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By Nadine Allaf

In recent Ms. Magazine issue, a headline declared the “Return of the Gender Gap—Just in Time for November,” and the accompanying article could not have been more correct. The Gender Gap, as explained by Ann Levesque, the author, is the “difference in voting behavior by a particular segment of the electorate[enews], that regularly makes the difference in hotly contested elections” (January/February 1992 issue).

This past March, the Democratic primary was held for the nominee to the Illinois senatorial race. The incumbent was Democrat Alan Dixon. His political career began in 1949, and he has never been defeated in an election since—until this March, when Carol Mosley Braun beat him in the above-mentioned primary (Walshe, E. The Washington Post, 3/19/92, p.A20). She bested him and a large field of candidates by capitalizing on one of the gender gap’s classic American women, decided to enter the primary after the Clarence Thomas confirmation hearing, in which Senator Dixon voted in favor of Thomas’s confirmation; Isabell Wilkerson of the New York Times described Braun’s reaction as a scene of disgust at “what seemed to be her (braun)…an elitist, white man’s club.” Then she ran a low-key and grass-roots campaign (3/19/92, p.A20), gaining support among “liberals, women, and suburbanites.”

In fact, she did not even run television advertisements until the last week of the primary. Her opponents, Senator Dixon and Al Hofeld, the third candidate and millionaire lawyer, had much more money and ran extensive negative advertising campaigns against each other. (Walshe, E., The Washington Post, 3/18/92, p.A20). In the end, it was she who won.

Who were her supporters? Over eighty percent of the black electorate and over forty percent of the female electorate voted for her. The main reason it was these people’s anger over Clarence Thomas issue. The white male vote was split between the two male candidates (Facts on File, vol 52, #2679, 3/19/92, p.186).

Does this sound like “Gender Gap”? Yes, it does. The female vote, both white and African-American, was instrumental in Braun’s defeat of the incumbent and the millionaire. After all, there are more women than men, and many women were angered and alienated by the Clarence Thomas hearing at Bryn Mawr.

By Emily Cotlier

What’s the matter? Don’t I have a sense of humor? Can’t I take a joke? Why can’t I lighten up and forget about being P.C.? Hey— it’s nothing serious, they’re just kidding! What am I so uptight about?

You probably hear some of these phrases when you speak up against a joke or “funny” insult that you find offensive or hurtful. I hope you get angry about it, when it happens. I do. I think I have a sense of humor—I write and draw the cartoon strip “Suffragette City” for this paper, and I’ve contributed to The Howl, the BMC humor magazine. Last year, I was pleased to have had three pieces accepted by The Howl. I wasn’t entirely impressed by the magazine when it came out, but I was glad to have my work in the magazine, and glad to have a humor magazine on campus. This year, I wasn’t as involved. I could not attend any of the editorial meetings, and I did not submit as many pieces. Don’t know if my involvement would have made any difference, but I wish I would have tried, because I think this issue of The Howl is awful, and I’m ashamed to be associated with it.

In this issue of The Howl, we are presented with the following humor pieces for our delectation: “Lead Pipe Dreams,” a disjointed fantasy wherein a Mawrter decides she is going to shoot an annoying woman. This stunt leads to tremendous media attention, and she is offered a contract through marriage to Disney’s chief executive, and is shrewed with acclaim. Min-bm.

Very funny. I’m dying. “L’Amour (Circa Seventeenth Grade)” and “How To Pucka’ Ford” take us on a chilling ride through the wacky world of date rape. “L’Amour” is a childhood tale of sexual initiation and intimidation. And the Ford article—simply everyone knows that Mawrters are desperate for any man at all. Unfortunately for us, no Forda quality as men, alone as dates, and we can’t expect them to be anything but hunky little boys. (What? Women go to Haverford too?)

“A Moste Propoal” proposes the deportation of all Haverford women from the U.S. co-citizenship. Women are a useful commodity—Haverford women aren’t human beings either; and we can trade them to U.Penn for some real men, and auction off the receipts at Villanova. Or we can just enslave them and rent them out. But, in my personal opinion, the Howl feature that takes the most tasteless piece of cake is the cartoon on page 25. A little girl is speaking to a grown man, saying to him “If you come up into the woods with me, mister, I’ll give you a beer.”

Are you laughing yet? No? You mean you don’t find sexual abuse, killing people, and dehumanizing and insulting Forda funny? What a coincidence— neither do I. I cannot say how upset I am that this National Lampoon-like travesty is being presented as the humor of the Bryn Mawr women. The magazine’s image on campus is such that, whenever I asked an articulate, funny feminist woman to look at The Howl, they refused as if I was asking them to have a cthuliodermot.

