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12-7-1989

The College News 1989-12-7 Vol.11 No. 6

Students of Bryn Mawr College

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Citation

Students of Bryn Mawr College, *The College News 1989-12-7 Vol.11 No. 6* (Bryn Mawr, PA: Bryn Mawr College, 1989).

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THE COLLEGE NEWS

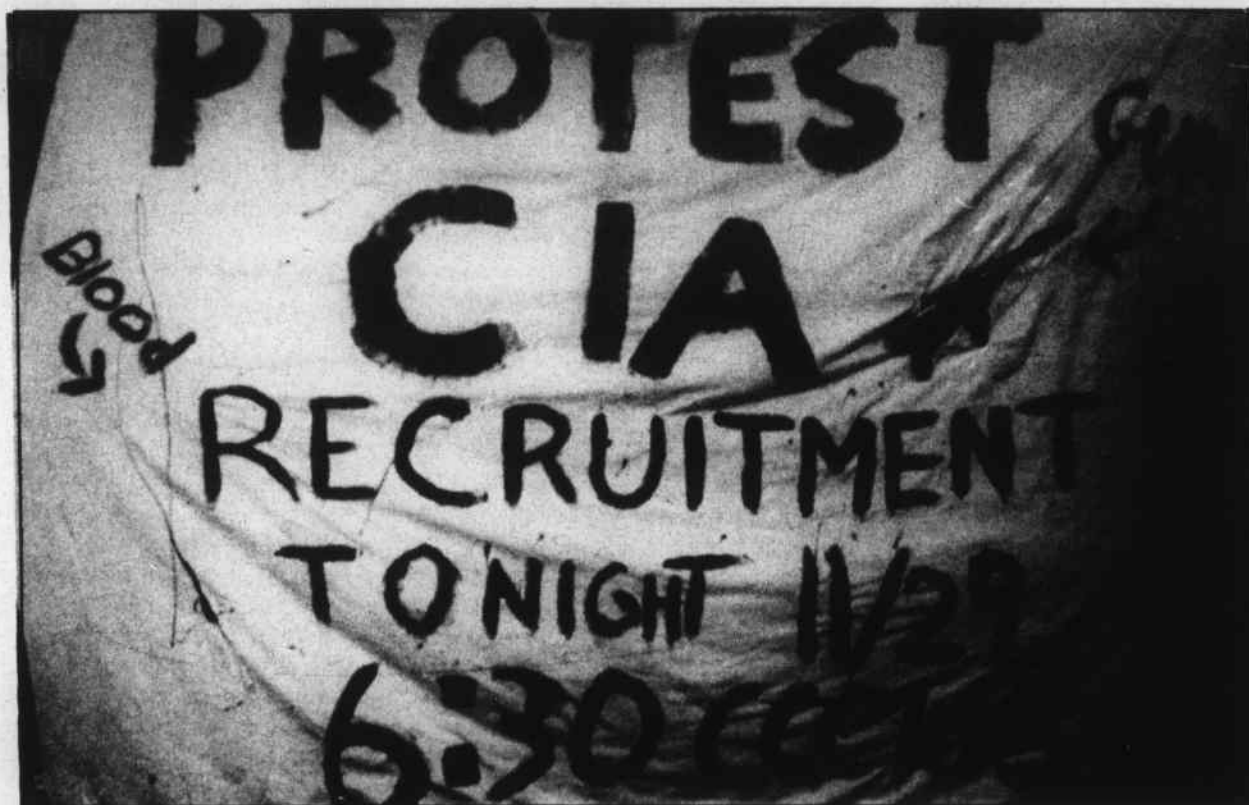
VOLUME XI NUMBER 6

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BRYN MAWR COLLEGE

DECEMBER 7, 1989

CIA's right to recruit at BMC protested



Student protesters were successful in preventing a CIA recruitment session.

Photo by Gretchen Jude

BY RACHEL WINSTON

Nineteen student protesters disrupted a CIA recruitment session in the Campus Center last Wednesday night. The group, largely comprised of Bryn Mawr and Haverford undergraduates, formed a line in the front of room 105, reciting a list of eighty CIA "acts of terrorism" spanning the last forty years.

The chorus of voices prevented CIA Personnel Representative Rebecca Browning from addressing around thirty interested students. The Office of Career Development, sponsor of the CIA visit, decided to cancel the meeting after the first half hour. Student job interviews were scheduled to proceed as normal the following Thursday.

Undergraduate Dean Tidmarsh, also present at Wednesday's meeting, asked students to move the protest outside the doors of the room, so that the recruitment session might take place. The majority of protesters refused to leave.

"It is my responsibility to stop the voice of oppression from being legitimized," explained Senior Kris Lafuente, when asked about her participation in the protest. Lafuente encouraged Bryn Mawr students not to allow the CIA on campus in the future. She cited numerous allegations of "terrorism" and "illegal acts" on the part of the CIA, referring to sources including the Center for Military Research and Analysis based in New York City.

After the decision was made to cancel the meeting, informal discussion groups formed, in which questions were raised and discussed. One Bryn Mawr student, who asked to remain anonymous, expressed anger at the cancellation of the information session. "It's fine to express your opinion, but it's not fair to interfere with our right to hear this presentation," she remarked.

Other students emphasized the distinction between rights associated with free speech and the business of recruitment. "I don't object to the CIA coming
see CIA, page 11

Mayor Perry tackles Hartford's crisis

BY SEANNA MELCHIOR AND RACHEL PERLMAN

"No one can escape what's happening in the cities," says the Honorable Carrie Saxon Perry, mayor of Hartford, CT, who spoke at Bryn Mawr College on November 29. Ms. Perry, the first black woman to be elected mayor of a major northeastern city, has recently been elected to her second term in office. Ms. Perry presented her perception of the problems American cities are confronted with and shared her opinions and plans on how to overcome them.

Ms. Perry believes that our domestic problems are the greatest threat to national security. She said there are 32.5 million people living in poverty in the United States and three million home-

less people. Most of the homeless people in Hartford are Vietnam veterans. The "American dream of home ownership is a remnant" of our past. Many American cities are in a desperate situation.

One serious problem which Ms. Perry is addressing is drug abuse. Drugs are "a new form of genocide" that "threatens to desiccate an entire generation of black young men." The war against drugs and drug-related crimes is being fought in Hartford. The mayor's commission on drugs works to bring the schools, students, churches, and law enforcers together to deal with the problem. She is working to have the state legislature allocate more funding to deal with this problem. Drugs are "a pestilence that disrupts all our lives." It is the problem which must be dealt with before others

can be solved.

Funding also needs to be shifted to education. Inner-city schools need improvement; they must begin by coping with problems of illiteracy, drug addiction, personal safety, and security. She has implemented a program called Operation Bridge, which has college graduates working in inner-city schools to identify potential drop-outs and help them stay in school. She has also worked for a cooperation between the city of Hartford and the University of Hartford. Any city high school student admitted to the University of Hartford pays half of the regular tuition; if additional financial aid is needed, it is given in addition to the initial tuition reduction.

Young people who are likely to drop
see mayors, page 10

Ms. magazine discontinued; need lives on

BY ALIX COHEN

On November 11th an article in the Philadelphia Inquirer on Ms. magazine called the women's publication "smart, impassioned, unapologetically partisan." After mounting financial troubles and a recent circus of ownership by four different publishers, this "feminist bible born of the political turmoil of the sixties" (as described in Time) is facing its own demise. Gloria Steinem, one of the founding editors, stated that she looked forward to the day when a widely-distrib-

uted, feminist magazine such as Ms. would eliminate the need for itself; she hoped that the causes the magazine had espoused would be realized. But have we really reached the point where the general public has also become so "smart," "impassioned," and politically and socially conscious that the need for such a magazine is obsolete?

On October 13th Dale W. Lang bought Ms. and immediately ceased publication of the December and January issues. Since the announcement, he and Steinem have refused to comment on when, if and how

the magazine will be reintroduced. Cathleen Black, one of Ms.'s first advertising saleswomen, stated that feminism is not the radical cause it was at the time of the magazine's creation. Black and others say that feminist issues have been integrated into mainstream society and even appear in slick fashion-oriented magazines. In addition, the eighties have witnessed the birth of many other popular magazines dedicated to women's issues, such as Self, Working Woman, and Working Mother. But many of Ms.'s dedicated readers are expressing doubt

about the assumption that the magazine is past its prime. Other media publications have already relegated Ms. to the fate of other outmoded American inventions which survive only through nostalgia, like the Automat. The Inquirer article stated that "the impulse to use [Ms.] as a symbol of the current state of feminism is strong." If that is true, then does that mean feminism, as well as Ms., is facing the end of its era or "time" and should also be thrown to the lot of Automats, hoola hoops, and flower children?
see Ms., page 5

W

OMEN & THE MEDIA: How are we portrayed?
How do we portray ourselves?

see centerspread, pages 6 & 7

EDITORIAL

Alumnae letters express hatred and fear

Last spring's *Alumnae Bulletin* used pluralism as its theme, including articles by alumnae who had been members of minority groups while at Bryn Mawr. The "Letters" section of the Fall issue seems to indicate that the articles by lesbians drew the most attention. There are three supportive letters in response to these articles, but there are also three letters which we find deeply disturbing.

The responses from M.F. Oppenheimer '43 and M.J.T. Wallace MSS '55 condemn lesbianism -- and the Bulletin, for giving it a public voice -- on religious grounds. Although we respect a broad spectrum of religious beliefs, the hatred expressed in phrases such as "Let those who wish to perform lesbian acts creep back into their closets, and leave us readers alone" cannot be justified on any grounds.

M.F. Oppenheimer's letter also makes a direct connection between homosexuality and mental illness. Homosexuality, however, has been removed from the national list of psychiatric diseases. The only association between homosexuality and mental illness is the condition called "egodistonic homosexuality," which is the inability of a gay person to accept him- or herself and is caused partly by society's hatred, as exemplified by these very letters. It is distressing that there was not more support from heterosexual women, whose positive feedback could help overcome this irrational hatred.

The letter from J. Macintyre '56 expresses disgust without formulating any reasons. It even suggests that "sexual orientation" be removed from the College's official statement of equal opportunity. She is afraid that this "calls attention to the prospect of lesbians all over the place."

It is not acceptable to condemn people on the basis of their sexual orientation. We expect clearer thinking and more open-mindedness from women so close to us, who share our education and, from a distance, our community. Such hatred is not justified from anyone.

Correction: Elizabeth VanCouvering originated the idea of orange highlighting, which we featured in our last issue.

THE COLLEGE NEWS

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE VOLUME XI, NO. 6 DEC. 7, 1989

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This is the last issue of the semester. Articles for next semester's *College News* may be submitted in January, 1990.

STATEMENT OF PURPOSE: *The College News* seeks to provide a forum for the students, faculty, administration, and staff of Bryn Mawr. *The College News* welcomes ideas and submissions from all members of the community, as well as from outside groups and individuals whose purpose or functions are connected to those of the College. *The College News* is a feminist paper and an advocacy journal committed to diversity, women's issues, providing a space for women's voices and promoting pluralism. While letters from men are accepted, all articles in *The College News* are written by women. Each article represents the views of its author, not necessarily those of the paper.

Editorial made unjustified generalizations

To the Editors:

We are writing in response to the editorial entitled "Activism for fun? Or for a real cause?" (November 29). The editorial compared the well-attended pro-choice rally in Washington, D.C. of November 12th to the sparse "pro-choice presence" at Bryn Mawr Hospital on the 18th, and seemed to say that the latter just wasn't "glamorous" enough to draw the same interest and support as the Washington rally. But could there be, perhaps, other reasons for the notably smaller showing of the 18th? The rally in Washington was a national event, publicized in national and local media for months in advance, announced at SGA and in the minutes, and advertised all over campus while the demonstration at Bryn Mawr Hospital was an event organized by anti-choice groups and only publicized by a few posters on campus. Could we not, perhaps, attribute the difference in attendance to an obvious difference in amount of publicity?

Second of all, we think it is misleading to equate the rally in Washington with the demonstration at Bryn Mawr Hospital. Another possibility for a low turnout is that different people are better at different roles within a movement. Again, the demonstration at the Hospital was an anti-choice one; to participate in a counter-demonstration and to participate in a rally which supports your own beliefs are quite different. A counter-demonstration involves totally different skills and mental preparation, and to categorize those who would not participate in this form of activism as "worried about personal risk" was rather arbitrary. Some people are good at direct confrontation, others at rallying, stuffing envelopes and doing office work, others at advertising, and others at speaking and writing. And these choices could have as much "personal risk" involved for the person depending on their particular situation.

But you also have to choose how you spend your time and energies and some people rightfully place more emphasis on other means of supporting the causes they believe in. The editorial had a rather

accusatory tone that is hardly necessary, pointing the finger at those who "only get involved when we are carried along by other people's effort and planning, only go to the marches to which everyone else is already going!"] The editorial misses the point and process of social and political change. It is a smaller group that must always do the organizing, and those who are truly committed realize this and don't have a problem with it. You have to constantly motivate the general public and make them aware of the importance of an issue to their life. That's the way you get lots of people to support a cause. That's the way the world works.

And one final question: How can you tell the difference between someone who is doing the right thing for the right reasons and someone who is doing the right thing for the wrong reasons (unless you are a mind-reader)? In other words, those who are just going along with what is "politically correct" and those that are acting under the motivation of commitment to their beliefs, are both doing the same things, are politically active in the same ways. By criticizing those that are merely politically correct, the editorial is in effect criticizing people's thoughts. It appears as if the author is missing the point of political movements. You cannot change the way a person thinks (right away) but you can change their behavior into "politically correct" behavior. It's true, maybe they aren't doing things for the right reasons but they are still doing the right things and it seems ridiculous to criticize others who are simply at a different stage of political awareness. If one person's behavior changes (but their thoughts/motivations/beliefs don't) it still affects others' behavior AND beliefs and real change occurs. Political movements cannot demand to change people's thoughts, they can only hope for it. In either case, nothing happens right away.

