

1990

The College News 1990-12-6 Vol.12 No. 5

Students of Bryn Mawr College

[Let us know how access to this document benefits you.](#)

Follow this and additional works at: http://repository.brynmawr.edu/bmc_collegenews

Custom Citation

Students of Bryn Mawr College, *The College News 1990-12-6 Vol.12 No. 5* (Bryn Mawr, PA: Bryn Mawr College, 1990).

This paper is posted at Scholarship, Research, and Creative Work at Bryn Mawr College. http://repository.brynmawr.edu/bmc_collegenews/1425

For more information, please contact repository@brynmawr.edu.

THE COLLEGE NEWS

VOLUME XII NUMBER 5

FOUNDED

1914

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE

DECEMBER 6, 1990

100 years on: looking back from Wounded Knee

By Genevieve Bell '90

It is a Bureau of Indian Affairs' marker, I recognize the regulation shade of government green. Replete with a cut-out teepee and a mounted Plains horseman painted in the corner, it is the same as all the other historic markers in South Dakota. But I have come five thousand miles to find this particular spot, to stand by the side of this road and look across this valley.

December 29, 1890, Chief Big Foot with

his Minneconjou and Hunkpapa Sioux Band of 106 warriors, 250 women and children, were encamped on this Flat, surrounded by the U.S. 7th Cavalry (470 soldiers), commanded by Col. Forsythe. A car drives past, East-coast license plates, but they don't stop, perhaps the valley looks no different to the previous. I am surprised, somewhere in my head, that the grass doesn't grow greener or die sooner. The "Messiah Craze" possessed many Indians, who left the vicinity of the Agencies to "Ghost Dance" during the summer and fall of 1890.

"Unrest" on the Pine Ridge Reservation was partly due to the reduction of beef rations by Congress, and to the "Ghost Dancing" of Chiefs Sitting Bull, Hump, Kicking Bear, and Short Bull. The Sioux were told by Kicking Bear and Short Bull that by wearing "Ghost Shirts" the ghost dancing warriors would become immune to the whiteman's bullets and could openly defy the soldiers and white settler, and bring back the old days of the big buffalo herds. I want to hear something, to see the faces, to hear voices, to feel that this isn't just another place. I know that Crazy Horse's heart was buried here, somewhere along the creek bed. And I know that the church on the hill was burnt down in a fire in 1973, conveniently destroying the evidence of U.S. military impropriety. The foundations scar the ground in grey concrete, one more tombstone in the graveyard on this hill top. On November 15 1890, Indian Agent Royer (Lakota Wokokpa) of Pine Ridge called for troops, and by Dec. 1 1890, several thousand U.S. Regulars were assembled in

this area of Dakota Territory.

Cultures collided on these prairies when the traders, soldiers and settlers meet the indigenous peoples of the Plains. From 1791 when the first "American" flag flew near the Missouri in the "All-the-Indians-See-the-Flag-Winter" to 1891 when the last "hostiles" came in from the Badlands, Native North American resistance characterized all interactions. On December 15 1890, Chief Sitting Bull was killed by Lt. Bullhead of the Standing Rock Indian Police. Forty of Sitting Bull's braves escaped from Grand River and joined Chief Big Foot's band on Deep Creek, to camp and "Ghost Dance" on the south fork of the Cheyenne River. It was a struggle for land, and independence and cultural survival; a struggle where treaties were made and broken, and where successive American governments operated with duplicity and dishonesty. They violated borders they had negotiated and forgot to make payments they had promised. They sent

continued on page 7



Attention all mortal Mawrters: Athena, goddess of wisdom and the arts, is standing by in Thomas Great Hall, awaiting your sacrifices. A reasonable offering guarantees your favor in the eyes of our goddess during the approaching exam week. Prostrate yourself before her, and present your gift in humble reverence. Leave the price tag on.

File Photo

Juan Bruce-Novoa redefines ethnic literature classification

By Jennifer Almquist

People in academia are to some degree necessarily involved with categorization. In order to understand ideas, we define things or classify them. The study of ethnicity, then, opens up questions concerning what it means to be of a particular ethnic group. On November 30, the Hispanic Students Association and Department of Spanish at Bryn Mawr brought Juan Bruce-Novoa to the campus center for a lecture entitled "Chicano Literature: From Ethnicity to Ethnogenesis."

In his lecture, Bruce-Novoa distinguished his present manner of studying ethnic literature from a more traditional system of taxonomies. These taxonomies compiled by academics allow "ethnicity" to be treated as a noun or a documentary project in which ethnic features found in texts have been removed from their context, "frozen," and ultimately listed in encyclopedias. Bruce-Novoa said "It's something like working with shards. You classify them, draw them, make a list of characteristics, make comparisons between lists, and then take the most

common characteristics." In final form, the taxonomy would inherently reflect some of the ideas of the compiler because it serves to set up a scale of the authenticity of ethnic works.

Bruce-Novoa gave as an example the literature of the 1960's, which tended to reflect a radical counter-culture. By 1975, according to these encyclopedias of ethnic literary traits, texts which explored new ways of expression which were less radical were perceived as "assimilations" and "un-Chicano." Similarly, texts of women authors which first began appearing in the 1970's were seen as dangerous in comparison to the previously male-dominated world of literature, bracketed by machismo in the taxonomies in the 1960's. According to Bruce-Novoa, male authors had often portrayed women characters chauvinistically as passive, or motherly. The women authors gave images of women "as protagonists, not witnesses" he said. In the encyclopedias, "women were charted on the edge" of the circle of ethnicity scholars had constructed.

continued on page 6

Early civil rights struggles for equality in education

By Annick Barker

During the Civil Rights Movement of the late 1950's and 1960's, Mae Bertha Carter and Winson Hudson were both living in small rural communities in Mississippi. Carter and her husband were working as sharecroppers on the plantation they had grown up on in Drew, Mississippi. Hudson was living in Harmony, a unique community owned and farmed by African Americans. For these women, the Civil Rights Movement marked the beginning of their own battle against an institutional racism, sexism, and classism which has pervaded every aspect of their lives. A few weeks ago, these two women, accompanied by Constance Curry, a fellow at the Carter G. Woodson Institute for the Study of Civil Rights at the University of Virginia and former director of the American Friends Service Committee public education and economic development programs, came to Bryn Mawr to share their experiences in a moving panel discussion on "Women in the Civil Rights Movement in Mississippi."

Hudson and Carter are among numerous women who initiated and organized local movements in the 1960's in hopes of gaining political and economic power for their families and communities. As they reiterated several times during the discussion, their fight for civil rights was rooted in a continual struggle to secure needs as basic as food and shelter. Carter began by describing her experience as a sharecropper as an elevated form of slavery in which she and her family were almost entirely dependent on the owner of their plantation for all financial, medical, and housing needs. In 1964, ten years

after the *Brown vs Topeka Board of Education* ruling in which the Supreme Court mandated the desegregation of schools, Carter decided to enroll seven of her thirteen children in the formerly all white Drew school system. The family's decision was met with relentless harassment by the plantation owner and school teachers and administrators, withdrawal of credit by local store keepers, and acts of violence by angry Drew citizens. Word of the Carters' situation reached the AFSC and led to a meeting between Constance Curry and the Carter family. During the years following this meeting, Curry and the AFSC would remain in close contact with the Carters, adding political and financial support as the children fought to stay in the school system. All seven children eventually graduated from the high school and went on to earn degrees at the University of Mississippi.

Winson Hudson was likewise active in fighting for education for her community. The Harmony residents had built their own school and it was recognized throughout Leake County for the quality education it offered to African American students. With the federal mandate for integration, Mississippi decided to centralize its school system and to open three large segregated schools for African American students in Leake County. Due to this decision, the Harmony community was forced to close its school. Foreseeing the inadequacies of large state-run schools and the potentially detrimental effect of integration, Hudson and her sister Dovie filed a law suit to try to save the school. The community ultimately lost the school, but the suit was the first of many that Winson and the

continued on page 10



DO LEAVE OR NOT TO LEAVE: Some Bryn Mawr students share their "time off" experiences

see centerspread, pages 8 & 9

SEX, LIES, & STEREOTYPES

By Kalyani Broderick

Pornography has been a hot issue in the feminist movement since the late seventies, sparking heated debates and raising many issues for feminists. How has the feminist movement dealt with sexuality and how will it do so in the future? Can feminism mandate desire and its portrayals? Although lesbian-made pornography has not directly been addressed in the prominent writings against pornography, *On Our Backs* and its sister magazines frequently pop up as topics of discussion under the guise of the condemnation of sadomasochism, inter-generational sex, and role-playing relationships. The importance of the discussion of *On Our Backs* is the challenge it poses to the anti-pornography movement. Is it anti-pornography or anti-sex? Lesbian-made pornography exposes the contradictions and gaps in the argument against pornography.

The difficulty of analyzing lesbian-made erotica results from the entangled nature of the political debate on pornography among feminists. The anti-pornography movement no longer stands merely against pornography, as amorously as they defined it, but also against lesbian sadomasochism. The anti-pornography and anti-S/M stances are analytically inseparable within the anti-pornography movement. The positive portrayal of lesbian S/M has caused *On Our Backs* and its ilk to receive a great deal of criticism from many feminists and lesbians. The question arises: how did the anti-pornography argument come to incorporate the anti-S/M position? And if lesbian sadomasochism was not conflated with phallogocentric pornography, would *On Our Backs* be an issue? In order to answer these questions, it is necessary to examine the historical foundation on which the anti-pornography stance was based.

The political analysis of pornography undertook to analyze sexuality under patriarchy. In a society which continually devalues and subjugates women, what part does pornography play? What is the meaning of pornography in a society devoted to male power? Our society

uses pornography to uphold the power structure because pornography uses sex to portray power relations. Pornography uses sex to depict power relations because our society uses power relations to define sexuality.

The analysis of pornography impacted thinking on sexuality in a variety of ways. Pornography came to symbolize the depiction of socially-sanctioned sexuality within the male supremacist system. Because the patriarchy relied upon pornography to disseminate normative sexuality, feminism must abolish both the male supremacist structure of sexuality and the institution of pornography in order to overthrow the patriarchy. Women's sexuality could then be understood as a construct of the pornographic discourse.

When the anti-pornography feminists undertook their campaign against pornography, the feminist movement had been mired in a rut of sexual prescriptivism. The feminist stance on sexuality had emerged as an analysis of Politically Correct and Politically Incorrect sex, sex which perpetuated the subjugation of women and that which did not. Under the flag of feminism, the sexual repression of women had been reinstated. Why would a movement attempting to undermine the sex caste system revive the distinctly Victorian practice of prescribing sexuality? The answer lies in the roots of the feminist movement and its early discussions of sexuality.

Early Feminism and Sexual Politics

The greatest handicap of the early feminist movement was its base in the white, Protestant middle class, causing the movement and its agenda to be trapped in the confines of mainstream ideologies. When early feminists outlined their political agenda, they addressed the problems they recognized as essential to liberation, disregarding all issues of race, class, and sexual identity.

The WASP mentality invaded the early feminist analysis of sexuality. Within the forum of the CR [consciousness raising] group and later in feminist writings, heterosexuality and its problems came under discussion. The early analysis of

heterosexuality led feminists to understand that sex was ordered by power relations, and therefore all sex was patriarchally constructed and oppressive. But some forms of sex contributed to the maintenance of the patriarchy while others attempted to undermine it. At this point, women were both attempting to take control of their sexual and reproductive lives and seeking alternative forms and methods of sexuality which did not further perpetuate their oppres-

sion.

A distinctly puritanical streak ran through the analysis of sexuality. The WASP women who defined the categories of Politically Correct and Incorrect sex felt that sex was unsafe, dangerous. The analysis of heterosexuality as oppressive only served to reinforce what their mothers had told them. "Boys will try to take it, but in order to protect yourself and your reputation, you should

continued on page 4



"I want to talk about what it means to go to war . . ."

By Rachel Winston

I just finished watching eleven hours of the public television documentary "The Civil War," and I'm scared. I do not want to go to war with Iraq.

I do not want to debate the motivation behind Saddam Hussein's invasion or the morality of the U.S. serving as an "international peace-keeper." I want to talk about what it means to go to war.

In the case of the Civil War, it meant the death of 600,000 Yankees and Confederates from combat wounds, disease, and starvation. It meant piles of thousands of amputated feet and battle fields covered end to end with the dead and dying. According to the documentary, the Civil War was fought in ten thousand places and wiped out all the young men from entire communities—a whole generation of men, gone. Certainly, women were raped and killed, though the documentation is not as readily available—it never is.

War is awful. I'm ashamed to admit it took eleven hours of graphic pictures and narration to convince me of this fact. Rest assured, I have considered the horrors of combat before, but you see, never in my lifetime has the United States been so close to formally declaring war.

I don't consider myself a knee-jerk liberal, nor do I think of myself as a pacifist. I don't claim to understand all the economic, social, or political implications of Iraqi control over Kuwait, though I gather the picture is pretty bleak. Nonetheless,

war is not an acceptable option.

I don't think you decide whether to go to war based on U.S. citizens' decreasing tolerance for higher oil prices or power shifts in OPEC. You decide against war on principle and then you figure out how to make the best compromise. And yet, over the past few weeks I've been drawn into a lull, a dreamy apathy, as the Bush Administration marches lock-step toward direct confrontation. I haven't written my representatives. I haven't been outraged that Congress, along with the President, has refused to convene a special session to debate the issue of war. I haven't really talked much about the "Persian Gulf Crisis," as the media calls it, with my friends.

Instead, I've been kind of waiting. Listening. Hoping some kind of answer would fall into my lap and tell me what to do. That hasn't happened yet, but the U.N. has voted to use "any means necessary" to end Hussein's occupation...

I don't want this to come across as the typical, hysterical editorial admonishing Mawrtys for their unbelievable apathy. I just think we owe it to each other to talk about the possibility of war—what it means for us as a generation and for the nation and the world. Do you think we should go to war? Why or why not? What can you do to let your representatives know how you feel?

If the Civil War is any example, future generations will want to know what we did to end the "crisis" in the Persian Gulf. What will you tell them?

Editor responds to public criticism of "The Howl"

Get a Clue: An Open Letter to the Community

"The Howl: The Bryn Mawr Humor Magazine" was attacked by a member of the community on Thursday, November 29. As a rule, I don't believe in dealing with terrorists but I believe that, unlike most hostile acts, this hostile act merits some attention. The nature of the attack was public, and my response will be public as well.

We are in the final, urgent phase of recruiting for our Spring, '91 issue, and spend most of our time leaping out of bushes, accosting unsuspecting Mawrtys and entreating them to submit. Poster campaigns are one of our most valuable recruiting tactics. In the batch we put up on Wednesday night, we threw ideas to the Bryn Mawr community. "11 and a half years," we threw out, "Multiple Orgasms," "Politically Incorrect," "Dan and Marilyn." What do

these things make you think of, we asked implicitly, is there humor to be found here?

Playboy's invitation seems to have had significant impact on our community, so we decided to find out what kind of an impact it has had. We put up a poster embossed with the words "The Women of Women's Colleges."

Bleary-eyed from a term paper, I found "Get a Clue's" note tacked next to this poster. It went like this:

Just who in the hell do you think you're talking to?

I don't consider *Playboy* appropriate material for simple humor.

If you wish to ape ignorance you must be smarter than the original

To be innovative one needs to make less pathetic choice of material

Her Name

P.S. Get a clue

continued on page 5

THE COLLEGE NEWS

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE VOLUME XII, NO. 4 NOV. 15, 1990

Editors

Thea Gray
C-628 x7543
Patricia Savoie
C-793 x5541

Arts Editor

Amy Efron

Sports Editor

Kitty Turner

Editorial Board

Basheera Abdus-Sabur, Ellis Avery, Annick Barker, Jessica Booth, Kalyani Broderick, Kelly Farrelly, Kaia Huseby, Maggie Krall, Viktoria Maxon, Beth Stroud

Photography

Annick Barker
Jessica Booth

Graphics

Kaia Huseby

Business Manager

Jennifer Cameron

This is the last issue of the semester. The deadline for the February 7 issue of *The College News* is Friday, February 1st 6 p.m. Articles should be submitted to the box outside the College News office (Denbigh 203, above the Language Lab). Submit articles in Microsoft Word on a Mac disk if possible; disks will be returned. Anyone interested in working on *The College News* should come to the Thursday night meetings at 9 p.m. in the Denbigh office, or call one of the editors.

