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Students of Bryn Mawr College

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THE COLLEGE NEWS

VOLUME XIII NUMBER 5

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BRYN MAWR COLLEGE

DECEMBER 5, 1991

Learning to teach ourselves

By Laurel Maury

When you set out to attack a person's argument, it is not enough to prove her wrong, by finding a flaw. You need to find out why she argued what she did in the first place, especially if she argued with emotion. If she made mistakes in her thoughts and logic and you know these, you will be less likely to make them. If something moved her, you can come to understand that thing's power to inspire.

If the person you argue down argued emphatically with fear and urgency then you need even more to understand her motives and her reasons. No one feels or observes something without a reason: everything to be believed is a vision of the truth (W. Blake, "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell"). People do not become impassioned enough to argue with urgency and passion, or to write with urgency and passion without reason. If you want your own passions and fears respected and accepted you should accept and respect those of the people around you both for fairness and because people generally get what they give. More immediate than any of this: if a person argues or writes with fear and urgency, the thing she fears could be your problem as well, only you are not aware.

I have heard that many people look back on their time at college as a golden time of their life. If this gold comes from learning and a college teaches people to think and discern so they can learn outside of college, then this gold does not have to disappear.

I transferred to Bryn Mawr from Bennington College. Bennington offers alternative, or 'unconventional' education. Bryn Mawr is traditionally academic. Over Fall break I went up to Bennington to interview Elizabeth Coleman, the president of Bennington, and to speak to an old professor of mine who is familiar with different trends in education. I wanted two things: to write an article about the interview and to help clear my own ambivalent feelings about leaving there. On one hand I loved the place. On the other I could not put up with some of the things that went on there. Often when I talk about the things which made me leave with other students here they become upset, I think with good reason.

I had trouble starting the article. First I would not know what to write, then when I had an idea I would feel uncomfortable writing about it, saying it, or sometimes even thinking it. I felt this way because my ideas are critical of Bryn Mawr and school fidelity runs deep here. I was afraid of offending people because despite pluralism there are definitely right and wrong things to think here. I did not want to offend anyone I liked or admired. When I did voice my opinions to people who were not sympathetic I felt uncomfortable and their responses usually increased my discomfort. I have

seen signs concerning minority issues and feminist issues and lesbian rights, but I have heard no discourse on how the courses themselves treat their students, on whether the heavy workload is healthy and on whether it is easy, or natural to learn and understand anything deeply with so much work to wade through.

Last night I was studying a type of poetry with a friend for a class the next day. I had a semester on the topic at Bennington taught by a remarkable teacher. My friend said something about the poetry and I pointed out where her observations were matched by the poems. I believe my love and enthusiasm for the poetry came through. She asked where and how I learned to interpret his poetry so I told her about his class, how I had loved it and how deeply we went into what we studied. She paused and asked me what I thought about the class we were in now. I told her I liked and respected our professor, but that she was not teaching me much; we were doing too many things and going into none in depth. I told her that in my other poetry class we once spent six hours on thirty lines of one poem. We usually went that in-depth; the example I just gave is simply the best I could remember. That class taught me how to look into poetry more deeply than I thought possible. From that class I learned to love poetry more and to learn from it better. She told me she had never had a class like that in college, a course that taught her how to do something instead of about something. She said even the courses which taught her 'about' something skimmed too lightly over the top of too much

See Learning on page 4



Representation of a Yoruba maternity cult figure from the Neufeld Collection.
—photo by Aude Soichet

BMC African art collections lack only for space

By Melanie Sonnenborn

A recent display of African Art in Perry House on October 20th, organized by Katie Gothreau '92 and Kern Milbourne '93, highlighted a newly expanded resource of Bryn Mawr College: our collection of African Art.

Bryn Mawr's reserve of African Art consists of two major collections: the Plass, and the newest collection, the Neufeld. Before either of these collections was received there were a few African artifacts in holding in the Hobson Pittman Art Collection, received in 1972.

The Plass collection came into the hands of Bryn Mawr in 1990, from Margot Feuer Plass '16. Ms. Plass was a world-renowned Africanist who traveled extensively and collected art from wher-

ever her travels took her. Part of her personal African collection is currently in the British Museum. Upon her death in February 1990, Ms. Plass' personal collection was divided and distributed to various institutions. Bryn Mawr was fortunate to be among those lucky institutions. The current exhibit of African Art in Guild Hall is taken from the Plass collection.

The newest, and by far the largest collection to come our way, is the Neufeld. It is a gift of the Neufeld Family Foundation Collection, under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. Mace Neufeld (Helen Katz Neufeld '53). The couple had amassed a large and impressive private collection of African Art—most of it 19th and 20th century West African material. It had previously been displayed in their Be-

See African art on page 9

Security on and off campus

By Sara Rubin

In the last couple of weeks, there seems to have been a rash of harassment incidents against Mawrters on and off of Bryn Mawr's campus. Director of Public Safety Steven Heath answered some questions concerning student safety.

Heath clarified the October 30th incident involving a group of fifteen to twenty men running throughout the campus, verbally harassing and throwing eggs at Bryn Mawr students. According to Heath, two student phone reports were recorded in the dispatch notes of this night before Halloween. The first caller, at 8:17pm, reported the presence of the group of men on campus and cited their location on Merion Green. Immediately after this call was received, two officers in a security vehicle headed towards Merion Green and did not see the group. The second caller, at 8:28pm, reported the group at Haffner. The security officers looked

around Haffner and found no one. Apparently the campus shuttle driver saw a group of men running towards Haffner, but as he is not employed as a security officer (that is, he is hired as a transportation employee) he had no power to question them or means of calling for support. After the shuttle driver's report to security the security officers went back to Haffner, found nothing, and then terminated their search.

In response to the student who was abducted from the University of Pennsylvania and raped, Steven Heath has been working with the University of Pennsylvania Police Department on a safety presentation specifically designed for students taking classes at UPenn. This material will be made available to the campus. The information, which will either be in the form of a written document or some kind of presentation, will alert Bryn Mawr students to the resources of safety available to them at the Univer-

sity of Pennsylvania, as well as safety pointers. Heath noted that cars are becoming more and more a target for crime against women. He said, "the change is not necessarily the targets of crime, but the target areas for the crime."

The investigation for this crime is still being conducted. The video tapes from the Bryn Mawr train station MAC machine, where the student was taken to withdraw money for the attacker, have been submitted to the FBI for analysis. According to Heath, the attacker refused to go with the student to the MAC machine, probably because he knew that there was a video device. However, the video recorders have a much larger peripheral view than we assume, and apparently he may have been recorded as he sat in the car.

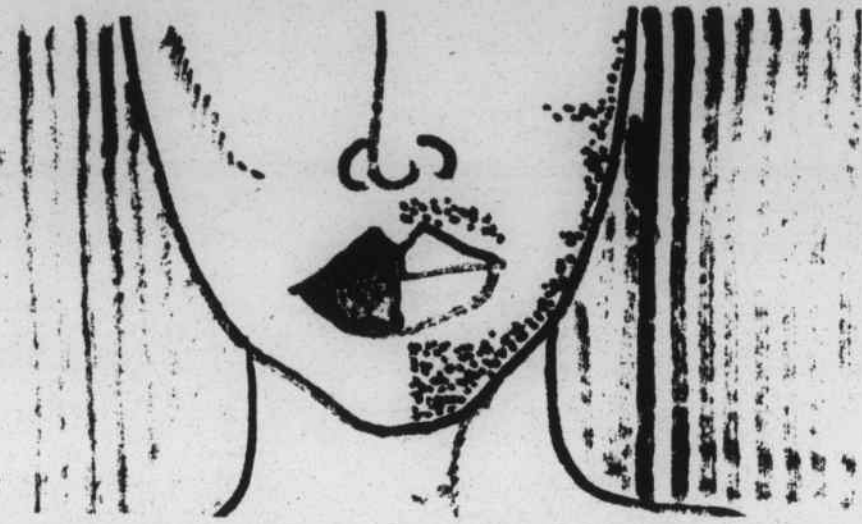
Captain Richard Bullick, the commander of the Philadelphia Police Sex Crimes Unit who initially handled this

See Campus Security on page 5



Contradictions: looking at women in the media

see centerspread on pages 6 & 7



Understanding transsexualism: a question of gender not of choice

Dear Ms. Kopelow,

Although I do not agree with most of the viewpoints you espoused in your article, "Tales of Phone Sex in Frisco," which appeared in the last issue of the College News, I found the article to be an interesting contribution to campus dialogue on issues of sexual harassment, the sex industry, and sexuality in general. And for that I commend you.

I am not writing in commendation, however. I am writing to take issue with your treatment of the trans-gender community in your article. Your mention of transsexuals, transvestites, and intersexed people in your article is about the most publicity the trans-gender community has gotten at Bryn Mawr in the three years I've been here. And I feel that your treatment of them was inaccurate, disrespectful, and derogatory. First, I want to state clearly that you have every right to express your opinions, and I am not attempting to "make you change your mind." I'm just trying to point out that the opinions expressed in the article are contributing to negative stereotypes and therefore discrimination against trans-gender people.

First, I want to take issue with your statement: "One of our male 'fantasy-makers' was actually a transsexual, whose persona,

'Jo-Jo', was extremely popular. It never ceased to amuse us that her fans would have died of shock if they'd found out that 'she was a he.'" [my emphasis] Your use of gender pronouns is incredible confusing, and clarity in gender pronouns is of dire importance in speaking of issues of transsexualism for several reasons. First, it is important to distinguish between male-to-female (MTF) and female-to-male (FTM) transsexuals. Despite common experiences of gender dysphoria, the clinical term for the psychological condition which causes people to desire to change their sex, MTF's and FTM's have distinctly different life experiences and occupy different positions in society. In the above passage, you use both masculine and feminine gendered terms to refer to your co-worker so it is impossible to tell whether this is a male-to-female or a female-to-male transsexual. In our culture, MTF's are assumed to be the only type of transsexual, while FTM's are erased. The psycho-medical establishment, constituted mainly of men, have geared Gender Identity Programs towards MTF's. Publicity about Sex Reassignment Surgery only covers the male-to-female variety. Christine Jorgensen, Renee Richards, and Jan Morris have been household words, while there has been no case of a highly

See Transsexualism on page 5

Campus insecurity: a communication problem?

To the Community:

Around 6 pm on a week night, a friend of ours (male, non-student, white, 150 lbs, 6 feet, dressed in painter's clothing) visited one of Bryn Mawr's dorms just as a security officer and a locksmith were fixing the front door. Our friend approached and walked in the open door. He paused and turned to the officer, expecting something of an interrogation; the security officer asked him, "Do you live here?" (a strange question, as it was a women's dorm) to which our friend replied, "No, I'm visiting my friend." They spoke for a few minutes about where our friend was from and where he was working—all information volunteered by our friend, and not demanded by the officer. Our friend asked what was wrong with the door's lock, and the locksmith proceeded to demonstrate how easy it is to open the locked door with a screwdriver. When our friend suggested that a metal plate be installed on the door to prevent jimmying the lock, the locksmith heartily agreed and explained how this could easily be done. The security officer was noncommittal. No more questions were asked of our friend, and he proceeded upstairs.

This same friend was paying a visit to the same dorm on another day. As he was using the campus phone, he asked a female resident entering the door to please hold it open for him. She did not respond in any way save a glance, and hurriedly shut the door behind her.

Around 10 pm on yet another occasion, a different friend (male, student, black, 140 lbs, 5'8", neatly dressed) paid a visit to the same dorm. He knocked on the front door; some students in the living room saw him and came to let him in. He went upstairs to knock on his friend's door and, finding no one home, left the building. He was stopped by a security guard just outside the entrance and was told that calls had been received regarding a strange black male in that dorm.

These incidents reveal telling facts about the status of security and safety awareness on Bryn Mawr's campus; the

actions of both students and public safety officers must be called into question.

In the first incident, the officer only asked casual questions, neglecting to request the name, room number, or phone extension of the dorm resident. Upon what basis did this officer conclude that our friend was a legitimate visitor?

In the second incident, the female student did not obtain any information whatsoever about our friend's presence (e.g. "Who are you visiting? Can I escort you there? Did you call on the phone?"). Had our friend been an actual threat, he could have simply entered the dorm with the next person; the student would have merely delayed an incident and done nothing to prevent it.

In the third incident, no one asked our friend who he was or who he was visiting—no one asked him anything at all! Yet calls were made immediately to public safety and our friend was left answering the questions of an officer rather than of a fellow student.

What are people afraid of when they neglect their right to ask questions of strangers? If strangers have ill intentions, the last thing they want is to be interrogated. Are Bryn Mawr students afraid of offending legitimate visitors? A real friend would be more than willing to answer such questions—especially where the safety of all is concerned. These three incidents reveal two extremes: passive and fearful avoidance, versus prompt but irrational reaction.

A suggestion (and it has been made before): ask. Ask politely but assertively. If you feel nervous or unsafe, get someone nearby to ask with you. If you make a mistake, you can always apologize. You'll feel more in control of the situation and less like prey. The key word is communication—otherwise, you play into the hands of anyone who has ill intentions. This suggestion goes out to everyone in this community, including public safety officers, in the spirit of positive and vigilant cooperation.

Sincerely,

Leili Towfigh
Heather Carwile

Bryn Mawr Betty offers another tale of phone sex in Frisco

Ms. Kopelow,

I too have a tale of phone sex in Frisco. I went out there with every intention of finding a job as Betty, the Phone Sex Operator. It wasn't easy. They just don't advertise. There were plenty of ads for escorts, nude models, dominatrices, and sensual masseuses, but it was weeks before I found a place for Betty. The interviewer was straight from Hell. She sat me down and yelled at me all of the things I had better not do, or else my ass would be terminated, all to the beautiful background music of the girls "coming" into telephones. The girls worked in the office, behind partitions; they had shifts to stick to, and there was a training period. I didn't want to be trained. I had my own way of doing it, and (luckily) the only shift available was the graveyard. Fuck that.