Priscilla Cucalon '91
Nellie Herman '91
Vera Kohut '91

Students violate Code by discussing grades

To the Community,

At least once a week, on Thursday mornings, I am forced to explain and define the Honor Code to prospective students. Working in the Admissions Office has many interesting benefits, and one of these is that I am continually having to examine our college through the eyes of outsiders. Parents, especially, often have difficulty accepting the Honor Code, or, more specifically, they have trouble believing it works. When they express doubts, I am always quick to jump in with examples of how successful it is; I talk about quiet hours, plenary, the Honor Board, and self-scheduled exams, among other things. But lately I have begun to wonder about one aspect of the Honor Code, and that is the discussion of grades and exams. Freshwomen usually have trouble at first in adjusting to the fact that Mawrters don't ask each other, "Whadcha get?" immediately after getting back a paper or test. But by now I think upper-classwomen have given enough dirty glances or (hopefully) gentle reminders that the freshwomen are no longer the ones asking most of the inappropriate questions. In fact, I think many upper-classwomen are equally guilty. Nobody is perfect, and we all from time to time slip up—saying something we didn't mean to say, or being overheard, etc. Those situations are not the kinds I am addressing. I have noticed with increasing frequency the following kinds of situations: A finishes a test that she thought was very difficult, and as she leaves the room with B, who did not think the test was very hard, B says something off-hand like, "Boy! I'm sure glad that's over,

and it wasn't very hard after all!" Or another situation, where C and D are friends in the same class. The class has a test, and both go into the test knowing that C studied a zillion hours and D looked briefly over her notes before the class (ok, so this is perhaps a slight exaggeration). When the test is returned, and they leave the classroom, D can't help but express her joy at receiving a high grade. C hears her tell a classmate, "God, I can't believe I did so well considering how little I studied!" C did not do well, and she leaves the class feeling even worse, knowing she studied, but it didn't pay off. Both these examples have faults, but I think you get the general idea: A and C end up feeling bad, and this could have been avoided if no one had said anything. The other kind of situation is the reverse, where the person who studied and does well feels uncomfortable because others around her complain about the difficulty of the exam, or the unfairness in grading or whatever. I do not think anyone makes these kinds of remarks maliciously—they are more like thoughtless slips of the tongue. But if they increase in frequency, they will perhaps become more acceptable as people become used to hearing them. I think that probably most everyone feels the need at times, especially after a hard test, to commiserate with others and not feel alone. There is a certain amount of relief in, "Oh you thought the test was hard, too?? Good, I am glad I am not the only one who thought so!" We pride ourselves here on being competitive only with ourselves, but in reality I think we

see next page

fall short of that goal sometimes. I guess I am writing this partly for myself and partly for the community. I know I am as guilty as anyone, especially with the kind of thoughts as, "Oh my god! She studied for 5 hours for this, and I only studied for 2! I know I am going to fail." That is not a good thing to think, but the real harm comes when these kinds of thoughts are made vocal. So this is just a (gentle) reminder to myself and the community that we should always keep the honor code in mind, especially (but not only) around exam and paper time. Most of us

could recite, "Do not discuss form, length, or degree of difficulty" in our sleep, but let's make sure we are really applying the Code in what we say and do.

Andrea Bial '92

P.S. I did not base my example situations on any specific, actual places or people. Rather, they were compiled from general feelings and observations. Therefore, any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or to actual events, is completely coincidental.

One man's view on women's abortion rights

To the Community,

Several days ago a friend of mine asked me if I wanted to participate in a "Pro-Choice" march on Washington to be held on November 12, 1989. Having had previous obligations, I told her that I could not go. She then asked me if I were against abortion or in favor of women having the power to decide whether or not to abort.

This question caused me to reflect on a disturbing event that happened to me recently. I hesitated in answering and she assumed that that meant I was anti-abortion. I told her that I could not comment on the topic at that time simply because it was a question that I could not answer with a simple "yes" or "no." I would have to talk with her later on the topic when I would have more time. A year ago I would have answered with an assured "no". Now, however, it's different and things have become a lot more complicated.

A few months ago while overseas I became involved with a woman in a very passionate relationship. We had sex. She became pregnant. Unfortunately, she found out that she was pregnant after I had left the country to go touring in another. She told me that she was pregnant over the telephone. I was shocked, of course, and scared. I told her that I would be willing to go along with anything that she desired even though I personally believed that she should have an abortion.

I was for abortion simply because in my fear I thought back to all my adolescent years during which my mother told me that I should not have any children without first being economically stable. As a student, I saw myself in no way stable. She was a student also. Together, we would have a very difficult time raising a child. I was certain of it. However, this certainty was shaken soon after I had spoken with her. Two considerations had come to me during and after our conversation which had caused me to rethink the whole topic of abortion in a different light.

One consideration that stimulated much thought on my part happened when, after the decision was made to abort the child, I offered to help pay for the abortion. The woman refused the money that I offered while saying that it was HER PROBLEM and that she could take care of it. After thinking about this I decided that her statement indicated a certain loneliness on her part—she alone got herself into trouble and she alone could get herself out.

Here I do not question any claim of independence that she may have made. I do question the claim of it being solely her problem. WE BOTH caused conception to take place and we both should take responsibility for it. Even though, the indication of a claim to independence was given, I could not help but detect a certain loneliness as well. I certainly did not want for her to feel lonely. I cared for her. I wanted her to know that the fact that she was the one who carried the fertilized egg did not mean that I wasn't there to help her. Yet, the way in which she presented the news seemed to express the fact that she didn't expect much support from me.

At this point I couldn't help but wonder if other women feel the same way. I wonder if women do feel somewhat alone when they become pregnant. If so, I came to the firm conviction that they should not be. I felt that I and all would-be fathers should take a vested interest in the women with whom we conceive children. My grandmother told me to never have sex with a woman that I would not marry. I now have a more complete understanding of this advice.

The second consideration which caused my feelings toward abortion to be more deeply defined may have been somewhat culturally influenced. After the decision was made to have the abortion and the conversation terminated the thought hit me that the fertilized egg to be aborted could have been my son or daughter. Profound feelings of love and regret that I had never felt before rushed and overflowed my senses. The child could have grown up to be half-American half-foreigner, bilingual, and perhaps exceptionally talented in some way.

The possibilities are many as to what my child could have become. After thinking about these possibilities reason told me that the odds against raising a child successfully for a person in my position would be great. However, my heart retaliated by saying that my parents had me while they were finishing up their educational careers as well. Although it was difficult, they succeeded in raising me efficiently. Could I and the mother have efficiently raised a successful child? It's a question that I am sure to reflect on until my last breath.

Of course the considerations highlighted in this article were influenced by personal values. Thus, all of the above can be discarded by those who do not share these values. However, one topic brought up by the above considerations cannot be discarded by anyone.

This topic is that much debate is being brought out by people who have never themselves been in the category of would-be mother or would-be father. Without ever being in either category these persons can never see how their personal feelings toward the would-be child and the would-be mother or would-be father can distort or change their former opinions. What a person does in an actual plane crash and what the person said should be done in the plane crash may differ. This difference between action and theory may be brought on by the discovery of circumstances unforeseen in theory and of feelings only to be seen in action.

Abortion is an issue that a lot of people in the bi-college community are debating at this time. By writing this article I am not in any way stating that the only ones who should debate the issue are those who have lived the issue. I am rather stating that those who debate an issue that they have not lived should not be quick to criticize the actions of those who have lived it. The latter may have been privy to an experience that the former may not fully be able to understand without living it him or herself.

I am repudiating here the practice that I once had (and that others still have) of judging another person's actions in abortion as logical or illogical according to

see letters page 9

Three responses to protest of on-campus CIA recruitment

To the Community:

As two people present at Wednesday night's anti-C.I.A. recruitment demonstration, we feel we should share some of our reasons for being there. We are also working on some ideas about how Bryn Mawr can in the future approach the issue of on-campus recruitment.

Bryn Mawr currently has a completely open-door recruiting policy. We submitted a petition to the Career Development Office with the names of forty-seven students who objected to the C.I.A.'s planned recruitment session on campus. Liza Jane Bernard, Career Development's director, sent a letter to those who signed explaining that "the College's policy has been, and continues to be, not to restrict employer recruitment based on political views in the interest that students be allowed to make those choices for themselves." She concluded by saying that "it is always healthy to examine and clarify why we conduct business as we do..."

What we propose, then, is an examination of the Business the College conducts. What are our responsibilities as a private institution with "Quaker affiliations", based on a Social Honor Code? Wednesday night's action served to call attention to these questions and to interrupt the business of recruitment. We do not be-

lieve an organization with the C.I.A.'s record of condoning and committing acts of violence has a place conducting business on a campus with an honor code that emphasizes full respect for human lives.

The phrase "conducting business" is essential here. We believe that the C.I.A.—and certainly any other organization—should be free to present information on campus. A lecture situation with open dialogue, however, is very different than a recruiting session which is inherently one-sided, focused on selling itself to prospective employees rather than aiming to be an exchange of ideas. We felt it necessary, given our objections to Bryn Mawr's participation in business with the C.I.A., to interrupt the C.I.A.'s "business as usual".

Since Wednesday night, we have been researching other campuses' recruitment policies and in particular their responses to controversies surrounding recruitment by the military and the C.I.A. We hope to gather and distribute as much information as possible so that our community can effectively discuss and examine the College's business policies.

Judy Rohrer '89
Rebecca Greco '91

To the protestors of the CIA information session:

Where is your respect for the people who were interested in the CIA information session? Or is it that their rights are not really too important? I guess I should have realized that the CIA is immoral and thus, no one from Bryn Mawr should have the opportunity to hear about them on "our" campus. The mere presence of the CIA was too much for you to bear, so you decided to take matters into your own hands and sabotage the information session.

Why is it so difficult for people to think of who is going to be harmed by their actions? I have to ask why the protest could not have been handled in a different manner? Why not set up information

tables in the dining halls and the campus center explaining your position? Why not write letters to the College and Bi-college news? It is not as if Career Development just recently announced that the CIA would be here this week. (It's been posted since September). In essence, you had a lot of time to prepare for this.

Lastly, I think that the people who wanted to learn more about the CIA have the right to make that decision, and have the right to learn about it here. As I see it even if I may not be interested in working for the CIA or I may intensely dislike the CIA, I have no right to impede others from learning more about working for them.

Alecia Domer, '90

Letter to the Community:

The C.I.A. came to Bryn Mawr College on November 29th with the sole intention of recruitment. There was to be a general recruiting session on the 29th to be followed by individual interviews the following day. The general recruiting session was prevented from starting because a group of 30 or so students protested by reading a list of C.I.A. involvement in schemes to alter other countries' governments and elections.

This act of peaceful civil disobedience raised some very important questions regarding BMC's open recruiting policy (does this include open recruitment by the Nazis and the KKK?); other colleges' recruiting policies; the issue of "free" racist, homophobic speech versus controlled speech... These issues need to be addressed, however I am not going to in this letter. What I would like to confront is the underlying assumption which propels the C.I.A. and other such organizations.

The basic philosophy of the C.I.A. is to aggressively influence and to change other, non-U.S.A. governments and their economies to promote the best political and economic interests of the US, without respect to indigenous peoples and their cultures. (Sounds okay, eh? Well, just imagine Iran spending billions of dollars a year trying to influence the US government and economy in this way.)

In the forceful exportation of capitalism and the world bank economy comes intrinsically our Western culture (from

which these have risen) and Christianity. This is blatant disrespect of other peoples' cultures. This is also enforcing an economic system onto these countries in which, as a given, they will fail when competing against the U.S. in the world market. Once these countries get sucked into the world bank economy there is no way that they can compete economically with the U.S. or any other "super power" (with super amounts of capital) in the skewed economical system that has been created by these powers. This has been shown in the instance of colonization in many African countries. A country's resources, such as human labor and natural resources, are sucked out by the imperialist power at insultingly and oppressively low prices, only to be flooded back in the country for a large profit to the exploiter — just what the British colonies of North America called unjust and rebelled against Great Britain causing the Revolutionary War.

The forcing of other governments to mimic our Western model of government/economy (and the culture that comes along with it) is a form of psychological masturbation for the U.S. Not only does it imply that capitalism is "better" than socialism (Western better than non-Western), but it also gives the U.S. a moral out: if every other country is corrupt, it is okay for the U.S. to be corrupt.

In essence, the C.I.A. is not the cause of these racist and ethnocentric views in
see letters, page 9

ARTS AND

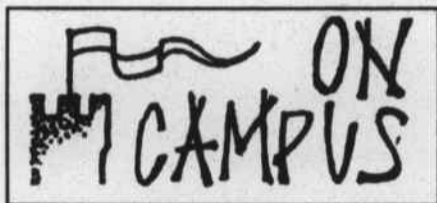
It'd be a crime to miss *Misdemeanors*

BY AMY EFRON

A friend of mine told me that a convicted killer lives next door to her grandparents. She told me that she had met him, and that he seemed pretty normal, even nice. I asked her if she thought it was strange that her grandparents' neighbor was a murderer. She said that maybe there isn't such a big a difference between the people we consider to be murderers and the people we consider to be law-abiding citizens, like you and me. This is one of the issues at the heart of the latest movie written and directed by Woody Allen, *Crimes and Misdemeanors*.

