

Bryn Mawr College

Scholarship, Research, and Creative Work at Bryn Mawr College

Bryn Mawr College News

Bryn Mawr College Publications, Special
Collections, Digitized Books

10-10-1991

The College News 1991-10-10 Vol.13 No. 2

Students of Bryn Mawr College

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

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

Citation

Students of Bryn Mawr College, *The College News 1991-10-10 Vol.13 No. 2* (Bryn Mawr, PA: Bryn Mawr College, 1991).

This paper is posted at Scholarship, Research, and Creative Work at Bryn Mawr College.
https://repository.brynmawr.edu/bmc_collegenews/1439

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

THE COLLEGE NEWS

VOLUME XIII NUMBER 2

FOUNDED

1914

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE

OCTOBER 10, 1991



American Lesbian in Berlin or How I Learned to Love the Bomb

By Liz Penland

I'm back on this campus after 11 months spent living in (West) Berlin and I have one thing to say: go away from this place, do not look back, and never return.

I came back and am regretting every second of it. Of course, I've been in this country for less than two months, so I should probably be more openminded, but I hate it here anyway. Also, the realization that what I'm paying to go to this place for the next two years would support me fully for four to five years in Berlin does not help my state of mind. And university in Germany is free.

So, I'm supposed to be talking about what it was like to live as an American lesbian in Berlin. It was better than living as an American lesbian in America. Violence against women and homosexuals and homosexual women is not as prevalent in Berlin. I felt reasonably safe walking home from the subway at one in the morning and I did not live in a nice area. My girlfriend and I were rather shameless about public displays of affection and we barely got a nasty look. There was one tense incident involving seven teenage boys in a subway station in possibly the worst section of West Berlin at midnight, but they only said a few silly things, and we had just (rather stupidly) kissed in front of them. In America, we would have been dead.

I'm not saying that Berlin is particularly safe. Nasty things do happen. I probably should have been more careful. With reunification and the attendant economic and social problems, the violence against people of color, who are treated as foreigners in Germany regardless of their citizenship, women, gays and lesbians, and children is rising.

While I was away from Berlin in May,

two lesbian friends of mine were at a lesbian party in East Berlin which, ten minutes after they left, was attacked by neonazis. In one week in May, five Africans were killed by racists, possibly neonazis, between Berlin, Leipzig and Dresden.

Neo-nazism is a rising problem, particularly in the East, where the official unemployment rate was to have reached 30 percent by August (although everyone adds 15 percent to that figure to account for people not officially registered with the government as unemployed) and the highest court of West Germany has refused to acknowledge the sov-

SEE American page 7

B - r - y - n M - a - w - r

By Elizabeth Benston

The three A's (awul, agriculture, and awul). Car hood omelettes. The second-worst air quality west of the Rockies. A conservative's paradise. Truck-Cruising Capital of the world. Mansions built from oil. Squat houses built from teacher's salaries. Home of Class of '95 Mawrter.

Which one of these is not like the other? Coming from the "Armpit of California," I have a hard time telling people why, after seeing Bryn Mawr in a college guide, asking for some brochures, and poring over them, I decided to take the plunge by applying, accepting and hopping on a plane headed for the unknown.

Typical conversation:

"You're going to college? Where?"

"Bryn Mawr. That's B-R-Y-N M-A-W-R." "Never heard of it. Where is it?"

"Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania."

"Never heard of it. So why are you

Attempts at reconciliation in El Salvador

By Ellen Sweeney

For the past eleven years, El Salvador has been wracked by a civil war in which the number of casualties has reached over seventy thousand. The dead come from the majority of El Salvador's population, the poor. In recent days, two events have occurred that depict the struggle in El Salvador, events which could either be its salvation or its destruction. The first occurred on September 25 when Salvadoran president Alfredo Cristiani and five guerrilla leaders came to an agreement on a wide range of political and economic issues effecting the future of El Salvador and its people. In addition, they set October 12 as the date for the commencement of cease-fire talks. While this agreement represents a major step towards peace in a land devastated by war, a verdict given in a trial four days later revealed that addressing human rights violations have and will be given only lip service, if they are addressed at all. On November 14, 1989, six Jesuits (three of whom were prominent Salvadoran intellectuals), their cook and her daughter were murdered by the military. Although a colonel, two lieutenants, and four soldiers implicated in the murders, only the colonel and a lieutenant were found guilty of any crime. This ruling was passed in spite of pre-trial statements in which the four soldiers admitted they had murdered the eight people. Most critically, the trial leaves questions unanswered as to whether officials higher up in the military echelon ordered the deaths of the Jesuits. While it would appear that the various groups in El Salvador have finally agreed to a power-sharing agreement and to begin living and working together as one people, the verdict in the murder case reveals that the violent injustice inherent in El Salvador's politi-

cal/military system will inhibit, if not destroy, the attempts at peace in the country. To gain perspective on El Salvador, one should look at what has occurred in the country in the past twenty years.

In the sixties and seventies, the poor of El Salvador, who make up the majority of the country's population, started organizations to "press for better living and working conditions" (Brockman, S.J., James R., "Archbishop Romero, the United States and El Salvador," *America*, November 24, 1990, p.288). The majority of the wealth and power at the time was enjoyed by an oligarchy. As is typical of oligarchies, this one saw these populist movements as threats to their power and sought to suppress them. In 1979, the government was overthrown for a short time by a few moderate military officers in an attempt to establish a reform government in cooperation with civilians. Unfortunately, the oligarchy soon regained control of the military and returned to power. The Christian Democratic Party entered a cooperative union with the military, giving the military the freedom to torture or kill anyone whom they felt was the least threatening to the government. On January 22, 1979, the various popular organizations united and staged a march of over 100,000 people. The security forces fired on the marchers, killing twenty and injuring hundreds. At this same time, the United States began sending military aid in the form of gas masks, flack jackets as well as several experts to train the army how to use them. Seeing El Salvador on the brink of Communist takeover, the United States became involved in El Salvador, an involvement which would prove disastrous for the Salvadoran people. The then Archbishop of San Salvador, Oscar

See Reconciliation on page 4

going there?"

"I liked the smallness and community atmosphere, yet it also seemed to possess an international flair. Most of the women go on to do graduate work—"

"Women? An all-girl's school?"

"Oh yeah, I forgot to mention that."

"Forgot? Why did you want to go to an all-girl's school you've never been to before? I mean, you could really hate it there, and it would be all your fault, you know? I mean, no guys?!"

If I were in a good mood, I would usually try to spit out some sort of coherent answer, probably pieced together from all those tidbits of information spread all over the brochures telling me why I should go to Bryn Mawr. If I were not, then it usually came out something like this:

"Hey—where are you going to college?"

"Bryn Mawr."

"Never heard of it. Where is it?"

"Philly."

"Excuse me?"

"Philadelphia"

"Oh. Why are you going there?"

"Long story. Cool name, mainly."

"Yeah, no kidding. I understand completely."

My first memory of this place includes the raucous chirping noises, coming from the blackened depths of what lurks 'Out There', into my second floor inferno in Pem West. When darkness prevails, as it did the first night I'd ever stepped onto the Bryn Mawr campus, feelings take precedence over sight. Sitting in my bare sweatbox that first night, I remember thinking that it sounded and felt like a tropical jungle, and that I liked it.

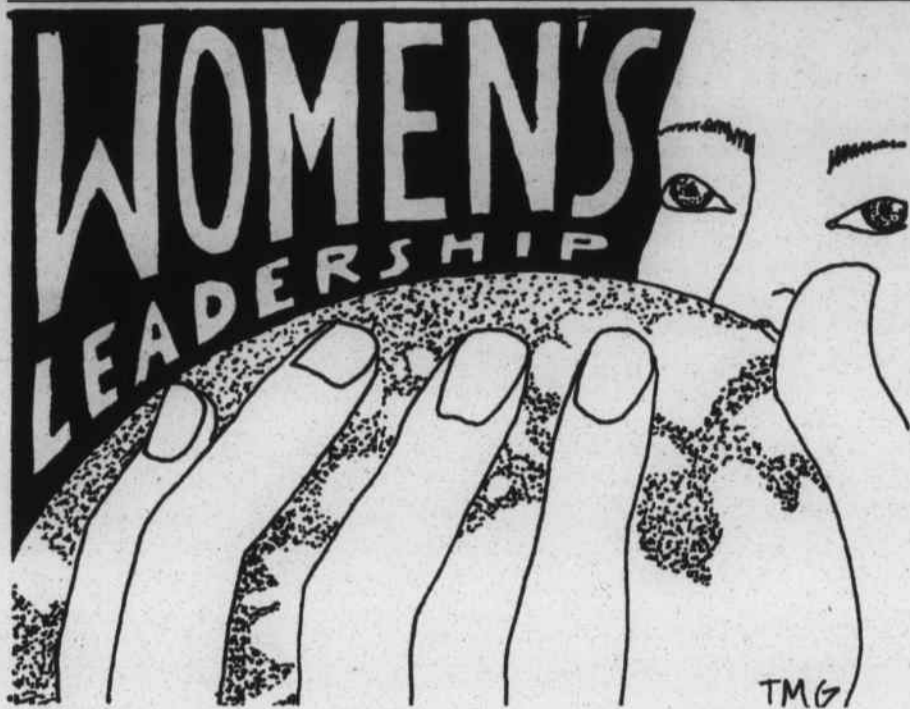
The next day, I awoke to a canopy of green outside my window. Oh my God—trees! And I always thought they airbrushed in all of the greenery in all of those brochures. It took me nearly a week

See Bryn Mawr page 5



Views from the four corners: international students at Bryn Mawr

see centerspread, pages eight and nine



Dorm privacy in doubt

Recently, my roommate and I had requested that furniture be removed from our dorm room, but we did not specify what was to be removed nor did we give permission for anyone to enter our room. Therefore, we were very surprised when a friend informed us that a man was unlocking our door when neither of us was present. She had thought nothing of it at the time because she assumed one of us had given permission for him to enter, but no note was left so we had had no idea that anyone had come into our room.

After consulting with our dorm president, we brought this uncomfortable situation to the attention of one of the deans. He made a couple of phone calls and we discovered that it was housekeeping who had entered our room to remove some furniture. Though they were genuinely sorry about what had happened, I'm still unsure about privacy in my own dorm.

My roommate and I seriously recommend that each member of the entire college staff with accessibility to dorm room keys become familiar with the part of the 1991-1992 student handbook dealing with the policy on entering students' rooms. This policy states that "IN ALL

CASES, STUDENTS' RIGHTS TO PRIVACY AND THE COLLEGE'S RIGHTS AND RESPONSIBILITIES MUST BE RESPECTED... IF A ROOM MUST BE ENTERED WITHOUT ADVANCE KNOWLEDGE OF THE RESIDENT... A NOTE SHOULD BE LEFT ON THAT STUDENT'S DOOR. THE NOTE SHOULD STATE THAT THE ROOM WAS ENTERED, BY WHOM, AND FOR WHAT REASON."

My roommate and I also suggest that staff, such as housekeeping, create a form to notify a student that they plan on entering his/her room. On this form, they should state what they wish to enter the room for and ask for written permission from the student. After all, students are renting their rooms for a large sum of money. The rooms belong to the students for the year, not to the public.

I'm not attempting to put down housekeeping or any other public authority at this college, for they are trying their best to do their jobs. But I believe that every student on campus is entitled to full privacy in their dorm rooms and that all staff who have access to room keys should always respect that privacy.

—Ayesha Qumain, '95

Schwartz clears crucial path for future women leaders

By Grace An

One of the major highlights of the upcoming Women's Institute for Leadership at Bryn Mawr College will be the keynote address by Pennsylvania State Senator Allyson Y. Schwartz. A 1972 graduate of the Bryn Mawr College School of Social Work and Research, Schwartz will return to the campus in January to add an exciting dimension to the five-day Institute, the first of what will hopefully become an annual event for the College.

Before her election to the state Senate, Schwartz provided two decades of dedication to the health and human service needs of families and children in Philadelphia. From 1972-75, she served as assistant director of the Philadelphia Health Plan, one of the city's first health maintenance organizations. In 1975, she founded the Elizabeth Blackwell Health Center, a national model in the provision of health services for women, and served as its executive director for thirteen years. Schwartz then joined the Philadelphia city government in April 1988 as Deputy Managing Director for Health and Human Services, and three months later was selected as the first deputy commissioner of the Department of Human Services. During her term there she helped restore the agency's credibility and accountability, as well as its state license.

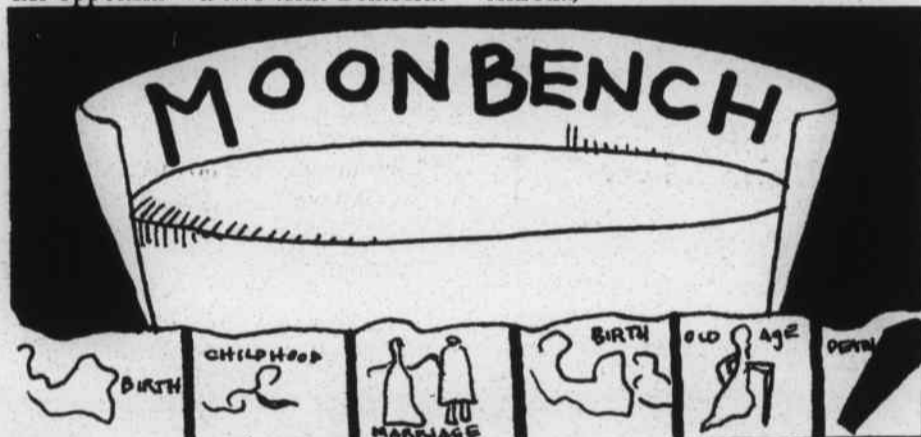
In 1990, Schwartz, one of the few women in Pennsylvania history to have been elected to the state Senate, defeated her opponent—a two-term Democrat—

turned-Republican incumbent senator—by more than 11,000 votes. In her campaign she won support from a broad-based coalition of individuals and grassroots organizations and received the editorial endorsements of Philadelphia's major newspapers, such as the Philadelphia Inquirer, Philadelphia Daily News, and Philadelphia Tribune. Upon taking her oath of office, Schwartz was appointed Democratic chair of the Senate Community and Economic Development Committee. In addition, she serves on the Senate committees on Urban Affairs and Housing, Aging and Youth and Finance, as well as on the Senate Democratic Policy Committee.

Other commitments for Senator Schwartz include her involvement with the Center for Responsible Funding, the Governor's Task Force on Health Care Cost Containment, the Delaware Valley Child Care Council, the Pennsylvania Citizens Crime Commission Task Force on Juvenile Justice, the Mayor's Public-Private Task Force on Homelessness and the Allens Art Center.

Reputed to be a dynamic and scintillating speaker, Schwartz will contribute greatly as an expert on leadership and as an example of a strong and successful woman leader. She is looking forward to returning to Bryn Mawr and helping make this first Institute a success.

(Note: Deadline for Institute Applications has been extended to October 21. If any questions, contact Jeanne Simon in Career Development or Elizabeth Pfaffenroth.)



Spit! 2: the moonbench

By Nadine Allaf

Bryn Mawr College. "Oh, I heard that is a beautiful campus, there must be lots of beautiful places to take advantage of." Yes, there are some great places to go on this campus if you want to enjoy nature, peace, privacy and your significant other before the advent of winter. For example, the Cloisters are a wonderful place to hang out, suntan (while you still can), skinny dip, or camp out. Don't let the fact that Thomas has so many windows that look into the Cloisters bother you, especially since it only houses most of the professors' offices. And don't let the fact that M. Carey Thomas is buried there dissuade you; after all, she does add to the mystique of the place. The other wonderfully private place to retreat to is Taft Garden, behind the library. Yeah, that's right, the library is the building with all the tinted windows. Technology is great, isn't it?! See, these windows allow people inside to see all that is going on outside without being seen. Awesome, huh?! Now, let me see... Oh, yes, the other pretty romantic site is the garden in front of The Owl. Don't you worry your pretty little head, Haffner residents would be heartened to see you and your

significant other enjoying yourselves; yes, it is seldom that true romance is encountered on the hallowed grounds of old Bryn Mawr.

The one last place I will recommend is the sacred Moon Bench. May Venus (or is that Athena?) bless it. It is on this bench, down on the far side of Merion Green, that a couple could sit and enjoy the beauty of Merion Green, Senior Row, Schwartz's roof, each other or the architectural feat of the ever-so-beautiful PSB. Yes, folks, it is a magical place. Heck, a kiss while sitting on it guarantees marriage! Alas, the college's concern with the aesthetics of the campus is blessing us with another addition to that wonderful complex we've all grown to love: the PSB. What is that you say? Naw, don't worry, Moon Bench will now become as private as all the other spots I've described. What is that again? Oh, you're afraid that the traditional significance of the Moon Bench will be diminished. Well, let me assure you, that the Moon Bench hasn't had time to entrench itself too much at Bryn Mawr. See, it was part of the Moon family tomb, donated to the college in the 50's. You can definitely see the romantic ties. Yeah, I know, Edgar Allan Poe would be proud.

THE COLLEGE NEWS

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE VOLUME XIII, NO. 2 Oct. 10, 1991

Editors	Annick Barker C-525 x7507 Jessica Booth C-544 x5472
Layout Editors	Abigail Evans, Anu Jain, Nadine Allaf
Arts Editors	Elizabeth Foley, Kyong Yun
Sports Editor	Vicky Maxon
Editorial Board	Nadine Allaf, Laura Brower, Abigail Evans, Kelly Farrelly, Elizabeth Foley, Margot Groves, Anu Jain, Smita Lahiri, Alison Macdonald, Gidian Melk, Ayesha Qurnain, Melanie Sonnenborn, Ellen Sweeney, Kyong Yun.
Photography	Lena Kopelow, Amy Cavalier, Sofya Hatten, Aude Soichet
Graphics	Thea Gray
Sources of True Inspiration	The Fole and KY

Our next deadline is Friday, Oct. 18. Letters and articles, should be left in front of our Denbigh office on a Mac disk by 5:00pm. We will accept articles written by women and letters from men. All opinions expressed in articles and letters are those of the authors only and are not representative of the opinions of the Ed board.

