

Bryn Mawr College

Scholarship, Research, and Creative Work at Bryn Mawr College

Bryn Mawr College News

Bryn Mawr College Publications, Special
Collections, Digitized Books

4-12-1994

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

Students of Bryn Mawr College

Follow this and additional works at: https://repository.brynmawr.edu/bmc_collegenews

[Let us know how access to this document benefits you.](#)

Citation

Students of Bryn Mawr College, *The College News 1994-4-12 Vol. 16 No.5* (Bryn Mawr, PA: Bryn Mawr College, 1994).

This paper is posted at Scholarship, Research, and Creative Work at Bryn Mawr College.

https://repository.brynmawr.edu/bmc_collegenews/1475

For more information, please contact repository@brynmawr.edu.

THE COLLEGE NEWS

VOLUME XVI NUMBER 5

FOUNDED

1914

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE

APRIL 12, 1994

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, recent chalkings for Gay, Lesbian, Bisexual Pride Week were newly accompanied by chalkings of a different bent. One theme from the original Queer Pride chalking read, "Queer Pride, Real Pride." The new chalking took off on this theme; most of them read, "Heterosexual Pride—It's Real Too" and were accompanied by a linked 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 chalkers of malicious intent. I do feel, however, that the second chalking 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

Awakening to the realities of the Holocaust

by Alissa Rossman

The Holocaust was an appallingly methodical and meticulous annihilation whose aftermath generated a veritable deluge of research and subsequent documentation. Survivors and observers from this brutal era published fertile records of their individual experiences. Yet for me, the written word had, even while preserving its grim realities, almost muted the emotional impact of this tragedy.

On Wednesday night, my previously unaffected views underwent a dramatic transformation. As I listened to the immensely moving accounts of Samuel Flor (a Holocaust survivor) and Phil Solomon (a concentration camp liberator), my apathy crumbled. These two gentlemen recounted, in a wonderfully articulate fashion, their perspectives on the Holocaust—and with such unflinching candor and poise that they completely revamped my perception of its devastation.

A few days ago, Holocaust Memorial Week suggested little more to me than an eclectic array of innocuous events laden with a horrific catchword. Now, I extend my deepest admiration and gratitude to Mr. Flor and Mr. Solomon, who have melted the numbness enshrouding the permanent rawness of a significant scar in our history.

reactions to this chalking. On a gut level, anger and frustration and sorrow arise, while intellectually freedom of expression and equal opportunity come to mind. I am being most honest by admitting to both of these forces within me.

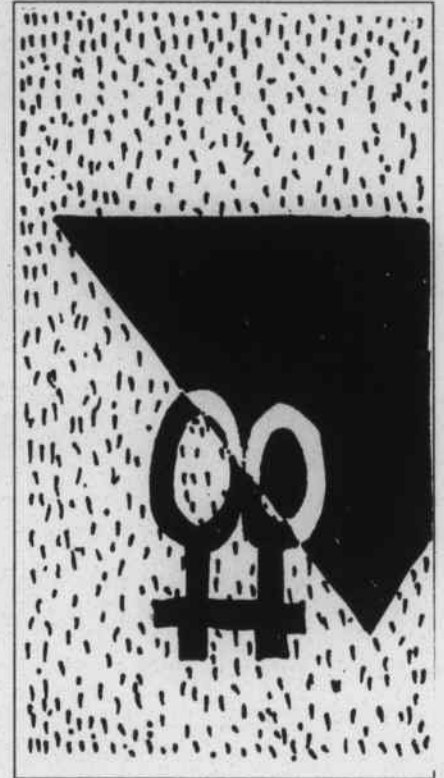
I had a lot of fun and happy feelings from doing the original chalking. I enjoyed doing it; I felt the campus had been transformed by the expression of a community's spirit, and I liked that the chalking spoke to many people who walked over it. I was also conscious of striving to find slogans which were truthful, and which I had pride in, but which did not draw their strength from confrontation with heterosexuality, or from rejection of heterosexuality.

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 overcoming 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 from my gut, I ask, what is the source of heterosexual pride? Where is the need for a heterosexual voice? Television, history, course

continued on page 3



Inspiration from Dr. Cornel West

by jeNN hogan

Living in the modern world can be very depressing. We are constantly faced with the failings 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 was so exciting to hear Dr. Cornel West speak at the Swarthmore Friend's Meeting House on Monday, April 4. Dr. West is now a professor of religion and the head of the African American studies program at Princeton. He will soon be moving to Harvard University to become the head of its 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 rousing 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 are really heard in our society. Dr. West commented that more and more people are feeling disempowered and disenfranchised in the power structure. They feel as though they cannot make a difference, and this is the most dangerous thing that can happen in 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 about "family" values. Instead, he talked about market values versus non-market values. Market values teard on consumption to solve

Dr. West theorized that the market values have promoted individualism to the point where people don't care about each other anymore.

our problems. He gave the example of going to the mall to purchase something to make ourselves feel better. Instead, we need to form strong communities where we depend on each other for support. Dr. West theorized that the market values have promoted individualism to the point where people don't care about each other anymore. This results in families sepa-

rating from the community and individuals separating from the family. He cited the sad fact that the vast majority of black male teenagers do not feel that they have a best friend to rely on.

