The March for women's lives: what did it prove?

By Aparna Mukherjee

We were finally warm—not only physically but emotionally and spiritually. We were hot, confident, exultant, except with warm fuzzies thrown in. We had just marched with the over 500,000 other pro-choice activists and supporters on the March on Washington on April 5th. We had heard Patricia Ireland, Robin Morgan, Cyndi Lauper, Peter, Paul & Mary, and Democratic, Republican and Independent political-choice candidates pledge not to turn back.

Wechanted empowering manners like, "U.S. out of my uterus," or "Bush, Bush cutta mine..." We bonded (or at least pretended to bond) with hundreds of people we didn't know, women and men opening the doors of our rights. The patriarchy was nowhere in sight and we felt good. So, as we strolled back to where the school buses going back to the Main Line were parked—beheld a stadium with a baseball game in progress—we were not expecting any negative vibes for at least another hour or two. Apparently the Phillies playing whatever home team was not enough of a diversion for some D.C. spectators, because we started running into people leaving the game early.

Decked out in our pro-choice garb (while BMC clothing, "Thelma & Louise are Pro-Choice" stickers, NARAL and Planned Parenthood signs), we and some of the women in front of us attracted the attention of some of young men leaving the stadium.

"Hey, are you pro-choice?" one of them asked.

"Yeah! Go Choice!..." some of us responded.

"Cow! Pro-Choice all the way!" another

Phillies fan approved.

This was fabulous—what a great feeling that the ordi-
nary, middle-twen-
ties white, jack-wanna-be, American, hopefully
registered-choice-voting male was be-

hid us too.

At least for a few seconds—he fol-

lowed up his affirmation with, "Yeah, abortion, the other than being a cow!"

Our sensitive New Age guy was Mr.Misogyny in disguise.

I felt like kicking the shit out of him. I had such a sense of well-being until this intruder screwed it up. The most I could muster, after registering what he had said and meant, was screaming to his back, "Fuck you assholes..."

Alcohol and you: the dry facts

By Tania Galles

Some things to think about before you take your next "drink!"

Did you know that alcohol is the ONLY drug that can damage virtually every organ system in the body? Here are some of the highlights... (And if you are not big on lists, do not dare to the article en-
tirely. Move onto another paragraph, I'll understand.)

Alcohol's effects on:

• Brain/Central Nervous System
  • Affects and kills brain cells
  • Impairs memory, coordination and judgement
• Gastrointestinal System
  • Irritates the stomach and intestine
  • Causes stomach and duodenal ulcers
  • Blocks absorption of essential nutrients
• Circulatory System
  • Causes high blood pressure
  • May cause anemia
• Immune System
  • Impedes functioning of immune system cells (which can increase a per-
  son's susceptibility to infectious diseases and cancer)
• Skeletal System
  • Leaches calcium from the bones.

For the chronic alcoholic, the news is even worse. Alcohol can reduce muscle mass, cause impotence in men and infertility, menstrual irregularities (as if we weren't bad enough) and loss of sex drive in women. The list goes on to include irreversible brain damage, cirrho-
sis, pancreatitis, heart disease.

In fact, of the 97,500 deaths caused by alcohol annually (my source was published in 1987), thirty-nine percent resulted from alcohol-induced illnesses.

The remainder resulted from either alcohol-related motor vehicle accidents (twenty-seven percent) or alcohol-related suicides, and non-vehicle accidents (thirty-four percent). (Taken from The Recovery Resource Book by Barbara Yo-
der, 1990.)

Did you know that, according to the records of the U.S. Department of Justice, alcohol use is strongly related to crime?

In 1983, of the 132,420 offenders con-

victed for criminal activity, forty-eight percent used alcohol just before committing the crime. The percentage is slightly higher (fifty-two percent) for those con-

victed of rape or sexual assault. Alcohol see Alcohol: the dry facts on page 3

Did he know what he was saying? Was he the type of man to cause or maybe force himself on a woman, persuade her to have sex without a condom? Or perhaps a "real" rapist? Was he just plain ignorant and trying to be funny with a sappy comeback? Did he think of an

answer or did he just not say anything? Do a lot of men feel that way and just not say it? What about the men I care for and know?

All those questions were swirling around my head and I hated it. It made me sick to "forgive" the reality of why some women, especially some D.C. women, pretend to bond) with hundreds of people we didn't know, women and men opening the doors of our rights. The patriarchy was nowhere in sight and we felt good.

So, as we strolled back to where the school buses going back to the Main Line were parked—beheld a stadium with a baseball game in progress—we were not expecting any negative vibes for at least another hour or two. Apparently the Phillies playing whatever home team was not enough of a diversion for some D.C. spectators, because we started running into people leaving the game early.

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McBride-sponsored Panel on Multiculturalism: "...jump right in" by Elena McFadden

"The things he taught me were great things: that all racism is rotten, white or black, that everybody is political, that people lead or do nothing, that women speak on the inspiring women speaking on the topic, "The Dangers of Silence: Diversity and cancer")

And of particular interest to WOMEN:

• Impedes functioning of immune system

• Contributes to development of gastrointestinal cancers

• Blocks absorption of essential nutrients

• Contributes to the development of gastrointestinal cancers

• Causes high blood pressure

• May cause anemia

IMMUNE SYSTEM

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Aconscious objector

April 15, 1992
Letter to the Editor
The College News
Bryn Mawr College

Dear Editors,

In your statement of purpose, you claim that "The College News is a feminist newspaper which serves as a source of information and expression for the Bryn Mawr community." Last week, I read the entire publication for the first time, cover to cover, and was very surprised to find that you have stayed greatly from these standards.

For a "newspaper" or a "newspaper" (which your elaborate headline and page set-up informally claimed) it was interesting to find so little news on the front page. Instead, I found a collage of opinions, which most newspapers print under the rubric of "viewpoints," or on the last page. I am referring more to the two articles about The Howl, though Nadine Allaf's piece was not altogether innocent. Also, what I found is just one of the many examples of the cause further chagrin.

