1994

The College News 1994-4-12 Vol. 16 No.5

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Pride chalkings in the spirit of positive expression
by Becca Shapley

The rain came and washed away the visible evidence, but it could not wash away my reaction. On Wednesday morning, several members of the gay, lesbian, and bisexual community were present to attend a protest at the University of California, Los Angeles. The protest was held in response to the attacks on gay individuals by a group of teenagers who had previously chalked a message on the campus stating, "No Homos on Campus.

I have a lot of fun and happy feelings from doing the original chalkings. I enjoy working with the group of people who have agreed to help me. It's Real Too!" and were accompanied by a male and female symbol. I also understand that something to the effect of "We Aren't Objecting" was newly chalked.

I am not interested in accusing the chalker of malicious intent. I do feel, however, that the second chalkings stirred up emotions in me which are not simple, and deserve some form of expression. Several people whom I have talked to about their own reactions have influenced the development of this article, although I will not claim to be speaking for them.

I have noticed a distinction between my intellectual reactions and my gut reactions to this chalkings. On a gut level, anger and frustration are not unusual, while intellectually freedom of expression and equal opportunity come to mind. I am being most honest by admitting to both.

A statement like "Queer Pride, Real Pride" is born from true personal change and community work. What is the need for pride? Our pride comes from a coming shame which our socialization would associate with our patterns of loving. Our pride comes from confronting fear about people's reactions to our love. Our pride comes to us as a refuge from the knowledge that we will face fear again in the future. Our pride comes from a need to celebrate our love, as any human does. Letting more people know about ourselves and the source of our pride is what Pride Week is all about.

Speaking much more pride in, but which draws their strength from confrontation with heterosexuality, or from rejection of heterosexual identity, course

Inspiration from Dr. Cornell West
by JenNina

Living in the modern world can be very depressing. We are constantly faced with the failure of our society. When we deal with enormous problems like racism, poverty, ignorance, and xenophobia. Sometimes it is hard to look up through the clouds and truly see the big picture. This is why it is so exciting to hear Dr. Cornell West speak at the Swarthmore Friends' Meeting House on Monday, April 4. Dr. West is a professor of religious studies and the head of the African American studies program at Princeton. He will soon be moving to Harvard University to become the head of his religion department. One of the leaders of the US Democratic Socialist movement, he has written many books, including most recently Race Matters. He is considered to be one of the leading intellectuals in America today.

Dr. West talked about many different aspects of the modern increase in racist attitudes. His speaking style was mesmerizing, ranging from a quiet, conversational tone to a booming boom. At first, he spoke about the radical democratic tradition in American political culture. America was created by white men who had a dream of democracy for all. This ideology has been very prevalent in political rhetoric. Yet the truth is that few people have been able to feel empowered and disenchanted in the power structure.

They feel as though they cannot make a difference, and this is the most dangerous thing that can happen to a democratic society. He cautioned that we need to strive to fully realize America's radical democratic dream before we discard it as completely unrealistic.

Dr. West then moved on to talk about values in our communities and our lack of unity. He did not rely on overused, meaningless generalities of our society when he talked about market values versus non-market values. Market values tend on consumption to solve our problems. Dr. West theorized that the market values have promoted individualism to the point where people don't care about each other anymore.

Inspiration from Dr. Cornell West
continued on page 3

A major anxiety
by Brinda Ganguly

All of these "major teas" are making me nervous. The sight of the senior upperclasswomen who are moving into the dorms and out of the living spaces. Theirpeak style was mesmerizing, ranging from a quiet, conversational tone to a booming boom. At first, he spoke about the radical democratic tradition in American political culture. America was created by white men who had a dream of democracy for all. This ideology has been very prevalent in political rhetoric. Yet the truth is that few people have been able to feel empowered and disenchanted in the power structure.

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Editorial

Inspiration, motivation and information

Isn’t it refreshing to hear a new perspective? We can’t help but notice that a lot of lecturers come to Bryn Mawr’s campus. We would be surprised if they did not—an institution such as this one depends on all sorts of perspectives passing through. In any given week, academic departments, student organizations, and interested people sponsor events like speakers, readings, and book-signings. If you choose to notice them, you might be overwhelmed when choosing which to go to.

Admittedly, some of these can be boring—you watch your professor, who is sitting across the room, nodding emphatically while you nod sleepily and wonder if you’ll ever understand what the lecturer is talking about. But some speakers who come to campus are compelling, and The College News often gets articles by students who write about them. In this issue, there are articles about Dr. Cornel West (a prominent philosophy professor) Samuel Flor (a Holocaust survivor) and Phil Solomon (a concentration camp liberator). All of these people had moving speeches, which left an impression strong enough for making someone want to write about them.

You might want to check out the next speaker on a subject that interests you. Go when you’re not too burned out, and don’t worry about taking notes unless you want to. You may even find yourself addicted to these lectures after a while.

We hope you are all surviving Room Draw and you have bonded with that perfect room. We also wish the sophomores luck in choosing a major; it can be a particularly nerve-wracking decision (or not, if you’ve known all your life or you just don’t really care). Just remember—the end is just as far away in sight.

Many apologies about the Women In Leadership article which hasn’t been printed due to a -er clerical error. And thank you to those who helped to proofread and lay out this issue; you’ve done a good job and you are very much appreciated!

Your devoted editors,
Stacy and Elizabeth

THE COLLEGE NEWS

April 12, 1994

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The deadline for the next issue of The College News is Friday, April 26, 1994 at midnight. Letters and articles should be sent to our mailbox (C-1735), or placed outside our Deshaigh Office (X7340). 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 women and letters written by men. All opinions expressed in articles or letters expressed by those of the author only, and are representative of those of the editorial board. Come to Thursday night meetings at 8pm in the Deshaigh office above the language lab or call one of the editors if you are interested in contributing to the paper.