STATEMENT OF PURPOSE: The statement of purpose is still undergoing revision.

Call to protest hasty military action

To: The Bryn Mawr and Haverford college communities
 From: Susan Dean, Ingrid Johnson, Ty Cunningham

War with Iraq.

We are soliciting signatures for the following petition. There are several copies posted on both campuses. Please find them at the Campus Center bulletin board, Pem West 202, Haverford Dining Center, or possibly with an SGA representative in your dorm.

We welcome those who wish to help in making this effort an ongoing movement. Thank you.

Ty Cunningham, Math, Bryn Mawr
 Susan Dean, English, Bryn Mawr
 Ingrid Johnson, Bryn Mawr Box C-658
 Tel. 526-5817

AVOID WAR

November 1990

WE THE UNDERSIGNED,

fear that our country is being hastily maneuvered into an unjustified and unwanted war with Iraq.

The United States has, under President Bush's leadership, placed itself at the front of a movement to force Iraq to retreat from its aggression in Kuwait, and possibly to destroy Iraq's power in

the Middle East.

With the UN resolution passed today, the United States is given six weeks in which to find a peaceful solution. Failing that, it sets the stage for a full scale war.

We are alarmed by the failure of our Administration to consider seriously peaceful, diplomatic avenues which make it possible for Iraq to back down.

We take it for granted that, as provided by the Constitution, the United States cannot deliberately undertake war without the explicit initiative of Congress in session.

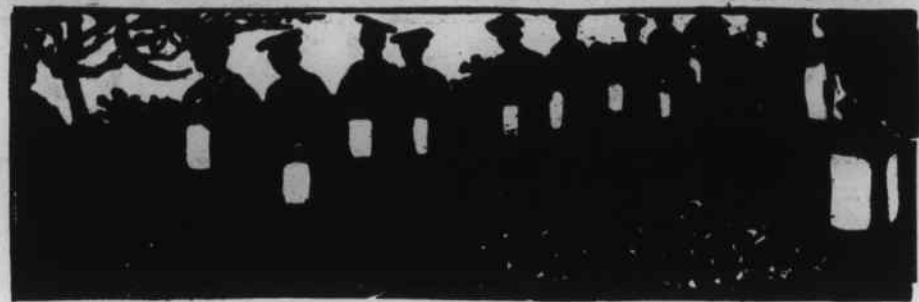
We further believe that any move to war which does not enjoy the full support of us the people, will further result in disaster.

We therefore:

1. Urge President Bush to match the military pressure already in place with sincere efforts to find a solution of the crisis short of war, and

2. Urge the Congress to conduct a full public debate of the issues surrounding the Gulf crisis, both as the basis for Congressional action, and to inform, and in turn be informed by, public opinion on these issues.

We recognize that the President's current policy of intimidation calls for solid backing by this country for its effectiveness. We assert that in a democracy, the only legitimate way to secure such support is by public debate.



Traditions

A message from Dean Hall?

By Tracy Trotter and Courtney Gray
 Traditions Mistresses

Hello there, and welcome again to the Traditions column, where the older it is the more we like it. Today's topic is the Faculty Show and Auction.

The first Faculty Show took place in the thirties, and they followed (less than regularly) every four years, thus insuring that every student would get to see one Faculty Show during her four year tour of duty at Bryn Mawr. Faculty Show reached its greatest success during the fifties. Bearing such titles as "The Prof's in the Pudding," these performances were wonderful showcases of faculty talent and wit, and were enthusiastically attended by students. Fully costumed and propped, the show required great time commitments from its participants (some of whom are still here). The students (some of whom are also still here), will tell you that the show was definitely worth the effort. Even though they didn't make any effort.

Time crept on, as it tends to do, and Faculty Show sort of collapsed in the dust. There have been several attempts to revive it and restore it to its former glory, but with little success. In 1979, a big exciting show was put on called "Curriculi, Curricula." Various portions of old shows were highlighted in this one, which took the faculty an entire year to prepare. It was a huge success as far as shows go, but as far as restoring the Faculty Show to its four year cycle....

Three years ago, the Traditions Mistresses decided that if this show was to continue, it had to fall under somebody's job description. They then realized that if the show had been happening with some regularity for over 50 years, that it must be...a Tradition!!! We hate them. Fortunately, the show has been in recent years with the Faculty Auction, in which faculty members auction off personal items of apparel, dinner in their private homes, etc. And now the moment that you've all

been waiting for: what is going to be auctioned off this year? Well, it looks like we've got an Indian Dinner for four from Dean Mehta! And two tickets to a 76er's game from the Office of Student Activities! Should you be the highest bidder, Isabelle Cazeaux will read your cards! The Audio-Visual Department has kindly offered the use of a video camera for a day, and the Office of Transportation will pick you up at your door and drop you off at the airport. Dean Hall has given us a certificate for a 1/2 hour massage, which we will award to the highest bidder (no, Dean Hall will not give you a massage!), and Dean Behrend will bake an Austrian Torte for ten people. In the Bryn Mawr College Memorabilia department we have four items. First we have *Songs of Bryn Mawr College*, a book published in 1903 with the music to all the Bryn Mawr songs that had been written at the time. In it you will see "Pallas Athena" listed as "Class Song 1893." This book also features such classic hit songs as "Thou Gracious Inspiration" and "To the Maypole." It's too old to have "Sophias" in it! The second memorabilia item is a copy of *The Lantern*, Bryn Mawr College's first publication. It is from 1900, and it is still wrapped in the original protective sheet. Uncut pages! This magazine is untouched by human hands! Both of these items were donated by the Archives. The third memorabilia item is a real lantern from the class of 1924, donated by the Alumnae Association. It's really neat-o, and in wonderful condition after we fixed it up. 1924 was a light blue class, so juniors get ready! This item will only be sold to a Bryn Mawr undergraduate or an alum. Dean Heyduk has also donated a bit-o-memorabilia, although this is of the more recent sort. It is a framed poster, dating from the time when Mary Maples Dunn (now President of Smith) was Dean of the College. It hung in her very office when she was "encouraging an increase in women's studies in the curriculum,"

continued on page 5

OPINION

Non-community member expresses her impressions of Bryn Mawr's Honor Code

As a frequent visitor to the Bryn Mawr campus I find it disheartening that the Honor Board is considering resignation. As a student that has been a part of a medium-size university in both Washington, D.C. and Denver, Colorado I very much appreciate the little I know about the Honor Code and its requirements.

Two years ago, as a freshman at the University of Denver, I would call my best friend here at BMC to discuss life as a college student. I was amazed then, and remain so, at the stories she would tell about being able to leave her backpack in the middle of the green and come back two days later to find it untouched. Such an occurrence seemed amazing to me as I was schooled in a community that frequently saw bike locks sawed off and dorm rooms ransacked. It would be ridiculous for someone to leave their dorm room unlocked even to visit a friend upstairs at DU. At American University, which I attended for a semester, it is physically impossible to leave your room unlocked, i.e. the door automatically locks when closed. In addition, all access doors to American dorms and study rooms are locked twenty-four hours a day. An access card must be carried and used at all times; needless to say it becomes a hassle to move about at noon when you must use your passcard just to enter the reading room or auditorium for class.

Exams at both universities are "proctored," but I have seen take-home exams for graduate level classes - the obvious assumption being that an older or more advanced student is more responsible concerning cheating than the typical undergraduate would be. The Alcohol Policy is most definitely imposed upon the student body by the administration and parties at DU fraternities and sororities make local police attendance mandatory. We may be of legal age to drink but we are assumed to be too immature to partake of the substance without a police officer present.

My rudimentary understanding of the Honor Code creates in my mind the image of a system that respects the rights of the individual including their expression verbally, mentally, and physically. The Code seemingly asks only for each member of the community to put respect at the forefront of all action and reaction. Meaning simply that if someone disagrees with someone else about their looks or their thoughts or their activities, they should express themselves in such a way as to allow the continuance of peaceful coexistence. It is always easy to disagree with someone else, but it is never easy to disagree and then try to mediate a position acceptable to both of you.

Dissolving the Honor Code is a logical first response to a seemingly irreparable problem. Looking deeper into the problem rationally and objectively however, reveals that it is indeed not the Honor Code that is the problem but instead the lack of energy spent on its implementation. Every member of the community takes on a tremendous responsibility to monitor herself and her fellow members. It may be utopian to demand the cessation of all derogatory thoughts and expressions, even so, it is reasonable and achievable to work toward the tempering of their effects when they occur.

BMC seems to me to be a remarkably open campus in comparison to other campuses and the larger community as a whole. Women that opt to participate in a Bryn Mawr education are far from average. They do not need an external mechanism to police their actions or their morals. The Honor Board has a difficult job, but no tougher than a person who has been called a dyke in hostility and then must confront, with respect, the aggressor. Likewise from any person who feels hurt or unduly implicated by a fellow community member who she has trusted to be respectful toward her. The Honor Board cannot give up in the face of pressure or even hopelessness, just as the Honor Code itself asks the victim not to back down in the face of opposition.

— Brenda Gleason

(can be contacted care of Jen Bohn at x5578, Box C-56)



Insensitivity mars effort at cross-cultural education

To the women who created 'Middle East' night in the Campus Center Cafe:

I have been in America 10 months and poof! my country has disappeared. I am one of hundreds of students on campus who would have been quite willing to assist you in designing an Israeli flag to put up in the Cafe that night. I would have been happy to label it in English, Hebrew, and Arabic.

I am one of many Israelis who sincerely want a just peace in the Middle East and believe in the necessity of the creation of a Palestinian state next to Israel. But to hang a Palestinian flag and not an Israeli flag on 'Middle East' night is at best misleading and fantastical, and at worst leads to the kind of distrust that

feeds extremists on both sides.

Further, to hang a Palestinian flag next to the Kuwaiti flag (when neither country currently exists) while excluding the quite de facto state of Israel reflects an unrealistic grasp of geopolitical reality which makes communication and dialogue impossible.

I celebrate the effort to promote cross-cultural education and exchange. This effort, however, is only hampered when insensitivity and parochialism are allowed to dictate participants in the exchange.

Peace/Shalom/pllw

Cricket Korsower '91

Lesbian porn offers new expressions of sexuality

continued from page 2

only go so far" became "Patriarchally bound men use sex as a method of oppression, and in order to save your self and further the movement, you must only practice sex which is loving and equal."

Equality and mutuality dominated the discourse of alternative sexuality. Both within the context of heterosexuality and lesbianism, women were supposed to desire and enact only sex which was based on equality, mutuality, and love. Certain forms of sexuality became defined as Politically Correct, those defined as based on these tenets. And others were stigmatized as Politically Incorrect, those defined as perpetuating the subjugation of women, or defined as modeled after the structure of male sexuality.

Many women became just as oppressed by the feminist regulation of sexuality as they had been in the patriarchal construction of virgin and whore. Women who wanted orgasm, fantasized about or practiced S/M, and lesbians who enacted roles in their relationships were no longer allowed to discuss their fantasies and sex lives without being shunned. It became dangerous to be a feminist and discuss your sexuality if it couldn't be immediately defined as Politically Correct.

Women Against Pornography

In the late seventies, the anti-pornography movement arose within this repressive climate. Advocating the end to all degrading or violent depictions of women, Women Against Violence in Pornography and the Media (WAVPM), later shortened to Women Against Pornography (WAP), began to assert great influence in the feminist movement. And our discussions of pornography today are still shaped by the analyses of these feminists.

Divorcing anti-pornography theory from the movement which grew around it, the feminist analysis of pornography articulated that pornography is an institution which crystallizes, perpetuates, and causes violence against women in its myriad forms. It uses the prostitution of women for men's financial benefit. Pornography ranges from Playboy to snuff films. Pornography depicts sex as the defining element of womanhood. All women are portrayed as whores, to be used as whores by pornography. Pornography depicts women as objects of degradation, as requiring and enjoying male violence.

The analysis of pornography then leads to both an analysis of the gender system as depicted in pornography, and an analysis of sexuality in a world in which pornography is read and used by nearly every man in America. These analyses could have led to revolutions in feminist thinking on gender and sexuality. A revolution was not, however, what occurred. The analysis of pornography was used by anti-pornography feminists such as WAP to increase the sense among feminists that sex is dangerous, thereby upholding the existing definitions of Politically Correct and Incorrect sex, and the existing Pleasure/Danger dichotomy in the social construction of female sexuality.

Sadomasochism and the stigma surrounding it has always been used to manipulate discourses on sexuality. The right-wing uses sadomasochism to stigmatize gays and lesbians, and to mobilize the Moral Majority to further restrict sexual freedom. And Women Against Pornography jumped on the anti-S/M bandwagon, using S/M to arouse the deepest fears of feminists in order to mobilize them against pornography.

Because S/M is used in pornography to convey both male power and male violence, anti-pornography feminists seized on the idea that S/M contributed

to the oppression of women. WAP used anti-S/M stereotypes consistently in all its presentations, slide shows, and forums, regardless of the effect of anti-S/M propaganda on feminists who actually practiced S/M.

SAMOIS

SAMOIS, a San Francisco-based lesbian/feminist S/M organization, spearheaded the S/M liberation movement of the late seventies. SAMOIS was gaining recognition and influence during the same period that WAP began its campaign against pornography. SAMOIS sought to abolish stereotypes about the practice of S/M and the people who practiced it, to encourage a greater freedom of expression.

The attacks being made on S/M by WAP were posing a serious detriment to the gains that SAMOIS had worked so hard to achieve. WAP portrayed practitioners of S/M as foaming-at-the-mouth crazies who stood in the way of women's liberation. SAMOIS had a vested interest in countering these stereotypes, for the health and welfare of its members depended on the positive acceptance of their sexuality.

Because WAP's use of S/M stereotypes was shaped by the feminist discourse of sexual puritanism, SAMOIS' challenge to WAP opened the dialogue of sexuality again within the feminist movement. S/M liberation posed a direct challenge to the feminist stance on sexuality. SAMOIS questioned the rigid dichotomy of Politically Correct and Incorrect sex and its effect on feminists and lesbians. If lesbian feminists were being excluded from the movement on the basis of their sexual desires, what kind of movement was it?

For years, the war between SAMOIS and WAP raged on, feminist pitted against feminist. In 1979, SAMOIS published *Coming to Power* to advance their cause, allowing readers a glimpse into the politics, the fantasies, and the practice of S/M. In 1981, WAP published its response, *Against Sadomasochism: A Radical Feminist Analysis*. Proving how rabidly anti-S/M they were, the anti-pornography feminists set aside their concern for the evil of pornography, transferring it to the perceived evil of sadomasochism.

Although these arguments revolved around the issue of S/M, in retrospect the real impact of these debates was on the feminist discourse of sexuality. WAP represented the puritanical ethos that all sex was dangerous, oppressive, and therefore must be regulated, while SAMOIS argued that feminists must be free to share their desires and experiences without jeopardizing their place in the movement. The real battle being fought was whether feminists were further oppressing themselves with the constructions of prescribed and proscribed sexuality.

On Our Backs

Lesbian-made pornography provides a prism for the examination of the anti-pornography vs S/M liberation debate. In other words, *On Our Backs* forces us to deal with questions of sexuality within the feminist movement. Rightly so considering it is a magazine dedicated to the exploration of sexuality.

Many of the arguments surrounding lesbian-made pornography revolve around unresolved questions. What is pornography and what is erotica? What is abusive and what is sexy? How do we define our sexuality? How can we portray it? Is sex political? Who has the right to answer these questions?

In order to analyze lesbian-made pornography, the definition of pornography must be clarified. Using the terms of anti-pornography feminists, pornography depicts women as whores. Essentially, the criterion for pornography, as

opposed to erotica, rests in the foundation of male power / female powerlessness. Erotica on the other hand portrays the reality of women's sexuality and frees the power of the erotic in both its producers and readers.

The relationship of male power to female powerlessness pervades pornography in many ways. The power asserted and perpetuated in pornography and advertisements is male power. It is the economic power to create and distribute photographs of women which serve to support the gender system. It is the cultural power to create and define femininity. It is the power to represent only those images of women which are socially sanctioned. And ultimately it is the power to enforce the laws of gender with their penises, fists, and guns.

