Help for dealing with depression at BMC

by Elizabeth Lynenga

"Happy pills." This is what I heard was the Health Center's favorite response to depression in students. Rumor from several sources has it that anyone can walk into the Health Center's counseling service and say she's depressed, or even say she's tired, and they'll scribble her a prescription for Prozac and get rid of her. Deidre Laveren, the head of the counseling service at Bryn Mawr, said that this was not true, but that some people's depression does respond best to a combination of drugs and talking.

Depression is a big problem on campus according to her, but when I asked this question she added that it is a big problem in society in general. It is one of the major complaints that they get at the counseling center, along with anxiety, relationship issues, and eating disorders.

Again, because this is such a crucial time of life, when students leave families and are forced to confront issues of identity and such that they have been protected from, students can become depressed and have other crises at college, and Laveren emphasized that counseling services are very important at schools. Every year, about one third of the college population passes through the counselors for one reason or another, but of course these are only the people who make the decision to go in.

continued on next page

Enter the Seymour Adelman book collector's contest

by Allisa Rosenman

Seymour Adelman, honorary cura-
tor of books at Bryn Mawr College, was an avid book collector whose passion for books was rivaled only by an equally genuine devotion to Phila-
delphia, the City of Brotherly Love. The first part of the Adelman Collec-
tion came to the College in 1976, and the prize, established in 1979, was first awarded on May Day in 1990.

Seymour Adelman wanted students to know the joy of book collecting and hoped many students would enter this competition; however, so completely impartial was he that he always re-
 fused to be a judge. He wanted every-
 body to win. This prize was an oppor-
tunity for him to share his joy in book
 collecting with the undergraduates. The incentive provided by this prize is also intended to encourage people "to poke around" in second-hand book
 shops for sheer pleasure.

In addition to James Tanis (Director of Libraries) and Mary S. Lebaby (Sey-
 mour Adelman Rare Book Librarian),
this year's judges include Joel Sarto-
hus, Claire Gillis, B. Angus K. Smith, and Johanna M. Mazur. Work at the Free Library of Philadelphia, involve-
ment with acquisitions—the "people
 invited to judge" always have some-
thing to do with books," says Mary
 Lebaby.

A "typical" entry defies characteri-
zation. Previous collections range from the Bahai Faith to bartending
 guides, from fairy tales to Finland to books on etiquette and the historical evolution of clothing, from African
 slaves and Neocolonialism to chil-
dren's books to penguins to other
types of literature. "A collection that
 a student has put together that re-
flects her interests" is the one unified feature of these assortments. It is the reflection of the individual's ideas expressed in the collection that makes the examples so memorable.

For information on entering the contest, contact Mary Lebaby at 266317.

Events: news of what the world is doing

By Tamar Rozental

Clinton Health Plan suffers another setback

The Board of the American Association of Retired Persons decided not to endorse President Clinton's health plan. This is a major setback for the president who campaigned with his wife to win elderly support. The announcement also came after several influential business groups chose to endorse a rival plan. A rough road is ahead for the Clinton Health Plan.

Croatians and Muslims reach agreement

Croatian and Muslim military factions agreed to a United Nations monitored cease-fire that will hopefully restore peace to central Bosnia and Herzegovina. The agreement is designed to break the nine-
month siege that Croats have held on Muslim Mostar. So far, the death toll is estimated to be around 2,000 on both sides.

Negotiations start in Mexico

Dialogue has begun between the rebel Zapatista National Liberation Army and government envoy. Manuel Camacho Sels and Bishop Samuel Ruiz Garcia are the two chief negotiators for the Salinas government. The rebels are led by the "Subcomandante Marcos." After the first round of negotiations, Camacho declared that a radical democratization of the country was necessary to appease the rebel factions. This is considered an at-
tack to which the Salinas government has yet to respond.

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE AND DEPRESSION

IN THIS ISSUE'S CENTERSPREAD

see pages four and five for words on the subject
EDITORIAL

This is your newsjournal

This is the second paper of the semester which has prominently featured articles about Hell Week. In past years, The College News has avoided publishing references to the secrets of Hell Week. This year the issue of Hell Week has been such a heated topic that we decided to print articles that spoke more explicitly about Hell Week. We realize that we have run the risk of revealing secrets to prospective students and others outside of the college, however the overwhelming need of the campus to discuss this issue outweighed our concern. Our mission is to be a forum for Bryn Mawr’s community and to print all the articles coming in from that community. In this edition we have several submissions whose authors are using this paper to talk to the whole campus. We thrive on such submissions, just as we are sure campus discussion thrives on the presence of The College News’s open forum. In addition, we hope that the discussion on these pages will serve as a record for future classes. Our current discussion seems handicapped by the lack of references from other years because no record remains of what was said and done.

Besides being vocal about Hell Week, Bryn Mawr has responded strongly to our request for articles about depression. It is an issue that many Mawrters can relate to, so we hope that what you read here is helpful and thought provoking. The articles speak frankly and compellingly of a problem which is widespread on campus, as it is everywhere.

We want these articles to spark more discussion of depression, which is very real for so many. The topic isn’t closed with this edition and we welcome more submissions on the subject.

Have a happy Spring Break and be sure to send us a postcard (or an article)!