Considering the magazine’s editorial policy, I can not fault their decision. I was disgusted by Vicky Lepore’s “Mostede See The Howl’s editted on pg. 3.
The Day of Difference: another step towards multicultural understanding

Now you've taken your guilt into your own hands. Now maybe you can transform it into joy, or love, for yourself and for the other person, and realizing that she knows a machine that has been rolling for centuries, and that she feels guilty and scared. She doesn't know how to love, because her culture oppresses her, and she feels guilty at some point, and is ready to move on to building some bridges instead of drowning in her sorrows. She feels that it is her responsibility to make sure that there are still people who don't know that the river exists, but the people drowning in the water don't want to worry about those people right now. And the people who have the material and the means and the ability and the will, to offer help, to offer support, to offer everything, there's a lot of work to be done. The Day of Difference was an attempt to that end. It was a festival of colors, and everyone has something to be angry about. For the Man, for the patriarchy, for heterosexism. There's also a lot of guilt, and a lot of fear. Sometimes it feels guilty for something, and everyone has something to be scared of. Usually we feel guilty about ourselves, and we feel scared of others, at least if we have lived far enough into our souls to admit anything beyond our defense mechanisms.

Laura Brower's article, "My Lack of Multicultural Education," is much more than a bunch of posters, and it will continue centuries after she has left, and no one will make you feel scared for being white. It's no easy task to realize that one has been a cog in a slowly turning wheel in a racist majority society. It is up to the individuals in the tri-college community to pursue understanding of the color of her skin. There is no reason for her to apologize for being white. She was taking down some pictures of black people. Get real! We all feel that way sometimes, some more than others. For the Man, the patriarchy, for heterosexism, for homosexuals, for blacks, for whites, for 'spics, for honkies, for niggers, for faggots, for chicks, for dykes, for men, for the poor, for the rich, for the bourgeoisie.

Hatred is so unoriginal and worthless. How unoriginal to hate someone. There's also a lot of guilt, and a lot of fear. Everyone feels guilty for something, and everyone has something to be scared of. Usually we feel guilty about ourselves, and we feel scared of others, at least if we have lived far enough into our souls to admit anything beyond our defense mechanisms.

In this sense, guilt and fear are good. It is a blessing to have the chance to understand what it means to be scared of something you can't control, like the way you look, or the way you live your life, or the way others see you. When you were raised and how. For some, this blessing comes early in life, from birth. For others, it takes longer. And it can sometimes be more intense and painful than a lightening bolt. It can be a way, like a lightening bolt, of getting rid of the sack of guilt that you've been carrying around for centuries of oppression heaped onto your skin-color. There is no reason for her to apologize for being white. She was taking down some pictures of black people. Get real! We all feel that way sometimes, some more than others. For the Man, the patriarchy, for heterosexism, for homosexuals, for blacks, for whites, for 'spics, for honkies, for niggers, for faggots, for chicks, for dykes, for men, for the poor, for the rich, for the bourgeoisie.

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A critique of *The Howl*: it is not much of a hoot

continued from page 1

Proposal*, but I support her statement that *The Howl* did not inform her about the extensive editing and rewriting of her piece, and that the published piece is not what she wrote or what she meant to say.

I saw *The Howl*'s editors do the same thing in their 1991 issue to Eleanor Chin's piece, "Huntin' Season." Eleanor gave me the piece to pass onto *The Howl*, so I had the opportunity to read it. It was a beautiful, witty, funny story. When the 1991 *Howl* came out, I saw that the piece had been cut by half, with very poor editing. I asked Ms. Chin if she had been informed of the changes, and she said "Nope."

A piece of mine was returned to me with a request for editing—but the piece was too long to be published. It's hard to edit cartoons. I didn't want to edit it, and the piece was refused. I do not know why they don't publish more of these stories, I told Ms. Chin if she had been informed of the changes, and she said "Nope."

The *Howl*'s choices in selecting and editing its pieces to present not simply an anti-feminist but an anti-woman view is probably an attempt to avoid being "P.C."

People who think it is a hoot to heap someone up or hurt them emotionally are projecting their own hatred, trying to make the world conform to them. If you don't think it is funny, they will say to you "Can't you take a joke? Where's your sense of humor?"

In other words, "I find degrading you funny/hilarious. Why don't you?" Someone who refuses to listen to you because you can not take a joke and you have no sense of humor is saying that you are not real. They refuse to listen to you.