First, "In Defense of The Howl." This article should have been named "Estounding The Howl," or "Self-Apology of Karmen Tolchin and Julie Fansburg." In her "collaborative" and unself-congratulating history of what I found mostly offensive and degrading to Bryn Mawr, Remarks, which they wrote for it to be printed in the magazine. Basically, she was, along with Karen Cotlier, which bears another's name, and allow each writer in this seminovum! to stand behind what she writes. We in no way claim that the opinions expressed by women are ours; rather, they are the opinions existing in the community and are given a voice by the writer.

One thing that may have escaped your attention is that not only are these identical views, nor should they: and who decided feminism to be one thing, and only one thing? For us, there is no "right" or "wrong" feminism, and to imply that such is the case is restrictive, and not taking undue liberty with an article of many different voices, none of which is ours or is intended for us. We do not judge what we write; merely we clean it up for editing purposes, but we do not have the right to change your consideration, discussion, or otherwise.

Mr. Pines, please do not presume to know what we are thinking, or that our editor's thing else, unless we officially state them to our own. We are the people who put the paper together and we don't determine what is said or how it is said (unless it is grammatically unma-

Your assumptions are unfounded and unformed rather than attempting to truly understand, you have condemned without knowing the facts of how our newspapers, or what individuals, function.

Finally, you make well-founded, though after a single reading of a publication that has been published bimonthly and available to you not at least three times? Please refer to The College News issue of March 26 and read our letter to the community, which may have enlightened you. Koren has probably had your analyses on a more broadly-researched basis.

We appreciate response to what we produce, even when it is tinted with such pretense, and continue enabling. Constructive criticism is always welcome.

Thank you for your time. (And we hope that we did respond and print an unedited version of your own views given you an idea of how we operate.)

Sincerely,

aru, Ellen, & Nadine

Concerned for sisterly solidarity

April 3, 1992
To the women of Bryn Mawr and Haverford:

We welcomed the opportunity to read the most recent issue of The Howl. We thought of The Howl as a positive way to examine and challenge existing stereotypes of women. Before our expectations, we were even more dismayed and disappointed to discover that this magazine issue perpetuated negative stereotypes about both Haverford women and women in general. Frankly, although we like a good joke as well as the next person, we are sick of humor that thinly disguises messages of intolerance and hatred.

The first thing that we saw was the back cover, which read "Have you driven a Ford lately?" The accompanying pic-

ture and joke implies that all Fords are men. This assumption renders Haverford women invisible. Not wanting to jump to conclusions, we read on, hoping that this was merely an oversight. However, ever so often, we found "Vicky, I want Your Proposal." We saw in this overt example of malicious and harmful sexism, often repeated, that this article had the right to be published. We have rightfully flown had a man written this piece. Before we begin our discussion of the next scene, we wish to make it clear that we are discussing the piece as it was allowed to go to print.

Let's start with this sentence: "I propose the deportation of all Haverford women." This would implement the wish that this article expressed on the back cover— that the women of Haverford should disappear. Next, the suggestion that women be seen sisterly solidarity page 4

A final note on The Howl affair

To the Community: I am a layout editor for The Howl. Seeing theiasco grow and invade every corner of the Bryn Mawr campus, and even some parts of Haverford, I could not help but be disturbed when I saw the articles appear in both The Bi-College News and The College News. The final straw was seeing the comment board set up in the IRC. Campus Center, although every time I was there, everybody is talking the College the 'real' story, I feel that I must contribute my thoughts to this issue.

I was at the meeting at which the layout staff finally changed the red text to "Modest Proposal into The Howl." Vicky Lepore, the fresh who wrote the piece, said, "Many people, including me, are attending to exploring the idea that we wouldn't read her article in the piece which has been printed and, so, she was going to explain it to us. Basically, she was, along with Karen Tolchin and Julie Fansburg, pushing hard for it to be printed in the magazine.

At that point, it was discovered that the top editors had edited out any part of the original article that was remotely too "liberal," such as the line: "You are one of many different voices, none of which is ours or is intended for nothing. We do not judge what we write; merely we clean it up for editing purposes, but we do not have the right to change your consideration, discussion, or otherwise. Mr. Pines, please do not presume to know what we are thinking, or that our editor's thing else, unless we officially state them to our own. We are the people who put the paper together and we don't determine what is said or how it is said (unless it is grammatically unma-

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Alcohol: the facts

contributes to seventy percent of all sexual diseases.

Eat before and during drinking.

Don't mix alcohol with drugs, including over-the-counter, prescription and illegal drugs.

Recognize another person's right not to drink (a personal favorite of mine).

Set a limit before you start drinking.

Ease and continue during drinking.

Avoid drinking alcohol if you are pregnant.

Avoid drinking while taking blood-thinning medication.

Avoid drinking while taking medicine for colds or flu.

Alcohol can make you feel relaxed and increase your self-confidence, but it can also make you feel drowsy and impair your judgment.

Alcohol is a depressant, which means it slows down the central nervous system, causing a decreased level of consciousness and impaired judgment.

Alcohol can cause short-term memory loss and impaired social judgment.

Alcohol can also cause long-term effects, such as liver damage, heart disease, and cancer.

Alcohol can interact with other drugs, both legal and illegal, to cause potentially fatal effects.

Alcohol use can be associated with a higher risk of accidents, including car crashes, falls, and drowning.

Alcohol use can increase the risk of alcohol dependence and addiction.

Alcohol use can contribute to violence and aggression.

Alcohol use can impair decision-making skills, leading to risky or impulsive behaviors.

Alcohol use can lead to a decrease in sexual performance.

Alcohol use can increase the risk of sexually transmitted infections (STIs) and HIV.