Judah Rosenthal (Martin Landau) is a respected ophthalmologist and a "family man". For two years, he has been involved with Dolores (Anjelica Huston), who now threatens to expose him if he doesn't leave his wife. Frightened by this prospect, Judah consults his gangster brother who tells him that Dolores can be killed off for a fee, and no one will ever find out that Judah was behind it. Around the same time, Judah speaks to his friend and patient, Ben (Sam Waterston), a rabbi who is going blind. Ben, an idealist, believes that a moral structure still exists in this world, and that one must not lose faith in God. But Judah decides to follow his brother's strategy for solving problems, and Dolores is killed in what looks like an ordinary break-in.

Crimes and Misdemeanors examines our responsibilities to our fellow human beings by maintaining the belief that we are all related to each other. Although many of the characters do not meet until the wedding of the rabbi's daughter at the end of the movie, they are all connected in the complex web of family relationships. The rabbi's brother is Lester (Alan Alda), a sleazy television producer who always manages to come out on top. Lester attempts to give his



Drood cast more talented than Broadway writer

BY MINI KAHLON

They were a good cast. Most sang very well. They had certainly rehearsed - the 'team-work' was well coordinated and sometimes even nearly professional. The play had its little idiosyncrasies that promised to make the performance at least different from a 'regular' musical - the performers came out into the audience, well before the show began, and explained to us in a wide range (poor to nearly okay) of British accents how the complicated process of voting for the murderer would be conducted, who the chief suspects might be, and encouraging audience participation ("kick off your boots and loosen your corsets"); the voting itself actually did take place - by size of vocal appreciation and by a show of hands; and then, this was a mystery (as opposed to ...a love story/ a rags to riches story/a 'Godspell' story, etc.).

But, here's where the problems sprung up. A mystery story/plot/play is excit-

ing for three reasons: there's a puzzle, hints are provided to solve it, and there's the final solution. The reason why I would read an Agatha Christie novel is to grapple with the transition between the hints and the solution. Here, in this theatrical venture, the puzzle was blatantly simple, the clues were few and eventually useless, and so we decided on the murderer on the basis of which character seemed most... interesting to us. The musical thus ended up being a string of "characterizations" - and I put the word in quotes because each character was given a song (or two) to "characterize" himself or herself, naturally leading to only half-developed (stretching the imagination) characters, a partially developed story, and the eventual feeling that nothing had really happened in the three hours spent viewing this marathon "entertainment" pageant.

The one unsettling aspect of the performance was the characterization of Helena Landless, the foreigner from

BY KAIA HUSEBY

brother-in-law Cliff (Woody Allen) a break by asking him to film a documentary about Lester's successful life. Cliff, repulsed by Lester and jealous of his success, sets out to make a movie that should expose Lester for the creep he is. Both Cliff and Lester are interested in the same woman, Halley (Mia Farrow), a nice, intelligent film producer. We want Cliff to win her over, but he is not merely an underdog - he is a full-fledged loser - a nice but bitter man. As in real life, the people who we root for don't always make it; perhaps we root for them be-

cause we don't expect that they will make it. Throughout this movie, Lester repeats his motto: "Comedy is tragedy plus time." In *Crimes and Misdemeanors* comedy and tragedy are bonded in a strange kinship. Cliff's sister tells him that the man she met through the personal columns tied her up and "went to the bathroom" on her after a date. The audience laughs as Cliff covers his face with his hands and bemoans his sister's fate, but it's hard to forget how easily we dehumanize one another.

two, sustaining us through his tyrannical periods. The young student, Sophie, (played by Anne Roussel) is always a bit distant from us; we marvel at the quality of her voice as she endures endless hours of training, but can only see through the intent focus of her eyes how much she depends upon Joachim.

The movie quickly gains momentum from what would have been merely beautiful people singing beautiful music in beautiful houses. Joachim takes on a second pupil when he comes upon talent in a singing street thief and brings this savage, undisciplined character home to tame and teach. Jean (played by Philippe Volter) is declared a tenor because he can only stay under water for twenty seconds; his training thus begins.

Sophie falls in love with Jean, after realizing that it is impossible for her to love her teacher. Not only does Joachim

have a companion and accompanist, Estelle (played by Sylvie Fennec), but he is also too good an actor. He confuses her by his different roles; one moment he is a strict and unyielding teacher and the next he is a tender human being who cannot resist her.

The lessons continue nevertheless, and the two pupils again engage us with their rhythmic, melodious songs which merge one scene into another and expose the wondrous joys of music. But such pure art cannot continue as such; it is doomed to be tarnished by competition.

Tension and pressure builds and a new focus is put on the lives of the two proteges when they are invited to take part in a contest sponsored by Joachim's past rival, the aristocratic and cunning Prince Scotti. This is the first hard edge applied to the otherwise romantic and emotional film. The Prince uses Joachim's pupils to play out his revenge; he broke his voice in a close competition with the famous music teacher years back, and now wants to prove that his student, Arcas, can outdo the others.

So Joachim takes his pupils to the competition and, unwilling to be a guest of his former rival, leaves them to perform on their own. The separation is painful for all parties, but it forces Sophie and Jean to draw strength from one another in the face of war. For the Prince is vicious; opera has been turned into a battleground for his anger and jealousy at the past. The performances become attacks from each side as the vocal duel

escalates between Jean and Arcas. The tension is heightened when they are challenged to perform in masks because their voices are so identical. Only then can the audience truly judge who is superior. Of course one of their voices breaks...I'll let you discover whose.

The film ends with sensitivity and sadness. The influential music teacher dies and we are left to marvel at the intense love he has for this art form and the way it must be carried on by his pupils. He commanded: "Let the music invade you...penetrate you..."

Set in Belgium at the turn of this century, *The Music Teacher* exudes an old-fashioned Victorian understanding of excellence. Its message about the discipline and devotion of true apprenticeship transcends all generational gaps and can be deeply felt even today. Like *Amadeus*, there develops an obsession with success, through competition, which is tense, suspenseful and magnetizing. But this artistic contest seems a bit more elegant and romantic when set in the countryside of Belgium, in French with subtitles, and when set off by magnificent costumes. Directed by Gerard Corbiau, the film is built upon an elaborate foundation of music by Verdi, Mahler, Schumann, Mozart, Bellini, Schubert, and Offenbach. If you enjoy being immersed in such music, and you're feeling a bit romantic, this is a wonderful ninety-minute adventure, made possible by a convincingly human and talented cast of actors and actresses.

here would not work as all were talented and had good direction from Director Christopher Ptomey. The casting itself, was excellent. The orchestra (Musical Director - John Maclay) provided commendable support to the production, and Toni Vahsing (Technical Director) deserves mention for sets and lighting. (The graveyard and crypt were especially awesome).

The Director's Notes on the inside cover of the program tells us that the "show within a show not only echoes Dickens' attention to "the intricate working out of his plot" but continues "his wonderful observation of character, and his strange insight into the tragic secrets of the human heart". These comments echo extremely discordantly after one has seen the show, because it is of course, in exactly these aspects that the show fizzles to a dead halt sometime in the first half hour of the production. I am sure musicals can be extremely entertaining - so let's produce one that is!

Ceylon. She was given a peculiar style of walking (she 'bounced' instead of walked) and held her arms up in a limpwristed manner. Typically, every time she entered or left the stage with this "funny-looking" gait she got a round of laughter. For what? For what amounted to a physical deformity in our eyes. ("How funny - she walks weird!"). It upset me to see the "foreigner" being characterized simply by her accent (comparatively okay) and by her "weird" way of carrying herself. It upset me more that intelligent members of the bi-college community could not see that what they were doing was helping to establish the "foreigners are strange and that's all there is to them" motif through this characterization. To make the case clearer here is an analogy - in male-dominated plays, women (being nominal) are either, say, bitches or mothers and nearly always sex-symbols. Need I say more?

However, as I mentioned earlier - the cast was good - and mentioning names

ENTERTAINMENT

Another cool dead artist

BY MELISSA DALLAL

Man Ray's art is, in the artist's own words, "designed to accuse, bewilder, annoy or to inspire reflexion [sic]." If you wish to experience this sort of intellec-



tual stimulation while viewing painting, drawing, collage, photography, and film, go to the Philadelphia Museum of Art where over two-hundred and fifty of Man Ray's works are on display in a retrospective exhibit open through January 7, entitled, Perpetual Motif: The Art of Man Ray.

Born in Philadelphia in 1890, Man Ray was educated in New York, whereafter he worked as a commercial artist until 1921. It was in New York that he became interested in European avant-garde art and became involved with the Dada movement which set out to mock the values of European culture by escaping from its conventional forms of expression. Confined by painting (apparent in his heavy-handed style), Man Ray turned to the airbrush, formerly a commercial

tool, and photography. In these media he was able to maintain an emotional distance, putting his energy into wit and humor. He entitled a photograph of an eggbeater taken in 1920, La Femme (The Woman), clearly leaving his spectator to wonder whether the eggbeater represents a woman's form, function, or perhaps both.

In 1921, frustrated by New York's rejection of Dada art, Man Ray moved to Paris. Working as a photographic portrait artist of Paris' artistic and social elite, he was accepted in their circle, which included Gertrude Stein, James Joyce, Pablo Picasso, and Jean Cocteau. Man Ray then turned to fashion photography where his innovative style won him commissions from magazines such as *Vogue*, *Vanity Fair*, and *Harper's Bazaar*.

While in Paris, Man Ray accidentally discovered a new photographic process which he called "rayography." This process involved placing objects directly upon the photographic paper thereby creating white images in their place. For the next twenty years, Man Ray enjoyed a fruitful experimental period. He produced such works as *Gift* (1921), where he welded nails into the bottom of a flat iron, taking both articles out of their usual context and bringing them into a totally new relationship. He explored the medium of film where he similarly juxtaposed images of unrelated objects. In

Coming Attractions

ON CAMPUS:

The Bryn Mawr/Haverford Student Theater Company
Thursday, Dec. 7th to Saturday, Dec. 9th
Goodhart Hall, time to be announced
For info, call 526-5208 or 526-5210

Haverford/Bryn Mawr Chorale Singers and Women's Ensemble present a holiday concert
Saturday, Dec. 9th
Marshall Auditorium, 8 pm
For info, call 896-1011

Photography Exhibit: "India: People and their Land"
Friday, Dec. 1st to Sunday, Dec. 17th
Campus Center, Room 204, Noon to 5 pm daily

CORRECTIONS:

We apologize for accidentally running the article on International Students last issue instead of the review of Crimes and Misdemeanors. It appears in this issue. In addition, Munize Manzur was mentioned in the International Students article as the editor of the ISA newsletter when, in fact, Haverford student Peter Anderson is the editor of the ISA newsletter.

1924 Man Ray joined the Surrealist movement which explored the subconscious producing images of seemingly unrelated objects in unexpected situations.

In 1940 Man Ray moved back to the United States and settled in Hollywood, California. There his art was held in lower esteem than it was in Europe. He

continued to create, developing and reworking many of his old ideas. The last twenty years of his life were spent in Paris where he died in 1971. The exhibit succeeds in taking you through the various stages of Man Ray's artistic development while leaving you with a strong sense of his daring, witty, original, and diverse art.

Ms. magazine's future is unstable

continued from page 1

Ms. magazine was founded in 1972 by Gloria Steinem and Patricia Carbine. At a time when the American public was first becoming aware of political and social causes and their impact on marginalized populations, Steinem and Carbine saw the need for a forum to consolidate and publicize these newly broached, controversial issues. The creators of Ms. wanted to use upscale commercial media to popularize the important and controversial causes of the time by exposing them on the scale of a wide readership.

But Ms. and similar "ideological magazines" like *Mother Jones* have problems finding sponsors to support their politically directed, activist sentiments. Since its founding, Ms. has always been on the verge of financial disaster, just barely covering costs with its (most recent) readership of about 500,000. But as the media business has grown and become more specialized, Ms.'s problems have

become more complicated and serious. In 1979, facing increasing competition and decreasing interest from advertisers, Steinem and Carbine obtained non-profit status for the magazine. Soliciting funds from large foundations, they hoped to free themselves from the expressive restrictions connected with commercial sponsors. But even that plan did not survive, as the editors and writers still felt constricted by the editorial "guidance" of their new sponsors. At the same time, Ms. was beginning to face pressure to update its image, specialize, and assume the glossy, slick image of many contemporary magazines.

In 1987, an Australian publishing company, John Fairfax Ltd., bought controlling interest of Ms. (at 10 million dollars) and installed two of its own editors. Anne Summers, a feminist historian, became chief editor of Ms. She attempted to revamp the magazine by using an ad campaign showing a photographic transformation of the sixties hippie woman to

the eighties professional yuppie woman. Summers commented that "The women's movement is not as militant as it used to be. The world has changed and so have we." Her counterpart, Sandra Yates, introduced a new teen magazine called *Sassy* which is meant to present relative issues for American teenage girls in a straightforward manner; a sort of "pre-Ms."

May of 1988, Summers and Yates joined forces and bought Ms. and *Sassy* from their former boss. The two Australian women said that with their fledgling Matilda Publishing company they would create the "foundation of a new media empire" (sound reminiscent of the goals of Ms.'s original editors?). They claimed to adapt the two magazines to "reflect the pragmatism of women as they move into the 1990's" by redesigning their images.

Ms. became "deliberately less doctrinaire" than its earlier issues and the aim was to reach the readership of the "work-

ing woman." But Ms.'s August "17th Anniversary Issue" proved to be too political with the majority of its articles on pro-choice issues and "advertisers who got wind of what was coming scattered like kitchen bugs." (according to the *Inquirer*).