There is a childcare crisis in America. We want to solve the problem. Now you can make a difference.

The University of Pennsylvania and Bryn Mawr College announce a new master's program in early childhood education.

Grads will find employment as:

- Day care administrators
- Corporate consultants
- Policy analysts
- Lobbyists and advocates

For more information contact:

Admissions Office
Graduate School of Education
3700 Walnut Street
Philadelphia, PA 19104-6216
(215) 898-6415

PENN
Spit VIII: "I am squirrel, hear me scurry"

By Lourdes-Marie Katherine Desjardine

As a freshman... freshwoman... freshwoman... and my personal favorite, "super funky freshwoman with an attitudinal "y"; I have gone through many changes since walking through the Pembroke arches. One of them is an increased awareness of minority groups on campus and how the womyn on this campus choose to deal with them. And I finally must speak out.

A group on this campus is being silenced. I can no longer stand their quiet pain. Some of you might already guess of which group I speak. I hope you, too, can join your voices to mine. I speak of the squerrels or as they prefer to be called Funky Funky Fresh Squerrels with an attitudinal "e." B r y n Mawr, let us face this problem! They scurry around. They run in our paths and they never say excuse me. There are increasing cases of squirrel attacks. Just the other day, a friend of mine had a squirrel run up her leg. The squerrels on this campus are angry! It is time that the students and the faculty dealt with the issues unique to this minority group. For example, how many of us just ignore them because we do not want to feel uncomfortable? We see them congregate at the squirrel tree and just pass by. Have you hugged a squirrel lately? The squerrels want a voice in the social and administrative network of the school. I admit that I do not know exactly how their needs should be met. Maybe more squerrel-centric courses should be offered. Some squerrels have requested a squirrel house which would be named "Rocky House: The Squirrel Cultural Center." People could start wearing buttons and shirts with the squirrel symbol: a brown acorn, to show support.

The Lesbian Alumnae Association invites current students to "Soiree II" on May 30 at 8:30 p.m. in Goodhart Music Room. Attendance for students is free, in exchange for work. Interested students should contact Sara at 527-5536.

Alison Bechdel will be at Haverford on Thursday, April 16 at 7:00 p.m. in Stokes Auditorium.
The Bryn Mawr - Haverford Debate Society announces: The 3rd Annual Tournament on April 10th and 11th at Haverford College. Call Melissa Bristol at x5752 if you would be interested in judging at the tournament.

Building bridges continued from page 2

Dance, Tri-Co East Asian Dance, and Neo-Pagan Ritual Music, to give a flavor of the array of performances, finally had a chance to perform in unity. The effect of this was a stronger appreciation for each group, because not only were they skilled, impressive, and fun individually, but they were strengthened because the diversity of performances was so powerful.

Guilt and fear and hatred were left outside the Haverford DC. The focus was on the various groups’ ability to enhance one another. If anyone felt guilty yesterday, it was me for not being able to clone myself four times so that I could attend every talk or performance that overlapped others.

So Laura, maybe you didn’t make Day of Difference. If you had, you would have had the chance to see a lot of things and talk with people who would have told you, “Guilt is self-deprecating. Acknowledge it, but don’t let it sit inside your gut so that you drown in that river. Take my hand, and stop being so afraid, because we’re building a bridge here today, and you can cross it too! Look, people are smiling as they work!”

PLENARY HAS BEEN RESCHEDULED: SUNDAY, APRIL 26 AT 7:00 p.m. IN GOODHART AUDITORIUM

Don’t miss out on this opportunity to be a part of...

the First Annual (or so we hope)

Bryn Mawr College
Roberto Clemente Middle School Day

On May 4, 1992, a group of 31 Puerto Rican fifth graders from Roberto Clemente Middle School in North Philadelphia and 10 of their parents will be visiting the campus in an effort to enable the students to not only see, but to take part in a college environment. They will be going on tours of the campus, attending classes, visiting the gym, and having lunch and dinner in our dining centers. To make this day a success, your assistance is fundamental! You are needed for a wide variety of activities. Escorts for both the students and the parents are needed. People who can speak Spanish would help a lot, but is not necessary. We are trying to make this experience a very individual one for all of the students and the parents...that is, we want them in small groups! That means many volunteers are needed for this day. Please consider giving some of your time.

For specifics: The day will start at 9:00 AM and end at 6:30 PM. You can participate throughout the whole day or just part of it. It is the Monday after May Day during the exam review period. If you would like more information about the students, the parents or anything else...call Mary Sefranek at 826-7649. To volunteer yourself, fill out the information below and send it to Box C-294 (through BMC/Campus Mail if you are a Haverford student).