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

Dates women make

compiled by jNN boganN

Wednesday, April 13
4:15-5:30 PM Fiction Reading by Quinn Ell, essayist and fiction writer. Sponsored by the Department of English. Lecture Hall, English house.
4:15 PM "Why Is This a Work of Art? Robert Mapplethorpe and the Demise of Liberal Aesthetics," lecture by Wendy Steiner, Professor of English, at the University of Pennsylvania. Lang Performing Arts Center, Swarthmore College.
5:00-10:00 PM French Film Series: Les Quatre Aventures de Renette et Mistelle.

Saturday, April 16
9:00-11:00 AM Coffeehouse featuring Cheryl Sky, pop rock vocalist and guitarist. Sponsored by Student Activity and ESPC. Campus Center Main Lounge, AMVTS, Cinderella: The Real True Story (Recent Performance). Campus Center.

Thursday, April 14
9:30-12:00 and 2:00-4:00 PM Pre-Registration for Semester I Thomas Great Hall.
5:00-6:30 PM Sophomores Class Tea Dorothy Vernon Room.
7:30-9:00 PM Senior Reading, Poetry and Press by Katherine McCanns '94. Goodhart Music Room.
7:30-9:30 PM Italian Film Series: Il Giardino Dei Finzi Contini (The Garden of the Finzi Contini with subtitles). Campus Center Main Lounge.
8:00 PM "Becoming Visible: Exhibiting Lesbian and Gay History," by Fred Wasserman, Swarthmore Class of ’78. Lang Performing Arts Center 301, Swarthmore College.
8:00-11:30 PM Bi-Co Film Series: It Happened One Night. Thomas 110.

Friday, April 15

Daily through May 3. Canaday Foyer
1:00-3:00 PM Bi-College Debate Society hosts invitational tournament.
2:00-3:30 PM Talk, "Techno-terrorism and the Fate of 'Primitive Classification': Food for Thought," by Brad Shore, Emory University. Sponsored by the Department of Anthropology. Room 100A, Dalton Hall
5:30-6:00 PM "Gardens of the homeless," by Diana Balomr, Yale University School of Architecture. Sponsored by the Barnes Foundation and Arbotetum and the Growth and Structures of Cities Department. Thomas 110. Reception in Thomas Great Hall immediately following.
3:00-5:00 PM Mathematics Colloquium, Fermat’s Last Theorem, by Larry Washington, University of Maryland and Institute for Advanced Study. Tea at 5:00 PM; talk at 5:30 PM. Room 338, Park Science Center
5:00-6:00 PM Classics Colloquium, "Liviston Approaches to the Historical Traditions of Early Rome," by Gary Fernyho, University of Chicago and Institute for Advanced Studies. Tea at 4:30 PM; talk at 4:45 PM. Goodhart Music Room.
8:30-10:00 PM Bryn Mawr Film Series: Leviathan of Passion. Thomas 110.

Saturday, April 16
9:00-11:00 AM Open Day Campus Day, Goodhart, Campus Center, Taylor, Guild, Thomas.
4 PM Hayes "Nelson" Mass, Bach "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring." Davison, Symphony #6. The Choral, Chamber Singers and Women’s Chorus of Haverford and Bryn Mawr, the US Naval Academy Glee Club, and the Concerto Solists Orchestra of Philadelphia.

Marshall Auditorium.
8:00 PM, 10:00 PM Haverford Film Series: Reise die Rad Lasterne. Sharpless Auditorium.
Sunday, April 17
8:00-10:00 PM International Film Series: The Third Man. Thomas 110.

Wednesday, April 20
4:00-10:00 PM French Film Series: Thomas 110.

Thursday, April 21
7:30-9:30-Italian Film Series Thomas 110
8 PM Speaker: David Horowitz, co-founder of the Free Speech Movement at Berkeley, now an avowed conservative. Lang Performing Arts Center, Swarthmore College.
9:00 PM Bi-Co Film Series: Rosemary’s Baby Thomas 110.
7-9:30 "A Human Perspective on the Death Penalty: A Voice From the Murder Victim’s Family." Marie Deans at the Friends Center, 1501 Cherry Street, Philadelphia.

Friday, April 22
4:00 and 10:00 PM Bryn Mawr Film Series: Mundo Triste. Thomas 110.
Saturday, April 23
4:00 and 10:15 PM Haverford Film Series: Hawet. Sharpless Auditorium
Sunday, April 24
4:00 PM International Film Series: The Bicycle Thief. Thomas 110.

A major dilemma

continued from page 1

job and no near paths for escape. Perhaps I am being paranoid and over-dramatizing the situation, but if I cannot find a major within the next year, will this be my male counterpart in a few years...?

It also frightens me to meet people who have known what they want to do with the rest of their lives to date. I was not right. Not only do my parents’ friends’ children fall into this category (When they are asked "what do you want to do when you grow up?") immediate answers fall from their mouths: doctor, lawyer—how does one discover this patent detail—lawyer, chemical engineer, etc., but no so many of my own friends and acquaintances. Rebecca Bradshaw told me that she has wanted to be a geologist ever since she was old enough to pick up rocks, because you either love them or hate them. What about women who have known that they want to be lawyers ever since they were old enough to think about the judicial system? They merit my respect, this is for sure.