STATEMENT OF PURPOSE: The College News is a feminist newsjournal which serves as a source of information and self-expression for the Bryn Mawr community. Recognizing that feminism is a collective process, we attempt to explore issues of interest to all women, both as members of this college and of the larger world community. Through this continuing dialogue, we seek to promote communication and understanding and to foster self-confidence and independence in expression.

Confession Session

Due to first-issue-of-the-semester carelessness, we mistakenly attributed the Brenda Bufalino preview to Elizabeth Foley and Kyong Yun. We apologize for our error.

red

Call for entries:
 Red Tree is accepting manuscripts of poetry and short fiction for the fall issue. only typed ms's will be considered.
 blind submission please; include box#. Deadline- Nov.1
 Red Tree C-1695 BMC and Red Tree is sponsoring a BAD POETRY NIGHT
 Wed., Oct. 23 at 10pm in Main Lounge, CC Open Mike Wear Black Bring your worst Bring someone else's worst call Gia, x5445
 tree

Yugoslavia: the final act?

By Natasha Seaman

My mind keeps returning to this same image: there are six of us in the train compartment. Outside in the cold aisle many more passengers stand. Inside it is tropically hot. A huge young man in a sailor's uniform breaks the silence of the compartment to pass a box of candy around to the passengers. No one takes any. He grimaces in disgust at our poor appetites, and comments on the weather. A young man in a federal army uniform responds, and slowly the car fills with talk. In the corner seat by the window, I am free to observe the accents and clothing of all the passengers. Besides the big man, who from first word revealed himself to be a Montenegrin (an accent as distinctive as one from the Bronx), and the federal army soldier, there is a Croat on the way home from his year long mandatory stint in the federal army; a boy from the once autonomous province of Vojvodina, now a part of Serbia, on his way to officer training school in Zagreb; and two brothers from Bosnia who are going to Zagreb to visit relatives.

The Montenegrin passes around his box of candy again, this time with better success. He roars with approval and for the first time notices me. "And who are you?" he asks. "I'm Natasha," I said. "And where are you from?"

"America," I responded. After the usual sequence of "you're lying!" and "no, really", he believed me after I made a particularly grievous grammatical error. "Well," he said, after no further introduction, "this is what is going to happen in Yugoslavia: Slovenia will be like this (he makes a slicing sound and motions with his hand to show their secession): Croatia, they take Herzegovina; Serbia, they take Macedonia; Montenegro, we

take Bosnia, and we will be a great kingdom again." There are murmurs of amused disapproval as those representing the republics named shift in their seats and start to tell their version. "No," said the Serbian soldier, "you'll be part of Serbia, too!" The Croat indicates that Bosnia would rather go with the Croats and looks for approval from the two brothers. The Montenegrin circulates the candy again and says loudly, obliterating all other talk, "Ah, screw this, who knows what will happen."

Who knows indeed. A year ago, the CIA predicted that Yugoslavia would dissolve in the next 18 months. They were right. Despite guesses that perhaps the nation—by "muddling through"—would remain intact, as a Zagreb headline declared in January 1991, POCELO RASPLETENJE: "The Unravelling Has Begun."

This dissolution has manifested itself in a particularly confusing and bloody civil war centered mostly in the republic

The Special Forces: An all-volunteer army with a dashing camouflage uniform, this force is largely untrained and numbers only in the thousands. The Special Force has been buying arms from numerous sources, but mostly from neighboring Hungary. They are faced with the dubious task of defending the seceding republic from Federal Army attacks.

The Federal Army: Every Yugoslavian man serves a mandatory one-year term in the army, but the officer corps is 90% Serbian and its interest are generally considered to that of Serbia. The supreme commander is technically the chairman of the federal presidency, who this year is a Croat, but the army's commander has refused to take orders seemingly from anybody. Because the army is supposedly made up of soldiers from every republic, it is likely that there are severe discipline problems as those from other republics unwilling to fight with Croats (their cousins? their friends?) resist joining the conflict. The army is

heavily endowed with weaponry, including nuclear missiles, since federal defense policy has continued its paranoiac Cold War program of weapons build-up.

The Federal Presidency: One of the last remnants of a functioning federation, the presidency rotates annually



of Croatia. This divisive conflict has brought the attention of the E.C.—ironically on the eve of its unification—and the attention of Western news media. Because the civil war has taken on the air of a high drama, I thought the most illustrative way to explain what is happening is to give a cast of characters, and then point out a few facts about Yugoslavian people that generally escape the shorter news pieces about the area.

Slovenia: The richest, northernmost country, Slovenia has been straining at the borders of the Yugoslavian federation the longest. It is the most distant linguistically and culturally from the federal capital in Serbia. In December 1990 this nation voted overwhelmingly on a referendum to secede in June 1991. As far as the news has reported, the secession has been successful, despite attempts by the Federal Army to block the attempt.

Croatia: The next wealthiest republic, Croatia has been ruled by outside forces for almost all of its last 500 years, first by the Austro-Hungarian empire, and then by the Yugoslavian federation. There has been a growing nationalist movement since since free elections won in 1989 brought a nationalist government to power. This movement included the invitation of exiled Croats to return, and the solicitation of enormous quantities of money to build up a Croatian militia, known as the Special Forces. Croatia followed on Slovenia's attempt in attempting secession in June of this year.

among representatives from each republic. The president is now essentially a figurehead, but it is he who has diplomatic contacts with the E.C. and the U.N. This is one of the main causes of the many broken cease-fires.

Serbian Enclaves in Croatia: In the course of Yugoslavia's spotted history, certain areas of Croatia became populated by groups of Serbs in significant numbers. These Serbs lived in proximity to, though segregated from, equal or lesser numbers of Croats, often within the borders of the same village. During the growth of Croatian nationalism, these Serbs have claimed that they have been the victim of oppression at the hands of the Croats. A protest in one such village marked the beginning of open post-Tito nationalist conflict when Serbs in the city of Knin cut off a vital rail link from Zagreb to the coast to protest alleged violation of human rights. Acts such as this have earned those Serbs the name in the world press as...

Serbian Guerrillas: Serbs acting apart from the federal army towards the "liberation" of the Serbian enclaves to join...

Greater Serbia: This is the ideal of the Serbian nationalist government, which refers to the unification of all Serbian people, including the enclaves, under one government. It is based on the one-time kingdom of Yugoslavia, which existed between the first and second World Wars and brought Serbia, Croatia and Slovenia together under a Serbian king. At this point, the goal of Serbia seems to

See Yugoslavia page 6



OPINION

I just finished reading the SGA notification about alcoholic parties. I'm angry at us, and I'm angry at the administration. The lack of courtesy and consideration displayed at the parties mentioned is worthy only of spoiled children who expect others to trail around behind them, cleaning up their messes. And this is not a problem simply for a few; it is one which concerns everyone in this community, not simply because this isn't the first time it's happened. Both as individuals and as a political body, it is ourselves whom we harm when we disregard the guidelines for behavior which we have agreed upon. It's pathetic that the administration should have to mandate rules simply because we can't get our act together. Furthermore, I don't believe that such a rule will even get close to the crux of the problem, which is, as I see it, that maintaining a community is a difficult proposition requiring forethought and self-governance on everyone's part.

I am also disturbed by the manner in which this rule has been enacted. Previously, the only general restrictions on the size of a party were those dictated by the fire code, as stated in the Party Policy. The decision not to sign specific Party Notification forms was left to the discretion of Public Safety and Housekeeping; however, by establishing a strict criterion (as opposed to treating them on a case to case basis), and by relating it to reimbursement, they have changed the nature of these forms. It is now an issue of permission, not notification. This raises some fundamental questions about the power of SGA. Does the administration ultimately control our funding? And who decides when a policy is not working? By what mechanism should change be made? The fact that there was no immediately expressed concern about the efficacy of the Party Policy, and no indication of the pending changes, makes me question the administration's attitude towards student government. If there are areas in which the administration can circumvent discussion with SGA, this needs to be made very clear, very soon.

— Jessica Booth

This opinion was written before the emergency SGA meetings were held, the results of which have cleared up many of the questions expressed in the second part.



Reconciliation in El Salvador from page 1

Romero, wrote President Carter, "...your Government's contribution will not favor greater justice and peace in El Salvador; but will undoubtedly sharpen injustice and repression against the people's organizations, whose struggle has often been for respect of their most basic human rights" (Brockman, S.J., James R., "Archbishop Romero, the United States and El Salvador," *America*, November 24, 1990, p.290). In reply, Secretary of State, Cyprus Vance wrote, "We will use our influence to avert any misuse of our assistance in ways that injure the human rights of the people of El Salvador and will promptly reassess our assistance should evidence of such misuse develop... The United States will not interfere in the internal affairs of El Salvador" (Brockman, S.J., James R., "Archbishop Romero, the United States and El Salvador," *America*, November 24, 1990, p.291). From an eleven year perspective, Vance's statement appears laughable and tragic because the United States which, with all of its wealth and power, should be a motivating force in Central America, has instead been an agent in a reign of terror in El Salvador.

Archbishop Romero became an outspoken critic against human rights abuses in El Salvador. His homilies, broadcasted over the radio, became the most popular program in the country because they gave voice to the powerless. On March 24, 1980, Archbishop Romero was shot and killed by a sniper while celebrating Mass. After his death, the killings became more frequent. Guerrilla warfare increased, giving ride to the Farabundo Marti Liberation Front (FMLN) which has been called "the most militarily potent insurgency that Latin America has ever seen" (Golden, Tim "Salvadoran Rebels Adjust to Fall in Political Power," *New York Times*, September 26, 1991, p.A16).

By 1989, the Jesuit-run Central American University had become a vocal critic of the government's human rights abuses. It was not a coincidence that three of the six Jesuits who were massacred were pivotal members of the country's intelligentsia and proponents of liberation theology. At its most basic level, liberation theology asks the question, in the words of Rev. Jorge Alvarez Calderon, "In what kind of God do we believe? In a God who is within history, who is close to the poor and their hope and their hope for total liberation? Or a god who is outside us in the next world?" (McCoy, John A. "Liberation Theology and the Peruvian Church," *America*, March 24, 1990). It stresses a "conversion to the radical message of the Gospel," (McCoy, *America*). As Reverend Jon Sobrino, S.J., colleague of the murdered Jesuits and liberation theologian has written "the church... must live and die for their total liberation (the poor); in a word the church must be converted and become the church of the poor... the church is the sacrament of something greater than itself, a sacrament of the kingdom of God and of the God of the kingdom. Our final loyalty cannot be to the church but in the church to God and the poor, because God is greater than the church. Telling the poor

the Good News is the reason why the church exists at all..." (Sobrino, S.J., Jon, "Their Church," *America*, September 29, 1990, p. 186, 202). This theology was born out of the poverty of Latin America. It is seen as dangerous for its profoundly radical message. The elite of El Salvador are threatened by a theology that condemns their treatment of the poor and calls them to account for their actions. What better way, or what more Salvadoran way, for the oligarchy to rid itself of this threat than to annihilate its spokespersons?

While it is a positive sign that the two officers were found guilty in a land where officers before could not be prosecuted for human rights violations, it is obvious that officers higher up in the military hierarchy were responsible for giving the death sentences. As the chairman of the Speaker's Task Force on El Salvador, Representative Joe Moakley (D-Mass), noted, "...Radio stations, controlled by the military at that time, broadcast threats against the Jesuits shortly before they were killed; there were more than 200 soldiers at or near the scene of the crime; the murders were carried out by an experienced and well-trained military unit, acting under orders; efforts were made at the scene to cover up the crimes and to point the finger of blame at the FMLN; a phony firefight was recorded in the official log of military operations; not a single officer has come forward voluntarily with information concerning the case; evidence controlled by the military has been withheld and destroyed; many of the officers who were called to testimony lied and lied again about what they know; even the special military Honor Board appointed by President Alfredo Cristiani to review the case lied about it (Moakley, Joe, "The Moakley Address," *America*, September 14, 1991, p.141). During the past eleven years, a wealthy new military elite has emerged which will most likely do whatever it takes to keep itself if power. The case itself came to trial and a verdict was delivered through pressure of the United States Congress "which had made successful prosecution of the Jesuit killers a condition for continuing aid to El Salvador's rightist government" (Christian, Shirley, *New York Times*, September 30, 1991, p. A1). What is going to happen once Congress takes its watchful eyes off El Salvador? Will things return to status quo in spite of the agreement reached by Cristian and the insurgent groups?

The breakthrough agreement has resulted in five main points. The first is the establishment of a National Commission for the Consolidation of Peace, consisting of two members of the government and guerrilla front, representatives of the various political parties, the Church, and the United Nations, which is to act as a watchdog to see that the accords are carried out. The second is that the armed forces will be "purified" (Christian, Shirley, "Salvadoran Chief and Rebels Reach Broad Agreement," *New York Times*, September 26, 1991, p. A16) of members who have committed serious human rights violations. The third point is to reduce the size of the army. The

fourth is that former guerrilla fighters will not be "discriminated against" (Christian, *NYT*, 9/26/91, A16) in the establishment of a new police force. The fifth and last point is the government's agreement to "protect the right of the guerrilla families and sympathizers to hold onto lands occupied" (Christian, *NYT*, 9/26/91, p. 16) since the start of the war.

What does all of this mean for El Salvador? On one hand, they say they will "purify" the army of members who have committed serious human rights violations, but one needs only to look at the trial prosecuting the murder of the Jesuits, their cook and her daughter. Only two officials were convicted even with United States pressure. The military is a powerful force in El Salvador. Whoever controls it, in effect controls El Salvador. Will the army generals be willing to take a back seat in an effort to bring peace to their country or will they choose to increase their power by prolonging the internal crisis of El Salvador? One also has to wonder whether people who have been fighting for eleven years, many of whom have grown up in this hell, will be able to readjust themselves to a post-civil war El Salvador. Can members of the military and the guerrilla armies co-exist peacefully in the same country, let alone in the same police force? The most worrying point is that the government and the military have long targeted Catholic religious leaders, such as Archbishop Romero and the six Jesuits, for their outspokenness in criticizing human rights violations. If non-violent protest is considered a threat and a danger to the social order, something which should be persecuted, what will this mean for the country and its people? For it is the majority of the population, the poor, that the war has concerned. The poor still are starving, for they have little land and money, and power still belongs to an elite minority. Only when radical redistribution of land and political empowerment of the poor take place will El Salvador be free. Until that time, there is little hope for peace in El Salvador.

Ms. Hank

Dear Ms. Hank,

I am suffering. Suffering, suffering, suffering. I've lost the internal drive, the competitive edge, the je ne sais quoi of academia. I go to the library like I always did, sit down with my books, pull them slowly towards me and crack the binding, burying my mental nose... 5 minutes later, I jump up to go to the bathroom, and then saunter back through the stacks afterwards, thinking wistfully of all the books I would read if I only had the time. Returning to my table, I bellyflop into my text... about 10 minutes later, it occurs to me that I haven't checked my mail since the morning, and I'm expecting another installment in the continuing saga of Family Life as written by my mother. Like a lemming, I head unerringly in the direction of the Campus Center, only to be greeted by an empty box. I then take a brief detour into the cafe and take a drink from the water fountain while simultaneously perusing the Scene to see if I know anyone. Unfortunately, I don't.

It's a beautiful day outside, fall at its most bright and glorious, so I zig-zag across Merion Green, kicking leaves and acorns and watching the clouds billowing across the sky. Somehow, my conscience drags me back into Canada, where I dutifully position myself once again in front of my books... 15 minutes later, I begin chastizing myself for my scant knowledge of current affairs, and immediately rush off to the periodical room to remedy the situation.

Please, what can I do about this? Vitamins, yoga, purging baths, lots of onions—what's the remedy? I can't afford to walk a crooked academic mile this semester.

— Barely Here

Dear Barely Here,

First of all, I want you to take a look at the state of your nonacademic existence. I will bet that what you will find paints quite a rosy picture. What do you think of this version of your letter?

Dear Ms. Hank,

Everything is wonderful these days. My bowels are regular, my mother sends me letters every week, my friends look forward to seeing me, I'm learning new trivial bits of news every day... Why I even found my sister's dog, Ensor, floating up in the sky yesterday in the guise of a cloud (needless to say, I rushed back to the library to look up the cloud formation and then back to my room to call Mom about my discovery).

Feel better now?

Death to the Patriarchy,

Ms. Hank

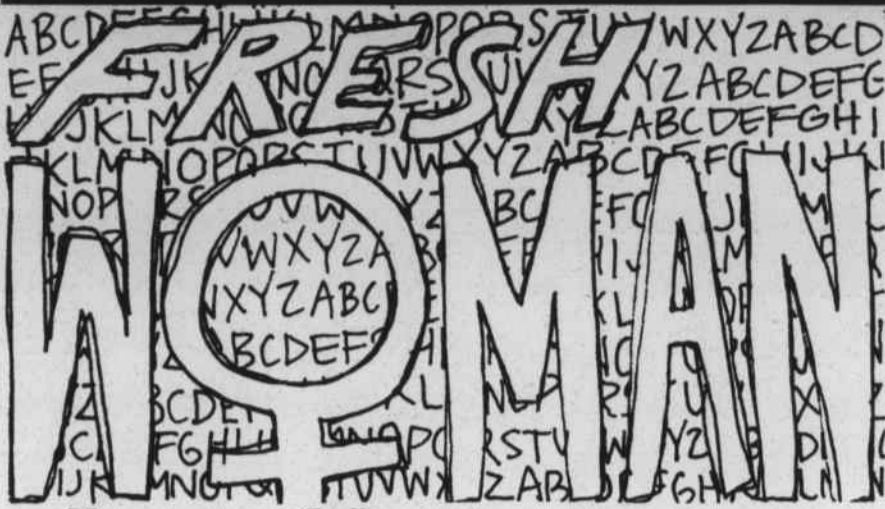
Dear Ms. Hank,

Help, help! I'm in a desperate situation! A good friend of mine—let's call him Butler—who has always been painfully shy and demure has recently metamorphosed into a veritable demon of

SEE MS. HANK PAGE 7

Information Session
Bryn Mawr- Haverford Program in
Teacher
Education
Thursday, October 10, 1991
7-8:30 pm

The Smith Room- Haverford Dining Center
 All students who are interested in teacher certification or careers in education are encouraged to attend this session. The new director of the Bi-College program in Teacher Education, Dr. Elizabeth Useem, will outline opportunities available for students on the two campuses.