By October of this year, Summers and Yates gave up, and Ms. and *Sassy* were bought by Dale W. Lang. According to some rumors, Lang wants to permanently cease publication of Ms. in order to decrease competition with his *Working Woman* and *Working Mother* magazines. But he reportedly wants to expand *Sassy* which is bringing in more profit and has a wider readership than Ms. Letty Cottin Pogrebin, longtime writer and editor for Ms., predicts that the magazine will reemerge as a simple, non-profit, purely subscription newsletter which will be committed to the goals of its founding editors. Whatever happens, Ms.'s days as "feminism's longtime standard-bearer" are over.

Yale arrests present more problems than charges

BY LIZ PENLAND

On the evening of October 27, a New York city lawyer and eight other men — two of them Yale students — were arrested by the Yale police under questionable circumstances. The lawyer, William Dobbs, had been hanging sexually explicit posters in the Yale law building. These posters were put out by the San Francisco based Boy with Arms Akimbo, a group formed to protest the official censorship of art. They were designed to address attitudes towards sex and homosexuality. A female law professor called security about a strange man hanging "obscene" posters outside her office. Yale security came and confronted Dobbs, but

did not arrest him there.

They followed him to a building where

ensued in which the Yale police shouted purportedly homophobic epithets and

"The [police] went berserk. The only reason that nothing worse happened is because there was absolutely no provocation on the part of the crowd."

people attending the Gay and Lesbian Conference held that night were gathered during a break. As the Yale police attempted to arrest Dobbs, members of the crowd protested and a nasty conflict

violently broke up the gathering. One Yale professor, as quoted by the *Yale Daily News*, said of the police that evening, "They went berserk. The only reason that nothing worse happened is

because there was absolutely no provocation on the part of the crowd." Ironically, the focus of the conference was violence against homosexuals in films.

Dobbs and the eight protesters arrested with him were charged with breach of the peace and interfering with the police. In a later conference, Dobbs asserted that the interfering with the police charge was trumped up in his presence by the officers on duty and called for a federal investigation to examine this incident. While they were held by the New Haven police, Dobbs and the other eight evidently had to listen to several AIDS jokes and other sick, homophobic and thoroughly inappropriate remarks.

see Yale page 9

Women and the media: creation,

Read women's magazines with caution

BY NANCY YOO

Imagine this: the snow is knee-deep outside, it's nice and cozy inside and there's nothing to do except eat and curl up in a windowseat with a pile of women's magazines. Sound like fun? Well, that's what I did over this Thanksgiving break and it was not exactly a fun experience. In fact, while plowing through *Harper's Bazaar*, *Elle*, *Glamour*, *Mademoiselle* and *Cosmopolitan*, I felt intermittently humiliated, frustrated and outraged. The warped, degrading depiction of the feminine ideal in these magazines is truly disheartening considering that many women read magazines like *Cosmopolitan* and take them seriously.

Cosmopolitan is definitely the worst offender. I think there should be a big black "X" on the cover of every issue with the words: WARNING: May be fatal to all intelligent women. The name "Cosmopolitan" must be misnomer because its contents read like some pre-women's liberation guide to finding and catering to your man. On the cover, there is a scantily-clad woman with a come-hither pout who is supposed to represent the woman of today. Inside, you'll always find the bachelor-of-the-month section with enthusiastic encouragements for you to write him and try your luck. The most disgusting and damaging part about *Cosmopolitan* is its selection of articles. Some of the articles listed in this month are "The Joy of Sex With an Older Man," "Great Christmas Gifts for the Men in Your Life," "How To Interpret His Hairstyle," "Coming Down to Earth: The Hard Realities of Marriage." Oh yes, I can't forget the "Terrific Excerpt From Danielle Steel's *Daddy*, and a Foxy, New Novel, *Every Woman Loves a Russian Poet*"—need I say more?

Two articles which really made me seethe

were "Could Mr. Wrong Turn Out to Be Mr. Right" and "Confidential: The In-Flight Flirting File." The Mr. Wrong article proceeds to play out a fantasy with you as the main character. Here are some enlightening excerpts:

Spending a limited amount of time with a man you may soon never see again gives you permission to be someone else: a sex goddess, a nymphomaniac, or maybe just a slut...And every woman's fantasy is different. Some women want...someone who might take her to an S-and-M club 'to check it out' and who pays for everything from a mysteriously thick wad of rolled-up cash. Others fall for...a man who still calls feminists 'women's libbers' and who never says 'I love you' because it's a sign of weakness...

If you ask me, this kind of man sounds highly undesirable and potentially violent. That this article succeeds in romanticizing drug dealers and turning me into a slut makes this seem more like a nightmare than a fantasy. In the equally disturbing In-Flight Flirting article, *Cosmopolitan* portrays its notion of the ideal woman: "The worst thing you can do is 'pour your heart out, relive your whole life—and bore him to death,' says Margaret Kent, author of *How to Marry the Man of Your Choice*. 'If he does most of the talking, then you've done a good job.'" In other words, shut up and look alluring so you too can catch yourself a strange and sexy man—what more can we ask from life, girls? But, Margaret, what if he bores me to death?

After dealing with the anti-feminism of *Cosmopolitan*, I turned to *Glamour* and *Mademoiselle* with a sense of relief. Admittedly, these two magazines are not nearly as blatant in their debasement of women. After

all, they don't assume the stupidity of the reader as *Cosmopolitan* does and feed you only with crap. There are attempts in both *Glamour* and *Mademoiselle* at including potentially stimulating articles. I found "Abortion: Just the Facts, Not the Hype," and "How Bigotry Affects All our Lives," in *Glamour* and "AIDS Testing: Are You Positive You're Negative?" in *Mademoiselle* both intelligent and serious. However, widely interspersed among these few interesting pieces, I found more articles about how to make your man happy. In *Mademoiselle*, there was even a special section called "Men Have Feelings Too" (gee, isn't that nice?). Of course, these upgraded magazines try to impart some seriousness to this rubbish by giving them the pop psychology treatment. I felt I was essentially inundated with conflicting messages and views: Yes, you are an independent woman, no you need a man to lean on, yes, you are intelligent enough to make these decisions, no, he will make them for you and so on. An example of this kind of contradiction, may I say hypocrisy, is the "girly-talk" tone of *Mademoiselle*. While the magazine claims to treat the reader as a woman, the tone continually reduces your level of maturity. Another thing which intensely disagreed with me was the way in which *Glamour* tries to formulate a woman's life. You're constantly bombarded with things to do, things not to do, what's new, what's in, what's out, how to solve this, how to avoid that...my eyes were so glazed over from all of this that if the meaning of life were included in between some tidbits of information, I would never have noticed.

Although *Harper's Bazaar* had some truly interesting articles which didn't make me zone out while I was reading them, I found this magazine almost more offensive than *Mademoiselle* or *Glamour*. If *Cosmopolitan* is blatantly anti-feminist, *Harper's Bazaar* is blatantly racist. *Harper's Bazaar* doesn't think that its reader is stupid but she is sure is white, Anglo-saxon, protestant and very rich. Of the many articles and profiles in October's issue of *Harper's Bazaar*, there was only one short blurb on a non-white person which appeared under a special section called "American Originals." The blurb was called "Food With Thought" and was about an African American female restaurateur: "Renowned for home-style Southern cooking, Edna Lewis has risen through the kitchen ranks to be crowned the queen of regional cuisine." In another section called "Mothers & Daughters," *Bazaar* profiles Paulina Porizkova and her mother Anna, Barbara Bancroft and Anne Wiedemann and Pauline, Serena and Samantha Boardman—all white women. The magazines introduces these articles with: The Best of Friends, These Women Share Their Ideas About Fashion and Beauty. What's wrong here? Are non-white women not capable of having ideas about fashion and beauty? *Bazaar* also had a rather offensive photography spread called "High Society" depicting debutantes at New York's International Ball. Maybe it's different in New York, but in my city, Atlanta, the debutantes all come from families which belong to exclusive clubs with membership for whites only. One more note on *Harper's Bazaar*: there were no Asian or racially mixed models in the photo spreads or the advertisement in this issue. In fact, the only token non-white model was an African American woman with straightened hair.

Of the five women's magazines I read, I found *Elle* to be the least problematic. In comparison to the range of articles found in the other magazines, *Elle* had the most intelligent ones. Where *Glamour*, *Mademoiselle* and *Bazaar* restrict their art sections to a couple of pages (I don't consider *Cosmopolitan's* mea-

see stage, page 9

see magazines, page 8

Male movie critics unanimously defensive about *Steel Magnolias*

BY SHARI NEIER

On many occasions we have witnessed the transference of a show from stage to screen; *Fiddler on the Roof*, *Annie*, *Biloxy Blues*, and *A Chorus Line* to mention only a few. As a result of this transference, the audience size increases. This is beneficial. The act of making a show more accessible and therefore less elitist through a decrease in ticket price is considered noble. So when Robert Harling's play was still an off-Broadway hit in its third running year it is no wonder that a movie company seized the chance to put the play to film. Six reputable actresses were cast, and the interest and curiosity of movie critics and viewers were sparked. *Steel Magnolias* was coming to the theaters.

With such a "safe" background it seemed predictable that *Steel Magnolias*, like its precedents, would be at worst "a bad copy of the show," or at best, "an exact likeness of that fantastic play." It proved to be far more than that, however.

Steel Magnolias is set primarily in a beauty parlor in a small Louisiana town where the six main characters played by Julia Roberts, Sally Fields, Shirley MacLaine, Dolly Parton, Olympia Dukakis, and Daryl Hannah meet weekly to become pretty and to chat. These six "magnolias" stick together through thick and thin as they experience the marriage of Julia Roberts, a diabetic girl, and then the risk and consequences of her pregnancy as a result of her severe diabetes. Together they help each other get through times of loneliness, and they share laughter and teasing, bickering and gossip.

Granted the acting is not what one would

expect from such stars. Dolly Parton plays her character well but she is a little stiff as an actress, and Sally Fields is just too young looking to play the mother of Julia Roberts. But, nevertheless, it is definitely a touching movie with an interesting storyline and many good points (one of my favorite being "the only thing that distinguishes us from animals is our ability to accessorize"). Also it is refreshing to see six women as the focus of a movie. So my big question is why are the reviews unanimously unfavorable and, more interesting, angry? Unfortunately, I am afraid it is because of *Steel Magnolias* primary focus—female friendship and bonding.

Friendship and bonding are the result of a common element or elements in the personal lives of its participants. The six women in *Steel Magnolias* certainly make no exception to this. Their greatest common element is certainly not, as a surface glance at the movie would lead you to believe, the beauty parlor. Rather, it is the overall inability of men to function well in emotional situations. Each woman in the movie knows that in emotionally trying times it is she, not her man, who must be strong. It is as Sally Fields' character realizes after her husband and sons leave her to deal alone with what will probably be the most difficult period their family will go through: it is men who think they are strong or something, but it is us [women] who are steel. And in fact who comes to help her cope? Her friends. Meanwhile, her husband and sons stand on the sidelines as spectators unable to play.

A scene very similar to this takes place when Julia Roberts' character



Vicarious

BY JAMIE TORTORELLO

The basic plot of a romance novel is this:

1. Heroine and hero meet and are immediately attracted to one another (love/lust at first sight).
2. Heroine fights her growing love while hero tries to win her heart.
3. Hero caresses heroine's breasts. They stop short of sex.
4. Heroine and hero have sex.
5. Heroine misinterprets some hero action as cruel and callous.
6. Heroine realizes her mistake, accepts her love and agrees to marry hero.
7. Heroine and hero start foreplay that ends in post-book sex.

My first impression as I began thinking about romance novels was to say that they're completely healthy. After all, I'm a woman, I'm a feminist and I enjoy them. So what could be unhealthy, right? Perhaps. But then again, perhaps not.

Sounds silly, but for many college women (I'm not the only one) these books are fun, and sometimes even addictive. Is it the novelty of plots or the depth of characters we love? Hardly. College readers, especially, can easily recognize insipid story lines and shallow personalities. But something does draw us to these books, a bizarre mixture of feminist progressiveness and women-should-know-their-place conservatism.

Unlike the middle aged housewives who

consumption, and representation

She reads the news--and looks great, too

BY AMY HOLZAPFEL

The past few years have witnessed the rise of a new breed of woman in broadcast news - women such as Diane Sawyer of ABC's Prime Time Live, Catherine Crier of CNN, and Deborah Norville, Jane Pauley's successor as new co-anchor of the Today show. All three are fair haired and attractive. Two out of the three had won or finished in beauty pageants sometime in their past. Is this sleek Vanna White prototype of Norville now preferred over the stayed mother of three? Is this part of a larger trend? Addressing the larger concern: How is the necessity of attractiveness for women in broadcasting changing with these new superstars of the news?

Feminist Today viewers will be quick to complain that Jane is often given the less important interviews. Jane herself suggests that this perhaps is not so much gender oriented as personality oriented. Gumbel, she says, has a tendency towards insensitivity. Jane Pauley is not threatening and not as confrontational. She has a round face and a gentle demeanor, almost motherly. "Pauley-in-training" (*Newsweek*) Deborah Norville was hired specifically to broaden the show's appeal to a younger audience. The main difference between her and Jane is that she is much younger, or at least looks to be so (there is actually only a 6 year difference between them). She's thin, and has lots of style. Deborah's face is more angular than Jane's, more like a model's than a journalist's.

