The College News 1994-2-3 Vol. 16 No.1

Students of Bryn Mawr College
The President came to my school
by Stacy Curwood

I'm glad Bill Clinton was elected. Although I did not stay up all night when he was elected in November, I merely grinned self-consciously as my friends whispered ecstatically, I believe that he's an improvement in the White House. What democratic Cambridge, MA resident couldn't?

I've still had my reservations, however. Didn't someone say he was for capital punishment? He's on the somewhat conservative end of the spectrum of politicians I might vote for. So my expectations for him have been optimistic, but not idealistic. I hope for improvement over the Reagan/Bush era, but I don't expect miracles. I was very impressed when I found out he was coming to Bryn Mawr, but I wasn't going to let it distract me in the middle of Finals Week.

But the date of the Entitlements Conference drew near, and the campus was abuzz with Clinton-centric activity. I tried to walk home to Brecon but the stairs were torn up, under repair. I used the restroom in Thomas Library behind a temporary curtain, because construction was in progress to make it wheelchair accessible. The signs that something—something big—was taking place here made me begin to feel, well, excited. The president of the country was coming to my very own school—the chief executive, head honcho.

To inform you: appointments

To the Community:

For the first time, as far back as anyone can remember, the Appointments Committee has finished its schedule in one semester. We didn't do this simply because we have a death wish and wanted to be busy every Tuesday night of the semester, we did it because we wanted you (the community) to have a chance to call upon the people who had assumed responsibility for different aspects of your campus life. We believe that these people are dedicated to serving you as their positions dictate and you should feel free to take advantage of the opportunity to be informed. Listed (page 5) are the names and box numbers of members of all the appointed committees on campus. There will be one final round coming very soon.

 Rebellion in Southern Mexico
by Tamara Rozental

On January 1, 1994, while most of us were still celebrating the New Year, a hitherto unknown Zapatista National Liberation Army took Mexico by surprise. A group of several hundred rebels, led by Comandante Marcos, took control of San Cristobal de las Casas and three other small towns in the southern state of Chiapas. The rebels' strategy consisted of quick attacks followed by retreat and melting back into the jungle. The Zapatistas, however, surprised us all by defying military pursuers. President Salinas' initiative was taken to suppress the rebellion. The Zapatistas, whose chief executive, head honcho, was Comandante Marcos, took control of the town and many outside it have heard of this man. I found myself swept up in enthusiasm. Furthermore, I was fascinated with the organization required to put on a production which the President is attending. I admit that my personality is

The ballad of the blue bus: Tony Smallwood accused
by Alissa Rosman

He was a swell fellow, a friendly (albeit fickle) figure who sensationalized each and every Blue Bus passenger to the nurturing quality of radio evangelism. He exposed us to the O-sious dejays of religio, whose awe-kicking sermons appealed to the Bicollage community. In December, he thrilled us anew with delightful selections of soft and cuddly Christmas canons. Yep. He was a consistently funky chap.

Unfortunately, our distinguished driver turned out to be a dorky delinquent! (Bummer...) Holiday shopping apparently included the purchase of a semi-automatic weapon—that indispensable prop one brandishes on the highway when neighboring travelers get a tad too feisty. Consider the following items: highway, car, person, gun. Think about it, now: what's wrong with this picture? Is this crook the happy-go-lucky dude I encountered in the snazzy Cafe, where the two of us were polishing off a couple of yummy cheese steaks? What an awkward blend of images...

Am I the only one who finds this unsavory chain of events a trifle confusing? I mean, I tend to get on people's nerves, and this man was really nice to me! Little did I know that he had a trusty gun handy—but why nitpick? (That's not fair to the schlock who pulled the trigger, is it?) Well, I hope that incarceration turns out to be an...er, learning experience for my former pal. I don't usually send regrets to homicide participants, but I've decided to take the plunge because—well, never mind! I'd better control this outpour of emotion and save it for a more worthwhile occasion! Later...

Happy Spring (?) Semester To All!
Inside: International experiences, movie and concert reviews, SGA news, Mormons at BMC, and more...
Dedicated contributors have ranged widely to bring you the tales of their experiences and their well-considered opinions. Japan and Rome, Philadelphia and Bryn Mawr, the Krakow Ghetto and Chiapas, Mexico are all represented.