In contrast to the cultural power of pornography, lesbian-made erotica magazines have no economic power, and are often not even able to pay their staffs. Many of the photographers do erotic photography for pleasure, not money. Although they are attempting to widen the range of culturally defined female sexuality, women, and especially lesbians, have no access to the institutions which sanction and disseminate cultural imagery. *On Our Backs* is so frequently banned from feminist bookstores that even feminists do not have access to these new definitions of female sexuality. These magazines do not use physical force, economic coercion, or anything resembling prostitution to draw models into their studios. Models are found within the lesbian community, and are often friends, lovers, or co-workers of the staff. And lastly, anti-pornography feminists have yet to show whether lesbian-made pornography depicts or causes violence against women within the terms of their analysis, or whether there has ever been

a case of a sex crime committed against a lesbian by a lesbian because of the influence of *On Our Backs*. For these reasons, careful consideration should be given to the definition and applications of the terms erotica and pornography when referring to magazines such as *On Our Backs* and *Bad Attitudes*.

Because the anti-pornography and anti-S/M arguments became so inextricably conflated, the anti-pornography feminists labeled *On Our Backs* pornography because of its positive portrayal of S/M sex. If *On Our Backs* portrayed only vanilla sex, it would have been named erotica and no conflict would ever have arisen. No one ever accuses Tee Corinne of being pornographic. But because *On Our Backs* is dedicated to portraying lesbian sexuality in all its forms, including the practice of S/M, it is constantly attacked for being filthy, disgusting, and oppressive.

The common practice of censoring *On Our Backs* by feminist bookstores stems from this stigmatization of lesbian-made erotic magazines with the use of anti-S/M attitudes. Regardless of what it actually portrays, *On Our Backs* has been stigmatized as sadomasochistic and perverse, thereby incurring the wrath of many feminists. Regrettably, the use of S/M as a stigmatized sexuality which can mobilize fear has been used by lesbian feminists against lesbian feminists. The stigmatization of S/M is intricately connected with the stigmatization of lesbianism and the stigmatization of women in general. In the end, it will only hurt the anti-pornography and anti-S/M feminists when they find they have no freedom to express their sexuality within the feminist movement and within mainstream society because all channels of erotic power outside of the missionary position will be blocked.

Establishment of new science requirement nears completion

By Beth Stroud

At the next Arts and Sciences faculty meeting, which will take place on February 13th, the faculty will take a second vote on the proposed new science requirement. If the requirement passes at this meeting — and it probably will — Bryn Mawr students, beginning with the class of 1995, will be required to take three courses in the natural sciences (Biology, Chemistry, Geology, Mathematics, Physics and Psychology). Two of these courses will have to include a laboratory component, and at least two different disciplines will have to be represented in the total of three courses. Courses used to make up the total of three will also be able to satisfy the quantitative skills requirement if they are designated as appropriate for that requirement.

The new requirement will not make any difference in science majors' programs, as science majors are already required to take courses in at least two different scientific fields: chemistry majors have to take math and physics, physics majors have to take math, biology majors have to take chemistry and so on. Non-science majors who use courses in the Mathematics department to satisfy the quantitative skills requirement will only have to take one more lab than they would have, as two natural science courses, one of which must be a lab, and one quantitative skills course, which cannot be counted towards the science requirement, are currently required. Non-science majors who use sociological statistics or logic to fulfill the quantitative requirement will have to take one additional course and one additional lab.

Dr. Michelle Francl, a member the

Undergraduate Curriculum Committee which proposed the change, estimates that the various science departments will have to accommodate just over 100 additional students in introductory classes. Because these students will be choosing courses from six different departments, however, the size of each class will increase by about 20 students at most, and lab sections will be divided so that they remain the same size they are now. (The lecture sections of introductory level science courses tend to be large already: an additional 20 students will represent a 50% increase at most, and may represent a little as 15%.)

The change was not motivated, as some have speculated, by a general push to get more women into the sciences. While that may be a desirable byproduct of the institution of this requirement, the real motivation, according to Francl, was a comparison with similar institutions, which showed that Bryn Mawr required less science than other schools. This discrepancy seemed inappropriate in the midst of a growing shortage of scientists.

Some students have expressed concern about the lab component of the requirement, and have suggested that lab courses are "inaccessible" to students who do not have a strong interest in science. According to Francl the additional lab was proposed because scientific knowledge is laboratory-based; "real science" happens in labs, not in classrooms. She quoted Brunilde Ridgway, an archeology professor who is also on the Undergraduate Curriculum Committee, as saying that we would not dream of asking literature professors to offer courses in which papers were not required so that literature courses would be more "accessible" to science majors.

CORRECTION

Juan Rivero, one of the actors who played Hamlet in Bryn Mawr's recent production, was incorrectly identified as Juan Ortiz in the Arts review of the play in the November 15 issue.

"Humor will die here if it isn't taken seriously . . ."

continued from page 2

I wear two hats, the hat of the editor-in-chief of "The Howl," and that of a rape crisis counselor in an emergency room in Philadelphia. My counseling skills have helped me understand that people react strongly in this world for a variety of reasons that deserve my respect. It is always better to try to understand, and reach an understanding. My involvement with "The Howl" has taught me that humor is worth fighting for, and struggling for that understanding, no matter how angry it makes some people in the process. Generally, the two hats complement one another nicely. Recently, however, I'm afraid I have neglected humor, and rationalized too much of the bad attitude towards it on this campus.

It's time to take a stand.

"Get a Clue," YOU offend ME. Who am I talking to? Everyone on this campus with a sense of humor. I hoped you would be included, but here it is. **With or without you, we're going to laugh our heads off.**

I disagree with you about the *Playboy* issue, I think it's positively rich with potential for laughter. Simple humor? An oxymoron. Humor can be fat, thin, short, tall, left-handed, right-handed, green or orange, particularly orange, as a matter of fact — but not simple. It lets people laugh, and make merry, and love the heck out of life, and that, my friend, is anything but simple.

I'm sorry if you want to live life as though it's an open wound to be salted twice a day. That's really easy. What's

hard is to know when to take life seriously, and there are times for that, to be sure — but also to laugh, and celebrate.


Now, I find it hard to believe that you don't laugh at some point. (I'm no rocket scientist, but doesn't something build up, wouldn't you explode?) **Instead of telling us what humor isn't, why don't you show us what is?** I am being absolutely, one hundred percent serious: consider this a sincere invitation.

As a matter of fact, I want to thank you for making this exchange public, because now I can extend this invite to the rest of the Bryn Mawr community — funny as it sounds, **Humor will die here if it isn't taken seriously.** Bryn Mawr humor is dazzling, and takes many shapes. It is also widespread, but we need every single one of you to write, draw, prophesy, sketch — do your thing for us, people, and get others to do theirs.

One last thing . . . Get a clue? Didn't we leave that back in seventh grade? I appreciate the fact that this time you didn't scrawl your response all over the poster itself, but let's be adults. The next time you have something to say to "The Howl," or to me in particular, get a clue yourself. We may not agree now, or ever, but like it or not, I am here, I am laughing like a maniac, and I'm not going anywhere soon.

And I'm your sister.

Sincerely,
Karen Rebecca Tolchin, '92
Editor-in-chief, "The Howl"

Mrs. Hank 

Dear Ms Hank,

I have the worst case of writer's block in the whole world. When I have a paper due, it takes me two days just to start the first paragraph. I don't know if I have anything worthwhile to say. I don't even know if I can write well enough to say anything worthwhile if I thought of it. All the professors in my department think I'm a fuckwit, I know. What should I do?

—Distressed & Confused

Dear D&C,

Oh, dear. The homophobic white supremacist patriarchy has done it again — it's convinced you that you have nothing to say, and that schoolwork is a boring and/or painful chore. You have internalized the oppressor to the extent that you reproduce your professors' critical evaluations before you even get the first word on the page. Sweetheart, this just won't do. You deserve much better.

What you need to do is get in touch with your erotic power. Ms Hank tries to do this with every letter she answers, every paper she writes, every exam she takes. And this doesn't necessarily mean you should have wild passionate sex right before you plug in your electric typewriter or head down to the Computer Center (though I do recommend exactly that in certain situations, when it's healthy and when it's possible.) It does mean, however, that you should be aware of your deepest and strongest

feelings when you read and write, and that you should learn to value and use them.

Audre Lorde — who has articulated this idea more articulately and beautifully than any writer I have ever read — writes, "Within the celebration of the erotic in all our endeavors, my work becomes a longed-for bed which I enter gratefully and from which I rise up empowered." (From "Uses of the Erotic" on page 55 of *Sister Outsider*. "Uses of the Erotic" is also printed in *Weaving the Visions*, an anthology of feminist and womanist spirituality.)

The trick is not to be smart and rational and incisive — if you try too hard to be all these things you will only be disappointed and alienated and all kinds of other bad things, and your writer's block will never go away. The trick is to love what you are doing, to love yourself and your reactions and your work. The rest will follow. And when you have finished your paper, go dancing.

Death to the patriarchy,
Ms Hank

Dear Ms. Hank,

Help me. I'm ready to emerge from a closet, from behind two frighteningly heavy doors through which I walk every day, the doors of the science building. I'm coming out as a science geek. Here's my dilemma: I live for lab, equations

continued on page 15

Oh entreats Asian students to provide competent leadership

By Grace An

When David Oh's three Korean nieces went trick-or-treating on Halloween night a couple of years ago, they toured the one Korean block in town only. They could not visit other houses for fear of cruelty and harassment. They were not with their friends but with their mother. "What brings us together," Oh suggested, "is our commonness: we know injustice, when something is not right."

On Thursday, November 15, David Oh came to Bryn Mawr to speak about the recent rise of inter-racial conflicts and the urgent need for Asian participation in discussion of these pressing issues. Currently the managing attorney for the Asian Law Center, Oh has worked with many cases of racial confrontations. In his lecture, he brought to attention one specific event that has recently provoked this new consciousness of the rising tensions that have been expressed through hostile demonstrations. This summer at the Wild West Deli (in Philadelphia,) Gregory Dorn, an African-American man, was shot by the son of the Korean owner of the deli. No trial followed this incident because a videotape proved that the son acted in self-defense. A group from outside the pre-dominantly African-American neighborhood protested in front of the store and the district attorney's office; they demanded the handover of the store, the killer of Dorn prosecuted, and boycott of all Asian stores. Moreover, they carried signs of Asian heads with guns pointed to them, along with sayings like "Asians are blood-suckers," "Parasites," etc.

Interestingly enough, it was African-Americans who lived in the neighborhood who came to the defense of the Asian storeowner and his son. Driving the protesters away, they put an end to the harassing demonstrations. Oh stated that they were "decent people who acted with principles." They were not policemen, politicians, or interest groups, but people who stood for what they believed.

Oh recognized and commended the course of action that the African-Americans took in the Wild West Deli incident. At the same time, however, he also pointed out that the Mayor's Advisory Commission for Asians placed this incident 8th on their agenda for the meeting that soon followed. Oh stated that racism has become a taboo subject because of all the innuendos that surround it, and

consequently, honesty is no longer the ruling factor in discussion. People appease each other, he said, because they don't want to be held responsible for any statement that could provoke further controversy; people want to be justified with their opinions. Oh said, "I'm speaking as a Korean-American, but I'm not speaking for all Asians out there; I can only give you my experiences."

What Oh seemed to find more disturbing, however, is that these recent expressions of anti-Asian sentiment have scared "Asian leaders" (doctors, lawyers, etc.) from getting involved in these problems of racial tension. As a result, not only does there seem to be a dangerous lack of concern, but this absence of Asian representation allows stereotypes to incorrectly categorize an encompassing group of people and scare them away from asserting their needs and opinions. Oh claimed that Asians are seen as "harvesters," reaping the benefits of what other people have planted, but he asserted that Asians started from nothing, took a chance, and put their abilities to use. What I also found interesting was that he felt a need to disclaim any assumptions that the Asian Law Center strove to put Asians in power. He told the audience that he believed that Asians should get more rights, benefits, and representation, but only the same as anyone else. "Justice can not be given to one group more than the other."

Throughout this lecture, Oh reminded the audience that his opinions were his own opinions. He kept in mind that some of his statements may not be wholly qualified, but he simply wanted to express them honestly. He came out to Bryn Mawr with the obligation to tell Asian students that they must provide the leadership that is needed to competently represent the Asian community. "You've got to care, and if you have the ability, the care will go a long way." It is his hope that as more and more people begin to get involved that the fear of harassment and opposition will go away. Only honesty will help people understand how others think, and from this point, more effective action will take place. Oh referred to the African-Americans in the Wild West Deli neighborhood, emphasizing that they acted out of concern and principle. It is his hope that others will follow their example. "People are not always willing to act out what they think is good."

Faculty auction: fun stuff to buy, performing professors, and the stage debut of our traditions mistresses

continued from page 3

pirating funds for a re-emergence of The College News (in xeroxed form, at first), and encouraging plans for a women's center in the soon to be created Campus Center." That's what Dean Heyduk said in his letter to us. And if that's not enough to convince you, he adds, "in eight or ten more decades the frame will be an antique!" If those things aren't old enough for you, then you can bid on the Archaeology Kit donated by Professor Ridgway. Or if you are more into modern life but you just can't figure out those new-fangled computers, you can bid on Tom Warger's generous donation of two two-hour computer tutorials! George Pahomov has kindly (and we hope not stupidly) offered to open his house to six wayward students, to whom he will serve a fabulous Russian Dinner. You don't have to speak Russian, but it helps if you can say "spaseeba." You can also purchase a tie, yes, a tie, from the personal collection of Richard Hamilton! Or you and four of your closest friends can bid on an Insider's Tour of Philadelphia from

Professor Lewis. I'm sure all five of you will be very grateful to discover, under his guidance, the Best Secret Rooftop View of the City. For those of you with automobiles, you have the opportunity to bid on a private parking space! Right by the Campus Center! Anyone who parks in it besides you will get a ticket! And finally, those of you who attended the Faculty Show and Auction last year will remember the heated bidding that went on for the Slumber Party for 50 in the Campus Center, with six movies and \$100 for food. Well, keep your socks on because you can bid on it again this year! From dusk to dawn, you and 49 of your closest friends can watch movies and chow down.

So when is it? It's December 7th. That's this Friday. You can bid on the above listed items and more, AND you can see your beloved professors, staff members, and Deans perform on stage! Why, it's two exciting events in one! And please, don't laugh at us when we're up on stage. We didn't realize that it was part of the job description.

Personal situation of Chicanos dictates visions of 'tamale'

continued from page 1

In the 1970's, Bruce-Novoa found that Chicano texts shared in common "an underlying structure in response to a perceived threat." The authors were rescuing from history (and from the encyclopedias) various symbols of their culture in order to construct in the text a new presence of the object. This serves as an external memory device. Bruce-Novoa explained that "a poem becomes the re-incarnated body of disappeared culture" giving the members of that culture the feeling of centeredness every group desires. That which centers the ethnic group is what Bruce-Novoa refers to as an "axis-mundi". A syllabus, for example, attempts to orient you into a group for a period of time and set up a recommended hierarchy of values. If you do not follow the syllabus, you will experience a displacement, and thus be thrown off-center. When a person of a particular ethnic group is "falsified" or made invisible within the context of the dominant culture, he/she might set out to recuperate visibility and centeredness by assimilation and acceptance of the dominant culture, or seek to "mejorar la raza", or get in touch with his/her people and cultural roots.

As authors recuperate symbols through their works, they often rely on history of Mexico. Although it would seem that history cannot differ, Bruce-Novoa said that many similar elements may be observed in different texts, but that authors living in different parts of the United States may reinterpret the symbols differently. For example, many Chicanos may know that they like tamales or other traditional food, but might not know how they are made. The tamales in Texas look and taste unlike the tamales in New Mexico or California, and, if used as a symbol in literature, the tamales would differ from text to text. These foods may be used to recuperate

Mexican culture, but this re-creation is subject to the situation and knowledge of the tamale-maker. Thus, an author is subject to his or her situation as a Chicano in reworking culture as symbols of strength in opposition to a perceived threat. Bruce-Novoa terms this as ethnogenesis.

Ethnogenesis is not just the sum of history, but rather a history that is performed or told in terms of the author's situation. Bruce-Novoa likened this to walking through a part of town and then suddenly crossing into your own neighborhood. Your walk may begin to change with the new situation. In literature, the author might respond to stereotypes of Chicano cowardice by calling upon Mexican heroes. In this way, "responding from your reservoir determines what you recuperate, what your inventory from the encyclopedia will be," said Bruce-Novoa. As you invent or borrow from other groups and use that in the dominant culture, the literature serves as an act of ethnogenesis, opening up new ways that the culture can express itself by the way the told or performed story incorporates bits of the culture. "It's not something you are, it's something you perform," asserted Bruce-Novoa.