Then I found Lola. Lola lived on the ocean. She was the sole founder and owner of Lola's XXX Phone Sex. We talked. We talked about the job, about my bad experience at the previous company. She had had the same experience with the same company. We talked about what we each wanted to get out of working together. I told her I was queer. She said, "Great. Can you do any accents?" Betty was born—and she was an independent contractor.

Isat home nights waiting for the phone to ring. The first time I went on-call, I was nervous as hell. I got myself a beer and

sat back and masturbated for two hours, with the phone at my side. It never rang. Betty needed to build up a clientele. Lola, knowing I was an absolute beginner, was waiting for a quick and easy john to call, so I could lose my virginity as painlessly as possible. Finally it happened. It was Dennis. I was in the middle of frying up a tortilla when Lola called. Dennis was looking for five minutes with a busty redhead. I was overjoyed. I've always been one for busty redheads myself, so you can imagine how my heart pounded when I found out I was going to get to play it out on the other end. I called Dennis back and Betty shifted into her sexiest, breathiest, bustiest voice. Dennis told me a story about a woman in Reading, PA who likes to bathe in a tubful of JELL-O. I sat cooing and coaxing while he jacked-off between Betty's voluptuous telephone tits. When our time was over, Dennis hung up. It was the most titillating five minutes of my employed life. I made three dollars. The phone never rang again. There was no time for Betty to make a reputation. Maybe someday.

This tale is very different for yours, Ms. Kopelow. Your job was not to make people orgasm. Nevertheless, your job was to make them feel comfortable, worthwhile, and a little sexy. From what you tell, you did not do your job. If you did, you would have answered the phone in your sexiest, breathiest, come-fuck-me voice. You would have been "Cindy"

See Bryn Mawr Betty on page 4

THE COLLEGE NEWS

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE VOLUME XIII, NO. 5, Dec. 5, 1991

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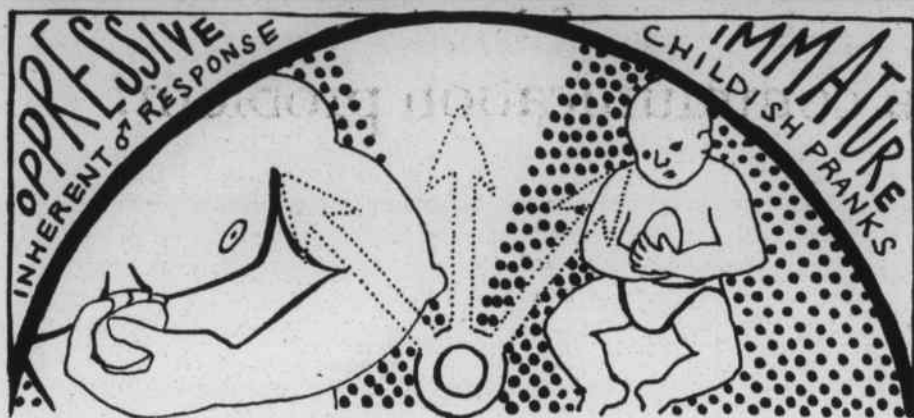
Thea Gray

Techie

mathilda b.

This is the last issue of the semester. The next deadline is too far away in the future for us to conceive of a precise date and time for submissions, but it should be some time in the beginning of February. Letters and articles should be left in front of our Denbigh office or put in our mailbox (c1716) by 5:00pm. All submissions should be on a Mac disk. 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.



Dick or treat: male oppression or childish prank?

This letter is a response to the article entitled, "Dick-or-Treat", in the November 7, 1991 issue. We sincerely empathize with the author for the horrible ordeal she experienced while trick-or-treating. We further would like to commend her for walking away from the incident—she did what any sensible person would have done, who was the object of an ill-natured prank. However, we would like to express our concern about what we consider as blatant and irrational generalizations about the male gender in her article. We understand that the oppression of women is an important issue, but in the context of the situation we feel that the concept of sexism was inherently misappropriated. The "re-contextualization" of an isolated incident for the purpose of furthering a heated political issue disturbs us. We feel that a response is necessary.

The word choice in this article strikes us as rash and senseless; indeed, one of Webster's definitions of "bludgeon" is "to bully or coerce," however, this word is more generally perceived as "striking with a heavy blunt instrument." But we do not wish to argue semantics, rather we would like to move beyond the loaded language in this article to its unfair accusations.

To state that "she [the woman] must be bludgeoned until she acquiesces," assumes that a repeated offense and an eventual surrender occurred—neither of which actually happened in the account of the incident. Through the words of the author the egg seems to take on supernatural powers as some type of a missile of the consolidated frustrations of all men, instead of remaining what it really is—a sick prank played by a bunch

See *Childish prank* on page 5

Why I won't go into Philadelphia this Saturday.

By Lonnie Lin '92

December 7th is coming up in two weeks—it's just a Saturday but every year it is remembered as that "day of infamy." That's the day that back in the fifth grade a classmate of mine called "Slap a Jap Day."

Pearl Harbor was bombed fifty-years ago in the territory of Hawaii, which was not even a state yet. As an Asian American, I'm not about to go into Philadelphia on that day. Celebrations will be going on, but what is there to commemorate? What about the atomic bombs dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki? I might be mistaken for Japanese even though I am a fourth generation American. Someone could attack me because "All Asians Look Alike." Anti-Asian violence has been and will continue to rise—and I don't plan to be a victim.

Each time our beloved United States gets into a war or conflict with a non-European foreign power, American citizens resembling those of that country's ancestry are susceptible to violence. The same racially motivated violence happens in other countries such as Canada and Great Britain. Even as recently as the Gulf War, Arab Americans were attacked. In Detroit, Michigan where there is a growing Arab American community,

many had their property destroyed and looted. South Asian women from our college visiting in Philadelphia were kicked and cursed "Daughters of Saddam go home." These women were labeled as "Arabs" for their darker complexion and hair, but many Arab Americans are actually fair-skinned.

Three months after Pearl Harbor was bombed on February 19, 1942, President Franklin Delanor Roosevelt signed the Executive Order 9066 which gave the Secretary of War and the Military Commander the power to do as they saw fit when the country was in a state of war. It can still be evoked today. The decision-making power was passed to two men who had never been elected to any office. "We have *carte blanche* to do what we want as far as the President is concerned...[just] be as reasonable as you can."

Reasonable meant rounding up 110,000 American citizens and placing them into concentration camps located in the most desolate and god-forsaken parts of the country. They lived in tar-paper shacks or old horse stalls in remote deserts where often there was nothing but wide open ranges with sage brushes. The weather was hot in the summer with many heavy dust storms, cold in the winter with blizzards bringing the temperature to 30 degrees below. From 1942-1945 American citizens of Japanese descent on the West Coast and in the territory of Hawaii were subject to years of infamy.

A twenty-five paged intelligence report, the Munson Report, released to FDR in November 1941 concluded that the Japanese Americans on the West Coast and in the territory of Hawaii were "pathetically loyal" to the United States. In the words of the report, "there is no Japanese problem." Five months later on March 25, 1942, the first camp, Manzanar, located in Owens Valley, California, was opened.

They were so loyal that when the able-bodied young men in the camps were asked to serve their country in the U.S. military, many nisei (second-generation) volunteered forming the all Japanese American 100th Battalion and the 442nd Regimental Combat Unit. While they were decorated profusely, they also had one of highest casualty rates (50-70%). Nisei soldiers of the 442nd suffered 9,486 casualties, including six hundred killed. The irony was not lost on the mothers in the camps who received medals of valor and honor in place of their sons. Asian Americans are World War II veterans too.

While we are being bombarded by the media with slanted information about the bombing of Pearl Harbor, this little-known fact of American history goes again unnoticed. Our high school and college history books might have a sentence or two, a paragraph and a picture if you're special. Nor is this just something that happened in history for people today are still suffering with mental illnesses related to the Internment. Psychologists have often associated the internment experience with that of a rape victim, being blamed for something they supposedly did wrong. In this case for being Americans of Japanese descent.

So why won't I go into Philadelphia on December 7, 1991? I remember Heng Lim, the Vietnamese man in Philadelphia who earlier this year was pulled out of his van and beaten to death with a 2x4. His family members ran after his murderer and were ironically arrested by the police. I remember Vincent Chin, the Chinese American in Detroit whose head was bashed in with a baseball bat by two financially frustrated autoworkers. They thought he was Japanese. So what will they think I am?

Stick Night: a new tradition?

By Kelly Farrelly

The room is very dark, illuminated by one bare bulb and occasional cigarettes. The party guests are standing in the center of the room, listening attentively to one man. He surveys his audience, a group of men and women he went to school with. Taking confidence in their familiarity he speaks:

"So tell me, does anyone know what's good on toast, but not on cunt?"

He pauses.

"Crust!", he yells.

Some of the people in the group laugh outright while others give a tentative giggle. The woman standing next to him slaps his arm and says, "Oh, you. That's not nice." Only one person isn't laughing, but glaring at the would-be comedian. She is a Mawrtyr.

"What's the matter," he asks defensively, unable to meet her stare, "didn't you think it was funny?"

"No, I don't think it was funny," she says.

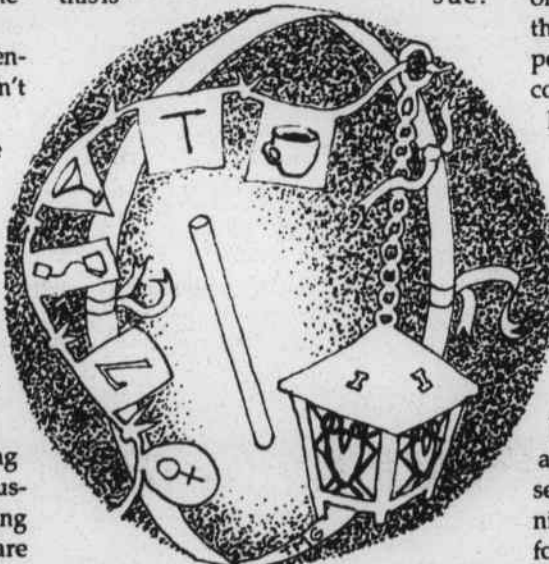
"Well I think that you went away to that girls' school and lost your sense of humor, that's what I think," he says. The crowd suddenly turns and mutters their agreement. They say things like "too sensitive," "a joke is just a joke," "you're so uptight," "what's up her butt?"

Sound familiar? Do you dread going to places off campus because you suspect someone is going to say something that bothers you? Do you feel like you are the only person there who is trying not to offend any one? Are you the only person who says, "That joke about gay football players was out of line. Leave your homophobia at the door?"

You know the looks you get when you try to explain to people why some of their jokes bother you. Simple social gatherings can turn into nasty debates where you are defending your beliefs all because you didn't laugh at someone's tasteless joke. Many people do not even try to see your point. They defend themselves by accusing you of not being able to appreciate real humor. After all, if you

didn't bust a gut about the naked blonde and the poodle, there's no hope for you. Instead of admitting that they were offensive they call you names, like uptight and anal.

Anal? Are Mawrtys really so uptight that they lose their sense of humor over their four years? Granted, this is the place where one comment can lead to a protest march and a plenary resolution. With over twelve hundred perfectionists on this tiny campus it's difficult not to observe some examples of picky behavior. For instance: Have you ever been to a dorm meeting where the president says, "Let's take a vote on this issue." Then some zealous advocate for democracy says, "Let's take a vote about whether or not we should vote on this issue."



Next another enthusiast for self-government says, "I think we should have a re-vote on the vote about whether or not to vote." Finally some one shouts, "Do we need quorum?"

Does our deliberate conscientiousness mean we are doomed forever to confrontations, lousy parties and a life without laughs? Do you wonder if suffering the ridicule of others because you don't think the difference between a dog and a fox is five drinks is part of being a Mawrtyr? Do you ever get the feeling that this situation is almost like a tradition, as

regular as Lantern Night and May Day? It may feel that way some times, but we know better. Mawrtys have a terrific sense of humor. Sit back and let me tell you about the Legend of Stick Night, one of Bryn Mawr's funniest unsung traditions.

A few years ago a senior (who has long since graduated) got an idea about celebrating one of Bryn Mawr's greatest, albeit poorly publicized traditions. First she took the May Day t-shirt design from 1986: a pleasant picture of three women holding hoops and musical instruments. Next she carefully whited-out what they were holding, and drew in their place some formidable sticks. She copied this design and wrote a brief note on a piece of stationery from President McPherson's office. Then she made several xeroxes of this announcement and stuffed them into people's mailboxes. The message that accompanied the picture went something like this:

Dear Bryn Mawr College Undergraduates,

Despite the serious financial difficulty the college is experiencing, we are pleased to announce that we will be formally recognizing one of Bryn Mawr's greatest traditions. Like Lantern Night and May Day, Stick Night will be celebrated with all the grandeur and ceremony it deserves. Stick Night, as we all know, is the night where every Mawrtyr gets a six foot pole rammed up her butt that will stay there for the next four years. Once again, the administration is proud to honor and recognize this great tradition that touches everyone at the college. A reminder: unlike the hoops on May Day, these sticks will not be passed from Seniors to undergraduates.

This story sure has some point, doesn't it.

The next time you are at some social gathering and some one says to you, "What's up your ass, anyway?" you know what you can do. Say to that person, "A six foot pole. It's a tradition at Bryn Mawr. Want to see it?"

Learning how to teach ourselves

continued from page one

material. I said I thought that was wrong and a great shame. Sadly, I'm not going to remember half of what I have learned in our class. There is just too much and I have not received or found the deep understanding which causes me to remember something because I know its meaning and significance.

If I come away from studying a critic, or a thinker, or a historian without enough of an understanding of his methods to apply them, without an understanding of what he was responding to and understanding of what made him

write in the first place, my studying has done me no good. I do not think I am learning none of these in any of the things I am studying, but I am not gaining any understanding on all of these in any of the things I am studying either. The works I have studied this year are written by people who are all more brilliant than I am, most of them spent their lives on their work and I am giving them at most several hours over two weeks and two classes of discussion, or lecture. Except for the things in this semester I had studied outside of it I do not have any understanding of why these brilliant people were so inspired and moved to emotion by what they wrote on. I do not understand why they write with a sense of urgency when they do. Since they were brilliant and I am not, I wonder sadly what I am missing by

not understanding this more. Where any of them write with a sense of urgency, I wonder just how urgent understanding them could be to me.