For those of you who may have a touch of winter blues, never fear. Hell Week is here. So bond with your friendly sophomores and enjoy yourselves. And remember, Spring will become involved, the beauty of our paper is that you can contribute as much or as little as you want to: writing, proofreading or layout.

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So this is our issue, and call us if you're interested in writing for us. We always welcome your opinions and perspectives—the more diverse the better.
President Clinton comes to BMC

continued from page 1

not strong in the area of politics. I underst
aged vaguely why the President was visit
but I focused on the events sur
rounding the conference, rather than the con
ference itself. I listened avidly to sto
ries of what the Secret Service was doing
how four helicopters were going to land in
the field hockey field, how the Presi
dent would bring his own food in case
what Wyndham cooked was somehow un
satisfactory, how all windows facing the cen
ter of campus were evaluated. Wow. So many people, so much equip
ment. I heard the helicopters practice
land while I took my History final. I let
myself be dazzled by the magnitude of the event.

December 13. I finally got through the
metal detector after shivering outside for
a while, though my wait was drastically shorter than the wait for those lined up in
the PSB parking lot. I volunteered as an
usher in the morning session. Then—
treat of treats—I reported to the back
door of Thomas in order to join the walk
ning party. We, having shaker hands with him, escort Clinton a short
distance up the path from the gym. Who
were "we"? I found myself among many
of my fellow women of color here at Bryn
Mawr, as well as many representatives
of campus groups. When we filed out
through Thomas to get into position,
other Mawters in the "fenced enclosure"
on the green churred us, and I began to
smile. I smiled uncontrollably, in spite of
my previous policy of aloofness.

Here he was, coming to meet us on the
path. And as I looked into the President's
eyes, which seemed so sincere, I babbled
something about voting for him. His
mouth moved (I can't remember what he
said), he smiled, and moved on to the
next person.

I called home and told everyone to
watch the news and sure enough, my
father caught it. "There you were, pump
kin," he said, "striding out and grinning
from ear to ear." Aw, man, I thought,
okay. It was a special occasion.

I firmly believe that the time has come
for SGA to make changes that create a
more inviting, trusting atmosphere for
all Association members.

Furthermore, we must consider mak
ing changes that will make SGA a more
understandable, approachable and ef
fective body on campus.

As we look ahead to this semester, we
can count on the newly formed Plenary
Committee to institute a resolution-sub
mission process that will help avoid mis
understandings and duplications at Plenary.
They have already established a proce
dure and timeline for this year's Plenary.

Speaking of last year's Plenary, the
Alcohol Policy Reform Committee will
begin meeting this semester with Haver
ford's JAPP. They will be looking at

by Katy Davis

Small controversies aside, I would like
to remind everybody in SGA and the
Community that SGA did, in fact, ac
complish quite a bit last semester. As a
sort of "State of the Association," I would like to outline some of last semester's ac
complishments, and fill you in on plans
for this semester.

Perhaps the accomplishments that go
least noticed are those that contribute to
the continuous functioning of govern
ment and activities at Bryn Mawr as we
know them.

The Appointments Committee, for
instance, filled every position for which
they were asked, which amounted
to all but two! (Which they hope to fill in
a sweeper round this semester.) Look for
a list of all the new appointees in this
issue. Furthermore, this frees second
semester for the Committee to review
each appointed position as to its effec
tiveness and the effectiveness of the
overall process.

The Finance Committee budgeted over
$100,000 of our money to more than 50
clubs and activities. Although this pro cess
often goes unnoticed by those not involved, we would
all certainly know if the
money weren't allocated to
the many publications, reli
gious organizations, E.S.P.N.,
Traditions and clubs that pro
vide diversion and enrich
ment for everyone in the Bi
Co/Community. Budgeting is
currently in progress for this
semester.

Traditions ran smoothly
again this year thanks to
Neale and Michelle, Class
Presidents, Sophomore Reys, and
the many others who helped create success
ful Parade and Lanterns Night. Thanks
guys! We look forward to a New and
improved Hell Week and Great May Day!