Love,
Stacy & Elizabeth

THE COLLEGE NEWS
BEIN MORE COLLEGE WEEKEND, NO. 3, MARCH 1, 1994

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The deadline for the next issue of The College News is Friday, March 24, 1994 at midnight. Letters and articles should be sent to our mailbox (C-1714), or placed outside our Downing Office. All submissions should be on Mac or IBM disk (3.5’’); disks will be returned via campus mail (we promise). We will accept articles and letters written by towns and letters written by towns. All opinions expressed in articles or letters are the sole responsibility of the author only, and are not necessarily those of the editorial board. Come to Thursday night meetings at 8pm in the Downing Office where language will or will call one of the editors if you are interested in contributing to the paper.

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

Letters

The experience of a lifetime

Dear Editors,

...We at Facilities Services wish to express our appreciation of your article entitled “The President came to my school.” There are several reasons Bryn Mawr College took on an event of this caliber, but I assure you, from the very start one of the motivating forces was to provide the students of Bryn Mawr College with what might be the experience of a lifetime.

The Facilities Services Department also thanks the student community for their cooperation and patience during all of the “Clinton-centre activity.”

Regardless of political persuasions/views, the staff of Facilities Services found reward in being “proud and grateful that Bryn Mawr entertained (the President) so royalty for a morning.”

Thank you.

Howard Holden
Associate Director
Facilities Services

The Thorne School & BMC

Dear Editors,

With regard to the article on “Child Care at Bryn Mawr” that appeared in the February 3rd issue, please note that the Thorne School is not currently, nor has it ever been “a research center run by the School of Social Work.” Our campus affiliation, originated in 1951 with the then Department of Education and has continued with that department as it has evolved over the years into the Department of Human Development and recently merged with the Department of Psychology.

I hope that this helps to clarify an otherwise misleading description both of Thorne School and of the diversity of the committee which has been appointed to study the bi-college child care needs.

Thank you for your attention.

Sincerely,

Marlyn Harness
Director

Hell Week at Plenary

To the community:

During the “discussion” of the plenary resolution to abolish Hell Week, I was disgusted by the rudeness and ostracism that was directed at the presenters of the resolution and at many other speakers. How can it be claimed that ostracism does not occur when speakers are hooted and the presenters are shouted down, when a vocal minority is silenced and the opinions of the group devalued? In order to discuss an issue, everyone involved should be able to trust that they will be treated respectfully and be allowed to respond to comments. The Honor Code states:

We, the members of the Undergraduate College of Bryn Mawr, have come together in this community in order to create an environment in which each member is able to realize her full potential—a potential which is realized through intellectual and social growth. Such an environment is possible in a community that values respect and concern for individuals and with this respect and concern as a commitment to communication.

Our intellectual and social development requires freedom born from trust. For growth requires more than blind adherence to a code of conduct; it requires reflection—reflection upon our actions and how our actions affect those with whom we share the community. Such reflection is only possible when one’s judgment is trusted.

Growth also requires that we take responsibility for our judgments, actions and also for our student community. At the heart of growth is the process of interaction and learning, which is dependent upon an exchange of ideas, a dialogue, that can only occur when there is mutual trust, respect, and concern. Questions are naturally in a community where the members are aware of their inter-relatedness and dependence.

How can people trust each other when they fear ridicule and exclusion? If stating one’s ideas and standing up for something you believe in results in loud and vicious community disapproval, what does that say about our tolerance for individualism? I had the impression that the resolution was failed before it was even presented, that people were prepared to shout it down without giving any serious thought to the ideas raised by either the resolution or the people speaking in favor of it. I think it is time for people to look at Hell Week as it affects the Bryn Mawr community. If discussion of it can divide a room of 350 people so completely, then it is clearly not a minor issue that can be put off year after year. It is also clearly not a small minority who are against it.

The problems that I had with Plenary are the same as those which make me anti-Hell Week. How can a community which claims to promote an Honor Code suspend that Code for one particular issue? There is a difference between being called a secret and telling a lie. The myth of the Dunk Pond run and the tales told by upperclasswomen of what they had to do during their Hell Weeks fall into the category of lies—they never happened.

The choice not to participate is not an option. The only course is to remain silent, which does not leave a person who is ethically opposed to the procedure anywhere to turn. By my silence I perpetuated a lie. In the past, people who have chosen not to lie and who have chosen to stand up for their beliefs have been confronted and unpopular condemned by the community.

It has been a long time since I thought of Bryn Mawr as a perfect community.

To the community,

During the discussion of the Hell Week resolution last Sunday, the question was called, this motion passed, and all discussion ceased. While I respect and understand why the question was called, the presenters of the resolution lost opportunity for a rebuttal, and therefore lost any time to respond to the comments made from the floor. I would like to take that opportunity now.

A comment was made by an individual regarding problems she had with a few of the "whereso" statements of the resolution. She pointed out the statements that Hell Week is based on a lie, that the spirit of the Honor Code has been suspended, and that those who choose the role of non-participant are socially ostracized. She further explained that those statements showed disrespect for the Traditions Mistress, the Hell Week Committee, and anyone else who worked hard to make Hell Week a positive experience for all.