I will volunteer on May 4th, 1992 for the Roberto Clemente Middle School Day.

Name ___________________ Hours I can work ___________________

BOX ___________________

BMC or HC student? ___________________

Phone number ___________________

Questions? Comments?

I will volunteer on May 4th, 1992 for the Roberto Clemente Middle School Day.

Name ___________________ Hours I can work ___________________

BOX ___________________

BMC or HC student? ___________________

Phone number ___________________

Questions? Comments?
Bryn Mawr security: does it extend to off-campus students?

By Sara Rubin

As a student who has lived off campus for the past year, I can say that some improvements which Public Safety could make to better ensure off-campus students’ safety.

Currently there are no existing ride or escort services for off-campus students. I know this because I have called Public Safety a few times to ask for a ride, and they have asked me several times to take a taxi or ride share. I understand that they are probably very busy, and that they made exceptions for one, because they would have otherwise made exceptions for many. I usually do not even think about it, but asking for a ride is Public Safety’s duty.

I have had a few close calls. I have found myself alone on campus late at night because I did not have a ride or a friend to accompany me. When I was studying at the computer center, an empty building, I was alone and would have been too scared to go home alone. I have been asked to deliver pizza a few times, and I have had to walk alone on campus.

I think that if Public Safety is driving off campus, they could certainly make an official or a student, who is walking alone, feel safer. Furthermore, I believe it is the duty of the college to provide some kind of off-campus escort system for those of us off campus, especially in light of recent incidents.

An even more alarming incident: one snowy January night, I was out with two friends around 11:00 pm. We were enjoying the snow, as we were a group of freshmen, by the Rhoades’ beach. We watched them running across the playing-field, laughing, when all of a sudden they stopped in their tracks—a group of about six drunk males, approximately 16-18 years old, carrying sleds, ran up to the women. The males began shouting, some wanting to have sex with the women. The females ran away, some saying that they were going to tell their boyfriends, while the others said that they were going to tell their roommates.

I ran to the safety office to tell the dispatcher what was happening, what the males said, and what we did. I also told them that I was a student, stating that it was important to go over the incident immediately. The officer on duty heard all of this, and said he would go over. After being detained for some time, giving and re-giving my name, explaining the circumstances, listing all the obsessions and threats that had been said, I was let out from the Merion office and saw the officer only just setting out, at a slow walking pace. I do not think that the officer was up to speed with all the incidents that were occurring at this time, and I was not able to tell her what had happened.

The alert system for safety was not effective. The males who were at this point threatening the females were drinking and shouting under a tree. The officer approached the males, and then the males turned and started yelling, "Suck my 30 foot schlong!" and other obscene taunts at the officer.

The officer was slow in responding to a potentially very dangerous and threatening situation. He did not question the males, get any information on them. He did not threaten them with recourse though they were threatening, being abusive on BMC grounds, and consuming alcohol, which is a liability to Bryn Mawr, to boot. The menacing and disrespectful males continued to make a fool of the officer—and of BMC security in
general. Bryn Mawr is almost welcoming to men like this, if this is the image and behavior of its officers. Also, no safety alerts were posted about this incident, even though students were traying at those fields until late into that night, and the next. This illustrates my point about "luck"—by chance, nothing happened that night.

I believe in self-government. I have faith that COPS will soon become, in the words of Steven Heath, "as viable as the HA program." Part of that viability consists of listening to student input. Here is some of mine: Historically, many COPS programs have not addressed real student awareness and vigilance. The idea of a special password to alert others when you are in danger is perhaps viable in isolated and rare instances, but is hardly the first priority in terms of campus safety. I, and many many other students, feel that "COPS quotes," although someone put a lot of work into them, are an insult to our intelligence— it is important to lock doors, but that mode of saying it is condescending and ineffective. The "Dear John" letter was hyped as a comprehensive newsletter from the Department of Public Safety— yet it is a cartoon, stating simply, "Don't walk alone at night." Escort service is a good idea. For such a program to work, however, it requires that the Department of Public Safety respond immediately if something goes wrong—the "naked jogger" assaulted two women who were out walking together.