Dr. West did not have the answers, but he gave a suggestion for a place to start looking. He acknowledged that while leaders like Louis Farhkan preach poisonous hate, they start at the right place: black misery. He said it is necessary to begin with the causes of this

misery in order for us to have a truly equal and just society.

During his conclusion, he commented that he was not optimistic. Rather, he believed in something called audacious hope. "Audacious hope," he said, "is the idea of never letting misery have the last word." He stressed the importance of

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 work force, going on to graduate school, and pursuing higher forms of learning are making me realize that after one year of college I am still no closer to finding a major than I was in September. Not to make it sound as if I am clueless because, mind you, I am not. I have considered quite a few possibilities, but everything seems so indefinite, and there is always the underlying preoccupation of "what if I am not good enough?" While this may seem like a childish concern, something that only a frosh would worry

about, it will not go away until I can find something that I can be passionate about, something in which I would be willing to invest at least the next three years of my life.

I emphasize this devoted interest because I find that there are many college graduates who have achieved a degree in a certain subject not because they love it, or because it will facilitate their entering a particular field, but through a process of elimination; they have not found anything else. This immediately brings to mind an awful stereotypical image of suffering (while we are being visual, we might as well make it a man)—a figure trapped in mid-life crisis, with a hateful

continued on page 2

Inside this issue: friendship and love
on centerspread pages four and five—
plus arts, astrology, and our serial...

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 papers, orations 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 hear 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 tired or 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 of the semester is 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

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE VOLUME XVI, NO. 5, APRIL 12, 1994

Editors	Stacy Curwood, C-549, X7555 Elizabeth Lyzenga, C-715, X5725
News Editor	Tamara Rozental
A & E Editors	jeNN hogaN, KATHRYN KINGSBURY
Graphics Editor	Monica Farrow
Photo Editors	Kimberly Blessing, Sara Garwood
Editorial Board	Nandini Acharya, Laura Brower, Rebecca Cohen, Brinda Ganguly, Bree Horwitz, Branwyn Lundberg, Erika Merschrod, Elaine Oliver, Kristina Orchard-Hays, Laura Pedraza, Alissa Rossman, Shipra Singh, Erin Williams

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-1716), or placed outside our Denbigh 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 are those of the author only, and are not representative of those of the editorial board. Come to Thursday night meetings at 8pm in the Denbigh 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 newsjournal 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 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 jeNN hogaN

Wednesday, April 13

4:15-5:30 PM Fiction Reading by Quinn Eli, 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, University of Pennsylvania. Lang Performing Arts Center, Swarthmore College.

8:00-10:00 PM French Film Series: *Les Quares Aventures de Reinette et Mirabelle*. Thomas 110

9:00-11:00 PM Coffeehouse featuring Cheryl Sky, pop rock vocalist and guitarist. Sponsored by Student Activities and ESPN. Campus Center Main Lounge

10:00-12:00 AM Video, *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 Sophomore Class Tea Dorothy Vernon Room

7:30-9:00 PM Senior Reading, Poetry and Prose by Katherine McCanless '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 PM "Becoming Visible: Exhibiting Lesbian and Gay History," by Fred Wasserman, Swarthmore Class of '78. Lang Performing Arts Center 301, Swarthmore College.

9:30-11:30 PM Bi-Co Film Series: *It Happened One Night*. Thomas 110

Friday April 15

9:00-5:00 PM Exhibition: "An Essay: Virginia Woolf," by Isota Tucer Epes '40. Sponsored by the Friends of the Library and The Alumnae Association of Bryn Mawr. Daily through 3 June. Canaday Foyer

1:00-10:30 PM Bi-College Debate Society hosts invitational tournament.

2:00-3:30 PM Talk, "Techno-totemism and the Fate of 'Primitive Classification': Food for Thought," by Brad Shore, Emory University. Sponsored by the Department of anthropology. Room 100A, Dalton Hall

3:00-5:00 PM "Gardens of the homeless," by Diana Balmori, Yale University School of Architecture. Sponsored by the Barnes Foundation and Arboretum 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 3:00 PM; talk at 3:30 PM. Room 328, Park Science Center

4:00-6:00 PM Classics Colloquium, "Livian Approaches to the Historical Traditions of Early Rome," by Gary Forsythe, University of Chicago and Institute for Advanced Studies. Tea at 4:00 PM; talk at 4:30 PM. Goodhart Music Room

8:00-10:00 PM Bryn Mawr Film Series: *Labyrinth of Passion*. Thomas 110

Saturday, April 16

9:00-4:30 Bi-College Debate Society hosts invitational tournament.

9:30-4:30 Open Campus Day. Goodhart, Campus Center, Taylor, Guild, Thomas.

8 PM Haydn-"Nelson" Mass, Bach-"Jauchzet Gott," Davison, *Symphony #6*. The Chorale, Chamber Singers and Women's Chorus of Haverford and Bryn Mawr, the US Naval Academy Glee Clubs, and the Concerto Soloists Orchestra of Philadelphia. Marshall Auditorium.