At one point the friend with whom I was studying said that she felt like she needed a guide to help her through what she was studying and that was what the professor was for. I did not think to then, but I should have said that we will not have professors to lead us when we leave school, but that if a person has learned to think and discern well enough she can guide herself through anything she wants to know, or learn how to guide herself if it is a new field to her. It is better to cut your teeth and refine your tastes savoring a little bit of knowledge thoroughly so you learn than to choke valiantly on too much. If a little knowledge is a dangerous thing then it must be worse to have a little bit of knowledge on a thousand things. That is what I feel I am receiving.

I have not yet taken any 300 level courses. Maybe those go more in depth. On one hand a person needs a core of knowledge to think about anything because fools will rush in. On the other hand it is disrespectful towards the integrity of the mind of the student to keep her from the careful thought and discernment which is part of any field. It is sinister to be shut out like this because it implies that a student cannot think clearly about something unless the people in the field molded her to. Where in this model does the student learn to find things which are self-evident and start from there? This model can teach people to ignore their own ideas because these are not informed enough. If a fool would only persist in her folly, she would be-

come wise (W. Blake "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell" only he used 'he'). Ignoring your own ideas and observations because they fall outside of canon is the root of authoritarianism. If the canon is true it will have an answer for any problems and criticism a student will have with and about it. By 'authoritarian' I mean a system in which people obey, or follow certain paths simply because people 'who know' told them to.

One thing the president of Bennington said is that Bennington is unconventional, not alternative. She said alternative

education tried to offer an unusual curriculum and that Bennington assumes a certain level of maturity from the outset and tries to have students jump right into the thick of their learning from the outset. By this I believe she meant that from the outset students at Bennington are encouraged to direct their own learning, which is part of Bennington's philosophy and that from the outset the professors are interested in the student's thought and try to incorporate them into the classes. On one hand the president of a college, especially a new president, is not always the best authority on what actually happens in their college between the professors and the students. Elizabeth Coleman has yet to teach a class there. Also, the president of a college is quite likely to paint a bright picture on a gloomy scene. On the other hand I know that she left the New School because she did not agree and is a person, however much I have dis-

agreed with her in the past, who follows her ideals. Both of us shared apprehension about students who are able to grind away at their studies without question. If a person learns to grind away at anything without complaint what will stop them from grinding and working away at something harmful. Anyone who is upset at the lack of thought and vision in the country at the moment should think long and hard on this. A system needs people in it, thinking carefully about it,

to work.

When I look at people who do all their work well here I do not think to myself, here is someone who will someday diligently obey any system, or institution into which they fall. Rather, I suspect that many people are hurting, or denying themselves by being seduced by the idea hard work that denies you and hurts you is virtuous. Believing in something which causes pain and self-denial is self-deceit and self-disrespect. If a person does not know and respect herself, it is hard for her to know and respect people different from her. Self-respect and respect for others comes from a faith in your own critical faculties and faith in those of others. I always believed college was supposed to give this faith a reason to exist. I believed that students came to college wanting to learn how to do and think about things and that professors obliged them if the students were willing to work and be open-minded.

The problems about which I am writing concern fundamental respect for the individual. This ideal is behind every issue of gender, racial and cultural oppression. Respect for the individual is tied to respect for the mind of the individual. I have heard from some students that some professors assign more work than a student could do because that way the students who would do less than what was assigned anyway will do what the professor believes necessary. This is disrespectful. It is also disrespectful and unreasonable to expect students to contemplate anything deeply unless they have the space in their mind and the time to do so. I wonder if students do not in part feel so deeply concerned for so many issues of oppression here because they sense this disrespect, these unreasonable expectations and use issues of race, gender, discrimination and need for diversity to express it. I believe circumstances which espouse enlightenment but do not give room or concern to the ideas and comfort of those in them cause this disrespect to be internalized until a person does not respect her own observations and thoughts—note I do not say 'opinions' which are subjective and so not as open to criticism. People do not become uncomfortable without a reason and I feel uncomfortable.

I would like to thank Elizabeth Coleman, Rush Welter, Timothy Pitzer, Kiran Desai, Jessica Booth, Roman Vinoly, Robin Hadley, Neda Ulaby, Patty McClain, Judy Kellem and the friend with whom I studied the night before I wrote this article.

Childish pranks

continued from page three

of immature teenagers. Furthermore, we believe that the author is in denial when she claims that the egg "had less than a superficial effect on me." What egg—especially one which has the influence of postponing studying at Bryn Mawr in favor of writing an angry article—has a mere "superficial effect?" We perceive the egg to have penetrated deeply into the core of the author's femininity and ultimately to erupt out in a venomous tirade against the entire male population.

Most disturbing to us is the connection which the author draws between the mischief on Halloween night and a husband beating his wife. We assume that the author sees the egging as the first stage in the progression towards domestic violence—but the latter atrocity contains no trace of a mean adolescent joke.

We suggest that the author vent her anger in a constructive way—get to the crux of the matter of the mistreatment of women in our society. For example: work for an advertising agency, a news-

paper, a television station or some other form of the media which often provides a negative depiction of women, write letters to prevent violent programs from being aired on television or volunteer in a shelter for abused women.

In our opinion the boys you encountered had no thoughts of being "oppressive males" but were a bunch of jerks inspired by the mischievous mood of Halloween which, unfortunately, prompted them to cause trouble.

Finally, we would like to mention that we do not intend to silence your voice with our letter. As outlined above we simply do not advocate your approach to an issue which we, like you, value personally. We acknowledge that the continued oppression of women and all minorities is an issue about which we all must raise our voices loud and clear with the determined intent of destroying the barriers of our patriarchy.

Sincerely,

Christine Schmelzer '93
Lily Tadayyon '93



BMC Betty

continued from page 2

on all fours. You should have been Cindy. That's what you were getting paid for. Just like Lola's order-takers became the beautiful busty blonde of Lola's ad, stretched on a bed of hay. Your job was indeed to "nakedly lol about [the] office answering phones," or at least sound like you were. You were the fantasy-maker. People called your number to get off. They were horny and looking for a release. They had to go through you first. From what you write, your attitude on the phone was perverse. You verbally abused and harassed your customers. You should have been fired immediately. Do you abuse customers at other places of work? You said they were being "obscene." You were their pornographer. Buying sex is expensive. Those people were spending a lot of money on that phone. What did you think that job was? When you found yourself becoming disgusted everyday, why didn't you quit?

You write that phone sex is "a complete farce," and that "you can't really have sex on the phone." What's your definition of sex? Insert Tab A into Slot B? Sex doesn't need a cock. Sex doesn't need a cunt. Sex doesn't need two people. Sex over the telephone has to do with fantasy. It's about girls who want girls with big tits, boys with big cocks; boys who want boys who want to be girls, girls who weigh four hundred pounds. It's about having a certain type, a situation that turns you on. It is limitless. It is sex. It is not sexist. You say that sexism is having an attraction for blonde women with big tits. Blondes with big tits are pretty hot. I'd fuck one. What do you like?

When you took that job, your task was to be friendly and courteous and sexy, your job was to be Cindy for a couple of minutes. You were paid very well to do that, and you were rude and condescending, to both customers and fantasy-makers. I recommend that you rethink your opinions of working in the sex industry, and refrain from publicizing your experience as representative. I hope that my story has shown the other side of this tale.

—Bryn Mawr Betty

Ms. Kopelow responds:

Bryn Mawr Betty,

You're glamorizing the phone-sex industry. Phone-sex is a business and that means that profit comes foremost. I was not being paid to be Cindy. If that customer "came" before I got his credit card number, no one got his money: not I, not the "Fantasy-Maker," not the owner. I harassed customers who harassed me after I'd explained our service to them in a courteous manner.

I did not say that "sexism is having an attraction for blond women with big tits." I said that the fact that a large percentage of our customers requested blonds with large breasts was evidence that the phone-sex industry perpetuates sexism. Sexism is "attitudes and conditions that promote stereotyping of social roles based on gender (The American Heritage Dictionary, 1123.)" "Blondes with big tits are for fucking" is such a stereotype.

Lastly, I never claimed that my experience was representative.

Lena Kopelow, '93.

On transsexualism...

continued from page 2

publicized American female-to-male transsexual. Not explicitly stating that you are discussing an MTF perpetuates the marginalization of FTM's. Second, gender pronouns are in some ways the ultimate signifier of gender attribution in our culture. Using male pronouns for an FTM, or female pronouns for an MTF, would represent your respect for their desire to be related to as the gender they feel themselves to be. Your use of confused pronouns and the impact of the statement that Jo-Jo "was actually a transsexual," which becomes the real brunt of the sentence, presents an opinion that transsexual is an operative category of existence which is contrary to the wishes of most transsexuals. They do not wish to be considered transsexuals, but men or women.

You state that Jo-Jo is a "male," denoting biological sex, but then you use "she" and "her" to talk about her which, accompanied with the common assumption that all transsexuals are male-to-female, leads me to believe she is a male-to-female transsexual. You may have had issues with how to address her, not knowing how to denote her gender. Did you think to yourself: Is she now male or female? Has she undergone surgery or not? How did she perceive herself? I believe that if you had asked yourself these questions, you could have been more clear and respectful about how to refer to Jo-Jo.

In any case, the very thing she is fighting for is to be called "she." She paid up to a hundred thousand dollars, not to mention the salary she lost during her transition, the possible loss of housing due to her condition, the possible rejection of friends, family, and lover, to have people like you, strangers, co-workers, and acquaintances, call her "she." It's understandable that you may be confused about which gender to attribute to her, or may not understand the desire to change one's biological sex, but the least you could do is call her "she." But instead you make the assertion, that "she was [really? actually? essentially?] a he." Are these your words or hers? Do you think that she would have wanted you to believe that she was really a he? After her pained childhood of alienation from her own body and her peers? (At that point she was a he biologically, but it was the "she" in her which couldn't accept her body.) After her years of depression, attempts at suicide, and genital mutilation? After losing friends and family because she couldn't bear to tell them the truth about herself, or because when she did tell them, they rejected her? It's almost impossible for most of us whose bodies are congruous with our gender identities to understand the transsexual experience. But it is not impossible for us to respect their desire to be treated as the sex which they feel they belong to. And it is not impossible for us to end our ignorance about their experiences.

Second, in your discussion of fantasy requests you conflate men (the only callers you discuss are male) who are calling for an outlet for their trans-gender feelings and men who are calling to act out other sexual fantasies. I would like to point out that the social contexts of these fantasies are different. Trans-gender fantasies are more difficult to express in intimate relationships, to find positively represented in pornography. Phone sex and prostitution, where the man (?) is in control, may be the only sexual outlets for trans-gender fantasies. You write that desires to relate sexually with transsexuals, transvestites, and intersexed people are "very demented fantasies." You, however ironically it was intended, present intersexuality as deviant and demented, when you say about hermaphrodites, "Oh you have those in San Fran-

cisco." As if intersexuality was a condition that one could choose, and would move to San Francisco for a liberated community. Intersexuality is a biological phenomenon which occurs in at least 2% of the American population, not something which can be chosen, as a concept of deviance implies. (And your representation of San Francisco as a Babylon of sexual deviancy certainly doesn't serve to combat homophobia.) You also label as "very demented" the desire to cross-dress. Again, it may be difficult for you to understand all of these fantasies. But for some people, trans-gender wishes are intense and painful. Intense because they cannot be expressed often. And painful because the general public are unaccepting, disrespectful, and derogatory. The importance of our attempts to understand, empathize, and respect trans-gender behavior, fantasies, and identification is inestimable in relieving some of the pain from the trans-gender experience, and in critiquing the gender system as it harms all of us.

Finally, I would like to maintain that I am sure you did not intend your article to be damaging to transsexuals, transvestites, and intersexed people. You probably had a good relationship with Jo-Jo, and being from San Francisco, don't consider yourself homophobic. You probably had not given much thought to transsexualism at all, except for the fact that it was an interesting twist on the whole phone sex job. But your article represented was damaging to the trans-gender community. The transsexuals, or cross-dressers, who read it (Yes, we have those at Bryn Mawr) certainly didn't feel as if you were understanding and accepting. And the trans-gender community was harmed by your perpetuation of derogatory stereotypes about trans-gender issues.

So, please, think about the effects of your writings in the future. And I would also ask any readers to think also about the marginalization and discrimination of transsexuals in the community. When have you been introduced to transsexualism? What did you think about it? And what effects would that have on transsexuals themselves?

Thank You,
Kalyani D. Broderick, Class of 1992

Ms. Kopelow responds:

Dear Ms. Broderick,

Thank you for pointing out my insensitivity to the trans-gender community. My derogatory tone was completely unintentional and I apologize to anyone whom I may have offended. I also think that your examination of transsexualism is interesting and informative.

I suggest, however, that you read an article more carefully the next time you choose to respond to it. You misread my article in two instances:

Firstly, I did not write that "desires to relate sexually with transsexuals, transvestites, and intersexed people are demented fantasies." I listed fantasies about transsexuals, transvestites, and intersexed people among the types of calls that were requested. Later, I said that "phone sex services function as an outlet for men to safely act out their often demented fantasies without actually harming anyone." Here I was thinking about requests for rape, animal violence, or other abusive fantasies.

Secondly, the phrase "'of course they have those in San Francisco'" is in quotes because it does not represent my opinion but rather that of certain customers who called. My intention was to illustrate the dehumanizing attitude of these customers who considered intersexed people other and assumed that San Francisco was bursting at the seams with such "carnavalesque novelties."

Lena Kopelow, '93.

A.S.A.P.

invites the bi-college community to come hear

Yvonne Kaye, Ph.D.

