first sight. Seeing her in concert sealed the deal on my infatuation. Dancing around in her swan dress, and yelping with an impish grin on her face, she displayed her amazing musical ability and girlish enjoyment of her art.

For those who think it is impossible to view Bjork as a sexual being, try watching the video for "All is Full of Love," and just try to tell me she's not the hottest thing ever. Even as a robot.

Bjork is everything I dream of and dream to be.

Bjork is sexy not just because of aesthetic qualities; her strength of character is incredibly beautiful in and of itself. The fact that she has raised a son on her own shows her determination and devotion. She has worked so hard to protect her family's privacy—even kicking a prying journalist's butt when the woman got too close to her son!—unlike many artists, who could care less about their children's well-being.

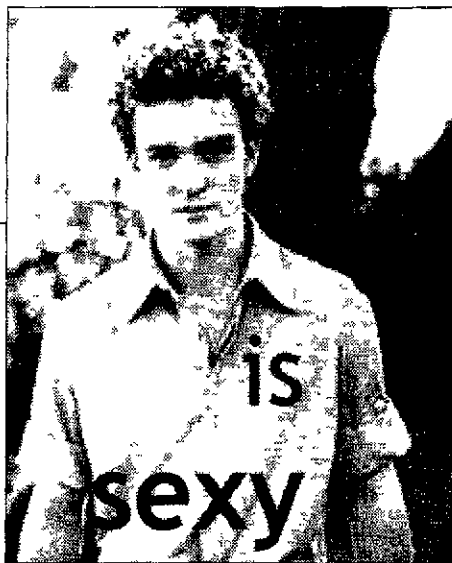
Beautiful, creative, and with a mean streak if necessary—Bjork rocks my world. The end!

—Thea Tagle



pure
& simple

come on, you know you think so...



justin timberlake

When the pop world's biggest star is a slave for you, what exactly is your title? Perhaps "Mr. Justin Timberlake" fits the bill appropriately enough, for lack of a more glitzy designation. I know I shouldn't say it—Justin is a pop artist, for goodness sake! And I don't believe that 'NSYNC has gained "street credibility," even if the Neptunes and Nelly have pimped themselves out in order to cater to the whims of teenage consumerism.

Even so. Justin Timberlake is sexy. Sexy even after he announced that he would sell out his "bandmates" (I use this term lightly) in 'NSYNC in order to strike out on a solo career. Does Justin bank on his good looks? He doesn't need to with

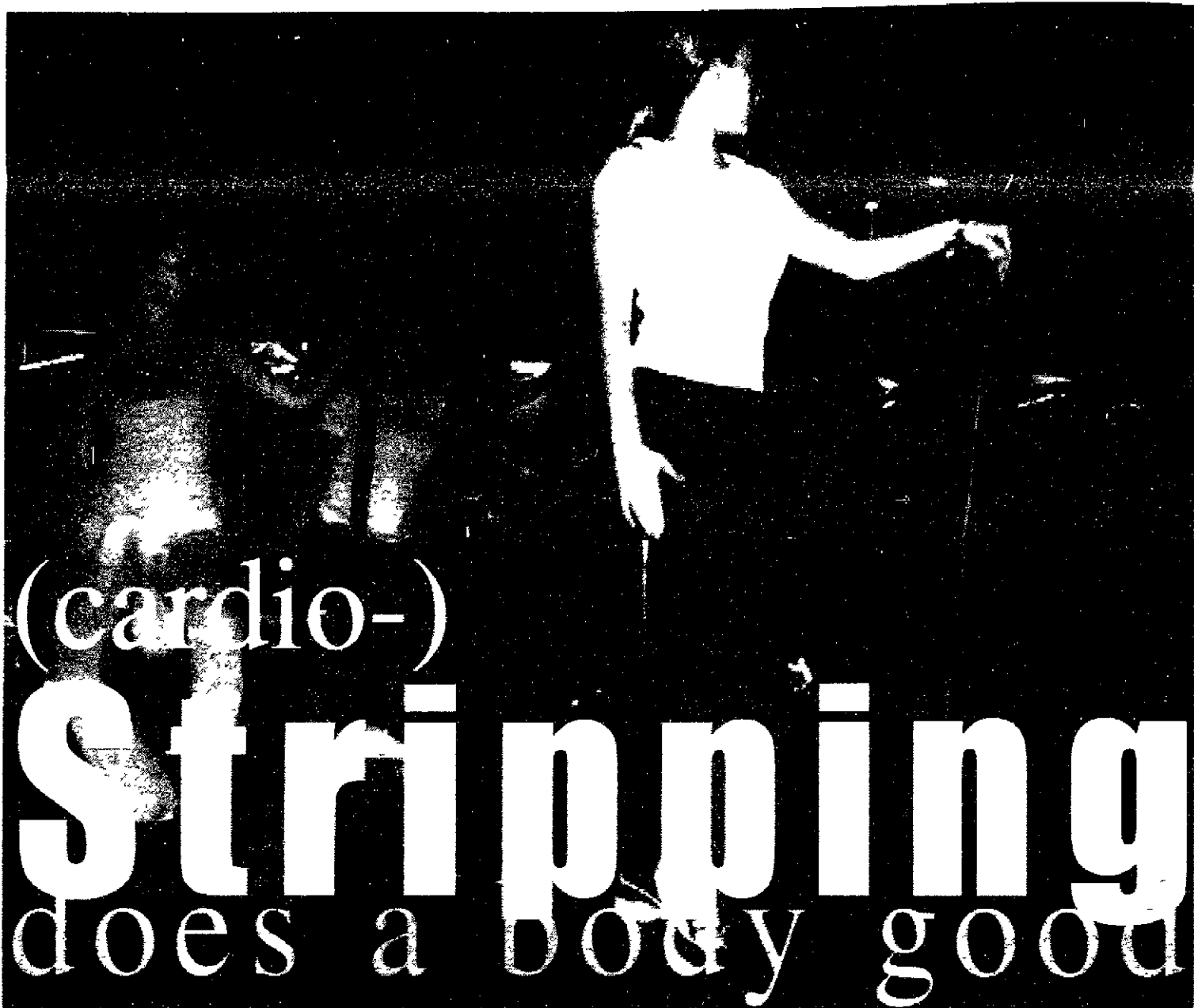
a sexy body that even Britney couldn't resist. But luckily for Justin, his main appeal, in my mind, are his pipes. The boy can sing, wouldn't you know? What used to be whiny and trembling to my ears a few years ago sings me sweetly to sleep now, as Justin sings the lyrics to "Gone." Not only does Justin sing the lyrics, he wrote them as well. Meaning? The boy can write love songs! What girl doesn't appreciate the sexiness of that?