8:00 PM, 10:00 PM Haverford Film Series: *Raise the Red Lantern*. Sharpless Auditorium

Sunday, April 17

8:00-10:00 PM International Film Series: *The Third Man*. Thomas 110

Wednesday, April 20

8:00-10:00 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

9:30 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

8:00 and 10:00 PM Bryn Mawr Film Series: *Mondo Trasho*. Thomas 110

Saturday, April 23

8:00 and 10:15 PM Haverford Film Series: *Hamlet*. Sharpless Auditorium

Sunday, April 24

8:00 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 since they were eight. 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, patent—how does one discover this patent detail?—lawyer, chemical engineer, etc.), but so do many of my own friends and acquaintances. Rebecca Brad-

shaw 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 understand 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 shell earrings 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.

One special week a year

continued from page 1

material, organizations and resources are constant carriers of a heterosexual voice. The heterosexual voice is so prevalent it is able to encompass much more diversity than a queer voice has ever been allowed to speak. I hear a heterosexual voice each week of the year, even during Queer/GLB Pride Week.

Showing our pride is taking a risk that heterosexuals will never need to take. As a friend of mine wrote as feedback to a rough draft of this article, the slogan "Queer Pride, Real Pride" states firmly that we take issue with the notion that our sexuality is a phase or whim. We are open about our sexuality because there is nothing associated with queerness to feel shame or inhibition about. This week had little to do with heterosexuality. This week which celebrates homosexuality is a special time precisely because the rest of our life is spent defending the legitimacy of our sexuality.

Sometimes the queer voice on this campus may seem unnecessarily loud. Others say, I don't parade my sexuality, why do they need to parade theirs? But our voice must be disproportionately loud only because it is not recognized without our insistence. Heterosexuality is so often taken for granted, while any other sexuality is forgotten about unless we speak out. I seek the day when all possibilities are assumed and accepted.

The slogan "Queer Pride, Real Pride" was my brainchild. A friend of mine pointed out that it has two interpretations: it could be an affirmation of Queer pride against those who doubt or devalue it, or it could be taken as a judgment of non-queer pride as not real. I must say that the latter interpretation never occurred to me. 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 chalking. However,

I feel that letting the queer/gay/lesbian/bisexual community have a loud voice on this community for a week is so little to ask for. Many people put effort into creating a strong, reaffirming voice for this particular, wonderful week when we ask others to listen to us. The heterosexual pride chalkings strike 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 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 to

Sometimes the queer voice on this campus may seem unnecessarily loud. Others say, I don't parade my sexuality, why do they need to parade theirs?

the timing and placement involved in this second chalking. 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 such a week. But the timing of this reaction shows no respect for our chance at expression. Is it 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 expect that those of you who have the privilege of voice and ever-present community which your heterosexuality affords you, will graciously recognize our voice, and respect our expression. We have placed a comment board in the campus center and welcome dialogue about reactions to Queer/GLB Pride Week there. And if you desire to show your support for our voice, rather than writing "we aren't objecting," we welcome you to join our chalking effort. I would enjoy spending a week walking over a slogan such as "Straight women supporting our queer sisters."



Cornel West: keep our eyes on the prize

continued from page 1

having a vision even in light of tremendous opposition. This is what forced people to keep working for freedom during the civil rights movement, and this is what will inspire people today to try to reach the impossibility of a perfect world. The most important thing is to never give up.

It was truly refreshing to hear a speaker discuss ideology. Too often we look for short term, band-aid solutions to the world's problems and the ideals often get lost. Dr. West is not afraid to stand up for his beliefs, even when standing up for such foreign ideas as equality of results in terms of race relations and socialism. His courage and words show us that there is light at the end of the tunnel if we keep our eyes on the prize.

The dominant conversationalist

by Theo Halladay '48

When I was a young bride, I soon became aware that my mother-in-law intended that the rest of us should be the audience while she played the part of entertainer. She would hold forth, and the rest of the family would listen. Sometimes she gave forth philosophy, sometimes she told anecdotes, sometimes we got straight advice or a caution—very seldom a rebuke—and sometimes she criticized someone else's actions. 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 gradually I got used to it. It was like having the radio on, I realized. It tended to be more interesting, though, because she often talked about people we knew. And fortunately for me, I did not often disagree with her outlook.

Since then I have often pondered the phenomenon of the dominant conversationalist, the grabber of people's attention. Do I sin if I grab people's attention and hold it? Was my mother-in-law sinning in doing this? It's for sure that I have often heard people complain about those who do it. It seems to be acceptable in teachers, gurus, lecturers, and preachers, and it used to be acceptable in parents and grandparents. It also seems to be accepted in developing countries and rural communities where a group of people gets used to listening to one dominant talker. But are there some rules?

Sometimes, I believe, you get a forceful personality who cannot be made to quit or to listen to others even by violence, unless an entire group is willing to fall on him or her at once. The group's only alternative is to leave. But if we

leave out 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 careful to invite others to "show and tell," since they are more captive than those who buy tickets.

If such a person will be that courteous, we of the audience have no right to sit there seething with resentment over the mere fact that someone else is holding forth, whether this be a parent, an in-law, a friend or neighbor. We should be prepared to tolerate a certain amount of exhortation, rambling, and even boasting, or putting on a dramatic depiction of some kind, by someone else. We should even encourage others and draw them out, as long as we don't put too much pressure or act too nosy. Challenge perhaps, but don't set a high standard.