B-r-y-n M-a-w-r from page 1

to adjust to the fact that I wouldn't be seeing another Saguario or Palm in a long time, and that I wouldn't have the soothing rumble from the freeway to put me to sleep— only these chirping beastly things. And yet I was well aware of what I was getting into, and was anticipating the change.

The best part of the freshwoman experience at Bryn Mawr for me was Customs Week. It seemed incomprehensible to me that so many upperclasswomen could get so hyped over a bunch of freshwomen. I thought college was that far off place where they lined all of us up and pushed us off into the abyss entitled "The Real World." Bryn Mawr is one of those few places that prepares us for the abyss, that will eventually loom before our eyes, so that we don't lose ourselves by floundering in it all— yet another reason why the Bryn Mawr community is the antithesis of the forbidding 'College Environment' that strikes fear into the hearts of small-town newcomers.

All of the meetings, throughout this week of welcome, were designed to educate us on the meaning of the Bryn Mawr experience. Open-mindedness is something that I didn't get enough of when I was home, and it's only one of the things I won't realize I take for granted until after I leave this place that I have come to love so well. Lesbianism and pluralism are two concepts I have shied away from in that I have never quite been able to fully express my views in an open forum. I now feel that I am in some philosophical heaven in which I can speak my mind, so that people can learn from whatever my ignorance stems from, and I can learn from other people's knowledge and experience. I have never felt within myself such a feeling of unity as I do here meeting more and more women

from around the globe. It seems almost as if I have been invited to a year-long pluralism seminar.

Now that the third week of classes are nearly finished, I feel less like a pilgrim on a mission to explore foreign waters where no Bakersfieldian has ever gone before, and more like a part of the Bryn Mawr community— just like I thought I would. You see, I don't get hunches about things too often, but when I do, I'm usually right. I guess I won't spread the word like I thought I would, so that this "high hill" will still remain one of the country's best kept secrets.

High school feminism slackens in BMC community

By Alison Macdonald

"Bryn Mawr? You're going to a women's college?"

uh huh.

"Isn't that a really feminist school?"

yeah.

The looks from most of my classmates told me that at our fifth year reunion, they'd be expecting me to have been transformed into a mad-dog liberal, forswearing bras and razors, with a wardrobe full of t-shirts that say "stamp out men."

That was the general idea of what feminism meant to my fellows at our New England bastion of conservatism. And, as much as I loved my high school (and I honestly did), there were times I had to wonder why every female within ten miles of the place wasn't actively proving them wrong, because chauvinism existed. "You don't have to pay women as much," said a guy in my history class. "They can just get married." Finding myself in an atmosphere that called for feminism, I became a feminist: someone had to explain that women might not

want to get married.

Here at Bryn Mawr, everything has changed for me. I still consider myself a feminist as I will always favor equality between the sexes. But there are two elements of feminism here that I find very disturbing.

The first, which I'm not going to expound upon, is that feminism here is too often equal to female superiority, and that men are villified, and to a certain extent, victimized. This doesn't seem fair, and it also doesn't strike me as being the best way to achieve harmony.

My second problem is that feminism is (to use academic phraseology) more theoretical than practical, and thus more pedantic than it has any right to be.

This manifests itself most evidently in the terminology that has become one of my pet peeves since my arrival.

First, unavoidably, is the word 'woman.' This is not as much of a problem for me now as it was during customs week. At that time, I did not want to be called a woman; maybe upperclassmen have outgrown girlhood, but at eighteen, I am still in the throes of it and not at all sure if I really want to leave it behind. But I have come to accept 'woman' as a cross between a compliment and an invitation. It acknowledges maturity, and I like that. Nevertheless, the word girl still has a tendency to slip out of my mouth when I'm not thinking, and when it does, I don't mean it as an insult. Certainly I'm not insulted by it. The problem, as I see it, is that there are women who judge people by their vocabulary, who might condemn me if I slipped and called them 'girl.' Where is the openness and respect that was so highly touted?

A brief excursion while I'm on the subject of vocabulary: the word that I truly despise is "freshwoman." First off, it sounds appalling, and second, I don't think it's truly necessary. "Bryn Mawr Freshwoman" sounds slightly redundant to me. Obviously I'm a woman, I don't need a special word to distinguish me. So I'll stick with freshman— but now I meet gi— no, women, who tell me that I'm not standing up for my rights.

Words have nothing to do with rights. That the students here are concerned about their rights is admirable. The only problem is that at Bryn Mawr, those

See High School page 10

BLUE STOCKING

Sona Chong



Taylor bell rings out an appeal for higher education

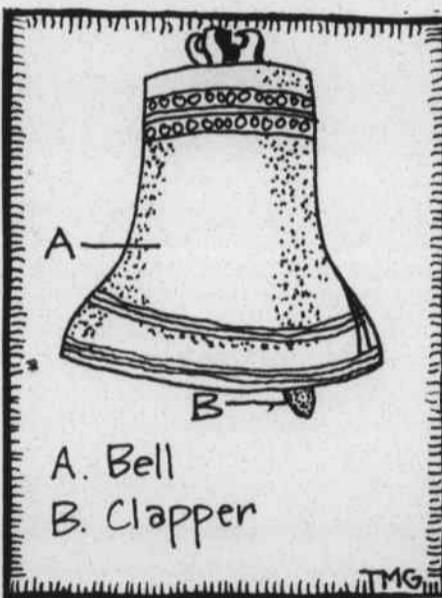
As you walk up Merion Avenue from the town of Bryn Mawr, a spire will emerge from the trees in the distance, a stone spire with a copper roof and a green-faced clock with gold hands. The clock is probably wrong, but your guess is right... this is the first glimpse of Bryn Mawr College.

The tower is part of Taylor Hall, the oldest building on the College, named for its Quaker founder, Dr. Joseph Taylor. Since it rang for the first class in 1885, Taylor bell has summoned students at Bryn Mawr to an exceptional education. Some of the excitement the first forty-two students must have felt at the sound

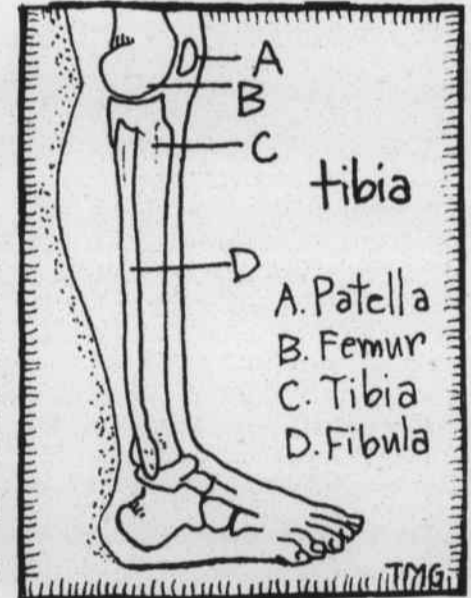
of this invitation is renewed each fall when it rings to open another academic year.

Of course, there have been a few interruptions in Taylor bell's career. One year the clapper suddenly disappeared. The bell was silent and students were late to classes until an alert archaeologist recognized it in the Library's museum, labeled "petrified Neanderthal tibia." It was quickly restored to the Taylor belfry and resumed its ringing before every class. Symbolically, though, it has never ceased to ring out its invitation to learning.

—submitted by an unknown friend with access to the Archives



A. Bell
B. Clapper



tibia
A. Patella
B. Femur
C. Tibia
D. Fibula

Dykes To Watch Out For



AIDS Walk in capital of Filia

By Valerie Tobin

Bryn Mawr will be sending a team to the fifth annual AIDS Walk on Sunday October 27. The walk spans 12 kilometers, and begins at 1:30. Starting at the Eakins Oval, the walk follows the Schuylkill Expressway over the Falls Bridge, turns onto Boathouse Row and ends at the fabulous steps of the Philadelphia Museum of Art. At the end awaits "a gala music concert in celebration of life." [from the AIDS Walk brochure]

The organizers ask that participants find sponsors, who pledge an amount of money per kilometer or give a set dona-

tion. The money will be divided among twenty-one different AIDS organizations in the Delaware Valley, including Action AIDS and the Philadelphia AIDS Task Force. These organizations are in extreme need of funding, due to the desperate financial situation of the city of Philadelphia. Last year over 3000 people walked in the event. They raised \$145,000.

If you are interested in walking you can pick up forms in the envelope on the door of Thomas 124. As part of the team effort, transportation will be provided. If you are interested please leave a note in my box (C-280) so that adequate trans-

Yugoslavia from page 3

be to annex Croatia fully, rather than merely free the enclaves.

These are the main actors. Other characters who have yet to find a starring role in this morass include Macedonia, the poorest republic in the South, which has also threatened to secede, though few seem concerned. Bosnia, Herzegovina and Montenegro have year to cast their lot: Herzegovina has traditionally sided with Croatia, and Montenegro with Serbia, while Bosnia is drawn to neither. Last but not least are the ethnic Albanians living in the province of Kosovo who have also threatened to secede from the federation to join the republic of Albania. Albanians reportedly make up a large portion of the federal army, and I can't imagine that they are fighting in the interest of Serbia and have no idea what they are doing.

That establishes the characters. The most crucial element of this gunpowder keg—the nitroglycerin, if you will—is nationalism. This is an emotion that the average citizen of the United States may be hard pressed to understand. Many of us are so far away from our ethnic roots that it is difficult to comprehend the depth of feeling a Serb or Croat feels for his or her nation. I have listened many times over to reasonable, intelligent people tell me elaborate tales of the evils committed either republic; there is an inherent, essential, unbendable polemicism of nationalist feeling that is unlikely to fade or change to accept more equivocal views of the other republic.

Part of the nationalism of both nations, both the Serbs and the Croats, comes from their having been dominated by other powers for so long (The Serbs by the Turks, the Croats by the Austro-Hungarian empire). There is a sense that they have had a bad deal in the past, they will get what they deserve now. Because war and suffering are part of the recent histories of both nations, no suffering now can match what they have already been through. Therefore war on the home territory is not the deeply scary issue for a Serb or Croat as it would be for an Ohioan. It is a fact of life. A friend of mine once told me after we had been talking

about Serbian history for 45 minutes and I had expressed sadness over the amount of people killed in World War II, that "we Serbs are used to wars. We have had many on our soil and there will be many more."

One of the primary differences between wars in the past and wars in the present in Yugoslavia, as in the rest of the world, is the level and speed of media coverage of the issues. The republics are keenly aware of this. Just as the Montenegrin man on the train began to give me his view of his nation's politics immediately upon learning my identity, the republics are highly conscious of the importance of the opinion of the United States and the E.C. There has been a lot of jockeying for position as the republics seek legitimization in the world news. Towards this end, Croatia set up their own news agency in 1990 to contradict the official federal news agency's reports, and now broadcasts its own news reports the United States on shortwave radio.

Propaganda campaigns like this are unlikely to greatly affect this conflict at this point, however, as it seems as though Serbia is moving decisively to take control of Croatia. The consequences of this are daunting: while Serbia can maintain military strength over Croatia, dominance over the republic promises long-term conflict in the area as the Croats will likely mount guerilla action again. It is frustrating to watch as the two nations tease each other into greater and greater violence, knowing that good and kind people of both republics are being killed. This is why the image of the young men on the train returns to me every time I hear a news report, because I know that some of them must have been killed in this hopeless battle which may see no end.

Natasha Seaman, who is now thoroughly depressed, is a 1991 graduate called out of College News retirement to write this article. She was an exchange student in Serbia in 1986-87 and in Croatia in 1990-91.

(And we're so glad to have her back that we may simply lock her away in our office for permanent safe keeping.)

BLUE STOCKING

Sona Chong



Did you hear...?

Hi! Welcome to the "overheard" section of the *College News*. I'm always on the lookout for funny, outrageous, or just plain weird quotes you might have come across. If you wish to share them with the rest of us, send a note to me (Betina) at my box (C-569) or give me a ring (X5695). Thanks and enjoy!

"Go home, you parasites, and watch it on TV!"

words of man before jumping off building top to his death

"Nobody takes you aside in advance to explain that an erect penis looks like a dachshund attached to a couple of mouldy prunes."

Cosmopolitan magazine

"They also had myths. A myth is a female moth."

*The World According to Student Bloopers
Richard Lederer*

"There were no wars in Greece, as the mountains were so high that they couldn't climb over to see what their neighbors were doing. When they fought with the Persians, the Greeks were outnumbered because the Persians had more men."

*The World According to Student Bloopers
Richard Lederer*

"Another tale tells of William Tell, who shot an arrow through an apple while standing on his son's head."

*The World According to Student Bloopers
Richard Lederer*

Fishing in Mississippi

By Annick Barker

The following article is about a Sociology Department sponsored internship Niambi Robinson and I did this summer with the Rural Organizing and Cultural Center in Lexington, Mississippi. Last semester, during spring break, Sociology professors Judy Porter and Dave Karen and six Sociology majors visited and worked with ROCC for a week. They have since put together a comprehensive analysis of the economic, political, educational conditions as well as a look at family and religious institutions in Holmes County. My article is more of a personal statement than an analysis of Holmes County's current situation. Readers interested in the group report can refer to the last three issues of *The College News* from second semester last year, or go talk to Judy Porter, Thomas 125.

Towards the end of last May, I boarded a hellishly hot south-bound Greyhound bus in Baltimore, Maryland. Approximately twelve hours later, at some stop in Virginia, I was joined by Niambi Robinson and about fourteen hours after that, we were dropped off at a service station in Tchula, Mississippi. From the moment I stepped off the bus, I felt myself slip into a kind of social infancy, a feeling which past experience has taught me is a sign of having entered an environment consisting of lifestyles and expectations very different from your own. Almost immediately upon arrival, we encountered Holmes County's version of "hospitality" which among other courtesies includes waving at every person, car, animal that passes you on the street. While this was certainly an easy and worthwhile habit to adopt, my awkward attempts to greet everyone in sight doubled as a reminder of my own Northeastern urban origins. I spent a good part of the first month of the two month internship with ROCC sorting through reactions, statements, facial expressions, etc., that my more or less peculiar behavior would solicit throughout each day. Although I had anticipated the inevitable process of adjusting to new surroundings, I was surprised at the extent to which I became preoccupied by my behavior and reactions and by those of the people I met. This preoccupation—dare I call it culture shock?—was certainly due to a number of things, but I think the most critical factor was that I was a white woman entering an environment in which racial segregation defines human interaction on virtually every

level, be it political, economic, cultural, social, or personal. While racial segregation certainly exists to some degree in every part of this country, the blatant pervasive segregation that is endemic to Holmes County was a sort that I had not experienced before.

I think the best way to illustrate the state of racial segregation in Holmes County as I witnessed it is to describe a few incidents which occurred during my stay. So here are a few:

As far as I could tell, nightlife in Lexington, the county seat where ROCC is located, consists mainly of driving down long stretches of highway, hanging out at the Jitney Junior (Seven-11's southern cousin), and dancing at one of the nightclubs in town. Nightclubs are distinguished first and foremost by the race of their clientele; two of Lexington's nightclubs cater to a black clientele. Aside from offering dancing, drinking, and a place to meet up with people, it was pretty clear that these nightclubs were also good places for local drug dealers to carry out transactions. Early on in the summer, Niambi and I went to one of these nightclubs, a place called "The Hill Top." Several days later, Oscar Ross, a local politician, told me that he knew that I had been at The Hill Top recently. When I asked him how he knew, he answered that someone who had been at The Hill Top the night I was there had told him that he had seen a white female narcotics agent from the Drug Enforcement Agency hanging around. It didn't take much for him to guess who the "narc" was...

Another telling situation, which was more directly related to our work at ROCC, involved Cruger, a Delta town with a population of five hundred, 88% of which is black. The extreme political situation in Cruger is undoubtedly indicative of the continued resistance of many small, white-controlled towns in Mississippi to acquiescing to the 1965 Voting Rights Act. A little over a year ago, the mayor of Cruger, who was white and had been in office for 42 years, retired and essentially handed his position down to a younger white city council member. In 1986, a total of 27 citizens of Cruger voted in municipal elections, and only twice as many voted in more recent municipal elections. One would think, as we did, that the solution to this alarming political situation is to register residents, particularly black residents who continue

see *Fishing* page 10

Gaining the bicultural edge or how to fight birdies in Greek

by Betina Cochran

I spent all of last year in Greece. Most of you will have a variety of associations with this country be it the poetry of Sappho, the arresting ancient temple ruins, ferrying it to Ionian and Aegean islands to share a coffee with the native shepherds, or even visions of drinking ouzo on sun drenched beaches while dark, Mediterranean men flirt with you. Marvelous visions, I accede, and ones which include characteristics of Greek culture, but I would like to offer some perceptions from a different vantage point.

I come from a bicultural background, my mother having been born and raised in Thessaloniki, Greece and my father being an American of French, English and Scots descent. As plans to spend my junior year studying in Greece began to take shape, my family and I decided it would be best, culturally and monetarily, for me to live with my grandmother in Athens. I had only visited Greece sporadically throughout my young child-

hood yet spoke what I call, "kitchen Greek", and very much identified with my maternal heritage. My time in Greece opened my eyes to modern Greek culture, made me fluent in my language skills; and most of all made me realize how the American in me has difficulty coming to terms with the Greek.