Alcohol use can increase the risk of fetal alcohol syndrome (FAS).

Alcohol use can increase the risk of liver disease and cirrhosis.

Alcohol use can increase the risk of cancer, including liver, breast, and throat cancer.

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Sisterly Solidarity from pg. 2

exchanged for “a set of taller [U Penn] men.” It implies that men are of greater value to this community than the women who are already here.

The idea of showcasing women portrays us as merchandise, something which is already done enough by most forms of American media. The equation of women with commodities to be bought becomes more blatant with the suggestion that Haverford women be “auctioned off to the highest bidder.” This kind of an attitude condones extreme male disrespect of women, for it provides men with the argument of “if women can say it about other women, why can’t we?” Even beyond gender lines, it is deeply offensive to wish slavery on anyone, as it inherently denies her/his humanity. This isn’t funny, this is hateful.

The next paragraph expresses that if “women... remain difficult... I propose that we enslave them and rent them out.” This is talking about women the same way that many men talk about women who confront them on issues of sexism; they perceive themselves as “difficult” and wish to disempower them.

When women talk about other women in a reduced, disrespectful manner, it is even worse than when men do it because we waste energy antagonizing each other instead of fighting to achieve a greater position for all women in society. All women lose when we are divided and while all women are not the same, we all have experienced oppression on some level because of our gender. We can have our differences, but we should not be so preoccupied with each other that we cannot offer support when it is needed.

We think that the women of the Bi-College community have brought into the notion of “too many women.” Let us consider the implications of this notion. First of all, “too many” is a relative term, and here it is a relative term to men. We must stop defining ourselves in terms of men. Furthermore, it is time to utilize the power of our numbers to effect change in our community. All women in the Bi-College community are different, and we should embrace these differences. Honor can be a way to examine our differences without perpetuating hatred and divisiveness.

In sisterhood,
K.D., J.E., E.S., L.H., M.M., K.L., R.T.
M.B., E.D., J.H., H.W., A.H., S.R., C.M.,
L.S., A.H., K.A., L.K., and all the other women who signed the petitions that are circulating.

Panel on diversity and silence continued from page one

The Howl affair cont’d from pg. 3

The March on D.C. continued from page one

got my advance copy of The Howl. At the coming party for The Howl, I quickly skimmed through my copy. Although I did not like most of the articles very much, I did appreciate most of the cartoons, even Emily Cottier’s. (Now that I could have edited this because of irresponsibility and divisiveness. I have written in asking to see the original copy. That is pointless for "A Modest Proposal"..., the real problem... is with the extent that we are excusing ourselves to repugnant solutions to our problems with it, but I just put those down to shoddy editorialship and weak submitters. In my next piece, I will discuss the arguments and articles about The Howl appeared everywhere.

I believe that there is no one person to blame for “A Modest Proposal”..., the real problem... is with the extent that we are excusing ourselves.

because Vicky, herself, agreed with at least 98% of the final article which appeared in the magazine. Yes, Vicky is a frosh and when she wrote that article she might not have realized that the relationship between Mawers and Haverford women is not the strongest one, by any means. Yet, that was stressed again, and again, at the meeting and, supposedly, it was not going to be taken care of in the final article. I can believe that the top Editors could have edited the article with her consent. Know for certain that they added a last line to another article, for no particular reason, and without consulting the author. But, as I said before, there is not any significant changes from the basic article that was agreed upon in that meeting.

I believe that there is no one person to blame for “A Modest Proposal”..., Vicky, Karen and Julie all pushed it into The Howl and, yes, the layout staff agreed to it. But, the point of this letter to the audience is to make real problem not a "sneaky way to say "A Modest Proposal" in a being rather un-funny, but with the extent that we are excusing ourselves.

Brooks Constantine ’94

my bathroom “black.” It means counter-irritative power, and even quite a few to a take action with your body, as it is not an excuse.

The March on D.C. looking over the masses of faces and seeing white. Just skating the crowd I saw about three black faces, a few Asians and a couple of people who might have had just good tans. Where were the pro-choice people of color? What was the women’s movement and pro-choice activism not offering, and as an Indo-American woman why didn’t I feel out of place? That dis-expected that they are going to be counted as part of the power of our numbers to effect positive change in our community. All women in the Bi-College community are different, and we should embrace these differences. Honor can be a way to examine our differences without perpetuating hatred and divisiveness.

If we want to leave to future genera-ions a world in which women are not to be defined and limited in who they are by the pain and oppression that comes with socially constructed characteristics beyond their control, then it is up to us to do work now, to change ourselves, and lead by example.

Alice Walker, in her essay, “My Fa-ther’s Country is the Poor,” makes a keen observation about civil rights in Cuba in the 70’s. She writes, “But the older Cubans in whom racism is endemic will be dead someday. Young Cubans will not have the social structures that allow racism to flourish. That is revolution.”

With the “flower children” of the ‘60’s now in many places of academic admin-

istrative power, and even quite a few to a take action with your body, as it is not an excuse.

And it doesn’t change the fact that as Mawers, we are in the state of Pennsylvania, home of some of strictest anti-abortion measures, with Democratic-anti-governor Casey and Repub-

lican Senator Arlen Specter and his con-
tender Stephen Ford. They are both known for misogynist tendencies; Spec-

er is now infamous for his role in the Thomas hearings and Ford for once saying something along the lines of “a woman who is raped cannot become pregnant because a special fluid is se-
rated aborting the fetus.”

Enough with the negativity—Let these thoughts fester for about twenty minutes and a nap before I caught a second wind. If more than half-a million people trav-

eralized from all over the United States to show we mean it when we say “Not the church, not the state, women must de-

pend on each other, a change must happen soon. I had left strong, empowered and united with strangers for a reason; we really believe we can make a difference. My plug: Vote—the Primaries are on April 28th in Pennsylvania and local pro-choice supporters need your help. To work the polls give me a call at 635-42.
Letter from the editors of the *Mother Tongue Anthology*—

One evening last semester, we were sitting in the library (not doing our work), when Grace said, “The women at Bryn Mawr are so amazing; can you imagine what their mothers must be like?”