I have had to learn this myself, since I am inclined to be everlastingly occupied with my own projects, and unsocial as a result. You hear people complain about the loss of the good old days when people knew how to entertain themselves without all that canned stuff. I think one of the reasons we have settled down with the canned stuff is that we have grown diffident about grabbing or demanding attention—except for certain aggressive types who still do it—and also that we are terribly aware of the gap between professional polish and amateur ramblings and posings. We are perhaps more critical of someone's lack of sensitivity and nuance now than we used to be—the price of our increased exposure to professionalism.

To be more specific, I look at the less educated, heartier type of person and the way they tend to show off—including the youth—and I think, I don't want to

continued on page 8

DON'T FORGET!!!
preregistration in Thomas Great Hall on
Thursday, April 14 and Friday, April 15
from 9-12 AM and 2-4 PM

The romantic saga continues: sexing the tabouli part zwei

We last left our starfruit-crossed lovers in Erdman Dining Hall. They've enjoyed all the delectable delights that Dining Services has to offer; unfortunately, no food can be as delicious as spring-time love. We now return to the scene as Alethia and Phoebe carefully select desserts and hand fruits with which to leave the concrete love chamber we call Erdman.

Alethia leaned slowly over the ice-cream freezer to select her novelty. All that was left: finely curved chocolate-covered bananas.

Phoebe peeked over Alethia's shoulder to see her selection: "A little phallic, wouldn't you say?"

"The only choice Dining Services gave," said Alethia, canines tearing into the cold obelisk. "The patriarchy manifests itself subtly even in our beloved Bryn Mawr."

"You don't have to take an ice-cream, dear," said Phoebe, surprised that she had let the term of endearment escape from her lips. Would Alethia know how Phoebe's heart longed in anguish...? Phoebe tried to make a quick lingual recovery; she wouldn't want Alethia to think she was anything besides suave butch: "There's plenty of...hand fruit left at the salad bar."

Phoebe swayed past the piles of blue trays and stopped to contemplate the hand fruits perched colorfully atop cold, unfeeling stainless steel, metal so unlike the love that would soon bloom between our heart-throbbing heroines. There were

bananas (of course Phoebe didn't consider them), oranges, bright red apples still glowing with the white wax applied fresh after picking, and...plums. Phoebe grasped 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 risk of drowning.

"Yes, Alethia?" she turned around to find Aphrodite incarnate (yes, that would be Alethia) standing before her to bestow blessings 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 Dining Services to remove Phoebe's attention from the passionate comment: "Do you expect me to use a dish for the tabouli? Dining services would be very angry with me if I walked out with any of their fine china. Besides, it feels so textured in my bare hands."

Phoebe did not let the passionate nature of Alethia's remarks go unnoticed. They glanced into one another's eyes, psychically felt the surging of one another's hearts. There was no other choice

continued on page 8

Friendship and I

A friend for life

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 to go out 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 budding scientist, 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 gotten kicked out of a Matisse exhibit with at the ripe 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?

cried with? Who else would I have gotten kicked out of a Matisse exhibit with for laughing hysterically at the nude paintings at the ripe 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? Very few people understand me like she



does. I have all sorts of friends. I have family friends, high school friends, college friends. I have friendships which require constant care and effort to maintain. I have friendships which are unequal with one person doing all the listening while the other talks. I've had friendships which I knew would not survive distance. With my best friend, I can totally be myself. I can say things I would never say to anyone else. I can call her at two in the morning to talk and know that, while she might grumble a little, she will listen, *really* listen. She is the one person outside of my immediate family that I can trust completely. For both of us, guys have come and gone over the years, as have other friends, but no one has ever come between us.

Our friendship is not based on constantly keeping in touch or keeping score. There is no sense of obligation, only a wonderful sense of joy. It has been fourteen funny, sad, entertaining years. I know that she is a friend for life and that our friendship is something very rare and special.

Friendship changes over time

by Stacy Curwood

Friendship—something we take for granted, obsess over, couldn't live without, would rather do without... I feel, as others must also, ambivalent about 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 Frongello. We were inseparable; our parents sent us to gymnastics, ballet, sleepovers, everything—together. I wax 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 touch: My dad got a job for two years in Washington, D.C., and we had to move. We would be back for sure, but 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 else there was a pain in my butt. Friends made more mess to clean up, though they were fun to have around. When we moved back to Cambridge after my dad was finished 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 harass the people at the

local toy store, though. And they always had to be home in time for dinner, so I could hang out by myself then (my house did not have a set dinnertime).

I look back and see how my friendships now look a lot like they did then. I remember a fair amount of angst 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 was it strange 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 in our lives



Love Sucks.

by Bree Horwitz

"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 it not for my own personal experiences swinging the heartache, the radio would forever croon to me the bitterness of love. The personal ads in the City Paper alternately make me pity the people advertising, or myself for wanting to call them up. Within the realm of culture, one can't escape love and its cronies souring poem, painting, bad performance art or a simple heart carved on a fourth grader's desk with the kiddos' names followed by "4-Eva" and then the word NOT.

"Love is like a flower, it must flower and fade; if it doesn't fade, it is not a flower. It's either an artificial rag blossom, or an immortelle, 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 Prom, if we go at all. We sit here amidst printouts and text 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 forgo 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." Juana 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 fall silent now, with only a concession to friendship. Friendship is

"really cool," says the woman next to me in the computer center. "But I don't know if I'd recognize love anymore; I've forgotten what it looks like," she sadly comments.