Well, all that I can hope for is that I stumble across something within the next few months which is highly possible, and that the more knowledgeable upperclasswomen will shed quite a bit of light upon my dilemma. If not, perhaps I can sell t-shirts and shower curtains on the beach, until I am too old to come back to Bryn Mawr, or die from skin cancer. Either way, I won’t have to worry about choosing a major.
The dominant conversationalist

by Theo Halliday '88

When I was a young bride, I soon be-
comprehend that my mother-in-law ex-
tended that the rest of us should be the audience while she played the part of entertainer. However, I learned that hospitality and the rest of the family would listen. Some-
times she gave forth philosophy, some-
times held anecdotes, sometimes we got straight advice or a caution—very seldom a rebuke—and sometimes she critiqued fashions. She could talk all the way from Minneapolis to the summer cottage, a trip of nearly three hours.

At first I was baffled and resentful. "How do they put up with this year after year?" I kept asking myself, but gradua-
lly I got used to it. It was like having the radio on, I realized. It tended to be more inter-
teresting, though, because she often talked about people we knew. And for-
tunately for me, I did not often disagree with her outlook.

Since then I have often pondered the phenomenon of the dominant conversa-
tionalist, the grabber of people's attention. Do I sin if I grab people's attention and hold it? Was my mother-in-law sin-
inning doing this? I'd say not, for she and I have often heard people complain about those who did it. It seems to be acceptable in to-
day's society, at least in some groups and rural communities where a group of people gets used to listening to one dominant speaker, whether it's the preacher, and used to be acceptable in par-
ers and grandparents. It also seems to be acceptable in the development of and in some industries.

Sometimes, I believe, you get a forceful

personality who cannot be made to
quit or to listen to others even by vio-
ence, unless an entire group is willing to
fall in line or be at once. The group's only alternative is to leave, but if we
have an idea that kind of individual I believe we will find the rules are about the same ones that win or lose an audience for a professional entertainer. However, the dominant conversationalist should be
invited to invite others to "show and tell," since they are more captive than those who buy tickets.

If a person will be that courteous, we
have the audience no right to shut them
out with resentment over the more

to be patient with those who do not value or tolerate it, or it could be taken as a judgment of non-conversation as not real. I must not associate the whole idea of marriage. It is not my desire or goal to devalue choices anyone makes about their sexuality.

I believe I see where the reaction came from which precipitated the heterosexual pride chanting. However, I feel that letting the queer/gay/lesbian/bisexual community have a loud voice on this campus for a week is so little to ask for. Many people put effort into creating a strong voice, which is very particular for this particular, and others listen to it. The heterosexual pride chanting strikes me as reactionary and defensive, even if they are not homophobic or angry. Voices which loudly insist on their heterosexuality at this time serve as immediate detractors from our voice and exhibit a lack of the moral recognition and respect which we are trying to create.

As I mentioned earlier, there is a strong desire within me to respect freedom of speech and expression. From that point of view, I wish to clarify that I object most strongly to the timing and placement involved in this second chanting. I have no desire to stop the organization of a heterosexual pride week, for example, if there is a community of people who are interested in making it happen. And I would respect the expression which occurs during the other week. But the timing of this reaction shows no respect for our chance at expression.

It is so hard to allow the focus to shift away from heterosexuality for a week. I do not write this to denigrate heterosexuality. I do not value such an aim, and I would gain nothing from it. I only express that those who have the privilege of voice and power in our community which your heterosexuality affords you, will graciously recognize our difference, and respect our choice. We have placed a comment board in the campus center and welcome dialogue about reactions to Queer/QLB Pride Week. And if you feel the need to show your support for our voice, rather than writing "we aren't objecting," we welcome you to join our chanting effort. I would enjoy spending a week walking over a slogan such as "Straight

women supporting our queer sisters."

The romantic saga continues: seeing the tabouli part zwei

We last left our starfruit-crossed lovers in Erdogan Dinner Hall. They've enjoyed all the delectable delights that Dining Services has to offer, from bread and butter picking and...plums. Phoebe grabbed the firm purple sphere in her hand, thought of the juice which would flow over her tongue and pour out past her lips and down her chin...

"Phoebe!" she heard her name as never before, as if sung by a siren. Phoebe found herself wishing for the first time that she were a sailor at the brink of drowning.

"Yes, Alethia?" She turned around to find Aphrodite incantating, yes, that would be Alethia standing before her to be

blessed praises and a handful of tabouli.

"Alethia," said Phoebe, "you've got a handful of tabouli there."

"For later," purred Alethia breathily, revealing for a split moment that the two women were of the same mind. But she couldn't let her affections be obvious, so she made the usual joke about eating alone. The tabouli actually had be

Phoebe, surprised that she had let the term of embarrassment escape

narrowing her lips. Would Alethia know how

"Phoebe's heart longed in anguish?... Phoebe tried to make a quick legal maneuver in the word. She wouldn't want Alethia to think she was anything besides suave

"Phoebe nodded. "It's for the best, Alethia."

"Phoebe swayed past the piles of blue

trays and stopped to contemplate the

fruitful offering, breathlessly, all for the unfeeling stainless steel unit... so unlike the lover that would soon bloom between our heart-drumming bodices. There were

hbananas (of course Phoebe didn't consider them), oranges, bright red apples still glowing with the white wax applied by store employees' fingers. Phoebe grabbed the firm purple sphere in her hand, thought of the juice which would flow over her tongue and pour out past her lips and down her chin...

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Friendship

by Nandini Acharya

Think true love is hard to find? True friendship is even harder. College has taught me many things, not the least of which is to value and cherish my true friends. I mean, how many people trust you and believe in you completely? How many people can you trust completely? How many people are behind you all the way? Not too many, I've discovered.