Deborah Norville is not the only young news starlet on the rise. Diane Sawyer looks much younger than her age of 43. Working with Sam Donaldson on Prime Time Live, ABC's answer to 60 Minutes, her job is somewhat more meaty than Today's more light focus can allow Jane's or Deborah's to be. Diane also has a lot of sex appeal. In 1987, she posed for *Vanity Fair* in some photos which emphasized her very much as a sexual figure (The cover shows her with an alluring smile in a low cut black blouse, with bare shoulders). Yet Diane is also a trained journalist

with a journalist's background. She has captured the best of what generally does not mix well for the modern woman - she is a respectable figure as well as a sexual one. And again, we see a newswoman rising in intellectual status because of her physical attributes.

Much as they are sex objects, however, Norville and Sawyer are two journalists. They have their jobs because of broadcast expertise. Sex appeal helped, but in a large way it hindered. Norville is quoted in the November 6 issue of *Time* as saying, "The blue eyes, the blond hair, the gender may have been a handicap. They may have gotten me noticed, but they would have gotten me thrown out three times as fast if I hadn't busted my butt." And success is certainly not available for all talented women in broadcast news, either. As Jane Pauley put it in a 1982 interview, "A little window opened, and some of us crawled through it."

Yet Catherine Crier is the exception to the rule. Her hiring by CNN news as an anchorwoman has been the subject of much recent debate because of her complete lack of qualifications for the job. Crier is certainly an intelligent woman, a former North Texas judge, yet she has had no experience in broadcast journalism. She happens to be exception-

ally pretty, and the unfortunate message that this gives me is an affirmation of how important physical attractiveness is to the job of newscaster for women. Of her success as a reporter, her co-anchor Bernard Shaw reports her performance as, "very adequate", nothing more. Crier was selected for the job over 150 in house anchors and reporters. I find that a disconcerting figure. Here is a concrete instance of where the line was crossed between entertainment and journalism on the side of entertainment.

This raises the question of if it is necessarily a bad thing for news to be so look-oriented? It certainly worked for Diane Sawyer. But when a woman here is being regarded for her ideas, it is necessarily coupled with an appreciation for her looks. What would happen if an older woman was placed in this position of respect? In a perfect world, any woman should be regarded as a conveyor of truth on the TV and not just a beauty contest winner. However, as seen in the thousands of homes which tune into TODAY each morning, women especially are recycled young from broadcasting. But isn't that the unfortunate plight of all newswomen and men? The content becomes irrelevant once the packaging wears out.

A history of women in theater

BY LISA GUERNSEY

A stage. Perhaps in the center of the town square; perhaps upon the sanded boards of the Globe Theatre. Figures with masks, rich costumes or poor, faces daubed with stage paint. Voices that appeal, enthrall, chill; voices that draw one away to lands unseen, experiences untasted; voices that lure the listener, the observer to a home, a familiar world he or she has only just—and temporarily—quitted. The voice, the gesture, the presence—the essence—of an actor. "Actor." The word can either be regarded as masculine or neuter. But for the time being, regard it as the former.

Shakespeare, the same man who created Juliet, Lady MacBeth, and Rosalind, was an actor. He wrote for actors. The word "actress" was still unknown in backwater England. Yet, somewhere between then and now, one woman—we do not know her

name—raised her voice, and England knew her first actress.

There were women acting in other parts of the world. Acting, it is said, grew out of Greek religious mysteries. Women are known to have danced, sung, and conducted religious ceremonies during Eleusian mysteries dedicated to the goddesses, Demeter and Persephone. It is even conjectured that Thespis himself might have had female choruses. Unfortunately, if women were ever on the stage—the classical stage we think of—they were soon marooned in the audience. Offstage, however, women continued to "act", as mimes, singers, dancers, and, in Rome, as pantomimes. Of the lowest classes, these women were categorized as prostitutes. Even the creation of Theodora, a former actress, as Empress of the Roman Empire did little to improve her sisters' lot.

The Dark and Middle Ages were barren
see history, page 8

Pop politics from Janet Jackson

BY ELIZABETH FOLEY

What, you might ask, could move mainstream pop/funk goddess Janet Jackson to make a Political Record? Actually, her decision might be less arbitrary than it sounds. Rap music, the single greatest hotbed of fresh ideas and fresh rhythms in all of pop at the moment, has blossomed into an unusually political genre and one whose influence the rest of black pop has found hard to elude. Even if somebody like Bobby Brown hasn't taken to heart the political convictions of, say, Public Enemy or Boogie Down Productions, the strong, self-reliant stance at the heart of their politics sure hasn't been lost on him. Given the perceptive ear Janet and crack producers Jimmy Jam and Terry Lewis have already shown they have for the important stuff going down on the music scene, it isn't surprising that they'd want to tap into this suddenly pervasive spirit of black political consciousness-raising.

The resulting record, Janet Jackson's *Rhythm Nation 1814*, puts across Janet's new state of mind with considerable musical appeal. She's chosen an ambitious, elaborately assembled concept-album format in which to speak her piece: Her "Rhythm Nation" has

its own pledge of allegiance ("We are a nation with no geographic boundaries, bound together through our beliefs. We are like-minded individuals, sharing a common vision, pushing toward a world rid of color lines") and its own creed ("Music/Poetry/Dance/Unity"). (As for the mysterious "1814" in the title, the minor hubbub it caused when the album came out proved to be an empty controversy: Rolling Stone recently revealed that it designates the "R" and "N" in "Rhythm Nation," the 18th and 14th letters in the alphabet.)

Pretentious? Well, yeah, especially since the politics espoused here—a standard-issue, ultra-accessible philosophy of doing good and righting wrongs—aren't nearly as sophisticated or innovative as all these trimmings would suggest. Yet somehow all the political numbers work. The title cut is a vision of interracial unity with lyrics that distill everything enticing about Pepsi's The Choice of a New Generation ad campaign into six minutes of extremely effective pop music: "With music by our side/To break the color lines/Let's work together to improve our way of life/Join voices in protest/To social injustice/A generation full of courage,"

see Janet, page 8



sex and romance novels

fantasize about being young and in love, we college women practically are the heroines of romance novels. These heroines are 18-30 year old women who are professionally successful but who have trouble balancing their professional and sexual lives. The stories, which revolve around the resolution of this conflict, offer portraits of strong women involved in unsettling and sometimes even repulsive sexual relationships. In the end, women are generally granted their professional and intellectual independence so long as they are willing to remain socially and sexually subservient. Furthermore, even their professional independence may be restricted by their husbands and new found social stability.

The most unsettling aspect of these novels is the degree of violence and male domination in them. The heroes abuse the heroines both verbally and physically, and often the sexual intimacy borders on harassment and even rape. Worse, this violence seems totally accepted; heroines are all the more happy to sleep with and marry men who tell them what to do and are willing to enforce their commands. Even when actual violence is not depicted, sexual imagery usually includes rape substitutes, descriptions of "punishing," "invading," and "penetrating" kisses.

Determinedly, he held her down with hands and then body. In another moment, he brought his lips against her mouth, stifling her angry protests with a long invading kiss. She

fought him, then silently, possessed by a combination of fear and fury, but he was strong and he was letting her feel that superior strength as he kept her beneath him, unheeding her furious commands to release her. Then...she suddenly felt herself ceasing to contend against him, and when his lips found hers again and again, it seemed natural that she should receive those...delightful invasions that were, she discovered...but a prelude to all that was to come. (*Marriage By Decree* by Ellen Fitzgerald, p.763)

This violence would seem ample reason to reject the genre completely, but, strangely, women don't. The question must arise, then, "are we attracted to this domination? Is our secret fantasy to be dominated?" The answer is no, but a qualified no. Although we do not desire male abuse, our attraction to stories of such abuse indicates that we would often enjoy relinquishing some degree of control over our lives.

To understand the meaning of control, consider the following choice: A woman has two options. On one hand, she can, romance novel style, be swept off her feet (literally and figuratively) and carried off to bed where she can have sex without birth control...no consequences (and even if there are consequences, as there occasionally are in romance novels, the previously described force used against

see romance, page 8

Romance novels can be good

continued from page 7

the woman absolves her of all responsibility for the pregnancy). On the other hand, she can go to the gynecologist a month before she plans to have sex, have a pelvic exam done (for all of you who don't know, this involves having all kinds of scary instruments stuck in her vagina) and have sex only after taking the pill or inserting her diaphragm. (Yes, you can use a condom, but generally, they're less effective.)

In option two, she has taken control; in option one, she has relinquished it. Option one sounds like more fun, but option two is obviously necessary.

Women, in fact, maintain an extremely high degree of control over every aspect of their daily lives. Not only do they confront normal, professional concerns faced by men as well as women, but they also face gender-specific social and sexual issues...Is it safe to invite this man back to my apartment or is he a date rapist...Is Mr. X intimidated by me because I'm more intelligent than he is... Should I ask Mr. Y to use a condom in case he has AIDS...etc. Furthermore, we are often judged for our control. "I don't like women who carry around a diaphragm, just in case," is a statement familiar to many women who are faced with the necessity of being prepared for anything. No wonder relinquishing control sounds like fun. The heroines of romance novels are professional, academic women just like us who have allowed men to make many of their decisions. As readers, women can vicariously enjoy freedom from the burden of decision making without actually living out unhealthy patterns in which men march in and take control, deciding what women eat, wear and do, when they have sex, and how much they enjoy it.

"But wait," you're beginning to say. "My friendly journalist tourguide seems to be just a bit too obsessed with the sexual side of this romance novel experience. What happened to love? What about other aspects of male domination?"

Well, granted, I am somewhat hung up on the sexual aspects. And granted, that might be partially because I, personally, am not that fond of pelvic examinations. The bottom line remains, however, that the books themselves merit a predominantly sexual interpretation. Think of them kind of like soft porn that's rendered socially acceptable through two strategies;

1. Breasts are on-limits, genitals are off (except through suggestion...knowing each other completely, etc.).

2. Sex is okay so long as it's almost immediately followed by marriage.

Sexual domination, as opposed to other sorts of control, is central to the romance novel for a number of reasons. First, the books maintain a semblance of feminism, they don't concern themselves with weak women, but rather with strong women who only become powerless when confronted with their attraction to equally strong men. Indeed, the heroines of romance novels are almost always exceptionally successful in their chosen fields, as cat burglars, gymnasts, advertising executives and private investigators. The exception to this rule is found in historical romance. Here, the heroines, barred from professional activity, always possess the "peculiar notion" that women are equal to men. (And even in historical fiction, we see occasional heroines in such bizarre professions as riding the pony express.) So, professionally and intellectually, these women remain strong and powerful. After all, control is not a significant issue for already weak women.

The other reason for an emphasis on things sexual is the fact that sexuality is one of the areas in which unmarried women must exercise much greater control than unmarried men. Save sexually transmitted diseases, women are always necessarily the more responsible of sexually active couples. After all, she can get pregnant, and he can't. That, unfortunately, (or fortunately, depending on how you look at it) is the bottom line. Relinquishing sexual control, then, is understandably, much more of a fantasy for women than for men.

So, the question emerges again. Are romance novels healthy or unhealthy? I have to admit that I'm not really sure. But I am inclined to say that they're perfectly harmless, and even productive when we use them to vicariously let go for a day and release our tensions. Perhaps this release is the reason why they're best when they're read in one sitting ("cathartic" would be an appropriate word here if it weren't so evocative of images of male sexuality). If, on the other hand, women are actually seeking out relationships that mirror those in romance novels, then the books are playing a negative and oppressive role in our lives. In fact, any medium that leads us to believe in the existence of "right" and "wrong" relationships is unhealthy. Basically, as long as we continue to live our lives in a strong, confident way, romance novels are nothing more than a good read.

History of women's theater

continued from page 7

times for the actress. It was not until the Renaissance in Italy that women were again allowed on stage. The first ones, of course, did little except sit or stand, look beautiful, sing, and dance. They did not speak. When, eventually, they did speak, or, rather, were allowed to speak, they were never silent again.

The influence of the commedia dell'arte troupes spread throughout Europe, in spite of resistance, particularly by the Catholic church. One Jesuit compared actresses to "sirens" who charmed and transformed men into animals and lured them "the more easily to destruction as they themselves are the more wicked and lost to every sense of virtue." Which perhaps in one perspective may have been slightly adequate; until Isabella Andreini, the great Italian actress, most actresses were hardly leading lives be-

yond reproach. With Andreini, actresses began to come into their own. In France, in Spain, more women were taking to the stage.

In England, however, women were not allowed to perform until the Restoration, when Charles II returned to Great Britain. On December 8, 1660, a woman first played the role of Desdemona in Shakespeare's Othello. We know the date but the name of the woman who first brought her to life has not been preserved.

It would still be a great many years till Peg Woffington, George Anne Bellamy, Bernhardt. But with this nameless woman, the British—and consequently, the American stage—was transformed.

It is a remark on European society how long women were forbidden the stage. In many ways the history of the theatre is the history of half a people.



Janet Jackson waxes political

continued from page 7

come forth with me." The music kicks hard, too, thanks partly to a killer riff lifted practically intact from Sly and the Family Stone's great 1970 hit Thank You (Falettinme Be Mice Elf Agin). (In one of those fun coincidences that sometimes crop up in pop culture, the copyrights to Sly Stone's songs are owned by none other than bro Michael.) Also good is The Knowledge, a sharp, stylish chant intended to push American youth off the streets and into the schools. (Janet doesn't say what to do about the general suckiness of the American educational system once you're in it—but then, if it has to fall to a pop singer to solve one of our most daunting national dilemmas, this country is in incredibly pathetic hands anyway.) Livin' in a World (They Didn't Make), a potentially maudlin ballad that pities children for having the world's troubles dropped on their heads, succeeds in spite of itself with a delicately soaring chorus, although its ending is marred by the inclusion of a manipulative staged newscast concerning the playground shootings of California children of a few years ago. Even "State of the World," an all-inclusive rant against the Problems of Our Times, is rescued in the end by its snazzy musical backdrop.