Intellectually I was well aware of the role women play in Greek society, but I admit I was taken by surprise to see women spending the better portion of their days ironing everything, from sheets to underwear, and even more shocked by a grandmother who felt that girls ought to be at home by ten in the evening and yet thought nothing of my male cousin's staying out until all hours

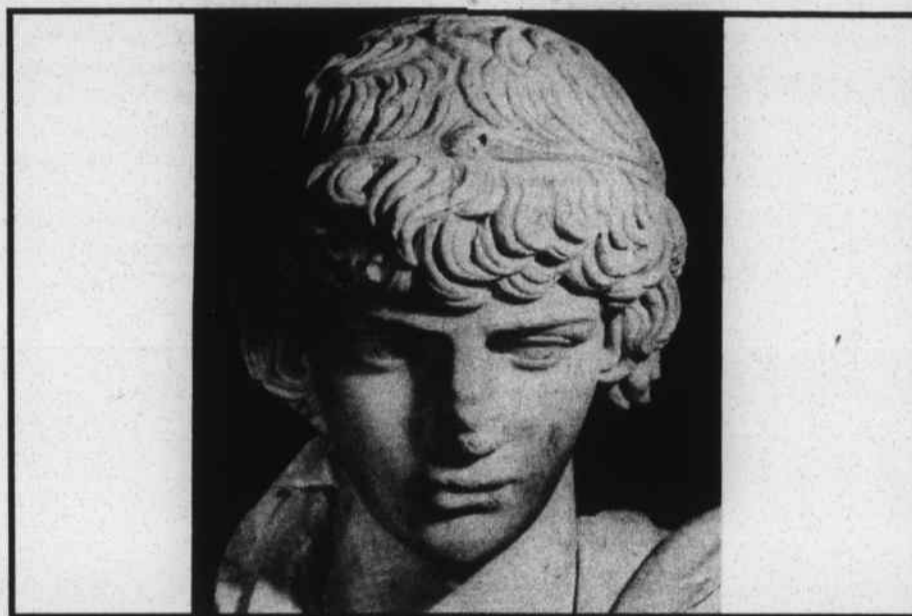
of the night. On the other hand, when other people make these observations, I am quick to defend Greek culture and enumerate the leaps of progress Greek women have made professionally, educationally, and culturally in recent years. It is becoming acceptable for Greek women to have careers but unfortunately, even in the most educated of families, the "supermom" syndrome abounds and women are expected to organize their professional commitments around their domestic ones. Is this freedom or further bondage?

I think that I would like to live in Greece, at least for a period of time, but I wonder if I could create a fulfilling life for myself, one which synthesizes Greek

culture with my American background yet doesn't compromise my values and standards. More and more I am understanding the difficulties and learning to respect my mother for the life she has made for herself and her children; I am beginning to understand the strength it takes for a woman to leave her country and create a home in a radically different culture. My Greek boyfriend wants to get married within the next year. He is growing up in a time when the role of the woman is constantly evolving and considers himself to be a liberated male. He wants to marry a woman whose desires were not thwarted by her sex, like his mother, a woman who has a career and a life outside the home; he wants be equally involved with the child-rearing and the domestic duties. Naturally, I am thrilled by his enthusiasm and often fantasize about what our future together would hold, but when it comes down to it, I wonder if the idealism of a boy who has always had everything done for him by his mother, would pass the test of stinky diapers, dirty toilets, and the daily pressure of putting food on the table after a long day of work.

If these words sound a bit disorganized, it is because this is the first time I have sat down to write about my experiences in Greece and, as is evident, my feelings are many, confused, and often conflicting. One thing I do not miss about Greece are the grabbing men who particularly enjoy harassing foreigners and I would like to conclude with an anecdote of an interesting experience I had with one such creep.

The bus drivers were striking one morning, a frequent occurrence in Athens, and so I pushed my way onto a more than crowded trolley. I was mushed up against the window, clutching my bag, and hoping to arrive at school still breathing when I began to have the distinct feeling that the man standing behind me was pushing himself into my lower back. Not sure enough to take action, I turned around and looked at the man so as to judge whether or not we were being jostled as a result of the trolley's movements. He was looking in another direction and appeared quite harmless, satisfied, I turned back toward the window. Within a few minutes, I felt the pressure again but this time with no uncertainty. Enraged, I whipped around, slapped the man in the face and screamed in Greek, "You jerk-off!" Having grabbed the attention of the entire trolley, I continued spewing curses at him, this time in English, and my angry expression continually moved from his face to the protruding bulge between his legs. Now, the only Greek word for penis in my vocabulary is poulaki, which means little birdy and is used to describe the genitals of little boys, as in pippy or wee-wee. This did not daunt me; purple with anger, I pointed to his groin and screamed, "Take your little birdy and get the hell out of here!" The entire trolley burst into gales of laughter and the man, turning a bright shade of red, ran off the car at the next stop.



American Lesbian from page 1

Ms. Hank from page 4

passion. I know this because he has designated me as his confidant and he spares not one lurid detail as he describes innumerable erotic reveries to me, his designated confidante. This would not concern me so were it not for another friend—let's call her Yashu—who likewise seems to have cast her timid demeanor to the wind, leaving her and her desires butt naked on Merion Green (or among the reference stacks in Canada, or on Erdman's roof, anywhere!) Each time I encounter one of these friends, I am petrified that I will be sucked into the whirlwind of hypersensitive hormones that trails behind them wherever they go.

Have my friends been afflicted with some rare sexually non-transmitted disease? They certainly seem to be exhibiting similar symptoms. My other hypothesis is that perhaps my own sexual drive has dissipated to such a level that even a modicum of ovarian or testicular expression is enough to send me running. Could it be that I have become a prude, Ms. Hank? Or am I right in suspecting that my friends have indeed fallen off their rockers (and are now going at it on a sheep skin rug)? Please, please help me clear this up soon or I fear that I sexually implode.

—Prudey Prune

Dear Ms. Prude,

Now this is a tough one. Clearly one could take the position that you are a sane and sensible gal with a fully articulated set of priorities and a firm grasp on icy reality. However, one might be equally confident in stating that you are a highly sexually repressed individual. I prefer the latter, mostly because it is juicier. Here are a few tips: Start slow. Dim lights, soft music, and some solo writhing on your bed. When you are ready to move on, I'm sure Butler or Yashu will help.

Death to the Patriarchy,
Ms. Hank

eign status of the East Germany during the 45 years it was ruled by a communist government, which means that the citizens of what was East Germany have no identity to draw on: they are former citizens of an invisible country and current second-class citizens of unified Germany, in which they are little more than an economic conquest. Bad news. Bad omens.

Also, the West German laws against abortion, foreigners, and rights of women are pretty yucky. Did you know that, according to the German constitution, women's sexuality is undefinable and therefore doesn't exist? I felt validated.

So, even if I were to take two years tuition money and go to live in Berlin, I would probably not want to stay long. However, the fact that I felt infinitely safer during the time I was in Berlin than I do now in affluent, boring, nauseating Main Line Pennsylvania on our own microscopic campus scares the living daylights out of me. The level of violence and threat that women have to live with here in America, in Pennsylvania, at Bryn Mawr, makes me physically ill, perhaps because I once took it for granted. I had never lived without fear, of being raped, of being killed, of being gaybashed, until I went to Berlin, where

the personal threat level was SO much lower.

Naturally, all of that could have still happened to me, but it felt so much less likely. Now perhaps I am also showing my bias here as a person living in a foreign city where she does not appreciate the actual risks, but after 11 months, I felt fairly informed about levels of danger in the city, and they were nothing in comparison with those in even the small cities in America.

In May, I travelled with a Eurailpass alone through France, Spain, Italy, Switzerland, and Greece, and although I got into a few interesting situations, I did not always feel, as I do here, like a moving target.

I don't know what conclusions are to be drawn from my experience and this article. I only have questions. Responses and ideas are welcomed. If someone could explain to me why being a woman is a provocation to serious violence, why American colleges are so obscenely expensive, why homosexuality is treated as a crime against humanity and how an entire country can be run on such a policy of (your favorite obscenity here), I'd be much obliged. But if you are in favor of the abovementioned measures, don't even start. I might have to do you serious damage out of sheer weeping rage.

Suffragette City

ENCLOSURE: QUITA WOODWARD DIED IN 1984: RUMOR HATH IT THAT SHE DIED FROM ILLNESS EXACERBATED BY ACADEMIC STRESS & OVERWORK...



International Students integrate

Culture shock: it's just a question of time

By Nadine Allaf

Culture Shock. I heard so much about it back home. It sounded so intimidating, so "shocking." Now that I have been here for over a year, I realize that "culture shock" is nothing more than homesickness and a yearning for one's native, (and I use this term loosely) usual way of life. That is not to say that it is not powerful; it is just not as drastic as implied. It is more subtle, at least it was for me.

Upon arrival, even before then, I was waiting for culture shock. I wanted to see if it really existed, especially for a person like me who had been attending an American school and living in a rather international community. At the International Students Orientation, Alison Noyes, the International Students Advisor, told us that culture shock would take a while before it affected us. So I waited.

There were a lot of international students on my hall last year. There were also a lot of American nationals (naturally). I made friends with most all of them. I really did not have any complaints. I realized that all people are different, and that what I deem acceptable they may not, and vice versa. Of course, the fact that I had most everything my way was incredibly helpful, especially now, when in retrospect I congratulate myself on my adaptability. The bathroom closest to me was single-sex. I did not have a roommate, so I did not have to deal with the possibility that she might have a man over for the night. All these things would have inconvenienced me terribly. Culture shock in that situation would have affected me earlier.

I escaped that, and was able to live through the horribly bland food; even if the food was given some taste, it still was very different from the Middle Eastern and Eastern Mediterranean dishes I grew up on. I was begin-

ning to think that culture shock was just not applicable to me. WRONG.

Let me illustrate.

Towards the end of winter, my friends on the hall and I decided to go to Drinker. I had as of yet not been to any of the Haverford parties, though I did "tea-hop" at Bryn Mawr. I never really had too much fun at the crowded teas (with alcohol), but I had hoped for an improvement in my enjoyment of these parties.

So, off to Haverford we go. First of all they charge me for a cup, when I was not going to use it. Okay, never mind, I will live. Once inside, it is as if we've just been tightly packed in a sardine tin. There is absolutely no movement except towards the keg. In an attempt to get to the dance area, I find that the situation there is no better. Being slightly claustrophobic I begin to imagine the consequences of a fire. I try to dispel that thought, and mingle instead. Mingle, ha! The main way to have

fun there, it seems, is to be drunk and subsequently amuse oneself and others. I try to find the people I came with in order to leave. While fighting my way to the door, a pleasant young man decides to put his hands where they don't belong. I am about to slug him, but think better of it and give him a very dirty look. Is this people's idea of fun here? I want to go home. I want to be at a party at home. I am not having fun anymore.

Culture Shock, finally. I wonder why am not so thrilled that it finally happened.

I had finally realized that this is pretty much how parties are in this community. I was also at the point where I was just tired of "experiencing" new things, and just wanted to go to a party, have fun, and relax. So it actually built up, and became apparent that night—it was gradual. Now as a sophomore, I know how to deal with this "culture shock."

Foreign Student Union works to solve practical problems

By Sonia Han and Atiqua Hashem

After almost three years of complaining about things that are not "right" at Bryn Mawr, we decided last semester to use our energy constructively. We formed the Foreign Student Union (FSU).

The name "Foreign Student Union" makes it sound like we are a radical "political" group, but we are not. We are a group of foreign students getting together to try and make life here at Bryn Mawr less complicated.

We aim to be a support group and resource network, so that foreign students can talk about their concerns with people just like themselves; people who have also come from thousands of miles away to Bryn Mawr; people who have probably experienced similar problems and understand.

The kind of problems we talk about may seem to be rather "trivial," but they actually have a big impact on our lives.

For example, storage has been one of the more stressful issues that foreign students have had to deal with around the end of each year. How were we supposed to store three years worth of books and clothes in two tiny cubby holes? We know that we were already given a special privilege in that we actually had on campus storage, but the space that we were allotted was inadequate. Luckily, there were a few empty attics and basements on campus, so we asked permission to store our things in them. Thanks to Miho Nasu and a cooperative administration, we were given unlimited storage space this past summer. Although there are still some hitches in this arrangement, we hope they will be quickly resolved through similar efforts.

Postal delays in many foreign countries are not unusual. Thus, another problem that we, as foreign students, face is paying our bills on time if the bill itself does not reach home before the deadline. Even if the bill does arrive, there are always banking regulations that we have to follow regarding currency

exchange and cheque-issue dates. At times, even if you have the funds, obtaining government permission for the release of foreign currency is a hassle (try explaining to the National Bank of Kenya what "miscellaneous expenses" are!).

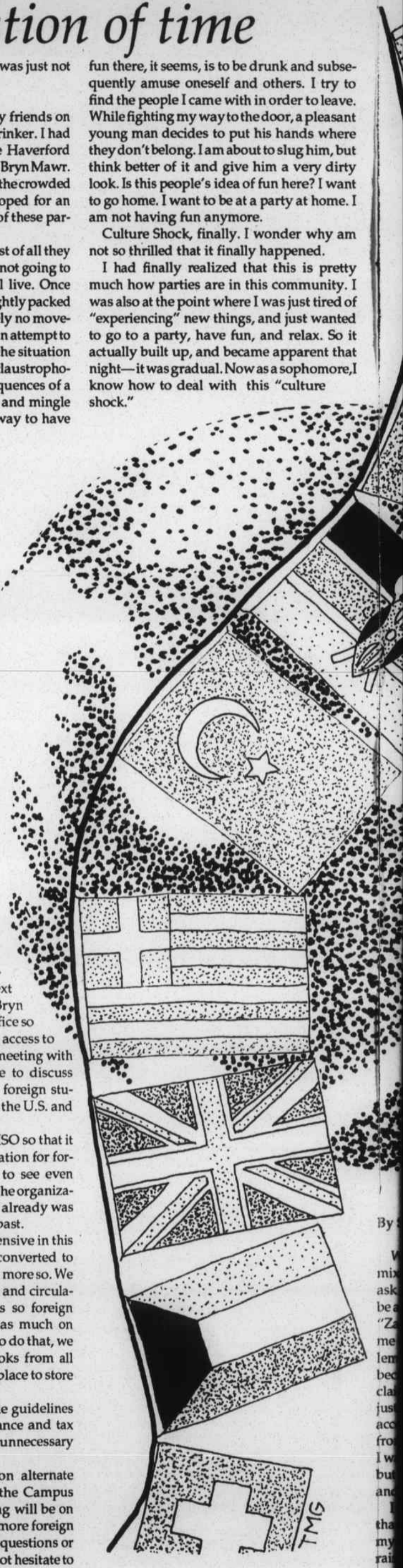
Spring Break is another major concern for foreign students. The seventy some dollars that we, as students, have to pay to stay on campus over Spring Break is an added burden. The particular problem for foreign students is that, since some of us have no family in the U.S., we have no option but to stay on campus. Having to pay that much money just complicates the situation. Given that a large part of the fee goes towards the provision of one meal per day, we propose that we provide our own food and just pay a nominal fee to cover administrative costs.

The International Students Orientation (ISO) in August is another big topic of discussion. Many students feel that ISO is not as well-organized as it could be. Our International Student Advisor, who is also Assistant Director of Student Life, simply has too many responsibilities to devote much time to ISO no matter how hard she tries (and she does). So we suggested that there be greater student participation in the organization of ISO. Instead of having four aides as in previous years, we now have a committee of ten. We have also been working on a way to facilitate the transportation of newly arrived students to campus, rather than have them, after many hours of flight, figure that out at the airport.

As you can see, the issues that we have been dealing with are things that can be taken care of quite easily once addressed through the correct channels. Several administrative departments have been most sympathetic to us, and there is, now, a greater understanding of the special circumstances and needs of foreign students. A special thank you to Dean Tidmarsh!

The key items on our agenda for this year include the following:

- 1) We are arranging regular lunch meetings with several administrative departments so that we can talk with them, and help them understand where we are coming from. A lot of times a simple misunderstanding causes antagonism on both sides.
 - 2) We are working to increase the resources specifically geared towards foreign students in the Career Development Office. We received over two hundred dollars from SGA to buy books that are specifically related to employment in foreign countries. We are in the process of selecting and ordering them right now. Hopefully these books will be available for student use by early next month. They will be shelved in Bryn Mawr's Career Development office so that all students will have equal access to them. We have also arranged a meeting with the Career Development Office to discuss how it can more actively assist foreign students in their job-search in both the U.S. and their home countries.
 - 3) We hope to further improve ISO so that it becomes a more effective orientation for foreign students. We would like to see even greater student participation in the organization of ISO than last year, which already was a great improvement from the past.
 - 4) Textbooks are extremely expensive in this country. When the prices are converted to foreign currencies, they are even more so. We are hoping to set up a recycling and circulation system of used text books so foreign students don't have to spend as much on books every semester. In order to do that, we will need donations of old books from all those who can give, as well as a place to store them!
 - 5) We would like to have simple guidelines written about filling out insurance and tax forms. This will reduce the unnecessary confusion every year!
- FSU has regular meetings on alternate Wednesday nights at 9pm in the Campus Center rm 210. The next meeting will be on October 16, and we hope to see more foreign students there! If there are any questions or concerns about FSU, please do not hesitate to contact us.



By
W
mix
ask
be a
"Z
me
lem
bec
clai
just
acc
fro
I w
but
and
I
tha
my
rai
de

Be the home within and without

International Student Orientation: first impressions of Bryn Mawr College

By Laura Brower

I'm aware you find us interesting— for a reason only God (?) knows. It is obvious that you find living in Pakistan or Rome quite exotic— not that it is to us— international students.

These few lines will allow me to indulge in a little procrastination and self-pity (thank you, College News), but I hope that I will manage to satisfy the average Bryn Mawr curiosity. As a precaution, I will admit that I speak for myself and, thus, you might think me particularly cheesy and disappointing. Forgive the beginning journalist (and future Murphy Brown).