Even non-'NSYNC fans, who shall remain nameless, watch Justin sing (on mute) as the "Gone" video rolls on MTV. For someone trying to extol the sexy virtues of

Justin, perhaps I should know your entire video repertoire. I don't, but the pictures of him in People are enough to make me swear that boy is the definition of sexy

So, go ahead—mock if you will, but Justin Timberlake is still the sexiest man in the fickle land of pop

—Alison Wayne



(cardio-)
Stripping
does a booty good

by Madeline Vivian Loh

So you are interested in making a couple grand in your spare time, or maybe you just want to put on a little striptease the next time you have a date with that special someone. In either case, you've got to have the moves to have your audience begging for you to take it all off.

With stripping culture making it into the mainstream, there has been a phenomenal presence stripping has had on our entertainment. From Demi Moore's stint in *Striptease* to the success of *The Full Monty*, and then to the new reality series of HBO (à la *The Real World*, *The G-String Diaries*, who couldn't be convinced that strippers are the new glorified lifestyle? With music stars such as Nic Roxas and Big Sol of Outkast, whose mansion includes a gold plated pole with fistfuls of hundred dollar bills, who couldn't be convinced that stripping is an easy grand or two in a night?

I sure was. In the privacy of my own room, I tried learning every move Demi Moore pulled. I tried finding a pole to slide upside down on, I practiced so much that the couple who lives across the airshaft from me had to move out. But that doesn't

mean that I had my set down. My biggest problem was taking off my clothes. Isn't that what stripping is about anyways? Being the klutz that I am, I managed to somehow look like a big buffoon with my shirt still on my head, and with pants turned inside out stuck on my socks — I'm sure I'd be turned off watching myself strip. And then I found salvation in a *Playgirl* Man of the Month. Okay, not really.

Crunch gyms offer a highly reviewed class with a self-explanatory title: Cardio-Strip. The once a week class is offered at two of their New York locations and is almost always fully booked. The aerobic class offers a little bit of everything, but it's chock full of sex appeal. Structured around an aerobic exercise, the class also uses small weights with a lot of reps (to tone, not bulk). Rather than targeting specific areas of the body, Angel, a.k.a. Mr. Playgirl (a.k.a. Mr. Third - Degree Black Belt) emphasizes the use of the body to feel sexy. Working on areas like the chest, booty, and tummy, Angel creates a well-rounded workout. I dragged Thea, our bulletin co-editor-in-chief, along for some emotional support, and I know both of us were hurting the next day. Enough technicalities, let's get to the good part.

After half an hour of aerobic exercise, butt squeezes, and

Angel's infectious dance counts, he tones it down and we start on the choreography. This was the part that the movies never taught me. Stripping isn't about getting all your clothes off. Stripping is the art of seduction. Stripping is making the audience believe that they can get what the stripper won't give. Not being one to play games, I didn't have a clue as to what Angel was talking about. And then he showed us the moves. Rather than just swaying my hips to the beat and taking off clothes, we were taught to use our hands in directing attention. From sucking on our fingers to running them down the sides of our breasts, and then trailing them back up our tummies, I was getting myself all hot and bothered while watching the mirror. Rather than just pulling off my shirt, clothing removal was divided up into intricate steps with specific hand placement.

I also learned that men aren't very interested in seeing bush. They would appreciate the behind more than the front. And so, after the top comes off, the logical thing is to turn your back on your audience and to tease them with the waistband. Because seduction is key, it's totally fine to pull down the waistband, and then proceed to put it back. Or you can pull a personal favorite of mine: pull out your g-string so the sides are above your waistband line (Aaliyah had incredible style) and have your audience tip you while you snap the elastic

back to your skin. Despite being a little hetero-centric, the class was more enjoyable than I had anticipated. Since I was working out in front of other people (Dodge doesn't count) and dancing around seductively, I found myself dressing a little less conservatively. And yet, I wish that I had dressed in layers. Since I wasn't prepared to reveal all to my fellow classmates, and I'm sure they wouldn't be too excited either, Crunch recommends that one dress in layers in order to gain the experience of taking off your top or bottoms. I also anticipated more experienced strippers in the class: I was breaking a sweat just thinking about how much I would embarrass myself. On the contrary, my classmates were just as inexperienced as I was (or if they weren't, they didn't let on), and Angel did a great job making me and Thea feel completely at ease within three minutes. Overall, I had an awesome workout, and picked up a couple more tricks I could use during those nights I practice in front of my mirror. Plus, Thea and I were showing off everything we learned to everyone for the next four days. Watch out for us at amateur night at Flash-dancers or Scores. We'll win in a big way.

Madeline Vivian Loh is a Barnard sophomore and bulletin NYC Living editor, and has debated breast implants if it meant she could make three thousand dollars a night as a high-class stripper

Angel Ortiz's Top Five Points to Successful Stripping

5. Maintain eye contact. There is nothing sexier than confidence, and with eye contact, you exude confidence.
4. You must maintain a mindset in which you believe that you are gorgeous and sexy. How can you convince someone else if you don't believe it yourself?
3. Work off of what you have: We all have shoulders and hips, shake and seduce!
2. Stay loose! Don't let on that you've got butterflies in your tummy. Relax because it's all about...
1. Having FUN!! Enjoy yourself

Did you know that up until the end of 2000, oral and anal sex was illegal between unmarried couples in the state of New York? To avoid even the slightest possibility of being thrown in the slammer, the bulletin sought out all those nitpicky NY State laws. Incest is a no-no. Necrophilia is also a no-oo. Bestiality is a no-no: it gets you up to a year in prison. Giving compensation for sex is illegal and is punishable by imprisonment from 90 days to seven years. Feeling hot? Have no fear of walking around topless, for the law is on your side. In New York, women are allowed to walk around bare-chested wherever men are allowed to.

MY NAME IS BRIAN

My mommy and daddy have been trying really hard to give me a brother or sister.

Now, we are hoping that someone else will grow a baby for us that we can take home.

Is there anyone out there who is growing a baby and wants to give the baby to us?

We will give the baby a really good home.

I will share my toys, give lots of hugs and kisses and read to the baby every night.

I want to be a big brother more than anything else in the whole world...

Please email us: eileen&larry2@aol.com

Journey through the

Garden

by Renata Bystritsky

No, you can't buy love. And, because of some pesky prostitution laws, you can't even buy sex. However, at select locations in our fair city, you can certainly purchase a little sexual satisfaction. In fact, there is so much potential for satisfaction around here, one wonders what Mick Jagger was thinking.

For all innocents reading this, I am talking about nothing other than sex shops. I know, I know – the term "sex shop" brings to mind a seedy, unclean atmosphere, a sleazy and disturbingly obsequious salesperson and grimly gleaming equipment in darkened corners. And, of course, the only ones who frequent such questionable establishments are old, male perverts in fedoras and stained trenchcoats.