"Love just sucks," my friend Jordana agrees. Even the horoscopes in the College News are resigned to astrigent diatribes 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 offended at my jokes. They're the ones "I wanted to cry with, they were the girls I wanted to die with." (The The, "Kingdom 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.



Dreamkeeper

for A.

She asked me once to write a book, my oldest friend
recording all our memories
all the stupid things we did
marshmallow roasts inside the house
tennis court snowmen in the park?
My mind cannot tabulate them, make them sing.

The wayward thought returns among smoke
in a Mexican cellar in Rome over margaritas
and whipped guacamole.
The ideal job, to be a dreamkeeper, a scribe
for nocturne wanderings.
The thought sparks gilt edged conversation.
But I remember C.S. Lewis, my fun house dreams
and cannot laugh.

And where would I begin (my pen is poised)
to fix to a page
your pet platypuses
your royal we for all the "five hundred mes inside my
head"
your smatterings of worry rocks

You never remember
the past or tomorrow
suspended somewhere between child(hood) and prod-
igy.

I jab my pen in the air but it is already too late
you've slipped again leaving trails
of comic strips and chocolate,
coy creased smiles and messages,
while I'm trapped in a frame
clutching yesterday.

And how would I describe
that other you
the competent one who emerges
only to unriddle the formulas
balance the equations
and secure the "A."

You call her up at will but cannot remember,
you say, where she comes from.

You asked me once to write a book
recording all our memories
acting as your memory
but the wish flows ridiculous
I cannot even entrap you
in these lines.

You have recently learned to drive.
But even that won't lead you back
or into tomorrow
Your life is an hourly joy ride.
And the closest I can get
is you and me walking each other
the five minute block between our homes,
telling secrets, laughing,
and always doubling back,
until it takes hours and our mothers are worried,
back and forth on the street
escorting, whispering, being
so that neither of us turns lonely.

Kristina Orchard-Hays

*April is the cruellest month, breeding
Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing
memory and desire, stirring
Dull roots with spring rain.
Winter kept us warm, covering
Earth in forgetful snow, feeding
A little life with dried tubers.*

—T. S. Eliot



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 Library, in church 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 studios 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 booklets: "Diversified Plain Weave," "Broche or Brocade," "Warping and Beaming," and "All on One Threading." Participation in local and regional guilds as well as word 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 to her death.

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

BMC ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Cinderella: A true success story

by Elena McFadden

Review: *Cinderella: The Real True Story*, March 24, 25, 26. A video of the performance 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 ignore."—Sheldon Epps, director, *Death of a Salesman*

Furthermore, the measure of good art is that which can change one's perceptions of the world through example rather than didacticism. *Cinderella: The Real True Story*, achieves both of these. 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 I didn't actually cry, but I almost did, twice! *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*; Ernesto Cardenal's *The Cosmic Canticle*; and Thomas Stoppard's *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead*. I am duly embarrassed by the predominance of men on this list and hence am gleeful and ecstatic 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 step-father and

evil step-brothers were great. It was a fairy 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 Erdman's living room was fantastic as it moved the audience with the characters from a palace to

The comic genius of the play was [nearly] unsurpassed by anything I've seen in two and a half years of theater on this campus...

a watery cave to the high impenetrable cliffs. Stone was an awesome medium for the story as it smashed to bits certain societal monoliths, and left others, such as true love, standing and unbreakable.

The comic genius of the play was unsurpassed by anything I've seen in two and a half years of theater on this campus, with the possible exception of "The Chills," Lighted Fools, fall '92. But that was only ten minutes long; I laughed for well over an hour when I went to see *Cinderella*. Lady Meave was a particularly gifted actor and her mastery of the comic moment deserved a standing ovation all for herself.

The only criticism I have of the play is in the form of a warning based on reactions I've heard from other viewers. While the play holds to the standards of excellent art in that it profoundly affects all those who see it across the lines of uni-

versal experience, the audience is predominantly women and men are likely to feel lonely and alienated seeing it without others around who would see the play in a similar way as they would. Sheldon Epps meant that theater would make us uncomfortable on the assumption that the audience can share in that discomfort, and through confronting it together could perhaps act to attack its source. Due to the plain fact that this is a women's college, *Cinderella's* audience is not going to allow men the same feeling of support as women. This is not a reason for

men to avoid the play, merely a suggestion that they take a friend.

Lastly, the staging and lighting of the play were amazing. Samuel Beckett believed that the most successful theater needs no props. The beauty of its medium lies in the power of the actors and directors to convince the audience of actions, ideas and emotions which are not there. Scenes from *Cinderella* pop into my head periodically and I remember seeing things which never actually were there, but which came into existence on the stage through the power of the actors. The lights were well-appointed and beautifully served to deepen and intensify the drama of the story.

Director Becca Shapley deserves a rousing round of applause for bringing such an important and outstanding work of art to Bryn Mawr's campus.



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 38"

Gift from Eva C. Behrens, Class of 1991, the Artist's granddaughter.