Sly and the Family Stone aside, this record's biggest musical influence is "Nasty," from Janet's Control LP of 1986—even if nothing here will grip the airwaves by the throat quite the way that song did. Nearly all the danceable numbers on Rhythm Nation feature that rush-of-pressurized-air sound effect that sounded so good on "Nasty," and Jam and Lewis have expanded its crashing industrial-funk into an even more densely metallic sound for the songs here. Janet's sweet, crisp vocals provide the perfect foil for all this terrific mechanical noise, and add weight to my conviction that her reputation as a weak singer—based on rather irrelevant comparisons to the other big female pop star around at the time of Control, Whitney Houston—is largely undeserved. Technical limitations as a singer Janet certainly has, but her voice itself is utterly charming; there is possibly no one else in pop music who can trill, "Ooo, ooh baby" and make it sound so completely winning.

At the end of side one, Janet steps off her soapbox to delve into her social and

romantic life, with more mixed but still interesting results. For one, there's Black Cat, a song about loving a rebel that's the first effort she's ever written by herself as well as the most atypical thing she's done yet. It sounds like Joan Jett gone to Minneapolis to cut a record: the heavy-metal-vixen voice on the song sounds only faintly like hers, and the first verse is a direct echo of Jett's "I Hate Myself For Loving You." While it's certainly a decent song, and shows how quickly Janet is learning the ropes where songwriting and producing are concerned, it's probably less valuable as an actual piece of music than as a statement of the branching out and genre-straddling she hopes to do in the future.

Three ballads round out the album; the first two, Lonely and Come Back To Me, are mildly enjoyable filler, but the third, Someday Is Tonight, is a revelation. Written as a conscious sequel to Let's Wait Awhile, in which Janet fulfills that coy but tantalizing promise to "be worth the wait," it has a premise of great dramatic potential to exploit, and does so. But this isn't a traditional female sexual surrender; marvelously, Janet is gently calling the shots here. Her vocal is so confidently erotic that it leaves her other seduction anthem, Control's Funny How Time Flies (When You're Having Fun)—itself a pretty sexy outing—in the dust. And as if this weren't enough, the song itself is a perfect sexual analogy. The meltingly romantic singing is vocal foreplay; then comes a long instrumental break featuring Herb Alpert on trumpet (horns, of course, being highly phallic in sound as well as shape), during which Janet murmurs and moans ecstatically. The song closes with Janet's final, orgasmic gasp. As one of the record's best cuts, Someday Is Tonight will almost certainly be released as a single; it'll be interesting to see how American radio handles it.

Bookended as it is by two great cuts, Rhythm Nation and Someday Is Tonight, the album delivers less consistently on the points in between but still manages to form a satisfying whole. Rhythm Nation is far from a perfect record, but it cements Janet Jackson's position as one of the two members of her family likely to make any music of artistic consequence in the '90's.

Magazines can be harmful

continued from page 6

ger, split-second reviews on newly released records, movies or books as art sections), the whole body of Elle is comprised of a series of profiles on artists, writers, musicians, directors and actors. Some examples of what piqued my interest in November's Elle are "Paint The Right Thing" on Jean Michel Bisquiat, "A Kingdom for a Stage" on Shakesperian actor Kenneth Branagh and a profile on Indian actress and social activist Mahatma Azmi. I would never say that Elle is devoid of the racism and sexism extant in Cosmopolitan or Bazaar. For instance, there are altogether not enough articles on female or non-white artists. However, I feel that Elle makes at least an effort to avoid the wicked -isms. Elle is the only magazine in which I found Asian models. I must admit that the variety of ethnic looks found both in the advertis-

ing and the fashion sections was rather refreshing after Harper's Bazaar. Another plus for Elle: the food section at the end with its mouth-watering photographs!

While writing this, I felt at times that I was being too harsh or defensive about issues like feminism, racism and classism in these women's magazines. I find it a failing in me to get too adamant or opinionated about things because that causes me to distort the real issues. However, I firmly agree with a friend of mine who says that you can never be too critical about the harmfulness of these women's magazines. So, take it from me: Cosmopolitan is idiotic, narrow-minded, and evil, evil, evil!!! Don't waste your money and time on this rubbish. As for Glamour, Mademoiselle and Harper's Bazaar, read them at your own risk. Finally, Elle is relatively safe, but keep your eyes peeled anyway.

Stage set for movie success

continued from page 6

must face the consequences of her pregnancy without the support of her husband. This is even more mind boggling since the movie makes allusions to the fact that she became pregnant for the sake of her husband Jackson and thus, their marriage, even though her doctors warned that a pregnancy would be a risk to her life. It becomes more evident that it is Jackson's desire to have his own, as opposed to an adopted (that male ego!) son after their child, *Jackson Junior*, is born. (As a word of caution- males who have seen this movie will adamantly argue that this is not so—she wanted the baby!)

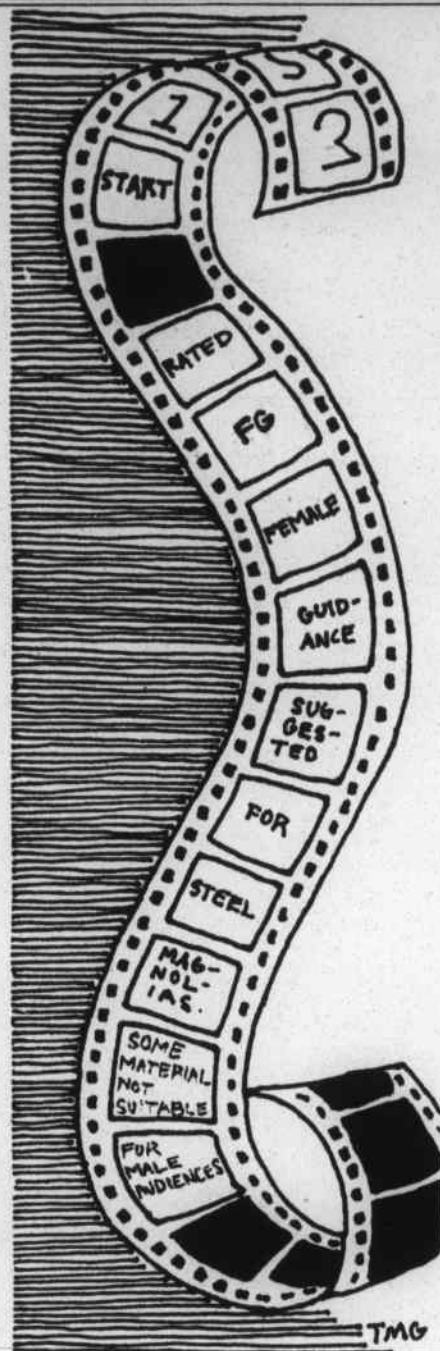
I would very much have liked to see the show *Steel Magnolias*, but, unfortunately, did not get the opportunity. The show which did not receive the attack

Women bonding and friendships replace... the lack of men's support in...trying times

from critics as the movie does, interestingly enough, altogether leaves out the male roles perceptively portrayed in the movie; husbands, sons and boyfriends are neither seen nor heard from. Without the male roles I believe that male viewers would have been better able to appreciate *Steel Magnolias*. The roles given to males in the movie make all men look foolish. Without having to see this behavior perhaps the men would have been better able to ingest and accept the main point of *Steel Magnolias*: women bonding and friendships replace, to some extent, the lack of men's support in emotionally trying times.

The men and women to whom I have spoken who have seen this movie and the reviews that I have read of *Steel Magnolias* only seem to convince me even more of this. Males seem to resent the movie and when discussing it they are bitter and defensive of its male characters. Furthermore, women seem to have a much better insight into the movie; men chalk it off as silly and dull. It is the movie critics (who are predominantly male I will add), however, who strengthen my points the most. Not only do male critics feel angry at the movie but, as David Denby, a movie critic for *New York Magazine*, explains in his review, "We're more likely to feel immense relief, as when a group of overbearing, self-absorbed, but implacably mediocre people at last exit from the [movie] house."

I would like to give the movie *Steel Magnolias* one of the few positive reviews it has seen. So with that comment—take a break from all your work and go see this movie. It is definitely worth the time!



BY CHERYL LEE KIM

The Asian Students' Association sponsored a showing of *Who Killed Vincent Chin?* on November 14, 1989. The film is a documentary centering on the murder of Vincent Chin, a Chinese-American engineer, by two laid-off white auto workers, Ronald Ebens and his stepson Michael Nitz.

On June 19, 1982, two nights before he was to be married, Chin and his friends visited the Fancy Pants Club in Detroit, Michigan. It was the height of the recession, and Detroit had been hit especially hard. The unemployment rate was 17%, and half of the city's residents were receiving some kind of government assistance. Sentiments against Japanese, Japanese cars, and other products were running high all over the country. Politicians felt perfectly comfortable saying things like, "We are being shot at by the Japanese." Michael Smith, a deputy U.S. trade representative, called the Japanese "Nippers."

According to witnesses, Ronald Ebens walked up to Vincent Chin, mistakenly assuming he was Japanese, and said, "It's because of you little motherfuckers we're out of work." Chin replied, "I'm not a little motherfucker. Don't call me that." Ebens rejoined, "Little motherfucker, big motherfucker, whatever." An altercation

Yale arrests controversy

continued from page 5

The Yale administration did not distinguish itself positively in its response to the incident. President Benno C. Schmidt drew repeatedly harsh criticism from the Yale gay and lesbian community for his inadequate statements and noncommittal answers to difficult questions, as well as his unwillingness to address homosexual rights in specific and not just under the umbrella of rights for all minorities.

The campus response to the incident was mixed. Several well attended rallies were held and demonstrations staged. While many students supported the dropping of all charges and various measures to combat homophobia on campus and punishing of the police officers concerned, other students had different opinions. Alarming, several anonymous, anti-gay posters appeared on the Yale campus right after the arrests, one of which read "When gays 'Act Up,' Lock'em up!" a reference to the AIDS activist organization Act Up! with which Dobbs is involved.

The *New York Times* wrote an article six days after the incident which portrayed Yale as a hotbed of militant homo-

sexuality. With pull quotes like "Gay students are the university's most militant minority group," and section headings such as "Described as a Gay School," the article presented a sensationalist and unfavorable picture of the college's gay and lesbian activists. In introducing a scant handful of old newspaper and magazine articles about Yale homosexuals, the *Times* states that "Homosexuals at Yale have been at the center of controversy several times in the last few years."

Although the charges against Dobbs and the other eight have been dropped and short suspensions handed down in the Yale police department, the issue of negative community, administrative, and media response remains. The time-honored process of whitewashing will soon have completely covered over this incident and the attitudes it exposed but they are still there, waiting for another William Dobbs, waiting for another case of uppity homosexuals and understandably violent homophobes, waiting until they are challenged, opposed and forcibly removed.

The author would like to thank Alisa M. Ullian for her assistance with this article.

Vincent Chin portrays the racism in America

ensued, and they were all kicked out by the management of the club. However, Nitz considered himself humiliated; Chin had given him some blows.

Ebens and Nitz pursued Chin and his friends to a local McDonald's. Nitz later told a friend, Rich Wagner, that he had had a moment's hesitation when he saw a police car there, but Ebens was evidently immune to caution. He wanted vengeance for his stepson. He and Nitz cornered Chin. Nitz struck a blow, Chin responded in kind. Nitz grabbed Chin and held his arms back. Before Chin's friends could respond, Ronald Ebens took the baseball bat he'd been carrying and struck Chin several times on the head. Chin's skull cracked.

The officer on the premises ran to the scene. He reported that Ebens hesitated when commanded to drop the bat, and that although Ebens had been drinking, he was not drunk: "He was fully conscious of what he was doing."

The EMT who arrived at the scene said of Chin, "His skull was fractured. There were brains lying on the street. He was semi-conscious."

Ebens and Nitz were charged with second degree murder. After hearing only from the defense attorney, Judge Charles Kaufman reduced the charge to manslaughter, and sentenced them to a \$3,000 fine and three years probation. None of the witnesses nor the police officer at the scene was consulted.

Kaufman's logic was that the defendants had had stable work histories, that Chin's death was not "premeditated," and that it wasn't really murder since Chin had continued to live for four days after the attack. [Chin had been brain-dead during this period, and had lived only supported by life-support machines.] Kaufman also stated:

...These weren't the kind of men you send to jail...These men are not going to go out and harm somebody else. I just didn't think that putting them in prison would do any good...you don't make the punishment fit the crime, you make the punishment fit the criminal. (From "IT ISN'T FAIR," printed by the American Citizens for Jus-

tice.)

This sentence enraged the Asian-American community in Detroit. It motivated them to unite and form a group called American Citizens for Justice. They succeeded in getting the case retried - not as a criminal offense, but as a possible violation of the Civil Rights Act of 1964. This charge necessitated a federal trial.

In the second trial, the evidence overwhelmingly indicted Ebens. Racine Colwell, one of the dancers at the Fancy Pants Club, was the key witness. She was the one witness the jurors believed to be "objective." One of the jurors interviewed in the film stated, "We tried to come up with a scenario [after sifting through the evidence] that did not include racial motivations. We couldn't." However, Nitz vehemently denied this in his interviews saying, "I'm not a racist, never been a racist, never had anything against anyone in the whole world...Even if I had said, 'It's because of you little motherfuckers that we're out of a job,' which I didn't, I don't see how that could be called racist...I know very few Asians. Those I do know are nice. In fact, my daughter helps an Asian kid in school."

