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THE COLLEGE NEWS

VOLUME XVI NUMBER 6

FOUNDED



1914

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE

APRIL 26, 1994



Old growth forests

by Elena McFadden

So Goals 2000 has finally passed in Congress. Buried in one third of its eight highly noble goals is this statement, "Every school in America will ensure that all students learn to use their minds well, so they may be prepared for responsible citizenship, further learning and productive employment in our modern economy." This goal is buried for obvious reasons. Americans are not interested in responsible citizenry, much less productive economy. Americans are quite content to think in sound bytes and remain blind to the facts of existence in the modern world.

One of the most glaring examples of American ignorance and lack of desire for change is in the level of discussion maintained by this country about old growth forests. No one can get past saying this is an unfortunate moral dilemma between the owls and the workingman, between our future existence and present welfare, between elite bourgeoisie recreational forest lovers and the exploited proletariat loggers. Guys, wake up and smell the pine sap!

This is about the people who own this entire country and all of its capital duping us into fighting with each other instead of them YET AGAIN!!!! Let me pose a question: if a new efficient chain saw were invented which would allow one logger to do the work of two, would there even be a discussion about whether to ban such a saw? Would headlines across the nation really scream, "To save the worker or save the saw, that is the question"?

Here's a clue: advances in technology put people out of work and increase

profits for the owners. Here's another clue: limiting clear-cutting of old growth forests puts people out of work AND it hurts profits for the owners.

This is not economic folklore or paranoid Marxist ravings. Quoted from USA Today, bastion of middle of the roadom: Between 1980 and 1988 there was a 14% rise in unemployment in the logging industry. During the same period there was a 19% rise in industry productivity. The connection between employment and conservation is clear: THERE IS NONE!!! The connection is between *technology* and employment.

The solution to the preservation of the northwest "way of life," if anything, is to ban mechanization. Additionally, this would solve environmental concerns because productivity would lose its ability to outstrip growth. Hence, I propose a letter writing to Congress campaign based on the slogan, "Save the worker and the owl—ban the chainsaw." If it sounds like I'm making a joke it is only because of the enormity of my sadness about the fact that we are letting logging companies make the American public look like imbeciles. Pathetic. Goals 2000 has a really big job ahead of itself.

On being Catholic and hopeful

by Erika Merschrod

Once upon a time some strangers arrived in a town called Sodom. This town was very wealthy, but its inhabitants were very greedy and rude. The only person who took in the strangers was a man named Lot (It was a good thing that he took them in because they turned out to be angels, but I'm getting ahead of myself).

Lot showed tolerance toward the strangers by not sending them away, but more importantly, he showed them respect and kindness. He made them sleep in his house, instead of outside where they had planned to stay. He gave them good food and drink, and when his fellow townspeople came by shouting angry things he didn't turn them out to protect his pride and to maintain his friendship with his neighbors. He even sacrificed his daughter in hope that this would keep the angry mob away from the visitors. Unfortunately, his daughter was raped and killed.

Greed, inhospitality and intolerance of differences were bad enough to inspire divine wrath, but adding murder and rape really did in the Sodomites.

by jeNN hogaN

Most Saturday mornings this year I and several fellow Mawrters have dragged ourselves out of bed to spend from 10:30 to 12:30 on the corner of Kensington and Cumberland Streets in North Philadelphia volunteering for Prevention Point. Prevention Point is an organization sponsored by the city of Philadelphia dedicated to providing free, clean needles to IV drug users in return for their dirty needles. The idea of this program is to get dirty needles off the street, put people in contact with clean needles and thus prevent the spread of AIDS.

Needle exchanges are popping up all over the country in cooperation with a philosophy of drug treatment called harm prevention. According to this theory, drug users are not labeled as criminals but as people with an addiction much like cigarettes, alcohol, or food addiction. If people are going to use drugs, the idea is they should harm themselves as little as possible. Harm reduction is similar to giving a parachute to someone who is going to jump out of an airplane anyway.