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Intimacy and Relationships in the 90's: Insights for College Women and Men

Friday, December 6, 1991

4:30 pm

Thomas 110



Yvonne Kaye, Ph.D., noted author and radio talk show host, comes to Bryn Mawr and Haverford students to discuss issues intrinsic to ongoing healthy relationships. In her speech Ms. Kaye will intertwine her experience and expertise with bereavement and dependencies. She will explore how these issues affect our continuing ability to sustain life-long relationships with ourselves and others. Yvonne Kaye is the author of:

The Child that Never Was. Grieving Your Past to Grow into Your Future. The Twelve Steps of Adult Children to Serenity. and others.

Campus Security

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case, has been relieved of this position and transferred to another division in response to his sexist and offensive comments in a Channel 10 interview which belittled the credibility of the victim. (Yes, this is the same brilliant defender of rape and sexual assault victims who said, in response to the Temple University gang rape, "While we believed the complaining witness, many inconsistencies arose...the incident was not criminal in nature, but the result of alcohol abuse and poor judgment of all the parties," as reported in Labyrinth). According to the Philadelphia Inquirer, the

position is being filled by Captain Eileen Bonner. It is the first time a woman has ever headed the Sex Crimes Unit.

While we can't prevent dick-brains from wandering our campus, or harassing us off of campus, it is important for students to work with Public Safety to keep ourselves as safe as possible. Read the security alerts, take the self-defense P.E. classes, find out safety options and where the safety phone boxes are on other campuses, report crimes, continue petitioning for the dismissal of inadequate civil servants, and support our sisters.

Gloria Naylor
is coming to Haverford
on December 5
**LOOK FOR
POSTERS!**

Women and the Med

Madonna Inc.: liberation or manipulation?

By Ellen Sweeney

Madonna. At the mention of the name, different images as well as various colors of dyed hair spring to mind. She has been on the scene for more than half a decade with unabated popularity/notoriety, becoming the most visible woman in America. This, of course, leads one to question the source of her popularity. Madonna's first big hit appeared on the American pop scene in 1984 with the proclamation that she was "Like a Virgin." Who can possibly forget that first time one saw the video of Madonna strutting on that gondola in Venice? The ironic thing about the whole Madonna controversy at that time was that a great many people did not laugh but took her seriously, too seriously. Maybe it was just a battle between pre-pubescent and their parents; the young drawn to Madonna's flaunting of the social mores and the old finding her an unsuitable role model for their children. I was in a Catholic parochial school at the time and there were quite a few parents who found Madonna and her rosary beads sacrilegious. I personally could not understand the basis for her statement that nuns were sexy. Neither could my eighth grade teacher, Sister Jean Louise, who merely rolled her eyes when she heard this.

In the years since 1984, Madonna has moved away, to a certain extent, from the purely dance motivated hits of the mid-eighties, such as "Into the Groove," "Borderline," and "Lucky Star." She has grown up a bit, seen most particularly in the song "Oh Father," an extremely personal exploration of her relationship with her own father. Yet, Madonna is still controversial in rather conventional ways. She keeps going back to a Marilyn Monroe-like image. In "Vogue," all the people Madonna says she admires are from the 1940s and 1950s, such as Joe DiMaggio and Bette Davis. She is beautiful and (dyed) blond (most of the time), thin and yet voluptuous. Physically, Madonna hardly goes against the grain of what mainstream America considers female beauty to be.

In practically all of her videos, a man is present. It is as if, if there was not a man at her side, adoring or lusting after her, her identity would be incomplete. To go back to the "Oh Father" video, Madonna shows that there has been a pattern in her life between the father who abused her and the lovers who have beaten her. In her public life, she has been married to Sean Penn and had an affair with Warren Beatty. Penn is as notorious for his temper as Beatty is for his womanizing. People who support Madonna say they like her because she is a "strong woman" and that the men in her videos are appendages whom she can discard on a whim. In the "Express Yourself" video, Madonna is objectified by the corporate god who impotently ogles her as she lies on the bed with a collar and chain around her neck, while her lover (a worker/slave) wearing a chain around his neck but at the same time dominating her, walks into the bedroom and pulls her off the bed. I guess she likes the strong, silent, let's-just-get-down-to-business-and-not-bother-with-the-small-talk-type. It is a strain in her music that has existed from when she first appeared on the scene. Men can make her like a virgin or she can be crazy for them. In a way, Madonna is

an example of the dilemma of heterosexual women in the 1990s: they want to be strong but do not want to be in relationships where they are the dominating partner. In Madonna's case, it seems that during the day it is okay for her to be the head of a business empire, Madonna Inc., but when she goes home at night she wants a man there who is definitely in charge. As an example, Sean Penn was known to tell her what to wear when they went out in public. Madonna has publicly complained that there is not a man

around who will stand up to her.

Madonna's representation/exploitation of her sexuality raises a lot of questions as well. America is amazingly repressed when it comes to human sexuality and Madonna has capitalized on this fact. She has had videos set in peep-shows ("Open Your Heart") or with a definite sado-masochistic element ("Express Yourself"). Of course, there was the "Justify My Love" video. Between

MTV's decision not to air it and Nightline's to air it one night as well as to interview the artist (garnering the highest ratings in Nightline's history), Madonna gained a great deal of publicity which, in turn, generated a great deal of money. If that was not sexual exploitation, I do not know what is. There was also the "Like a Prayer" video that had Madonna learning to get in touch with her sexuality through the help of an African-American gospel soloist and an African saint/statue who suddenly comes alive towards the end of the video, all playing off of the racist cliché that African-Americans are more in touch with themselves sexually, that African-American men are better in bed, etc. It seemed ironic to have this coming from a woman

who has publicly deplored the state of race relations in this country.

Madonna has done laudable volunteer work on behalf of Amnesty International and AIDS, giving freely of her time to causes that she cares about. She brought voguing into the mainstream with the song, "Vogue" and the dancers in the video were in fact from the New York gay ballroom culture. However, Madonna never did come out publicly and say that voguing is a part of the African-American/Hispanic gay subculture, an emulation of the poses of the white, heterosexual world that will not accept them. Madonna is something of a gender-bender, as seen in the "Express Yourself" video, and she has never really answered questions concerning her relationship with Sandra Bernhard. If she has been in or is in a sexual relationship with Bernhard, it brings to question about how gutsy and open about her sexuality she really is. Is she afraid that people will no longer buy her records if she says anything to that effect? It is not as if she is quiet about her personal life because she has been open about the men who have been with her. Madonna rails against the homophobia and its various manifestations in this country, yet she is cowed by it. She is willing to say that Michael Jackson should come out of the closet, but fails to approach her own sexuality with the same openness.

In the end, Madonna's biggest skill is at manipulating images to her own advantage. Unlike other pop stars from the mid-eighties, such as Duran Duran, Madonna has lasted. However, with all of her various incarnations and reincarnations, she has failed artistically to go beyond the surface images of her videos and has flitted from fad to fad to propel her career.

There is no doubt that Madonna is a tough, smart and strong woman who created her empire herself. Even though her Monroesque image deliberately tapped into a highly lucrative national obsession, there is an important difference. Madonna is in control of her life and will not end up dead from an overdose of sleeping pills at the age of thirty-six, used and defeated by the system. You know that Madonna is all the time mocking the images that she uses to her own material advantage. At the bottom line, an examination of the Madonna phenomena is basically an examination of American society in the 1990s. The fact that America can be scandalized by such conventional images is an indication of America's neurotic attitude towards sex; the fact that Madonna is fantastically successful attests to America's almost adolescent obsession with sex, and especially sexy women who aren't afraid to say what they want. As for the future of Madonna, whether she has any long lasting effect beyond the rage of the latest fad will remain to be seen.

HEY Ba

Hill vs. Thomas: Le against

By Ellen Sweeney

In the weeks since the confirmation of Clarence Thomas to the Supreme Court, the horror story of Anita Hill's experience of sexual harassment that had at first shocked and disgusted the nation has begun to recede in the public mind. One wonders if Anita Hill's courageous testimony was made all for nothing. The reaction, or non-reaction, to Anita Hill's testimony is symptomatic of America's attitude towards sexual harassment. First, the Senate Judiciary Committee threw Hill's charge of sexual harassment into the circular file. At the hearings themselves, the Republicans depicted Hill as a woman scorned, one given to fantasizing experiences of sexual harassment and who was not even original in her fantasies, but took the basis for one of them from *The Exorcist*. For the Democrats' part, they just sat there listlessly, not doing anything. Being a hopeless idealist, I kept telling myself that there was no way for the Senate to confirm Thomas given Hill's detailed testimony, a testimony which should have raised serious enough questions about Judge Thomas' character to cause the Senate to vote against his confirmation. In confirming Thomas, the Senate let American women know how little they thought of the issue of sexual harassment. It was a slap in the face of all American women, and I am worried that it will be seen as giving male co-workers carte blanche to harass their female co-workers as much as they want because if a Supreme Court Justice can, why can't they?

There is a definite mentality in America that if a woman is the object of sexual harassment or rape that she deserved it. Neither subject is taken as seriously as a crime. What is it about sexual harassment that allows the American public to treat these issues as jokes? There is a definite locker room mentality that says this is the way men are, that sexual harassment is not a form of sex discrimination but that it is "males' sexual pursuit of women and [is] essentially 'personal' or 'biological'" (Strebeigh, Fred, "Defining Law on the Feminist Frontier." *The New York Times Magazine*, 6 October 1991, p. 31). When a woman has the guts to come forward to say that she has been harassed, why is she immediately considered suspect? Why does she come under fire for what she was wearing? Is this supposed to mean that the sight of a woman in a mini-skirt has some chemical effect on male hormones suddenly causing the man to act in harmful ways? In what way does "personal attractiveness" become a justification for a case of sexual harassment?

The Senate Judiciary Committee was less likely to believe that sexual harassment took place because they could not find that it had a detrimental effect of any kind on Hill's career. According to the criticism of leading feminist legal theorist, Professor Catherine A. MacKinnon, the attitude is that "the victim [must] bring intensified injury upon herself in order to demonstrate that [she] is injured at all" (Strebeigh, p.53). In other words, Hill would have had to leave her job immediately and/or to go on to a lower paying and less prestigious job for the Judiciary Committee to have believed that sexual harassment had in fact taken place. As long as Thomas did not act in such a way that caused such changes in Hill's career, no sexual harassment of any kind happened. Ironically, the legal basis for "hostile environment" as sex discrimination was made as recently as 1986 by a unanimous Supreme Court ruling. However, the senators on the Judiciary Committee acted as if they had never heard of it.



sexual harassment when a man:

Repeatedly asks a woman who works for him to have sex

Makes sexual remarks or jokes to a woman who works for him

Makes sexual remarks or noises at women on the street

P **orno**

Philly: Who is in control?

BE, W, A, N, A

Legitimizing violence against women

The other aspect of interest was the role that pornographic material played in the Hill testimony. According to MacKinnon, "pornography shapes men's behavior towards women" (Stebeigh, p.54.). In pornography, women are generally seen as sexually subordinated to men, and expected to "experience sexual pleasure in being raped" (Stebeigh, p.54). It is hard to imagine oneself in Hill's situation, sitting before her boss, trying to maintain her composure as Thomas launches into a description of the various pornographic films he has seen as well as tales of his own sexual prowess. There is a reluctance to see a connection between what pornographic material depicts and how it effects the treatment of women by the men who view pornographic material. In Hill's case, she found herself demeaned and objectified. The subliminal message running through Thomas' descriptions was that Hill was like the women in the pornographic films that he watched, one who would enjoy being raped, who was meant to be sexually subordinated by him.

There is a fascination with rape in American culture. In this fascination, there is an inherent belief that the woman wanted to be raped and that she enjoyed it. I was shocked to find that many of the movies that HBO aired after midnight (this was two years ago) contained a rape scene. There is definitely an audience within mainstream America which finds the sexual subordination and violation of women a turn-on. What effect these scenes have on the viewer is too frightening to imagine. The male viewer is told that women enjoy it, that they want it, while the female viewer is told that to be raped is normal, pleasurable and desirable. There is a definite cause-and-effect between those who watch such material and their subsequent actions, which can run from rape to the attitude that rape is normal and that women want it. The frightening power of the latter is that it is the general attitude of the populace, from which our congressional representatives, senators, judges and Supreme Court justices are drawn. Clearly, such media representations can have a powerful, far-reaching and long lasting on the laws against rape, sexual harassment, and other crimes that seek to violate women on account of their gender.

Spitting 3

By Nadine Allaf

The other night on television, there was this mystery/drama show about a serial woman-killer and rapist. The show had the detective investigating the crimes keep a running "serious" and "thoughtful" commentary. He condemned rape. It seemed like a mystery with a concern for violence against women. The key word, though, is "seemed," for it didn't have me convinced; although, the show was trying. As if to rub salt in the wound, the network displaying the show, ran various 1-900-HOT-HOTT commercials during the show's commercial breaks. As if the audience they were expecting would be primarily male. Does this not strike you as odd? I find a mystery about a serial female-killer and rapist, shown late in the evening, catering to a mainly male audience very disturbing. And people wonder why violence against women is increasing; it is no surprise given such tactful television broadcasting. By the way, this is the same network that presented a special series on rape in its news program.

How to manage males and music at J.C. Dobbs

By Kyong Yun

Even on a "slow" Tuesday night, Nov. 19, Kathy James is busy. The diet Coke valve isn't hooked up correctly, only the small glasses are used on the second floor bar, the bands are setting up when? And, oh, yes... an interview with a college writer, too. But James is kind and assures me that she has plenty of time. Looking as alternative as the music which is played at J.C. Dobbs, her bar/club on 3rd and South Sts., she explains what it takes to be a woman in the music business in the following interview which was interrupted now and then by a ringing phone or passing employee in need of her instructions.

Q: How long have you been managing Dobbs?

A: Um, I've been at Dobbs since '77. And I started out cooking and bartending. And eventually I became one of four owners. Then there were two owners, and now there's just me. So, I've been involved with it for quite a while. I guess as an owner and manager, I've been here since maybe '85, or maybe even sooner... '84? Who knows, time flies! (laughs)

Q: I know that you've managed local bands, too. And I wondered if that just came because it extended from managing Dobbs or if they were simultaneous?