On Thanksgiving Day 1992, my mother, brother and I gathered in a constant care hospital room to hold my grandmother's hands, when the respirator, which was keeping her body alive artificially, was turned off. Mourning her death with family and friends, I became increasingly thankful that I had chosen to spend some years immediately following 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 traditional German wife who always put her husband's career and emotional life before 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 castes as well as those who chose to excel within them. A very prolific artist, my grandmother 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 independence, 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 responsibility of caring for her aging parents and her child, my mother, Gisela. Toward the end of the war, she met and married a Lithuanian refugee and artist, George Cherepov. Fearful of another war on German soil, she elected to come to the United States in 1952, 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 artisan. With no employees, she was free to develop her own

continued on page 5

Concerts...

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 Sebadoh show on March 19th, with Pitchblende and SubPop recording artists, was incredible! The popular indie rock trio are infamous for having equipment troubles, crises, and problematic sets, but their show at Rhoads Dining Hall was the most energetic and infecting set of songs I've seen them play in a while. Most of those 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 everyone has breathing room next time!

Speaking 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 Friday, April 15th: Slant 6 and Sleepyhead.

Slant 6 are an all-female punk rock/hardcore trio from Washington D.C. On Dischord Records (Fugazi's label), their debut album, *Soda Pop Rip-Off*, is a powerful group of sparse, punky songs with cool edginess all about. The album also includes the three songs from their first 7" single. It's a definite must-have for any grrrrl-rock-lovin' Mawrter.

Sleepyhead describe themselves as "frisky 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) belted out the ziestiest songs about teen love and angst. Fun, fun pop-punk for everyone.

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



Women With Sticks and Axes...

Slant 6 and Sleepyhead (pictured) are playing together this Friday, April 15th in Rhoads Living Room at 9pm. The show is Bi-Co-ONLY, and free. Presented by the Bryn Mawr Concert Series.

Pavement part deux: just as good the second time around

by jeNN hogaN

"You've heard the albums, now go see the band," I thought to myself as I embarked on my weekend of Pavement, Friday April 1 and Saturday, April 2. We viewed Pavement both at Haverford in Founders and in Philadelphia at the Trocadero. Pavement, in case you missed the last action-packed issue of The College News, is a quirky bunch of lads from Stockton, California who formed a band and play songs that I like to listen to. I originally thought they were relatively undiscovered, but as I was driving the Swat van the other day, (where do you think I get the money to go to all of these Pavement shows?) I heard the single "Cut Your Hair" from the album "Crooked Rain, Crooked Rain" on the radio. I suppose, then, Pavement will be the "next big thing" whatever that means, so when they go a zillion times platinum, you can drag out this issue of the College News and tell your grandchildren: "They came to our brother school!"

I will try to briefly summarize both shows. At Haverford, the first opening band was called O Mighty Isis. To tell you the truth, I don't have all that much to say about this band because: a) I arrived late having had much work to do and b) I was desperately trying to locate 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 drummer. At the Trocadero, the first opening bands were Lily and Caterpillar. I missed Lily completely and Caterpillar were nothing very original. In fact they looked and sounded as if they were trying to be Pavement or Sonic

Youth and were not doing a very good Philly that night including Beck and the Ramones. It was pretty lame.

Both nights, Boston's Helium was the opening band. They consisted of a woman who sang and played the guitar along with some guy who played the bass and again, 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 six free counseling appointments. They had a few good songs, and their lyrics had a slight witty feminist side to them. One phrase that I sort of remember is something like, "there are many of 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 go see them sometime and judge for yourselves.

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

They played many songs off "Crooked Rain, Crooked Rain," their newest album including "Stop Breathin'," "Newark Wilder," "5-4 Unity" and "Silence Kit." They played a good sampling from their earlier album, "Slanted and Enchanted" as well as a number of fan-

tastic songs off their EPs. A big crowd pleaser seemed to be "Gold Soundz" which has the line that everyone sang along with: "You're the kind of girl I like because you're empty, and I'm empty." However, on the second night, they changed this to "You're the kind of girl I hate...."

This is just one example of Pavement's live improvisation. Another time, on Saturday night, the lyrics of "Summer Babe" were changed from "I saw your girlfriend" to "I shot your girlfriend" (in the name of poking fun at a song they sang a million times, not as a misogynistic remark). During their last song at the Trocadero, the lead singer, Stephen Malkmus, improvised some lyrics which included a reference to northern Turkey and the comment: "she needs a helmet, a real helmet, not like the band."

The truly amazing thing about Pavement was that their style was completely different live than on the albums. Songs that sound mellow and lazy 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 paraded around the stage like a fledgling Beastie Boy.

The only bad part of the concerts 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 mosh which is cool 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 moshing should be outlawed, I just think moshers should respect the rights of non-moshers (not that I can see why you'd want to mosh to Pavement). Maybe they could have moshing and non-moshing sections (moshing sections should be located in the back). At the Troc 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 Fuji show once). This completely baffles me because why would one throw a shoe at a band she liked?

After spending a weekend worshipping at the church of Pavement, I can definitely say that a Pavement show is a real treat. They are one of the few bands that truly seem to love what they are doing and their sense of fun extends to everyone. It's like Woodstock (actually, it's not really anything like Woodstock or even Lollapalooza).