Prevention Point uses an RV (or lately a van since the RV broke down) to travel

to three different sites for needle distribution. Here, drug users line up to receive free condoms, bleach kits to clean their needles, cookers (which look like the tops from two liter bottles) to cook their drugs in, cotton balls, needles (called works in street slang), and alcohol pads. The way the exchange works is that for the amount of needles one brings in under twenty, Prevention Point will give them that amount plus three extras. So, if you were to come with no needles, we would give you three, if you brought four we would give you seven, and so on. After twenty, Prevention Point gives an even exchange of needles.

In addition to this paraphernalia, the exchange provides literature on

topics ranging from AIDS prevention, testing for TB, hepatitis, and other STDS, information on drug treatment programs, and a newsletter with articles written by exchangers (what the users who exchange needles are called) about their experiences. On hand at each site is a social worker who can refer people to anything from drug treatment centers to battered women's shelters, and a medical student who can treat minor infections and lacerations (a chronic problem for long term

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Humanity?

by Elena McFadden

"Guilt is not a response to anger; it is a response to one's own actions or lack of action. If it leads to change then it can be useful, since it is then no longer guilt but the beginning of knowledge."—Audre Lorde

Singapore, long praised by economists as a development miracle and a model for impoverished nations the world over, recently made what could escalate to a devastating global faux faux. The government of Singapore mistakenly calculated that enamored with cheap goods and excellent investment profits, the U.S. public would not falter in their adoration even with the subjugation of one of our

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They and their neighbors in Gomorrah, who were also known for the sins of inhospitality and greed, were destroyed, and only Lot and his family were saved.

This story has been used by many to justify their own intolerance and inhospitality. It's almost blasphemous to me that people use writings that I consider the foundation of my faith against me. I have a hard time understanding how the Pope, the spiritual leader of MY church, can judge millions of people because they don't emulate Adam and Eve in the most literal of ways. Yet I still call myself a Catholic because this is as much a part of my life as is my sexual orientation.

There is a lot that needs to change within the Catholic church, beginning with the official policy on homosexuals and going on to so-called "pro-life," anti-woman statements and celibacy in the clergy. These things probably won't change within my lifetime, but I'm sure they'll change someday. I'm not ready to abandon a heritage and a tradition that was an important part of my upbringing and has become an even bigger part of my life here at Bryn Mawr. Being at Bryn Mawr has made me redefine myself many times, and I know that my perceptions of

myself have changed a lot since I came. But I have also reinforced a lot that I had before, including my religious beliefs. I have found that I need the ritual and the structure of the Catholic rites. I am proud of the long cultural heritage of my church, and I find power in a religion which was created by and for the underrepresented, the poor, the powerless.

I guess my hope for change lies in the fact that the Church is very powerful, not because there's a lot of money in Rome but because there's not enough money elsewhere. There are millions of Catholics who do want change and who are working for change in many areas. There's hope in liberation theology. There's hope in a building which is open to anyone, anytime, where no one is an illegal alien or a second-class citizen. I really do believe that there are enough Catholics following the true spirit of Catholicism (hospitality, generosity, non-judgmentalism) to ensure a kinder Church in Rome somewhere down the line.

[Special thanks to Susan Harte and Father John Freeman, the Catholic Campus Ministers, for their generosity with books, papers and time.]

Open this issue to read more... letters, more tabouli, astrology, notes on on Spring, and Arts and Entertainment, as always.

EDITORIAL

Farewell, sweet Mawrters, for the year...

Welcome to the final stretch before the end of the semester, everyone. We hope that Bryn Mawr doesn't dance you into your grave—one of our staff members likens this institution to the infamous Red Shoes. Please remember to take care and be kind to yourself as you slave away. Our recommendations: sunbathing, Hope's Cookies, and bad movies.

Another good exam week activity is making lists of the things you wish you had time to do now, but you don't, but that you won't be able to think of when you do. This list should include writing articles for *The College News*. We wish you the best of luck in your summer jobs, interships, vacationing or bumming around at home. We also extend a sad, fond farewell to the class of 1994.