Residence Council was able to re
evaluate room change hearings, and make
changes that helped create a more
effective process for all involved, while
Curriculum Committee was busy insti
tuting the First Ever Student-run Classes.

In fact, the first offering received over
whelming enrollment at pre-registration.
Curriculum Committee was also busy re
viewing other areas of academic life at
Bryn Mawr to ensure an up-dated curri
culum that best meets our needs.

Among other things, the Assembly
tackled the issue of the new Dining Ser
vice Policy. Thanks to the dedication of
Beth Naaray, who met with the Food
Committee, I think we can look for a
possible softening of the infamous Box
Bag Rule, as well as other changes that
can function without re-evaluating its
effectiveness from time to time. I firmly
believe that the time has come for
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So, look for a New and Improved Plenary
coming soon to a (Goodhart) Theater
near you!

Anyone is welcome at SGA
meetings. They are always
Sunday evenings
at 7 p.m. in
Campus Center
105.

Show up and see
what these meet
ings are all about!

From our own SGA President:
"State of the Self Government Association"

I haven't been able to recount now. And,
when I think of those events, I just can't
help but smile. Your presence and the
way they handled the chaos was un
appreciated. Please remember to tha
nk them individually.

And our undying gratitude to the many
Dining Services, Public Safety, Trans
portation and Physical Plant administra
tion members and, especially, Staff who braved the
rotten weather and even spent the night
at Bryn Mawr in order to see that we
were fed, protected, transported
(weather-permitting), and cared for. Your
dedication has not gone unnoticed or
unappreciated. Please remember to
thank them individually.

Here's the work that's been done by
the Assembly and concerned commu
nity members in the past semester to
further self-government on our campus.

Here's to the many accomplishments
that I haven't been able to recount now. And,
most importantly, here's to another chal
lenging semester in SGA. Watch us
coming soon, please consider getting
involved.

Dining Service has expressed interest
in instituting. Among them are coffee/tea
service outside dining halls, so students
can "bring a mug," greater flexibility in
dining hall hours; the possibility of a
"guest pass" to be used for meals; and a
possible voucher system at the Café for
missed lunches. This came as a direct result
of SGA's working with Food Committee and
Dining Services. We would also like to commend Dining Services on a brand
new Box Lunch program that is a lot
tastier!

Many ideas were brought up, touching
every area of the school. Issues ranged
from questions about P.E. requirements
to looking into the "hidden costs" of attending Bryn Mawr. From establishing
better student relations with almost every administrative department on campus
to getting to know McBrides, Post-Bach's
and grad students better. Look for a
complete list of SGA's accomplishments,
and a timeline of their handling to be
made available soon. SGA is also hoping
to somehow poll the Community on is
sues it deems most important in the
coming months.

But for the time being, remember SGA
meets every Sunday night at 7 p.m. in
a friendly, non-confrontational, welcom
ing, we-wanna-hear-what-you-want
kinda way in Campus Center 110. Please
don't be scared to come! Remember, there
were a lot less intimidating than Con
gress, and a hell of a lot better to look at!

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department on campus to getting to
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students better.

One final "pat-on-the-
back" for SGA. Because of joint
and student and administr
ative concerns about how
information was dissemin
ated during the recent bout
of disruptive weather, watch
for a "hot-line" for BMC
students to get up-to-date
information about the status
of classes, transportation and
the like when weather is
sketchy. Many thanks to Gail
Finn, Dean Tidmarsh and
others who recognized and
responded to this concern.

And our undying gratitude to the many

The College News Page 3

President Clinton was here! File Photo

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Returning to Bryn Mawr is rough after Rome

by Kristina Orchard-Hays

I have no time for time anymore. It presses against me like an insistant wall, demands sudden attention, then shatters in fragments of glass at my touch. They rearrange themselves into neat patterns, these shards, into p.e. requirements, examination schedules and unex- pected appointments, into meetings and telephone calls and shaving hall hours, but not to mention confirmation (of registration). They warned me about this feeling, about the residuum period, I just didn't expect to feel this way all the time, in the restrictive, celled seconds of time that make up my days here.