WHAT YOU CAN DO:

- Students must serve as role models and exemplars for campus safety, as this is most influential in changing daily habits (such as questioning strangers, vigilance about reporting all incidents, etc.). There are many things, costing little or no money, that students can do to improve this environment. Students can play a role in improving interpersonal relations with Public Safety; often discourse between officers and students becomes impolite and uncommunicative. Part of students' mistrust stems from the feeling that some of the officers do not understand the gravity or urgency of certain situations. This is largely an issue of language and increased interaction outside of crisis situations. One of the trustees of the college suggested a dorm-based self-defense class that students and officers would undergo together. Another concrete action, which many people still don't do, is to lock doors. It has been said, and it will be said again, but concerns about safety on campus cannot go without that important fact. Nothing gets done quickly in any institution, but student input will speed the implementation of some of following ideas:
  - A unified key system, wherein one key opens all the dorms (thereby permitting 24-hour lockup and student 24-hour access, important for universal student access to dining halls).
  - Lighting installed like the campus center flood lights, and better response time by physical plant when fixtures aren't working. Currently, the process through which the administration prioritized the need for lighting is that Steven Heath toured the campus at night to determine where he himself felt most unsafe. Such an effort does not approximate the feelings of women, the very students, who live on campus all the time.
  - Blue Bus stops at both the Campus Center and Goodhart after dark. This avoids the problem of students walking through the poorly-lit campus to their dorms alone at night.

The question of Bryn Mawr safety and what is in the best interest of the students, budget and well-being of the College, is determined not just by administrators or officers who make decisions for us. A full and effective consultation is determined by your input, not us. So, look around, ask questions, speak up for your own safety. All students can move their cars by 8 am.

Review of parking policies. Faculty and staff receive parking right next to the dorms, yet they are usually not on campus after dark, while students park in remote Erdman and Hafner lots and get home late at night, when the campus is deserted. It is at present unrealistic, given college lifestyle, to expect that...
By Zee Latil

The array of cultural experiences pro-
vided by Beyoncé never ceases to amaze me. Last Thursday, I had the infinite pleasure of viewing one of the up-and-coming punk/thrash bands which are gaining public attention in the wake of Nirvana’s success. I honestly do not understand why L7 was hired, except for the fact that they are a “girl” band, and on a Thursday night, no less—they somehow do not seem like the standard fare, especially considering the popular-
ity of a cup of tea around here.

But it was a highly entertaining experi-
ence nevertheless. Rather than being in the Cloisters, the event was moved—because of the low spring temperatures that we seem to be experiencing— to Erdman living room. Not only did Erd-
man prove to be rather small, the dorm residents were, I understand, not terribly pleased to have their nearly indestruc-
tible cement home rattled up as much as it was.

Around eight o’clock, the dorm was besieged by Philly fans, whom I can only imagine that they can no longer be discrimi-

ting of the image of a powerful female protago-

nists. The band came on nearly at eleven o’clock, after hours of setting up an ar-
ray of amps nearly as tall as Erdman’s doors, as well as a huge number of micro-

tors and cables and the like, and an opening band from Haverford (He-

more), which was amused by this. But the campus crowd, the band itself was worlds better.

The lead singer’s jeans were more metaphysical than physical; her hair, at optimal length for headbanging, was streaked with blue and white, and she appeared so lost control of her lipstick that it appeared that she had a lipstick mustache. The bass player’s tal-

ents may not have been huge, but she made up for it with a bunch of great ta-
toes, including one where she covered her entire face. The other guitarist and the drum-

mer were equally scrupulously, and their contin-

ued show of leaping and headbanging proved to be nearly as fun as the crowd’s reactions. The guitars were slammed against the wall, as well as hurling themselves on top of the crowd.

The music itself can best be described as loud. The idea of melody or lyrics or voices or anything like that was entirely sacrificed to the background of the drums, amplified with reverb to create a truly thundery sound, and the speed of the music was such that I could barely see key, appar-
ently—plus as much aggression as possible.

It is his fear, he admits, which makes it “the fuck of the century.” The same de-
tective, with a new appreciation for the thrill of violence, goes home, hurrs his adoring girlfriend against the wall, and foribly has sex with her. Overcome by her own arousal, the responses passion-
ately to the rape.

The night I saw the movie the audience was predominantly a high school crowd. I think it is likely that, out of the two-
hundred people in the audience, one of those sixteen year old boys went home and slammed his date against the wall, and that one of these sixteen year old girls thought she should like it.

What people are so willing to admit that this is a sexist movie. After all, the violence goes both ways— women against men, men against women. Women friends of mine told me that since the female protagonist was so powerful, deadly and beautiful, they did not think the movie was sexist— rather, it was a refreshing divergence from the stereotyped image of beautiful, brainless, and blindly nurturing toward men.