I apologize to the aforementioned continued on page 3.
Professors speak: the truths on the war in Bosnia

continued from page 1

government officials are loathe to use the word genocide in reference to the systematic destruction of the Bosnian Muslims at the hands of the Serbs in that according to the treaty signed at the Geneva convention after World War II, all the countries who signed the treaty agreed to intervene to stop genocide should it happen again. Sells explained that if people were to call this mass killing of civilians in Bosnia genocide, then they would have to admit to not following the letter of the Geneva convention. Professor Butucovic’s remarks were more personal since she still has many family and friends left in Sarajevo. Including her mother. She lost her sister to the deliberate shellings of the National Library in Sarajevo. Her father also died during the siege of Sarajevo. She explained that when the media describes the Bosnian war as the result of age-old ethnic animosities, it is very deceiving. She said that Sarajevo has always been a very multi-ethnic community, welcoming equally Muslims, Serbs, Croats, and Jews. She explained that the idea of ethnically pure groups is a fallacy perpetuated by the ultra-nationalist Serbian government. In truth, she remarked, more than 50% of the citizens of Sarajevo are members of all the different ethnic groups and are now being forced to label themselves or be killed.

Butucovic also criticized the UN involvement in the Balkans. She explained that the UN controls the airport and could conceivably allow more people who wished to leave Sarajevo, but they claim they are neutral, and to allow this would make it seem as if they were siding with one side over the other in this “war.” She mentioned that it was difficult to even send packages or letters to people in Sarajevo because of the UN’s unwillingness to help the packages through Serbian lines. She told of how she has been trying for many months to get her mother out of Sarajevo, but that this is almost impossible. She cannot even phone her mother. She had to pull strings to get her out, but when she spoke to the highest ranking UN official she could reach, he demanded payment in American dollars to even investigate the situation. When she expressed horror at this, he simply commented that everything was acceptable during war time. Both Sells and Butucovic are very suspicious of US and NATO diplomatic efforts at this late date. They explained that after these negotiations, ethnic partitions may take place which would force people to choose which ethnic side they are on, something very artificial to many Bosnians. After these peace talks, the Bosnians could be in a worse situation than they were in a year ago when peace negotiations were attempted. The other consequence of a shoddy peace plan is that it could trigger ethnic sensitivities in Macedonia which could spread to Greece and Turkey. This would lead to a war which the rest of the world could no longer ignore. The Community of Bosnia is involved in several different activities. One is adopting the city of Foca to be Haverford’s sister city. This city was almost completely destroyed by the Serbian army. Another goal is to get as many area colleges as possible to sponsor scholarships for Bosnian students so that Americans can meet Bosnians face to face and hear their story. So far, Bryn Mawr, Haverford, and Villanova have secured scholarships. The community of Bosnia will also be sponsoring various fund-raising events including a benefit concert to help Bosnia refugees.

The consequences of the world’s apathy toward the Bosnia situation shows how other aspiring ultra-nationalists that ethnic cleansing and genocide are basically ignored by the West as long as there is no oil in the region. We in the US need to stand up to stop the genocide and ensure that Bosnia will get a fair deal in the peace settlement. We also need to help Bosnia refugees who come to the US with housing, language training, and job placement. If you want to get involved contact Professor Michael Sells on email at mcrudesc@haverford.edu or look for the Bosnia users group on the internet. Other programs now available at Bryn Mawr. Over forty years ago, we said never again. Now we must follow up on that promise. Joseph Brodsky ends his poem, “Bosnia Tune” with this stanza:

“Time, whose sharp blood-thirsty quill pries the lid from those who shall pronounce the latter tribe as your type.”

Remembering the Social Honor Code at Plenary

continued from page 2

people if it was inferred from these statements that I do not appreciate their work. Given the problems surrounding Hell Week, I think that the Tradition ran very smoothly overall this year. I have applauded these people for their hard work and efforts and I applaud them again now. Further, I do not point my finger at the Traditions Mistresses and their Committee or label any of them a liar or a violator of the Honor Code.

I view Hell Week as a lie. Because this Tradition is permeating by the community every year, this community is perpetuating a lie. Lying, in any form, is disrespectful and is therefore, in my opinion, a violation of the spirit of the Social Honor Code. The alternative to lying is telling the truth. But those who choose not to participate in this Tradition by telling the truth are socially ostracized. I have never experienced this for myself because I have chosen to participate in Hell Week every year but I think that there is another Tradition in which members of the community do not have to compromise their ethical standards.

I do not want to deprive anyone of happiness and I do respect the good that comes from Hell Week. But I also respect those who do not want a Hell Week. My purpose in writing and presenting the resolution was to try to reach a compromise. There are other routes to a joyous Flower Day, and I was merely suggesting that we could find one that does not involve a lie.

I would also like to comment on a statement made at Plenary that people who are opposed to Hell Week are not ostracized. I beg to differ. Please do not tell me how I feel. Let me tell you.

I have never felt so divided or removed from this community in the time that I have been at Bryn Mawr. From the behavior displayed at Plenary on Sunday, I do not want to be part of a community that triggers flashbacks of Jr. High School. Behavior was not only intolerable but people were rude and disrespectful, just because I do not believe in a Tradition, does not mean that I stop being your peer or an equal member of this community. Furthermore, the Social Honor Code is not checked at the door at Plenary. I did not appreciate boo-ing, cat calls or laughter during the reading and explanation of the resolution; I did not appreciate being yelled at when I was trying to speak; I did not appreciate being spoken to as if I were less of a person than anyone else in that room. I no longer take pride in representing any part of a community as small as it may be, that treats me or any of my peers as poorly as I was treated last Sunday.