So, when Rome comes to mind (as it invariably does a million and one In- stances a day), it is not the month within people and winding streets that I think about, but about time. A six-hour time difference on the map, an unex- plained time warp in my mind. I real- ized my first week in Italy that a single day would equal a week, or even two at Bryn Mawr. When acquaintances ask how long I've been away, five months seems like such an inadequate reply. Two years, I feel like saying, a collected life- time of endless, immeasurable days.

What constitutes the difference? I remember a November Sunday in Rome that begins with a ramble through Villa Doria Pamphilj, the morning air crisp and vibrant around the umbrella pines. Dog walkers and joggers pass unhur- riedly, by the punctilious with their gesticulations. After I walk, for as long (or as short) as I please, I pass out of the side entrance and into the noise of the city neighborhood, dropping by my favorite corner pasticceria for breakfast. Outside again and I run into a group of friends on their way to a Greek tradi- tional church. In a fit of spontaneity I join them and a short while later find myself in the midst of an intimate, multi-lingual conversation, filling the church with ancient Greek cadences. After an hour of smells and bells and processions and singing, we suddenly are in the church gift shop, accepting steaming cups of tea in a green striped mug. Sighs the squat Roman ma- door to me last week... "The bus erupts with the amiable help of a classmate. Then it's off to an apartment up the street, to sit next to picture windows overlooking a children's park, and type up poetry for the American Academy poet in residence. I type, I write, and he brings me nettle tea in a green striped mug.

The Sunday ends with a raucous con- gregation at the neighborhood trattoria. The conversation flows as readily as the wine, and Dordina the proprietress hur- ries up to tease the Americans and rec- ommend her homemade ravioli, "the best from Sardinia." When we finally make sense of the bill and collect the assorted lire and it's time to leave, I'm relaxed, content. The day has been filled with people and sights and food and books, and not one have I looked at my watch or contemplated a schedule. The events had simply flowed, one moment into another, which despite their disparity, had unified the day. And how long it was! In twelve hours I had seen, inter- acted and discovered more than I would have on an ordinary day of classes. Fur- thermore, underlying every hour was a sense of community and camaraderie. Alone in the park or surrounded by nine dining companions, I never once felt lonely.

So the greatest shock upon returning is not the food, or the English road signs, or the rainy weather, but the sudden frag- mentation of time. Immediately I am confronted with all of these decisions and choices and schedules. Everything from what classes to take to what color notebook to buy at the bookstore. Pos- sessions near their clutered head and clamor for space and organization. After living for a semester on one pair of jeans and two pairs of shoes, I am suddenly responsible for an entire wardrobe. My thoughts became burdened with time sequences and petty decisions. "What should I do after this meeting? Where should I go after the campus center? Whom should I speak to next?" I fill here and there, do this and that, but I lack the concentration and peace that an evenful day brought me abroad. I'm losing myself in Microsoft windows and bookstore runs, syllabus and bulletin board signs. My mind feels shaggy and unfocused. And I realize that I have to cloak myself in a thin layer of "Mawrter ideology" in order to feel accepted. My phrases have to be witty, feminist, at all times politi- cally alert. In addition, my words must hone themselves into "academia-speak" for anyone to pay attention. Over there I worried about being articulate. Over here I worry about being brilliant.

Which makes me question why? I see "Rome" on page 5

A trip to the fish market

by Brinda Ganguly

I groaned as I heard my mother flush the toilet and turn on the light, a sign, according to my father (who has had over twenty-two years of experience), that a wave has freshly risen in the morning and is ready for the rest of us to awake. I rubbed my eyes and squinted, attempt- ing to refamiliarize myself with the small hotel room of the Asia Center of Japan, Tokyo. "Why aren't you up yet? At your age I would have had a great enthusiasm..." And so began the morn- ing chatter, as she busied herself with getting her hair combed and spectacles ready for the morning's touring events. "Ma, you're up at your age... Besides, it's five o'clock..." This mumbling took a considerable amount of effort. "Are you coming or not? Remember, that this is one of the largest fish markets in the world, and if we don't go now, we will never make it. You'll be missing out." Upon a taxi was dropped us off near the fishmarket, and once again we ventured out into below freezing temperatures, while listening to how we were going to experience true Japanese lifestyle from my father. Apparently she had seen a television program about how there is an enormous, healthy, human-sized fish; at the mention of PBS, my father joined in also. We hurried all the path, a little sur- prised that there weren't more people around, only to find that the fishmarket was closed.