A: No, that came from being involved with Dobbs and as the partners left. I became more involved in the main focus of what makes Dobbs run which is the live music. When I first started, I was just running the kitchen and, you know, doing different things like that. There was a guy who started the original music policy who subsequently has left. So, I had to learn all that—and then just getting involved with the musical end and learning about college radio bands, touring acts, and local bands—sort of became an offshoot. We started doing some booking trying to help local bands out and eventually you just sort of move into a deeper relationship. You get into managing.

Q: How'd you get started in the business? I know that you started as a cook here. Did you ever think that you'd be managing a club?

A: (gently and with a smile) No! I went to Temple and I was studying art history and sociology. I ended up with a degree in Sociology. And then when I got out of school—it was sort of times like this where it was hard to get a job—well, not quite as bad as now, I think. When I worked my way through college, I always waited on tables. I was always sort of involved in the restaurant business. But I ended up working in an office—a 9 to 5 thing—which I hated. And eventually, I quit. I couldn't get a job in my field, and I wasn't ready to go back to graduate school. So, I drifted back into the restaurant world. I was moved down to the South St. area, and that's when Dobbs was happening. And I started hanging out here and eventually started working here. So one thing led to another—and here I am! I guess I just really like working with the people, working with the public. It's different every night. And then getting more involved in the musical end which has a more artistic end to it rather than just running the operations.

Q: Since you started working at Dobbs before you started owning and managing, I was wondering if you had any obstacles that you faced climbing up and gaining more control of the place. I mean, just because you were a woman?

A: I'm sure that I did. There aren't too many

women club owners or club managers. I think that there's more now. I mean, like in any other field, I think there are more women involved. But ten years ago, it was a different situation. I'm sure that you have to prove yourself even more when you're dealing with agents who are booking national acts that you know what you're doing. And I had to learn. I mean, there's sort of like no school that you can go to to learn how to manage. You know, I had to make my mistakes; I had to learn. And you have to earn respect even like a man; you have to just learn how to deal with them. There obviously are more men doing it, but there are more women in the music business now. There are many women at record companies; I don't know if that there are so many at the upper echelon—I mean in some senses, it's still a man's world. There are certainly some obstacles. There's always the person who wants to know, "Where's the owner, where's he at?" (both laugh) It goes on to this day. We just laugh. Yeah, obstacles... but if you gain somebody's respect, you're smart enough, and you learn—it just happens that people respect you. It ends up that you can do the job as effectively as any man can do it. It's the same thing.

Q: I realize now that it's changing, but don't you think that right now still the club business and the music industry is pretty much male-dominated?

A: I would say that it is. Yeah. A lot of the bands are male-dominated. I mean rock, particularly in the hard rock genre, seems to be a man's world. But there are many women artists who are successful in their own right. Sinead O'Connor, Bonnie Raitt. Rock has a very dangerous, sexual edge—not all rock. There are more men playing instruments, although there are many women coming up who play guitars and play drums... and it's not just girl groups, it's mixed bands. It's happening more and more.

Q: Is there an example of anybody in a band who was especially difficult because he or she or whoever couldn't accept taking orders and direction from a woman?

A: No, I really wouldn't say that. I hadn't encountered it really in the people that I've dealt with. I mean, obviously, musicians and artists have a very soft and sensitive side—men who are much more in tune and sensitive. I really haven't felt that too much. I don't really know how they see me—they may see me as... obviously, you have to be a little high-powered. You know, it's the same old story—if a man makes a deal and he's difficult, he's just hard; and if it is a woman, she's a bitch. (laughs) So, that happens. I would say that would be happening more if I'm dealing with a manager, a road manager, or an agent. But I think even a road manager... it's a matter of being green and a matter of being seasoned—I mean, they know right away that they're dealing with someone they're not going to take advantage of. But not so much with musicians, no, not with the bands themselves. (pause) You can look at it the other way; you can use [being a woman] to your advantage, too. Men have this thing of going head to head—you know, ego thing. When it's a woman to man relationship, there's always that—you can... I hate to say it, it just can sometimes work in your favor. It does. And that's the truth. (laughs) And sometimes it doesn't. You have some situations where somebody could, not look down on you, but not take you as seriously. And the other side of it is that you can maybe get... I hate to say feminine... not wiles, but when men deal with each other, they deal in a certain way—but when it's man to woman,

it becomes a softer situation. I can't quite... I hope you know what I mean.

Q: I was just going to ask if you could elaborate on how it would be more advantageous to be a woman in a situation like that.

A: Well, maybe, I think that a road manager or whatever the particular situation is—would play a little bit more hardball with another male who was the manager of a club. I think that men have that very head to head thing, and I think that when dealing with a woman, they might not approach it from such a hard an angle. Although, I've had that situation, too, where I've had to go head to head. But I think in some instances, it could work the other way—where they're not as demanding. It can work either way.

Q: Would you now say that your favorite type of music is more independent-labeled than mainstream just because of what you do?

A: Well, I get to listen to that more. I still feel excited about booking at this level whether it's a college radio act that's touring or a local band because, I think, what you see at this level is the passion and the beginning level of a band that's bubbling. Yeah, it's real exciting to see the careers develop. I think when it gets to the Spectrum level—and there are certainly exciting acts that go to the Spectrum—but sometimes it's just not about the music anymore. It's just about production and lights, and it's about money. So, I think at this level it's very much about music, so I like it. Yeah, I like the independent-label stuff. But I certainly would go see Metallica when they come to the Spectrum! (laughs)

Q: Well, you've certainly found a very successful niche because Dobbs has made a reputation of bringing good, almost unknown bands to play here. But what was it like before you took it over?

A: It was mainly local bands, and then there would be an occasional... there was a guy who came out of here in the early '70s named George Thoroughgood (smiles) who played here every weekend and got a little deal. And he built his career.

Q: Can you peg down a certain description for the regulars or does it really vary?

A: It can vary with who you have booked. A lot of the local South St. and Center City scene people. We also have some walk-bys because we're on South St. So we tend to get a mix of people. We get some college students—but there could also be a couple of guys in suits who are just out for the night. Because of the location, it has the tendency to get a mixed crowd. South St. lends itself to different kinds of people.

Q: Are you from Philly originally?

A: I am, yes. Born and raised. A lot of people don't think that I am, I don't know why.

Q: Where do they think you're from?

A: I don't know... Mars! (both laugh) (As I flip pages in my notebook for more questions to ask)

KJ: What's your major?

KY: I'm an English major.

KJ: English? Yeah, I should've known that. (both laugh) So, you're going to put this in the college paper. It's nice that you're writing about us.

Student responds to report on diversity

By Smita Lahiri

I have read and considered the recently released report of the Faculty/Student Curriculum committee. Over the last four years, I have been encouraged by and appreciative of the changes I have seen in the curriculum, but have simultaneously become disturbed at what a catch-word "diversity" has become, for us; how often I see people censoring their words and speech, having learned a working definition for what is and is not acceptable, and how to remain within those limits, but without feeling a real commitment to what upholding and affirming a diverse community entails.

The issue on which I wish to respond first to in the Committee report is one that was brought up last: that of a diversity requirement. Now, there are certain things I strongly feel a diversity requirement *cannot* do for us:

1. It cannot *force* people to intellectually and emotionally engage the values, beliefs, and thinking of a different cultural system,
2. It cannot *make* the experiences and struggles of any minority in the United States comprehensible to the mainstream (often, but not necessarily, white) "Eurocentric" majority,
3. It cannot transform a Bryn Mawr education into a truly multicultural experience for everyone who happens to attend the college and fulfill its graduation requirements (whether or not they include one for diversity.)

I think we should be extremely clear that these objectives can never be actualized simply on an institutional level, either by changing the curriculum or by instituting a requirement. As students, we must all make a personal choice about whether and how we want to come to grips with a multicultural society. This involves our employing our intellects and our emotions, and there can be no substitute for that, certainly not taking a class entitled "East Asian Civilizations," "Third World Women," or "The Hispanic Novel." Not only is taking such courses not a substitute for or a guarantee of individual engagement with the issues at hand, but we must be resigned to there being every possibility that a requirement "can have the effect of allowing a few courses or departments carry out the project of diversifying, letting others 'off the hook.'" But that in itself is not a reason for not choosing to have a requirement. What we can ensure, by shaping the content and character of these classes, that this pernicious effect is not a failure of the institution or class, but a loss for individuals for which they have only themselves to blame. And the only way to ensure this is to have first rate courses taught by first-rate professors—professors who have not been forced to synthesize new and hitherto nonexistent research interests, who have genuine interest and expertise in the field they are asked to teach. Another is to be careful that the classes which carry the brunt of fulfilling these requirements (and it seems inevitable that, by the very nature of their titles and content, some courses will), as far as possible *not* be lecture classes taught to a sea of bodies in Thomas 101 or discussion seminars that have swelled to accommodate forty people. Keeping classes small is the only way to keep students participative and professors enthusiastic; diversification is a collective process and professors should not be thrust into the position of navigating an overloaded steamship bound for "The Afro-American Experience." (Recently departed history professor Robin Kilson had something to say about this. See *The College News*, September 26, 1991.)

I think that the Curriculum Committee, in preparing the report at hand, has been extremely canny in identifying the

reasons why we should have a diversity requirement, by noting firstly that "A requirement is a clear statement of institutional commitment and educational mission," and secondly that "in a time of fiscal constraint, [a requirement] privileges courses and positions in institutional priority-setting." The first, especially, is vital, for we need to set ourselves a reminder of our personal responsibilities. The anger and tearful outbursts of hurt that erupted at forums on pluralism my freshman year could re-occur, and it may be a long time before that changes. But as a first step, I think it is essential to enshrine our commitment towards making this institution a more comfortable environment for all its students. The international students and American minority students contribute greatly to making Bryn Mawr as interesting a place as it is, and it is only right that they should feel in every sense a part of it—in their classrooms as much as anywhere else. However, curricular change is *not* enough; it has to be accompanied by greater efforts in the areas of student life and staffing so that it is genuinely an endeavor of the community.

We also have to keep reminding ourselves of what we really mean when we speak of diversifying of the curriculum. I'm not entirely certain that this comes through clearly in this report; it seems taken for granted that the appropriate approach is to tally up how many courses with some Non-Western/American Minority content are in the curriculum and how many are "on the books." Furthermore, I'm not sure what to think of the enthusiasm expressed about survey courses (which are often notoriously superficial) as particularly "apt and efficient" ways of diversifying offerings. *Efficient?* If survey courses are "efficient" in that they convey the greatest amount of information to the maximum number of people at the least cost (and I can't help thinking that something like this must lie behind that remark) then it seems to me that we will be looking at yet more overcrowded lecture-oriented classes, which are, in my experience, often unsatisfying and not particularly educative. If instituting a requirement before the college has the resources to offer more small discussion classes means the proliferation of the Thomas 110 experience, then perhaps we had better think twice. Already students interested in areas like East Asian history and post-colonial literature have to contend with classes significantly larger than those described in the Bryn Mawr prospectus, and it seems unfair to place an extra burden of demand on those very same classes. Also, surely the intended effect of requiring people to take a class relating a non-western culture is not just to load them up with a quantity of new information about the history and beliefs of an unfamiliar culture. In order to really engage the material they are exposed to; students need to have an opportunity to discuss and explore it together; making sure that classes stay small seems again to be the only responsible way to go about changing the curriculum.

While we are on the subject of what diversity in the curriculum and why we need it (by the way, I am puzzled by the Committee's practise of putting the word "diversity" in quotes; why does such sheepishness surround the issue?), I would like to call attention to one of the arguments expressed in this report, which proceeds something like the following: the minority population on the cam-

pus and national levels is growing, hence, "their histories and cultures are essential to any accurate understanding of the history and culture of the United States, and it is no longer *intellectually defensible* to overlook or underemphasize this aspect of our national identity." This statement seems distinctly odd; are we to believe that shimmering through the mists in the distance is the correct and comprehensive Version of the history of the United States and its many peoples, and that the steady accumulation of information and material will bring us ever-closer to it? I doubt that is the case. Surely it does not capture the full flavor of the campaign for curricular diversity to say it is motivated by interests of accuracy. Consider another statement of this very report: "Native Americans, although demographically a smaller presence, are specially situated in United States history and for that reason, their experience is one to which all students of the United States should be exposed." It seems to me that the primary reason this exposure is considered desirable is probably not that new scholarship about the battle of Wounded Knee has brought to light new facts which are important for all to know. Instead, the statement does not seem to be one about historical accuracy at all but about *ideology*. I interpret the thinking behind it to be that the genuine and prior association which Native Americans have to this land means that it is only fitting that they should be represented in the images and beliefs that that make up the associations commonly made with "America." Perhaps it is hinting that Americans should not grow up with a mental picture of the nation's historical background that consists only of Founding Fathers, apple pies, and Davy Crocketts, but should have similarly formative attachments to Native American figures (and they shouldn't be Hiawatha, either). Perhaps as an international student I am overstepping my bounds, but this seems to me to be a reasonable objective; and if Americans wish to change the idiom and image in which they construe their country, what better place to begin than the educational system? But if that is what is being done, let us all know about it. Do not mislead us about the project at hand by talking about "historical accuracy."

Of course, there is something to the idea that diversification of the curriculum is needed simply as a pragmatic goal, for the "intellectual defensibility of the institution," and in many disciplines in order "to keep up with the field." It happens to be the case that

the project of diversification has felicitously coincided with fashionable new areas of scholarship in many disciplines in the humanities. It seems to have become difficult to be a sophisticated scholar (and at Bryn Mawr, who wants to be any other kind?) in literature or history of almost any kind without embroiling figures like Edward Said (on Orientalism), Luce Irigaray (on feminism), Gayatri Spivak (on deconstruction, new historicism, subaltern studies) and others, plunging one headlong into a new and modish strain of Western discourse which deals explicitly with issues of race, ethnicity, gender, objectification, and the like. Humanities students who are looking for "diversity" often feel, if given Said or Spivak to read, that they have received it. Now my purpose is not to dispute this, but I do feel that at Bryn Mawr, as a community, in order to achieve our own vision of what a curriculum that has room for all of us should look like, we will have to work towards it ourselves; the latest thing from Paris or Yale University Press is not going to be enough. Besides, that sort of curricular diversification needs to take place *anyway*. After all, our departments must already be quite conscious of the need to keep up with new developments in the field. It cannot be a particularly new responsibility.