And Kelly said, “Let’s find out.” So started the Mother Tongue Anthology. Over the year many people have given their support, time and stories to the project. We want to thank everyone who has helped make this possible. Please look for the Anthology in the following weeks of school.

We wish that we could have printed every submission we received, but we did not have enough room. The following pieces are some of the thoughtful contributions people have made to the project.

However, it’s not too late to share your stories with us. We will be having a reading and reception around May Day. Everyone is invited to tell their stories and listen to each others’. Please look for announcements.

Thanks again,
Grace Kim and Kelly Farrelly

**Matriarch**

Mourning cloaked butterflies
danced
near the dried-up riverbed
the Sunday after your death...

White walls, silent, sterile floors
stained
by your breath, blood and words you said in
twenty years you had lived,
faded,
since my birth.

Violet mourning, yellow traced wings
perched
on seraphic petals, pure, unmarked lilacs
Soiled by bleeding heart buds,
not yet blossomed,
motherearth.

Mourning cloaked butterflies
sailed
on lilypads of liquid words unsaid
Months after your last struggle for breath.

Sarah Plimpton

**Mrs. Mawr**

Mother do you bear me any affection?
Or do you grip me in a love
too stern... too strong for comfort or comprehension?
I am not sure...
But I know that I like to see you wear green on May Day
(it being summer, you would look strange in white)
On my fourth birthday you swept into my room
wearing rust and gold...
Your grey eyes seeming silver
You told me not to bother about the ABC’s of academia
I thought you were joking until you laughed
and pushed away the books and coffee
and showed me how to play with crystals in the sunlight.

Rani ’92
Southern Sisterhood

By Nicole Troncale

I walked off the plane directly into the arms of a community of strong and independent women of two generations, devoting their lives to their families, to their careers, to their children. They were the gateway ramp. Although the excitement of being welcomed by them overwhelmed me, it was the most nurturing welcome I've ever experienced.

From the very moment that I arrived, almost every theme from the women's novels of Virginia Woolf and Sjöström, Kinsella, Morrison, Enokson, Robinson, Dangarembga and rich personal stories of my grandmother and my great-grandmother came to me in a way that made me feel I had arrived home. Whatever my great-grandmother was as Italian in an area of the country that has been assimilated, the women I met were genuine relation to these books were particularly meaningful to me as I saw how they all pertained to my life. I realized through these women, my great-grandmother, my grandmother, my aunts and my grandmothers, the theme of motherhood, the mother, the mother's role, their ability to concentrate, and their ability to create and to find meaning in their lives in the face of difficulties that were completely beyond their control.

As I observed these four women during the day that we spent together, first in the airport and then at the small grocery store, I was struck by the fact that each of them had been alone, had been a constant giver, Grace seemed liberated and capable of everything. She was always with her dying husband who was usually with him, experiencing different parts of the world, as she was when I returned to the United States, with him, with five children, fearful that one would catch one of the many illnesses that were spreading among the passengers. Mary, my mother's sister, had died a few years ago after her marriage ended very differently from that of her three oldest sisters. She married Griez, her captain-of-the-football-team high school sweetheart who was also like my father, living only on his job as a football coach, they struggled with money for the first couple of years of marriage. Louis died, Mary took her to see Italy to her Jacobs. Louis died five years ago but because of his bear-like build, Griez was able to find a job as a body guard for governor Wallis, a politician who was doing so much to bring life to the children. After returning from the Korean War, he had gradually become more and more independent, his medical and mental illness. After returning from the Korean War, he had gradually become more and more independent, he was able to find a job as a body guard for governor Wallis, a politician who was doing so much to bring life to the children. After returning from the Korean War, he had gradually become more and more independent, his medical and mental illness. After returning from the Korean War, he had gradually become more and more independent, his medical and mental illness. After returning from the Korean War, he had gradually become more and more independent, his medical and mental illness. 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After returning from the Korean War, he had gradually become more and more independent, his medical and metal
Mother's Strength

"In remembrance resides the secret of redemption."

Baal Shem-Tov

Do you not remember? You know I do.
The sweet repeated strains pulse in my averted veins
And throbb in the measured wrappings of the moon;
In mystagogic winters; the seed's slow growth;
The deeds of long gestation becoming contemplation
Beneath my heart, the vestal heart of hope,
Like water kindled in the hidden spring...
Come back to the welling font of the ancient covenant:
That perennial genesis, remembering.

If you cannot remember, you know I do.
Ear pressed to my heart, the per-expressive part,
The life-chord's swelling undertone there you
Will hear. Oh, let it bind me to you eye.
Vibrate within your mind that I have borne you! Bind
You the dark epigayptfulness of day
That dance in maternal shadow! Bind you love—
Chamber-music rung on the heart, creative song—
That broods o'er the nidus of the brewing blood!

Do you not remember? In me you may.
In the hypogaeum seven-pillared, wisdom's haven,
In enacting without cease the mystery play,
The faith is burning, Remember spring.
Beneath the cerement where sleeps the feeding winter,
The red phylactery, the scarlet string,
Rememberings, binding age to burgeoning age
In rites that celebrate their sempiternal wait:
Your halcon nativity, O theophage.

Do you not remember? Come recollect
Here in my cloistered womb, until the mem'ries bloom,
Like crocuses through snow, in radiant fact.
You have been here ever: the chrysalis,
The cradle and the catacomb, the brown rhizome,
Tumescent vestible of home that is
To come. Remember! It is all reprise:
Another gentle rest upon your mother's breast,
And then at dawn we will together rise.

Niki Holmes

*Poet's note: The speaker here can be read at several levels: women, earth, body, Church. Take your pick.