Well. Imagine, for a moment, a lovely building in a posh neighborhood. You go in, board a gilded elevator and go up to the twelfth floor. You turn a corner, open a door and see tastefully arranged displays . . . of vibrators, lubricants and sex toys of every variety. Glossy books and videotapes line the wall. In the center of the room, a display is set up, a statue of a female figure reaching gracefully for the sky. An attractive woman smiles politely at the counter and says, "Hello, welcome to Eve's Garden."

Eve's Garden was established in 1974, at the peak of women's sexual liberation. The founder, Dell Williams, takes her inspiration from, among others, renowned sexologist Betty Dodson, author of "Sex for One". "Sex is the regeneration force of life . . . sex is life. Our sexuality gives us access to our power. Power over our own lives, our own sexuality."

A far cry from the seamy image of a typical sex shop, Eve's Garden is more soothing than sordid. Many of the shop's customers are directed there by therapists. Among the books on sale are many self-help volumes and detailed sex manuals. Decorating the walls are framed

prints of Betty Dodson's famous sketches clearly depicting various sexual positions. Here, there is nothing furtive or embarrassing about sex or masturbation. The small shop is truly a garden, meant to be explored product by fascinating (and often mystifying) product.

Kim Ibricevic, who has been working there for almost four years, explains that a lot of their customers happen upon them by chance. There is a dentist's office in the same building. "A lot of women come for a [dental] check-up and pop by for a vibrator . . . We [do] have clients who have been steady [clients] for years, and who tell us how much we've helped their sexuality and their relationships."

"It's amazing how many women become happier after [they learn to have orgasms], continued Ibricevic, "Some women are still shy, and it's great to find them and help them. A woman's body is amazing, there are so many mysterious things about it. These are power tools. Put them to use!"

Customers range from age 18 to over 80 years of age. A customer must be over 18 to purchase a product, or must be escorted by an adult. "Actually," Ibricevic tells me, "we recently had a 17-year-old girl come in with her mother. [Her mother] had been coming here for years, and she wanted her daughter to learn to explore her body [and] her sexuality by herself, rather than making mistakes with [other people]."

In the store catalog, Williams writes that she had named the business "Eve's Garden" because "Eve was symbolic of all women seeking sexual and political freedom." And indeed, this establishment helps women find freedom. One of the first women-orient-

ed shops, Eve's Garden still caters largely to women – although "Men and couples are definitely welcome," says Ibricevic.

Demonstrating some "couple tools" – such as a rubber-studded ring that, when slipped into a penis, stimulates the clitoris during intercourse – Ibricevic points out, "We don't want to totally leave men out." Couples often come to the store; "I've seen a lot of 60-something couples in here." However, even the more male-oriented merchandise – erection aides, for example – are geared toward female satisfaction as well. "This is a safe haven for women. It's very encouraging and supportive to have a place like this."

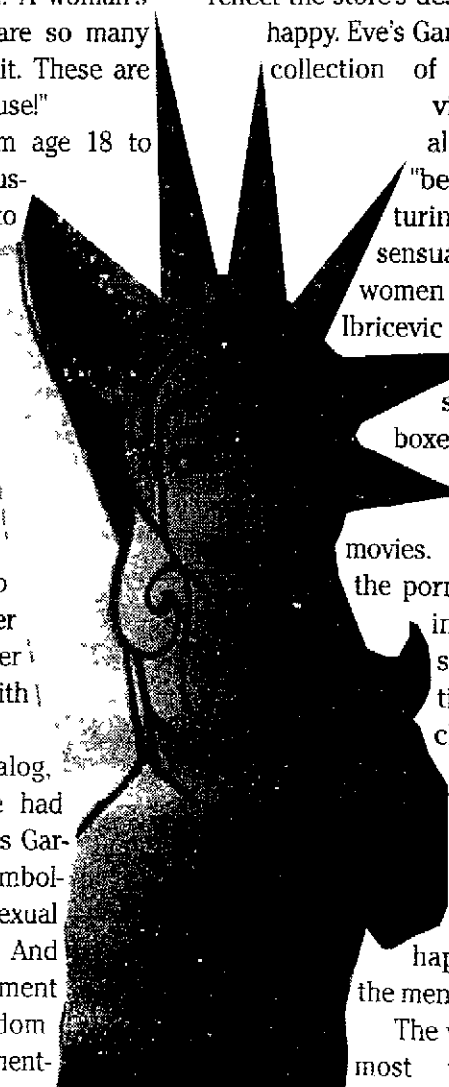
Even the collection of porn videos reflect the store's desire to make women happy. Eve's Garden features a large

collection of Candida Royalle videos. Candida Roy-

alle is a producer of "beautiful movies, [featuring] loving couple, sensual scenes and real women – no implants," Ibricevic says,

showing me a shelf of sexy video boxes. There is also a collection of Andrew Blake movies. Blake is known in the porn industry for making gorgeous films, shot in exotic locations, from carefully chosen angles, and starring beautiful people. In other words, this is the kind of porn that makes women happy while keeping the men satisfied.

The word that comes up most when I discuss



women's sexuality with Ibricevic is "sensual." "Women need something sensual," she says, looking mildly frustrated when the subject of the typical metal vibrator comes up. "They're like plumbing tools!" She shows me something that looks like

of an orgasm waiting to happen. A typical dildo shape made of soft rubber that vibrates at several speeds, has tiny marbles inside a soft, hollow tube, and

rotates with the soft tip on top. Oh, and attached to the front — designed to stimulate the clitoris — is

another little appendage that wiggles when turned on. It's called — appropriately — the "Decadent Indulgence."

Of course, the "indulgence" part becomes clearer when one sees the \$119.95 price tag. There is a price for pleasure, and it isn't for the miserly. Besides the "Decadent Indulgence", there is the Erosillator, recommended by Dr. Ruth Westheimer. The Erosillator comes with mysterious attachments; it "oscillates rather than vibrates" and apparently, can stimulate everything but the kitchen sink. That sweet little machine would set you back \$124.95.

For those of us who are still saving up for that super-orgasm, there is the well-known Hitachi Magic Wand, with its various attachments (such as the G-Spotter). It started out — as many vibrators did — as a back massager. That one costs \$59.95.

And, of course, there is the porn star's old faithful companion — the Pocket Rocket, promoted by such sexually liberated ladies as Juli Ashton and Asia Carrera. The Pocket Rocket is a tiny vibrator — it fits in your purse! — and it only costs \$31.95 at Eve's Garden.

Exiting Eve's Garden, I felt, somehow, more wholesome than I had before I had walked in — a slightly odd way to feel as one leaves a sex shop. However, when I continued my sexy trip further downtown, I began to feel a bit smuttier — just the way culture tells us to feel when sex

shops are involved. I finally wound up on the Lower East Side, at a place called Toys in Babeland. The doors were blocked off with curtains from the inside, so nothing could be seen inside the store. This would probably have seemed more discreet to me if the storefront didn't feature a display of mannequins dressed in fetish wear.