It says something sad about this soci-

ety in which women are so starved for the image of a powerful female protago-
nist that they can no longer be discrimi-

nating about the nature and use of that power. What these women forget is the second stereotype: woman as the dia-

bolical and dark Other. Catherine’s lesbian lover (after all, Cath-

rine is too fascinated by Catherine’s dark, dangerous sexuality to stay away from her. He finally goes to bed with her and, by implication, with his own dark and perverse side. He even begins smok-

ing and drinking again.

Catherine’s previous male lover has been her victim. However, Nick Curran is a very scary guy. Rather, he is uniquely able to stand up to the Temptress because he is able to harness his own dark side and use it to dominate the woman who originally dragged it out of him. “I already love you,” he tells her. “But I’ll nail you anyway.” He demands her at-
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main and moves Nick’s hands, forces him to take a deep breath, and puts his fingers in her mouth.

This movie uses the second stereotype: woman as the diabolical and dark Other...
Lord's deconstruction of *Death of a Salesman*

By Alexandra Djurklou

A large wire mesh construction in the form of a house is in front of me, a house surrounded by a sea of black plastic, bespattered with empty aluminum cans. White painted telegraph poles (which can nicely double as crosses as well) flank the wire walls, their twin and triplets going off into the distance, making the house a brief pause in the long road into infinity. Further back, at another stop along this road, is a car, one of those large, American cars that have come to be associated with the American dream...

A tortured image from my subconscious? No, it is the set of Death of a Salesman, the newest deconstructionist extravaganza from theater director Mark Lord.

As I sit through the production, listening to its neverending soundtrack of music taken from *The Road*, by Fellini, I see Chicago's original piece, watching five Willy Lomans cowering, images of brick walls and socks projected on screens behind them, I see: Would Arthur Miller turn in his grave? That is, of course, if he is really dead... And I find myself once again treating this production as an offspring with chosen echoes of its mother.

The main strengths in this production (as is usually the case in Mark Lord's work), were the visual images. This salesman is a visual treat. However, other aspects, such as the continuous music coupled with the either exaggerated, ponderous or more often, did not work as well, for the music was often too loud and the voices too low, making it very irritating to listen to them.

This garble became even worse near the end of the piece, where several scenes had been fused together. Visually, it was fine. Otherwise, it was a mess. This disorder ruins the build in this piece and made the ending abrupt and unsatisfying.

The allusions to vampirism were fun, but not well integrated too obviously, too stilted, making the ending ridiculous - an obvious attempt to put in that extra little bit of deep commentary that one would later discuss in awed tones with other learned friends.

Of the five Willys, I thought Naomi Barr's was the best, probably because I could always hear her. Deborah Swedlow demonstrated strength in her character Linda (I am particularly impressed that she was able to smoke a cigar). Andrew Pearlman, as Happy, encompassed the ideals of vapid youth very well. The set and the tech work keep up the always impeccable standards of past productions.

I see this Salesman as a work in progress. In deconstructing Miller's work and putting it back together again, Mark Lord has overlooked some of the parts that made the production work in the first place, mainly the text. It may be better to remove the words instead of burying them under music and mumbling, and stick to the visual images these words evoke. Or else make sure that the words' impact is equal to that of the image. The shape the creature has now does not ensure life - however, it is still interesting and, in many ways, brilliant.

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The Susman lean mean movie machine section

The concert booker, the singer, and their loves

By Megan Susman

Although loosely based on actual events, *Death of a Salesman* is anything but realistic. This quirky, romantic, unpretentious movie is about love, and the lengths to which some people will go to get it.

The main character is Micky O'Neill (Adrian Dunbar), a concert booker trying desperately to hold on to his club, booking acts like "Franc Cinatra" in an attempt to draw crowds. Meanwhile, he is going off into the distance, making the wire walls, their twins and triplets projected on screens behind them, I see: Would Arthur Miller turn in his grave? That is, of course, if he is really dead... And I find myself once again treating this production as an offspring with chosen echoes of its mother.

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The Susman lean mean movie machine section

The concert booker, the singer, and their loves

By Megan Susman

As my thesis-writing and job-hunting got harder, my choice of movies becomes less discriminating. I no longer look for an image with social commentary. I am falling flat on his back in red Alabama mud is good enough for me. I am sufficiently indifferent to go see a movie called *My Cousin Vinnie*. The movie begins with Bill (Ralph Macchio, the Karate Kid himself) and Stan (Mitchell Williams), two buddies headed to college by way of the Deep South, being arrested in Alabama for murder in a fairly unbelievable case of mistaken identity. Unable to afford any money for bail, Bill hires his cousin to represent him and Stan. Enter Vinnie (Joe Pesci), professional arguer, debunker of magicians, and a practicing lawyer, for nearly six weeks.