The College News will sorely miss our dedicated, talented, wonderful Graphics Editor, Monica Farrow, who is graduating. We don't know how she's done it—she's sort of like Santa Claus in the way she steals into the office sometime between Sunday night and Monday and makes the creative pictures you've all come to recognize. She's put the polish on our centerspreads and the sparkle to our front page. Thank you and good luck, Monica!

On the following pages, please find, as usual, the voices of your fellow Mawrters calling our attention to what they've found important. In the Letters section, you have replied to each other emphasizing open communication and freedom of expression. You have also written articles on the rest of the world: environmental concerns, civil rights, religion, and reaching out by volunteering. This semester, we as editors have often been impressed with what you've written and more than pleased to print it under *The College News* masthead. If you didn't get a chance to contribute, there's always the Fall. We'll still be here, and you'll still be welcome!

Have a wonderful Summer and good luck on exams...

Warmly,
Stacy and Elizabeth

THE COLLEGE NEWS

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE VOLUME XVI, NO. 6, APRIL 26, 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	Laura Brower, Rebecca Cohen, Brinda Ganguly, Bree Horwitz, Branwyn Lundberg, Erika Merschrod, Kristina Orchard-Hays, Laura Pedraza, Alissa Rossman, Shipra Singh

This is the last issue of the semester. 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.

Letterslettersletterslettersletterslettersletters

Attention BMC: PA service corps

Dear Editor:

I thought the students of Bryn Mawr College would be interested in the national service opportunities created by the recent passage of the National and Community Service Trust Act of 1993.

Over thirty years ago I stood with President Kennedy on the south lawn of the White House while we sent the first Peace Corps volunteers overseas. From the very beginning of that international venture, we always looked forward to the day when the idea, spirit, and logic of the Peace Corps would be brought home to serve American families and American communities. That day has now arrived with the creation of Americorps, which, over the course of the next three years, will challenge roughly 100,000 young people to serve. It is estimated that in the first year of the Americorps program, 20,000 men and women will receive a stipend while becoming eligible for school tuition assistance or loan forgiveness.

We are fortunate in our state to have a prototype of Americorps already up and running called the Pennsylvania Service Corps. The Pennsylvania Service Corps can be contacted at 717-233-8577, and they are currently recruiting volunteers. For more information about participating in Americorps, please call 1-800-94A-CORP, and for more detailed information about national service, please call my office at 202-224-6324.

Sincerely,
Harris Wofford

One response to another on Pride Week chalkings

Dear Editor:

While I am glad for Becca Shapley's expression of the emotions stirred in her by the heterosexual chalkings during Gay Pride Week, I would like to express my own dissent from two of her conclusions about the incident. Her first conclusion is that the heterosexual pride chalkings were reactionary and defensive. Nothing in either of them seemed to me to be opposing liberalism or progress, *American Heritage's* definition of reactionary. They did seem defensive, but Gay Pride Week is defensive, too. When people feel threatened, they get defensive. Whether or not we can understand why people feel threatened, it only matters that people feel threatened. Expression of that feeling *has* to be okay, otherwise all pretense of any kind of community on this campus is completely bogus.

Ms. Shapley's second conclusion I want to comment on is that, "...the timing of this reaction shows no respect for our chance at expression." This is incredibly upsetting. Reactions are not timed. In conversation, obviously, it is polite to let someone finish speaking before talking over them. In writing however, assuming no one is tearing things down or erasing them, all words are allowed to stand together. However, I do find it not only disrespectful, but frightening as well, that Ms. Shapley is saying these women should just sit down and be quiet until their week rolls around. By responding to the Gay Pride chalking these women were showing respect; they heard what we had to say and had an emotional reaction which they chose to express, another respectful thing, rather than remain silent. Feelings cannot be neatly boxed up in intellectual concepts and expressed during their appropriate week. The idea that they should be is

incredibly reactionary and dangerous and is hardly what I think Gay Rights activists dedicate their lives to.