Go see Pavement, or buy the album or listen to your friend's copy. Or at least get to some kind of live show before the end of the semester. There's nothing like having your ears ring for two days and reliving happy memories in your head to clear it and allow you to get back to the grindstone. No, but seriously, rock music was originally meant as a live medium, and seeing a live concert can give you an experience you just can't get from listening to a CD.

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

APRIL

Campus Paperback Bestsellers

1. THE CLIENT, by John Grisham. (Island/Dell, \$6.99.) Young boy is privy to a lawyer's deadly secret.
2. The Pelican Brief, by John Grisham. (Dell, \$6.99.) Law student finds herself on the run from killers of two Supreme Court justices.
3. Schindler's List, by Thomas Keneally. (Touchstone, \$12.00.) Nazi party member rescues Jews in Poland during WW II.
4. Jedi Search, by Kevin J. Anderson. (Spectra/Bantam, \$5.99.) Part one of the "Star Wars" saga.
5. Winter Moon, by Dean Koontz. (Ballantine, \$6.99.) Violence in L. A. and Montana leads to a confrontation with something unearthly.
6. The Talisman of Shannara, by Terry Brooks. (Del Rey, \$5.99.) Conclusion to "The Heritage of Shannara" series.
7. The Tao of Pooh, by Benjamin Hoff. (Penguin, \$9.00.) Taoism as seen through A. A. Milne's characters.
8. The Te of Piglet, by Benjamin Hoff. (Penguin, \$10.00.) Aspects of Taoist philosophy through the eyes of piglet.
9. The Way Things Ought To Be, by Rush Limbaugh. (Pocket Star, \$6.50.) Controversial issues - that's Limbaugh territory.
10. Young Men and Fire, by Norman Maclean. (University of Chicago, \$10.95.) Story of the catastrophic Montana forest fire in 1949.

Compiled by The Chronicle of Higher Education from information supplied by college stores throughout the country. March 15, 1994.

New & Recommended

A personal selection of John F. Kelly, Co-Op Bookstore, Columbia, OH.

La Maravilla, by Alfredo Vea, Jr. (Plume, \$9.95.) Largely autobiographical tale of life in a squatter's community in the desert outside Phoenix in the 1950s.

Living Out Loud, by Anna Quindlen. (Fawcett, \$12.00.) Collection of her columns integrating memories of her childhood and observations of adulthood.

Did my Mama Like to Dance?, by Geeta Kothari, Ed. (Avon, \$10.00.) Bittersweet and deeply moving stories about the most mysterious and complex of relationships: a mother and her daughter.

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN PUBLISHERS/NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF COLLEGE STORES

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 become a shriveled and shrunken stressmonger ready to rent yourself out to birthday parties. Four year olds can ride your back and your bruised mind can take a break, but THIS week, continue to push your intelligence to the same limits and watch how your accomplishments pile up like March's unread New York Times in the back of your closet. The burnout you feel now is akin to the muscle aches you get once you run your first idealistic mile of the new season. Feel the burn, baby, and realign all those figurative lumps and bumps that hinder your sleek performance.

VIRGO August 24 through September 23

The cultural muses that hitchhike along our Information Highway warn us to stay away from love. Henry Rollins (hard-core ex-lead singer of Black Flag) said of a 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 traitor, Farewell my perjured swain, let never injured creature believe a man again. The pleasure of possessing Surpasses all expressing, But 'tis too short a blessing, And loveto long a pain." Reads like Nine Inch Nails lyrics, but that was written sometime around 1660. Love is what every song on the radio is about. Love is what my twelve year-old sister swears to avoid. With all the Honor Board posters abounding with questions like "Why should we trust one another?" and "What is respect?", no one has stopped their Minitab problem sets to find an answer for the one that sets our hormones a-ticking. There's that unwritten law that claims a cover for every piece of Tupperware out there, a perfect match for everyone, but is love in the age of cholera a possible thing?

LIBRA September 24 through October 23

There's a great word in French, *Le funambule*, and taken in context of the postcard I'm looking at, seems to mean a tightrope walker, for there is Philippe Petit, une funambule extraordinaire, walking, seemingly naked, up hundreds of meters to the middle height of the Eiffel Tower. I'm sans my Petit Larousse presently, but like Monsieur Philippe, I think it's a mighty good idea to loosen our bra straps and take a breather. A friend of mine just likened BMC to the infamous Red Shoes of Hans Christian Andersen, wonderful in that Bryn Mawr allows us to perform brilliantly, but slicing our psyches to ribbons in the meanwhile. Libra, Libra, please take exactly one hour a day for yourself, or else the infallible Mme. Oracle predicts a messy outcome for you when, twenty years from now, you too decide that tightrope walking above Paris is the most efficient means of using your French major.

SCORPIO October 24 through November 22

Marianne Moore was a Scorpio, and seventy-five or so years ago she, too, was sitting in her Pem East room panicking about her Calculus, but look what she did. She reclaimed the tormented soul and went on to publish brilliance. Now, even if you, Ms. Scorpio, never publish anything other than a Harlequin romance, you shall be more respectable than Ms. Linda Goodman. She's this quack 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. "The [Scorpio] girl certainly has enough glamour, and she's enormously seductive. 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." What is this? Even Seinfeld would be aghast. Scorpio, you are not just a woman, you're run-of-the-mill femme, you are THE woman, and did you know that the term "broad" comes from the broad ligaments that hold a uterus up? Fascinating...