Confronted with his first case and a judge (Fred Cowyne, a.k.a. Herman Munster) who is a stickler for the sort of procedure Vinnie knows nothing about, the lawyer spends almost as much time in jail as his clients. Of course, in the end he wins the case, but only after accepting the much-offered help of his sharp, snappy girlfriend, Lisa (Marisa Tomei). The movie is the time-worn fish-out-of-water formula, with New Yorkers Vinnie and Lisa confronting the residents of Wahzoek City, Alabama. Both Pesci and Tomei, however, give great comic performances which save the movie. Fred Cowyne is also good as the humorless judge who acts more like a schoolteacher.

Joe Pesci has got to be one of the most versatile actors around today. He can go from an Oscar-winning turn as the psych killer in *Goodfellow*, to the annoying money-launderer in *Lethal Weapon 2*, to the just plain weird wig-sporting David Ferrie in * JFK*, to... well, to this. Even with fairly uninspired material, Pesci shows a wonderful talent for comedy. Hopefully, he'll get better comedy roles. Note to Pesci fans, if there are any out there besides me: he'll soon be appearing in *Lethal Weapon 3* (yes, three), presumably reviving his role as the "Okay, okay, okay. Okay! Okay, okay, okay" guy.

As Mona Lisa Vito, Marisa Tomei is a real find. She is sharp and sarcastic, and while she may dress like a mall chick from hell, she certainly does not act like one. It seemed to me that she would make a better lawyer than Vinnie; in any event, she's the one who provides the crucial evidence that lets him win the case.

The movie's humor is pretty broad, often resorting to slapstick, but it's good, if unbelievable, entertainment. Pesci won't win any Oscars for this role, but he is great fun to watch.

Rating: 3.0 out of 4.0 (as I got more stressed, I also got more generous)
Ms. Hank

Dear Ms. Hank,

I'm embarrassed to admit I've been secretly seeing a boy for the last month. He's really great except he unabashedly admits his love of Beverly Hills 90210. I am tired of playing second fiddle on a Thursday night to a stupid, idiotic, teenybopper show. Every time I suggest going to see a speaker or a movie on Thursday night, he gives me his puppy dog eyes. "But honey, today's Thursday. Why can't we just cuddle in front of the TV?" he asks. Sometimes, I seriously question what I see in him. When I want to watch L.A. Law, he always comes up with some lame excuse. He'll say he's sorry but he has too much studying to do. How can I get him to respect my wishes?

A fed-up Mawrter

Dear Fed-Up,

Have you ever noticed how good looking Dylan is in those jeans—boy, that guy can sure wear those jeans. And Brenda, with her finely chiseled bone structure...

Hail to Mind Candy, Ms. Hank.

Ms. Hank

Dear Ms. Hank,

I am not talking about Erdman, Louie Kahn's vision. Yueech! I am not talking about option 8 in room draw. You know, living off campus— with parents?

A fed-up Mawrter

Dear Fed-Up,

You have ever explored the possibility of option 8 in room draw? You know, living off campus— with parents?

Hail to Mind Candy, Ms. Hank.
Dates Women Make

Through Wednesday, April 15
The easel paintings of Dean Hartung of Swarthmore College and the still life paintings of Ellen Hutchinson (the two artists are husband and wife) will be on exhibit at Swarthmore’s List Gallery in the Lang Performing Arts Center, Wed. and Thurs., noon-3 p.m. and Sat. and Sun., 1-4 p.m. Call 328-8553 for info.

Thursday, April 9
Wadadah Ahmad and Major Jackson, authors of the newly released book, Back to Africa with a White Woman, will present an open reading at the 40th St. Underground, 4000 Spruce St. at 9 p.m. Call 382-POEM for info.

Friday, April 10
Neighborhood Film/Video project presents “Homecomings,” two documentary films from Australia and England, which portray the conflicting notions of women’s roles, home and culture. At International House, 3701 Chestnut St., 7:30 p.m. Tickets are $6.

“The Persephone in the Underworld”, a performance art piece based on the Greek myth of Persephone by Lili White, including acting, original music, dancing and poetry. At 5601 Locust Walk (UPenn campus), 8 p.m. Admission is $5. Call 334-4299 for info. (Shows also on Sat. and Sun. at Group Motion Theatre, 624 S. 4th St.)