Mother's Strength

When I was young, I built within myself that
I could look anyman in the Eyes
even through tears:

refectors of my soul-secrets
— Mirrors—
shining the Light
back into my own eyes
showing me my own face.

I've had many children since that
day, each one taking Some Thing from my Soul
— Purifying—
Leaving only those Good and Worthy parts.

They've gone away,
But it still remains
— that Strength
that I can look Any Man in the Eyes
Even through tears.

Kristine M. Westover

definition dilemma

Some decisions are
regrettable
others
modifiable
and still others are everlasting
permanent

Mothers are women
who love you until
boys ask you to give them
another kind of love
and then mothers
are kind & considerate
but nevertheless
they feel betrayed
because
the oral pleasures
have been displaced
replaced
and they are left to wonder
what Mother will mean
w/o daughter.

Sincerely

Cookie

This letter seemed so inadequate at the
time because it did not really say enough.
I wanted to say something about how inspirational I have found
this woman to be. For instance, I remember
Mothers. Jay telling her grand-
children in the midst of a light, warm
summer rain, "Go on outside and
play for a while." And one of them
replied, in a tiny voice, "It's raining." In
a Motherly fashion, Mrs. Jay an-
swered, "Why are you afraid of a
little rain? Do you think it can hurt
you? No, it can't hurt you. It doesn't
hurt the flowers and the trees does it?
It's good for them. They need
sunshine and rain to grow and so
do little children." Well, most mothers
wouldn't see things in quite that way.
We chase the children out of the rain,
but Mrs. Jay knows a thing or two.
Her grandchildren did indeed play
happily in the rain for a short while.
After which, they came back in
the house and dried off and played as
contentedly as kittens, while Mrs.
Jay watched unobtrusively over them.

During my own childhood, Mrs. Jay
used to send us out into the woods to
hunt for sassafras bark so she could
make tea. Off we would go, wander-
ing through the woods, hearing the
sounds of nature, smelling her scents,
looking for bark. That was a wonderful
way to expose us to nature and
give us to commune with it. Because
of that early exposure, I have a
healthy respect for nature and her
creatures. I have tried to pass this
respect on to my son, my nieces and
nephews.

Perhaps the words that best describe
this special woman are "Mother Nurture." Memories of her have
nurtured me through the years. They
are precious memories, which have
served me in good stead, especially
when I became a mother myself. And
now I am walking on the path most
suited to me, a path which Mrs. Jay
has always pointed me towards, and
which my memories of her helped
inspire me to find. When I first
book of poetry gets published, Mrs.
Jay will be in every word on every page.
I have tried to write a poem es-
pecially for her, but again, the words
fall far short of the mark.

Mother Nurture

Through the years of fear and doubt
Through sparse times of doing with-
out
Through my silence you could hear
You made a smile of every tear
When madness raged, you were a
balm.
You somehow sootheled me, kept me
calm.

I have not been able to finish this
poem, but the point is that my efforts
to put my feelings into words has
been a difficult task. And yet, it is a
task well worth the doing, for her,
and for me.
Anissa Cadar

(Human Development 130: Breaking the Silence: The Asian Experience
In America)

For the majority of the peasants in the Philippines, managing to survive at the most basic levels is a difficult accomplishment. Too often they are weary from the back-breaking labor that it takes to support a family, and aren't able to look beyond their own immediate needs before they are aware of the world around them. However, there are some who, with support from the family, hard work, determination, and most importantly, an education, rise above the common destiny and live to change the communities around them. These are the manong, the rural people, that have the power to make a difference.

I was born in 1940, the oldest of 6 children in a closely knit, Catholic peasant family. We lived on the island of Panay, Philippines, in the Buyan barrio of the town of Iloilo. I was one of the first to attend a small fishing village school and was given my first glimpses at a prosperous fishing business that my father had started. We were beneficiaries of the Third World War II caused business to drop, and they had to return to their agricultural roots to provide for our growing farm. The farm was about 15 acres, and that was an increase from the 7 acres my father had in the Philippines. The director of nursing either quit or was fired. They still didn't give the foreign nurses vacations or benefits, but I was an exception. I felt I couldn't leave the hospital because I wasn't going to stand for it. The director of nursing told me that I was just shopping for benefits and that she would include that in her resignation.

I had to say something. I applied to the Foreign Exchange Visitors Program, and was accepted at the Albert Einstein Medical Center in Philadelphia. I arrived in June, 1963, and had only good things to say about my experience. When I went to work as a teaching assistant, I attended Central Philippines University, where I first came into contact with Americans. I thought of them, the white administrators and teachers, as superior people and that the value system that placed Americans higher than Asians. I was a member of the Filipino Students Organization and was a leader in the local society. I was a member of the student council, and was a leader in the local community. I attended the University of the Philippines, where I first came into contact with Americans. I thought of them, the administrators and teachers, as superior people and that the value system that placed Americans higher than Asians.

I went to the director of nursing and told her that it wasn't right, and that I would probably leave the hospital because I wasn't going to stand for it. The director of nursing told me that I was just shopping for benefits and that she would include that in her resignation. I applied to the Foreign Exchange Visitors Program, and was accepted at the Albert Einstein Medical Center in Philadelphia. I arrived in June, 1963, and had only good things to say about my experience.

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Coutelle wants him to find.

With "Jesus Christ Superstar", Broadway South has finally skirted the realm of the experimental. Gone was the usual conventional (that is not to say fully satisfactory) approach to casting, costume, and set design. It was a pleasure, and also a great relief, to see a production about Jesus without the usual old bath scenes, those were replaced by bajas, bomber shorts, and miniskirts.

I wondered, however, if Jesus would be crucified in San Pedro, but I did not have to worry; convention was returned to in that case for the sake of accurate symbolism. The set, too, was simple and functional, yet stood out when appropriated. Best of all, however, was the gender switching: I don’t think Herod, Plate, and Anna have ever been portrayed in the ways in which they were, and thus breathed new life into the story.