True friends are hard to come by. You can't just pick one out like you do a new dress or a pair of sneakers. There has to be a bond, a common understanding, that is often unspoken. Two people can be very different on the outside but if this bond is there, the friendship can endure life's little and not so little troubles.

My best friend and I are like night and day. She lives ten miles away and dance on a weekend while my idea of fun is a good movie and some Ben and Jerry's ice cream. She's always been very sure of what she wants out of life while I change my goals all the time. When we were younger, she was the science student, always conducting 'experiments' while I liked to put on 'plays' for my family.

We've known each other for fourteen years and it never ceases to amaze me that we've been so close for so long. Our friendship is not based on seeing each other every day. Growing up, we lived in the same neighborhood but never attended the same school. When her family moved away in third grade, I thought it was the end of our friendship. We stopped communicating for months but then one day out of the blue she called me and things were just the same. We're like chameleons, always changing, but always able to reenter each other's lives with ease and dignity.

Now that we're both in college, we see each other even less. She's way out in Oklahoma and I'm here at Bryn Mawr. How can I call her my best friend when we only call each other occasionally and see each other even less? I can because we have a history together; a bond so close that we can often finish each other's sentences. Who else would I have gotten in trouble with for 'painting' my shelf with my mother's bright red nail polish? Who else would I have laughed with, told my secrets to, dreamed with, and cried with? Who else would I have gotten kicked out of a Matisse exhibit with for laughing hysterically at the nude paintings at the rite age of eleven? Who would I have experienced teenage angst with? Basically, what it all boils down to is, what would I have done without her?

Who else would I have gotten in trouble with for "painting" my shelf with my mother's bright red nail polish? Who else would I have experienced teenage angst with? Basically, what it all boils down to, is what would I have done without her?

Friendship changes over time

by Stacy Curwood

Friendship—something we take for granted, obese over, couldn't live without, would rather do without... I feel, as others might, the thought of losing a friendship has to do with the whole concept. There is no doubt in my mind that friends are an essential ingredient in my life. And, though I concede that there are people who wouldn't necessarily think of friends as so important, most of us seek some meaningful contact with others.

I've been through several stages on my way to my present philosophy on friendship (and I'll doubtless go through many more in the future). I think it's fun to reflect on what I thought before. For instance, in the beginning, I had my "best friend" at Dandelion Nursery School—Jennifer Frongillo. We were inseparable; our parents sent us to gymnastics, ballet, sleepovers, everything—together. I was nostalgic at how easy it was when parents made the arrangements and we never felt the now-familiar stress of finding a time to get together. Then the tragedy. A first experience of losing a friend: My dad got a job two years in Washington, D.C., and we had to move. We would be back for sure, Jennifer and I never would be the same.

I didn't know this at the time, however, and I cheerfully made friends in my kindergarten class, winding up as "best friends" with Alexandra. I met her at lunch one day when she insulted my food. After some initial antagonism, we got to know each other and would sneak inside during recess to visit my mother, the school nurse. In her office, we would entertain the "regulars," bigger kids who had figured out how to use health as an excuse to get out of the classroom. Alexandra plus the gaggle of girls in my neighborhood made up a toasty, secure circle.

However, I remember that even at this early stage, I liked to play alone. I had elaborate fantasies with dolls or forts made out of couch cushions or private ballet performances (this is getting really embarrassing). Sometimes having someone over for tea would result in my not wanting to be with them. Friends made more mess to clean up, though they were fun to have around.

When we moved back to Cambridge after my dad was fired in D.C., I took up with a few girls down the street. However, they ALWAYS wanted to play. And sometimes I didn't really want to share what I was doing with them. They were great for bike rides and trips to harry the people at the local toy store, though. And they always had to be home in time for dinner, so I couldn't bang out by myself then (my house did not have a set dinner time).

I look back and see how my friendships now look a lot like they did then. I remember a girl from junior high and high school, for sure. But it seems like things are coming full circle. In high school, I worried a lot about which friends I should have, and how many, and it turns out that one of my best friends was a HORSE! Seriously, I had lots of equine friends, and human friends associated with them, but pretty superficial friends at my school. And it was typical of my worrywart personality that I thought this might not be OK. I thought I was supposed to be going to parties and spending afternoons in Harvard Square, not mucking stalls and spending Saturdays bathing horses and braiding my best friend's mane.

Now I realize that this was fine. I feel that I'm striking a healthy balance—I care deeply about my friendships and friends, and I invest a lot of energy in them, because they're worth it. But I have my own world, too, where I don't have to explain myself to anyone and I can share jokes with myself that only I can understand.
Love Sucks

by Bee Horowitz

"The moment I swear love to a woman, a certain woman, all
my life, That moment I begin to hate her." D. H. Lawrence

Hey baby, I know the feeling. Were not for my own
personal experiences swinging the herathae, the radio would
forever echo to me the bitterness of love. The personal ads
in the City Paper alternately make me pity the people adver-
tising, or myself for wanting to call them up. Within the
realm of culture, one can escape love and its concomitant scours
poem, painting, bad performance art or a simple heart carved
on a fourth
grade's desk
with the
kids' names
followed by "4
Eva" and then
the word NOT.

"Love is like a
flower, it must
bloom and
fade; if it
doesn't fade, it is not a flower. It's either an artificial rag
blossom, or an immortal, for the cemetery.