In closing, Bruce-Novoa explained that "I hope you will see that my talk is an act of ethnogenesis, not an independent ideological act. My criticism is useful in creating space to exist in." He explained that, because there is no such thing as a non-ethnic person in the United States, we must all practice our performances. "In a postmodern, consumer society the rest of the world can restructure your image almost as fast as you can enunciate it," Bruce-Novoa said. In choosing what we wish to take from the inventory of history, stereotypes, and even the taxonomies, we can nonetheless create ourselves, speak for our group, and convert our weaknesses into strengths.



Takaki urges students to challenge institution to diversify

By Eleanor Chin

Ronald Takaki, Ph.D., Chair of the Ethnic Studies Department of the University of California at Berkeley was here at Bryn Mawr on Monday, November 12 to talk to the administration about curriculum reform. In addition to meeting with President MacPherson, the deans and other notable, Mr. Takaki was able to spend some time informally with a group of students.

Jean Wu, Dean of the Division of Special Studies, was primarily responsible for bringing him to campus. Dean Wu is also teaching a class entitled "Breaking the Silence: The Asian Experience in America." The main historical text for the course is *Strangers from a Different Shore, A History of Asian Americans*, by Ronald Takaki. Dean Wu persuaded Mr. Takaki to talk with the class, so we could meet our textbook in the flesh, so to speak.

Ron Takaki is a very enthusiastic and occasionally opinionated speaker. Some-

times he would take his answers to questions on protracted anecdotal tangents. However, listening to him talk was enough fun that it wasn't noticeable until he suddenly brought himself back to the topic at hand and answered the original question.

Mr. Takaki told us about his personal history. His parents were Japanese plantation workers in Hawaii, his father an immigrant and his mother a Nisei, a second generation Japanese-American. His father died when he was five and his mother married a Chinese, so he grew up speaking Cantonese. He confided that when he was young he was not academically inclined. Instead, he was a surfer: "Ten Toes Takaki." When he came to the mainland to attend Wooster College in Ohio in the 1950s, he was the only Asian at Wooster. He was frequently asked "how long he had been in the United States," and "where he had learned to speak English so well".

He also talked about the process of writing books. He has written several,



Robyn Sawyer addressed the bi-college community on Tuesday, November 27.

— Photo by Annick Barker

Sawyer discusses sex myths and the 'ethnocentricity' of sex

By Kathleen Husted

We just do not talk about sexuality enough. But last Tuesday, in Goodhart music room, Robyn Sawyer did. He covered a lot of the topics which are not frequently discussed in eighth grade sex education class . . . or ninth grade . . . or twelfth grade . . . or life. He talked about societal sex stereotypes, learned sex patterns, lack of communication before, after and about sex, the lack of sex education in our country, hang-ups and excuses about sex and protection, "the is-that-all-there-is?" syndrome, menstruation, and, naturally, masturbation. Needless to say, the hour and a half flew by.

He opened things up asking us what we thought about our parents having sex. We said, "they don't." Then he gently reminded us that we're not the only sexually active age-group in the world. People have had sex before us and they have had to deal with a lot of the same tensions and guilts. He explained that we were uncomfortable with the idea of our parents doing it because in most families sex is a taboo subject. So we come to college believing everything we heard not from our parents but from messages of the media. We don't know how to say "no, thank you" or "get your (insert body part of choice here) out of my ear" because that's not how actresses have sex on the big screen.

A topic which Robyn Sawyer spent a lot of time on was what he referred to as the "ethno-centricity" of sex. It's the societal definition of sex as penal-vaginal intercourse only. His point was that we all learn that anything else is only a lead up to sex or "making out," so penal-vaginal intercourse is what all our attention should be focused on. This is a

standard which I personally believe has enormous impact on our sex lives. We get so hung up on the importance of the one thing that we are unable to completely enjoy all the other wonderful sexual touches.

Although Mr. Sawyer only briefly touched on homosexuality and bisexuality as issues, the talk was not exclusive to heterosexual sex by any means. The problems about communication, embarrassment, and misinformation apply to anybody who has ever even thought about having sex with anybody else. For instance, we all want to have orgasms. Mr. Sawyer pointed out that achieving orgasm had become a tense and guilt ridden experience. It's no longer enough to say you've had one, now you have to say how many thousands you've had in one lay. How exhausting. And, as he pointed out, that adds an unnecessary stress to the game. We're bombarded with sex myths such as this from the time we are born, and they always make us feel like we are doing something wrong. Unfortunately, that is the typical development of sexuality in the college age student.

I cannot say I learned any new facts from Robyn Sawyer, but I learned where most of the sex-related problems I've seen first, or second, or third hand originated. I came away from his talk with a much clearer understanding of the extraordinary influences society has on the most intimate moments between people and a very sad understanding of how sexually repressed the society sending the messages is. The shattering effects of the repression and the messages are sexually confused college students.

Robyn Sawyer teaches courses in human sexuality and adolescent health at the University of Maryland.

including *Pau Hana*, a history of plantation workers in Hawaii. He informed us that for inspiration we should all go and drink beer in the backyard with our uncles, which is how he came to write *Pau Hana*.

The most interesting parts of Mr. Takaki's conversation with our class came when he talked about change; changing society and challenging it to become a more diverse and accepting context for people of color. Mr. Takaki himself has a long history of activism. He organized the Black Student Union at UCLA in the 1960s, gaining the reputation of a "bad Asian dude." He was also fired by UCLA for rocking the boat too much when demands began for ethnic studies in the curriculum. He went on to found the Ethnic Studies program at Berkeley, which is now one of the largest and most prestigious in the country.

He talked about how his writing fits into his activism. "Anger and bitterness drive scholarship," he says, and on a somewhat lighter note, "Whenever I get

called 'Jap,' I run home and write another book." He equates activism with building curriculum and expanding awareness of diversity. Scholarship becomes a vital and necessary political tool. His book *Strangers* was written, not necessarily as a scholarly work, but as a way of educating non-scholars about the Asian role in American history.

Mr. Takaki addressed the question of diversity in the Bryn Mawr community very specifically. He feels that the administration "has made a commitment to diversity, but it is not clear on what defines diversity." We as students "have to hold this faculty and this administration accountable for their vision." He speaks from experience when he says, "Students can make history." Student activism was partly responsible for the establishment of Ethnic Studies at Berkeley.

There is talk of bringing Ron Takaki back to Bryn Mawr in the spring. If he comes back, he will be able to address the community as a whole.

"I notice that the word 'massacre' is new"

continued from page 1

soldiers to enforce peace and sanctioned the killing of countless people. Chief Big Foot was under close scrutiny by Lt Col. Sumner and his troops and on December 23, 1890, they were ordered to arrest Big Foot as a hostile. However, the Big Foot band had already silently slipped away from the Cheyenne county, into the Badlands, heading for Pine Ridge. The history books we read as children do not tell that side of the story, all we saw were acts of gratuitous violence and final submission. (It was the Conquistadors who introduced scalping, and the colonial governments who offered a bounty on Indian scalps). On

was the last act. The last official armed conflict between the United States government and the Native North American population. It is ironic that Custer's 7th Cavalry plays a role. Their inglorious defeat at Little Big Horn was still within living memory and their antagonism toward the indigenous population was not unknown. Directly in the rear of the Indian Camp was a dry draw, running east and west. The Indians were ordered to surrender their arms before proceeding to Pine Ridge. Capt. Wallace, with an army detail began searching the teepees for Indian weapons. Yet even the most cynical analysis can impute intentionality to this inci-

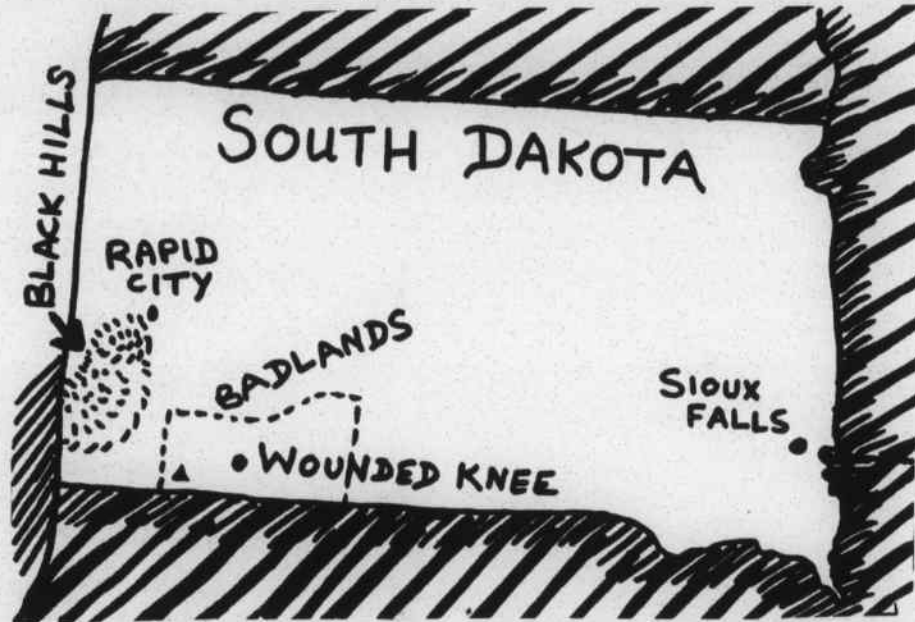
by missionary zeal. It was a time of real desperation and despair. Given this set of conditions it is hardly surprising that any revivalist movement would take hold.

Wovoka and the practice of Ghost Dancing offered a vision of golden times; a cultural renaissance when "The land will be new and green with young grass. Elk and deer and antelope and even the vanishing buffalo will return in vast numbers as they were before the white men came. And all Indians will be young again and free of white man's sickness—even those of our people who have gone to the grave. It will be paradise on earth!" (Miller, 1959: 27-28) Surviving Indians stampeded in wild disorder for the shelter of the draw 200 feet to the south, escaping west and east in the draw, and north down Wounded Knee Creek. The Ghost Dance spread across the Plains in the summer of 1890. The Lakota saw it as a last opportunity to return to life they could still feel. Many people embraced it, defiantly leaving the reservations and congregating in the Badlands and the Plains. The movement was not initially perceived as a threat by the U.S. Government, but when the Lakota failed to return at the end of the summer the troops were called in. Pursuit by the 7th Cavalry resulted in the killing of more men, women and children, causing this battle to be referred to as the "Wounded Knee Massacre." Some dancers surrendered and returned but others refused and continued to dance and wait for the buffalo to return. A list of so-called hostile chiefs was drawn up and orders for their arrests were issued. The death of Sitting Bull panicked many Ghost Dancers and they fled the reservation, hoping to find safe haven with Red Cloud—a mainstay in Lakota resistance and one of the most influential men of his time. One hour later, 146 Indian men, women and children lay dead in the Wounded Knee valley. The bodies of many were scattered along a distance of two miles from the scene of the encounter. But without the necessary passes and permission, their excursions off reservation land was bound for disaster. Big Foot's followers were within twenty miles of Pine Ridge when they were encountered. Their surrender was peaceful and the promise of blankets and an escort to Red Cloud were taken in good faith. The positioning of the soldiers indicates to most military experts that an ambush was not planned, this was meant to be an act of intimidation not open engagement. Twenty soldiers were killed on the field, and sixteen later died of wounds. Wounded soldiers and Indians alike were taken to Pine Ridge Agency. Many accounts exist to explain the firing of the initial shoot, most agree that it was fired in haste; an act of bravado. The resulting exchange was a consequence of the force amassed and the ignorance of the soldiers, who still thought of these people as somehow less than human. But it was not just an accidental discharge of one weapon, and it didn't stop immediately.

Mounted soldiers chased unarmed people and fired upon them from behind. It was an act of inexcusable violence. A blizzard came up. Four days later, an Army detail gathered up the Indian dead and buried them in a common grave at the top of the hill northwest of here. The sound of machine gun fire could be heard on Pine Ridge reservation and some of those Ghost dancers who had surrendered, fled in fear of their lives, escaping back into the Badlands. The soldiers gathered their wounded and some of the Indians casualties, and made for the Reservation. They told of a battle, an Indian attack, a fight, and as they talked a blizzard came up, shrouding the day in snow and darkness. One hundred and eight Native North Americans died that day—their voices stilled and their bodies quiet. A monument marks this grave.

On January 1st, a party lead by an Lakota physician, made their way back to Wounded Knee Creek. As they topped the last rise, the sight that confronted them must have been truly devastating. "From the ridges overlooking to silent valley, the bodies of the slaughtered Indians were grotesque little figures against the snow. Frozen stiff and covered with blood, they had a look as unreal as dim shapes in nightmare." (Miller, 1959: 225) A trench was dug—fifty feet long, six feet wide and six feet deep—and the bodies were dumped without ceremony or casket, into the open hole. No prayers were uttered and it was not until the following year that this mass grave was marked. "Ghost Dancing" ended with this encounter. The Wounded Knee battlefield is the site of the last armed conflict between the Sioux Indians and the United States Army. Thus the frontier was won and closed.

As I adjust my camera again, to get this second side, I notice that the word "Massacre" is new. It is bolted on to the marker, covering I presume the word "Battle." It is a different shade of green than the rest of the sign—the newness of the paint stands out like a band-aid on a sore. The shutter clicks, and I replace the lens cover, putting the camera back in my bag. Two weeks later when the film is developed I stare at the image again still haunted by the fact that it is just another sign, on just another road. It's pinned on my notice board now and in three weeks it will be a hundred years. I do not know how to mark such an occasion. The words of Black Elk echo as I sit staring at my computer screen: *I did not know then how much was ended. When I look back now from this high hill of my old age, I can still see the butchered women and children lying heaped and scattered all along the crooked gulch as plain as when I saw them with eyes still young. And I can see that something else died there in the bloody mud, and was buried in the blizzard. A people's dream died there. It was a beautiful dream... [but] the nation's hoop is broken and scattered. There is no centre any longer, and the sacred tree is dead.*



December 28 1890, without a struggle, Chief Big Foot surrendered to the U.S. 7th Cavalry (Maj. Whitesides) at the site marked by a sign five miles north of here. The Band was then escorted to Wounded Knee, camping that night under guard.

The Lakota (Sioux) nation migrated westward in the seventeenth century, driven out of their woodland home by other Native North American groups recently armed by the French and British. They took to the Plains, stealing enough horses to transform their semi-sedentary pastoral culture into a semi-nomadic one within a generation. A highly complicated system of social organization provided for a nation which operated on a model of consensus and balance. Reinforcements of the U.S. 7th Cavalry (including one company of Indian scouts) arrived at Wounded Knee from Pine Ridge Agency the morning of December 29 1890. Col. Forsythe took command of a force of 470 men. Authority was vested in individuals who had were required to demonstrate their capability on a regular basis. (The creation of life-time chiefs, is in some ways, a post-colonial phenomenon). Gender parity existed and was maintained through the existence of separate but equal spheres of influence. The impact of colonization on this particular aspect of Lakota culture is marked—the transplantation of western male hegemonic thinking created a very different gender dynamic in the post-colonial era.

Cultures collided on these prairies and standing at the foot of this marker reading the words makes me cold. I know what is next. There are no surprises, just the inevitable. I wait for it to be the next word. I keep coming back to this site in my mind. It is the metaphor for contact: misunderstanding, mis-communication, fear, ignorance, desperation, death. A battery of four Hotchkiss guns were placed on the hill 400 feet west of here, overlooking the Indian encampment. Big Foot's band was encircled at 9:00 am by a line of foot soldiers and cavalry. I adjust the focus on my camera, walking back far enough to get the front side of the sign into the frame. The words end abruptly and I have to move into the shade on the other side to learn again the end of the story I already know. Chief Big Foot, sick with pneumonia, lay in a warmed tent provided by Col. Forsythe, in the center of the camp. A white flag flew there, placed by Indians. This

dent. It was inevitable but not planned. This sign cannot give life to the desperate existence many Lakota were now eeking out.