Lastly, I think we need to make sure we don't make "diversity" into a lofty ideal within quotes that we don't completely understand, for that will make it all the more difficult for us to achieve. The following remarks may seem obvious, but I'll make them anyway: to study different cultures and different histories does not require some sort of special talent. We do not need new emotional or intellectual sensibilities in order to resonate to what is unfamiliar or outside the everyday. Let people not persuade themselves that it is ambitious for them to think they can understand an alien metaphysics (for do people not read and understand Aristotle?), comprehend social dynamics in a different country (for don't the same ideological battles get played out here?) or find analogous experiences in their own lives or of people close to them, to the religious experiences of a different faith. The last thing we need to lose is our imaginations. And if our efforts are not superficial, we will surely learn from them.

Dykes To Watch Out For



LADY ORACLE:

THE CAPRICORN MAWRTYR AND HER RELATIONSHIPS WITH:

Aries: No. No! NO! This is usually too much of a power game for even a "generally power-hungry" Arien to handle. Butter and margarine and M & Ms seldom melt in the Capricorn Mawrtyr's mouth. Her surface coolness and aloofness often bothers some of the signs of the Zodiac, but it can literally drive many Ariens distracted. Ariens respond to warmth. Capricorns don't exude much heat in public. Sad? Not really. They respect each other and work well together. It's just that romance is not advisable. But Capricorn, you'll go ahead and do what you want to anyway, won't you?

Taurus: Now *this* association, on the other hand, turns into a simply beautiful one with the minimum amount of effort on either side. Both signs are practical as well as idealistic, romantic, and — more often than not — highly sensual. If the relationship is a romantic one it blossoms perennially. This works well on the level of friendship as well. Probably because Taureans are more interested in working, living, and loving, than in playing power games. And Ca-

pricorns don't mix love with politics unless you force them to ... But when you force them to, they do. And they usually win.

Gemini: Interesting. Neither sign can really "keep up" with the other on certain levels. The Gemini detachment bothers the intense Capricorn Mawrtyr (not that she ever shows it, but astrology knows it), and the muted, yet ever-present thunder of the Capricorn nature "freaks out" quite a few Geminis (not that *they* ever show it, but then they are never comfortable about revealing their vulnerabilities). Let me just put it this way: their relationship is like a three-legged race. If neither party wants to play/co-operate, Capricorn calmly undoes the ties and gives Gemini the freedom he or she wants.

Cancer: Capricorn Mawrtyr handles most Cancerians very gently. This isn't as surprising as it sounds. Capricorn is one of the gentlest signs of the Zodiac — in moments. Capricorns don't really care how much a Cancerian clings to them, as long as the Cancerian doesn't expect Capricorn to cling back. Since ninety percent of a Cancerian's energy goes into clinging, and the remaining ten

percent into worrying about the welfare of the Capricorn Mawrtyr (who can take perfectly good care of herself) the relationship is quite a good one.

Leo: This one holds potential. The Sun (ruler of Leo) and icy Saturn (ruler of Capricorn) are — in a word — different. Think about it. And both Leo and the Capricorn Mawrtyr may place a great deal of importance on personal dignity, but the Leo pride is as different from the Capricorn sense of self-esteem, as gold is different from iron. But whether they respect each other or not, one thing is certainly true: *everyone else respects them*. And whatever the nature of this association may be, both Leo and Capricorn are too proud to have one of their relationships fail.

Virgo: Frankly speaking, I used to wonder how the nervous, intense Virgoan could ever be made to relax by the calm, yet equally intense Capricorn Mawrtyr, till it hit me that when a Capricorn puts his or her mind to do something ... it not only gets done, but gets done well. Making a Virgoan relax and feel loved and comfortable, is a feat that a Capricorn Mawrtyr can accomplish with one hand tied behind her back.

Of course, the Virgoan returns the love, atom for atom. It is a very good partnership.

Libra: A look, a word, a glance from a Capricorn contains enough power to command a Libran. Librans don't like power games, no ... that's not quite right ... Librans *hate* power games. That's interesting because they normally don't really hate anything. The paradox is that many Librans, in spite of themselves, adore the Capricorns in their lives. What Librans should realize is that Capricorns are (in their own "rock-hard" way) as fair-minded as Librans are. If a Libran ever feels that he or she is being manipulated by Capricorn, they should realize that it's invariably for their own good. But if it's *not* for your good Libra, pack your turbulent feelings in a suitcase ... and take a world-tour!

Scorpio: It's funny to watch a Scorpio meet his or her match in Capricorn. Unlike Librans, Scorpios love "emotional fencing-matches". And the Capricorn Mawrtyr loves throwing emotional and mental challenges at the Scorpios in her life. Scorpios respond passionately. Energy flows back and forth, often in an alarmingly intense manner. (Though you handle this intensity well don't you Capricorn, because that's the challenge that Scorpios throw at you.) People may call this all a wee bit unhealthy, but the Capricorn Mawrtyr and her Scorpio friends couldn't give a damn. They have fun.

Sagittarius: Capricorn Mawrtyr has more patience with Sagittarians than one would expect them to. Sagittarians have a lot of respect for them (surprise, surprise). Sagittarians can help Capricorns lighten up, but only when Capricorns *allow* them to help them lighten up. Frustrating isn't it, Sagittarius. Not that Sagittarians would want the situation reversed. They are not interested in controlling the way the relationship works. And they wouldn't be very good at it if they had to. So it's just as well that the relationship stands the way it does.

Capricorn: Two Capricorns can often communicate perfectly well without using words. And the energy that flows between them is dense — almost tangible. And it is as much the energy of understanding as of love. They have the ability to make their relationship so solid that nothing short of very unfortunate misunderstandings or an emotional earthquake that measures 10 on the "Richter Scale of Feeling" can break it. When it does break, it crumbles pretty permanently. Capricorns don't do things by halves. But more often than not, it lasts, and lasts, and lasts ...

Aquarius: This relationship usually doesn't have enough heat to be called a relationship. It's more of a "cool association". Aquarians are, by and large, very tolerant people. They don't nag Capricorn Mawrtyr (Capricorns *hate* being nagged at) — both signs follow a similar "live and let live policy". Often these signs lead their separate lives, side by side, and are perfectly content with the association.

Pisces: Pisceans can often, by the very strength of their *apparent* lack of strength, drive many people bananas. The Capricorn Mawrtyr doesn't like to waste her precious time going bananas, or any other fruit for that matter. Pisceans cling: Capricorns don't mind. Pisceans wail: Capricorns don't mind. Pisceans moan: Capricorns don't mind. Pisceans love: Capricorns don't mind.

African art at Bryn Mawr

continued from page 1

erly Hills home in a quasi-museum style. They decided to disperse the collection and knew through Mrs. Neufeld's continuing association with her alma mater of the need for more art and study material of this type at Bryn Mawr College. Mr. and Mrs. Neufeld personally selected 108 items to give to Bryn Mawr College as an unrestricted gift which may be used in any way the College deems fit. The items received range from about six inches in height to approximately six feet. Most are wood, some with ornamentation of metal, beads, leather, or feathers. There is even one staff with gold leaf on it. Many objects are the type involved in rituals. Of particular interest are two masks used in dance masquerades. Both are painted wood with amazingly intricate moving parts, that, as Katie Gothreau pointed out, are best appreciated as part of the actual dance ceremony. Yet even just sitting on a table, isolated and still, they are quite beautiful. The collection has many interesting items, from figurines to masks and even two imposing door posts and one door lock. (Maybe we should get one of those for Erdman!)

All of this arrived in twelve cartons and three wooden crates in December of 1990. It has taken one full semester just to unpack it. It cannot all be made available to the community immediately, since proper registration procedures must be followed and photographic records made for security reasons. However, the first major grouping from the Neufeld collection, numbering approximately 35 pieces, has already made its debut this fall. These pieces have been transferred to the Africana studies program, headed by Professor Mary Osirim, to be used for research, display, study, etc. These were the pieces displayed in Perry House. Rotating exhibits are being planned to showcase this collection in the near future to allow for greater accessibility to it.

The question of accessibility is a major one. Ms. Gothreau expresses a commonly held wish: "It's very exciting that this is here and I really hope it becomes more accessible to the community." The importance of this is definitely understood by the college curator, Carol Campbell, who says that "one's understanding of cultural material is enhanced when you

hold it directly in your hands." Ms. Campbell knows this from personal experience. Her own career vision was clarified while, as an undergraduate at Mt. Holyoke, she worked first hand with Roman lamps for a college paper. Ms. Campbell's goal is to provide greater access for the current undergraduates and faculty at Bryn Mawr, as much as her resources will allow. As everyone knows there are great limitations on space — an area in which to properly view and study the materials is currently not available. Access is possible by making an appointment with Ms. Campbell (x5335) in her office in Thomas. She will then take any interested students to the collections personally.

While we should all take advantage of the resources here at Bryn Mawr, interested students may wish to visit the African Gallery of The University Museum at the University of Pennsylvania or the Afro-American Historical and Cultural Museum at 7th and Arch in Philadelphia (574-0380). What is generally considered the best museum in the country for African Art is only a relatively short train ride or drive away, in Washington D.C. This is the National Museum of African Art, a sub-division of the Smithsonian.

Note: There is one piece of African Art not from a collection which is a special gift to the College from Dr. Dora O. Chizea '69. It is a free-standing wood sculpture by artist Roland U. Ogiamien, and is currently located in the Campus Center, upper lobby. See description below.

The Sculpture— Erhunmwunyen and Odafen

Erhunmwunyen was a son of Erhamwen Orisa (The Almighty God) in heaven, he had always wanted to visit Agbon (the world) but he was always told of the evils of the world and above all he was warned never to visit the world because the people of the world are too hostile and selfish, and that he would regret his visit.

Erhunmwunyen persisted and prepared for his visit, he asked his father Erhamwen Orisa for a blessing which was given to him. So before he left heaven, he took with him food and water that could

feed him for his seven days visit. On getting to the world, he met some children playing before a village, the children welcomed him and took him to the village-head (Odionwere) as he requested, both the Odionwere and the villagers welcomed him very well. He was given very good accommodation and three women were delegated to take care of his feeding. Every evening different dancing groups came to entertain him.

After staying for seven days, he told his host of his going back, but his host refused and requested him to stay longer. Erhunmwunyen (the Guest) asked his host, Odionwere, his name so that he could tell his father when he gets back, then Odionwere told him his name which was ODAFEN. After staying for fourteen days he left for home and promised them of another visit.

When he got home, he told his father (the Almighty God) of the big reception accorded him by the people of the world, that he was well looked after throughout his fourteen days stay, he told his father the name of host, "ODAFEN." The Almighty God called Erhunmwunyen and he answered in heaven, Almighty God called Odafen and he answered in the world, he told him that, from that date on every visitor or guest shall be called Erhunmwunyen and every generous and accommodating host would be called ODAFEN, which is today the Bini names for Visitor or Guest and the host.

CONCLUSION— This even happened long time ago when it was possible for men to have direct contact with God. This same event even still happens today all over the world, if you want information about other countries, you are never given the good side of such countries, this brings fears and doubts, but when you persist and visit such a place one will be surprised to have an opposite experience. So, do not believe anything until you are there to see things yourself.

N.B.— The two balls on the Sculpture's head are the food and water containers. The top is the Guest and the bottom is the host and his people.

Signed: R.U. Ogiamien 12/4/85

— Nadya Chishty-Mujahid

ARTS AND

Dances with Black Robe

By Megan Susman

First let me say that *Black Robe*, the new movie from acclaimed Australian director Bruce Beresford, is a valiant effort. I think Beresford is a wonderful director and I have liked almost all his films (*Driving Miss Daisy*, *Breaker Morant*, *The Fringe Dwellers*, among others) to date. However, he tries too hard here. *Black Robe* tries to be an epic, and it doesn't quite make it.

The title character is a French missionary, Father Laforgue (Lothaire Buteau), who tries to bring his religion to the Algonquins and Hurons of Canada in 1634, accompanied by a handsome young compatriot, Daniel (Aden Young). Daniel falls in love with with an Algonquin woman, Annuka (Sandrine Holt), and deserts Laforgue to be with her when the Indians decide the priest is a demon. However, Daniel, Annuka, and her father, Chomina (August Schellenberg), return to rescue Laforgue. In doing so, they are captured by the hostile Iroquois and tortured before they manage to escape. Chomina dies, Daniel and Annuka presumably vanish into the wilderness, and Laforgue revives a failing mission whose Indian denizens want to be baptized only because they think it will cure the fever decimating their population.

Compared with Kevin Costner's *Dances With Wolves*, this movie is much more realistic. People actually look like they've been living in the wilderness for a while. Still, a disturbing dichotomy exists between "good Indians" and "bad Indians", as in Costner's film. It is somewhat mitigated here in that the "good Indians" sometimes do bad things, like trying to kill the white men they're supposed to be protecting, and the "bad Indians" are not considered so by Chomina, who, although he hates them, says, "They are like us."

The singleminded and humorless Father Laforgue did not seem like a very sympathetic character. He mocked the Indians' belief in dreams and demons without trying to understand it and told them they should want to go to "his" Paradise, even though they have and after world of their own. He does not realize that their religion is their identity; as one Huron says, regarding conversion to Christianity, "we will no longer be Hurons, and our enemies will know this." Prophetic words: the film ends by telling us that after they converted to Christianity, the Hurons were massacred by the Iroquois and the mission was abandoned.

Whereas *Dances With Wolves* was infused with melancholy over the passing of a way of life, *Black Robe* suggests that the Indians triumphed, or at least that the white man could not erase them the way the U.S. Army erased the Sioux. As Chomina dies, Laforgue asks him to acknowledge that the Christian God loves him, but Chomina will not. He lives and dies according to his dream.