Is it really? Love is a paradigm that is promised to all of us
while still in our Pampers. We plan mock marriages with the
little boys in the neighborhood. We have miserably routine
times at the Preon, if we go at all. We sit home amidst printouts
and test books wondering WHEN AM I GONNA FALL IN
LOVE? Or, conversely, WHY AM I IN THIS MESS CALLED
LOVE? In either case, the answer comes bounding back—
WHAT DID I DO DESERVE THIS? Why has the whole thing
become one perverted mess of bruised egos and broken

"As you won't change, nor let me forget you, I shall give my
heart a defence against you, so that half shall always be
armed to abhor you, though the other half be ready to adore
you." Joanna Ines Dela Cruz

"I've never been in love; I don't know what it is, I only know
if someone wants me, I want them if they want me, I only
know they want me." Jane's Addiction

Instead of my forever quoting embittered lyrics, I shall silent
now, with only a concession to friendship. Friendship is
"really cool," says the
woman next to me in the com-
puter center.

"But I don't know if I'd rec-
ognize love anymore; I've
forgotten what it looks like," she sadly com-
ments. "Love just sucks," my friend Jorden agrees. Even the
horoscopes in the College News are signed to stringent
diaries on love and the monsters that accompany it.

"Friendship," another friend adds, "write about that." "Friendship? My friends are the ones who don't get too of-
fended at my jokes. They're the ones I wanted to cry with,
they were the girls I wanted to die with." (The The, "King-
dom of Rain"). At the risk of sounding sentimental, my
friends are the people that keep me at Bryn Mawr, sane and
happy (well, as sane as I'm gonna get). Friendship, I smile
upon that institution, and remain within its functional arms
gladly.

The history of the tapestry

continued from page 6

personal style and to move beyond utilitarian crafts to strictly
artistic wall hangings. Her work was exhibited for twenty
years by the America House in New York City. Today, her
wall hangings can be viewed in the Greenwich Literary, in
curch sanctuaries in Irvington and Fishkill, and in the
Thousand Island Craft School and Textile Museum in Clay-
ton, N.Y.

Through the 1960s and 70s, her two studies in Connecticut and
Vermont were kept busy by the countless students who
worked on her many looms. She published her "tricks of
the trade" in four books: "Diversified Plain Weave," "Broche
or Brocade," "Warping and Binding," and "All on One
Thread." Participation in local and regional guilds as well
as work of mouth served to establish a large and loyal
clientele.

In the 1980s, I began spending summers working with my
grandmother. I helped her set up her looms—a process which
always takes two—and sell her finished projects. As she
became more and more house bound with age, I became one
of her primary companions as well as her partner in crafts.
She shared with me her memories and the lessons she
had taken from them. Her life philosophy contained a great
tolerance for suffering as well as a delight for her artistic
work. She continued to weave tirelessly eight hours per day
until four months prior her death.

I donate the wall hanging to Bryn Mawr College to pay
ttribute to the area of Klara Chepov's life wherein she
experienced total freedom and creative abandon. The brilli-
ant colors of this wall hanging mirror the ecstacy she felt
with each creation. I am grateful to be able to share it with a
community sensitive to creative freedom.

Kristina Orchard-Hays
The story of the Erdmantapestry
by Eva C. Behrens ’91
KLARA CHEREPOV
(German, born 1914; to U.S. in 1952;
died 1992 Greenwich, CT)
Master Weaver and Teacher.
Tapestry as wall hanging:
Study in Red. 59" x 36"
Gift from Eva C. Behrens, Class of 1991,
the Artist’s granddaughter.

On Thanksgiving Day 1992, my mother, brother and I gave her a con-
stant care hospital room to hold my grandmother’s hands, when the respira-
tor, which was keeping her body alive artificially, was turned off. Mourning her
death with family and friends, I became increasingly thankful in 1992. I just
chose to spend some years immediately fol-
lowing college graduation with her.

My grandmother, Klara Cherepov,
was a businesswoman and master crafts-
woman who had won recognition for her
achievements both in the United States
and abroad. Yet, she was also the tradi-
tional German wife who always put her
husband’s career and emotional life be-
fore her own. To me, she had always been
"Oma" (German for "Granny") in my growing up years and a faithful friend
and confidante as I reached adulthood.
In her memory, I have donated a brilliant
tapestry, created in her more than fifty
years as a master weaver, to Bryn Mawr
College.

Bryn Mawr is certainly a fitting place
to display a work by a woman artist.
Attending Bryn Mawr had symbolized for
me the active support of women who
chose to break out of traditional careers
as well as those who chose to excel within
them. A very prolific artist, my grand-
mother has left me with many beautiful
treasures. I wish to share them with others.

My grandmother was born in 1914, in
Germany, into a family made poor by the
post World War I inflation. Blessed with
a mother who believed in financial inde-
pendence, she went to weaving school.
Her first studio was a spare bedroom in
her parents’ house. But within a few
years, this cottage industry had grown into
a small factory with 32 looms and 80
employees.

Her first husband, Heinz Enick, was
killed in the offensive on Russia during
World War II, leaving her with the re-
 sponsibility of raising her five children
and her child, my mother, Gisela.

To the end of the war, she met and mar-
rried a Russian refugee and artist, George Cherepov. Fearful of another
war on German soil, she elected to come
to the United States, eventually settling in
Greenwich, Connecticut. She quickly
discovered that her German nationality
was a disadvantage in the postwar atmosphere and was grateful
that her married name led people to
believe she was from the Soviet Union.