The Fort Laramie Treaty of 1868 created the first real reservations for the Lakota, it allowed for the creation of artificial boundaries between a number of Plains groups. Unfortunately, the text of this agreement along with several others were never made clear to the signatories and the treaty they signed bore little resemblance to that which was later to be enforced and ignored. During this excitement, Yellow Bird, a medicineman, walked among the braves blowing on an eagleman whistle, inciting the warriors to action, declaring the "Ghost shirts" worn by the warriors would protect them from the soldier's bullets. This was to be known as the Great Sioux Reservation, and in conjunction with land guaranteed as Indian territory it covered parts of present day Wyoming, Montana, Nebraska, North and South Dakota. In 1876, after the discovery of gold and the continuing westward push, the U.S. government illegally ceded the Indian territory (taking away the Lakota sacred lands—the Black Hills) and reduced the size of the reservation by more than two thirds. A shot was fired, and all hell broke loose. The troops fired a deadly volley into the Council warriors, killing nearly half of them. A bloody hand-to-hand struggle followed, all the more desperate since the Indians were armed mostly with clubs, knives, and revolvers. In 1889, in keeping with the Dawes Allotment Act, the Great Sioux Reservation was broken into seven substantial smaller reservations, and the "excess" land was sold to settlers and developers. By this time, the Lakota population had become dependent upon government rations. The completion of the transcontinental railway had made possible the near extinction of the great buffalo herds and successive "wars" between the Lakota and U.S. troops had meant the loss of horses and freedom of movement. The Hotchkiss guns fired 2-pound explosive shells on the groups, indiscriminately killing warriors, children and their own disarming soldiers. Soldiers were killed by cross-fire of the comrades in the desperate engagement. People were confined to the reservations were they lived in poverty without adequate food, water or housing. Many traditional ceremonial and cultural practices were banned by the government or brutally discouraged

Bibliography and Suggested Reading List

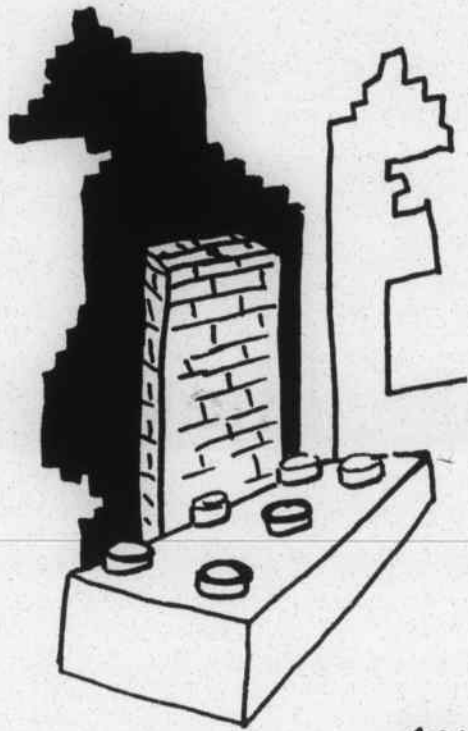
- Bell, Genevieve 1990 "No Chance for me to live": An examination of Native North American resistance. Unpublished honors work, Bryn Mawr College.
- Brown, Dee 1973 *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee — An Indian History of the American West*. Pan Books, London.
- Hyde, George 1956 *A Sioux Chronicle*. University of Oklahoma Press, Norman.
- Johansen, Bruce and Roberto Maestas 1979 *Wasi'chu: The continuing Indian wars*. Monthly Press, New York.
- Matthiessen, Peter 1983 *In the Spirit of Crazy Horse*. The Viking Press, New York.
- Miller, David Humphreys 1959 *Ghost Dance*. Bison Books, University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln.
- Olson, James 1965 *Red Cloud and the Sioux Problem*. Bison Books, University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln.
- Powers, Marla 1986 *Oglala Women: Myth, Ritual and Reality*. University of Chicago Press, Chicago.
- Smith, Rex Alan 1981 *Mooning of Popping Trees*. University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln.
- Utley, Robert 1984 *The Indian Frontier of the American West 1846-1890*. University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque.
- Zimmerman, Bill 1976 *Airlift to Wounded Knee*. The Swallow Press, Chicago.

Experiences to consider: ta

Time away was not 'extended vacation'

By Maggie J. Krall

I lived some crazy schedules during the eight months between the end of my sophomore year and the beginning of my junior year. My girlfriend and I wanted to start earning money as quickly as possible when the summer began, so we leapt at the first decent paying job we could find: third shift in the LEGO (as in little plastic building bricks) factory in Enfield, Connecticut. Third shift, for those of you not hip to factory terminology, generally means working all night. We were living together in the third floor of the



Exploring creativity and individuality outside Bryn Mawr

By Michele Taft Morris

I like to think of my year off from Bryn Mawr as the year I got to know myself. I learned more in my nine months away from school than I did in the five semesters I've been in. I don't mean I learned more about Derrida or sociological theories of deviance or Freud's approach to dream analysis. I learned how to organize my time around the rigors of a schedule that did not allow for skipping an occasional class or two. I learned how to conduct myself in interpersonal relationships that I might have preferred to do without, but on which I knew I had to rely. I learned how to manage the stress of commuter traffic. Most of all I learned about myself and how I function as an individual, without the pressures of Bryn Mawr stifling certain coping mechanisms I never knew I possessed.

I apprenticed myself to a carpenter and worked for a lesbian-owned and operated business in the Philadelphia area during my time off. The motivation was to give my body a workout and my brain a rest. It worked. The satisfaction of looking at a finished product into which I had put my own creative energy was far greater than the relief felt after cranking out a ten page paper in but a few hours.

I decided that an academic setting was necessarily the most productive and conducive atmosphere to my own intellectual stimulation and personal growth, but I learned skills with which I will better survive my time remaining at Bryn Mawr. I came back refreshed, and with a much more realistic perspective on how to deal with the institution as a whole.

For anyone considering taking time off, I highly recommend it.

house my father and his lover had just moved into in Hartford, which is about an hour from Enfield, so our work "day" was essentially ten hours long. We'd leave the house at 10 or 10:15 at night, be at the factory by 11:00 and work the next eight hours fitting little plastic people into plastic trays, or stuffing trays into boxes, or shoving smaller boxes into bigger boxes, or doing any one of another score of equally fascinating tasks, until 7:00 in the morning finally arrived and we could begin our trek home. We battled rush hour traffic heading back into the capitol until 8:00 (on a good day), 8:30 (on an average day), or 9:00 (on one of those days where it was hard to decide whether to scream, break the law, or just find a parking lot to go to sleep in). Most days, once home we climbed into bed. We'd get up somewhere between 1:00 and 5:00, do whatever it was we needed or wanted to do, have dinner and head off again at 10:00. When we tended to break the routine was Friday-Sunday. I think we were only home a few weekends that summer. More often, we'd sleep awhile on Friday, get in the car when we got up, and drive to Pennsylvania to see Jen's family, or some friends. During the weekend we would give up the nocturnal bit, and hang out during the day and sleep at night. We'd come back Sunday evening and go right to work without sleeping — we only slept six days a week for weeks at a time. We were really psyched when the job was done, and we could live like normal people again.

Only we didn't. I worked 9-5 interior house painting with a friend, and Jen worked opening for McDonald's, usually 5 a.m. to 1:00 or 2:00 in the afternoon. We had one car between us, so it was tricky. The alarm would go off at four or so. I would turn it off and harass Jenny into getting in the shower, while I made the coffee. I'd snooze for a while and or talk to her while she was getting ready and then I'd warm up the car. I'd drive her to work, go home and back to sleep until 7:30 or 8:00. To work by 9:00. Three days a week I had class at 11:30, so I'd leave work, go home and change, and go to class. Then home, change again and eat lunch. Then either to pick up Jen if she was off at 1:00, or back to work for awhile and then to pick up Jen if she was off later. One night a week I had another class at 7:00. Meanwhile, of course, as during the summer, we were grocery shopping and trying to spend time with my family, and

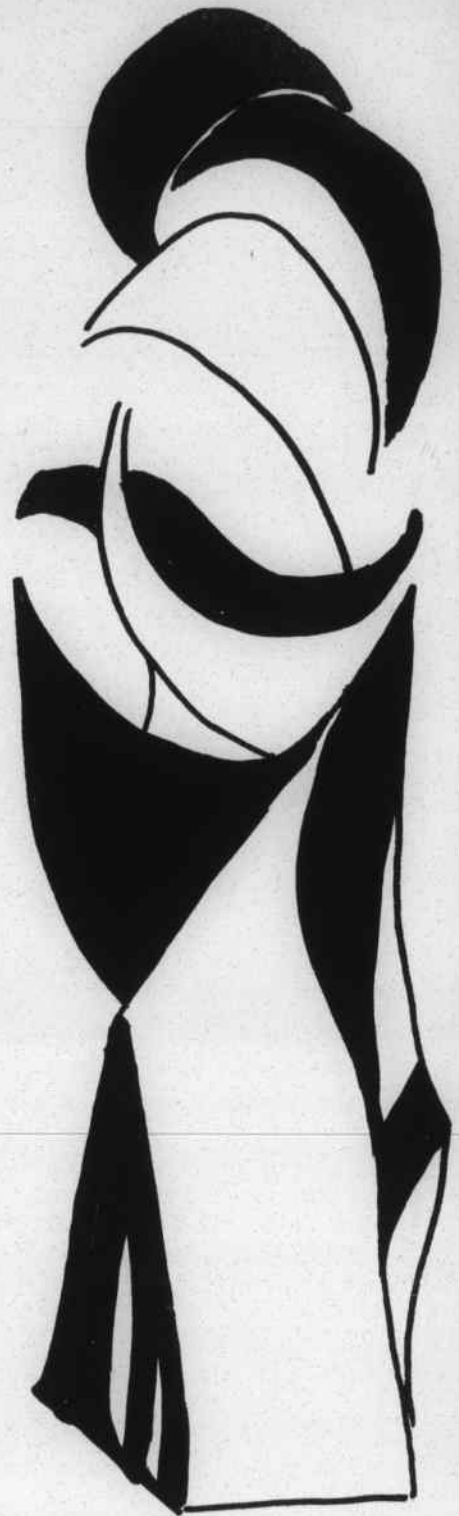
trying to get to Pennsylvania to see hers, and writing letters etc. etc. etc. Crazy stuff. Particularly well rested we were not.

I've gone on and on about how busy we were to make it clear that our time off was not some sort of extended vacation. It was incredibly hectic, and not so different from living at Bryn Mawr in that sometimes I was sure I would fall asleep on my feet. I did, in fact, occasionally have sleep type dreams while I was awake at LEGO, and once Jenny really did fall asleep while doing her job at the factory. But as scrambled as we were, those eight months were very much the break we needed.

We had both had grueling sophomore springs, and the thought of going back as soon as September was just too much. We had no energy for the academics, and some of our closest friends had dropped out, transferred, or had already decided to take time off. There wasn't much for us at school, and we both felt like we still needed time to rest and recover, as well as earn some more money. The decision was not very difficult for us to make, partly because we had the wonderful luxury of being together. We were happy living as we had been, and another four months of the same sounded blissful. We also knew that when it came to graduating late we'd have each other for support.

And now it's time. We graduate in just a couple of weeks. It's an appropriate time to look back on the decision we made to take the time off. Neither one of us has any regrets. Our life those months had its stress, but stress very different from what we are bathed in here at Bryn Mawr. It was so good, when the work day (or night) was over to be able to go to sleep or watch tv or read a book or whatever, without worrying about homework. And when I did take two classes at UConn, I enjoyed them a great deal. I had so much more of a sense of balance in my life then, working full time and going to school part time, than I have had much of the time taking four classes here and working a few hours a week. School was a refreshing break from the mentally unchallenging work of painting, and the physical activity and simplicity of painting were a break from intellectual work. Always, when I look back on that time, I have a sense of the relative peace it provided.

continued on page 15



W.M.
A 3.3 3.7 3.7
3.7 3.7 4.0
3.7 3.7 4.0
A

Time away offers perspective, redefinition

By Rachel Winston

This is an article about not doing well academically at Bryn Mawr. I want to talk about receiving bad grades, failing courses, and having a low self-esteem. No one ever talks about these things at Bryn Mawr, but they are all things I experienced before taking time-off at the end of my first semester Sophomore year.

I'll never forget the feeling of total failure I experienced when I drove back to school at the end of January to pack my stuff and tell my frosh (I was doing Customs at the time) that I would not be in school second semester. I left because I was doing really badly in my classes. I failed one course and didn't do much better in the rest. I also left because I was miserable. I was distracted, had little interest in my classes, and had no sense of purpose. Why was I at Bryn Mawr? What was I going to do with the rest of my life? Why was I so stupid compared to the rest of the people in my classes? These are all questions that racked my brain as I drove away from school.

I had never met anyone who had taken time-off from Bryn Mawr and I was convinced that leaving school because of poor grades was sort of like failing college overall.

My experience at Bryn Mawr had torn away at my self-esteem and I felt horrible.

In retrospect, taking time off was probably the best decision I ever made while in college. Leaving Bryn Mawr gave me the privilege of perspective. For a semester and a summer, I got the chance to rebuild my self-esteem from the ground up. Somehow, Bryn Mawr had convinced me that academic excellence was pretty much the basis for existence. That was a scary proposition for someone with grades like mine, so I decided I had to get out in the world and see if it was really true.

Well, I'm a Senior now and I'm here to tell you: IT'S NOT TRUE!

Good grades are not the be-all and end-all of existence. Academic success at this school is not going to make you happy in the long-run, at least not without a healthy self-esteem and a meaningful philosophy of life. And without a healthy self-esteem and a meaningful philosophy of life, it's hard to achieve academic success. It's a pretty simple concept, right? So, why did it take me four years to learn it?

First of all, I thought being academically successful meant getting high grades in all my classes. I have since concluded that the successful academic is someone who is satisfied with her courses, whether or not she

receives high grades. Sometimes the two go hand-in-hand. Sometimes they don't. In my case they did not. I actually enjoyed classes in which I received mediocre grades, but I wouldn't let myself admit it. Instead, I let my grades dictate my enjoyment level. This kind of thinking meant I was miserable while I was at Bryn Mawr, when in fact, I could have been fairly content.

I care about receiving good grades like most other Mawrtys, but I no longer make myself despondent if I don't do well. I just figure out how to do better next time and move on.

Dean Tidmarsh once pointed out that Mawrtys put themselves down twice for receiving low-grades — once for the grade itself and another time for caring. In my experience this has proven very true...and it's a rather self-defeating attitude. It's all right to care about getting a low grade, so long as you don't beat yourself over the head with it. Ask yourself why you got the grade you did and how you might do better in the future.

Finally, there's more to life than grades. Ideally, Bryn Mawr should be able to convey this idea to its students. But it doesn't. I think the problem has something to do with trying to build a supportive women's community

Taking time off from BMC

Living on peanuts: a taste of "real life" and a reason to come back for a Bryn Mawr education

By Ariel Hart

I left for two years between my frosh and sophomore years. I left because I hated school, Bryn Mawr specifically. I had no intention of coming back, though I told establishment folks that I'd be back some time within five years. This was a total lie, however, and no one was more surprised than I when, on a certain July 15, my mother asked me if I wanted to go back and I said yes. (More shocking still is that I came to adore this school; but please don't quote me.) I did this (assented to my mother's query) because I was tired of living on peanuts, which is what you do if you have too many debts and no degree.

During my two years off I lived for 6 months with my parents, 3 months in an apartment with a friend (big mistake, huge mistake) and then the rest of the time in one-bedroom apartments (if you ever feel like life is too boring you can just move to a cheaper apartment, which adds variety to your experience) belonging to me, me, only me. This is the only way to go. For me at least. I bought a '77 Corolla, which was very ugly, which is good because it crashed (not my fault, car's fault)(seriously), then I bought an '80 Datsun 510 which is beautiful, which is bad because when it was sitting in front of my parents house last semester some bums broke into it, started using it to sleep in (beknownst to no one — go figure), then stole the radio, tearing up the dash in the process, which just shows what idiots they were since I had a friend who used to steal radios in his youth who showed me what a simple process it is; you need ruin no dash.

I also got about five zillion credit cards, lived the high life for about a split second, and have spent the last five years paying for that split second. The ironic thing is that all the time I was doing this I worked in the credit industry, so I knew; I knew. Not that it made any difference.