I would like to make a suggestion that if you have never read the Social Honor Code, to do so. I read it for the first time Sunday night and was surprised to discover how amazing it is that this community can uphold the Code when several members collectively violated it and abused it Sunday evening.

This is my only medium for confrontation of several people whose names and faces I cannot remember. I have talked with a few individuals and I appreciate those who have responded with a sincere concern for my feelings and I thank them. I also think those people who contributed intelligent, respectful comments, both pro and con, on Sunday night.

Sincerely, Kristen M. Hagstrom ’94
by Laura Penney

The following are excerpts from my journal about my experience with moderate depression during my junior year at Bryn Mawr.

April 2, 1993

Depression. It's four days after my 21st birthday and it's only now, about six months after the beginning of my illness, that I'm able to sit down and write. But write about what? I don't know where to start because I don't know where it started. I don't know what to say because I don't know what I'm feeling. An incredible heaviness. A pain that emanates from within. But why? Why have so many things to be thankful for? Of my health, my mind, food and shelter, a wonderful family, and friends who care. And yet I'm not able to appreciate any of it. I'm not able to feel the love of people around me. I'm not able to taste the food that I swallow. I have no energy. This morning all I wanted to do was lay in bed all day and read The Firm. While Mum was here visiting from California, I slept like a baby, but now it seems I'm back to the same old thing. I can't get to sleep, and then when I do, it's always fitful sleep with terrible dreams. Sometimes it feels like the world is closing in around me. Sometimes it feels like everyone is deserted, and I wonder why and how I'm still alive. I wonder what God's plan could possibly be in all of this. Sometimes it seems like I'm standing still. But when Mum was here, time flew by. I wish she could have stayed. Sometimes I feel she's the only one who truly cares and understands. I try hard not to let the depression affect those around me, but I feel that I'm always saying or doing something that hurts someone I care about. Sometimes I feel like I can't remember anything. What time is it now? What? What day is it? What did you just say?

Why do I always hurt those I care about most? Why does it seem that I'm always hurting my best friend by "picking at her"? Why do I feel like I'm a million miles away from her and the world, although I see her every day and my feet are indeed on the ground? Sometimes I feel like I'm going crazy. Maybe they're right. Maybe this is all just in my head, and, if I really wanted to, I could make myself well. Or maybe if I just prayed harder or more diligently, then God would heal me. I don't know. I don't know about anything. My whole world has shifted during this past week. My hopes and dreams for the summer have fallen through. What now do I have to look forward to? Life doesn't handle one gently.

I'm on April 21, 1993

If I'm not already crazy, then I'm certainly in the process of pushing myself over the edge. I don't have any control over myself, my feelings, my angers, my hurts. How can one live if she is always at the mercy of an illness? What am I supposed to do? I want to reach out to my friends and ask for help, or at least a comforting word or a reassuring hug. But when I need that most, I'm least able to ask. No one understands. I just get more and more frustrated because no one notices, or at least doesn't say anything to me, so I feel that no one cares. Can't my friends tell that I've been crying all of the time? If so, why don't they say anything? There are 10,000 miles between my best friend and me, and anything and everything I do seems to make it worse. Why didn't she at least apologize for standing me up tonight? That's not like her. Why do I have to take everything so hard and so personally? Why am I continuing to make myself miserable? Or, why aren't the drugs correcting my chemical imbalance so I'll feel better? Why am I still sick after having been in therapy for the entire semester and having been on Zoloft for several months? Is there really an end to this all? And when I do finally come out of this, will I have any friends left, or will I have driven them all away? Why is it so hard for my best friend to have any understanding of my condition? For the past month or so it's like she's been ignoring it and turning more and more into herself. Why does she never ask me to do things with her anymore? Is my company that undesirable?

Why, when there is so much love around me, am I unable to feel it? Why? Why must this be so hard, God? Why, I feel like I'm being brought down, forced lower than I've ever been and there is nothing I can do to prevent it or help myself. How in the world am I able to keep up with all of my homework through this all? At least if I weren't able to study, things would make sense-then I would be a total mess. Why do I keep trudging on? It's as if there is an incredible strength within me that I am unable to direct. All of its energies are going into school work, and there is nothing I can do to change that. The pain seems to consume me, and I wonder why and how I'm still alive. I wonder what God's plan could possibly be in all of this. Sometimes it seems like I'm standing still. But when Mum was here, I felt like I was alive. Could it be that I'm always saying or doing something that hurts someone I care about. Sometimes I feel like I can't remember anything. What time is it now? What? What day is it? What did you just say?

For us to Watch Out For

Dykes To Watch Out For

April 25, 1993

I can't sleep. I can't find anything to do. I don't think it will happen again because I've already read them all. I think of writing letters, but have nothing to say. I end up staring at the walls listening to music, trying to think of what I feel like doing. I guess I usually can't think of anything because I always end up just sitting here in my room. I need to think of things to do- I hate the thought of doing nothing. I can't even think of anything to write. I wonder what's going on in my head that I'm trying to ignore by not thinking about it. My head knows that I should face the issues, but they must be pretty deeply buried if I'm still not able to identify and address them after all this time in counseling.