In America, her crafts business took
a different turn since she worked as an
independent artist. With no employ-
es, she was free to develop her own

submitted on page 5

Evadene McFadden
Review: Cinderella: The Real True Story.
March 24, 25, 26. A video of the perform-
ance will be shown Wednesday, April
20.
"And if there is any power that the
theater can or should have, it is to make us
look at things we’d rather not—." Sheldon
Eppps, director, Death of a Salesman.
Furthermore, the measure of good art is
that which can change one’s perceptions of
the world on a grand scale rather than didacticism.
Cinderella: The Real True Story, achieves both
done. In addition, I’m just going to say
it for the record and then I won’t say it
again—I laughed, I cried, it became a part
of me. Okay, so it didn’t actually cry,
but I almost did, twiced! Cinderella: The
Real True Story, is on a par with all my
favorite works of art: Toni Morrison’s
The Song of Solomon; Picasso’s Guernica;
Ernest Cardenal’s The Cosmic Carnival;
and Prince Rogers Nelson’s Purple Rain.
I am duly embar-
rassed by the predominance of men on
this list but I happened to be in a random
state to add Cheryl Moch’s Cinderella: The Real True Story.

Let me be blunt: the play was great,
guys, that’s all there is to it. The
godmother was great, the duke was great,
Cinderella was great, the princess and
her attendants were great, the king was
great, even the mean old stepfather and
evil step-brothers were great. It was
a fine tale for all time in the tradition
of Beauty and the Beast, the story of an
incredibly strong woman willing to do
what she has to for the people she loves.
The space of the play was particularly
moving. The choice of Erdmans’s living
room was fantastic as it moved the audi-
ence with the characters from a palace to
a wattery cave to the high impenetrable
cliffs. Stone was an awesome medium for
the story as it smashed to bits certain
collective monoliths, and left others, such
as true love, standing and unbreakable.
The comic genius of the play was unsur-
passed by anything I’ve seen in two
and a half years of theater on this campus...

by Seane August

Its first show of the semester having been
an over-packed success, the Bryn
Mawr Concert Series is off to a rockin’
start again and plans to pack in another
exciting show before the year is up.
In case you missed it, the Seaback
show on March 19th, with Pitchblende
and SubPop recording artists, was in-
credible! The popular indie rock trio are
infamous for having equipment trou-
bles, crises, and problematic set-ups, but
their show at Rhodes Dining Hall was the
most energetic and infecting set of songs
I’ve seen them play in a while. Most of
me I’ve spoken to agreed that it was
possibly the best show they’ve ever
played. The Concert Series unfortunately
had to turn away some people at the
door due to the astonishing over-capacity
crowd. We apologize profusely for this
and will make sure every concert breath-
well room next time!

Spaking of which... our next concert will be a Bi-Co Students Only show, part
of the ever-present effort to provide
comfortable shows. In line with our
mission to bring female musicians and
rock groups, we present to you on Fri-
day, April 15th: Slant 6 and Sleepyhead.
Slant 6 are a garage punk rock band con-
trio from Washington D.C. On Disconnect
Records (Vugon’s label), their debut album,
Solda Pop Off, is a powerful group of
sparse, punky songs with cool edginess all
through. The album also includes the title
songs from their first 7" single, "It’s a definite
must-have for any girl rock n roll Mozzie".
Sleepyhead describe themselves as
"tiky youngsters with electric guitars
and hearts full of angst." That describes
the New York trio pretty well; the last
time I saw them, two guys in dresses and
Rachel (the drummer) bolted out the
cutest songs about teenage love and angst.
Fun, fun, punk for everyone.

Again, this show will be on Friday,
April 15th in Rhodes Living Room at 9pm,
sharp! Don’t miss the last and cool
est Bryn Mawr Concert Series show of the year!

Publicity & Entertainment
Cinderella: A true success story

Women With Sticks and Axes...
Slant 6 and Sleepyhead (picturized) are playing together this Friday, April
15th in Rhodes Living Room at 9pm. The show is Bi-Co-ONLY, and free.
Presented by the Bryn Mawr Concert Series.
Pavement: April Fool's at the Trocadero and at Haverford

I will try to briefly summarize both shows. At Haverford, the first opening band was called O Mighty Isla. To tell you the truth, I can't quite remember that much to say about this band because: a) I arrived late having had much work to do and I was desperate to go to listen to the members of Pavement in the audience (I didn't know what any of them looked like). I can tell you that they were definitely very loud and they had at least one man and one woman in the band and some sort of moustache. At the Trocadero, the first opening bands were Lily and Canopy. I missed completely and in fact I thought they looked and sounded as if they were trying to be Pavement or Sonic Youth and were not doing a very good job, that night including Beck and the Ramones. It was pretty lame.

Both nights, Boston's Helmet was the opening band. They consisted of a woman who sang and played the guitar along with some guy who played the bass and a drummer. Definitely a common factor amongst all of the bands I saw this weekend. They were fairly slow and not very energetic. Actually, by the second night, the woman singer looked so depressed that I felt like leaping on stage and offering her my free counseling appointments. They had a few good songs, and their lyrics had a slight witty feministic side to them. One phrase that I sort of remember is something like: "there are many things I won't do and one of them is you." Overall, their performance was so-so, although I've heard they're not bad on their albums. Well, you all can see them sometime and judge for yourselves.

The main attraction was definitely Pavement. First off, I was struck by how unconsciously prepared they were. They actually tuned their own instruments and didn't try to make some sort of flashy entrance. Pavement is made up of two guys that play the guitar, one of which sings too, a bassist and two (you've heard this before) drummers. I seriously doubt the lyric in the song "Cut Your Hair" that goes "look around, look around, the second drummer is leaving" is some sort of inside joke about this fact.