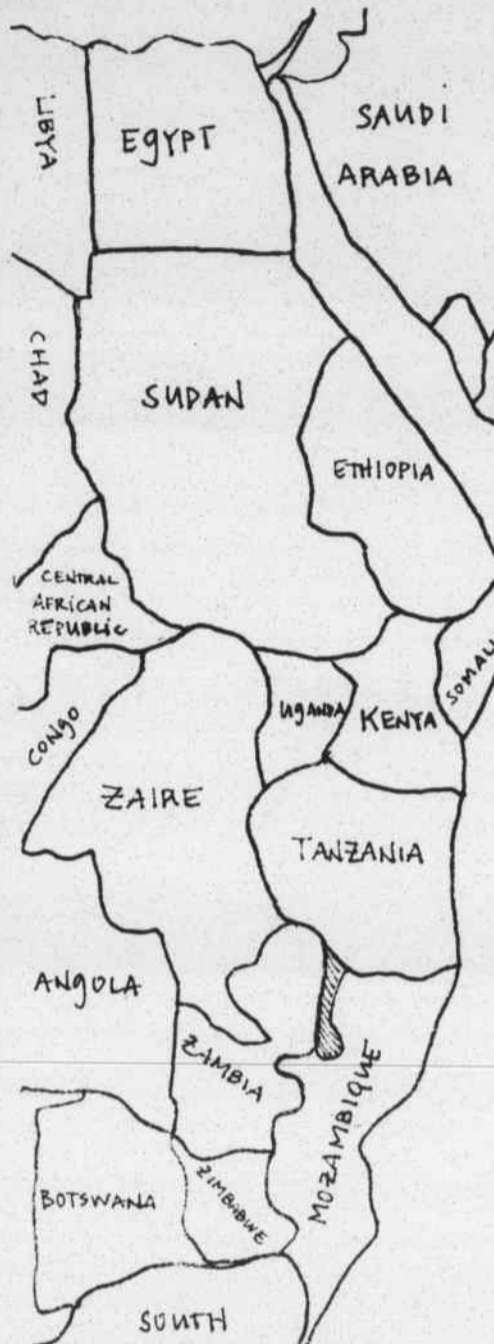
One of my nasty habits is imagining periods of my uneventful life in terms of movie scenes. I can just picture international students crossing half of the planet to arrive at Bryn Mawr, PA. Some lugging ten suitcases across the airport, others shedding tears as they kiss their crocodiles goodbye. A certain amount of us, odd creatures, met the 26th of August, beginning our adventure at the college with ISO (alias International Student Orientation). Those few days were a blessing for most of us. The special friends made during that period provided a fallback for many of us afterwards, when we were just slightly lost and needed a touch of reassurance. We blabbed and chit-chatted, trying to figure how on earth we would ever get a fake I.D. Most of us were used to enjoying alcohol "back home." Homosexuality is also an issue which had us thinking, for very few of us had had to confront the situation before (Latin Countries: does that ring a bell?), no matter how liberal we said we were. We went through the common welcome speeches and even withstood twenty minutes of a film on "The Culture Shock," which we dutifully ignored, in act. Why should we spoil a joyful state with glimpses of future misery? Let me take a few seconds of your patience to thank Alison Noyes for her help, friendliness and corny speeches as well as the aides for being so wonderful all the way through (they even carried our luggage!)

After having seen the rooms and the ants, Customs Week fell upon us. We found ourselves frankly apprehending the arrival of the "American Girls." Perhaps you cannot quite imagine what this meant to us: our future at Bryn Mawr and a great deal of mystery. Ms. Noyes warned us that someone asking "How are you doing?" and then walking away was not rudeness, but an elementary form of greeting, not intended to offend. This may seem obvious, but it is something that I have to keep in mind. You do not interact with a European the way you do with an American. Being funny is a different affair (I wish I could crack obscene jokes again!) Discussing personal issues seems to come more easily here than in a European country, where everyone keeps their unhappy fates to themselves. I have never received so much loving advice— believe me, it's quite a strange feeling.

I'm not finished. Customs Week hit us in the face with issues that, more often than not, we were not aware of beforehand. Already, during ISO, an "informal" plurality discussion had turned sour. The anger, pain and resentment that filled the auditorium with tension was a shock to many of us who were simply ignorant of the dynamics of the issues discussed. The Plurality Workshop, being more peaceful, probably provided less food for thought. Homophobia was the next issue brought up. I had never heard the word. Talking with upperclassmen bring up expressions such as "politically correct" or "liberal fascism." Not that my dreams of a heavenly Bryn Mawr crashed to the floor but almost. The ultimate illumination is "Brochures and tour-guides lie."

In consequence one finds oneself beginning one's sentences with a boring variation on, "Since I come from..." (Please note that in a dire effort to contain myself, I have resisted starting any of mine with, "Because I come from Paris...") How else can I express that my system of values is French? How else can I say "I don't have an opinion on what you're saying because I simply do not know what you are talking about!?" Discussing feminism, minorities, homophobia makes me invariably feel stupid, even though, yes, I lived in one of the most beautiful cities on this planet, but that does not do me any good at this point. My life is in the United States now. However, if I may say so, being a foreigner grants us a certain amount of perspective which some of you do not have.

Coming back to my chronology, for many of us, after the "adventure stage" came the homesickness attack. It may be your parents, with whom you have for the first time established a peaceful relationship, that are missing; it may be the boyfriend. And you're left



waiting for letters that might take a few weeks. But, the United States is not another planet, as I had thought it would be in any case. A little time is needed, tolerance as well. If you hear some of us bitching about American Society this, American Culture that, please understand and accept our criticisms as a side-effect of home-sickness, even though that is the wrong term for some of us. We need to learn that such superficial judgments are unnecessary and painful to Americans, especially since they are a manifestation of our intolerance. We will realize eventually that if we have chosen to live here for several years, we must be willing to accept the negative aspects and see the positive ones. Give International Students time and caring. No matter how sentimentally repulsive this is, is certainly goes for me.

Reaffirming inner ties to home

By Smita Lahiri

We international students are, typically, a mixed-up bunch. To begin with, when you ask one where she's from, the answer might be a straightforward: "Greece," "Turkey," or "Zambia," but more often than not it seems to me that this familiar question presents problems. Sometimes an answer is put forth only because it is the one with a somewhat better claim than the others, the one that needs less justification, the one that will not have to be accompanied by, "Well, you see, my mother is from here, my father's from somewhere else, I was brought up in this place and in that one, but the place I feel the most comfortable at and call home is somewhere else entirely!"

I suppose my state of belief is less complex than some, and in some cases I consider myself fortunate for it. I was born in Kenya, raised in India, the United States, Bangladesh, and the Philippines, and my parents

currently live in Peru. Despite all that, for me home is unquestionably where my parents are from, what my passport says it is: India. When I say this, that India is my "home," I suppose I am talking about a nesting of blood ties, childhood and adolescent memories, of attachments to people, places and things and a sense that I am in many ways more comprehensible to people who share those attachments than to people who don't. Home can't be just those things, however. For nostalgia and circumstance are not to be confused with belongingness.

When I took a leave of absence second semester junior year (Spring '91) and decided to spend it in India, it was partially because my feeling of removal from "home" had grown intolerable. I had a growing sense that the social and political issues and the changes taking place in India were of no real immediate concern of mine at Bryn Mawr. And it became apparent to me that over the last few

years studying in the United States I had built a life which was so self contained that I felt no need even to keep up with the meagre news of home that the New York Times or Philadelphia Inquirer offered me. Looking back, I'm sure this played a role in my response to my immediate surroundings— I found it difficult, perhaps always had since freshman year, to feel much affection or belongingness to Bryn Mawr as a community, or much of an urge to make even the smallest commitment or contribution to it. Bryn Mawr might have swallowed me up into a world of its own but I couldn't feel particularly grateful for it. At least, not then.

So there I was last December, bound for India and planning to stay there for the next eight or nine months— searching for a sense of community, of concrete attachment, looking for a place which would make me want to take some responsibility for my life there. It was the first time in five years that I was

going back for a period of over two months and the first time ever that I would be travelling in India on my own and living without family or relatives.

I was lucky enough to know what I would be doing even though I hadn't the faintest idea what it would be like. During fall semester, I had applied for and been offered an internship in Bihar, an economically backward and turbulent eastern state, by a private NGO (non-governmental org.) Their aim, I learned from the letter and information they sent me, was to get young people with solid professional and technical backgrounds to use their skills to plan and implement grassroots level rural income-generation projects— instead of going into the more traditional fields in business or industry.

Their project in Bihar was an afforestation program to reclaim barren wastelands in the Santhal Parganas, an extremely poor region

See Reaffirming page 10



Reaffirming ties from page 9

where a large part of the population were Santhalis— belonging to an agro-pastoral community with their own language, religion and social structure that makes them quite distinct from the mainstream population of the state. Trying to assimilate all this and imagine what it would be like if I went there overwhelmed me more than a bit, but I also knew that however many dissuading attempts or cautionary tales might come my way (and some certainly did), I really wanted to do this.

The six months I spent in Bihar were the most important test I have faced, and were also the richest, most rewarding experience I had. In one respect, I did exactly what I wanted to do— I threw myself into my work utterly. And the work turned out to make the most complex set of demands I could have imagined possible. What I ended up doing was, in the first place, quite unexpected to me: it was organizing fifteen women's village groups (which were all in different stages of their evolution) to be savings-cum-credit organizations. Within these groups, we (my co-workers and I) would try to hold regular in the villages, establish among the members the habit of saving regularly, encourage the members to plan communally how to use the group fund they accumulated, generate ideas about what they could do with their savings (like invest in poultry, livestock, agricultural necessities, or start

a small business), etc.

I soon realized that that it was less important to "get things done" than to ensure that the groups assume responsibility for themselves, elect leaders, manage their accounts (with a little help) on their own, take control...and this was the hardest part. Because it was so much easier, so tempting, so much more rewarding in the short run to do things for people than to talk, persuade, inspire, teach, cajole, hope, and wait until the day when they would do it for themselves. Especially when I know that I might never see that day, that the women I worked with, whom I rapidly became so emotionally attached to, had little idea of or faith in a more real and self-achieved prosperity further down the road, especially if the possibility of easy benefits was on hand.

I joined the project in February; as August slowly approached I began to prepare myself emotionally to leave the project, my fellow workers and friends, the villagers. And my once-new but now familiar way of life: simple, emotionally and physically gruelling, yet precious. There was sadness, as there is in situations that one knows are never to be repeated, never to be regained, but I was also, for the most part, calm and unruffled. I knew that I was going back to Bryn Mawr importantly different: with a self-knowledge which I had needed to go home and work for in order to achieve.

Lady Oracle

THE LIBRA MAWRTYR AND HER RELATIONSHIPS WITH...

Aries These two are often strongly attracted to each other as they are located on opposite ends of the Zodiac. But the "bright-red" dynamism and "120 degree-Celsius" temper of some Arians tends to get on the Libra Mawrtyr's rather delicate nerves. These two signs shouldn't abuse the essentially positive attraction between them.

Taurus Both Taurus and Libra are ruled by Venus. They both like flowers, "soothing, pale-coloured" paintings, and lots of chocolate. As long as neither party gives in to carelessness and/or depression the relationship is as smooth as silk. And usually just as soft ...

Gemini A harmonious friendship. Not too sweet, not too sour, not too

warm, not too cold. In other words... almost perfect. With a Gemini around the Libra Mawrtyr is never bored. They are both charming people— difficult to resist. Naturally they don't resist each other for very long!

Cancer In the Cancerian, the Libra Mawrtyr finds a nature that is usually as pleasant and sympathetic as her own. But Librans don't cope very well with the legendary Cancer moodiness and crabbiness. A word of advice: If the relationship between these signs begins to fray, they should remember to discuss their problems a little more, and weep a lot less.

Leo The sunny-tempered Leo and the even-tempered Libra Mawrtyr usually get along remarkably well. Libra Mawrtyrs love lavishing attention on the people they care about and it's a rare Leo that doesn't enjoy being pampered. Moreover, both these signs are extremely romantic.

Virgo The neurotic, hard-working, cool, business-like Virgo and the sensitive, relatively easy-going Libra Mawrtyr? This particular relationship uses up a considerable amount of the patience of both these signs. But between sobs, sniffles, complaints, and injured looks, they generally learn a lot of tolerance from the association.

Libra This one works fine on the "floating-on-pink-clouds" level, provided that neither party decides to return to Earth. Two Librans often get so wrapped up in each other, that they tend to ignore everything around them. Lack of practicality may be fun for a short while, but it's far from healthy on the long-term level.

Scorpio The Libra Mawrtyr has great respect for most Scorpios. I mean, come on, who doesn't! Surprisingly, Scorpios are a lot more tolerant of Libran shortcomings than one would expect. But then Scorpios wouldn't be Scorpios if they weren't full of surprises. They're like magicians. And Librans find magicians very attractive.

Sagittarius The Libra Mawrtyr has a soft spot in her heart for even the most reckless and exasperating Sagittarians around. These two simply love chasing rainbows and each other; the attraction between them is stronger than steel. It's a highly "adventurous" association — one that can make Bonnie and Clyde look colourless!

Capricorn (Here is a secret: The Libra Mawrtyr may occasionally find Capricorns a little dry, strict, and pessimistic, but she's usually too much in awe of them to say so.) Capricorns admire the Libra sense of fairness. Ultimately, it's the respect that Libra and Capricorn have for each other which brings them closer together.

Aquarius Libra Mawrtyrs and Aquarians have many things in common. They are idealistic people, and also very good conversationalists. Neither sign clings to the other— or to anything else for that matter. You can think of their relationship as being like a large, airy, well-lit room, full of green plants and cushions. If they live together that's probably what their abode looks like.

Pisces The Libra Mawrtyr needs her space as much as any Air Sign, though she may initially be too polite to say so. The concept of "giving space" is often a difficult one for the hyper-sensitive, Piscean to understand. They think you don't like them if you indicate that you don't want them in your pocket all the time. It can be a trying association but one that usually lasts because of the tender affection that exists between these signs.

— Nadya Chishty-Mujahid

AIDS from page 6

portation will be arranged for. It is recommended that everyone going with Bryn Mawr wear something with the college's name on it. Additionally, please write on the form "Bryn Mawr College." If you are unable to walk, but would like to make a donation, and have not been approached yet by a walker, donations can be sent to my box, in the form of a check written to "All Walks of Life."

High School Feminism

from page 5

rights— for the most part— aren't being violated. For me, used to fighting against something concrete, the will to fight is vanishing quickly. Bryn Mawr lacks the power to make me a feminist that my high school had. My classmates there will be shocked come reunion time.

POETRY

Driving Home

Sliding along velvet hard smooth things beneath
holding to the wheel I pass through folds which are grasses and trees
white somethings jut up here and there
marrowed once now brown within.

The wind blows must and dust along
the empty, pulseless streets. I am end-loving
going to view when the viewing is done,
without a wreath, a now gone.

— Laurel Maury

To Walk in Autumn Wind

The rustling, burning, dying of it all
like a soul full of inquiry wanting
to feel the wind without, beyond
the mystic transfer of sense
finding the door then withdrawing

in fear. No ideas and a sad face gone
looking out of windows for something
-anything, maybe not coming- even a dog,
sitting in absolute peace under a tree.

— Laurel Maury

Fishing in Mississippi from page 6

to be excluded from municipal politics, to vote. We discovered, however, that virtually everyone of voting age, both black and white, was registered to vote in municipal elections. Voter apathy or indifference were not plausible explanations of the low voting rate either; Cruger's voting rates in county and state elections are impressively high. Mattie Sue Delaney, a black community leader in Cruger (I would go so far as to call her a surrogate mayor), explained that no one from the black community in Cruger has ever been aware that municipal elections take place, much less known who

runs for office. In this respect, local politics are still deeply entrenched in an insidious plantation mentality, or belief that the management of municipal affairs by an invisible paternalistic white farmer is the inevitable state of affairs. Clearly, the smaller and more local the sphere of political activity, the more dangerous it becomes to rock the boat. So while the "big picture" has certainly improved enormously thanks to the Civil Rights legislation of the 1960's, people's day to day lives in Holmes County continue to be shaped by racist habits and customary segregation.

There are many more incidents which iterated the significance of race in Holmes County, but for the sake of time and space I will stop here. This article has mostly highlighted the personal challenges I encountered and the direness of Holmes County's current situation. I want to add, however, that the community Niambi and I stayed in and the people we met made the internship enormously worthwhile. I thoroughly regretted having to leave at the end of my allotted two months — and I suspect that this was only the first of many visits to Holmes County.

Navratilova versus Nelson: Lesbian celebrity's upset affair puts media to the test

By Jessie Washington '90

Trouble in Paradise

For those who knew Martina Navratilova best, it was a moment of intense emotion. Last July 7, 1990 Navratilova defeated Zina Garrison 6-4, 6-1 at Wimbledon. This win marked her ninth singles championship which is more than any other man or woman in history. As Garrison mishit her final backhand, Martina raised her arms, sank to her knees and scanned the crowd for longtime companion Judy Nelson. As she walked off the court, she began to sprint toward the stands and climbed over seats and rails to get to the friends box where she finally embraced her sweetheart.

This summer, Martina was back at Wimbledon, but her friends box was missing a few friends—namely Judy and her two sons. A month earlier, Judy filed suit in a Texas court, asking for 50% of all money and property that Martina had acquired since 1984.

Love at First Sight

Martina first met Judy Hill Nelson in 1982 at a tournament in Fort Worth where Judy's son Edward, then eleven, was a ball boy. Nelson recalls, "It was just one of those things where you know instantly you're going to be friends." Martina had previously lived with lesbian author Rita Mae Brown and basketball player Nancy Lieberman, but she was not in any serious relationship at the time.

In 1984 she ran into Judy and her husband, a prominent doctor, at a Virginia Slims tournament in Dallas. Local papers soon reported that the Nelsons had become friendly with the tennis pro. In June, 1984 Martina invited the Nelsons to Wimbledon. Edward declined; Judy never came home.

When Martina and Judy returned to Fort Worth, it was as a couple. Together they moved into an expensive townhouse. Judy's lawyer recalls that the relationship was the subject of much notoriety in conservative Fort Worth. Judy's husband got custody of their two sons.

Sharing the Wealth

Martina and Judy did spend time with

the boys. In fact, Martina sometimes pitched in to drive car pools, and later gave older son Edward a Porsche 944 which she had won in a tournament. She not only took care of Judy, but also Judy's parents, her two sons, and their friends.

Soon after the relationship began, Judy and her family joined the ranks of coaches and friends who made up Martina's entourage. Judy's brother got a position as Director of the Martina Youth Foundation and Judy's mother helped with designing clothes for the new MN line of apparel.