Silencing any woman at any time for any reason is completely unacceptable in a community of women. I would hope that during a Heterosexual Pride Week my voice as a gay woman would not be silenced. I am terrified by the assertion that the impact and importance of Gay Pride Week is in any way lessened by straight women stating that they live here, too. C'mon, we all *know* what silence equals. I completely understand the power argument, but when we are here boxed in by the two arches and the valley of the gym, that argument becomes *extremely* sticky and complicated. Pride on Taylor Row is a far cry from pride on Lancaster Avenue and I think straight reactions are also going to differ accordingly. If we want them to respect us for feeling threatened, we have GOT to respect them.

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Keep working for a better solution

To the community:

We know you've heard more about Hell Week this year than you wanted to hear in your entire life, but we hope you'll take the time to read this since it is **not about Hell Week!** This is, instead, about trying to come up with a constructive solution to some of the problems that came up in this year's Hell Week controversy. Hopefully, this will mean that if it is an issue again next year, we won't have to start from the beginning.

We began the "Hell Week Alternatives" meetings after Plenary had left many students feeling very frustrated. Our original goal was to begin a new "tradition" that would include some of the activities that we thought a replacement for (or modification of) Hell Week would have had. After a couple of meetings the group agreed on some long and short term goals. Next year, we want to provide activities for students who do not wish to participate in some or all of Hell Week, but who want to do something as a part of the community. In the long term, we wish to provide some ideas for how Hell Week can become more inclusive and less stressful. Our goal is not to antagonize or to judge.

Some of the principles we would like to base our activities on are:

- less pressure to participate in Hell Week (or any) activities
- less deceit
- equal roles for the different classes
- a chance for all students (not just first years) to act silly
- a lead-in to the end of Hell Week celebration
- first year students' input in planning their activities

One of the biggest issues in our meetings was the deceitfulness inherent in Hell Week as it is now. We came to the conclusion that there are actually two secrets: one concerning the duration and one concerning lizards. The second secret is a pleasant surprise, while the first causes many students anxiety and divides the student body. We wish to preserve the second. However, we do not feel that the anxiety of Hell Week is necessary for first year students to appreciate the good aspects. As a group, we do not intend to divulge either secret of Hell Week (hence we are finding it problematic to discuss all of the issues in a public forum such as the College News). However, we feel it is every individual's choice whether or not she will keep the secrets.

Some of the ideas for activities that we had were a movie party, a board game tournament, skits (making fun of Bryn

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Prevention Point in the city

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IV drug users) and answer questions on where to go for more extensive treatment. Prevention Point holds bi-weekly users meetings which serve not only as support groups for the users but also look for the users' input on major decisions made in the structure of the organization. Prevention Point holds the view that since it serves the needs of a certain population, this group should share in making the decisions of this body. The exchange also has many users serving as volunteers at all of the sites. The idea behind this is to empower the users, a group that has almost no voice in modern society.

When I first starting volunteering for Prevention Point, I was a little apprehensive about what I was going to see and do. I was worried about going into a dangerous part of the city and working with people I perceived as dangerous. However, working with Prevention Point since

October has smashed every single stereotype I have ever held about "junkies." The people I help exchange needles for on Saturdays are very ethnically mixed, with a majority of whites. There are many more men than women (although I have been told that this is because the drug of choice for women is crack, not heroine), and most of the men are between 35 and 50. I have been told that the ethnic-make up and ages of the exchangers changes from site to site. The neighborhood of Kensington is not place where I would like to walk alone at night, but it is has the makings of a close community. Because the work of Prevention Point is somewhat controversial, the RV is not very welcome in this neighborhood. Residents are afraid we are drawing addicts to their neighborhoods. The users themselves explain that they are here, but just aren't recognized. By having a needle exchange, we are bringing a problem to light, not creating it.