This refreshing interpretation of “Superstar” transcended blocking that was sometimes too stiff and presentation as a tale that more aptly could be considered an in-depth project. Maybe we could even start another.

A tip of the hat to Alex Walker (Jesus) and Bill Toll (Judas) for doing a good job of a demanding series of roles. The same goes for Rebecca Chary (Mary), and Tiffany Hartsell (Plate). My personal favorite, however, was Manjula Dias’ King Herod, who, in a cross between Oscar Wilde’s Salome and Madonna, provided the high point of this production.

On the fringes, there were may gems as well. Andy Metz (Simon) again treated the audience to her near R&B see J. Christ Super Star on page 12

The Babe: it’s no home run

By Megan Susman

The Babe in question is Babe Ruth, perhaps any of you get the wrong idea. This movie is the first real Hollywood try at the life story of George Herman Ruth, possibly the most famous baseball player ever. John Goodman (True Stories, Raising Arizona) takes a crack at playing a legend in his own time.

The Babe’s story begins with a cheerless childhood in the St. Mary’s Industrial School for Boys, where he was dumped by his parents who couldn’t handle him any more. There he discovers baseball and in the plate that he signed at the age of 19 to the Baltimore Orioles. He is then traded jovial and laughing one minute, flying into a rage the next.

Goodman so dominates the picture that no one else had a chance. Trini Alvarado as his first wife Helen, who couldn’t handle him, and Kelly McGillis as his second wife on earth are merely there. Their roles, like all the other parts in this movie, could have been filled by anyone. But I can’t imagine anyone else as the Babe.

It’s too bad Goodman’s extraordinary performance is wasted in such a mediocre movie. The Babe takes liberties with history in an attempt to make a more exciting movie but doesn’t succeed. With a lack of strong supporting actors and a weak script, the film doesn’t do John Goodman justice.

Rating: 3.0 out of 4.0 (entirely due to John Goodman)

In the spirit of Thunderheart

By Kyong C. Yun

Shakespeare Sister flex their “dance floor shakin’ muscle”

It’s that time of the month. And my hormones are raging... to Shakespeare Sister, you’ve got the freshest musical M.O. Shakespeare Sister consists of a pair of pop divas for the nineties, Marcia De- treit and Siobhan Fahey (yup, the Bananarama alum). If you’re getting dashboard displays, possibilities of possible Bananarama-bubblegum pitchiness in Hermanly Yours, Shakespeare Sister’s second album, you’ll be in for a pleasant surprise. It’s radio music with rev and sans... you know, the kind that’s good to dance to and sing along to... (even for you pop phonies) solid enough not to go gng.

Though only their second effort, the album’s as smoothly polished as the Pledge table. Some of the best producers in the music industry lent a hand in engineering. Hermanly Yours: Chris Thomas (The Pretenders, INXS), Alan Moulder (Depeche Mode), and Dave Stewart (Eurythmics), who is also Fahey’s husband. Detroit and Fahey, who would each probably sound credibly medixin without the other, possess yin and yang voices. Detroit, with her rough sneer, pumps up some of the tracks like the ultra funky “Black Sky” with dance floor shakin’ muscle. Fahey’s wispy so- prano, which sounded so flat and girly in her Bananarama days, provides an ade- quate complement. And at times she stands out nicely, but she usually limits her range, especially in the breezec- ingly beautiful “Stay.”

This is a couple of tuneful and unsinking songs on the album (like the aptly named “I Don’t Care”), but even then they’re tuneful.

When Detroit and Fahey knowingly bolting out in “Catwoman” a sort of parodic homage to the upcoming Batman movie: “I’m a Hollywood brainchild to drive you crazy. And I’m coming your way real soon,” it’s almost as if they are sing- ing about themselves. Shakespeare’s Sis- ter dishes up savvy, stylized, and swel- lowable pop in Hermanly Yours. You have a little listen; it’s enough to make you crave and rave for more hormonally ragin’ grottos from the duo.

By Megan Susman

If Silence of the Lambs shows the bright- est side of the FBI, Thunderheart shows the darker side that is more familiar to many American Native Americans, that is Thunderheart has been called a modern Dances With Wolves, but the only similarities between the two movies is that a white protagonist learns to treat Indians sympathetically, and both fea- ture Graham Greene. Dances With Wolves must certainly be credited with opening the door for movies sympathetic to Native Americans, and Thunderheart goes one step further by removing the issue from the distant, romantic past to the gritty, brutal present.

The basic plot is this FBI Special Agent Ray LeRoy (Val Kilmer) is sent to help S.A. Frank Coutelle (Sam Shepard) solve a murder on the Bear Creek Indian Res- ervation in the Badlands of South Dakota. Ray’s boss’s rationale for sending the young agent is that his father was half-Sioux.

Although Ray knows nothing of his Indian heritage and has tried all his life to downplay the part, he quickly becomes aware of the “Indian agent” (more derogato- rily, “the Washington Redskins”) and gradually accepts the title. As he delves deeper into the murder, with the help of tribal policeman Walter Crow Horse (Graham Greene), he uncovers a deci- dedly different version of the story that Coutelle wants him to find.

Coutelle and Tribal Council leader Jack Milton (Fred Ward) with his goon squad want to eliminate the extremist organi- zation ARM (Aboriginal Rights Move- ment). Through the efforts of Maggie Eagle Bear (Shelley Teolds), spokeswoman for ARM and community activ- ists, and Grandpa Sam Reaches (Chief Ted Tru E), an ancient medicine man, Ray gradually comes to sides with the Indians and help them in their battle to pre- serve their traditions and their land.