The Agreement: Why did She Sign It?

According to Judy, both she and Martina wanted the currently disputed partnership agreement to express "our relationship as equals. Just as we shared views on the environment and animal rights, it was one more issue we agreed on. Maybe I was out designing clothes and she was out playing tennis, but we wanted it clear that we were equal partners."

Martina now claims naiveté about the agreement. "It seemed a lot more complicated than what I had drawn up myself, and it said quite different things." Judy disagrees: "Martina is much more sophisticated in contractual matters than I." In support of Martina's understanding of the agreement, her lawyer has produced undated, handwritten notes that Martina made, before signing the 15 page typed agreement that Judy had drawn up by a friend of theirs. In part, they read: "Judy gets the Rolls-Royce...her horse (Cat's Ghost of the black stallion she's looking for now), \$30,000 for every year

we live together starting in March 1984."

Since Martina claims that the partnership agreement does not demonstrate her intent regarding the relationship, then why did she sign it? In response, she says that "I just trusted everybody because here I was, with Judy and her lawyer...I cannot believe she is doing it for the money."

Is There Someone Else?

Their relationship began to falter in

January 1990. Nelson recalls at the Toray Pan Pacific Open in Tokyo: "I was upset about some things that had transpired, and I told Martina if these things were true that we needed to be separated. She more or less just said, 'Okay, then, goodbye.'"

"When we got home, she left. Later she called me and said, 'We're through.' I was devastated....I've called her and asked her to talk, but she always put me off. These are emotional issues and Martina doesn't like to deal with emotional things. The most emotion you'll ever see from her is on the court." When asked whether Martina left her for someone else she snaps bitterly, "What do you think? Martina doesn't like to be alone."

The breakup had been rumored among the couple's friends. Martina had been spending more time away from Judy, seeing new friends in Colorado, among them former U.S. ski team star Cindy Nelson, 35, now director of skiing at Vail and Beaver Creek.

Through a spokeswoman, Cindy Nelson denied that she has anything other than a friendship with Martina. Martina supports this notion stating "I did not leave Judy for a younger woman or any-

one else, we simply parted."

The Media

On the surface, this story may seem like ordinary gossip, but further thought reveals that the media coverage of this event will effect all Lesbian and Gay men. The information for this article came from a four-page spread in People magazine (by Susan Reed, 7/8/91) showcasing the couple's relationship.

Several photographs were included, and they portray Martina and Judy in a very normalized fashion. The media does not focus on the fact that this is a Lesbian relationship that has broken up. Instead, it is simply a famous person who has had a high profile relationship that has broken up.

All of the major commercial and cable networks have reported that "Martina Navratilova and her former companion are in the midst of a co-habitation suite." But the money involved in the suite seems to be more noteworthy than the fact that the dispute is between women. NBC aired an interview with Judy Nelson as apart of its Wimbledon coverage. In it she spoke candidly about the couple's relationship.

An Interview with Barbara Walters

Later in July, ABC's 20/20 featured Martina's side of the story. Walters asked many personal yet thoughtful questions of the tennis star. "What has been the worst part of this entire ordeal?" Martina responds: "I think it is the personal trust that has gone to the wind. I've always been one to trust people until proven otherwise. Now the person that I've trusted with my life...that I was sure wouldn't be in it for the money has proven me wrong. It's a lesson that I would rather not have learned. Now going into the rest of my life and whatever my next relationship may be, I will have to think twice before I get involved, before I commit myself. That trust will have to be earned first."

Barbara even said the L-word. She asks: "Do you consider yourself bisexual, a Lesbian...what?" Martina responds, "That's a tough one. I like men and women, but I would prefer to be with women. I mean, if I had to go to a restaurant with ten men or ten women, I would rather go with the women. I find women more interesting. I am attracted physically to both, but I just prefer—emotionally—the company of women."

A Final Word

From the beginning of her tennis career, Martina has always spoken frankly about her Lesbian relationships, and she has also written about it in her autobiography—*Martina*. (available in paperback).

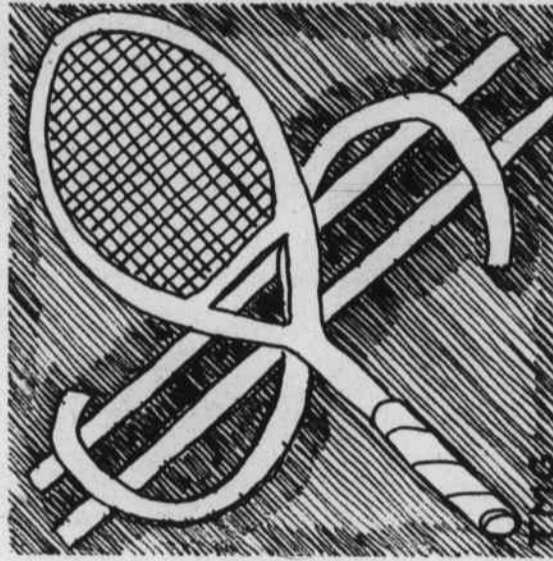
No matter what you think of Martina in general or with regard to this case, you have to admire her honesty and openness about her sexuality. Unfortunately, most famous Lesbian and Gay people are unwilling or unable to speak about their lifestyles.

During the last couple of months this story has been portrayed in a very normalized manner. This kind of coverage of Lesbians and Gays in the media is an important step in our struggle to be recognized as people and not perverts.

The content of the photo essay to the left comes from a dream.

Anyone with a dream to tell should get in touch with Amanda Poliakine, Box C-752

III IV
V VI VII

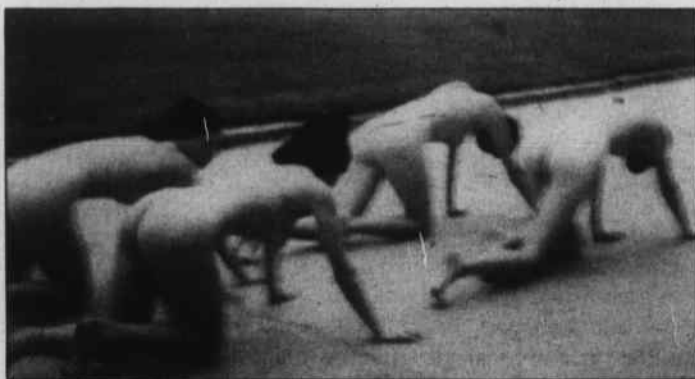


III

This might well be an article in another paper; we suggest you read it as such, situated among other reports on local or regional atrocities, which people tend to read daily, with their coffee. Thus, drinking, let your eyes fall from yesterday's obituary, yesterday's little dramas, to a particular incident, of sleep, or of extreme wakefulness; a dream, to be read as a catastrophe of early early before day break.



The horizon is a great auto route; humanity, naked, drives forward. I was crawling forward, then stopped at a light, and wondered whether to drive straight, or turn off at the next exit.



ARTS AND

GN'R : what are little boars made of... ?

By Elizabeth Foley

Anticipated pop culture events by definition usually aren't as miraculous as the ones that sneak up on you, but since eagerly anticipating the unknown and undefined is too taxing a project for the average adult imagination, it seems comparatively more reliable to project our need for excitement onto the stuff we can see coming. Which for some of us means elevating a new Guns N' Roses record(s) to the status of new shipments of foodstuffs in the Soviet Union or at least limited-supply concert tickets, and hanging outside the appropriate place of business late at night waiting for the doors to open.

I say some of us loosely, of course, since it seems doubtful that bi-co people carpoled it to Tower Records desperately seeking *Use Your Illusion I* or *II*. Some of us, in fact, know enough about Axl Rose and company to know why such a compulsion wouldn't be very politic anyway. For the happily clueless who were doing their homework or listening to Michelle Shocked at the time, then, a bit of history—sordid history as these pop things go:

In 1988 the newly apotheosized Guns N' Roses put out a makeshift LP (half legalized bootleg tunes, half stopgap originals) called *GN'R Lies*, designed to slake the hunger of their rabid fans for new product and make a bit of pocket change off 'em at the same time. The last track, "One in a Million," featured a seductive acoustic groove—"Patience" with fuzz guitar, sort of—over which

chief lyricist Axl could be heard singing some disconnected jive about peace of mind and Greyhound buses. Then suddenly we got this: "Police and niggers, that's right/Get out of my way/Don't need to buy none of your gold chains today." In case this failed to impact, Axl elaborated his sentiments a verse along. "Immigrants and faggots," he burst out, "they make no sense to me/They come to our country/And think they'll do as they please/Like start some mini-Iran/Or spread some fucking disease/They talk so many goddamn ways/It's all Greek to me." In the wake of this colossal rant, he saw fit to add, "Radicals and racists/Don't point your finger at me/I'm a small-town whiteboy/Just tryin' to make ends meet." Right—persistent rumors had it that GN'R lead guitarist Slash was in fact half black, so obviously, some of Axl's best friends ...

Lest women—you know, *bitches*—feel left out of Axl's analysis of underprivileged American groups, the band had plenty of words reserved for them elsewhere. Nearby on *GN'R Lies*, for instance, there was the finger-popping "Used To Love Her," about how Axl's nagging girlfriend drove him to murder. "She bitched so much/She drove me nuts/I know we're happier this way," he explained. A disclaimer on the album cover informed listeners that the song was a joke—and if you buy that, I know of a bridge in Brooklyn that you simply must own. Topping that, though, was "It's So Easy" (on *Appetite For Destruction*, their fourteen-tuple-platinum debut LP) see *GN'R* page 14



Le Bus offers alternative dining hall experience

By Taihi Kim

Le Bus Restaurant

Le Bus has been serving Philadelphia for about fifteen years in numerous forms. As the name implies, Le Bus was originally a bus—a school bus, actually, parked on the corner of 34th & Sansom—which served freshly baked muffins and made-to-order sandwiches. The addition of a hot take-out line that soon became popular with the Drexel and U. Penn students generated enough capital for Le Bus to branch out to the Reading Terminal Market, where its owners already ran a breadstand. After a couple of years, they were able to acquire a vacant house 100 yards away from where they were parked in order to establish a full-fledged restaurant. The sweet taste of success has not marred this unpretentious and warm

bi-level restaurant. In fact, its assembly line set-up and the cashier at the end are reminiscent of collegiate cafeterias, but without the warmed-up canned vegetables or the fried-up readymades. On the contrary, Le Bus offers unique, homemade food with an equal number of vegetarian and non-vegetarian entrées; everything from savory Thai turkey salad to well-seasoned eggplant vegetarian lasagna and plenty of freshly prepared soups and breads. Le Bus caters mostly to Main Line workers, but do not be fooled by the lack of university students during the week. Come Sunday brunch, Le Bus overflows with students from neighboring schools easing into the morning after a "grueling" weekend. What awaits them, however, is sheer bliss. Once you survive the battle with other hungry students for a place in line, see *Le Bus* page 16

Jo Nguyen: running nightclubs on a history B.A.

By Kyong C. Yun

This is a piece (actually a lot of "pieces" pasted together) from a longer interview with Jo Nguyen, co-owner of the Khyber Pass (56 S. 2nd St.) and the Trocadero (10th and Arch Sts.), which took place on a Saturday afternoon, Sept. 28, in the Khyber Pass. With most of her shoulder-length hair pulled back into a barrette and wearing a gray turtleneck sweater and black pants, Nguyen, who is Asian, cut a surprisingly demure figure. She was nothing at all like I'd imagined a club-owner to be. While still private, I found her to be at the same time unpretentious and receptive. She answered all of my questions (however bold) with measured thought and modesty. She and partner, David Simons, took proprietorship of the Khyber Pass three years ago and of the Trocadero just this year in April.

[In the next issue: an interview with a female bartender at the Khyber Pass and Troc — her views on bartending, customers, men, and lots more!]

K: So, before you and David took [the Khyber Pass] over, was it more just a bar than what it is now?

J: Before, they had live entertainment, too—but of a different sort. We've really established ourselves in the alternative music market—with the collegiate, college radio market. Whereas before, it was just whatever, whatever type of music—I really have no idea since I'm not from the area. But it also had live music. [David's] brother (Steve Simons) has a lot to do with making this a success. He started out as a booking agent for the Khyber Pass.

K: Is there a specific crowd that you're trying to attract—either in the Khyber Pass or at the Troc?

J: No, we don't have a dress code that I know of. You just have to wear clothes! (laughs) People who come [to the KP] tend to be very casual and mellow and for the most part, very nice, I think. (Jokingly) There are very few fist-fights that I know of. People [who come here] are mainly alternative. Most people [who come here] are in college or went to college and are just mellower than others.

K: So, you would think that most of the people who come to the Khyber Pass or to the Troc are more educated? Or are you shooting for a younger market?

J: It's a different crowd. The Troc is a dance club. I really can't gauge what the average Troc patron is, yet, because it hasn't been around long enough [under our management]. But at the Khyber... yeah, it's a nice, educated neighborhood kind of place.

K: This summer you had a lot of established bands playing at the Troc—from the Divinyls to EMF... the Violent Femmes. Would you say that the summer is your hottest season for booking all the big-names?

J: Well, no. Supposedly more bands tour in the fall than in the summer. We were very lucky to open with such a splash, in terms of the [high] calibre bands we were able to get. Dee-lite the first month... we got De La Soul, Fishbone, Sisters of Mercy, EMF, Violent Femmes—(chuckles) very lucky! And all of those shows have been, if not sell-outs, then a near sell-out.

K: Yeah, I know that I desperately wanted to go see the Divinyls and I couldn't—and I did go the EMF—and that was just wall-to-wall people.

K: You said that for both the Khyber Pass and the Troc, there really isn't any sort of dress code or membership policies—just anyone can come in as long as you're over 21. But in a way, don't you think that there's a natural selection? I mean,

for instance, if a reggae group was playing, you wouldn't see a lot of metalheads. J: Exactly.

(Jukebox suddenly blares loudly. Both laugh. Interview resumes after volume is lowered.)

K: But you yourself wouldn't restrict anybody from coming in.

J: No, no. You know, if we booked reggae then, naturally, people who liked reggae would come in—I don't think [the clubs are] restrictive in any way. And actually, all our shows [at the Troc] are all-ages. I mean—you've been to the Troc—all our shows... we try to make it so that people under 21 can come in and there's a bar upstairs which you'd need an I.D. to come up—but when you were at EMF, you saw that, right? (I nod.) So, I think it's even better at the Troc—that people under 21 can come in and see the show.

K: Isn't the Troc the only club in Philly where the under-21's can be there at the same time [with people over 21]? Because at Revival, it's separate hours for the all-ages theme.

J: Yeah, so I think that's great.

K: Of the two clubs, which do you think is more successful?

J: It's hard to say. I mean this place is three years old, so everybody knows about it—and I don't think everybody knows about the Troc yet.

K: Really?

J: I don't think everybody knows that it offers all-ages dancing on Wednesdays. On Wednesdays, we have something called Revolution which is also industrial, alternative music—and the set-up that day is you can come in to dance but you just can't go up to the bar [if you're underage]. It's not just separate hours—you can be there from 8 til 2—you just can't come up the bar.

K: You were saying that the Troc isn't that well-known because it's only been

established for a year—but what was the space like before you took it over?

J: It still did have wonderful bands come through—but I felt that it had fallen into a state of disrepair. It's a beautiful, historic building, and [it] just wasn't being maintained as well as it should. During the negotiations to buy it, it closed for a six month period. It operated until September of 1990, and then it closed until April of 1991 when [we] opened the doors again and did a lot of fix-up.

K: Was it called the Trocadero then?

J: It's always been the Trocadero. It's also an historic landmark.

K: I don't know the history behind it.

J: It was very popular at the turn of the century as a burlesque house, and when it was originally built, it was called the TROC which supposedly stood for Theodore Roosevelt Opera Company. There a carving of him onstage. It's a really beautiful building.

K: So, the building is how old?

J: I think it's about... it must've been built in 1890-something—I don't know—it probably is on its way to being 100 years old—I don't think it's quite a hundred yet. I think it's the best place in town for its size to see a live band because acoustically, it's so beautiful.

K: I was wondering also when you hire people—do they have to meet any sort of criteria? I mean, if you're trying to project some sort of image—I guess your employees would play a big part.

J: They are all very... nice.

K: Well, I see that most of your employees are basically very hip-looking.

J: Well, most of the people that I have working at the Troc now, I met here at the Khyber. When they heard that we were opening up another club—it was like, like, "Oh-keep-me-in-mind" sort of thing.

see *Nguyen* page 13

ENTERTAINMENT

Branaugh pulls off dual role in *Dead Again*

By Alison Macdonald

Kenneth Branaugh, the British actor best known for his humanizing of Henry V, now proves that that wasn't a fluke. His new film, *Dead Again*, is the best I've seen all year.

I normally get bad vibes from an actor who directs his own picture; it's egotistical, and it doesn't work very often—the actor lacks the objectivity needed to direct. Somehow, Mr. Branaugh pulls it off. He plays Mike Church, an L.A. private eye who adopts an apparently amnesiac woman whom he dubs Grace

Thompson), ends when she is fatally stabbed. Muck-raking journalist Gray Baker (Andy Garcia) follows Roman's story through to his death in the electric chair. Events in the present, of course, begin to mirror the events of the past, but to tell more would be to ruin the suspense, and this film IS suspense in the best bite-your-lip manner.

The 1940's sequences of the film are nicely shot in black and white, which creates the proper post-war aura, and, better yet, gives Mr. Branaugh license to play around with both film noir and 50's T.V. stereotypes, which he does with a combination of reverence and humor.

The script, by Scott Frank, is tightly written and believable despite its absurd premise, and the acting is strong throughout. Special kudos go to Derek Jacobi, who for once keeps his performance low-key and shows that he is capable of real acting; to Robin Williams, hysterical and slightly spooky as an ex-shrink; and to Mr. Branaugh, who, on top of everything else, moves flawlessly from Roman's German accent to Mike's American one (take that, Kevin Costner!).

Dead Again is currently playing at several area theaters, including the Eric Twin in Ardmore.