Likewise, the volunteers at Prevention Point range from social workers, college students, and others who work in the social service networks of Philadelphia, to members of the Philadelphia chapter of ACT UP including a grandmother with more body piercing than any Mawrter I've seen, to the exchangers themselves. One man who works at Prevention Point for his community service parole requirement is a user who is rumored to have a master's degree in chemistry. Different volunteers have different philosophies about the purpose and the running of the exchange and this makes for some very heated debate. Some see Prevention Point as a revolutionary organization that should not even try to explain itself to the rest of the world. Others feel that the most important aspect of Prevention Point is to serve the exchangers no matter whose butt needs to be kissed in City Hall in order to keep our funding.

We have been some pretty strange times and I have met many interesting people from working at needle exchange. One of my favorite people who comes to

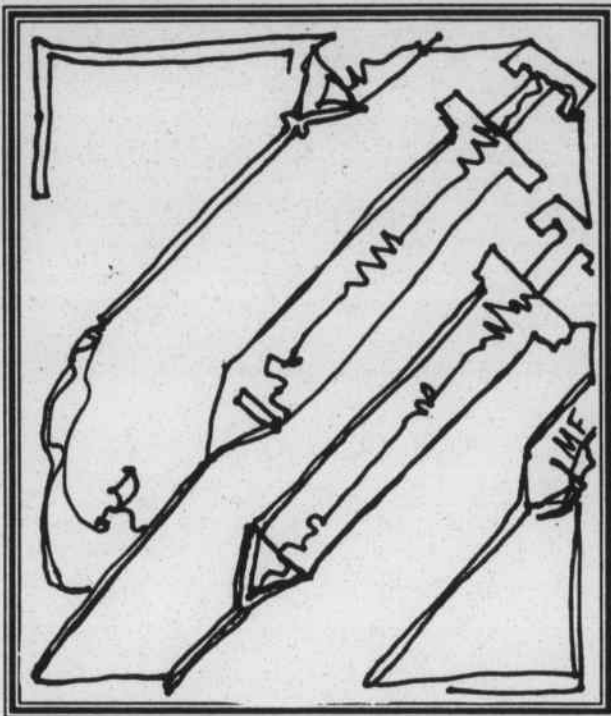
volunteer is a user named Gil who knows the words to just about every Beatles song there is. Another user helped a volunteer get into her car after she locked her keys inside. I look forward to seeing many regulars every Saturday including a man who looks like he walked off the set of LA Law (if he walked onto this campus, he would be surrounded by women), a quiet, smiling woman with a U2 button on her jean jacket, and a woman with the most beautiful little boy I have ever seen.

I was embarrassed the first time some one asked for "just the works" and I was completely confused (having worked at McDonald's, this phrase had a different meaning for me). It was definitely unpleasant to stand outside for two hours in the cold of the winter, but we had hot chocolate and we got to laugh at the men hopelessly trying to maneuver the RV in the snow. Then when the weather got warmer, we were visited

on one morning by a group of missionaries trying to convert the users. The missionaries then started to sing hymns and we yelled out requests like "Amazing Grace," which they took. These missionaries kept their distance from the users, as if they were afraid of them.

From this experience I learned that drug users are the most forgotten and abused group in our society. They are harassed both the police and the drug dealers. They often feel they can trust no one. This feeling of loneliness and isolation is understandable when one gets to know the users' problems on a personal level. For example, when a user buys a needle on the street, he or she cannot be sure the needle is clean because drug dealers have been known to repackage previously used needles and sell them as new. Many users have no connections with their families anymore and have few close friends. This means that there is no one around to quilt them a patch on the AIDS quilt when they catch the deadly plague. There are no articles written for drug users in *Poz*, the magazine which claims to be for all people with AIDS.