Much busier than Eve's Garden has been, Toys in Babeland was bustling with potential customers. There were several

salespeople — "sex educators", as they call themselves — in the store, all of them busy. While I waited for one of them to talk to me, I wandered around, eyeing the shelves of various lubricants, vibrators, books, leather underwear and collection of condoms that came in, it seemed, every color imaginable and some shapes that I would never even have imagined. (For instance, one condom was shaped so that, when it was put on, it would look as though there was a rubber coil wrapped around the penis.)

"Barely more women [than men] come here," says Christine, a sex educator, when she finally gets a free minute. "A lot of men feel more comfortable shopping here than in other stores . . . Some sex stores are dirty, actually filthy . . . with sticky floors. Here, sex is respected rather than exploited."

It is also taught. On the second Sunday of every month, courses are offered at "Babeland University" on everything from the use of sex toys to enjoying anal sex. Jacq, the assistant manager says, "The most powerful thing here is . . . helping people to find something new [and] to find ways of expressing and fulfilling themselves."

Jacq happens to have a degree in women's studies and reproductive health care. Christine has worked for years as a sex educator at schools and has done

work at a free clinic. But, "not everyone walks in here with a professional background," Jacq says.

Christine explains, "It is important to have diversity of experience, so that our knowledge base reflects it. Some people . . . have just had a lot of sex and [are] experienced. We have had a lot of sex workers [working] here."

Although Toys in Babeland and Eve's Garden are obviously very different, both have a common goal. "I'm fascinated,"

Jacq says, "by the connection between the actualization of feminism and the freedom of sexuality."

Intrigued yet? These are just two of New York's sex shops — albeit, two of the friendlier ones. Don't forget the Pink Pussycat in the West Village — which, although, with

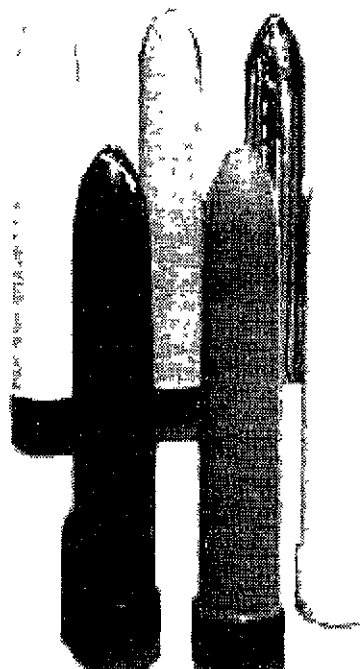
its molds of porn stars' pelvises, it seems more inclined to the male, is fun to browse through (the costumes, in particular). Then, there is the Pleasure Chest, which is ideal for the sex toy novice — it's more about playing naughty than actually playing.

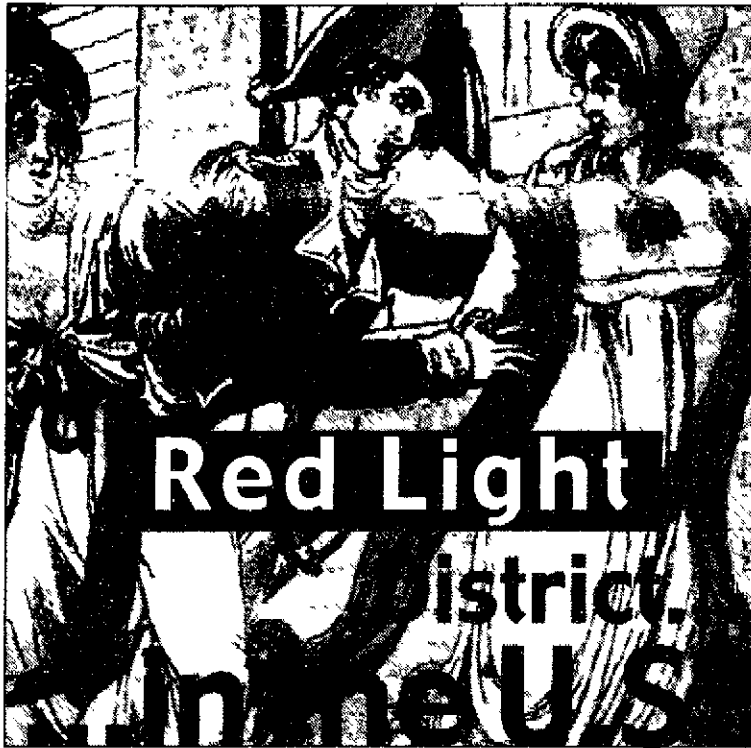
Price-wise, Toys in Babeland seem to be quite fair, although it seems more individual attention would be given at the — admittedly upscale — Eve's Garden. Even if you're slightly broke at the moment, don't hesitate to browse the shops' websites — or even to visit the stores, because, honestly, it's almost as much fun to explore these places as it is to explore your own body.

Renata Bystriksy is a *Barnard* junior and bulletin co-editor-in-chief

Useful websites: www.evesgarden.com,
www.babeland.com
www.pinkpussycat.com

TOYS





by Adrienne Serbaroli

One late evening in the quaint, little city of Heidelberg, Germany, where I studied during my semester abroad, I was walking with some friends along a street in the town's industrial area. Something peculiar caught my eye: about a quarter of a mile ahead of us was a plain three-story building with a peculiar characteristic—giant red hearts glowing on all sides of it, making it appear to be the life-size equivalent of a cheap version of Barbie's Dream House.

"What the heck is that?" I asked one of my friends. "That's the Pof—you know, a whorehouse," one of them answered, as though he were pointing out the local grocery store. At first it threw me off that a person who was neither drug lord nor pimp would talk about something like this with such nonchalance. Then again, it didn't seem like European society was falling apart despite allowing brothels to operate legally.

As one often does while abroad, I sat down and evaluated my position on this matter. This is called gaining perspective from traveling. It turns out that I never really had a solid opinion about prostitution to begin with. Until this time I had simply gone along with society's idea that prostitution is immoral and degrading to women.

Regardless of how one might view prostitution from a moral standpoint, let us look at it within the context of history. There is a saying that the world's two oldest professions are prostitution and motherhood. Given, then, that this activity seems to be an inevitable part of society, how can it be rational to criminalize it? Keeping prostitution illegal has obviously not eliminated it from occurring.

One might argue that the association with prostitution causes the quality of life to be reduced where it takes place. However, pushing the activity from brothels and motels to the street is clearly going to be the factor that brings about such shady operations. Pushing any kind of lucrative business on the streets is

will only make it go awry. Our government has not learned that making something illegal only makes the problems associated with it worse.