God, I pray for continued support. I know you will get me through this depression and have faiths that there is a purpose in all of this darkness. Sometimes it's just so difficult not knowing what in the world the reason could be for this. I suppose I'll come out of this as somehow a better or wiser or stronger person. Sometimes I wonder if this depression will ever be completely behind me, or whether it will shadow me forever rest of my life. How, why did I burn myself a few weeks ago? I don't understand why I inflicted pain upon my body. It scares me, but fortunately I've come out of this as somehow a better or wiser person. Sometimes I wonder if this depression will ever be completely behind me, or whether it will shadow me forever rest of my life. How, why did I burn myself a few weeks ago? I don't understand why I inflicted pain upon my body. It scares me, but fortunately I've come out of this as somehow a better or wiser person. Sometimes I wonder if this depression will ever be completely behind me, or whether it will shadow me forever rest of my life. How, why did I burn myself a few weeks ago? I don't understand why I inflicted pain upon my body. It scares me, but fortunately I've come out of this as somehow a better or wiser person. Sometimes I wonder if this depression will ever be completely behind me, or whether it will shadow me forever rest of my life. How, why did I burn myself a few weeks ago? I don't understand why I inflicted pain upon my body. It scares me, but fortunately I've come out of this as somehow a better or wiser person. Sometimes I wonder if this depression will ever be completely behind me, or whether it will shadow me forever rest of my life.
Life around here certainly is depressing

by Julia Alexander

Nasty weather, yucky food, February in general, getting my transcripts, trying to plan a major. There's one subject that all of those things remind me of: depression. Obviously, there are people out there who have to worry about more serious things, but I'm willing to be easily twice as self-centered as the next person, so here's an article about the depressing experience I had this week.

The other day, I was sitting in the Health Center again, and since there was a long wait, I actually tried to read the comforting little brochures they have in there. My life is sort of boring, lacking in anything that would require, say, alcohol counseling, or birth control, or, given the latest run of meals in the dining halls, even advice on how to stop overeating. So I read that charmingly en-
titled brochure, the one which you are not allowed to reproduce on pain of death, entitled "Feeling the Blues." At 1:30, I thought someone had gotten together a support group for people who have to listen to my brother play the guitar, but then I realized they were actually talking about depression.

Why do they do this to us? There I am, thinking 'I'm doing all right (I mean, heck, I got out of bed and I hadn't killed anyone all day) and then I see this checklist to find out if I'm depressed. I was in a good mood, if kind of bored from the wait, and since I'm a little more anal than the average Maveret, I decided to take the test. So I go down the line.

"Have I suffered from loss of appetite? Yes. Have you taken a look at me lately? "Do I have trouble going to sleep at night?" Well, yeah, it's kind of hard to sleep with my face in a three ring binder, but I generally try each and every night, rather than actually stay awake and do my readings. "Do I have trouble doing my homework?" Yes, of course! I never manage to get to sleep until well after midnight, and my body firmly insists that I get more than three hours of sleep. "Do I lack motivation for my work?" Did I ever have the motivation to do my work? Do they mean that all slackers are depressed? And so I was thoroughly assured that I am seriously depressed (and the original ver-

continued from page 1

Laveran is pleased that this many people think it's all right to go to them, and consid-
erizes one of her and her associates' main jobs to make people comfortable enough to come. Particularly with international students, it may be against some people's upbringing to talk to a psychologist, and they hope to convince these people to come if they need to. She thinks the counseling service is doing a good job in that, in the one year she kept statistics, exactly the same proportion of minorities came in as there are in the school, meaning that minorities are not more depressed than other students, and that they do feel comfortable coming to the cen-
ter—unless the two factors are canceling each other out. Another good sign—there hasn't been a suicide at Bryn Mawr at least in last 12 years, which is as long as Laveran has been here. She didn't know when the last suicide here was.

Every Bryn Mawr student has six free visits to the counseling service, and people use them for everything from roommate trouble to major psychiatric problems. Ac-

In our lives

A parable of depression

by anonymous

There once was a little girl in a box. She could see out, but people couldn't see in. She would sit watching the people outside, but she never told them there was anyone inside. Sometimes they would talk to the box like it was a person, but it wasn't.

But she remembered that she had gotten the bruises outside of the box. She didn't want to get hurt any worse.

She tried talking to the people through the box. They seemed nice, and she wanted to trust them. But at night, when everyone was asleep, she remembered that the people she knew before she went into her box had seemed nice, too. In fact, they still came and talked to the box sometimes, and they said they were sorry, that it wouldn't happen again.

But she didn't think the box was the fault anyway. The girl in the box kept hurting more and more, and she didn't know what to do about it.

She didn't like being hurt. She shouldn't be taking baby steps inside the box. She knew that people who had seemed nice outside of the box had hurt her. There were people who seemed nice outside of the box now, and they said they wouldn't hurt her, but she couldn't be sure.

The thoughts ran around her head. She couldn't get the box inside the box. She had gotten hurt in one box, and she wouldn't keep hurting anyone any more than she already was alone, either.