Bryn Mawr Coffeehouse presents Folk/Worldbeat music from South Africa by Sharon Katz and Seweto Soul, CCC Main Lounge, 9-11 p.m. (If you can’t make it, they’ll be performing on Wednesday, April 15, at the Northwest Passage coffeehouse, Allen’s Lane at McCallum St. Starts at 9 p.m and admission is $5.)

Saturday, April 11
Wellness Seminars: “Women’s Worries and What You Should Know” in the Schwatz Gym, 10 a.m.-noon.

“Voices of Stream” celebrates the female connection to the earth with an evening of song and poetry at Miriam’s Tambourine Women’s Coffeehouse, Calvary Church, 46th and Baltimore Ave. Starts at 7:30 p.m. and admission is $5.

Thursday, April 16
Bryn Mawr’s Gia Hansbury, editor of Red Tree, will be giving a poetry reading at 40th St. Underground, 4000 Spruce St. at 9 p.m. Call 382-POEM for info.

Bryn Mawr College Film Series presents “Father of the Bride,” at 7-45 and 10:00 p.m. in Thomas 110.

Thursday, April 23
Bryn Mawr College Film Series presents “Black Orpheus,” at 7-45 and 10:00 p.m. in Thomas 110.

Friday, April 24
“Sins of Omission”, autobiographical monologues by Holly Hughes, examine society in terms of motherhood, power and complicity towards racism and sexism. At the Painted Bride Art Center, 230 Vine St. Starts at 8 p.m. and admission is $15. Call 925-9914 for info. Shows also on Sat. and Sun.

Basic Instinct
continued from page 8
we learn that Beth has had a lesbian relationship with Catherine in the past. Shockingly, darling Beth is a suspect for murder and possibly in cahoots with the lesbian-killer gang. At the end of the movie, we cannot be entirely sure who was responsible for the murders (although the leapstick on the floor strongly suggests that Catherine is involved). It may have been any one of the women; it was definitely a collaborative effort of some combination of them. After all, they are all connected by their lesbian relationship.

This vagueness, the fact that Roxy’s and the older woman’s previous crimes were completely unexpected and unexplained, and the startling suspiciousness of Beth, hint that there was good sex, because someone wishes.

But usually, Arians have a strange --- at the relationship, it could could really go places. The cautious Goat is --- at the relationship, due to the Ram’s tendency to --- and, often, not very wise. The Goat --- and, each can therefore offer the --- to the Arian --- are attracted to anything new, and no self-respecting Ram could pass up the --- and --- of the --- and, as long as she doesn’t go too far. Once the Ram has crossed the limit, the Fish will quickly slip-slide around her --- and swim away into the --- unknowns, where the Aries --- has no hope of ever finding her.

But usually, Arians are strange --- understanding of the --- nature, and the Ram’s --- and --- --- comes fully out into the --- open around Pisces. Pisceans are drawn to this, as well as to the --- and, through the Fish’s ---, sensitive, and able to shelter the Aries --- from the hurt to which she’s so --- vulnerable. This bond could grow into a --- one, with each complementing the other’s nature and ---.

--- Bhalerao and Saboena Saleh

The International Students Association
Annual Bazaar

**date:** Saturday 4/25/92 **place:** Merion Green

Live music, international food, and various jewelry vendors

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Horned Toads sweep Virginia Women's Invitational Tournament

By Nadine Allaf

The information for this article was compiled by Eden Feuer and Angie Corcetti.

This past weekend, our bi-college Rugby club participated in the Virginia Women's Invitational Tournament. Of the fourteen teams present, the Horned Toads were ranked twelfth. The tournament began on the fourth of April, with the Toads scheduled to play Old Dominion University. However, Old Dominion did not have enough players and the Toads won by forfeit. Their second game of the day was versus Cornell. They blew Cornell away 44 to zero. Winning these games allowed the Toads to advance from their initial bracket to the semifinals.

On Sunday, the Horned Toads faced James Madison University, who had also advanced from their bracket to the semifinals. After a very tough game, our women defeated them 4 to zero. Later that day, the Toads went up against the University of Vermont in the final game. Vermont was in the top bracket compared the Toads' low standing, however, after a intense game, our Horned Toads won 16 to 14.

Forays into Fencing is holding a tournament on Sunday, 4/12/92, at 12pm in Schwartz Gymnasium. Please come & watch. Anyone interested in participating (minimal weapon experience necessary), call x5446.