As it now stands, prostitution in the U.S. is unsafe for both the prostitutes themselves as well as the residents of the neighborhoods in which it goes on. No one would knowingly choose to live in an area where "unlawful" activities occur. So why not designate certain areas for prostitution? This way those who are interested in participating can, and those of us who would like to keep away will never be involuntarily exposed to it.

In his first inaugural address, our own Thomas Jefferson stated, "A wise and frugal government, which shall restrain men from injuring one another, shall leave them otherwise free to regulate their own pursuits of industry and improvement." Then why is prostitution illegal, when essentially it's not hurting anyone other than the two consenting parties directly involved? Again, one can argue that it is detrimental to the residents living in the vicinity, making the neighborhood unsafe. But that neighborhood is unsafe because there is no legal venue for prostitution elsewhere. It's ironic that the United States, which prides itself continually on the concept of individual liberty, has not yet legalized prostitution on these grounds.

In addition, using law enforcement resources to capture and jail those involved in the activities involving prostitution takes away many of the resources and means which would otherwise be used to fight serious crime—you know, the kind actually committed against law-abiding citizens or their property.

Speaking of resources, if the government would really like to pull in a steady and guaranteed source of income, prostitution would be a great opportunity. Like cigarettes, sex will never cease to be bought and sold. So, tax the heck out of it! Then take some of that money to regulate and control the activity, requiring weekly or monthly health check-ups for the prostitutes, thereby preventing venereal and other diseases from proliferating rampantly throughout society, as they surely must be doing in the existing "system."

Last summer, I visited Amsterdam on another trip. I naturally took a stroll down the Red Light District there, the most (in)famous of its kind. Red light districts can be found in many cities throughout Europe, and are areas designated specifically for the regulated sale of sex. What was most counterintuitive for me that night was the fact that I was wandering around an area where I knew prostitution was taking place, yet I did not feel unsafe myself, as I certainly would have in a rough neighborhood of the Bronx, for example. Actually, it seemed more of a big joke for my friend and me to be sauntering around a red light district.

In the meantime, I felt somewhat bad for the women who, looking much like provocative mannequins, stood arranged in the rows of casements. I watched as they motioned seductively to potential customers, some even letting one breast hang out of their glow-in-the-dark lingerie, hoping that one of the more attractive males would notice them. All the while I began to realize that my job prospects after graduation are looking good after all.

Adrienne Serbaroli is a Barnard senior and bulletin staff writer.

Sexually Transmitted Diseases

more complicated than you think

by Zoe Galland

High school health class just is not cutting it. Most Barnard students probably took some health class or other during high school, and most of us remember fragments of what was taught: the "don't drink and drive" video that showed gruesome car crashes and sobbing families; students drinking their Cokes for breakfast as they listened to their teacher emphasize the need for good nutrition; and explanations of sexually transmitted diseases and AIDS.

I blew off health class, but I recall it being helpful in certain areas, and AIDS was one of them. I learned its history and how it spreads, and watched movies where current AIDS inflicted Americans spoke about their experiences. It was helpful and I was glad to know the information.

STDs are another story altogether. All I remember from health class is viewing close-up slides of genital warts and chlamydia and being grossed out by them. I think most people felt the way I did: that these were weird, disgusting diseases that only happened to stupid people who slept around with countless men or women.

So I memorized the few statistics I needed to know for my final exam and forgot all about STDs and the like until this summer, when a friend called me up crying and saying she needed to talk to me. I drove to her house as fast as I could and we went up to her bedroom.

"Zoe," she said to me, "I have herpes. And I'm a virgin."

I was stunned. She explained that she'd had oral sex with her boyfriend a few weeks ago, and about a week later she'd noticed a painful cut on her labia. At first she ignored it, thinking it was a random infection, but as the days went by and the cut became worse, she finally decided to see her doctor.

The doctor, as my friend recounted, was blunt and cold. She finished examining my friend and told her, "well, it looks herpetic." My friend was stunned.

"Excuse me?" She said. Does that mean I have....oh, my God." She never finished her sentence, but burst into tears. Her doctor patted her on the shoulder and asked her bizarre, unhelpful questions such as, "why do you think you're upset about this?"

"Why do you THINK I'm upset?" My friend told me she wanted to yell, but she couldn't do anything except cry. Her doctor

then suggested that my friend go on the pill, and my friend bristled and said icily, "I am a virgin. I have not had sex yet."

I don't know whether her doctor believed her, but I do know that my friend's situation is not uncommon. Doctors, for the most part, do not know as much about STDs as they should, and my friend and I believe that this comes from the way our society stigmatizes STDs.

Barnard women, think back to your health class. Did any of you actually consider that the images on those gruesome slides belonged to real women? And that some of these women may have gotten STDs even though they were virgins?

I realize that many people already know that oral sex can cause STDs, and I admire you for knowing that. But the word needs to be spread even more. Our sexually precarious generation (and I don't believe this is a bad thing) does not consider oral sex to be the same as real sex, where penetration is involved.

Someone needs to stand up and yell, "you can get herpes from oral sex!" Or better yet, someone should explain how you get herpes from oral sex. I'll give a rough explanation. 80% of Americans have what are known as cold sores. I bet you readers

have heard of those. What you may not have heard is that cold sores are technically called "oral herpes," and thus, if you have oral sex with someone with "oral herpes" you can get genital herpes (HSV 1).

Cold sores come and go, and most people think that if they have oral sex with someone who has a cold sore but is not showing symptoms at a certain time, they will be all right. Guess what? My friend had oral sex with her boyfriend at a time when he had no cold sores, but was still shedding the oral herpes virus in his mouth (this is called asymptomatic shedding).

I am not trying to scare the readers of the *bulletin*. But this is one thing, if any, that everyone needs to know – both students who are having sex and students who are "virgins" but engage in oral sex. No one uses dental dams because, well, what could happen? But they should.

Be careful out there. There are too many viruses and diseases going around, and just know that even if you aren't having sex, you are still vulnerable.

Zoe Galland is a Barnard first-year and bulletin commentary editor

Barnard women, think back to your health class. Did any of you actually consider that the images on those gruesome slides belonged to real women? And that some of these women may have gotten STDs even though they were virgins?

one night stands are empowering

by Madeline Vivian Loh

A one-night stand is empowering. Sometimes, I just want to fuck. So why should I sit primly with my legs crossed, my hands folded in my lap, waiting for the right man to sweep me away in his embrace?

Don't get me wrong, I do relish a traditional romance, but I don't advocate playing games, especially when I know all I want is what is in the pants. For decades in heterosexual culture, it has been permissible for men to be sexually hyperactive, spending one night with someone and then the following night with another.