A lot of people ask me how I feel about promoting drug use. I don't feel that needle exchange does because people are going to use drugs whether I'm handing out needles or not. The most important thing is that we help people use drugs safely and keep the drugs off the street. I don't really know if what we are doing is making any difference, but sometimes people will say to us thanks for coming here or you are really providing a service. The most important thing is for us to realize that drug users are people. None of us can say that if we were exposed to the same situations as these people are that we wouldn't end up in the same pit of despair. If you disagree with this, I invite you down to Cumberland and Kensington on Saturday morning. You will find people not too different from yourself, neither animals nor criminals, who are dealing with an addiction.



Go ruggers!

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binding to first-year Rachel Gallant to form the backbone of the tight-five.

The Quakers rallied in the second half, scoring a try and the conversion kick in the first ten minutes of resumed play. Pushing hard, the Toads managed to hold off the Quakers for the rest of the game, but could not score themselves.

The Bryn Mawr-Haverford "killer Bs" also fought ferociously against a strong Swarthmore side, using the game as a learning experience and stepping stone for next season. The first half of play was shaky as Swarthmore's fly-half consistently ran through the weak side gaps to score against the Toads. However, the techniques that the team had practiced throughout the season helped the Toads rally and form a stronger defense in the second half. First-year back Rebecca Lasky consistently made strong breakaways which moved the ball down the pitch supported by the other backs and the tight pack of forwards.

Sadly, the Swarthmore game did mark the end of the spring season, and also marks the loss of the Haverford-Bryn Mawr veteran senior ruggers. Captain Renatta Razza, 8-man and former president Monica "Yak" Farrow, winger Arielle "Airplane" Metz, prop Danielle "Disco" DeLuca and center Katie Mangle provided the team with their guidance, support and their own quirky charm throughout this season and past years on the team. They will be missed, remembered and their stories will live on forever as they are told, retold, and told yet again by coach Jojo Gunn over after-practice Roache burgers.

Next Saturday on Orchard field at Haverford, this year's squad will face off against their mentors, the Bryn Mawr-Haverford rugby club alumni in the annual Alumni game.

Chalking responses, cont.

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I also have a fearful response as a gay woman to Ms. Shapley's article. I do not appreciate the victimized stance which is implied by the statement, "I only expect those of you who have the privilege of voice and ever present community which your heterosexuality affords you...." Pride week, I dearly hope, is *not* our only chance at expression. Especially here on this campus I think we are given ample opportunity for expression. I resent being pegged as someone who needs to be "given" a week by heterosexuals in which they will recognize my voice. I will shout any damn time I feel like it and I seriously doubt that what week of the year it is will change whether people choose to listen to me.

Sincerely,
Elena McFadden '95

I'm glad to hear you shouting, Elena.
—Becca Shapley

Solutions, continued

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Mawr life?), a Coffeehouse, a scavenger hunt, a special brunch (on Saturday), and thematic dressing/costumes. Some of these activities will happen at the same time as Hell Week events (such as schedule copying and trials). We plan to work with the Traditions Mistresses and the Hell Week Committee to avoid misunderstandings and keep everyone's plans running smoothly.

We wanted to have input from as many people as possible so that the tradition would reflect more of the community's desires—not just our own. As often happens at Bryn Mawr, academic activities took their toll, and while many people expressed their interest and support, we did not accomplish as much as we wished. We will begin having meetings again next semester to make concrete plans. First year students will help us, which we realize could be problematic, but we will muddle through. We would have preferred to have plans made by now, but this is something we believe is very important, so we will continue. If you have any ideas or suggestions, or are interested in planning or participating, please contact us!

Amy Sutton x5592, box C-1481, Ruth Wielgosz x5589, box C-1050.



State-sponsored torture and big businesses

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own to the inner workings of the Singapore "economic miracle." Not so. The rule of thumb (eh), as always, is that businesses need to do business in order to deliver cheap goods to the American market. And business is business as long as it doesn't infringe on the rights of American citizens. Furthermore, Americans involved in questionably left-wing politics are relieved of such publicly protected citizenship. However, citizens involved in high school antics retain protected status.