I refrained from saying "I told you so," because I realized that not only was the parental unit disappointed, but I was also. I had come, not only in the hopes of seeing a fishmarket, but because I knew that this was something that only my parents would ever think to do. And since they have always known what to see and do in a foreign country, annoy- ingly knowledgeable (while he may be lacking in the fashion department, my father and Fodor's might as well be one), it hurt me to think that they could be wrong about the fishmarket being open. "You were right, Brinda," has never sounded so sweet, and at that moment, I was too old to be travelling with my par- ents. Too old, and very alone without them.
student mediators
Carolyn Wei C-856
Duygu Akyatan C-226
Aude Soichet C-1191

BMC film series head(s)
Barbie Popp C-779
Jen Abeloff C-1
Chandra Wray C-421
Suli Kyung Yoon C-882
Tania Sloan C-1409
Dawn Dow C-560

Racism task force
Becka Shapley C-821
Heather Luden C-208
Heather Ashcroft C-16

Women's center coordinator(s)
Seema Dalai C-87

Minority rep. to admissions
Bi-Co film series rep.
Lou Tagao C-1547
Karen Raksis C-267
Suzie Judge C-954

The student alumni committee
Allison Van Dyke C-848
Lou Tagao C-1547
Kasmera Santiago C-1556
Gina Long C-204
Nicole Joffe (previously appointed) C-
Saloni Hora C-1339
Catherine Heather Hendren C-149
Sozli Hess C-1393
Nicole Joffe (previously appointed) C-
Gina Long C-204
The student finance committee
Chair: Rachel Jean-Baptiste (SGA Treasurer)
Seija Austin C-1281
Catherine Heather Hendren C-149

Student mediators
Duygu Akyatan C-226

Tasha Haynes C-148
Thao Nguyen C-1478
Kim Schultz C-387
Jenny Stein C-1452
Sexual assault committee
Jill Kaderly C-561
Dina Sonnenstein C-310
Disability concerns rep.
Amanda Newman C-1468
Steering committee rep.
Eileen Lau C-679

Seven sisters delegates
Anne Bonfante C-514
Rakhi Datta C-90
Katelyn Choe C-1131
Anne Bonfante C-514

Financial aid advisory board
Elizabeth Cho C-545
Rachel Jean-Baptiste C-1351
Kathleen Jones C-1354
Jessica Nussbaum C-244

Catholic cultural center coordinator
Melissa Wilks Cunningham C-1267
Lourdes-Marie Prophete C-1504
Heidi Van Es C-850

Alcohol policy review board
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Shana Goodall C-604
Jessica Nussbaum C-244

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The new appointees: committees for '94

JYA in Rome

realize that Bryn Mawr—I realize that my frustration and confusion stems from American culture in general. Somehow the shopping mall items, the cars, the e-mail systems, the answer- ing machines have eaten away at our minutes and days, until whole months pass in a blur of relentless, "time saving" activity. And all that remains is a feeling of passivity, of sketchy learning. Which makes me wonder—when is choice and convenience appropriate, and when is it just clutter? Then my mind strays and I think about the simplicity of writing a paper on a bench on the Palatine, of riding the 75 across the Tiber, of always having a unique experience. And for me the thrill of travel, the challenge of dealing with a different culture contributed to my exhilaration abroad and made the experience everything that JYA adventures itself to be. In some sense, however, isn't Bryn Mawr supposed to be the same unique experience? And for all of its traditions and activities and support groups and cliques, this campus lacks the universal sense of community that I found so easily there. I look around and I see a horde of stressed students dividing themselves into little categories of "things to do, things to get accomplished." Nobody just lives. I glimpse hints of community, small things that seem to be on the right track. Like the way everyone pulled together during this traumatic weather and helped each other out. The diligence and faithfulness of the Dining Hall staff. The image of two women clutching hands, helping each other out. The diligence and faithfulness of the Dining Hall staff. The image of two women clutching hands, helping each other out. 