Times have changed. Women today have more possibilities than ever. Contraception such as the birth control pill has allowed women to be able to enjoy sex without the risk of pregnancy. Condoms provide the safest way to enjoy sex while effectively reducing the risk of contracting a sexually transmitted disease or HIV. These modern

inventions have sexually liberated women, so why not put them to use?

A one-night stand is not for everyone. It is not for the faint of heart, not for addictive personalities, and definitely not for those who equate sex with commitment. A one-night stand is the equivalent of snorting lines of coke: it's fast, it hits you

hard, and you crave for better stuff the day after. But most importantly, it satisfies the momentary physical need.

I will not deny that a one-night stand is dangerous, which is why I compare it to taking drugs. One should never leisurely take drugs, and by the same token, one-night stands should also be handled with similar respon-

A one-night stand, if executed properly, is amazing for the self-confidence. It is flattering for both parties because it means that the other party found you attractive enough to want to have sex with you.

sibility.

One cannot naively assume that there will be further contact after the night because chances are, your attraction to each other wasn't anything but physical. Unlike a relationship, where there are conversations, shared inter-

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desire is not skin-deep

by Courtney E. Martin

When I was in high school I was constantly defending my best friend's sexual reputation at parties and football games. "Heather's such a slut," some thick-necked hockey player would say to another, as they watched her — shirt tucked into her bra and school logo painted on her belly — dancing around the bleachers. And I always responded, "Shut up, you misogynist assholes." They usually did.

I felt good defending her promiscuous lifestyle. Why shouldn't she be able to seek pleasure with whomever and whenever she wanted? The football players, however, felt that only they enjoyed the all-boys club of no reproach and thus could freely hook up with numerous girls.

But I have to admit, even with all of my feminist convictions, there was a part of me that felt uncomfortable with Heather's behavior. I certainly didn't think that she should

have to adhere to anyone else's standards of what was sexually appropriate. But at the same time, I worried that she wasn't adhering to any standards at all.

At times it seemed like she hooked up with a lot of guys under the spuriously sound blanket of reasoning — "I like sex

and I want to have it on my terms" — but underneath, she was really a girl kissing a guy because she felt lonely and wanted some attention. There were many times when she would give me a fantastic morning-after spiel about loving the spontaneity and lack of attachment, and by nightfall she'd be moping over the fact that the phone still hadn't rung. I was confused, and I

For every one of these truly liberated and happily-screwing women, I fear that there are 10 sleeping around to get affection while calling it a feminist pleasure trip. It's much easier to tell yourself that you are liberated than to admit that you are lonely.

think, more importantly, she was.

I do not want to go back to our mother's era, when sluts were tantamount to villains and studs to heroes. Those kinds of double standards make me sick to my stomach. On the other hand, I sometimes long for a less sexually complicated time. Now that we have

<<page 30>>

by Liliana Segura

When I was a senior, my high school literary magazine, which I co-edited, received a submission entitled "A Poem About Rape." It was a powerful piece, ironic and cutting. It spoke loudly.

It spoke, in fact, a bit too loudly. No sooner had we accepted the poem for publication than the head of the English department expressed her concern over its imminent publication. If we printed the poem, she said, shouldn't we include a written note at the bottom stating that, contrary to the troubling title, the author had not actually been raped?

The request irritated me at the time; even angered me a little. But in lieu of any friction with the administration, we obtained the author's permission to include the disclaimer. And we went about our business.

Later on though, we had second thoughts when we began assembling the magazine. None of us could bring ourselves to print such an obtuse statement after such a serious poem. So we quietly sent the issue to the printer without it, satisfied that our flouting of authority was in the interest of journalistic integrity. Besides, we were graduating.

Four years later, I think of this episode and realize that it was about much more.

Being fairly close to the girl who wrote the poem, I was pretty certain that the piece did not reflect her own personal experience. This sense of certainty made it easy, perhaps, to miss the point: For one, the faculty member who requested the disclaimer had no way of knowing whether or not the author had been raped. More importantly, to

assume that she had not and to impose that assumption on everyone else was well beyond insensitive. It was irresponsible. Not only did it undermine the poem's content, but it insisted

them made me cringe and several brought tears to my eyes.

Take Back the Night is not just about reclaiming the streets. It is about reclaiming our bodies. If only we could be half as brave

on breaking the silence

that these things do not occur. "Don't worry" it said. "this is fiction." And so, we can go on believing, is rape.

In the end, it is unlikely that the people who read the poem automatically assumed the author had been raped, even without the disclaimer. People are not generally ready and willing to jump to those conclusions. To tack on the disclaimer was then to reinforce this unwillingness, and to perpetuate our community's reluctance to believe in the possibility of rape.

The value of art lies in its ability to express the inexpressible. What good is a poem about sexual assault if its content is canceled out by the supposed authority of truth? The "true story" is so often made up of comforting lies we tell ourselves; of blindness to a harsh and painful reality. We need things to shake us; disturb us; wake us up.

Most of all, we need to talk about it.

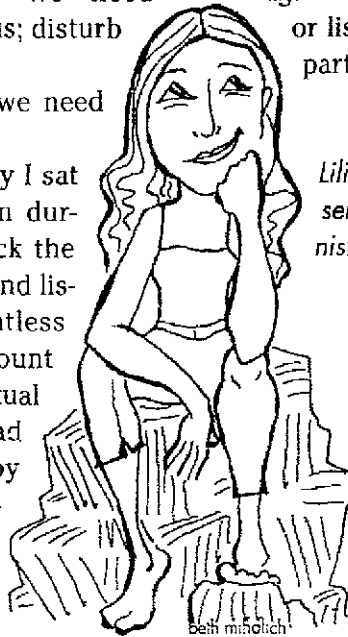
Last Thursday I sat on Lehman Lawn during the Take Back the Night speakout and listened to countless students recount their tales of sexual abuse. Some had been assaulted by strangers; others by family or friends. All of

as those women who told their stories with pain in their voices last Thursday night. We must be willing to talk, to listen, and to fight against the silence that pervades our communities on campus and at home.

Rape is not fiction. Those women who lined up to talk into the darkened microphone last week were real people. And when it was all over, their stories remained real. This cold truth lingered after the tears were gone and the voices stopped.

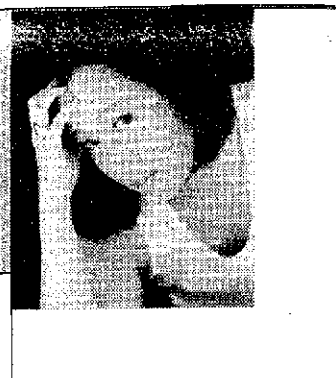
I think back to the controversy over my friend's poem and it seems trivial in comparison to the actual experiences of so many students. But I realize now that it was not just a threat of censorship. It was an attempt to mute a voice that was saying something that people were not willing to hear. We must fight against this. Whether we speak or listen, we must all do our part to break the silence.