The wounds festered. Her fear grew. She rocked back and forth in the box, hugging her shoulders and trying to decide.
A sophomore's memories of a painful Hell Week

by Jeanné Oibbard

This is my journal entry from February 5, 1993, the day Hell Week ended the year I participated in it. I have edited some unnecessary divergences out, but have not changed anything of what I wrote that night, except to alter punctuation where it would make my (admittedly rather distressed) train of thought clearer. Well, it turns out that Hell "Week" has always ended on this night with "Flower Day." It's "Bryn Mawr's Best Kept Secret" and I guess we're all supposed to feel bonded for knowing it. Today someone told me that this is the end of it, because I was getting so fed up and disgusted and discontinued. As to the experience as a whole, I just don't know what I think about it. I think if I'd known what the real length of it was, I wouldn't have taken it seriously, been less ashen, done more of the things, and gotten more fun out of it. As it was I didn't have the mentality to throw myself into it out of fear, sheep-like-ness, whatever. And it makes me a little angry that they had to make the whole thing seem so much worse than it is, so that we'd then feel relieved and grateful and "oh-gush-gush-thank-you-so-much-for-letting-me-into-this-eille-place." I wonder how many other people in that room were feeling just a little bit as if they'd been made a fool of. And I wonder why being made a fool of is what lets us "into" Bryn Mawr. And why the condition for staying "in" (with Bryn Mawr is letting the next class be made a fool of. It all seems a little too much of control and brainwashing techniques. And this revealing to secrecy thing of course also puts us in the position of not being able to talk to an impartial outsider and get an unclouded opinion of the whole thing. I mean, why does it have to be so warped? Why can't we make traditions out of celebrating our diverse unity as women, out of celebrating who we are, the only thing that can link us together this state of all being equally ignorant at the same time? That seems a poor basis for bonding. I don't see why open, equally loving traditions couldn't be just as intense.

Secret societies, things like this, are, it seems to me, the solution of a male society grasping for the real mystery—connection with the earth, love. This business is a poor substitute for a real community. It treats people like children, and even bullies them; it perpetuates anger, subterfuge, incompleteness: honesty. It's a parody of our society as a whole: Put up with less-than-human treatment without complaint, so that you can enter the elite upper echelon and be privileged to treat other people in the same way. That's screwed up! We should all be privileged to treat other people with love, honesty, compassion, trust, and desire for solidarity. I don't blame those people for denouncing Hell Week or revealing the "secret." I think they were reacting from a quite just anger or concern with feeling fucked-with. As for me, I am very confused. This brings to mind a great many questions about my own personality, and masochistic tendencies. I did feel mildly threatened by the sophomores at times, and that feeling made me jump to please, to do right. I HATE that. Then when I wasn't in such direct custody of them, I felt resentful and rebellious and struck out in little, petty, non-direct ways—like refusing to smile at the task mistresses. . . . I almost hate them that much more.

I know people meant well. But gosh, if this is Bryn Mawr's big secret... what a weenie little penny secret. I was disappointed. At the end of it I felt let down, not because someone told me the truth, but because I didn't understand earlier. I felt like a cynic in a room full of innocents, standing there with my flowers, wishing I could feel happy and relieved and grateful, wishing I could bring myself to believe in all the good will, wishing I could desire it. Feeling like a fraud, a party-pooper, somewhat confused, disoriented.

I feel angered by the implication that this official assassinates the college community is limited to those who are willing to check their self-knowledge and critical thought at the hallowed doors. I guess I can look at this all as a learning experience, once my residual guilt, anger, resentment, disappointment, and feeling of betrayal work their way out. It's just possible that it is order for me to let go of those things, I may have to let go of the less strong feelings of inclusion, belonging, and pride, that have arisen from the same source. I will not live on feelings that come out of such an unknown base. I will have to learn belonging and pride on my own, rising out of myself and the real friends that I trust, and settle for inclusion in a somewhat smaller, but more trustworthy, milieu than this entire college.
Czech hitchhiker journeys through communist country
by Kristina Orchard-Hays

This is not the type of book to pick up in February—the escapades of Pekářková’s narrative could push even the most balanced reader into the abyss of despair. Better to leave this transient event, always brazen social commentary for Spring, when it can be discovered under a clear sky.

The story circles in the saucy, cynical voice of Fláka, a twenty-five year old psychology student who carries hitchhiking to a metaphysical, even epic extremity. An irrepressible seductress of her country’s lonely truck drivers, Fláka also prides herself on being distinct from her socialist-chokeclassmates and engages in wildlife photography. Of the radical environmentalist sort. She plunges through the countryside searching for mutated flowers, five leaf clovers, any grotesque monstrosity of nature, and records them with her unflinching photographic eye. They mirror the bleak metamorphosis of the communist bloc Prague in which she lives. In order to recover the iridescent essence inside of her and to hit that she calls her “multikloud, uncontrollable, unexpected instants.” Fláka remains on the move.

This transience comes through in her continuous, flickering narrative about her hitchhiking adventures and her conversations with her only friend, a philosophical snake named Patrik.

Secrets, social politics, mystery in a Southern city
by Stacy Curwood

The whole of Savannah is an oasis. We are isolated. Gloriously isolated! We’re a little enclave on the coast—off by ourselves, surrounded by nothing but marshes and piney woods. We’re not easy to get to at all, as you may have noticed. If you fly here, you usually have to change planes at least once. And the trains are not much better.

So the protagonist is told when he reaches Savannah, Georgia, a city filled with authentic Southern belles and social politicking. John Berendt creates an elaborate, thoughtfully described backdrop for an already dramatic story. Before giving us the crucial event, he leads us through the munitions and anecdotes that give the city its character. By the time we reach the beginning of the story, the characters, the feel of the city, and the events have got us inside the book.

Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil, by John Berendt, Random House, 1994 $23

When unexpected tragedy strikes, Fláka battles with the nomadic identity her name implies, her adventures deriding her quirky ideals in order to help the one human being that she loves. A story of a woman who becomes torn between her desire to find a箱ow path and the expectations of society.

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The unfathomable Lady Oracle

VIBGO
Your horoscopes always seem to come out the best and the most truthful, and all I have to do is to put them in the gift bag of my friends. You are a gifted writer and one who can see beyond the veil. I尊敬 your work and the way you see the world.

AY, you had a rotten week; friends were likely to harp on your sensitive issues, your baseboard supports developed cracks in their多年的 fixtures, doubts and even depression probably set up residence beside your alarm clock to escort you to breakfast. Why is it that all the junk you’ve left to simmer on the stovetop suddenly erupts to dribble all over your otherwise immaculate kitchen? Please understand that though you and all the Mawters ‘round you are belying such chickens as rhinos and sheep, there has been countless women who’ve managed to maintain that 2.0 and graduate while returning to productive and SANE lives. Really.

LIBRA
So, it’s spring and whom do you love? Do you skulk around campus behind that special one who embodies all your romantic ideals into one compact boudoir of de- sire? Tell me, you took the long way home this week down past the gym just to catch an extra thirty seconds’ glimpse of one such blushing cop. Silly hormones abound at this place, but to have life infused into you once again will greatly restore your hope, faith, and destiny in Brym Mayr. By chance, I may be there by next billing period, you won’t be so depressed over the semester’s end...

SCORPIO
Do you remember the Dukakis/Bentsen presidential campaigns? Were you idealist- ical then? Do you clamor for those early high school years of strictly bleached hair and purple polos? Why would you? These were exercises in conformity, when the halls were swarmed with Cottonim稀土 sweatsuits and leather Reebok high- tops in obscure shades of pink. What’s my point? Remember the past or it’s destined to repeat itself.

SAGITTARIUS
The friend of friend Felix and I were sitting in a Massachusetts Dunkin’ Donuts shootin’ the breeze when this guy behind us just lets out a torrent of unprovoked remarks that identified Jews as the cheapest son-of-a-bitches around, that Jewish people have no taste as for the way they dress or the way their hair is cut, as well as some more violent remarks that served to make both Felix and I, and a few Jewish youths still in the blush of uncertainty about confronting hatred, EXTREMELY nervous. The cop next to the anti-feminist chimp in a few sentiments about Black people as well, and still we did nothing but silently go back home to my kitchen and think, I committed myself to never allowing such to happen in my presence again, and in honor of yourself, Ms. Sagittarius, I ask that you make it a rule of all that you are; not just labels that others have placed upon you, but things that, if printed on the back of your tee-shirt, would bring you death by hanging somewhere in the world by the ignorant hateful, and kiss every one of those elements of yourself. And defend them when challenged.

CAPRICORN
My little goatgirl, there is much to be had in your immediate future that goes beyond a chocolate maltball (or Matzah ball, Passover’s coming up, too) Not only will you be alive and kicking after those unpleasant midterms and labs, ad. at. that you’re muddled with, but I see... MONEY coming ahead. What you do over spring break to pad your wallets is none of my business; I’ll leave it for your mother to ask if you’re gainfully employed, but did you know that Americans think more about money than anything else—EVEN SEX! That really surprised me. I thought I’d had Americans pinned down cold for the rest of my life, but apparently, these students have a different view of the practical, free-thinking world. An example: your own Lady O. was interviewed by Madamejoelle magazine about nightlife on campus. Hey, do they know what they’re talking about when you look at this column and run totals on references to sex versus money?

AQUARIUS
This is the dawning of the Age of Innocence. Has that come to Brym Mayr’s movie theater yet? Well, before you settle for another black-humbug night with “In the Name of the Father,” you could instead put aside your Daniel Day-Lewis cravings and put on some crushed velvet instead. I myself prefer the regularity of regular velvet (we fortune-tellers got to know whatever legitimacy we can, but for the general populace, the glamour and unfettered comfort the Hollywood sleepover look pro- vides is worth the substantial price tag.

CANCER
YAY, what is this fashion advice? It’d better lay off the Sass, eh? Sorry about that momentary lapse of reason; wear whatever you want. And wear well; you’re beautiful, dammit.

PISCES
You know the story of the Fisherman’s Wife, who, when her husband caught a magic carp, and was granted a wish, kept on demanding a higher run on the socio- economic ladder. When she was gilded up the wazoo as Emperor of the World, she wished to be God, and there the Carp ended her ascent of glory and restored her back to the humble cottage from where she couldn’t be caught in the gripings of your things, my chin, for if you think of you as the woman with the Carrier watch and the Hermes scarf, a house fire will not only destroy your possessions but also herself. That advice is from Linda Henley, and the subject comes up on every single time our dorm has been spending sleepless nights waiting for a fire drill. My friend and I were discussing “What if?” there were a fire, what would we grab? As our dorm has four floors and a tremendous amount of fire lite, I don’t think I’d think of anything. Except maybe my autographed poster of Billy Ray Cyrus.