They played many songs off "Crooked Rain, Crooked Rain," their newest album including "Stop Breathing," "Newark Wilder," "5-4 Unify" and "Stale," which is originally on the original in fact they looked and sounded as if they were trying to be Pavement or Sonic Youth.

You're the kind of girl I like because you're empty, and I'm empty.

The truly amazing thing about Pavement was that their style was completely different live than on the albums. Songs that were mellow and lacy on the record were vibrant and loud live. They turned into a punk band, but still obviously having fun. One of the best parts of the concert was when the second drummer sang "Two States" (a song presumably about dividing California into two states) and paradox around the stage like a fledgling Beatle. The only bad part of the concert was that it was difficult to see the band because both nights there were people who were about ten feet tall standing in front of us. On Friday night at Haverford, everyone around us had to move which was good for about five seconds until someone knocks you down. I think that you shouldn't have to risk bodily harm just because you want to actually see the band. I'm not saying mooshing should be outlawed, I just think mooshers should respect the rights of non-mooshers (not that I can see why you'd want to moosh to Pavement). Maybe they could have mooshing and mooshing sections (mooshing sections should be located in the back). At the Trocadero on Saturday night, everyone started to stage dive which is very juvenile and annoying for everyone except the actual stage diver. Then, in the ultimate show of stupidity, someone threw a shoe at the lead singer, hitting him in the head (a similar incident happened at a Fuzggi show once). This completely baffles me because why would one throw a shoe at a band she

New & Recommended

The Church - From The Nest, new CD. The Church is back! It's a real treat, and I'm not even a fan of their previous stuff. It's like the garage rock of the nineties. It's really catchy and I'm sure it's going to be a big hit. I'm really looking forward to it.

Lou Reed - New York Dolls, new CD. Lou Reed is one of my favorite musicians. His music is so raw and it really hits home. I can't wait to listen to this album. It's going to be amazing.

The Jesus and Mary Chain - Psychocandy, new CD. The Jesus and Mary Chain are a classic band and this new album is no exception. It's raw and intense, just like their previous albums. I can't wait to hear it.

New Order - Power, Corruption & Lies, new CD. New Order is one of my favorite bands. Their music is so moody and it really hits home. I can't wait to listen to this album. It's going to be amazing.

The Smiths - The Queen is Dead, new CD. The Smiths are a classic band and this new album is no exception. It's raw and intense, just like their previous albums. I can't wait to hear it.

The Cure - Disintegration, new CD. The Cure is one of my favorite bands. Their music is so moody and it really hits home. I can't wait to listen to this album. It's going to be amazing.

The Strokes - Room On Fire, new CD. The Strokes are a classic band and this new album is no exception. It's raw and intense, just like their previous albums. I can't wait to hear it.

The Velvet Underground - Loaded, new CD. The Velvet Underground is one of my favorite bands. Their music is so moody and it really hits home. I can't wait to listen to this album. It's going to be amazing.
The Elusive Lady Oracle spouts her wisdom

The air was thick with the smell of... temptation. -Sugar

LEO July 24 through August 23
This week, you've achieved a shrivelled and shrunken stressometer ready to rent yourself out to birthday parties. Four years older can ride your back and your bruised snout. Now is no time to relax. Keep close to those who can steal your intelligence to the same limits and watch how your accomplishments pile up like March's unwieldy New York Times in the back of your closet. The burnout you feel now is akin to the muscles you use to a BILLION dollars. The real change is a seasonal one. Feel the burn, baby, and reassure all those figurative lumps and bumps that hinder your sleek performance.

VIRGO August 24 through September 22
The cultural muses that hitchhike along our Information Highway warn us to stay away from the bittern and the experienced. The Black Flag said of woman, "I looked deep into your eyes/Saw men lying broken shattered at the bottom of your well." John Dryden (on the-ball poet) said "Farewell ungrateful trainee. Farewell my perverted junct, let never injured creatures believe a man again. The pleasure of possessing Surpass all expressing, But 'tis too short a blessing. And love too long a pain." Read like Nine Inch Nails lyrics, but that was written sometime 200 years ago. As Monsieur Philippe, I think it's a mighty good idea to loose our bras straps and to break free the fringe and set it free. The wine is just like this. BLM to the rescue!

SCORPIO October 23 through November 21
Marianne Moore was a Scorpio, and seventy-five or so years ago she too, was situated in the same room and time as you are now. She took her Multiple Manicurist course but look what she did. She exclaimed the tormented soul and went on to publish brilliance. New, even if you, Ms. Scorpio, never publish anything other than a Harlequin romance, you shall be more than satisfied to say, "Ms. Linda Carver Goodman, author." Ms. Carver who's written a horoscope book that Lady Oracle is perusing with the hopes of spouting something legit, but read the following passage and vow to ban this astrology garbage forever. Is this the glamorous and enigmatic figure that she is so seriously needed? I didn't say she looked like a boy, nor did I intend to imply that she doesn't do a bang-up job of being a female. It's just that, unconsciously, she would prefer to be a man. Why is she so afraid? Scorpio, you are not just a woman. You are run-of-the-mill femme, aren't you? The woman, and did you know that the term "breast" comes from the broad ligaments that hold a uterus up? Fascinating...

SAGITTARIUS November 22 through December 21
Ms. Saggy, Baggy, Sagittarius, how doth your room grow mold? With pizza pans and pizza cans and room room, all in a row. Clean your room of all that clutter, be it emotional baggage complete with expired passport, be it as literal as the physical jungle you've got piled up. A stripped down, ascetic life will clear your head and make you a different person. It is for the better! And all those other things you thought it lacked at last year's room change. Siddhartha did it, you can too.