The movie acknowledg- ed at the beginning that it is based on a se- ries of actual events that took place on Indian reservations in the 1970’s, and that it is a thinly veiled stand-in for ARM, the American Indian Movement, and Jack Milton is clearly meant to represent Tribal Council head Dick Wilson, who was supposedly opposed ARM activity on the Pine Ridge Sioux reserva- tion and who formed Goon (Guardians of the Oglala Nation) which has harassed ARM supporters to the point of drive-by shootings.

The town’s editor was shocked by the duplicitous actions of the FBI, but as anyone who has read Peter Matthiessen’s The Spirit of Crazy Horse knows (and if you haven’t read it, you should), this movie barely scratches the surface. The film stops short of outright support for ARM, but ARM leader Dennis Banks visited the set, and one of ARM’s early leaders, John Trudell, plays ARM leader Junior Looks Twice, the man the FBI want to pin the murder on.

For the actors, Val Kilmer certainly looks much better here than in The Doors. Clean-cut and constantly sweating, his main expression of emotion seems to be to let his mouth hang slightly open when shocked or perplexed or touched or... well, you get the picture. He’s adequate for the role and actually pretty convincing.

Still, I had a pretty hard time believ- ing that the spirit of Thunderheart, a warrior killed in the massacre at Wounded Knee, who goes back to help his people through this guy. Sam Shepard is a good actor, but he doesn’t have much of a role to work with here. His main job is to act sympatheti- cally in the beginning and gradually turn into a villain. Not bad, and he accomplishes it well, but he could have put a little more gusto into it.

Graham Greene, a full-blooded Cheyenne, is outstanding as the smart-ass policeman who gently points Ray to- ward both his own identity and that of the American Indian Movement as Kicking Bird, the holy man in Dances With Wolves, Greene also appeared in a recent episode of “Northern Exposure”. He is at his best in his sharp repartee with the FBI (Federal Bureau of Inimilation, as he calls them) agents. Hopefully the talented Greene will get more roles in the future.

The director, Michael Apted, also directed Gorillas in the Mist and Coal Miner’s Daughter. He has filmed a docu- mentary based on it in the story of Crazy Horse called Incident at Oglala, which I have not yet been able to see but am looking forward to.

The movie tries to touch, however briefly, on nearly all of the problems affecting modern Indian reservations: alcoholism, poverty, land theft, lack of funding for education and human ser- vices, and pollution from uranium mining. It is excellent at show- ing prejudices toward Indians. I give it an A for effort; such a film would proba- bly not have been possible a few years ago. Just as Dances With Wolves helped clear the way for this film, hopefully Thunderheart will open doors for more in-depth projects. Maybe we could even get a few more decent white protagonists just a thought.

Rating: 3.5 out of 4.0
By Hania Al-Hallaq

I never realized how stressful room draw could be until this past week. I had concluded earlier this semester that room draw would be less stressful this year because I am a rising junior and so are a few of my friends, but I was wrong... Not only did room draw affect me and my friends but it also affected seniors. I thought that they were experts at this by now.

One rising senior had pulled into Erdman with all of her friends. Because she did not detest Erdman, I thought that things had gone relatively well for her. But there was one problem. Her friends were planning to pull into rooms that were not for the same hallway, and her priority number was a few numbers (2 or 3) below those of her friends. Apparently the actions of those 2 or 3 people could jeopardize her masterplan. If they decided to pull into rooms in the same hallway as her friends, she would have to live around the corner.

Since this seemed to be a bad thing, she tried to avoid it. She obtained the extensions of these 2 or 3 women who had numbers above her. Apparently, she tried to call each and every one to "ask" them to leave her a room on the particular hallway that she wanted. I thought that this was a very interesting approach to room draw. One could definitely meet many new students; it could become a type of new "bonding" experience if one has both the time and energy to do this.

Another woman who had a bad number was somewhat surprised to have pulled into Erdman. She decided that she was happy with her decision. I cannot help wondering, though, whether any of her friends would live in the same dorm. She was not home, so we went over to Erdman and went up to the third floor. This made me happy because I am hoping that the third floor will be quiet.

"Oooh, I wonder if I can trade?" asks my friend.

"Why?" I was somewhat confused. If you have the opportunity to pick your first choice, don't you go for it? Maybe not. Maybe this was just a result that I arrived at due to my warped sense of logic. I gave her the advice that I believed to be correct, even if it might have been warped.

"Get your first choice," I guess.!!

The rest of my friends drew into rooms on the third floor. This made me happy because I am hoping that the third floor will be quiet.

"Oooh, I wonder if I can trade?" asks my friend.

"Why?"

"Because everyone I know is living on the third floor. What if you guys never come to visit me? What if I hate everyone on my floor? What if the world falls apart because I am living in my number one choice room? What if..." Well, maybe she did not really ask that last question.

"I think it is time to go now," I said. "Hania, I can get my number one choice room!" She had been room drawing for less than a week, but she had not detested Erdman with all of her friends. Because she did not detest Erdman, I thought that things had gone relatively well for her. But there was one problem. Her friends were planning to pull into rooms that were not for the same hallway, and her priority number was a few numbers (2 or 3) below those of her friends. Apparently the actions of those 2 or 3 people could jeopardize her masterplan. If they decided to pull into rooms in the same hallway as her friends, she would have to live around the corner.

"I'm a straight woman with a gay mother and I was wondering..." I thought that it was time to go now, "Hold on, my friend! After many hours of pain and agony caused by getting her first choice (7), my friend decided that she was happy with her decision. I cannot help wondering...

Spit VIII: room draw and warped logic

By Hania Al-Hallaq
DATE WOMEN MAKE

Friday and Saturday, April 24 and 25
The Spring Student Dance Concert. Bi-college students present dance pieces choreographed by students and faculty, including modern dance, jazz, ballet and hip hop. The free concert takes place in Goodhart at 7:30 p.m. and is open to the public. There will be a reception following each performance. Call 6208 for more info.

Tessa Soul
performed at the Campus Center on April 10, 1992. They will be performing at U Penn on the 25th of April.