Hence we see the results of the not so hypocritical U.S. foreign policy. Torture is not the issue. Business is. Humanity is not relevant in the marketplace. The rules are clear: American consumers rule this planet and their interests are not to be messed with. Only those Americans betraying their tendencies towards a desire for a less consumerist world are allowed to be disposed of at will.

The evidence supporting these observations is overwhelming. However, the countries of El Salvador and Indonesia stand out as two places in particular where the American public has supported governments who brutally disregard humanitarian sanctions against torture. 1980 — four American nuns are raped and murdered by El Salvadoran soldiers. 1985 — U.S. government aid to El Salvador, 291 million dollars, Military aid, 136 million dollars. 1989 — six Jesuit priests are murdered by El Salvadoran soldiers. One of the priests is found with his head smashed, his brains spewn across the concrete floor. U.S. government aid that year was 406 million dollars, Military aid, 81 million dollars. Military aid in 1991, 67 million dollars.

1993, the logging and mining firm Freeport McMoran lands on the island of Karaka with Indonesian soldiers. The stilts which villagers' huts stand on are sawed off, irrespective of whether the inhabitants are still in their homes. Villagers are taken to another island so that Karaka can be logged efficiently and without interference. On the island of East Timor, 200,000 Timorese civilians have been murdered since the Indonesian invasion and occupation which brought massacres, famine, and destruction of the countryside. This is one third of the population, the largest proportional geno-

cidial eradication since the Nazis. U.S. government aid in 1989 — 20 million dollars. U.S. Military aid in 1991 — 27 million dollars.

Then along comes Singapore and sentences an American teenager to punishment by caning. As William Safire writes, "If anything in life is morally wrong, torture is morally wrong." This is true, but if the American people are going to start being moral, we should at the very least begin with those places where we have most blatantly and directly bloodied our hands. William Safire's conclusion is a good one, and surprising for a right wing commentator to suddenly care about the human rights of a people of color. He writes, "Three hundred thousand of us could stop going to Singapore each year, or flying its airline; stockholders and customers of Seagate computers, Caltex, Mobil, Hewlett Packard and Texas Instruments could re-examine corporate investments and purchases; the use of cheap Singapore labor to 'add value' to our exports to Asia could be examined."

It's unlikely that anyone in this country would really be willing to pay an extra \$200 for their next deskwriter just to save the skins of a few deviant Singaporeans. But if William Safire thinks we've got that much morality left in this country, well heck, more power to him. If he'd make such a sacrifice I wouldn't put it past Jesse Helms and Ted Kennedy to actually follow his lead. So as long as morality is making its 1994 whirlwind tour against state-sponsored torture a few other to add to the list are: Dole fruit company; Freeport McMoran; Coca-Cola/Minute Maid; Nestle.

Seems overwhelming? Easier to just skip the tour? Impossible to be moral in the modern world, you say? How about this: start with what you the American taxpayer, rather than American consumer, are directly responsible for. Yes, the blood of crimes unimaginably worse than caning is on your hands, as it is on my own.

Torture is not the issue. Business is. Humanity is not relevant in the marketplace.

Write a letter to your Senator. Tell her that you find state-sponsored torture to be morally reprehensible and U.S. aid to these states inexcusable. All aid to El Salvador and Indonesia must be stopped until these governments abide by the United Nations "Convention Against Torture." Specifically, Principle 6 of its protection of the imprisoned (including the accused); "No circumstances whatever may be invoked as a justification for torture..." This includes working with the poor as being declared a crime against the state, and attempting to maintain one's traditional way of life as a crime against progress. Neither of these crimes are justification for torture and murder. Further tell your Senator that military sales to Indonesia and El Salvador must be stopped immediately. At the very least we can make it slightly more expensive for them to slaughter people by depriving them of bargain basement American made military goods. The argument that they will buy from others is true but wholly irrelevant. As Alexander Cockburn somberly observes, "U.S. firms and their political advocates in Congress would have encouraged the sale of Zyklon B to the Nazis at Auschwitz on the grounds that otherwise some other producer might steal market share."