CAPRICORN December 22 through January 19
You'll have two weeks of passion and romance; the crescendo on the hills behind the gym welcome you into their muddy leaves with lusty robust ardor, and all the meeping and drooping you've been doing about being boxed and unboxed will all come to an end. How do I know this? I don't, but anyone pulls enough random stuff and once in a while the needle is hit on the head. If spring doesn't find you fuzzy with another bunny cuddle, Louise Cookson's office hours for a little "TL." She'll tell you you're wonderful AND feed you chocolate to boot. Your beloved holds no promise of that. Besides, Calculus will serve you for a lifetime, and a spring fling... who knows what love can hold in store.

AQUARIUS January 20 through February 19
"They call us lonely when we're really just alone." Aze's Camerons got it right. No more talk of sex or love, it's all too trivial and trivial, and so your Oracle has sworn off all that stuff. However... If Ms. M. were to suddenly become a trend, hear all the popular girls are doing it. The centrepiece of this week is ample proof of this phenomenon... Now, what shall I predict for you? Buy a criter, it violates the pet policy; I ask you, is a goldfish really gonna trash the dump?

PISCES February 20 through March 20
Sexual relations considered depressed? Or are you just a recreational user of antidepressants? Times, they've been hard, cookie, and so far you've emerged from all those high school garden-variety blue funits to a higher plain of depression. You're in the big leagues now, and if Byrna Morrow's College doesn't break you, you'll be the golden child, the one most capable of succeeding in whatever rat race you end up a contender in. One thing: if you've gotten this far through the 1993-4 school year, and you've been the best for each companion, you already have a magnificent and highly capable woman with boundless intelligence and survival skills. And as for that depression, I wonder whether Mawters' "psychotic animosities" theories is simply part of our conditionings.

ARIES March 21 through April 20
Wouldn't Lady Oracle be thrilled if you wrote to the College News and asked for advice on the critical issues in your life? Ms. Aries, life is together, you're happy and healthy and downing that All Bran like there's no tomorrow. Your colon loves you, unless you've had a colostomy. In that case, you're still looking good! Your body is a temple and you know it. Time to pause in the nirvana of a cool front and take a pause in the nirvana of a cool front and take a pause in the nirvana of a cool front... in LA Times, to interpret your dreams. (Jung appears live via the Portable Jung, edited by Joseph Campbell.)

Taurus April 21 through May 21
Okay, no more Marsie or Jung from the too-verbese-for-her-own-good Oracle.
Give your favorite Dining Services worker a hearty thanks for the tabouli s/he provides so regularly. Lady Oracle is wiped out from all her diatribes; she can think of little else to advise you in without deviating you with her garaging. Why not do whatever the hell you wanna do these next two weeks. In your stresses, what say I, Am a fate teller? F

GEMINI May 22 through June 20
Lady Oracle just took a course into the BGALA Lounge looking for inspiration, and she did find a Lesbian Astrology book, but alas, it is a cliche. It took itself SO seriously. You need to get back to your roots. Remember what you wanted to be when you were 12? Go to the A Library. You know... All that free-spirited original life interest is, (Main Line Hooker Service, maybe?) and grab a book. Once inside the minds of people who actually carried through with your life's former ambition, and you can then alternately weep or praise your current major that you've been slicing your wrists open. I didn't tell you you'd rather be a framework. Lady Oracle would want to join you instead of sitting in Canada key deep in Kohan's analysis.

CANCER June 21 through July 22
My cohort, Madame Tiffa, has little to offer me besides her companionship—I'm afraid I must scrape the bottom of the divine barrel of fortunes for you. Do you feel like a third grader who has comments on her report card like "Future Mawter does not manage her time well. She has difficulty in focussing her thoughts and does not work up to her potential." Maybe you've got other comments that comment upon your antisocial and/or manic behavior, or even a note home from your teacher about how you continually chase down little Jimmy Harrad and kiss him when he's safety pinned beneath you. Madame Tiffa just says "Oh, my."

Conversation
continued from page 3
break this person's spirit by some crushing remark. Back off with each other silence by doing that, using scorn. Super-educated people do that to each other. I mean the other forms of the same. You do it to each other in their clique way, I'd like it very easy, and not say how it's such a shame, but say about once a month. That's enough. I guess it's the nursery school teacher to me, still showing up. I can never forget what it used to do for shy children to be encouraged, day after day, to stand up before the group and show and tell. If there was excess in the performance it was greatly restrained, but there was no nonsense. We do the same as youth and adults.

More sexing the tabouli
continued from page 3
But as they geared the changer's stairs, they heard an old man who was bound to hide them: "TABOUli IS NEITHER A BREAKFAST PASTRY, NOR A HAND- HELD DESERT, NOR HAND-HOLDER." It was Katherine, the overworked supervisor. Alas, Phoebe and Aelehia could only weakly understand what all the Dining Services employees. They were young and in love, and Katherine was psyche and in a very weasle of our design. Inconceivable Mawters had left used napkins on their tables as souvenirs for Katherine to collect after they had left. Yuck Yuck. She'd already been exploited by the capitalist for four hours that day and was ready to tear off her clothes and run free. She reached the cafeteria a socialist nudist commune; but right now she was at work and felt obligated (was she?) to use the napkins of the capitalist work ethic which had been drilled under her skin since birth?

Pheobe and Aelehia, being absorbed in their own petty lives of love, did not comprehend. They didn't notice that Katherine was an anguished soul. "Anything is a hand-held dessert if I can't eat it. I want to feel my body," said Aelehia hautly to our misunder- stood Katherine.

"Does that include me?" wondered Phoebe.