Probably the most formative experience of my time away was when I lost my job. If I had to lose a job it was a good job to lose, because I hated it and I was in a total rut. But when you've been working somewhere for a year and a half and you have five zillion credit cards and no savings, extricating yourself

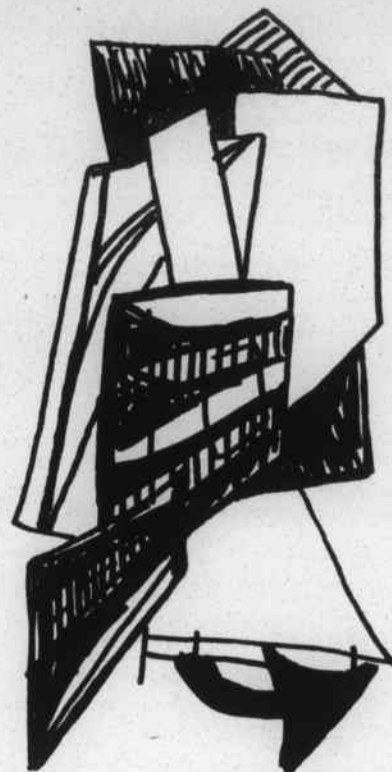
from said rut in said manner can be, how you say, painful. And no lie, I've been through some mighty painful experiences here, but the hardest thing I ever did, the best thing I ever did, was living through a month without a full-time job, going into and getting myself out of default, getting new jobs that I actually liked, and saving my credit rating. I do not deny that my parents' refrigerator helped considerably; but food was the least of my worries — hell, in a real pinch it is possible to feed yourself on \$10 a week; this I know. It's all the other expenses that insidiously worm themselves into your life that all of a sudden present themselves as a monolith-o-debt — those are the ones that kill. But hey, I conquered all.

Coming back was totally bizarre. I cannot express how totally bizarre it was. But I will try. It's like, you talk about the roles society forces you into, but you never feel the bizarrity of it all until here you are, a secretary, no degree, and that's who you are, and those are the people you talk to on your lunch break, and there's mortgages and boyfriends and

kids and car payments and that's where you fit, except maybe you wish you could make references to books you know they haven't read so you just shut up about it. Then you come back, and all of a sudden you can talk about the books again, but who will commiserate on your car payment? Very strange.

A strange thing was when I heard two students talking about winning the lottery and they agreed that you really couldn't live very long on a million dollars anymore. I manifested my flabbergastedness and they said, "Well, I guess it depends on your standard of living." I guess so. Well, soon they'll be on their own and have my perspective too; then we can all be perfect and self-righteous.

And what did I learn? Hmm. That I have a lot of endurance, I guess. And that my personal development has a long way to go, but that I am progressing. And, most importantly, that as long as your check has been received by the company within 29 days after the due date, they are prohibited by law from soiling your credit record with a past-due report.



HA

Instinct key in decision to take time off

By Patricia Savoie

Near the end of my sophomore year, in the spring of 1988, I thought that my life was falling apart. All of my most important relationships at the time seemed to be crumbling before my very eyes, and I didn't really understand why. I started getting migraine headaches just about every other day; I'd recover from one, and get another. My schoolwork, which had often served as my refuge from the more practical problems of my life, proved impossible to complete when I was plagued with such frequent and intense headaches. I couldn't focus on anything. Every aspect of my life seemed overwhelming. Speaking with my boyfriend on the phone one night in late March, we both began to cry. After hanging up, I packed some clothes and some books, and caught the Paoli into 30th Street. By midnight I was on a train for Boston. By 6:00 the next evening I was walking across the University of Maine campus in Orono, headed for the house Tom was living in.

I don't know how I made that decision to leave. My memory of that night, and in fact of the two weeks immediately preceding it, is formed more from what friends tell me happened, and from short scrawled entries in my journal, than from any clear images I have in my head. I think that some psychological self-defense mechanism must have driven me away from this school. I was incapable of understanding or dealing with the demands of my "real life" while I was here, although I didn't recognize that at the time. It was only with time and distance that I could begin to understand what it was that I was going through, and why I had had to leave.

The night I left, I didn't know how long I would be away. I had two exams the next day, and when I called Dean Tidmarsh from 30th Street, I told her that I thought I would only be away for a few days. I don't really remember deciding not to come back that semester. I spent a long, gray month in Tom's room, listening to Sir Alec Guinness read Eliot's "The Wasteland" on tape and reading books like *Wuthering Heights* and *The Golden Notebook*. (I would not recommend either if you are at all depressed.)

I also don't remember quite when or how I decided to take additional time off. Tom's semester at Orono ended, and he and I decided to move to Bar Harbor for the summer, a resort town on the coast. In order to get a

place for me to be. I had surrounding me the ocean that I grew up with; I had my own space far from my parents, and jobs that I loved with people I really liked. I went hiking or biking every day, either by myself or with new friends; I didn't spend very much time with Tom and I had time to think about myself and about our relationship. By the time he left in early September I knew I wouldn't be moving to Orono with him. I didn't know quite what I wanted, but I knew that both being away from him and spending lots of time alone were crucial.

Another waitress at the restaurant I was working at had decided to spend the winter in Bar Harbor, and I told her I would move in with her; another decision that I don't really remember making. Halloween 1988 we moved into a big beautiful apartment on Main Street, Bar Harbor, and one of the most important relationships of my life began. Living with someone in Bar Harbor in the winter encourages either intimacy or intense hostility. Kristen and I spent every night in November playing cards, drinking wine, and talking until the early hours of the morning. Decadent as it sounds, it was an extremely important time for me. Kristen has a similar family background and shares many of my thoughts and experiences. But she is also

very different from me in many ways, and the combination of our similarities and differences has resulted in a very supportive and interesting friendship. She helped to guide me towards an understanding and strength that I would have had a much harder time reaching alone.

When spring semester 1989 began, I simply wasn't ready to leave Bar Harbor and the home I had found. I got a job at the local newspaper, and Kristen and I were hired together to help renovate a commercial building across the street from our apartment. I was still having some difficulties deciding what I wanted in terms of commitment to another person. But I was extraordinarily happy; I understood myself and the world I was continuously creating for myself better than I ever had. By the fall of 1989 I felt comfortable enough to leave Bar Harbor and return to Bryn Mawr. It wasn't easy to leave, but I felt like I had a sound basis for making the decision to finish my education at Bryn Mawr, a basis that I didn't have when I was graduating from high school.

My year off just kind of happened. I never sat down in my room in Brecon and considered what the benefits and drawbacks of taking time off would be. I probably would have rejected the idea if I had approached it so rationally. But I know now that it was undoubtedly the best thing that I could have done. I could have struggled through four years straight; I could have consoled myself with images of the time that I would have after graduation. But the space that I gave myself halfway through gave me a much better idea of what I want from Bryn Mawr and from my education, and an understanding of how to get it.

Of course there were times during the year I was in Maine when I wondered if I was doing the right thing, and there have certainly been times in the last year and a half when I wish that I had graduated in '90 (usually when I just do not feel like writing my next English paper.) But my uncertainties are brief and fleeting; the time that I spent away from Bryn Mawr was and is an extremely important part of my life. I don't know of many people who wouldn't benefit from some time off. The uncertainty and hesitation that is involved in making such a decision is a very valid and important reaction. But it's also very important to realize that life does not end if you leave Bryn Mawr somewhere in the middle of your four years here; in fact, it generally gets better.



on of failure

based on "cussed individualism" and academic pressure and competition. I know the "honor code" is supposed to diffuse this pressure, but, in many ways, I think it makes it worse.

My sage advice to underclasswomen is: If you're not happy at Bryn Mawr, ask yourself why and then do something about it (this could range from switching toothpaste to transferring colleges). Do the best that you can in your classes, but don't agonize over them. Above all, don't settle for a low self-esteem. It's a shame to spend four years (and a lot of money) at a women's college and not benefit from its nurturing and support.

My sister, Leigh, summed it up best in a recent letter: "That is what I like about the women I am around, they all know what to do with themselves; if not in the big 'what should I do with my life?' sense, then at least they know to go to a pro-choice demonstration, or a leaf walk, or to bike across the country, or go ahead and eat that last brownie... You know, they don't diddle around and miss life. And that is the important thing, of course."

It's good advice, don't you think? Here's wishing you all a happy, healthy exam week!

Photo of men kissing sparks homophobic reaction at Rutgers

By Kelly Farrelly

Oct 11 1990, National Coming Out Day saw some interesting coverage in the Rutgers' University *Daily Targum*. The major student paper of the University printed a picture of two men kissing on the first page (next to an article on an AIDS Walkathon, no less.) A brief article about the students' celebration itself appeared on the third page.

The picture evoked numerous responses (including objections to the layout) from the community. Many submitted letters to the newspaper expressing their opinions about the issue. Some students praised the picture and the *Targum* for printing it. Others felt the placement of the article on the first page was nothing less than sensationalism. Anthony Ditchkus, a graduate student, states the photography was on the same level as the "New York Post." Some students, like Angel To, felt that placing the picture next to an AIDS article "was in poor taste." Many students responded that they were uncomfortable with such a public display of affection. (*Daily Targum*, Oct 22, 1990)

Some of these responses demonstrate pointed homophobia. One particularly inflammatory letter was submitted to the *Targum* by Michael Tortajada. He says, "I hope that if Oct 11, is 'Coming Out' day, that the other 364 days of the year are 'Going Back In' days." This statement comes from an individual who "fully understand[s] that all people have rights. But... think[s] that some people have forgotten that in a democracy, the majority rules." (*Daily Targum*, 29, 1990)

He goes on to say he "believe[s] that gay people should have all the same rights as any other human beings," but he does "not think it is appropriate for anyone to conduct themselves in such a way that offends so many others." (*Daily Targum*, Oct 29, 1990)

Several students objected to the negative comments in Tortajada's letter. Student David Greenburg is "upset" by "the thought that an individual such as Tortajada obviously felt no fear of condemnation for writing such a letter." He believes "if Tortajada offered the opinion that African-American students or Chinese students or Jewish students should

not have the freedom to celebrate their diversity, he would have thought twice before submitting his letter to the *Targum*." Greenburg goes on to say "that it is an extremely sad condition in our society today that blatant homophobia is accepted by the vast majority of the population." (*Daily Targum*, November 5, 1990)

Other students addressed the uncomfortable feelings they experienced seeing the photo on the first page. James Dale, Co-President of the Rutgers University Lesbian/Gay Alliance asks "why there was not such a stir created when a heterosexual couple was kissing on the cover of a Valentine's Day issue of *The Daily Targum*." He writes that two people kissing on the front page of a school newspaper raised such controversy "probably because the two people were of the same sex." (*Daily Targum*, Oct 22, 1990)

Melissa Hyman, a senior at Rutgers College states "the intense reactions" caused by this picture strongly supports the reason for its publication. "Apparently though," she writes, "some members of Rutgers' heterosexual community would rather continue living in a fantasy land where lesbians and gays don't exist." Some members of the community "call a kiss (not so different from any heterosexual kiss): tasteless, blatant, offensive." (*Daily Targum*, Oct 22, 1990)

Hyman finds such ideas "not acceptable." She writes, "We as gays are your friends and family, your classmates and members of your organizations, part of your churches and synagogues, community members everywhere you go. We are one person in 10, though you may not know us, and we hear what you say. And no, it is not OK that the heterosexual community flaunts its sexuality on every billboard and street corner and then denies us the even mildest of expression." (*Daily Targum*, Oct 22, 1990)

Hyman believes that the problem is not the expression of homosexual affection, "but rather society's dread fear" of such affection. She states if individuals "were not so hung up on homosexuality then they could turn the other way or turn the page" like she does when she "see[s] displays of affection ... [she] choose[s] not to confront." (*Daily Targum*, Oct 22, 1990). Hyman continues, "any person comfortable with their own iden-

tity" should not have any "difficulty allowing others to coexist on equal terms with themselves." (*Daily Targum*, Oct 22, 1990). Melissa Hyman ends her letter with a question: "If the open affection of a couple of lesbians and gays makes some people so upset, maybe they need to ask themselves: why are they so upset if it has so little to do with them?" (*Daily*

Targum, Oct 22, 1990)

One graduate student summarizes his impatience with the negative comments generated by the photograph. In a brief letter Jon Vinson says, "I've got one thing to say to anyone who was annoyed by 'The Photo.' You saw it, and you survived. So stop whining." (*Daily Targum*, Nov 5, 1990)



There are some problems around here.

Not only the statistics that are by now well known — the fact that one in three women will be raped in their lifetime (FBI report); that one in eight college women are raped (the Ms. study on sexual violence on college campuses); that 84% of college women who are survivors of rape or attempted rape knew their assailant (Ms. study); that 85% of all college men could be indicted on rape charges (Washington, D.C. Rape Crisis Center).

Frighteningly enough, there is more. There are women, Ford and Mawrters, who have been raped by men living in our community. And few are willing, or able, to speak out.

There are lots of reason why we shouldn't speak out about issues of rape on our campuses. Like threats of lawsuits, or of more violence, or the fear that we will be ridiculed, or become known as "the one who got raped." Fears that our friends or family will be embarrassed or disgusted, or that our lover might reject us, or that talking about the experience might make it worse — if no one knows "it" happened, maybe it will go away.

We, as a community, are afraid to speak

out. We are bound by silence — a silence which makes us feel alone and afraid, and prevents us from coming together to fight the effects of rape.

No one is responsible for being raped. No one can control another person's behavior. No one "asks" to be raped, "wants" to be raped, or "deserves" to be raped.

People who rape count on our silence to protect them, and to allow them to rape again.

There are men in our community who rape.

We know who some of them are.

How many more of them are there that we DON'T know about?

Only by speaking out and joining together as survivors can we overcome the threat of rape that follows us every day.

It's difficult and frightening to be the first one to stand up and say "I was raped." Not everyone will be sympathetic. But there are many, many women who will thank you, and take courage from your strength. We can't combat ignorance and prejudice alone. We can't help each other if we don't know who we are.

— Rose Corrigan



Hudson & Carter: educators who "never wore a cap and gown"

continued from page 1

community would bring to court.

In addition to challenging the Mississippi educational system, Winson waged a two year battle with local authorities to procure her right to register to vote. During the discussion, she described an incident in which she walked into a courthouse and demanded that she be allowed to register. The courthouse clerk responded by giving her an application and an article of the Mississippi constitution which she was to copy and then interpret. Hudson, who was accustomed to the tactics used to discourage African American citizens from registering, returned the application with her interpretation that the constitution "said what it meant and it meant what it said." With that, she was registered and left the courthouse, pushing her way through a group of KKK members that had blocked the exit. Hudson and her family were also continually being threatened and harassed by white citizens and authorities. She nevertheless continued to work locally and nationally and has since fought for housing loans, helped to create the Headstart and free lunch programs in schools, organized local health centers, represented teachers fighting for equal pay, and repeatedly testified against discriminatory policies and prac-

tices. In describing what she feels her role has been in her community, Hudson stated, "I've named myself the educator that never wore a cap and gown."

Throughout the discussion, Hudson and Carter stressed the importance they placed on equal access to quality education for all students. They also stressed that there remain many problems with the current educational system. Hudson noted that despite the relative success of integration in Mississippi schools, she now sees a disproportionate number of African American students being sent home from school. "They are suspended for minor incidents," she explained, "Right now we can't get to the root of the problem of sending kids home." The women added that they were concerned about the apparent lack of activism among youth. Hudson remarked that "young people today don't know what we went through to get where we are now. And we still have a long way to go."

To some members of the audience, these women's experience seemed very far removed from the Bryn Mawr Campus. To others, their stories were all too familiar. The inequities in education these women have fought for so long, however, are clearly connected to Bryn Mawr's own problems regarding broadening education.

Health Center Programs

Eating Disorders Support Groups

Tuesdays, 12-1 p.m.

OR

Fridays, 12:30-1:30 p.m.

Adult Children of Alcoholics

Mondays, 6:15-7:15 p.m.

Making Connections: Relationships and Closeness

Thursdays, 4-5:30 p.m.

All discussion groups are held in the Counseling Waiting Room of the Health Center. Questions, please call x7360

Wild nights
Wild nights
Were I with thee
Wild nights would be
My Ecstasy

Emily, Emily darling
Emily, Emily dear
Come close to me
Whisper words in my ear
My history

Wild nights
Oh sweet delights
Were I with thee
All would be
My Luxury

Emily, Emily darling
Dare to near
Come close to me
Palm to palm must be
My key

Wild nights
Stolen delights
Were I with thee
All would be aright
My truth
My grave

It should be noted that this has a lot to do with Emily Dickinson's poem 249

— Abigail Carlton

Do not fear the melancholy
Spring of body
for it drives the heart
it digs deep
it uproots
the lost causes
the first pauses
When history penetrates the heart
the questions that paralyze can revitalize
If only experience finds the soul
opening its arms
calming alarms
Is there true rehearsal for immortality
Is there true renewal from immortality
Let hope push up
cleanse its matted hair
and fly
shining strands in the
wind

— Amy Weismann

Oh Love, you are the song
In my soul
You lullaby me to sleep
Half dead and all alive.