(Emma Thompson). Grace suffers from severe nightmares and is unable to speak until an antiques dealer who moonlights as a hypnotist (Derek Jacobi) takes her back to the past...

...to 1949, when the fairy tale romance of composer Roman Strauss (Mr. Branaugh) and his bride, Margaret (Ms.

Why you "Got To Be Real" in a straight world

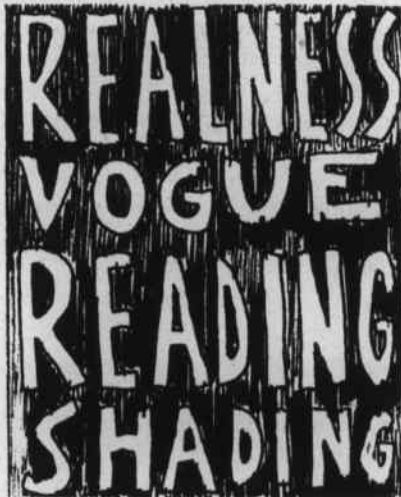
By Kyong C. Yun

The "Circle K" columnists in the last issue of *The College News*, while not entirely panning *Paris is Burning*, gave a highly glossed-over review of the documentary—if we can even call it a review. It is understandably difficult to squeeze in an adequate assessment when the premise of such a column is based on personal musings rather than full-treatment reviews. I mean no offense to the "Circle K" folk, but I couldn't, in good conscience, sit on my ass and let *Paris is Burning* be summed up in five cavalier sentences.

By the time this issue comes out, *Paris is Burning* might not even be playing at the Ritz at the Bourse (the one and only theater which has shown the film since its premiere in the Philly area this summer)—but the many who have seen and heard about it know that the documentary deserves the attention and continuing dialogue that it has generated. It's been a month since I've seen it, so I apologize if this review isn't altogether fresh; still, I hope I can do it justice. Whenever quotes appear, they are written to the best of my memory.

Paris—under the direction of independent film-maker Jennie Livingston—is the kind of inside look into a subculture that is made possible via trust and sensitivity between the subject and the eye. We are guided into the world of gay Black and Hispanic male drag queens and "voguers" in the Harlem of the 1980's with style and a glib sense of humor. For these men, the drag and voguing balls represent their only outlet for creative expression (through fashion, dance, beauty, or unabashedly hammed-up acting) and fantasy fulfillment.

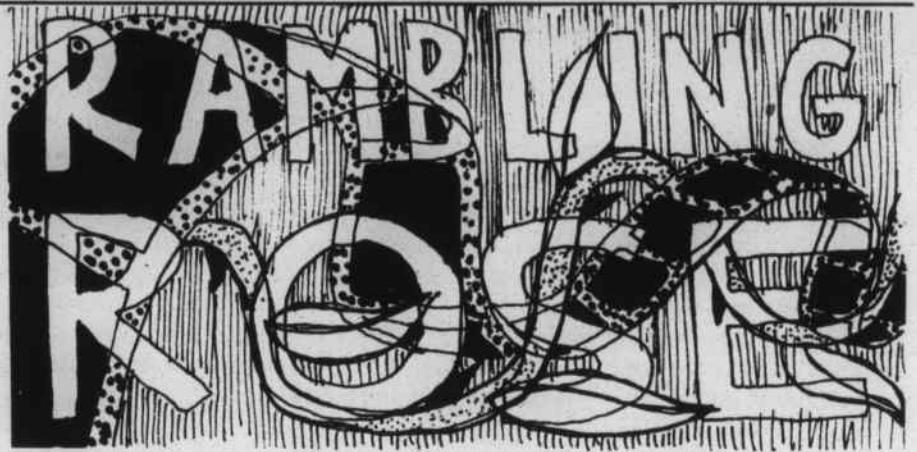
Appropriately, Cheryl Lynn's "Got To Be Real"—that emblematic song of the disco era—is the running song and theme of the film. Categories and competition are numerous and fierce, but the one true objective of any ball contestant—and the one sought by the judges stringently—is "realness." Victor-Victoria this is not; it is not a question of



looking like a man impersonating a woman—or a prep-schoolboy, or a young Wall St. executive, or a homie, or a "butch queen at her first ball" for that matter. It is to be that person; to create such an unblinkingly flawless illusion that your "real" counterpart would be fooled into accepting your iconic version. And in that acceptance, somehow you yourself become real and legitimized.

Why should these men want to emulate people in mainstream society who reject and are repulsed by not only their lifestyles but them as human beings? Ultimately, it is not a reclamation of the social constructs that marginalize them; it is, instead, a vehicle for validating their humanity, their kinship with the "rest of us"—however condemnatory we may be towards them. This may seem a far-fetched conclusion, but as the film documents, not one of the profiled men is actually bitter with the "unfairness of it all." Despite having been rejected by their families and society, the store of ambitions, dreams, and optimism held by most of these men is remarkable. In one scene, a transvestite bests a circle of giggling straight hecklers with silver-tongued and witty come-backs—"Oh, honey, who are you laughing at? That's my boyfriend... there's my brother... that's my cousin... there's my sister..." Can't you see our ties, our relationship to one another?

Because they are denied "real" con- see *Paris is Burning* on page 15



Rambling Rose brings well woman care to Hollywood

By Megan Susman

As we settled into our seats, my father glanced anxiously at the mostly female audience around us. "This isn't a women's movie, is it?" he asked. He apparently lives in fear that I'm going to take him to another *Thelma and Louise*.

Rambling Rose isn't a "woman's" movie (at least not according to my father after we left the theater), but it is feminist in its own way. Set in the Deep South in the forties, it is the story of Rose, of the Hillyer family, and of the conflict between men and women, age and youth.

Rose (Laura Dern) is an orphaned girl who is hired to keep house for the Hillyers, but is treated as a member of the family. She immediately becomes infatuated with Daddy Hillyer (Robert Duvall)—later we learn she was molested by her real father. He spurns her advances, and she decides to go out and meet "Mr. Right." She meets, instead, several "Mr. Right Nows" whose fights over her disrupt the household.

Eventually her promiscuity gets her fired, over Mother Hillyer's (Diane Ladd, Dern's real-life mother) objections. However, Rose falls ill, goes to the hospital, and is allowed to recuperate with the Hillyers. Then they discover an ovarian cyst. The doctor, also subject to Rose's allure, suggests removing both ovaries to curb her sexual appetite. Daddy agrees, but Mother passionately objects, and wins.

All four major actors are wonderful. Laura Dern's Rose is a gawky, naive young woman who wears flimsy dresses

for the attention they attract, who wants affection so badly she'll degrade herself to get it. Mother understands; she astutely observes, "It's not sex Rose wants, it's love. Those silly clothes are the only way she knows how to get it."

As Mother, Diane Ladd is magnificent. She seems a little lost-in-space sometimes; Daddy often teases her about being "in the fourth dimension." But she understands what's going on far better than anyone else in her family. Her tirade to protect Rose's ovaries is the high point of the movie.

Robert Duvall's Daddy is a perfect Southern gentleman. He clearly loves his family, but for most of the movie he is amusingly condescending to his wife in a way that grated on me. His capitulation at the end was something of a surprise in that he was finally accepting that his wife was right and he was wrong.

Their son, Buddy, is the narrator of the story, and acts as Rose's confidant. He is as enamored of Rose as she is of his father. Lukas Haas, the boy from *Witness*, does a wonderful job in this role, letting Buddy be both boyish and mature.

The attitudes of the men in this movie are incredible. They advocate a hysterectomy with the same casualness as spaying a cat, and essentially for the same reasons: to keep yowling tomcats away and let the owners of the house get some sleep. Rose is not consulted. They see her promiscuity as unnatural and can't connect her need for attention and contact to a need for love.

see *Rambling Rose* page 14

Nguyen from page 12

K: O.K., so it's sort of people you know or friends of people you know...

J: Yeah, people that I'm comfortable with, that I think will be... you know...

K: Can I also ask you how old you are?

J: I'm 27.

K: You're 27, O.K., yeah! (taking it in slowly)

J: Getting old! (laughs)

K: No, actually.

J: And David is 29 and Steve is 21.

K: Oh! And Steve was actually the one who...

J: Steve started out booking the Khyber.

K: But how old was he when he started booking?

J: He was 18. Which is very good because that's the age when you're in touch with all this music.

K: That's true. So, you can employ people who are under 21, then?

J: Yeah—state law says that you can't be under 18 to bartend—but no one under 18 knows how to bartend anyway. (laughs) And people working upstairs [in the office] can be whatever age.

K: If this is too personal, you don't have to answer—but is David just your partner in business?

J: What do you mean? (laughs) Well, he opened this place first, and then it was getting to be a lot of work—and I was

living in New York at the time...

K: And you guys were always friends?

J: Yeah, and I helped—but from a very distant basis in the managerial... more off-hand managerial because I was still in New York, and then it was getting to be really hectic the first year, so I came down here. And from there, we built and were able to get the Troc.

K: Since you're not from Philly, how do you like it?

J: Um... I like it but I definitely—everything people say about it being a big town with a very small town attitude, I think, is true. So, I miss all the big city stuff. But I [still] try to go into New York for the day.

K: Is New York your home?

J: Well, no. I lived there right after college for three years. My parents live in San Diego; that's where I'm from.

K: Oh, you're from the West Coast.

J: Yeah, and then I went to Connecticut for college (Trinity in Hartford). So, I've been here since [I was] 18. The East Coast is probably home now.

K: I was wondering since you and your partner started this just a few years after you graduated from college, where did you get the capital to get ownership [of the clubs]?

see *Nguyen* page 14

G N' R :what are little boars made of? from page 12

and the indolent imperiousness of "Turn around bitch I got a use for you/Besides, you ain't got nothin' better to do/And I'm bored." Most reviewers got duly upset about the racism and the xenophobia, and the homophobia got chastised too if only because it was mixed in with the xenophobia; the misogyny attracted somewhat less ire, since, well, that was pretty much rock and roll for you, just more objectionable than usual, and since this was rock and roll, objectionableness was probably to be encouraged anyway. (Kim Neely, token bitch in the *Rolling Stone* pool of critics, blithely noted the lyrics of "One in a Million" and "Used To Love Her" in her review without seeming to note that they warranted, um, comment, and recently claimed to be "a big fan" of the band; she should probably be watched closely.)

At this point even those of you who don't stand around anticipating the chance to get offended may well be getting offended, and wondering why someone has to be devoting space to these assholes at all, and you've got a right. But let's say we do like some righteous critics advocated and publicly renounce Guns N' Roses by ceremoniously immolating copies of *G N' R*

Lies in our backyards. If we have any degree of political consistency, that means also renouncing Public Enemy, who've never quite managed to shake off the taint of anti-Semitism that deservedly descended on them soon after the *G N' R* hullabaloo, who dabble in gay-baiting and women-hating on the side, and who made the best album of the '80s or something damn close to it regardless. Not to mention, oh, the Rolling Stones, whose sartorial sexism and "ironic" flirtations with racism are well documented (cf. "Stupid Girl," "Under My Thumb," "Brown Sugar"—unquestionably one of their greatest, but have you ever considered its lyric?). And were we to seriously address homophobia and gay invisibility in rock—such a daunting prospect that most people would give up before they even began—we'd probably have to condemn not only Mark "little faggot with the earring and the makeup" Knopfler and a boatload of male rappers and hardcore bands, but also the otherwise innocuous George Benson, who sings "Every woman needs a man" in "Turn Your Love Around," and eternal nice guy Smokey Robinson, who assures us in the old Miracles song "My Girl Has Gone" that "there's a right girl for every guy." See how complicated this is getting? Rock and roll collectively is hopelessly un-p.c.—if it pussyfooted around and furrowed its brow and bit its lip and felt as guilt-wracked as the archetypal liberal, it never would have had any impact or seduced any masses or been any fun. At its best, though, it is tremendously life-affirming, which is probably why you or I could walk around with our heads full of "Under My Thumb" or "Used To Love Her" and our hearts

Rambling Rose from page 13

The movie is beautifully filmed and maintains a light, almost comic tone throughout. It's enjoyable, and, in the words of my father, "very, very good." (This is from a man who generally judges movies by whether or not he falls asleep during them.) As I said before, the four main actors are all terrific, especially Diane Ladd (not to be confused with Cheryl Ladd of *Charlie's Angels*). Unfortunately, the movie is not playing anywhere easily accessible unless you have a car or want to go into Center City; the closest location is the Bala theater. *** (out of four)

simultaneously full of well-being. Form transcends content, implicit substance subverts explicit surface and music dodges your conscience in search of your gut response, so that choosing your record collection for its political face value is not unlike cutting off your nose to spite your face. Horrible though it may be to say so, it's even possible to steal enjoyment from a record as bigoted as "One in a Million." You can't conscientiously encourage this practice, but it would be simply dishonest to claim that it never happens, or happens only to people with bigoted instincts.

Let's not forget, either, that for a fleeting moment about three years ago, Guns

tory solutions, in the name of simple curiosity, let's review the damn record(s).

Guns N' Roses are the only rock artists in history to have released two sister albums, never mind two double-length sister albums, simultaneously as a promotional gimmick (ambition is not one of the many virtues they lack). In fact, they're about the only contemporary rock artists for whom such a decision could be construed as a promotional gimmick rather than as an invitation to commercial suicide—double albums generally don't sell as well as standard-length ones because they cost more. So even as these guys giveth (lotsa songs) with one hand, they taketh away (lotsa money) with the



N' Roses actually looked like a mighty attractive ticket. Their singles, memorable and striking and significant and sustaining, spiked by Axl's sweet yowl, are untouched by bigotry; "Sweet Child o' Mine," in fact, is actively rather than coincidentally unsexist. That song, along with the metal-pastoral "Paradise City" and the elegant "Patience," led one to imagine that these guys might be sweet-hearted lambs in wolves' clothing—an impression perhaps insidiously reinforced by Axl's physical beauty (as opposed to handsomeness, I mean). They also, you might say, encouraged musical openmindedness in those of us who were bored and fed up enough with metal to give it the permanent kiss-off, by standing as highly visible, if solitary, evidence of its occasional potential. It's a perverse fact of nature that bigotry and ability aren't mutually exclusive, or bigotry and humanity either. So in the name of giving both good and bad their due, in the name of looking forward rather than obsessing endlessly on problems without satisfac-

other. And as we'll see, they have the better end of that deal, though they may not be cynical enough to have planned it that way and though their leagues of slavish fans certainly won't think so. What we have here is two and a half hours of music subdivided into thirty songs, six of which are seven minutes long or more and lose impact accordingly; four of those six are on *Use Your Illusion II* (blue cover), which partly explains why *Use Your Illusion I* (gold cover) is the better record. Beyond that, there are two remakes (the James Bond theme "Live and Let Die" and "Knockin' On Heaven's Door," by fellow suicidal anarchists Paul McCartney and Bob Dylan—both tunes presumably chosen for their *G N' R*-friendly death-glorification content); two acoustic numbers, neither of which is as good as "Patience" or even as catchy as "One in a Million"; two romantic ballads (three, actually, since the current single "Don't Cry" also appears in a superfluous alternate version with different words), neither of

which is as good as "Sweet Child o' Mine" (no big surprise); two songs where somebody sort of raps (neither of which is as good as "Me So Horny") and a great big bunch of "hard" rockers, approximately two of which ("Right Next Door to Hell" and the *Terminator II* cross-promotional marketing device "You Could Be Mine," which seemed sub-par on MTV but impresses in the context of the album) have the riffing immediacy, though not the cultural cachet, of "Welcome To the Jungle." Musical quality in general hovers consistently around the level of the filler on *Appetite For Destruction*—setting aside the obviously lame "So Fine," where bassist Duff McKagan takes

a guest vocal and sings like a true schmuck, and a few moments of obvious distinction ("Knockin' On Heaven's Door," "You Could Be Mine," parts of the well-timed protest song "Civil War," in which they actually come off like good liberals), we're left with the pretty good and the less pretty good. Aware that the basics they need to get across are a) melodies and b) Axl, they generally give us both, but even the latter asset isn't surefire—Axl is a

real singer for sure, but vocally he's unusually susceptible to his own bullshit, of which there is also plenty.

Said bullshit pretty much comes in one of two forms. There's post-"One in a Million" bullshit, where the band backs itself into an artistic and syllogistic corner trying to defend its divine right to live outside ethical law. The more such tunes reveal themselves as defensive press conferences set to electric guitar, the quicker *G N' R*'s credibility plummets toward zero. "Right Next Door To Hell" (where Axl lives nowadays, because "so many eyes are on me") is subtle enough that bad logic doesn't impede its musical momentum; "Don't Damn Me," about Axl's right to call people niggers and faggots and bitches and still have everybody like him (though not "idolize" him, since then he'd have to feel guilty about being such a bad role model), brings the band's ulterior motives out into broad daylight, where they wither under the glare; "Shotgun Blues" turns their full-of-holes defensive into a ridiculous offensive ("Oooh, you want a confrontation/I'll give you every fuckin' chance/With your verbal masturbation/Me, I just like to dance"); finally, they reach a peak of stupidity with the entertainingly pathetic "Get in the Ring," an all-purpose throwing down of the gauntlet to anybody who doesn't take their shit lying down. "Why do you look at me when you hate me/Why should I look at you when you make me hate you too/I sense a smell of retribution in the air/I don't even understand why the fuck you even care" is about as insightful or eloquent as it gets here, and when Axl delivers the hypothetically devastating barb "I don't like you/I just hate you/I'm gonnnnaaaaa KICK YER ASS!" I just titter out loud. Then they take off after the media, railing against actual individuals who failed to kiss their asses—most notably *Spin* editor Bob Guccione, Jr.: "What, you pissed off 'cause your dad gets more pussy than you? Fuck you! Suck my fuckin' dick!... You wanna antagonize me? Antagonize me, motherfucker! Get in the ring, motherfucker—and I'll kick your bitchy little ass! Punk!" They have no idea how desperately this needs an editor. They think cussing makes them anarchists (them and Richard Nixon both), and they can't even cuss with flair. They don't understand the inverse relationship between confidence and macho. They can't shut up. They're such fucking guys. So as a matter of honor they light into predictable bitch.