All the actors here were competent, but not outstanding. A superlative actor might have lifted this movie into greatness, but as it is, the film moved slowly, bogged down by its own pretensions and by a curious detachment from the subject. None of the characters had any real depth, and their actions were often contradictory. It is difficult to feel emotion for a stereotype, and that's all we really get in this movie: Laforgue the blindly faithful priest who flagellates himself for having lustful thoughts, Daniel the adventurer, Chomina the courageous and honorable "savage", Annuka the strong, independent woman.

In the end, the film's aspirations sink it. It has good intentions but cannot follow through. Beresford digs deeper beneath the surface than did Costner, but he doesn't seem to know what to do with what he finds there. *Black Robe* is an interesting attempt, but unfortunately it falls flat.

3.0 out of 4.0

The Beat goes on...

By Gia Hansbury

"Bruce Isaacson is the T.S. Eliot of [the] Barbarians"—Small Press Traffic

"As San Francisco is the poetry center of the country," says Herman Berlandt, editor of Poetry: San Francisco, "Babar is its epicenter." Cafe Babar has reigned as the king of the SF poetry holes since 1986, with weekly Thursday night readings steeped in the tradition of the Beats, the Post-Beats, the Beat of the future. "It's a little on the raunchy side, it's a little on the wild side, but it's a tremendous source of new energy with young people who are just obsessed with poetry," writes Joyce Jenkins, editor of Poetry Flash. With an MBA from Dartmouth, Bruce Isaacson left his corporate position at Wharton Econometrics for poetry and a place in the court of Babar. He started his own small press and began working on a second Master's degree (this time in creative writing) at Brooklyn College, under the instruction of Allen Ginsberg, the leading voice of the Beats. Says Isaacson in The San Francisco Chronicle, "Thae beats waere loud, drunk, and combative. That scene was maore theatre than poetry. The yaoung poets are just as bohemian as their predecessors, but they emphasize craftsmanship more."

Bruce Isaacson has also been a Temple Street Poet, a group of Hollywood fames (Justine Bateman, Don Johnson, Charlie Sheen, and Ally Sheedy, to name a few) and not so fames, "but all of them," writes The New Yorker magazine, "—Jennifer Blowdryer, who resembles Madonna, for instance, and Bruce Isaacson, who resembles Morticia—looked as if they

See Bruce on page 12

red tree open reading

with featured poet
BRUCE ISAACSON

"the ideal poet guerilla...
a master of irony, the offbeat metaphor"
— Poetry Flash

After a Dartmouth MBA, Bruce Isaacson was, at a horrendously young age, Chief Financial Officer of Wharton Econometric Forecasting Associates. Now, he writes poems, publishes Zeiteist Press in Berkeley, does open readings in SF, LA, and NY, and is studying for an MFA with Allen Ginsberg. His books are *Cafe Death*, *Bad Dog Blues*, *The New Romantics*, and *love affairs with barely any people in them*.

All are encouraged to participate in the open reading.

To be followed by a diet coke reception
celebrating the publication of *Red Tree 3*.

DEC 5 1991 8PM SIGN UP CCC MAIN LOUNGE
INFO: call Gia x5445

"Billy Bathgate" falls flat

By Megan Susman

Get ready for another spate of gangster movies. The first of the pack is *Billy Bathgate*, the new movie based on E.L. Doctorow's novel and starring Dustin Hoffman. I was looking forward to this film, which made it all the more disappointing.

The movie chronicles the brief foray into gangsterdom of Billy (Loren Dean, the poor man's Matthew Modine), a kid from the Bronx who catches the eye of Dutch Schultz (Hoffman). In short order he becomes Schultz' protege, or prodigy, as the uneducated Schultz calls him. When Schultz dispatches a double-crossing subordinate, Bo Weinberg (Bruce Willis), he "inherits" Bo's girl, Drew Preston (Nicole Kidman). As Schultz attempts to unduly influence the public in his favor to his trial, Billy is given the job of looking after Drew. Yes, you guessed it (and so did the audience, about half an hour before Billy did); she seduces him. He ends up saving her life when Schultz tries to have her killed, and she disappears for the rest of the movie. The Schultz is killed by rival Lucky Luciano (Stephen Tucci), and Billy wanders back into oblivion, several thousand dollars richer.

There was absolutely no character development in this film. Billy lacks personality; his main expression is one of slack-jawed vacancy. His actions are often confusing; he professes loyalty to

Schultz, largely as a way of escaping the Bronx, but then betrays him for Drew, to whom he doesn't seem totally attached either. For her part, Drew is a vapid, brainless thrillseeker whose affections and intelligence run about as deep as a puddle. Nicole Kidman, who was wonderful in *Dead Calm*, can't even muster a spark of interest here

(although there was more than a spark among the males in the theater at her brief full frontal nudity scene, a first for a Disney film).

Dustin Hoffman is the only reason to watch this film. He brings a singular ferocity to the role, and the semi-psychotic gleam in his eye is a little too real. His barely controlled fury and sudden rages are frighteningly convincing. Although I never thought I'd be saying this, Bruce Willis is very effective in his brief role. His smug arrogance is perfect for the cocky Bo. Also deserving of mention is Steven Hill, playing the wise right-hand man Otto Berman, who seems like he should be the one running the gangster empire.

This movie is as flat and lifeless as the screen it's shown on. Hoffman is so fiercely energetic that he seems to be trying to save the film. He doesn't succeed, but his attempt is worth seeing if you wait for *Billy Bathgate* to come out on video. In the meantime, for a real gangster flick, check out *Good fellas*.

2.7 out of 4.0

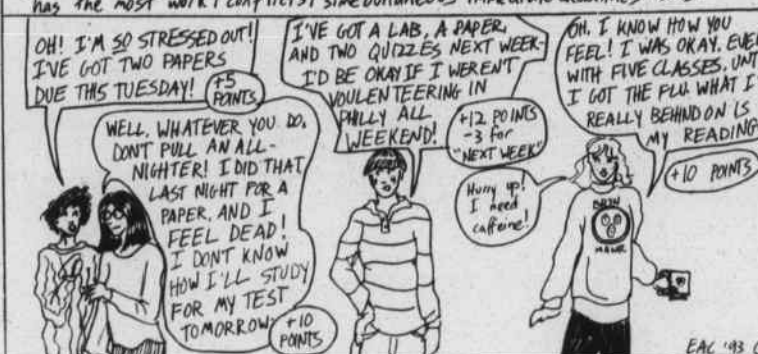
Suffragette City

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ENTERTAINMENT

Singles Going Steady, Part Three

By Elizabeth Foley

Hammer—"2 Legit 2 Quit" The Hammer in question is of course M.C., so legit these days his mere surname will suffice as signifier (what used to be familiar shorthand is now the official heading on his personal stationary, leaving people in a bind as to what diminutive they can use as a nickname now. The obvious "Ham" is too corny and too true, so I think we should all start calling him "Stanley." The New York Times, of course, can conveniently continue calling him "Mr. Hammer.") The legitimacy in question—very much in question, as usual—seems to derive primarily from the fact that he didn't steal anyone's song this time, although he does steal some lyrics from Bobby Brown. And you know, given the monotone, mechanical result—if you thought "Pray" lacked variety, you should hear this—maybe he should have. You gotta admit he only robbed from the best—the numbingly obvious best, sure, but don't you prefer obvious, shameless trash to trash with delusions of legitimacy? It's interesting that as of this writing, no Philly radio station is playing this first single from one of the supposedly hot album releases of the year, preferring as they do the dork appeal of "Addams Groove," his altogether ooky promo single from the Addams Family flick—although Philly's failure to capitulate has certainly not kept "2 Legit 2 Quit" from scaling the Billboard singles charts, and if Stanley can just get us all to chant to ourselves, "Too legit, too legit to quit" at least twice a day, the country will probably be his again. Suggested follow-up: "2 Fullshit 2 Admit (2 It)."

Jermaine Jackson—"Word To the Badd!!" Michael Jackson's plastic surgery and artificial pallor, and the cultural implications thereof, are a natural seminar topic for a black music community so much bolder, more visible, more explicitly spoken, and more political now than before the age of Thriller. But my guess is it's this very circumstance that's hitherto caused even the most outspoken and political black musicians to blunt the edges of their commentary or veer away from the target just before the moment of impact: had there been no Thriller, how would their lives and career opportunities have been different? Plus the symbolic resonance of it all: The biggest-selling record in history, by a black man. Poetic justice. Finally. Then throw in the possibility that they might actually like the guy. For African-American musicians, or anyone who feels they have some stake in what happens to Michael Jackson, near-schizoid ambivalence is possibly a more logical reaction to his agonizing transformation than unqualified condemnation or callous smugness. So Digital Underground denounces nose jobs (mock-)playfully, Flavor Flav resentfully, KRS-1 viciously—all of them without dropping the biggest relevant name that leaps to mind. And goof rap band the Afros mention Michael in their discussion of now-shorn Afro wearers before adding evasively (mercifully?), "He changed his nose too—but that's another story." All this while Rob Base, De La Soul, Stanley, Naughty by Nature, and (wonderfully) Arthur Baker sample him and Big Daddy Kane, L.L. Cool J and George Clinton express spiritual solidarity with him. A more definitive and unsparing Michael Jackson dis was bound to pop up sooner or later, but one figured the perpetrators would be militantly Afrocentric types or N.W.A.-like clods too apathetic or nihilistic to give a fuck about MJ's contributions to history.

Instead it's by his not-very-outspoken, not-very-political (and perhaps tellingly, not-terribly-successful) older brother, a fact which makes its sentiments both more forceful and more suspect. Probably you already know the deal (Jermaine hasn't gotten this much press since the Victory Tour in 1984): the official version of "Word to the Badd!!" appears on Jermaine's current album You Said, and apparently is sufficiently bland lyrically that no one even figured out it was about Michael; the real version, which Jermaine got cold feet about putting on the record at the last moment, is unreleased (though we'll see how long that lasts; Jermaine's records haven't gotten this much attention since 1984, and it would be a pity not to wring some sales out of all this) but was leaked, literally in brown paper bags, to radio stations several weekends ago in outraged response to Michael's not-really-outrageous "Black or White." The gossip grapevine, where would we be without it, claims that the estranged brothers met almost immediately after the song was aired and patched up their differences, but "Word To the Badd!!" lives on on the airwaves, delivering the cold, ugly dope. The most frequently quoted lines pertain to Michael's cosmetic forays, and rub salt where the wounds are—"Reconstructed/Been abducted/Don't know who you are" and the following admirably succinct analysis: "Once you were made/You changed your shade/Was your color wrong?/Could not turn back/It's a known fact/You were too far gone." But really, the main reason for Jermaine's vitriol seems to be the fact that Michael isn't communicating with him or the family these days (didn't return his calls for eight months, it seems)—a lapse that to him is part of the same self-destructive, bridge-burning urge as Michael's changes of face. This is an important and probably accurate insight (though why anyone would feel the need to estrange themselves from the Jackson family I'm sure I'll never understand), and there is genuine compassion/concern mingled with righteous muckraking, probably even at the root of same. And as Jermaine tracks go, this is strong. Hearing Jermaine's song dog Michael's across the airwaves, sometimes confronting it directly (WIOQ, the only local station to play both songs consistently, often puts them back-to-back), and Michael, confident and resilient within the protective bubble of his superior talent and industry backing, suddenly forced to let a smile be his inadequate umbrella—has made listening to the radio an intensely charged experience in the last week; Jermaine's uprising has brought matters to a head even if Michael decides he can afford not to attend his own trial or pay any heed to the verdict. But it's a hard irony for Jermaine that even in dissension from his little bro he's dependent on him for impact; since he's no longer able to join with Michael, maybe beating him was the only card he had left to play. Suggested mini-follow-up: "Word to the Nastyy!!," brought on by Janet's blond-streaked hair in her last video, comparable nose job tally, and failure to call him for eight days.

Michael Jackson—"Black or White" The intensely double-edged line that leaps out of the radio at you is "I'm not gonna spend my life bein' a color"—uttered not by Michael but by Bill Bottrell, longtime Jackson studio cohort and co-producer/guest rapper here, at the end of a quiet, dispassionate exegesis on gang war (news flash: the rap actually doesn't sound stupid or intrusive). The line just before that is the viciously ironic "I've seen the

bright get duller." Very possibly Michael ought to feel even less comfortable writing a song like this than writing "Bad," but I kind of admire the perverse audacity displayed by the inclusion of such two-faced lines, and this actually sounds much less defensive than "Bad." And though he provides you with plenty of opportunities for cynical speculation (several different ways to take that chorus), there don't seem to be any outright racial faux pas here, though it's hard to tell for sure without a lyric sheet. He's obviously on thin ice, but he threads his way between unjustifiable self-justification and dumb civil-rights-era platitudes nimbly enough that he'll probably get across. The riff this song is built on isn't exactly fresh, having previously appeared in John Cougar's "Hurts So Good," among other places, but he makes it stick anyway, and this is his most thorough, structural meshing of rock and r&b elements ever, though "Beat It" is still his most compelling. Also, his voice sounds terrific. In short, I'm impressed enough that I won't even make any dark jokes about how the album should have been called Ruinous. (Re the video's successful stab at newsworthiness and Michael's trimming the most intriguing part out of concern that it might inspire "destructive behavior, whether sexual or violent": I think he actually has a duty to inform America's impressionable young people and future car owners that masturbation is about the least destructive form of sexual expression imaginable, and, while he's at it, that American-made cars suck.)

U2—"The Fly" The industry line on Achtung Baby is that the band have piously and proudly resisted the expected Rattle and Hum-like hypefest, preferring to let excitement over the new record be generated by and among ordinary, humble U2 fans, like the entire staff of Rolling Stone. The first release from it, in keeping with this attitude, is no hit parader, but a dark, churning bit of philosophic romantic brooding with muttered vocals partway submerged in the mix—how AOR (i.e., album-oriented rock, i.e. WMMR). It's no secret to owners of Rattle and Hum that it sounds like "God Part II"; it's no secret that the more grooey follow-up, "Mysterious Ways," will make a bigger impression on both me and you.