The verdict from the federal trial was: guilty. Ebens was sentenced to 25 years in prison. The verdict was overturned a year later; the second trial was declared invalid on technicalities. The third trial was held in Cincinnati, Ohio, which was considered to be a conservative city. Ebens was found "not guilty" and released. He had not served a single day in jail.

One man interviewed lamented, "Just the other day, they sentenced a guy to 15 years for killing someone with a car, and they let those two [Nitz and Ebens] get off..."

Before losing consciousness, Vincent Chin's last words to his friend Jimmy Choi were, "It isn't fair." Lily Chin, during the long fight to get her son's case retried, repeated over and over, "I want justice for my son, Vincent." The American legal system didn't deliver.

The narrative of *Who Killed Vincent Chin* is related directly through the voices of those involved. Renee Tajima and see racial violece, page 11

Letters: continued from page three

Thoughts on abortion

my former inexperienced position on the topic. We may advise, but we cannot judge those who are living the experience.

Am I now anti-abortion? After a re-evaluation of values I would say that the first time I wasn't, the second time (if there is a second) I will be. At one time I would have judged any college student's anti-abortion position as illogical. Now I see it as understandable—so much has experience enhanced my view of myself and my feelings on this issue.

Anonymous, HC '90

CIA criticized

trying to force all other governments and economies to conform to the Western model (so we can more easily exploit them). Rather, the C.I.A. is a symptom of the cause: Americans think that it is acceptable to try to force all other cultures to conform to ours, the most 'civilized' (deluded ethnocentricity). Therefore, the C.I.A. is just a natural outgrowth of this thought. And that is what we need to address.

Sara Rubin '92

Lesbian feminist theologian frees erotic power

BY BETH STROUD

The Christian church is one of the most powerful, well-organized systems in the world for enforcing racist, sexist and heterosexist power structures. Not only does it advocate men's authority and women's submission, it also reinforces this pattern through myth and ritual until its oppressive character is disguised as the Truth, as God's plan.

One example is the unwillingness of churches to ordain women as ministers. Imagine the effect this has had on women: attending church week after week, sometimes for an entire lifetime, and seeing that the person entrusted with delivering "God's word," the person with some kind of divine authority, is always male.

Another example, for me a more personal one, is the church's treatment of homosexuality. My own church, the United Methodist Church, has a statement in its Book of Discipline that homosexuality is incompatible with Christian teaching. Thus it enforces male and female roles by effectively outlawing any kind of sexual relationship outside of traditional, heterosexual marriage.

Christianity, however, can also be a source of liberating power. To me, the Gospel itself is such a subversive story—the power of God embodied in a poor, itinerant preacher who calls outcasts to his side, challenges the existing power structures, and is executed but comes back to life—that I can hardly believe the Church expected me to buy any doctrine that enforced oppression. By teaching the Gospel, the Church itself in many ways has prepared me to challenge it.

These are some of the reasons I went to a workshop called "Spirituality and Sexuality" at a church in Philadelphia on December 2. Carter Heyward, a lesbian feminist and theologian, was the main speaker. I had read her most recent book, *Touching our Strength: The Erotic as Power and the Love of God*. Heyward is also one of the first women priests in the Episcopal church. Her theology celebrates things that the church has historically taught us to fear: our bodies, our sexuality, our power to touch and to empower one another. Erotic power, for Heyward, is sacred power.

In the morning session, Heyward began by describing some of the "autobiographical roots" of her theology, starting with her awareness of being female. Women, passion, and erotic power, she said, are portrayed as bad in order to preserve the power structure of the androcentric church. She seeks a transformation, a re-imagining of God which will bring about justice. Instead of understanding "justice" as punishment or acquittal under the law, she understands it as mutuality, as "right relation."

This definition of justice seemed analogous to a definition which my father has often used. Whenever a theological discussion of "justification" has come up, he has countered the legalistic definitions with the definition used in the newspaper business: to "justify" a column is to adjust the spacing so that the edges of lines come out even, so that the text is not "ragged right" or "ragged left" but "jus-

tified." Thus "justification" or "justice" is a matter of proportion, of evening out, of putting in right relation.

Heyward also spoke about the challenge she has presented to the church and to society by coming out as a lesbian: an embodied, sexual woman who enjoys other women's bodies. She described the church's reaction to women's sexuality in this way: "To enjoy ourselves as women—inappropriate. With women—even less appropriate. Sexually with women—off the map." To come out is to challenge and disrupt this attitude. She quoted Adrienne Rich as saying, "I had never been taught about resistance, only about passing." Coming out is a kind of resistance. It is a liberating and creative statement that one no longer wants to pass.

She related her experience of going to Nicaragua. This was another big step towards the development of her theology: it gave her a disturbing sense of what it meant to be a white North American, to be a member of the dominant group in an oppressive system. Her realizations in Nicaragua, she said, left her emotionally and spiritually "wiped out" for about two years.

Other experiences which ultimately led her to write *Touching our Strength* included the death of her father, her recovery from alcoholism, the discovery of a breast lump, a year-long sabbatical from the priesthood and a profound love relationship. All of these things, she said, led her to believe in our "ontological connectedness," the power of being in community with others who are struggling. The process was one of coming—literally—to her senses, of participating in a struggle "for sanity, for serenity, for courage."

The realization she shares in her book is that neither the church nor the world teaches us about passion, or how to live responsibly and well. We are taught a fear of connecting, a fear of the Sacred, which harms us. We are not taught how to live in mutually empowering relationships; we are taught instead that everything depends on men's sexual control of women.

Audre Lorde's work has been profoundly important for Heyward. She describes it as almost part of her personal canon of Scripture.

In her book, she writes that "Audre Lorde's vision of the erotic as power is a creative social, emotional, spiritual and political vision. Radically and simply, Lorde moves immediately into the heart of power as power-with, which for her is the erotic in our lives. In giving this deeply personal and political movement a voice, she speaks prophetically of who we can be together as we name and resist the structures of alienated power that keep us divided, separated, isolated, and depressed." Audre Lorde writes that "We have been taught to fear the Yes within ourselves," and Carter Heyward's theology is one of asserting that Yes, of recognizing our power to cross over and connect.

She has written a list of eleven "healing commitments" as essential for the community of faith, which can be found

in the final chapter of *Touching our Strength*, "Foundations for Sexual Ethics." She presented these as a kind of "how-to" manual, or a road map, for achieving mutuality and right relation in our own lives. These were the principal focus of the discussion which followed, as John Harrison, Jr., Darlene Garner and Eleanor Nealy delivered responses.

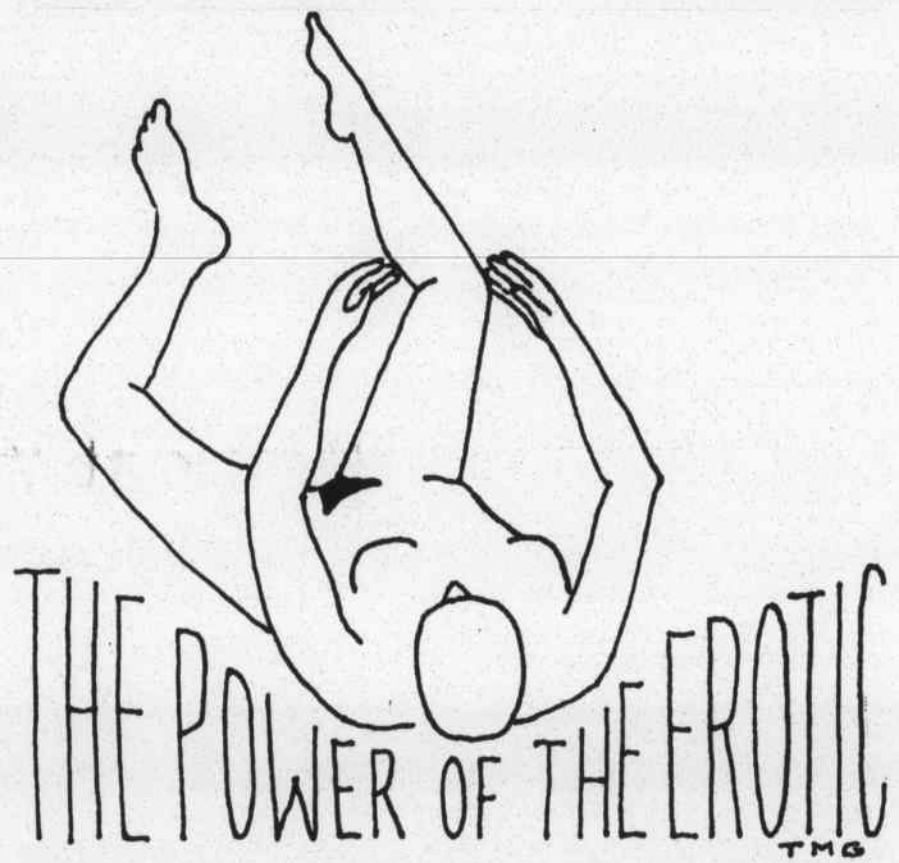
Of these three responses, the one which moved me the most was Darlene Garner's. She said that Heyward's theology filled her with "responsibility and confusion." She said that her response came out of her experience as a woman of color. "For me," she said, "God is a black lesbian grandmother who's rapidly approaching middle age... And when my God and I came out, we found we could no longer continue business as usual."

"We can't afford to be liberal imperialists," she said. To move from where we are to where we think we need to be, we need many different "how-to" manuals. The hundred or so people at the workshop, she said, could write a hundred different manuals. It is important to realize that the road map laid out by Carter Heyward is only one of many different

possible road maps. We will begin to achieve "right relation" when we share our road maps and develop a topography.

The afternoon session began with small groups of ten or twelve talking about the morning session and trying to formulate questions for further discussion. I was amazed by the level of emotional intensity and honesty in my group. It was a group of women, although there were also many men at the workshop, and all of them had experiences and visions to share. One was a seminary student in her last semester, who had wanted to seek ordination in the Presbyterian Church but was dealing with questions about her own sexuality; she was also in a twelve-step recovery program from an eating disorder. Another had just come out to her parents, who had said that her homosexuality was the work of Satan. Another had sought refuge and affirmation in a Holiness church after suffering sexual abuse by her father, but was forced to leave when she came out as a lesbian.

Almost all the stories were of this intensity, and so the discussion which follows *erotic power*, page 11



Mayor takes on tough issues

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out of high school or develop drug addictions often do not have good role models within their community. Hartford has developed a job readiness training program, which offers support services for people who have been unemployed for a long time; the city also provides job training.

The chasm between the city and its suburbs is something that needs to be healed. Hartford is an exceptionally poor city; Connecticut has one of the highest per capita incomes in the country. People who live in the suburbs are realizing that what occurs in the city affects them, too. Ms. Perry wants to make the city more desirable. Cinemas, theaters, a baseball

team would make the city more fun—and bring money into the city. Money is, of course, essential to city programs. "Money might not be the most important thing in the world, but it's still ahead of whatever is in second place." Ms. Perry hopes that with a change in priorities, American can effect "a return to the greatness of our cities."

Ms. Perry spoke as the second of three speakers in the lecture series "American Cities in Crisis." Kurt Schmoke, mayor of Baltimore spoke on November 20; Donald Fraser, mayor of Minneapolis, speaks on December 5. This lecture series is funded by the Anna Howard Shaw Fund, which brings people involved in politics and political science to Bryn Mawr.

O TANNENBAUM



Canaday to adopt Checkpoint

BY GERTRUDE REED

When students return from winter break they will no longer have their bags searched as they leave Canaday. An electronic detection system will be in place.

Anyone entering the library after 6 PM on weekdays as well as on weekends will still have to show identification to the checker at the door.

The Checkpoint system being installed is the same as that at Haverford's Magill Library. It is an electronic radio frequency system that is completely safe and harmless; it will not erase or affect magnetic tapes, discs, or film, but it will detect unauthorized removal of library materials.

The installation of Checkpoint as a replacement for manual search has been anticipated for a number of years. The Library staff and the door checkers appreciate the cooperation they have received with the current arrangement. As with all new things, there will be a period of trial and error, but the final results should be positive. Patience and forbearance will be necessary as everyone adjusts to the new system.

The overall purpose of library security systems is to maximize service to library users by ending the frustration of missing materials. In this way, the Library Staff will insure that funds now spent to replace those materials be spent instead to improve the collection.

Racial violence leads to death

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Christine Choy, the film's producers, interviewed Nitz, Ebens, and Lily Chin, as well as witnesses, friends, family members, and lawyers.

Even with this format, Tajima and Choy had some trouble getting funding for the project. They were constantly asked if they could be "objective" and "professional" about the topic of this film since they were Asian-American. Underlying this question is an offensive assumption: They would naturally be inclined to exaggeration since there was nothing to be legitimately angry or emotional about.

The film raises many questions - about the law's treatment of offenses against minorities, about who or what really killed Vincent Chin, and how Asians are perceived in this society. Immediately after the guilty verdict was handed down, Helen Zia, a lawyer representing American Citizens for Justice, was asked whether she thought civil rights cases difficult to pursue. She replied, "I don't think any civil rights' case comes to trial unless there is pressure behind it."

The ACJ contends, "Asian Americans, along with many other groups of people, have historically been given less than equal treatment by the American judicial and governmental system. Only through cooperative efforts with all people will society progress and be a better place for all citizens." (From "IT ISN'T FAIR." Printed by the American Citizens for Justice.) The final outcome of the Vincent Chin case seems to support this contention. Had the victim been a white man and his assailants two black men, would the legal system have responded the same way?

The title of the film is rich in meaning. Who Killed Vincent Chin? Was it just Ronald Ebens, or was it the racism inherent in our society? Vincent Chin's case was widely publicized, but there are thousands of Vincent Chins whose stories will never be told.