See Guns page 16

Nguyen and clubs from page 13

J: Help from David's parents as well as loans. Mostly Dave's parents helped financially.

K: How does it feel like to be a woman and the co-owner of two of the most well-known and successful clubs in Philly?

J: (dodging the question) Um, I'm very low-key. (laughs)

K: When I talked to you on the phone, I was really fascinated—because I come from a women's college. It's really important that a lot of women...

J: Well, I don't really—I mean, I try not to give it a lot of thought. In rock and roll, there are certainly existing concepts about [women]... you have to not really worry about it.

K: Yeah, I know that sex shouldn't really matter about anything. Actually, I called up Dobbs, too, and I discovered that the manager there is also a woman.

J: Kathy James. Yeah, she's been there for 12,13 years. She has a really good job booking local bands, too.

K: Yeah, she had the New Model Army play there.

J: That show was canceled.

K: What happened?

J: I think the lead singer had a throat problem. I loved them in college.

K: What did you major in?

J: History. (both laugh) And sodid David.

K: Did you ever think that you'd ever wind up in this business?

J: No, it's accident.

K: But you're happy.

J: (very stretched out) Um... yeah! For the most part. I mean, it's very long hours. [David and I] both get up at 10,11 in the morning and go to bed at 3 or 4.

K: Almost every night?

J: Almost every night. So, it's a lot of running around.

J: Tell me something, do a lot of people out on the Main Line come out into the city for entertainment? Or do you find yourself staying on campus for the most part?

K: [When I was an] underclassman, yeah, I couldn't do anything, [I felt], in Philly because I wasn't 21. But I'd say the upperclassmen do come out here on the week-ends, definitely. (smile)

J: Because I know when I was in college—it's very easy to feel contained in the campus... which I did.

K: Yeah, I know and then after a while you're just screaming because you feel so cloistered! Everybody talks about how good it is when you step outside the campus and be in the real world. Otherwise, if you don't—you start to feel the life of a grind, you know?

J: Yeah, that's true.

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Dates Women Make, Dates Women Break

Thursday, October 10

- Bryn Mawr Film Series: *Anatomy of a Murder* (7:45 and 10 PM, Thomas 110)
- Free seminar on "Feeling Good: How to Fight Depression and Anxiety" (6:30-9:30 PM, Scheie Eye Institute, 51 N. 39th St., Philadelphia, 662-8100)
- Free lecture on "The Myths of Science and Their Consequences" by Ashley Montagu (7:30 PM, Festival Mythos, Harrison Auditorium, UPenn, 33rd and Spruce Sts.)

Friday, October 11

- National Coming Out Day
- Colombian classical pianist Blanca Urive makes her Philadelphia Orchestra debut at the Academy of Music (8 PM, Broad and Locust Sts., Philadelphia, 893-1930)
- Mexican-based performance art group, El Grupo Cultural Zero, presents "En La Tierra Del Nopal" ("In the Land of the Cactus") at the Painted Bride Art Center; as part of the Festival Mythos (8 PM, 230 Vine St., Philadelphia, 925-9914). Also runs the 12th and 13th.

Saturday, October 12

- Philadelphia's 3rd Annual Coming Out Block Party sponsored by the Lesbian and Gay Pride of the Delaware Valley, Inc. (Noon-6PM, 1100 block of Pine St.; Pride Hotline 829-9275) rain date is the 13th.

Sunday, October 13

- Chamber Music Concert Series begins its seventh season at the Academy of Music (3 PM, tickets are \$15)

Tuesday, October 15

- *Love Letters* starring "Dallas" alums, Larry Hagman and Linda Gray, premieres at the Schubert Theatre; it runs the Oct. 15-20 and tickets are from \$27.75 to \$39.75 available at the Schubert box office, 732-5446

Thursday, October 17

- Ecuadoran writer Natasha Salguero will present a work for the Festival Mythos at the Painted Bride at 8 PM; tickets are \$6
- Bryn Mawr Film Series: *The Sunshine Boys* (7:45 and 10 PM, Thomas 110)

Friday, October 18

- Bryn Mawr College Performing Arts Series presents Ladygourd Sangoma, four women who are "keeping alive the spiritual flame of African, African American, Brazilian, and Caribbean cultures with song, movement and folktales"; tickets are \$1 for Tri-College students and \$5 for staff and faculty (8 PM, Goodhart Hall, x5210)
- Ecuadoran dancer/choreographer Wilson Pico will perform "Paisajes Interiores" ("Inner Landscapes") at the Painted Bride at 8 PM; tickets are \$12

Sunday, October 20

- Philadelphia artist, chef, mother, and "all around great person" Tina Papajohn will exhibit her paintings and objets d'art at Eye's Gallery on 402 South St.; come and meet her from 2-6 PM
- Walt Whitman award-winning poet Jared Carter will explore the history and culture of the American Middle West at the Painted Bride at 8 PM; tickets are \$6

Wednesday, October 23

- "Dia de los Muertos" - The Day of the Dead Celebration held at the Eyes Gal-

lery; a Day of the Dead altar and other traditional Dead offerings will be erected.

Thursday, October 24

- Bryn Mawr Film Series: *Lawrence of Arabia* (only one show at 8 PM, so run, don't walk, Thomas 110)

CLUBS/ CONCERTS

Khyber Pass, 56 S. 2nd St., 440-9683, \$5 cover, must be 21 w/ID to enter

- Oct. 10: (record release party) Ashtray, Monkey 101, Sissy
- Oct. 11: (record release party) Deadspot, Throttle
- Oct. 12: (record release party) Nixon's Head, Red Burns & the Tequila Worms, Sir Dot
- Oct. 17: God & Texas, 27 Devils Joking
- Oct. 18: Flour (featuring members of Riflesport, Big Black)
- Oct. 22: My Dad is Dead, Prison Shake (Scat Records)
- Oct. 24: God Bullies

J.C. Dobbs, 3rd and South Sts., 925-4053, \$5 cover, must be 21 w/ ID to enter

- Oct. 10: The Missionaries, Idlewilds, Kissing Ivy
- Oct. 14: Helmut
- Oct. 18: Dominance
- Oct. 19: Chuck Treece

Trocadero, 10th and Arch Sts., 923-ROCK

- every Wednesday: Revolution - industrial, alternative, and indie dance night All Ages - 18 to enter and 21 w/ ID to drink, \$7 cover, Revolution Hotline: 440-0923
- every Friday: Blitzkrieg - industrial, alternative dance night; must be 21 to enter
- czech City Paper listings for upcoming concerts (which are all-ages) and shows

Revival, 22 S. 3rd St., 627-4825

- every Wednesday: Old New Wave night; must be 21 to enter, \$5 for non-members, 11 PM til ?
- also various all-ages nights which are usually 7- 11 PM; call for information

ONGOING EVENTS

- Woman to Woman: A Psychotherapy and Growth Group will be offered for 12 weeks beginning in October; for registration info call 581-3763, Philadelphia Psychiatric Center, Ford and Monument Rds.
- "In the Master's Ghastly Grip: the Terror of Edgar Allan Poe" discussion and candlelight tour, Friday and Saturday 2 PM throughout October; reservations recommended; Edgar Allan Poe National Historic Site, 7th and Spring Garden Sts., 597-8780
- Laser shows in the Fels Planetarium; lasers set to different music: Beatles, Sat. & Sun. 6 PM; U2, Wed.-Sun. 7PM; Pink Floyd, Wed., Th., & Sun. 8 PM and Fri. & Sat. 9PM

- compiled by your overworked and butt-sore, yet still friendly, Arts editors - the Fole and KY

Paris is Burning from page 13

cepts of family, they have created their own, known as "houses," each with its own matriarchal figure who cares for her "children." And watching and listening to some of these upstarts waiting to become "legends" (the supreme level of a drag queen or voguer), I was struck by their childlike winsomeness and vulnerability. When asked by a sibling how long it took him to sew a tank top, a member of the House of Pendavis proudly and matter-of-factly answers, "An hour." As

ring is called "reading" (which we see throughout the film), "shade" is the highest and most subtle form of reading in which "I don't have to tell you that you're ugly, because you know that you're ugly!", and "voguing" is the dance form of shade.

These sweet (really, there's no other word that more accurately describes them) personalities stay with you long after the film ends. Pepper LaBeija, winningly charismatic: "Mr. DeMille, I'm ready for my close-up now." Octavia St. Laurent, glamorous, strikingly beautiful, and an aspiring model. Willi Ninja, voguer extraordinaire. Dorian Corey, with dignified and saddened wisdom: "When I was coming up, our role model was Marilyn Monroe—and I know now that mine should've been Lena Horne." The puckish Roy Rogers "mopper": "Uh, mopping? Well, mopping... mopping is stealing." Venus Xtravaganza, the delicate dreamer "surviving" as a prostitute and hustler. I cannot adequately describe any of them.

Paris is Burning, I know, will not be for everyone. But I cannot get over this film. It is wonderful. I will never regret having seen it. If you do not come out of the theater singing "Got To Be Real" at your a cappella worst, or trying out the "compact" vogue move to the embarrassment of all of your friends, or just being touched by it in any way—well, to echo R.E.M., I guess, "You are not me."



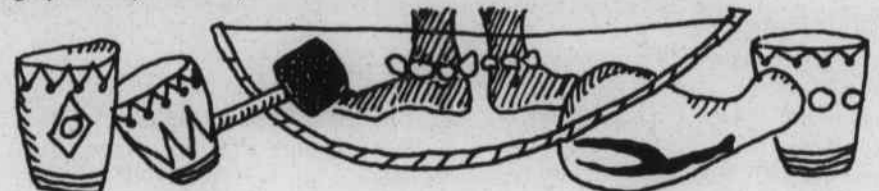
the other unbelievably retorts, "An hour! A tank top should only take you ten minutes!" his down-cast humiliation is enough to make you want to hug him.

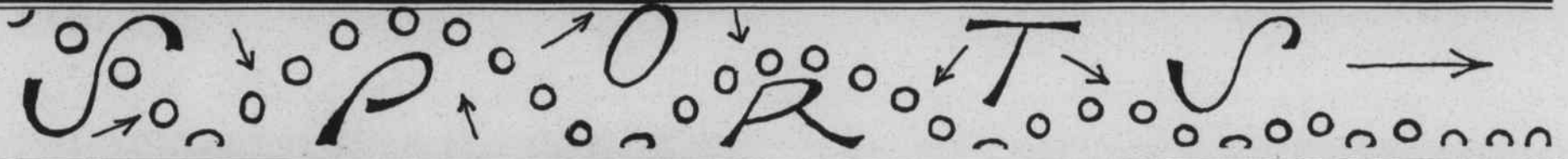
But theirs is not a world of timid and soft-spoken men. Quite the reverse, actually. Though highly supportive of one another, they live for competition, for the ball—where they can outdo each other with shows of self-possessed grace, talent, and razor-sharp wit. (Humor is essentially the backbone of the film.) As one of the profiled men astutely described it, the ball is their form of street-brawling and the houses, their gangs. Verbal spar-



A very HOT band by the name of Ladygourd Sangoma will be performing on October 18 at 6pm in Goodhart Hall. The band's members, Tiye Giraud, Pat Hall, Ahmondylia Best, and Pam Patrick, combine their talents with Brazilian, Caribbean, and African-American instruments, rhythms, and folk tales. According to *The Milwaukee Journal*, "the women are not stodgy instructors of musical anthropology. When these extremely funky ladies take the stage, school is out." Betina Cochran '92, who saw the group perform last August, described the musicians as "...vibrant, exciting, and some of the most beautiful women I have ever seen." Not a bad deal for a buck (\$5 if you are faculty or staff)!

Biographical information from DTW New(s) in Review, Fall Events 1989





In spite of Princeton's strong scrum, the bi-co rugby team matched the division's "best" team in a 0-0 tie. Photograph by Aude Soichet (both pics)

Ode to a glorious toad

By Vicky Maxon

This year's Bryn Mawr-Haverford women's rugby team seems headed for greatness, or at least a little glory. The first two games of their Fall season have shown a decisive difference in the team dynamic. For the first time in several seasons, the A side is composed of entirely experienced players, all of whom have played together before.

In the opening game of the season, the ruggers ventured to the pitch on the outskirts of the University of Pennsylvania to beat Penn 22-8. The team's running game seemed the key to their victory that week, scrum-half Mia Shapiro's transitions to fly-half Angie Corcetti enhancing the excellent play of the back line and the scrum. Last Saturday the team exhibited their consistency by holding off the Princeton tigers 0-0. After their domination of Penn, this

game was much more frustrating, according to Shapiro: "The Princeton game was exhausting — their scrum was stronger than ours, but with an awesome

effort from the entire team we succeeded in holding them to 0-0." (Princeton just happens to be considered the best team of the division, and last year beat the bi-co team by four tries to one.)

Sara Rubin, a player last year and a spectator this season due to injury, sums up well the condition of the team: "They looked solid and experienced, despite the loss of key players. Last year's Princeton team seemed bigger and better than ours, but this game was very evenly matched; Bryn Mawr held their ground."

To watch more exciting matches as the Horned Toads seek to improve on their record to date, come out to the pitch at Haverford to watch the following games: Oct 12, Franklin and Marshall; Oct 19, open scrimmage.

The EPRU playoffs, which this team has the perfect chance of winning, will be played October 26 at a location to be announced.

The team will travel to Bucknell November 2, and to Swarthmore November 9; the Seven Sisters Tournament takes place this year at Wellesley, November 16.



Sports at home

The following are the dates and times of games to be played at Bryn Mawr during the last weeks of the Fall season (for schedule of rugby matches, see article above).

Thursday, October 10		
Volleyball	Cabrini/Misericordia	6pm
Saturday October 12		
Cross Country	Seven Sisters Tournament	
Thursday October 17		
Field Hockey	Swarthmore	4pm
Sunday, October 20		
Soccer	Alumnae	1pm
Thursday, October 24		
Soccer	Beaver	4pm
Saturday, October 26		
Field Hockey	Alumnae	3pm
Soccer	Notre Dame	1pm

Guns, Roses, N' Boys

from page 14

bashing with renewed vigor: "Back Off Bitch" ("It's time to burn, burn the witch") and "Pretty Tied Up" (bondage anthem, in case you didn't guess) are violent variations on misogynistic themes so common they're hackneyed, so that the impulse to get mad competes with the desire to yawn. For the most part they're feeling paranoid enough to leave the rest of the world's oppressed alone, although Axl notes at one point that "We've got racial violence and who'll cast the first stone?" Well, he who thinks he's without sin, presumably.

Where antisocial hostility goes, self-hatred is fairly certain to follow ("Awright! That sucked!" shouts Axl at the close of "Don't Damn Me"), and fucked-up rock stars are rich enough to afford tons of therapy. Which is probably the source of much of the psychotherapeutic bullshit that runs through convoluted long numbers like "Locomotive" and "Estranged" and "Coma" (and "Right Next Door To Hell" even name-drops Freud). I'm willing to believe that a fair number of the band's problems aren't altogether self-induced, and there seems to be a certain hypocritical middle-class disdain for social aberration of any kind in the smug tsk-tsk-ing of some of the band's observers ("He'll be dead before he hits thirty," they rather gleefully predict of Axl, who is 29. No one has to take responsibility for social fuckups when they self-destruct). But Guns N' Roses, in the person of Axl, have always romanticized their nasty habits and addictions and manipulated them to extract not only awe and fear but pity from their audience, and now they're doing likewise with the damaged psyches that have resulted. "You wanna step into my world?/It's a sociop-

sychoic state of bliss," Axl brags, wearing his cracked mindscape on his sleeve like the badge of glamour he half believes it is. But thirty seconds later he's ready for sympathy: "Oh my distorted smile," he intones, quick to shudder at his own plight in case his audience should fail to do so. Axl seems quite bummed out about the breakup of his brief, volatile marriage to Erin Everly in "Estranged," but as I suspect Erin might have been running for her life when she left him, he's not getting any condolences of mi-yine.

PARENTAL

Advisory

EXPLICIT

LYRICS

Isolate a dozen of the better *Use Your Illusion* songs—the singles, the covers, an acoustic jangle for variety, the archetypal fast ravers "Right Next Door To Hell," "Double Talkin' Jive," "Bad Apples," and "Perfect Crime," the improved version of Bon Jovi's "Bad Medicine" that they title "Bad Obsession," "Don't Damn Me" (reluctantly included 'cause it boogies pretty fair), "Civil War" even though it's too long—and you'd have a pretty enjoyable single LP (I know, because I tried it). But even once the superfluity-of-material problem is solved, the homogeneity-of-tone and

quality problem remains. As better-than-adequate work with bad politics lurking in the background even when they're not smeared in your face, the closest thing to a true highlight these albums yield is the non-original "Knockin' On Heaven's Door." Hey, maybe bad politics *do* screw up your ability to produce good work. Like they say themselves: with your bitchslap rappin' and your cocaine tongue you get nothin' done. Not enough, anyway.

Le Bus from page 12

silverware, a tray, and napkins, then the fun begins in deciding whether to order the french toast made from Challah bread with pecan and raisin syrup or the delicate cheese blintzes or the filling Thai turkey salad (my favorite, yum!) and many others. Seats are plentiful and the booths are quite cozy with well-kept hanging plants adorning the ceiling, providing a shock of green that has a rejuvenating effect on tired senses.

Le Bus serves a continental breakfast with a cornucopia of freshly baked goods from which to choose. Lunchtime is a bit hectic and somewhat perilous for people unaccustomed to yelling and pushing to keep their place in line. Dinner is better with daily specials, but Sunday brunch is

the best. If you cannot afford a body massage at a health spa to unwind (golly that would be perfect), then head on over to Le Bus where entrées are priced from \$4.50 to \$7.00. Inexpensive, eh? Damn straight.

3402 Sansom St.
387-3800
No Cards.
Mon. - Fri. 7:30 - 10:30
Sat. 9:00 - 10:30
Sun. 10:00 - 10:00.

Another Le Bus has recently opened in Manayunk which, though less easy to access via public transportation, is a lot closer to BMC than Sansom Street.

MANAYUNK OR BUST