Dykes to Watch Out For

continued from p 4

I'm Rome sick.

newfound friend over cappuccino. And I'm Rome sick.

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I'm Rome sick.
by Jeanine Bryan

"Schindler's List" is not a film that can be classified as typical Spielberg fair. It is not an action packed special effects laden thriller that takes its audience on a roller coaster ride of entertainment. Instead, "Schindler's List" takes a step back from the modern tricks of movie making and relies on the power of its story to spur you through a three hour epic about the horrors of the holocaust.

The film takes place in the Krakow ghetto, a retention center and work camp, in the heart of occupied Poland. The Jews held in the ghetto were forced to endure continuous acts of violence and humiliation. The few who were able to escape this fate were the Jewish workers in the German industrialist Oscar Schindler's factory. Schindler, wanting to make money off of the war, hires these Jews as cheap labor. Later, as he sees the atrocity in the heart of occupied Poland. The Jews rely on the power of its story to spur them on. After all, it is never possible to do this display of inhumanity that is very difficult to conceptualize and a time in history that many people would rather forget. For this reason alone it is an important film to see for Jews and non-Jews alike.

Hatred affects us all no matter what our heritage. We must never be allowed to forget this display of inhumanity that ended in the murder of over six million Jews and countless other minorities at the hands of the Third Reich.

the portrayal of the graphic, random violence and the utter inhumanity of the Nazis leaves you in a state of shock; however, more horrifying than what you see, is the thoughts that these scenes provoke. At many points during the film I found that I was trying to calm myself with the thought "this is only a movie." Unfortunately, in this case that's not true. It would be easier to watch "Schindler's List" if you could soothe yourself with the thought that its plot was the fruit of a Hollywood writer's imagination and not the ultimate expression of peoples' ability to hate.

This movie is not easy to watch. It shows a level of inhumanity that is very difficult to conceptualize and a time in history that many people would rather forget. For this reason alone it is an important film to see for Jews and non-Jews alike.

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And so what do I conclude from this?

Holocaust movie has strong effect on viewers

by Elizabeth Lzenga

If I go ahead and write this review of the movie "Schindler's List" and say what I want to in it, I will inevitably be thought by some to be taking the knee-jerk politically-correct "I'm-Offended" all-purpose stuffed-shirt risk-free line of making myself seem important and thoughtful by criticizing a popular work on a touchy subject. I want to say that though the movie was both well done and moving, it is problematic to make a Hollywoood flick about the Nazi slaughter of Jews during World War II. If it were somehow other than myself writing, I might have the same reaction as described above. After all, it is never possible to do justice to a subject as important as the Holocaust in three hours and so the criticisms are waiting to be made as soon as anyone ever tries. But it would be wrong never to make attempts at conveyed this kind of matter just because inevitably you would fall short somewhere.

Nevertheless, being a good Mawry I am going to give my perception of the inevitable fault. I found that watching this movie had a strange effect on me, a sense of wonder more than horror on other people who saw it. Any time that I see a movie that moves me particularly, there is a desire to watch my own emotional response behaving so strangely. I know that there are people who do believe that the Holocaust did not really happen, but I have never been one with any of those illusions, and intellectually, I was aware that the Holocaust was historical fact and not cinematographic fantasy. Still my emotions had sailed themselves off in response to having the situation presented in such a polished fashion, in the setting of the Ritz theater which habit tells me is a place in which to passively watch stories made up for entertainment, to have nothing from reality communicated except for the emotions that actors are successful in bringing out.

And so what do I conclude from this?

A temptation is to propose stupidly that it is too late to make the Holocaust from the local movie theater, and to say people should read books and talk to real people and maybe watch some nice PBS documentaries instead or this event will never be real to them like it should be. The fact is that though it will never be real to anyone who wasn't there, no matter how many movies we watch, it is still important to discuss the Holocaust, to keep it fresh in people's minds so that it will never happen again.

Therefore, instead I must conclude that if this movie does make people talk about this subject, and give more people an emotional sense of the natural 1944 parallel, the war in the former Yugoslavian countries, and that people will live that and the movie justifies itself. It really is an amazing movie. After all, we cannot all carry the emotional weight of the score of all such things out while retaining other parts intellectually, in order to be informed and yet fully human.