Shall I receive thee then?
The music of your touch
Holds me still
Fixed in delight, desiring to run.

The blood thunders in my ears
Yet, that shall not obscure
The resonances in my heart.
I melt into you and suddenly I am
More purely me than ever before.

— Abigail Carlton

I AIN'T GOT HER NO MORE

I got me a woman,
Who says it's a shame,
That I gotta beat her,
With a knife and a chain.
But she don't understand,
Its the nature of the game.
The way it is between a woman and a man,
And the way it's gotta remain.

A man's born to rule,
King of his own world.
Or else he's a fool.
No man at all; I've seen.
I'm a good man,
Holding her hand.
In the hospital
I gotta woman who says its a shame.

— Abigail Carlton



Violating the Alcohol Policy may provoke tighter restrictions

By Christine Kourtides

Recently, I confronted a student at Haverford who was walking up dorm stairs carrying an open beer can. I asked him if he knew that what he was doing was against the Haverford Alcohol Policy. He said he was not aware he was doing something wrong and would not carry an open container of alcohol outside the designated areas again.

Violations of the alcohol policy are becoming more and more frequent on both campuses as the year progresses. At this point it is not uncommon to see students wandering to parties with drinks in hand from those that they just left. Any one attending the barbecue on Barclay Beach a few weeks ago could not but help notice that there whole cases of

beer being consumed outside.

The problem is not limited to Haverford's campus. Bryn Mawr parties have had numerous violations as well. Unfortunately, the crowds at many of the larger alcoholic teas have felt more than comfortable bringing their drinks with them when they go outside for a breather.

It is almost as if we are testing the waters to see just how much we can get away with. It should be enough that the administrations allow alcohol on the campuses at all. The country has obviously been on a decidedly conservative kick for the past decade and it is not inconceivable that it reach Bryn Mawr and Haverford Colleges. Villanova University is dry because the students there did not drink responsibly. Does that have to happen here too before we realize how

stupid we have been?

Everyone who drinks on campus has to follow the guidelines set out in the Alcohol Policy or we soon will not have one at all. Listed among the areas on campus where alcohol cannot be served or consumed are "all corridors, stairwells, landings, basements... out-of-doors on College grounds." There is no valid reason to drink in areas that have been called "public spaces" anyway. We can drink anywhere not specified by the policy. This allows plenty of room. We can drink in individual dorm rooms, suits and living rooms.

Why then are people flagrantly violating our policy? Is it because they really do not know what it says? If this is the case, we must make certain that every student that drinks is aware of what the

policy states. A biannual open question and answer session should be held on each campus to remind first year students, students returning from abroad, as well as the rest of the community the importance of adhering to The Alcohol Policy.

Customs people should include a meeting on the alcohol policy along with their talks on race relations and sexual orientation.

These simple measures can be implemented easily and will hopefully spread the word that with this privilege comes certain responsibilities. More important, it is imperative that we, as individuals, think about the long-term consequences of continually violating The Alcohol Policy before the right to decide upon a policy for ourselves is taken from us.

ARTS AND

High energy Indigo Girls concert wows reviewer

By Vicky Maxon

"Thursday, November 29 (Moon in Aries to Taurus 11:38 a.m.) The current cycle emphasizes cooperation and partnership. You'll be more aware of public relations, popularity, your image and appearance. You could be asked to attend an autograph party. A woman celebrity actually pays you a meaningful compliment. Cancer is the sign to watch."

With a horoscope like that, who wouldn't be excited about going to an Indigo Girls concert? I wish I could easily translate my experience of that night onto the page for you. (For those Mawrters who actually weren't there, I mean — could that be you?) How to make real for you my anticipation of seeing one of my absolute favorite groups live for the first time, how to describe my total satisfaction after a show of almost two hours and twenty songs? I was just hoping Amy Ray was a Cancer.

Truthfully, though, to make the good parts believable, I should also reveal the not so good. I would have loved to hear more songs from the Strange Fire LP besides "Crazy Game" and "Land of Canaan," and I would have appreciated better tickets. But what can you do, to offer paradise you have to make some sacrifices — Amy and Emily gave all they could and more.

As they walked on to the dimly glowing stage you could hear the hollow bird calls that begin "Welcome Me," and I wondered if they would perform with just their guitars or if they would have a larger band to attempt to do justice to the variety of instruments used on Nomads-Indians-Saints. They certainly did the material justice, but with no other instruments than their guitars and their obvious sincerity.

According to Emily the second song would be a happy one written by Amy, and I knew it would have to be "World Falls." I first saw them perform this one on a folk show on VH-1, and it is one of my favorites of the latest album. Since the tour is named for this same album, it was logical that the set would consist of

songs mostly from it, but they surprised us once again by next playing an impassioned rendition of "Love's Recovery," from their self-titled album. In fact, there were so many requests being shouted from the audience that Amy and Emily held a little conference up on stage and Emily said "You know, we had this set list we were going to play, but I think we'll be changing it a little," to the roar of the crowd.

With so many songs to play you might think there wouldn't be much talking, and you're right, they could have spoken more — especially Amy. The stories they *did* tell were quite illuminating, like Amy's (pointless but funny) story about jogging along the Schuylkill, or Emily's intro to "Love of the Common People:" "You might like this one — here's a song a nun taught me." That's another thing I liked — they didn't stick to songs from their own albums, but played favorites of their own, and those with emotional value. One of their encores was a James Taylor song Emily said they'd learned back in high school, and they introduced "Land of Canaan" as a song they'd been performing for ten years.

Though this was a sit-down concert, the audience was quite excited, and got involved in the songs when they were asked, and on their own. On "Kid Fears" we sang the part that REM's Michael Stipe contributes on the album, and they had us sing much of the chorus to the long-awaited "Closer to Fine," which received a standing ovation.

The energy in The Tower was at an amazing level, in total response to that given out by the Indigo Girls. They were having as much fun as we were, and it showed. Emily's solos were inspiring, at times with Spanish and classical overtones. Amy's emotion was palpable, and especially noticeable when she performed her solo number, a raw and beautiful cover of Dire Strait's ballad, "Romeo and Juliet." She left me speechless as she stood on her toes, looking as if she was reaching for something, her eyes closed.

Midway through the show Emily

mentioned that they recently "did a TV thing" where they were asked to perform a Christmas song. They of course responded with "In the Bleak Midwinter." Repeating a common theme that I've read about in their earlier interviews, Emily said that they changed the lyrics slightly to make them more universal, more applicable for "our friends of different faiths. So now that we've totally bastardized the song..." they proceeded to play it, and we loved it.

There seems to be some controversy over whether there is a specific reason they write such universal lyrics. The crowd was certainly mixed Thursday night, with a fair number of both heterosexual and gay couples in evidence. A conversation overheard by a friend of mine sums up what some people think: "Well Eileen called me up, and she asked

me how one dresses to go to an Indigo Girls concert. I told her, Eileen, they're lesbians, you can wear whatever you want." Later in the show, someone yelled out, "Nice skirt Amy!" commenting on her blue tie-die skirt she wore over black tights and combat boots. Emily wore her usual jeans, cowboy boots, and blazer.

But the clothes didn't seem to make a difference to the rest of the crowd or the musicians, who closed out the show with two encores, "All Along the Watchtower" and a love song by James Taylor which I think is called "Daddy's Gone." It was all over too soon, but at least my horoscope was fulfilled: about five songs before the end, I and a friend slyly made our way to the front of the auditorium, and before they left the stage for the last time, Amy came to the edge and touched our hands. I just know she's a Cancer.



Healthcare available for performing artists

By Mary Rorro

Medical care for performing artists has come a long way since the 1890's, when pianist and composer Robert Schumann, under the advice of his physician, used to thrust his hands into the steaming entrails of freshly slaughtered animals at the local slaughterhouse in order to help ease the suffering of his aching fingers and joints that interfered with his performances.

Today, a new medical field called Performing Arts Medicine caters to the special health care needs of artists by providing preventive training, injury treatment and rehabilitation services.

The International Arts Medicine Association is a non-profit organization dedicated to studying and serving the health care needs of performing artists. The

association organizes and disseminates information and provides a forum for communication for those interested in the interrelationships between the arts and medicine. The International Arts Medicine Association's (IAMA) comprehensive model of arts medicine recognizes that it is vitally important to promote the health and performance capabilities of artists, for in so doing we protect a valuable creative resource.

IAMA is forming a Student Division. Some of the Student Division's activities will include organizing arts medicine symposia, coordinating benefit concerts and disseminating information on arts medicine to university music departments, conservatories and other arts centers. For more information on IAMA and IAMA's Student Division, contact Mary Rorro, '91, HC/CM.

Coming Attractions

ON CAMPUS:

BMC Film Series: *Seventeen*
December 6, 8-10 p.m., Thomas 110

Bryn Mawr Haverford Chamber Singers Concert
December 7, 8:00 p.m., Marshall Auditorium

Bi-College Film Series: *House Party*
December 7, 7:30 & 10 p.m.
Thomas 110

Bryn Mawr College Concert Series: *The Second Step*
Saturday, December 8, 10 p.m.
Thomas Great Hall

Asian American Film Series: *Nellie & Mitsui: Two Asian American Women Poets*
Sponsored by Asian Studies Program
Sunday, December 9, 4-6 p.m.
CCC Main Lounge

Hillel sponsors *Crossfire*
A film to be followed by a discussion with Dan Turgeman, an actor in the movie.
Sunday, December 9, 7-10:30 p.m., Thomas 110

THE SOUND SAVINGS
ARE AT BRYN MAWR COLLEGE
BOOKSHOP

\$3.88
CASSETTES!
Plus Many More Titles!

CHICKEN SOUP FOR SOUL
BOSTON
HICAGO
JIMMY EVOLUTION
THE WINTERHOLM
DIVER CLASSICS
MORNING GLASS
FRENCH ALBUM
BRIAN SPENCER

CHECK OUT OUR BRAND NEW
MUSIC DEPARTMENT WITH
HUNDREDS OF TITLES!

ENTERTAINMENT

Benefit for children with AIDS to take place on December 9

The Haverford-Bryn Mawr Orchestra, conducted by James Meyers, will present its final concert of the semester on Sunday, December 9, 1990, at 3:00 p.m. in Haverford College's Roberts Hall. This performance will mark the third concert the orchestra has given to benefit children with AIDS. With your support in the past, we have had great success in helping children afflicted with HIV. Voluntary donations will be accepted at the door to benefit the Pediatric AIDS Program at St. Christopher's Hospital for Children with AIDS. The Haverford-Bryn Mawr Chorale will join us in performing Handel's Messiah. Other works on the program include the Grieg Holberg Suite and Mozart's Exultate Jubilate motet. We look forward to seeing you on December 9th!

— Mary Rorro

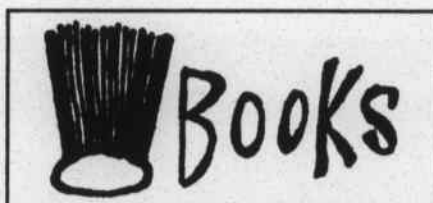
Uneven writing helps to capture woman's experience in El Salvador

By Ellis Avery

Ashes of Izalco, by Claribel Alegria and Darwin J. Flakoll. Translated from Spanish by Darwin J. Flakoll. Curbstone Press, 1989.

Isabel Rojas died a riddle. A woman in the town of Santa Ana respected by all as a pious, upright mother and doctor's wife, she left her daughter Carmen a notebook: not hers, but written by the man with whom she'd had an affair, Frank Wolff. "Why did she leave me this diary? ...what moved her, after holding the secret all these years, to pass this to me wordlessly, with no explanation, like a sudden slap in the face from the other side of the grave?"

In this story, one has the sensation of



being trapped in something far larger than oneself: this small town in El Salvador, beneath the volcano Izalco, fixes time such that its people are caught in amber, or—like those of Pompeii—ash. "They go on as they did yesterday, as they will tomorrow in the patios of Santa Ana. The sunset is red. It's burning time in the hills."

Carmen feels this happening to her now, going back to Santa Ana for her mother's funeral: when her father sees her wearing Isabel's keys, "he looked at me and forgot; he thought I was she; he almost made a gesture, almost called me by her name... we looked away from each other, ashamed that identities are so fragile." She finds this also in her home in America with her husband and children, that she's bending to the roles of wife and mother just as much as Isabel was bent by Santa Ana.

Both narrators, though—Carmen in the present and Frank in the past, through his diary—are trying to do the same

thing to Isabel: name her, label her, pin to her a definition they can understand and set to rest. Carmen begins to see, though, that this isn't going to work, that "All of us saw her differently, including Frank. The six blind men and the elephant."

All right. I'll admit right here that the book is messy, uneven, awkward, sometimes heavy-handed. It's frustrating, trying to know where to lay blame: on Alegria? On Flakoll? On Flakoll's translation? Is it more graceful in Spanish, or is the periodic ungainliness of the piece more than skin deep? I'm not sure: the prose jars one, setting luminous phrases in tandem with embarrassing clichés: "He was weeping, but I couldn't, not even when they lowered the coffin, slung between broad bands, into the gaping hole." Part of the enjoyment of the story is dependent on the reader's tolerance for self-pity, for narrators realizing they're trapped and wailing at it.

But it's not without reason I'm wasting your time: bound into the clichés and the self-pity are phrases, pages, chapters that are beautiful, that make one say, Yes, here I am; this is the experience of being caught here, of being a woman in El Salvador. The authors (when they care to use it) have a gift for distillation: the book is short and rich. *Izalco* reminds me of Joy Kogawa's *Obasan*, holding deep reserve and desperation, sifting the past and burying it.

Isabel Rojas would not run away with Frank Wolff. He thought this was because she was afraid to escape from the mold of Santa Ana, from the roles she had grown to. Carmen understands, talking at Frank in her musings, that this was not the case: she was smart enough to know that "you had invented her... the unregenerate drunk and the immaterial wraith before him: a figment of his feverish imaginings that might save him from himself." She may have been caught, but she wasn't going to fly to someone else's trap. Maybe Carmen has hope for release, maybe her mother managed to give it to her by passing on Frank's diary, to say, I wasn't who you thought I was; I can escape, even I, for a little space: go do likewise, and more.

ANSWERS TO PROFESSOR QUOTE CHALLENGE

We thought we'd be novel and not leave you hanging (like we did last semester) sans answers to our Nifty Professor Quote Challenge Thang. So, without further ado, the answers are: 1.L, 2.A, 3.I, 4.F, 5.H, 6.B, 7.D, 8.C, 9.E, 10.J, 11.M, 12.N, 13.K, 14.O, 15.G, 16.K, 17.A, 18.F, 19.B, 20.E.

Rutabega Revolution

On my father's cousin's farm in Frogg
rutabegas are ubiquitous
I chop them up with cousins
who help me learn Norwegian songs
as we slice into
smooth yellow-green spheres coated in purple
bulbs of flesh
fields are waiting to be harvested
skies burning
while we prepare the vegetables
for the customer's convenience

Years later, there are no
cousins chopping.
But, instead, looming metallic monsters
swallowing
whole gulps of rutabegas
spewing out small, calculated pieces
not as tasty as those I once cut.

But rutabegas are popular —
thus more must be grown — even
young weight-conscious women eat sticks
of rutabega — soaked in water
pristine vegetable — so fine in a stark white Oslo
apartment — the chartreuse-purples
are accentuated
few calories — how did we ever
know this once
handcut,
irregular
and
scrumptious vegetable
would end up so well
as we sang about goats
in our native tongue?

samba on the conga
red knuckles sting
as I
wade with
planted feet
through
never-heard
beats that
with Brazilian swirls
echo through
my thumbs, wrists, elbows,
shoulders, neck.
Head bowed I close my eyes.
Imagine.

—both poems by Kaia Huseby



End-of-Semester Special

Copies of Joanna Ho's

Late Afternoon & Sunset Blue

are on sale for \$6 if bought as a gift for someone back home. Send check or cash to Joanna Ho, Box C-1333.