Not that big, though. Context of title: "A man will beg/A man will crawl/On the sheer face of love/Like a fly on the wall." Autobiographical insight: "It's no secret that ambition/Bites the nails of success." Self-consciously profound autobiographical insight: "Every artist is a cannibal/Every poet is a thief/All kill their inspiration/And sing about their grief." Buy the cassette single and hear, at no additional cost to you, the bonus cut "Alex Descends Into Hell for a Bottle of Milk/Korova 1." It's a heckaslam when they talk about Good Voices, give me Paula Abdul. If this guy is what people mean when they talk about Sex Symbols, give me Doogie Howser. Soul chestnuts (numbingly obvious soul chestnuts, the kind he likes) he hasn't exploited yet: "Respect," "Soul Man," "You Send Me," "In the Midnight Hour." Hopefully after he covers those, three or four albums from now, he'll go away forever. Paula Abdul—"Blowing Kisses in the Wind" The Martha Wash Syndrome In Effect: This was chosen as the new single instead of the planned "Vibeology" because Abdul looked fat when she performed in the latter at the MTV Music Awards in September and thus inspired intense fear, loathing, and bad vibeology in viewers (i.e., listeners). Local DJ's and other malicious people have recently been overheard calling her "Porky Paula." There is no vulnerability quite like the vulnerability of a female entertainer who has been seen to gain weight—just ask Madonna, who's already taken as many steps as she can to assure that it will never happen to her. The song's pretty good, for all that: an easier and more agreeable ballad than "Rush Rush." Shanice—"I Love Your Smile" Love in the '80s-cum-'90s in a nutshell: "I'm gonna put that new black mini on my charge anyway/Cause I love your smile." I'm disgusted, I'm empathetic, I'm amused, I'm sociologically intrigued. And I like the song, whose old-fashioned infectiousness resides more in its hooky melody than in its beats. Marky Mark and the Funky Bunch—"Wildside" The verse about the Charles Stewart murder case (a made-for-rap news event to begin with) has a rather remarkable flow and authority that shows up the embarrassing awkwardness of the other verses all the more vividly ("Annie had aspira-

See Singles on page 12

Midsummer's Night Dream

By Alessandra Djurklou

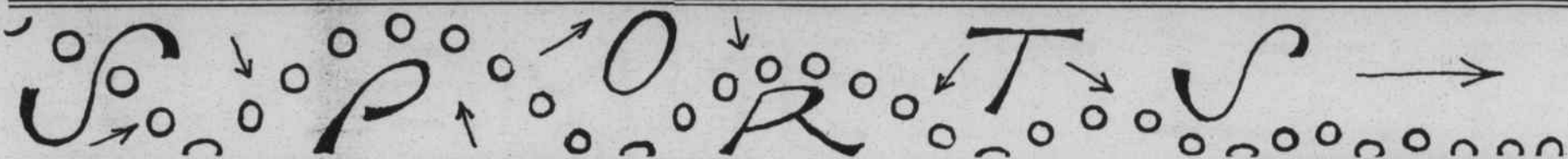
Delicate tinkling harp music, leaves fluttering gently on the ground, a billowing parachute hung over the audience, colored by a green light and crisscrossed shadows, all these were contrived by the Robert Smythe and the BMC theatre dept., to give the audience the impression they had just stepped into the enchanted forest in Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, where "airy spirits" make merry mischief with mortals brave and unwise enough to enter their domain.



—photo by Kathleen Carroll

This impression, unfortunately, was somewhat dissipated by the tremendous seriousness with which these "noisome sprites" undertook to play their parts. They represented none of that enchantment their well-constructed environment reflected. None of them showed any animation, or had any emotional impact, on the events they were supposed to be engineering, and any time they did show a reaction it seemed stilted and overdone.

See Summer on page 12



Seles carries away "heaviest prize ever" from Virginia Slims Tournament

By Vicky Maxon

For the third time in as many years, the radio station Kiss100 sponsored the Philadelphia Virginia Slims Women's Tennis Tournament. After being held for the past two years at nearby Haverford, it was moved this time to a smaller venue, the Philly Civic Center. The afternoon of Sunday, November 16 I was witness to the final match of this part of the well known series, whose championship tournament is held at Madison Square Garden every year. I was hoping to see Gabriella Sabatini, who stood a good chance of making it through (she was seeded third and ranks fourth in the world), but who lost in her semi to youngster Jennifer Capriati. What I actually saw as we neared the box office was a news camera filming a small group of protesters, one dressed up as the Grim Reaper, marching in a tight circle and chanting "Tennis Yes! Smoking No!" Though cancer is a serious problem, and the sponsorship of an athletic event by a cigarette company chillingly ironic, I could not help realizing that from then on anything could happen.

The free salad dressing at the door, with complementary coupons, seemed to support my idea, and gave way to a plethora of vendors set up in a curtained-off portion of the convention hall, selling and giving away various tennis and other paraphernalia: rackets, shoes, binoculars, cars, frozen yogurt, t-shirts, squeeze bottles... The hall was filled with a horde of spectators; groups of womyn fans, couples in baseball hats, and the grossly rich, bedecked with argyle sweaters, red VIP tags, and shopping bags stuffed full with who-knows-what, mingled.

The day's match was a contest be-

tween Capriati and fellow young player and top seed, Monica Seles, whose road to the final was paved with wins over Arantxa Sanchez-Vicario and Zina Garrison, among others. We had possibly the worst seats in the house (section T, which says it all), and resigned ourselves to the nosebleed row only after we were shuffled from the three or four attempts we made at better seats by late arrivals (should have bought the binoculars, but the prices were geared to the VIPs). Though our vantage was high above one baseline, we still had to do the classic spectator neck-twist to follow the ball. Ah, my first live tennis match!

The game opened with Seles winning the toss and electing to serve, allowing us to see the awesomely slamming returns of Capriati right away. The two two-handed wonders battled it out from the baseline, Seles getting the better of the few opportunities taken at the net. The number one player's deep strokes to the corners often left Capriati off balance, and led to her domination in the second set. Late in the first set, Seles evinced a small lapse of her mental toughness, several times catching her toss on the serve. But she served strongly, several times holding her opponent at love, while Capriati often had to struggle through several deuces to get through. Even so, the long-rallying set was close, Seles finishing it up at 7-5, after a 3-1 Capriati lead.

My friend noticed Capriati's nerves seeming to fail her in the second set, as the American disputed several close calls with the chair umpire. The line judges did make some controversial calls, as well as missing some very obviously (from our high position) out balls. Not many of Capriati's strategies seemed to

work, however, and after holding her serve in the opening game, she lost the last six games of the second set. The final score was 7-5, 6-1. Both players received trophies of Baccarat crystal, Seles remarking on its being the heaviest prize she had ever had to lift to her shoulder. Capriati appeared visibly disappointed, limiting her comments to thanking the fans and the list of sponsors she must have gone to retrieve when she was whisked of the court just after her loss, to reappear only for the ceremony.

The day was not over yet, however. Many chose to leave, probably to beat the Eagles traffic, but we stayed for more frozen yogurt and the doubles final. Americans Zina Garrison and MaryJo Fernandez played Larissa Savchenko and Jana Novotna from Czechoslovakia in a three-set match. By this time we had moved down to vacated seats on the ground floor, front row, and were able to see the fast-moving net action from just over the players' shoulders. Doubles is almost more exciting than singles, no matter who is playing, and the four women showed us why in the victory by the Czechs. Garrison and Fernandez gave 100 percent and won the second set, but Savchenko's rocket serve and Novotna's brilliant net play won out.

If you are a person lucky enough to receive cable, the following week's Slims Championship in New York will be televised on ESPN, as the Philly final was. So far in that tournament, Steffi Graf has won her early round matches, as has Martina Navratilova, who did not attend the Philadelphia competition, but "upset" Seles and won the most recent Slims final in California, in mid-November. Many things are happening in the world of women's tennis; happy neck-twisting!



Singles from pg. 11

tions/Besides that, she had expectations/Wanted to be a chemical engineer/Makin' fifty to fifty-five thousand a year"? (Oh, Lord). And I hate to steal your thunder, dude, but that idea of sampling the one Lou Reed song that everybody knows—it's been done. Although swiping the song whole 'a la "U Can't Touch This" hasn't been.

Dream from pg. 11

Spirits aside, however, the lovers showed much more color, despite their white costumes and similar masks (which was a very nice touch, for this makes them all the more interchangeable). Theseus (Joe Hackett) and Hippolyta (Andrea Portes) had a good erotically tinged rapport. Quince (Kelly Jensen) and Bottom (Katherine Hawkins) did a very amusing and creative rendition of Pyramus and Thisbe, which was the high point of the play.

There are many parts of this production that worked very well, apart from the above; the sets, for instance, and the lights and sound. The puppets and masks worked well in conjunction with the actors, and fulfilled their function as symbols and necessities (thus enabling Andrea Portes and Joe Hackett to play dual roles).

The theatre dept.'s production of Midsummer Night's Dream took yet another fresh approach to a classic, and provided its audience with an original interpretation. Yet in throwing out some of the old character interpretations, it lost some its enchantment. But this doesn't mean it wasn't worth seeing.

Winter Sports Preview

By Vicky Maxon

Badminton

While last year's was a very young team, this year's Bryn Mawr Badminton squad is a mixture of ages, with only two seniors. The team is composed of about 15 players with lots of team spirit, despite the individual nature of the sport, according to Coach and alum Karen Lewis. Badminton has been an organized sport at Bryn Mawr for more than ten years, and this is Lewis' second year coaching. Though season play does not begin until after Winter Break, there are several scrimmages scheduled before then, like the round-robin tournament played against Swarthmore Nov. 21. Says Lewis, "You need to see badminton to appreciate it. Once you do, you will want to play, and once you play, you will want to again. And once you win, you'll never want to stop."

Basketball

The basketball team has played two scrimmages so far, with significant victories against Chestnut Hill (75-33) and Delaware Valley Community College (62-42). Though only one month into the season, four players have sustained injuries, causing low numbers at this point. Even so, Coach Ray Tharan is impressed with the way the team is working, and believes that health is the key to the season: "If we stay healthy and stay out of foul trouble we can be competitive. Quack."

Swimming and Diving

A close loss against Ursinus puts Bryn Mawr Swimming and Diving's record to a respectable 2-1. The women have been

working hard since the first week of classes, often waking up for five-in-the-morning workouts in order to accommodate some students' labs. Barbara Bolich has coached the team for four years, and she sees them getting "increasingly better. This is the best team we've had." Their next meets are against squads who have dominated in the past, but Bolich knows the team is good enough to give them competition: "At this point we are well-matched, which makes competing that much more fun."

Winter Track

Thirty-four dedicated runners are currently in the midst of a letter-writing campaign that will decide if their team will become a club or a varsity sport at Bryn Mawr. The students are encouraged by the first-time coach of this Fall's cross country team, who led those women through their longest season yet, one in which every runner improved their time. Carolyn Todd, who comes to Bryn Mawr after experience in Boston and London, had the team spend "more time in the pool and a little less on the road" which contributed to the team's almost nonexistent injury rate and overall improvement. Most of the women who ran a "fantastic season" in the Fall will continue competing in the Winter and Spring track seasons. See next issue for a schedule of meets.

Rugby

After a positive, winning season, the women of Horn Toads Bi-Co rugby, coached by Jojo Gunn, "Pudge" Ryan, and Eddie Leyden, will be back for a second, Spring season, when many more matches will be played than were in the

Fall. The team's last match was against long-time rivals Swarthmore, and both the A- and B-sides came up with spectacular wins, in both cases scoring three tries to Swat's one. Laura Wittmer scored in both games, and the other points were contributed by captain Eleni Varitamos, Bess Darrow, Maureen Gaitens, and J.J. Shirley. Angie Corcetti and Vicky Maxon scored the conversions in their respective matches, making their final scores 14-6.

Winter Sports Calendar—Clip and Save!

November

Sat. 23: Swimming at Washington College, 1pm
Tues. 26: Swimming at BMC vs Swarthmore College, 5:30pm
Basketball at BMC vs Neuman, 7pm

December

Wed. 4: Basketball at Beaver College, 7pm
Swimming at BMC vs Ocean County College
Sat./Sun. 7-8: B-ball Seven Sister Tournament at Wellesley
Wed. 11: Basketball at Ursinus College, 7pm

January

Thurs. 16: B-ball at BMC vs Immaculata, 7pm
Sat. 18: B-ball at BMC vs Allentown, 1pm
Badminton at Albright, 1pm
Wed. 22: Badminton at BMC vs Cedar Crest, 4:30
B-ball at BMC vs Philadelphia Pharmacy, 7pm
Thurs. 23: B-ball at BMC vs Widener, 7pm
Fri. 24: Badminton at BMC vs Academy of New Church, 4pm

Sat. 25: Swimming at Mansfield University, 2pm
Mon. 27: Swimming at Widener College, 5pm
Tues. 28: B-ball at BMC vs Haverford, 7pm
Badminton at Rosemont, 4pm
Thurs. 30: Badminton at BMC vs Swarthmore, 4pm
B-ball at Gwynedd Mercy, 7pm

Bruce

cont. from page 10

were," and turned the hottest nightclub in LA, Helena's at Silverlake, into what Interview calls, "the smartest." Isaacson gets around. This week he is performing at St. Mark's Church in New York City and will be making a special appearance at Bryn Mawr on December 5. Red Tree is sponsoring an open reading to begin at 8:30 PM in the Main Lounge of the CCC, (sign up to read whatever you want at 8:00), with Bruce Isaacson as the evening feature. Following the reading there will be a reception/publication party to celebrate the (hopeful) publication of Red Tree 3. Copies of the magazine will be available at that time and maybe Bruce will have some of his books for sale. "I want to spend the rest of my life with poets," says Bruce, "They are loud and obnoxious, but they are honest. They are great, roving eyes on our culture."