SAGITTARIUS November 23 through December 21

Ms. Saggy, Baggy, Sagitarius, how doth your room grow mold? With pizza pans and plaki cans and orange rinds 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 junk you've got piled up. A stripped down, ascetic life will clear your head and make your room seem more airy and light and larger and all those other things you thought it lacked at last year's room draw. Siddhartha did it, you can too.

CAPRICORN December 22 through January 20

You'll have two weeks of passion and romance; the crocuses on the hills behind the gym welcome you into their muddy leaves with lusty robust ardor, and all the moping and doting you've been doing about being bored and unbothered will come to an end. How do I know this? I don't, but anyone pulls enough random stuff and once in a while the nail is hit on the head. If spring doesn't find you fuzzy with another bunny rabbit, go into Professor Mary Louise Cookson's office hours for a little TLC. 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...? What can love hold for you when there's Fermat's Last Theorem?

AQUARIUS January 21 through February 19

"They call us lonely when we're really just alone." Aztec Camera's got it right. No more talk of sex or love, it's all trite and trivial, and so your Oracle has sworn off all that stuff. Have you, Ms. Aquarius? It's really becoming a trend; I hear all the popular girls are doing it. The centerspread this week is ample proof of this phenomenon... Now, what shall I predict for you? Buy a critter, it violates the pet policy; I ask you, is a goldfish really gonna trash the dorm?

PISCES February 20 through March 20

So would you consider yourself clinically 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 funks to a higher plain of depression. You're in the big leagues now, and if Bryn Mawr 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 I give you ten points extra for each completed semester before this, you are already a magnificent and highly capable woman with bountiful intelligence and survival skills. And as for that depression, I wonder whether Mawrters' "psychotic antisocial" behavior is simply part of our courting ritual.

ARIES March 21 through April 20

Wouldn't Lady Oracle be thrilled if you wrote to the College News and asked for her advice on the critical issues in your life? Ms. Aires, your 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 life is in no need of my fixer-upper skills, and so I offer you Carl Jung, straight outta Las Vegas, to interpret your dreams. (Jung appears live via the *Portable Jung*, edited by Joseph Campbell.)

DREAM: The dreamer is surrounded by a throng of vague female forms. A voice within him says, "First I must get away from Father."

(Just an Oraclean aside: do YOU have dreams like this?)

Jung is one of those armchair philosophers who, rather than answer the question in a simplistic manner, goes off on random tangents; here he discusses how "modern man's (sic) consciousness has strayed from the fact of the unconscious, that the psyche is by no means of our design."

Lady Oracle wants to know why a nice dream had to be spoiled with the overtones of patriarchal authority. (It REALLY is patriarchal too—the "Father" overshadows and oppresses the adult capabilities to deal with a sexual situation.)

TAURUS April 21 through May 21

Okay, no more Marxie or Jung from the too-verbose-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 debasing you with her garbage. Why not do whatever the hell you wanna do these next two weeks. I mean, whaddaya think I am, a fortune teller?!

GEMINI May 22 through June 20

Lady Oracle just took a trounce into the BGALA Lounge looking for inspiration, and she did find a Lesbian Astrology book, but alas, it was dull. It took itself SO seriously. You need to get back to your roots. Remember what you wanted to be when you were 11? Go to the AA Library, or Collier, or whatever the campus locus of your 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 for. And don't tell me that you'd rather be a lion tamer. Lady Oracle would want to join you instead of sitting in Canaday knee deep in Kohn's analysis.

CANCER June 21 through July 23

My cohort, Madame Tiffa, has little to offer me besides her companionship—I'm afraid I must scrape the bottom of the divine barrel o' fortunes for you. Do you feel like a third grader who has comments on her report card like "Future Mawrtter 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 Harrod and kiss him when he's safely pinned beneath you. Madame Tiffa just says "Oh, my."



Conversation

continued from page 3

break this person's spirit by some crushing remark. Bandits teach each other silence by doing that, using scorn. Super-educated people do that to each other using subtler forms of the same. Youth do it to each other in their cliquey way. I'll take it very easy, and not say anything critical more than about once a month. That's enough.

I guess it's the nursery school teacher in 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 never scorn. We can do the same as youth and adults.

More sexing the tabouli

continued from page 3

but to dash fervently toward the double door so that they might taste the tabouli in the great outdoors (or elsewhere?).

But as they neared the checker's station, they heard an ominous voice behind them: "TABOULI IS NEITHER A BREAKFAST PASTRY, NOR A HAND-HELD DESSERT, NOR A HANDFRUIT." It was Katherine, the overworked supervisor. Alas, Phoebe and Alethia could not really understand the plight of this Dining Services employee. They were young and in love, and Katherine was young and in a very bad mood. Several inconsiderate Mawrters 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 in the fields until she reached a socialist nudist commune; but right now she was at work and felt obligated (was it because of the Honor Code or because of the capitalist work ethic which had been drilled under her skin since birth?) to enforce the rules.

Phoebe and Alethia, being absorbed in their own petty lives of love, did not sympathize. They didn't notice that Katherine was an anguished soul. "Anything is a hand-held dessert if I can hold it in my hand and eat it after meals," said Alethia haughtily to our misunderstood Katherine.

"Does that include me?" wondered Phoebe.