Become an agent in the distribution effort!

(If you would like copies for yourself, it's only a dollar more!)

"Well, I got carried away . . ." —Neal Abraham

Match each of these profound and poetic quotes to the philosophizing Bryn Mawr professor who said it. Some of the more loquacious professors have more than one quote. Answers on page 13

- | | |
|--|--------------------|
| 1. "Now that we're grownups, how do we state equipartition?" | A. Diane Elam |
| 2. "You're up a creek with a phallic paddle." | B. Michael Lewis |
| 3. "Party pants — is that what you call them?" | C. David Schaffer |
| 4. "I think the movie's about an hour and a half . . . no, maybe it's shorter, maybe just 90 minutes." | D. Robin Kilson |
| 5. "But propose I don't care . . ." | E. Arthur Dudden |
| 6. "Does a building have a soul? Does a building go to hell if it commits a sin?" | F. Xavier Nicholas |
| 7. "I don't think I would have become a historian if it hadn't been for TV." | G. Paul Grobstein |
| 8. "The trouble with the real world is that everybody only lives one life." | H. Neil Abraham |
| 9. "It's Friday and I'm in a punishing mood." | I. Nick Patruno |
| 10. "So you've got this pelvis, and you've dated it . . ." | J. Rick Davis |
| 11. "[of Socrates] He's just a reactionary jerk, that's all." | K. Joe Kramer |
| 12. "Katharine Hepburn has a great chin — the kind you just want to eat up . . . sexual cannibalism." | L. Al Albano |
| 13. "What is Gulliver? A tiny dildo?" | M. Robert Dostal |
| 14. "What's physics? Well, I don't know . . ." | N. George Pahomov |
| 15. "We'd all be the common denominator — the mean, the average, the mush!" | O. Peter Beckman |
| 16. "Yeah, the phallus and the pigs and all that . . ." | |
| 17. "I was at the John Donne cocktail party last year. Was it worth the free drink?" | |
| 18. "It's all in the family, like Sly and the Family Stone say." | |
| 19. "He's the eagle on the mountain crag — aren't we all?" | |
| 20. "Spermatic economy — one of those things you wish you'd thought up yourself." | |



Suffragette City EAC '93

<p>Are you feeling BURNT OUT yet?</p> <p>Who, me? TELLTALE SIGNS!</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ← Circles under eyes ← Sick of academia ← Has had too many dialogues and too few conversations ← three incomplete assignments ← split ends <p>There's always a reason . . .</p>	<p>If you're a freshman . . .</p> <p>What are you doing after work?</p> <p>I've got to read Shakespeare for tomorrow</p> <p>you're not used to it here yet</p>	<p>If you're a sophomore . . .</p> <p>Last night I dreamed that I ordered a pizza but instead they delivered a comment board on pornography!</p> <p>it's sophomore slump.</p>	<p>If you're a junior . . .</p> <p>I don't want to analyze things for the rest of my life!</p> <p>I want to be a . . . a head!</p> <p>you wouldn't feel this way if you were abroad.</p>	<p>If you're a senior . . .</p> <p>I've got to read Shakespeare for tomorrow!</p> <p>Which play?</p> <p>All of them</p> <p>of course you're burned out - you've been here for four years!</p>	<p>Take heart! Remember one of our old, traditional songs!</p> <p>"Grab your balls and grab your chain. Run like hell for the nearest train. Hark, the harried Mawrers shout, 'Sixteen more days 'till we get at!'"</p>
---	--	---	--	---	---

Time off a disruption?

continued from page 8

There have been a few difficult consequences to taking time off. Especially now, I do not feel like I am a member of a class. The group I started with, the class of '90, is mostly gone, and while I have a lot of friends in '91, I don't share the same sense of history with them as I did with the class that finished in May.

There are advantages to graduating late, though. I'm grateful for the extra semester to spend with those friends I do have in the classes of '91 and '92, and, as corny as it sounds, I've made new friends, and strengthened friendships that had begun last semester. In some ways I feel like taking the time off a couple years ago has given me extra time to spend with people here at school.

It's hard to say whether it's good or bad, but it's certainly odd to be one of only a small number of people graduating in December. Few people around me are sympathetic to my qualms at facing "real life." Most are living in anticipation of winter break, and many are wishing that they were done with this college

stuff. The lack of support can be isolating at times, but I also think there are benefits to being relatively alone, as compared to being surrounded by more than 300 other people many of whom would also be freaking out about the future. At least there's no mass hysteria for me to feed on.

Ultimately, any of you who are thinking about taking time off for the same reasons I was, mostly to give yourselves a break, need to weigh your own situation. Because it might help some to hear what other people's experiences have been, I do want to say that it was definitely the right thing for me to do. If the thought has crossed your mind, but you've quickly dismissed it because taking time off seems like too big a disruption, slow down, and think about it some more. For me, it was much more an opportunity to settle down in myself than any sort of aberration in my life. I have no doubt that my college experience has been a better one because I did it at the pace that felt right, rather than the one that is expected.

Madame Lulu

Romance and the Cancer Mawrtyr:

Even though she may not appear so at first glance, this is one of the most romantic women the Zodiac ever created. And she's not a flighty, air-headed type of romantic either — though her moodiness may occasionally mislead you into thinking otherwise. The Cancer Mawrtyr has the enviable ability to build most of her relationships slowly and surely, on a foundation of idealism. Never crush her idealism — it's almost as important to her as breathing, eating, cooking, and making lots of love.

Once she is sure of your feelings, she does her best to make you feel as loved as any human being can possibly be. Note: She's not simply maternal; she's also paternal, fraternal, and friendly. When you are ill she'll shower you with appreciation, attention and affection, and when you are unhappy she'll keep giving you good advice till you can't help but take it (yes, yes, it can be tiresome, but would you rather she didn't care? No? I thought

so!). And there really isn't any catch to all this. The Cancer Mawrtyr generously channels a lot of her energy into making her partner happy. Be loyal to her, don't forget to compliment her (there is more than plenty in her that you can praise), don't embarrass her in public, and don't be inconsiderate. And above all don't make fun of her sensitivity. That is about as funny to her as starving several small, soft, helpless rabbits. And you wouldn't (and shouldn't) want to do that!

Moonlight, roses (any colour, as long as they're alive), lilies, incense, cacti — she can see beauty and romance in them all, as long as she knows you are there to hold her (and vice versa.) Her charm has this odd way of weaving itself into your thoughts (yes, I know this sounds soppy) but it's very very true. She's also very physically affectionate with people she's close to. She loves to be hugged and cuddled and caressed and kissed and petted and so on — and so onwards!

— Nadya Chishtymujahid

Ms Hank continues to offer profound advice

continued from page 5

send me into bliss, and my heart races when I complete a problem set. It all comes down to — I love to do my work. And so I have this problem. I can't tell anyone around me about my passion for the laws of thermodynamics or the brilliance of the periodic table. It's just not commonplace in this community to let on that you can exist happily by doing your work, as opposed to the accepted attitude of, "I'm cool and so fine because I hardly do any work." Sometimes I'm so embarrassed to tell my friends about the breathtaking four

hours I just spent doing three problems that I tell them I was really napping on the couch in the science lounge. I don't want to be ostracized for being a workaholic, but I can't go on living this scientific untruth. What's a lab rat to do?

Signed, Not Your Standard Deviation

Dear Inverse Deviant,

You are a woman screaming for affirmation. All your work is not in vain, and hard work is probably not as uncommon as you think. If you love it, as it

appears you do, keep plugging away. Too many students cannot claim the same passion for their academic subject as you profess to feel. Consider this a blessing, not an albatross necklace.

Women in math and science, since the big bang, have been challenged by sexist teachers, rigid institutions, and chilly climates (not to mention the material itself). With all these factors working in your anti-favor, you don't need the added stress of being ashamed that you are working hard. You are not alone. I ask you this: If your friends claim they hardly do any work, then who writes their papers

and takes their exams?

Be proud that you can grind and love it. And for some parting advice: Although the common stereotype of the mathematician and scientist as asexual nerd is not true (since I speak from a canonical ensemble of experience), don't lose sight of life outside the lab you love so much. Go ice skating, bake bread, have sex, buy your lover roses. Work hard but play harder.

Death to the Patriarchy,
Ms. Hank

P E R S O N A L S

T.O.C. LIVES. STAY TUNED, BE ALERT . . .

Thanks for the hip party in honor of Donna, ma. We had a blast.

Sadie — Stay strong, free, and soft. I love you! vm

To Heather Garrett, who makes the sun shine at Bryn Mawr. Thanks for all your help and hugs. — Kelly, '92

Hey Par-Boiled Pygmy-Potato. It's almost done, and stupid Mills and Boon Boys will get theirs. Oz 1992. Love you, Fried Ferret Feet!

JRB and MJK — Congratulations on the graduation thing. But we are REALLY going to miss you. How can you leave us now? — JKS, ADJ, & PLS

PEARL IS PLATINUM FIRE!

B_Koh, throwing them across the Atlantic isn't much further than throwing them across the table. Good luck! — Notepasser

It's a tragedy for me to see the semester is over. Pearl, I'm gonna miss you. — Winnie

To the blonde bombshell — Why Rome when we can go Tibet? Your arms are the only ones that can protect in this war of ways and means. Westerly winds will me. Will you?

Hey white hot love slave (butthead?) — Wanna get married? And have our bachelor party together? I love you — your blonde bayou babe.

Hey Pretty Boy
If you'll be my grackle, I'll be you fox.
If you'll be my poet, I'll be you angel
If you'll be my bodyguard, I can be you long-lost pal.
If I can call you Betty, you can call me al.
Be my shampoo girl forever.
Love, your baby femme.

NO OPPOSABLE THUMB REQUIRED. I just want mammal love. Must like cheese, cotton and geraniums. Send photo to XXMr browne C-751

J.P. & Micki: Bryn Mawr "fucking" College. 105 years of women eating sandwiches. — A.C.H.

Hey Red, thanks for the unforgettable night! From the both of us

Clio — Hang in there. You're the greatest. —A.H.

Scot — You wanted Ferron's autograph. I got it for you. Now you demand I write you a personal — how far do you think I'll go?

Wanted: One attractive, preferably blonde, intellectual giant, lesbian goddess to do always. (As in at least seven times a day.) Give me volcanic joy. Thank you. MSM.

Beta Omega Omega Beta Epsilon Epsilon bites the big Delta Iota Kappa Kappa. Recruiting pledges. Write Box C-525.

The setting moon, the rising sun, your footprints in the sand. I like the way you smile at me and how you hold my hand.

Bat wings and cat shit are my love potion. Call me if you dare. See if you can pick me out.

To rectify all misunderstandings, Patricia Louise Hanaway prefers to be referred to as "Patricia," NOT, I repeat, NOT "Patty." I apologize for every time anybody has used this gross misnomer. With love, Kalyani

There's this person who hangs out in the library a whole lot . . . you know who you are. You have a secret admirer. Do you know who I am?

This is it, Thea. Yep, we made it, Patti. We rock, eh? Regardless, we're finished. Done. Terminadas. Kaput. But the College News is in good hands. Good luck, Jessica and Annick. We might be around . . . We love you.



The Bryn Mawr soccer team in practice near the end of their season.

—Photo by Jessica Booth

Strength of this year's soccer team

By Debbie Murphy

A few suspenseful 1-0 wins, flying apple cores, the first ever Alumna game, shovel-wielding and whistleblowing coaches, Seven Sisters at home, more than a couple full moons and many other memories brought a close to the soccer season this fall. Finishing with a record of 7-7-2, the team built itself over the two month period into a stronger and more consistent team and with a large first-year and sophomore contingent, the squad could be a formidable opponent in the seasons to come.

Despite hard losses at Seven Sisters early in the season, the team regained confidence with some hard training and wins over NE Christian, Muhlenberg, and Goucher late September. A little stronger and wiser, the team then tied Haverford in a close game early October. A week later, hard work paid off against Swarthmore. Having lost to the Garnet 2-0 a month earlier in a frustrating game at Seven Sisters, the team walked away with a well-deserved victory and what may have been the upset of the season.

Coaches Ray Tharan, Neal Abraham and Nick Patruno worked with the team to condition, build skills, and design plays that lead to the even record. They excelled not only in coaching the team through some well-deserved wins, but also in increasing the team's capacity to

compete in the Sports category of Trivial Pursuit and in demonstrating the fine art of rock-digging. Ray's salesmanship served him well as he promoted those lovely bags for which one could pay twenty dollars and "get to keep them, too!"

Seniors Dee Warner, Karen Leonard and Rachel Winston will be missed next year for both their skill and leadership, however they could well be seen out on the field next season at the Alumna game. Begun this season, the game will hopefully become a tradition in which old graduates return to their alma mater only to lose to the young upstarts of the present team.

Special mention goes to all of the First-years on the team. Comprising most of the starting fullback defense and reinforcing the mid-field and offensive lines, these ten players played hard and contributed much to the team's success, while still learning the ropes of Bryn Mawr. Their hard work coupled with the fourteen strong rising-junior and senior contingent could be a winning combination in next year's season.

For all those interested in playing soccer, indoor soccer is at Schwartz gym on Sundays 3-5 p.m., and at the Haverford Field House 10 p.m. to midnight on Thursdays. Anyone and everyone is welcome to attend.

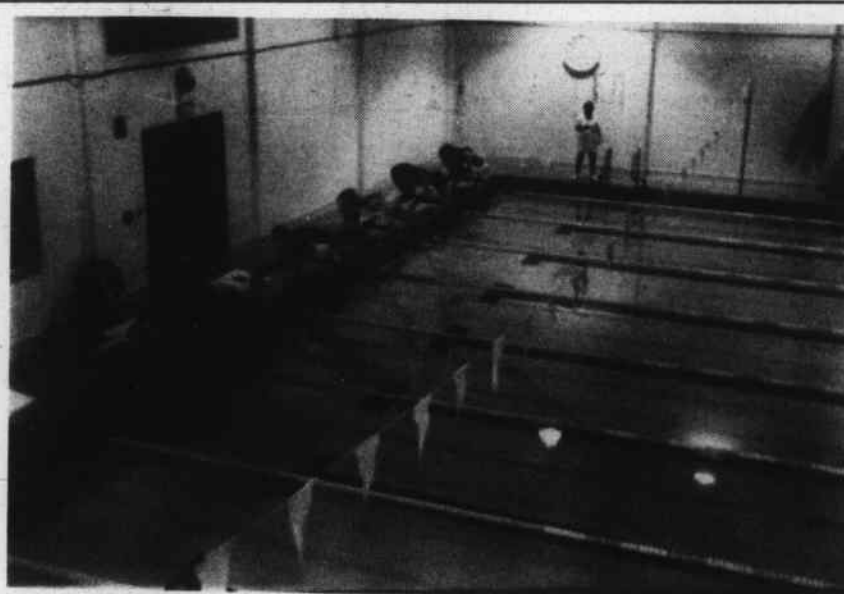
Home Sporting Events before break

Swimming & Diving

Saturday, Dec. 8, 1 p.m., here against Washington College

Basketball

Wednesday, Dec. 5, 7:00 p.m., here against Beaver



Competitors hit the water in the Bryn Mawr swim meet against Ursinus on Wednesday, November 28. Ursinus won the meet, but there were some exciting moments for the Bryn Mawr team. Diver Ingrid Johnson broke her old record. Another highlight was the 200 meter medley relay, in which two of Bryn Mawr's three teams placed first and second. The team that placed second, (Natalie May, backstroke, Rebecca Bear, butterfly, Rachael Sheldrick, breaststroke,) narrowly beat the closest Ursinus team when the fourth swimmer, Julie Smith, freestyle, touched out just a split second before the freestyle swimmer for the Ursinus team. Looking forward to the coming season, team member Miriam Allersma affirmed that the team is "excited and ready to go."

—Photo by Annick Barker

If you are concerned about the situation in the Persian Gulf, and would like to urge Congress to continue to press for a peaceful resolution to the conflict, please call your local congresspeople:

U.S. Senators from Pennsylvania:

Senator John Heinz
Pittsburgh office (412) 562-0533
Washington (202) 224-6324

Senator Arlen Specter
Pittsburgh office (412) 644-3400
Washington (202) 222-4254

13th district U.S. Representative (includes Bryn Mawr):

Congressman Lawrence Coughlin
Local office 277-4040
Washington (202) 225-6111