After the film concluded, Shi Wun Law, a member of the the Asian Bar Association led a discussion. He commented that racial violence has increased dramatically in the past ten years, especially in urban cities like Philadelphia. Law cited the recent, racially-motivated death of a Chinese-American grad student at UPenn. He was clubbed to death with pipes.

Yet few crimes of this ilk are tried for civil rights violations. Law also stated that district attorneys are reluctant to pursue these cases as racially motivated crimes because racial motivation is difficult to prove "beyond a reasonable doubt."

Law also delineated some Asian-American history. He noted that Asian-Americans, while they have recently been called the "Model Minority," have always been considered "guests," regardless of the length of time they have resided in the United States. Because of this mentality, the internment of American citizens of Japanese descent was accom-

plished with ease. They were, after all, outsiders.

Racism against Asian-Americans has a long history. Law pointed to a 1854 decision handed down by the California Supreme Court in the case *The People v. Hall*. The question at stake was whether a Chinese-American could testify in court. Chief Justice Murray vehemently protested against this, decrying the Chinese people as "an anomalous spectacle...whose mendacity is proverbial, a race of people whom nature has marked as inferior, and who are incapable of progress or intellectual development..."

Vincent Chin's murder was an incontrovertible instance of racism. However, it had its roots in subtler forms. Racism is not limited to the sphere of physical violence. It manifests itself daily in a myriad of subtle forms: stereotypes, institutional/societal invalidation, and appropriation.

Work at WOAR alleviates frustration

BY RACHEL RUBIN

One evening, during the summer of 1988, I was sitting outside my house with a few friends. A young woman approached us wearing a t-shirt and little else. She asked if she could use the phone. As I led her into my house I asked her if she was okay. She replied she had just been robbed and raped. I lent her a pair of shorts and then she called the police. She wanted me to accompany her to the police station but the officer thought it was best if I didn't. I was so frustrated I wanted to break a window or hunt down the offender myself. Shortly after that experience a close friend of mine was acquaintance-raped at a party. I knew I had to do something because I felt so helpless.

That September I began training to work as a sexual assault counselor at Women Organized Against Rape. The training lasted for about one semester and took three hours a week. As the meetings progressed we all got to know one another and I looked forward to our sessions. The agenda for the meetings covered topics such as crisis intervention counseling, ethnocentricity, the emergency room, and the criminal justice system. We saw films on sexual abuse, practiced our skills by role playing, and supported each other while dealing with the often disturbing material.

Finally my time had come and I actually got to go work at Jefferson Hospital. I doublestaffed with a more experienced volunteer, Katie. I was too terrified to answer the phone and thought I would just watch and listen for the first time. As fate would have it, the phone did not ring the entire morning...until Katie went to the bathroom. Without having time to panic I answered the phone and was able to provide support to a woman who had been raped two weeks earlier, as well as sexually abused as a child by her uncle.

Erotic power as sacred power: the liberation of sexuality

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lowed was not an alienated, purely intellectual exploration of theology, but rather a theological response to real lives, real relationships and real situations. It seems that at least in this particular small group, we were able to apply — at least for an hour-long session — the principles of connection and embodiment that Heyward had brought up that morning.

The question we finally developed was, "How can we balance, or integrate, our need to heal ourselves with our need to work for justice, to transform the oppressive system?" It was found later on that this tied in with some of the questions other groups had developed, such as this one: "We're only speaking to ourselves; how do we relate to the outside world?" Both Heyward and Garner had important things to say on this topic. Heyward said that we can attempt to convey an openness to people "where they are," and build some bridges whether or not we agree.

Garner said that we need to recognize

that we are all being shaped by a culture that is larger than any of us. Of her political work, she said she knows "it's for the common good — it's for people who hate me." This realization has the power to open up otherwise unthinkable possibilities for compassion and forgiveness.

There were at least ten different small groups, and so I can't even begin to deal with all of the questions they brought up. A few of the most interesting ones, however, dealt explicitly with sexual ethics, with issues of monogamy, fidelity and commitment. Heyward, Garner, and Nealy all responded to these questions by saying that ethics is not necessarily a matter of rules. Human beings seem to have a fear of the power of sexuality; thus we confine it to tight little boxes, thinking that if we open the lids there will be nothing but chaos. Chaos, however, said Heyward, is recognized in Jewish and Christian theology as a scary but creative power.

We have much to learn from taking the lids off the boxes.

CIA recruitment protested

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to lecture, but I will not allow them to conduct their bloody business on my campus," explained another student who asked to remain anonymous.

There was some confusion surrounding Bryn Mawr's policy on CIA on-campus recruitment. According to the Dean's Office, as the policy now stands, any group contacting the Career Development Office may recruit on campus.

Dean Tidmarsh, when asked why Bryn

Mawr allows the CIA to recruit on campus, responded, "We [the administration] think we're saying that they are an employer and some students might be interested in working for them."

After many students expressed dissatisfaction with present policy, Tidmarsh suggested convening an open meeting in which students might discuss this "open-door" policy with President McPherson, the College lawyer, and representatives from the Office of Career Development.

After this call my nervousness diminished and I gained more confidence in my ability.

My first experience in the emergency room was more difficult. It was Saturday morning, 7:30 A.M., when the nurse knocked on the door and informed us that a Code-R, rape victim/survivor, had just come into the hospital. I was barely awake but followed Katie. The nurse filled us in on a few of the details and then we went in to talk with the victim/survivor. What I saw woke me up quickly. Blood was on the floor, soaked through her clothes, and all over her body. I did experience a bit of nausea but soon forgot it in the fast pace of the emergency room. While the doctor examined the woman I held her hand. She was in extreme pain but was very brave. Four doctors came in to examine her. Her bleeding did not stop and eventually she was taken to surgery.

None of the people I have seen in the emergency room since then have been physically abused that badly. Unfortunately, usually the first words from all the victim/survivors I have seen are the same as that first woman: "It was my fault." The people I see in the emergency room vary from a three year-old boy to a young homeless woman. The calls I get are equally varied. Sometimes people just call to get a quick referral or some legal advice. Other times, calls are more lengthy and involve discussing her/his sexual assault, maybe for the first time.

Since I started working for WOAR I have seen changes in the political climate which frighten me, such as President Bush's veto of a bill which would provide free abortions for women who were victims of rape or incest. I kept thinking of that first woman I saw in the emergency room. I wonder if he would have been able to look her in the eye and tell her that she would have to bear the child

of a man who not only raped her but nearly killed her. It pains me to think one man can have so much power over millions of women's lives.

Recently I got a call from a young woman who was harassed as an escort outside of an abortion clinic. A group of so-called pro-lifers baited her and asked her how she could know anything about abortion. She told them she had had an abortion after she was raped. They all joined together and started screaming that she was a baby killer along with other pleasantries. She had never told anyone about it before and had not even come to terms with the rape herself. It is impossible for me to understand the sick minds that would torment this woman after she what she had already been through.

Although the work at WOAR is not easy, it is rewarding and I recommend the experience. I know I can get caught up in the academics and politics at Bryn Mawr. Volunteering at WOAR helps me put things in perspective. It is also wonderful to work with such a great group of strong supportive women. I like volunteering at WOAR for the same reason as I chose to go to a women's college — the inspiring female role models.

If you are interested in training to be a volunteer at WOAR you can call the office at 922-7400. WOAR provides many services related to sexual assault: a hotline which provides counseling and information twenty-four hours a day (922-3434); accompaniment for victim/survivors and their families in the emergency rooms at Episcopal Hospital and Thomas Jefferson University Hospital; court accompaniment for victim/survivors and their families; follow up and referral services; short-term counseling; support groups; educational programs; consulting services; and media appearances about sexual assault and its prevention.



Coming Home

Mother, I've been away long enough to see the cracks that have crept into your walls.

How your building has aged though your boiler's still warm and your windows are, as in the old days, clear and unbroken.

When you lift your shutters, I almost feel that I am as I was— not this Alice, this Gulliver in a world where I am all the wrong size— I am small and well-fitting for the tiniest fistfuls of moments.

I close my eyes and allow myself this— this gentle elevator ride down to the past.

—Giulia Cox

Field Guide (For Lorine Niedecker)

We curl in quilts these winters, cold near the window's thick ice, warmed by the books we hold, led north by your words. You give good directions, nearly drawing a winter-dirt road. Your paper stretches of snow hold meaning: birds, twigs, buckets all purposeful, small songs in the ice, like fish still swimming when everything freezes, like birds whose dark flights catch us looking upward, midwinter, blinking at their motion.

—Rebecca Greco

Send submissions to Gia Hansbury, box C-1031. Please include your name and phone number. Names will be withheld upon request.



Traditions

Faculty show and auction promises flamenco guitar

BY MARGOT HIPWELL AND MANDY JONES

This article is all about the upcoming Faculty Auction/Show. During the course of this wondrous event, we will be auctioning off members of the faculty for home use. All checks may be made payable to the tuition accounts of M.B. Jones and M.M. Hipwell. Please be generous.

You don't believe us? Why not? Wouldn't a psych prof be ever so handy around the house? vacuuming those annoying neuroses from under the couch, scouring your ego, id, and kitchen sink all in one day. . . Or maybe you'd rather buy a Russian professor. Finally, someone who can do something useful with that surplus crop of potatoes, and that pickled herring care package you've been holding onto. . .

But really. Life-long possession is maybe not what you're looking for. So let's talk rental. Imagine this. Forty five sweaty minutes with a tall, dark, charismatic. . . Greek professor! Yes, you and Professor Richard Hamilton can run around for no less than three quarters of an hour in a small, private room where he will teach you the art of. . . SQUASH! Amazing. And it could all be yours. But maybe squash is just a bit too pre-professional for you. Maybe you'd like to just relax, put on some funky shoes, and roll heavy balls down long lanes at elusive pins. So come on, it's Bowling for Four with Borowec! The ultimate night out with Russian prof Christine Borowec. Get ready to rock and roll; this is a woman who knows many verbs of motion.

Or, maybe you like living a life of absolutely no action. Maybe you're not hungry for athletic activity. Maybe you're just hungry. Well, do we have the auction items for you! Dinner for 6 with the scintillating George Pahomov. Dinner for

2 with the ever charming and bellissimo Nick Patruno. Dinner for 10 with the Shillingfords. Tea with the Tid (marsh). A Roman Feast with Phyllis Pray Bober (gourmet cook extraordinaire). Dinner for 4 at Philadelphia's White Dog Cafe, compliments of the President's Office. Is your mouth watering? Then gather thy friends and get thee ready to outbid a myriad of other hungry Mawrters.

And that's not all! We've got more goodies in the grab bag. Try this: a TWO month personal parking space mere inches away from the Office of Public Safety's front door. A ride to the airport at the end of the semester, with pick-up at your dorm, given by the office of Transportation. A most excellent care package from Student Services to be given to the person of your choice, complete with pink package slip in his/her mailbox. The use of a portable camcorder (you know, a video camera) for a day, with videocassette tapes thrown in. Brought to you by the Audio/Visual department. A midnight to dawn party in the Campus Center for you and up to fifty of your closest friends. The CCC will spot you five movies and lot's o' food (and we mean lot's o' food).

And don't think that all we want you to do is come and spend your money (albeit for a good cause — all proceeds will go to the Red Cross). Nooooooooo. We will entertain you as well. Skits, songs, stripteases, and much, much more! Come see the faculty and administration as they shed their academic inhibitions and become the talented entertainers we always knew that they were.

The Faculty Show & Auction will be Friday, December 8th, at 7:30 p.m., in Goodhart Hall. Refreshments will be served in the foyer after the show. Everyone is invited to attend and BID.

Were we lying about the stripteases? You'll have to come to find out. Ha ha ha.

Dear Mrs. Hank



Dear Ms. Hank,

I'm a lowly/highly something woman who is really feeling it where she lives this time around. The cogs of the pre-exam grind have just about ground me up. I'm hamburger and marbled to the max with late-night snacks and early-morning sweet-and-gooney, sugar-packed, get-up-and-crawling power breakfasts. Let's face it, I'm stressed, and it's not a lonely road, but who wants to keep company with other 140-pound packages of marbled hamburger? Help me out of this smelly sorority and I'll love you forever, not that I don't already (snort, snort)

-Stressed and Marbled

Dear Stressed,

I've received many letters from your so-called sorority sisters, but I am print-

ing yours because the hamburger analogy fits so well. At this point you're sort of sitting in the freezer, waiting until exam week when you'll be taken out, pulled apart, mashed around and FRIED. Not that you wouldn't make a nice meal, but we do want to avoid this at all costs.

In these times of stress, I am reminded of a maxim from Bryn Mawr's history: DONE IS GOOD. This refers, of course, to scholastic work and exams, not to chocolate cakes and super-deluxe pizzas. I think you will find that repeating this phrase 100 times each morning and evening will soothe your woes and warm your lips.

(Lip-warming is always beneficial, except when preparing to kiss a metal pole in temperatures below freezing.) The rththem of this repeated phrase will lull you into a sub-conscious state in which you can study up to 100 times more effi-

ciently than when fully conscious.

Tradition relates that midnight chanting sessions used to be held in the cloisters during December exam period. The meetings began to lose participants over disputes as to the most productive time of day to conduct the ritual. The tradition dissolved completely due to an unfortunate incident in which the police were involved when a Mawrtter kissed a pole after the lip-warming exercises. Today we are forced to perform the ritualistic chanting alone, but this seems to be desirable to you, who would forego associations with other burgers.

So remember, as you are asked to derive the natural logarithm of a triple integral on a sociology exam, DONE IS GOOD, and 44 sounds reasonable.

Peace and Love, Ms. Hank