I only have a small worry about audi ences who might get confused. They may recognize the high proportion of fiction that this presentation includes, and develop a sense that the history behind it is also unreal. I saw in myself that such a reaction is possible.

compiled by jen hogan

Wednesday, February 2

HELL WEEK STARTS

8 p.m. Thomas 110—French Film Series

8 p.m. Thomas Great Hall—Whitehall-Linz Series presents Josephine Humphreys

Thursday, February 3

8 p.m. Goodhart—Bryn Mawr Performing Arts Series presents Muna Taegung Dance Projects. Tickets available at the door.

10 p.m. Thomas 110—Bi-College Film Series

Philadelphia Orchestra presents Wolfgang Sawallisch, conductor Liszt, "Orpheus", Hindemith, Symphonic Metamorphoses on themes of Carl Maria-von Weber, and Franck, Symphony in D minor

Friday, February 4

8 p.m. Philadelphia Orchestra, see program for February 3

8 p.m. and 10 p.m. Thomas 110—Bryn Mawr Film Series

Saturday, February 5

8 p.m. Philadelphia Orchestra and the Philadelphia Philharmonic, conductor Wolfgang Sawallisch, conductor, Wagner, excerpts from "Tannhauser", "Die Walkure"

Sunday, February 6

8 p.m. Thomas 110—International Film Series

Monday, February 7

5:30 p.m. Dorothy Vernon Room—"The Secular and Spiritual Journey of a Jewish Feminist Artist." dinner conversation with Lily Markiewicz, a child of Auschwitz: the tall black flaming chimney, like other images in other movies, was historical fact and not cinematographic fantasy. Still my emotions had sailed themselves off in response to having the situation presented in such a polished fashion, in the setting of the Ritz theater which habit tells me is a place in which to passively watch stories made up for entertainment, to have nothing from reality communicated except for the emotions that actors are successful in bringing out. And so what do I conclude from this?

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Dates women make

compiled by jen hogan

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AIDS is officially a crisis in America. We know this because Hollywood has made a feature film starring such big names as Tom Hanks and Denzel Washington about the AIDS crisis. Considering that most movies made from major studios in Hollywood are aimed towards the male audience between 18 and 30, could it be that mainstream America wants to see a movie where one of America's favorite comic actors, boy-next-door types stars as a talented gay young man dying of AIDS? Maybe, but we will have to check the box office success of "Philadelphia" to discern if America is ready for such a film.

Now, maybe I don't give mainstream America enough credit. When I went to see "Philadelphia" (located at 19th and Chestnut St. in the city of the same name), was filled with every sort of person I could think of. There were families, middle aged married people, college students, and young couples out for a night on the town wanting to see their city on screen and a movie about a plague which scans close to the heart and is deadly and indiscriminately. There were white people as well as people of color, people who looked like they might be grandparents, college students, and middle aged married people, and the crowd was a mix of straight as well as gay.

The opening sequence of Philadelphia featured a panoramic tour of the city of Philadelphia, the theater (located at 19th and Chestnut St. in the city of the same name), was filled with every sort of person I could think of. There were families, middle aged married people, college students, and young couples out for a night on the town wanting to see their city on screen and a movie about a plague which scans close to the heart and is deadly and indiscriminately. There were white people as well as people of color, people who looked like they might be grandparents, college students, and middle aged married people, and the crowd was a mix of straight as well as gay.

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Two Leonine babes are walking together, one in a plushly sensual relationship and the other, celibate the majority of her days, has names for all her household appliances. The first often frets about the problems she encounters while having this fantastic sex life (knives and skewers, fighting around, gender roles, etc.), and the other one nods and as she listens; she happily realizes that her self-worth is independent of whether someone elseocre saccharine notions in her ear. The second just grins self-knowingly and pets her friend's hand; she knows better than to involve herself in a relationship only to please those around her. But, come to think of it, the one having sex is a Virgo...