Liliana Segura is a Barnard senior and bulletin columnist and office manager



Here's your chance! Read on to find looking for in a partner. Who knows?

Experienced playette tired of New York dating games seeks consciously assimilated man of color who rejects mainstream corporate whoredom. Underground hiphop heads who appreciate the fine herb, the culinary arts, and are not afraid to shake some booty will not be rejected. Yellows are highly encouraged to apply, however, appropriating imperialists will be ignored. Respond to intlplayette@hotmail.com



White bred Asian girl not quite seeking, but glancing around, for someone with a minimal degree of sanity. Three ways to my heart: think Dean Martin, chocolate martinis, and Stealing Beauty, in that order. Intellectual discussion is highly valued, and a lack of humor will be shunned. If you can handle loud music (Trail of Dead tickets would be key), have a daring spirit (up for a semester in South Africa?), and know what magic lies at 419 W. 13 St., holla!

SWF in need of stability seeks liberal-minded, generous partner. Must love to dance (even if badly) and laugh. An obsession with Pride and Prejudice (BBC version), ability to cook, and musical talent are huge bonuses.



SWF lacking turpitude and a HUGE fan of Gabriel Byrne. Gabriel, if you're reading this, I am for some inexplicable reason COMPLETELY OBSESSED with you and if you could only be about 20 years younger I would stalk you and hunt you down all the way to Ireland. But I digress, as I am ISO single multi-colored male whose name rhymes with "apocalyptic" and enjoys robbing parking meters, making fun of airhead guys and ditzzy girls, and watching Marx Brothers movies.

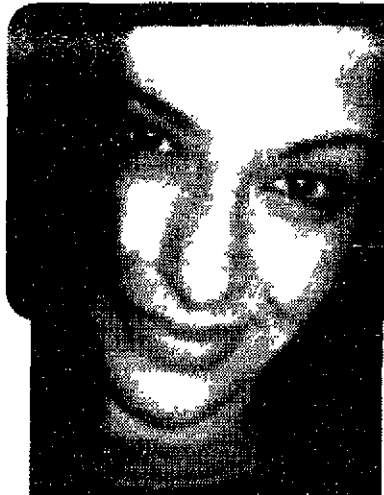


SWF ISO SM with uncanny resemblance to Derek Jeter. Mets and Diamondbacks fans need not apply.



Child of the seventies seeks Mexican-born, Chilean-American with Italian passport and a great capacity for silliness to share ice cream, coffee, and a dog named Chewbacca. Must also be willing to share bed with stuffed lion. Dimples a plus.

out what your favorite bulletina is You might just find your match...



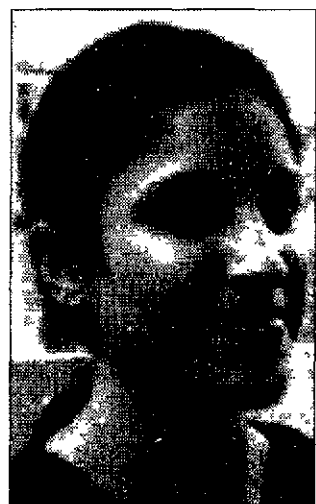
Single (dub), colorless female cretin ISO fantastically handsome and brilliant man who will satisfy all of my whims and love me utterly, because people shouldn't be judged on their looks. Or their intellect. Or their personality. Must be willing to share me, as the voices in my head often demand much of my attention. Must be able to appreciate the 525,600 showtunes I will bring to the relationship. Must not mind occasional shout of "Who's your Webster?!" Must not smoke. May, however, sizzle. Motor/sensory functions entirely optional. I prefer homo sapiens, but I do make exceptions.



SWF with *Splendidezine.com* fixation ISO unbearably pretentious indie boy. Ability to list every band ever signed on Matador and a wardrobe of baseball tee shirts and used corduroy a must. Social awkwardness/ extreme shyness (yet endearing sweetness) a plus. Vinyl preference preferred. Built To Spill fans need not apply.



Artist/writer/graphic designer and (most recently) photographer seeks person who enjoys all things aesthetic and is not intimidated by unbridled creative enthusiasm or addiction to ebay.



Female looking for mate to legalize citizenship status. Enjoys being around any San Francisco born Indian mutt with passion for acting and food, working in sweatshops, and living in closets. Payment on receipt of U S passport, would include conjugal visitation rights and jar of pickles.



SWF ISO housing for the 2002-3 academic calendar year. Who needs a potential mate when she's as yet without a a bed to sleep in? Virility not necessary; the Sophomore Screw can last all summer long! I'm looking for a room as single as I am, Hewitt or Brooks preferred. Claremont view a plus. Those in cahoots with Res Life need not apply.



I LOVE BRIAN KINNEY! I LOVE BRIAN KINNEY! I LOVE BRIAN KINNEY!
(note to self: perhaps if I wasn't obsessed with a gay man...okay, a fictional, gay television character, my love life would be in better shape...still, fun.)

<<page 14>> simply telling people "I am with Helen." She never even has to say that she is experimenting, so it is easy for her to take it all back later, when the two become what all lesbians are stereotyped as being - simply the best of friends. While it is somewhat comforting that Helen remains with women after the breakup, the fact that Jessica goes back so easily to heterosexual life (and develops a renewed interest in the ex-lover the two women bashed throughout the movie) is difficult to accept. What makes matters worse is that Helen is totally accepting of Jessica's return to the conventional, and they end the movie chatting in a café like teenagers

What is ironic about *Kissing Jessica Stein* is the conversation the two girls have with two straight men at a bar, in which they discuss the fascination men have with lesbian sex. This movie so obviously caters to that fantasy, by making both women beautiful and feminine, and by letting the however-undeserving male win the woman in the end. Yet the film cannot even claim to be oblivious to that fetish, because the characters say it right out loud.

Aside from the message that the film sends, it is executed fairly well. The characters are witty and convincing in their roles. There is rarely a dull moment, even

if much of the time I was laughing while smacking my hand to my forehead. Being that it leans slightly to the independent film crowd, there are worthwhile attempts at making the film, or at least the dialogue, artistic. The movie also gets kudos just for breaching a difficult subject matter often cut from big-time movies. It is just a shame that the makers of *Kissing Jessica Stein* were not brave enough, as most are not, to explore the full depth of a subject that is both intriguing and socially taboo.

Tara Coleman is a Barnard first year and the bulletin arts editor.

<<page 26>> ests, respect and concern, a one-night stand is comprised of physical attraction, tolerance, and is good for only one thing: to engage in sex. If one forgets this one golden rule, I can assure that you will not have an enjoyable morning.