Saturday, April 25
The Renaissance Choir will be performing in the Goodhart Music Room at 3 p.m.

Sheron Katz with Soweto Soul will perform worldbeat music from South Africa in an Earth Day celebration concert called "Blues and Greens for the Earth" at Pen Towers, University of Pennsylvania. The concert starts at 5 p.m. and is free. Call 647-8704 for more info. (They will also appear on May 8 at the Samuel Adams Brewhouse, 1516 Sansom St at 8 p.m.)

Spring Fling '92, a dance presented by Lesbian, Gay and Bisexual Pride of the Delaware Valley, Inc. takes place at the 2-4 Club, 1221 St James Place from 9 p.m.-1 a.m. Admission is $5 and $17 at the door and are available at 21st Century Sound in Bryn Mawr, 525-7173.

SATURDAY, MAY 2
The Bryn Mawr Fine Arts Program will have a reception from 4-6 p.m. in the Campus Center for their year-end show, "Works on Paper." The exhibit lasts until May 17 and is open daily, noon-5 p.m.

Margie Adam will perform an acoustic concert in which she blends personal and political issues with a feminist point of view. The concert takes place at the University Museum, Harrison Auditorium, 33rd and Spruce Sts. Tickets are $13.50 in advance and $17 at the door and are available at 21st Century Sound in Bryn Mawr, 525-7173.

Behind the scenes at "Day of Difference"

Editor's Note: By an oversight, we did not print Aparna's article in our last issue. By Aparna Mukherjee

After doing the Tri-College Summer Institute: Seminars in Social Change, many of the feelings and views that I had about ethnicity/race and issues of racism and diversity had altered or at least been reevaluated. The program was overwhelmingly positive for me.

When a new opportunity to explore the topic "race," in addition to four others (gender, sexual-orientation, class, and religion), presented itself in the form of the Tri-College Winter Institute, I was truly interested—especially considering summer Tri-Co invited only students of color from the entering classes of Bryn Mawr, Haverford, and Swarthmore, while the Winter Institute was open to all students of the frosh, sophomore, and junior classes. Seniors were not included (ultimately four), three Fords, and two Swats. We were psyched to leave their home campuses would not want to include all three institutions (gender, sexual orientation, class, and ethnicity/race) and issues of racism and diversity had altered or at least been reevaluated. The program was overwhelmingly positive for me.

Our group consisted of five Mawrters (ultimately four), three Fords, and two Swats. We were psyched to leave their home campuses would not want to include all three institutions (gender, sexual orientation, class, and ethnicity/race) and issues of racism and diversity had altered or at least been reevaluated. The program was overwhelmingly positive for me.

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Behind the scenes at "Day of Difference"

J. Christ Superstar continued from page 9
voiced by one of the soldiers (Eddie Anton) provided what was, to me, one of the strongest and most terrifying images in the production: the brutal kicking back of Mary Magdalen in the trial scene. The entire cast and crew of "Superstar" deserve kudos for being inventive while doing justice to script and score, and this reviewer renews her nagging plea—how about Sweeney Todd for your next production?

Alison Bechdel continued from page 10
spired some women to continue self-representation in popular media (hint: hint Emily Cothier...).

Author's disclaimer: Any information presented here is not necessarily correct; odd things happened before Bechdel. The author did not take notes and was not planning to cover the event. But due to the utter usefulness of the presentation, she felt compelled to report on it and mix her own opinions in with Bechdel's. She makes no claims to complete accuracy.

Spart VIII continued from page 10
if this dilemma is the epitome of stress, and I can't see that because of my continued from page 11
person. I wonder what living off campus will just become an HA, or a customs this question. On the other hand, maybe Twilight Zone? I guess that next year, I will have another chance to investigate own lack of sensitivity, or am I in the iting if this dilemma is the epitome of continued from page 11
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The life of a transfer—a habit

continued from page 3
the people with whom one is placed on a wall or next door is to be a completely ran-

dom experience; and one ought to be grateful and careful when one is given the opportunity to live with people whom one loves.

— We usually do not give enough credit to the importance of how we are fed.

— As much as Hollywood has instructed me to the contrary, it is not something to be mourned that I am not living in Ani-

mi right now. Actually, I actually don't like the taste of beer.

— By the same token, in preparation for belonging to the ranks of the chronically morose in the future, I am starting to prepare for the fact that after gradu-

ate it is unlikely that I will be friends with Demi Moore, Rob Lowe, Emilio Estevez, and bang out in a bar with them being sad about not being in college anymore.

— My life is not only my college's title. My satisfaction with life is adversely and positively affected by all the stuff I have carried with me from those first eighteen years. My parents, ex-boyfriends, friend-

ships, pain, and joy, go right into my suitcase wherever I go, whether it is to Flint, Yale, Hawaii, or of Sac State, and there isn't anything I can do about that.

Now, here's the corny part for all of you squeamish folks who have actually made it this far without retching yet, for your luck just ran out—all I can do is be hopeful that what my life has been beyond my control, and learning not to beat myself up for it. I need to understand also that right about now is the time when I have been given the opportunity and capacity to learn those lessons I missed and put them into prac-

— Yeah, yeah, tell me another one.

Sports Shorts

By Aparna Mukherjee (with help from Jen Morse and Rakhi Datta - thanks!)

Tennis

BMC's Tennis Team has made it through, thanks to the support from assistant coach Lucy Long, some rough times recently. Coming in last place at the Seven Sister's conference, held at Smith, the Mawrters are still not daunted. In Blumeris and Dana Fredericks "did extremely well on their flight," while spectators saw amazing play from Jess Morse, Abby Herron and Rakhi Datta. More recently BMC played Bi-contepart Haverford, and learning not to beat myself up for it. I need to understand also that right about now is the time when I have been given the opportunity and capacity to learn those lessons I missed and put them into prac-

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