Hey Virgo lady, if you read the previous horoscope and think, “Sigh, Valentine’s Day is coming up, and what am I going to do?” RELAX, “cure the Lady Oracle promises that you’ll have some kind of romantic interlude by your death or age forty, whatever comes first. If not, and I AM NEVER wrong, predictions are what I do, and you’re going to have the time of your life. The Appointments Committee

Capricorn (Dec 20-Jan 19)

Misogyny on parade, eh? (Reference to Libra’s horoscope, the Lady O. is very steamy-consciousness this week.) You DON’T need cheering you up, you probablydelta, it’s this kind of wine. It’s how the autogate and angst of times to can so succinctly expressed through pretty pictures. Just look at Barbara “Tour Body is a Battleground” Kruger and that capitalist extraordinary, Liz Clairborne. If you must buy billboards along the highways and byways of America. You have been in a car lately? No? Do something equally as aggrasive and imposing, like a list of all the songs that represent the esprit of Feb. 14 to you. Like Bauhaus’ “Swing and all this cheery music reminds me of the Violent Femmes’ early tunes, which enjoyed a comeback. I’m listening to a song that sweetly intones, “I’m a loser, baby, you’re a winner;” are you as thrilled as I am? What else? A friend of mine asked me to predict a godly two weeks for her, and while that is a true thing, I’m a little disappointed. I can escape off campus and have dinner with my friends and still, the “Beavis and Butt-head Experience” follows me there? How can they possibly be written by Harvard alums? As long as there are no Wellesley College women on the writing staff, they’ll continue to be held in by high regard because we all hate Wellesley, right? They dared reject the Lady Oracle when she was just an itty-bitty fortune teller within my power (most everything is), nothing comes to mind. So here’s what I’ll do, then I’ll buy you dinner and seats to the Opera or Nirvana’s reunion concert, your choice. Don’t worry, a cozy night curled up with your glossy pics of Al Gore is just as nice as anyone you might be dating.

Aries Mar 20-Apr 19

rather than digress to the Capricorn goat discussion, I offer you some ripe Martian joy. It’s true, here and there within the Communist Manifesto are pearls of humor that make reserve reading worth the drudgery. An example: “Although private property appears to be the basis and cause of alienated labor, it is rather a consequence of the latter just as the gods are fundamentally not the cause but the product of confusions of human error.” And there is artistry contained within “the dangerous class, the social scum, that passively rotting mass thrown off the lowest layers of old society...” Marx is simply irresistible. Just like you, Ms. Aries.

Happy?

Gemini May 22-June 20

What niche have goats fulfilled within the kingdom of Pop Culcha? The loser prize represents centuries of demeaning remarks. You don’t take any garbage from them, worn-out eardrums, you walk straight up to him and denounce his patriarchal blather that makes reserve reading worth the drudgery. An example: “Although private property appears to be the basis and cause of alienated labor, it is rather a consequence of the latter just as the gods are fundamentally not the cause but the product of confusions of human error.” And there is artistry contained within “the dangerous class, the social scum, that passively rotting mass thrown off the lowest layers of old society...” Marx is simply irresistible. Just like you, Ms. Aries.

Pisces Feb 19-Mar 18

Apologies Committee

wants all of us to know

who our reps are

continued from page 8

continued from page 1

to fill these positions listed as TBA (to be appointed). The positions that are TBA have been previously run but not filled for (else there have been resignations). We would also like to take this opportunity to thank all of you who applied for committees; we found the pool of applicants to be exceptional with each round. We hope that those of you who applied enjoyed the process, as we tried to make it as stress-free as we could.

For those of you on appointed committees (and this list is correct, to our knowledge), the first ever Appointments survey will be coming at ye’al soon. We are extremely eager to receive your comments and will be using survey results to create a database of information regarding the various committees (and hopefully, eliminate unnecessary bureaucratic red tape). To anyone not on appointed committees, we welcome your comments; you may want to share as well. Thanks to everyone for your cooperation.

Fondly,

The Appointments Committee

Chair: Chizema O. Thekere ’95 (OCA Vice-President) C-1346
Rebecca Cohen ’96 C-546
Julie Cronin ’95 C-134
Tracy Madison ’95 C-1419
Cherie Richy ’95 C-1533