A one-night stand, if executed properly, is amazing for the self-confidence. It is flattering for both parties (assuming that it wasn't an orgy) because it means that the other party found you attractive enough to want to have sex with you. However, if one has a possibility of feeling taken advantage of, or experiences excessive low self-esteem, a one-night stand might not be the best idea. You must believe that you are the most beautiful and sexual creature on

earth. You must understand that there are no strings attached, so feelings can never be hurt. Once this is realized, you will understand that your skills in seduction will rise (no pun intended) dramatically and an inflated ego might be the only side effect.

At the risk of sounding too politically incorrect, men have played these silly games for years to win women over, and then proceeded to send us on our way with diseases, pregnancies, and heartaches, never to hear from them again. It is important to note that men only play these games because women have been socially taught to seem disinterested, and play games, in short, to protect their sex. Over and over again I have heard my male friends discuss at

length how they believe that women hold all the power when it comes to sex. Violence and immaturity aside, slowly I am beginning to realize this case myself. To the one who is looking for the sex, it is not so much the act of a one-night stand that speaks loudly, but the refusal of a one-night stand. Once you realize your power to give sex, you have more power than your heart can possibly desire. Ultimately, if you believe in yourself, you will be taking the sex, not giving. Used responsibly, a one-night stand can be empowering, satisfying, and will, perhaps, change the dismal shape of gender relations to come.

Madeline Vivian Loh is a Barnard sophomore and bulletin NYC Living editor.

<<page 26>> been "liberated," I sometimes sense that we don't know what to do with our freedom. Without realizing it, there are women who really love sex and have it on their own terms (I am not going to refer to *Sex and the City* here because I think the show is silly). I congratulate these women for liberating themselves and going after what they desire.

For every one of these truly liberated and happily-screwing women, I know that there are ten sleeping around to get affection while calling it a feminist pleasure trip. It's much easier to

tell yourself that you are liberated than to admit that you are lonely.

In the end, Heather went off to a big party school and kept up with her promiscuous ways until one night, she called me - weepy and enlightened - and said that she realized that she was hooking up with guys in search of steady companionship. She was tired of pretending to be satisfied with physicality when really she yearned for sensibility.

Not all women who partake in one-night stands reach this kind of conclusion, but enough do that it warrants

some serious consideration. Desire is certainly not skin-deep. Our physical desires are important, and the women's liberation movement has taught us that we should rightfully celebrate and fulfill these desires, but so are our intellectual and emotional desires. Without recognizing our own personal complexity in relation to all three, we may end up fucking under a feminist banner when we really just want to make love.

Courtney E. Martin is a Barnard senior and bulletin staff writer.

letters to the editors

Dear *bulletin*,

In response to Meredith Weber's "In Middle East, Desperate Times Call for Desperate Measures" article [18 April], I would ask that, with respect to such relevant issues, the *bulletin* would cease the printing of "response provoking" articles. Perhaps the editors might contend that this article was not published simply to provoke a response. However, what other motive is one to assume when passages such as the following are printed:

"What right do the Arabs have to expect the Jews to leave Israel? This land belongs to the Jews, no matter how you look at it. To put it simply, God promised Israel to the Jews in the Bible."

Not to mention that the *bulletin*, upon the publication of equally absurd articles (see *Misdventures in Harlem*, printed last year [7 March, 2001]), has in the past admitted to as much.

If one wishes to follow a ping-pong tournament of uninformed diatribes concerning the Palestine-Israeli conflict, one must only go so far as the nearest *Daily Spectator*. The last thing that this community needs right now is more hyper-sensitive rhetoric (again, see the *Spec*).

As an individual with cultural ties to neither side, I find it very difficult to understand why the *bulletin* thinks this sort of article is valuable. If the *Bulletin* would like to support a stance (or multiple stances), perhaps responsible journalism could be used for a change. Because were I Palestinian, I'd be offended at the blatant bias of this article and nervous about belonging to an institution which sanctioned it. And were I Jewish, I imagine that I'd feel quite shafted by such ignorant representation.

Raven Hardison, BC '03

Dear Editors,

For the past issue of the *bulletin* I wrote an article in the Commentary section entitled "Facts and Reflections about

the Current Situation in the Middle East." My intentions with this article were to provide some reasons as to why today's Palestinian situation should not be compared to the Holocaust, as several flyers on campus advocated. When I opened up the *bulletin* there was a strange article with a completely different message, as exemplified by the title "Desperate Times Call for Desperate Measures." To my horror, there sat my name under this unfamiliar title! You changed my article completely by deleting key points and even creating a new title without my acknowledgment or permission. This new article makes it seem like I endorse the extreme measures that Israel is taking, and condone the violence against the innocent Palestinians, which I certainly DO NOT! In fact, in my original article I concluded "Let us all hope for peace in the Middle East, and the end of so many Israeli and Palestinian deaths." In the printed version this line was conveniently eliminated because it did not jive with the new idea that you fabricated.

I have been grossly misrepresented and thoroughly embarrassed. My name has been tarnished with these foreign words that were printed as my own. It is UNACCEPTABLE to change an article's title and eliminate entire arguments and paragraphs, without first consulting the writer, especially when the article is dealing with such a sensitive issue.

Merideth Weber, BC '05

To the editors:

Although I disagree with everything Merideth Weber says in her article 'Desperate Times Call For Desperate Measures,' I admire her for saying what many Americans are thinking. As shown by the recent Washington D.C. pro-Israel rally, many Jewish-Americans (as well as non-Jewish Americans) truly believe that they have a right to their land. Whether this is true can be debated, but the Israel conflict has become so bloody and so complicated, we must hear everyone's opin-

ion, no matter what they are - we cannot pass off articles as "callous" or "too extreme" because often they are representative of widespread convictions. I'm glad Weber had the nerve to publish her article, and I hope the *bulletin* prints a counterpoint in a later issue to show another, quite different side.'

Sincerely,

Betty Alper, student at C.I.A

To the editors:

I commend Jacquelyn Johnston for her article entitled "The Other Side of Diversity" in the 18 April issue. I would like to point out to Ms. Johnston that she is even more courageously bold that the individual who wrote on the posters in her article, because she has attached her name to her ideas.

While I agree with the general sentiment expressed in the article, I believe a poignant lack of cohesion exists in Ms. Johnston's suggestion to compose a group for people who have not been discriminated against. This suggestion points to the very core of why such ethnic and cultural groups are established—because the groups of people who compose them have been historically discriminated against. As she supported the mission of the Columbia Chinese Students Club, I think our community should accept the establishment of cultural and ethnic clubs that seek to educate and share their cultures customs and ideologies. We should, however, not accept exclusion and discrimination within these clubs. I suggest that no funding from tuition, student activity fees, or other sources from the college should be provided to groups that practice ethnic exclusion and discrimination, such as clubs that hold events for women of color only.

Sincerely,

Kiryn Haslinger, BC '02

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