ARIES
Lady O. is really not down on possessions, as much as the subject seems to weave either ‘n yon throughout her sentences; too much bombardment from Mars and his crewmen has caused subconscious class-consciousness to dribble off her fingertips. Writing advice around the K-T boundary’s higher concentration of Iridium just doesn’t have that ominous je ne sais quois, and it can safely be said that this fortune- teller has little work to do on her horoscope reading. After all, if you can burn a candle, take three steps forward, two back, and make a wish, “Sassys, March 1994) I respect you enough not to feed you the same garbage that that magazine tries to pass off on its readers. This month, I can safely say, the rest of the month will be clueless to your annoyances on the 9th. Everybody’s telling you what you a fox you are around the 13th; act like you don’t already know.” Just so you can make the ra- tional choice to be both productive and anti-social. You wanna be on the 13th. Prove that your Sappiness comes from within. And not from Jane Pratt.

TAURUS
If love is the answer, baby, could you please rephrase the question? Lilly Tomlin (whose quote this is) sure thinks so. Maybe the question should be “Are you looking for the mother love?” The Poiacs posed this query in “Dig for Fire” and got “No, my child, this is not my desire,” as a response. Perhaps we should all stop asking each other this inane question when the only meaningful one is “WHAT’S YOURSOMING?” I am, or why else are you being read this form of horoscope? (Unfortunately, women have been reading these, (and boy-oh-boy I thank you for it), I envision for y’all a week filled with all the Lucky Charms BUMCOS could bestow upon your little tongue.

GEMINI
Seduce them with those bouncy locks and tear them away from Alberto Tomba, you’ll need them to pore over a semester’s worth of education. Really. Just a Public Service annp- ounce from Mine. Oracle, of herself, glazed eyes and memory must. Don’t distract yourself with nightshades from exam weeks past—do you have to admit it, thought of a little froth alone in the back smoker with just a pack of Dunhills and four hundred years’ worth of paintings on flashcards to memorize by morning is kinda funny. This time of year is especially painful for those non-academic types who are at BMC only for the chance to run naked come Senior Sreaks; braa suerte and take care of all you, springbreaks coming, springbreakings coming, and soon you can breathe freely once more, unburdened by Poli Sci.

CANCER
“Inspiration just don’t run deep as still waters this quiet evening clouded here with my computer.” Is this a common complaint? Find out where the brilliant ones get their ideas, Lady Oracle has the Magic Crystal Ball and also her face is immortal, why not get sick? Really, an 103 fever will do wonders for your creativity, especially if you’re able to save all the delirium for your take-home exams. Just make sure you’re not pregnant before you go troopin off to the Health Center; I have massive doses of Amoxicillin causes ESP in laboratory rats, and you know the joke about women with ESP? They’re know-it-all witches. Gotta love that pachydermy...

LEO
Since last is crossing this Oracle’s mind one too many times during these horo- scopes, I might as well add the space to use them. One SMOOTH OPERATOR of a fortune-cookie whose true talents lie within her hands as well as her mind, (READ: she can fix clogged sinks) seeks stable non- romantic ‘be of the day whom she could read. This is just too self-serving; if you would perhaps be up for a romantic tie one site whilst proving to the isolated College News offices, by the light of a Chianti-bottle candlestick, then call our paper at 37X40 and we’ll work from there.

For the rest of the Leo women, I suggestollaity amongst academic perfection until that three-day hula in the hours before May Day. Hey, then there’s a reason to go around and there isn’t no strings to hold you down, baby. At that point we’ll all be ready to sign off BMC as an ant farm in deepest Perus we scatter with our lives.

DATES WOMEN MAKE
compiled by Jean hogan

Tuesday, March 1
Social Work Month Film, "Women of Summer," 6:00 PM in Katherine Lower Lounge at the School of Social Work

Wednesday, March 2
The Vision of Race Unity: America’s biggest Challenger" lecture, 7:30 PM, Campus Center Room 105

Dance, Ackerman from her works, 8:00 PM in Thomas Great Hall

French Film Series, 8 PM in Thomas 110—"I'llou en Mai"

Prof. John Baugh: "Linguistic Foundations of Social Race in American Education," at 7:00 PM at Kirby Library

Swarthmore
Thursday, March 3
Ill-Go Film March Series at 9:30 in Thomas 110, "The Beat is Full"

College News meeting, 8:00 PM

Friday-Sunday March 13
SPRING BREAK

Monday, March 18—SUNDAY, March 22

Tuesday, March 15
Last day of Guild of Bookworksmen exhibit continuing since February 15, "Fine Printers Finely Bound Too!”, McCabe Library lobby

Social Work Month Film, "Crisis on Federal Street," 6:00 PM in Katherine Lower Lounge at the School of Social Work

Wednesday, March 14
poetry and prose reading by Janice Mirickis, Japanese-American poet, dancer, choreographer, 8:00 PM at Bend Gallery

Thursday, March 17
College News meeting, 8:00 PM

Saturday, March 19
Mual Richard Abrams and Ensemble, experimental jazz pianist, 8:00 PM at Lang Center

-Palladium Athens: semi-fomal dance in the Campus Center

-Brym Mayr Concert Series: Sebadohn in Rhodes Dining Hall

Tuesday, March 22
-Women Writers at Brym Mayr: Frances Hookain, fiction reading and workshop, 8:00 PM at Bend Gallery

-Social Work Month Film, "Rigger and Me," 6:00 PM in Katherine Lower Lounge in the School of Social Work