Write a letter to your Senator. Tell her that you find state-sponsored torture to be morally reprehensible.

If the communists were to succeed in taking over either one of these countries after the withdrawal of U.S. aid, it will be for plainly obvious reasons: even the communists are preferable to U.S. sponsored bloody dictatorships. When we speak of state-sponsored torture, we need to remember that the state which does a lot of the sponsoring is our own. But more importantly, we need to remember that we have power over the actions of our state. As Audre Lorde writes, "I have no creative use for guilt, yours or my own. Guilt is only another way of avoiding informed action, of buying time out of the pressing need to make clear choices, out of the approaching storm that can feed the earth as well as bend the trees. If I speak to you in anger, at least I have spoken to you: I have not put a gun to your head and shot you down in the street; I have not looked at you bleeding sisters body and asked, "What did she do to deserve it?"

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Horned Toads wrap up spring season

by Rebecca Cohen

The cross-town rivalry between the Bryn Mawr-Haverford Horned Toad rugby team and the Swarthmore womens' rugby club came to a halt as the Toads closed out their season on Saturday at Swarthmore's rugby pitch.

The two teams were evenly matched; both squads travelled to the University of Virginia two weeks ago to play in a tournament which included collegiate rugby teams from Virginia, Georgia, Massachusetts and of course, Pennsylvania. Bryn Mawr-Haverford entered the tourney as returning two-time champions, and Swarthmore joined the competition for the first time. Bryn Mawr solidly defeated James Madison University and advanced to the second bracket of competition, facing a strong VA Tech squad.

Despite great plays by senior-captain, scrum-half Re-

natta Razza, and junior fly-half Joli Rightmeyer, when the dust had settled, VA Tech walked away with the win, knocking the Toads out of the running for the



finals. Swarthmore, however, did manage to make it to the last bracket of the competition, and they too faced the Virginia Tech squad. VA Tech trounced the Garnet in a shut-out, keeping the ball on the Quakers' side of the field throughout play.

Anxious to avenge their defeat in Virginia, the Toads

challenged the Swarthmore squad Saturday morning. Since the Swarthmore game was the last official game of the season for both squads, the teams decided on lengthy 40 minute halves. The high temperature, unforgiving sun and concrete-hard ground created grueling halves.

The ball volleyed from one side of the field to the other in the first half, and neither side touched the ball down for a try. Haverford senior-winger Arielle Metz had a few strong breakaways in the first half, which kept the ball moving down the field and a strong foot by Rightmeyer helped both offensively and defensively. The Green scrum won more of their drives than did the Garnet, as junior Rhae Adams made her foray into the front line, stepping up from flanker to hooker in the "A" side game, and leading the pack into the scrum-downs. Junior Lynne Kraskouskas also played her first "A" side game (her first game ever) as a second-row, continued on page 3

Dykes To Watch Out For



O Spring...

Sexing the Tabouli III

Katherine stood stunned as Phoebe swung the door open and the couple exited as quickly as egg bagels disappear at breakfast. She crumpled down upon the checker's table, energy sapping from her veins. "Why must I remain locked in this concrete hell while others enjoy the delights of spring?"

The sun was shining through those nice big windows that are up by the ceiling of the main dining area, but are much too high to provide a view of any of the wonders of spring other than the big blue sky. "If only I could see the flowers blooming, sniff their blossoms. Terrorize the squirrels after every meal instead of cleaning up after careless diners. And why do they get to fall in love? When will my chance at amorousness arrive?"

She sulked as she turned to wipe off the tables, squirted cleaner on those solid planes of royal blue and dusted off the little stray specks of salt and pepper. She felt like one of those little stray specks, lost and scattered, somehow not having ended up in the right place. She saw no hope for her future: like a little grain of salt, she would get wiped up and end up in a trashcan somewhere, never having fulfilled her original purpose.

Katherine was in the back room of Erdman before she herself could even know it, the room which has windows at eye-level, which provide a sumptuous view of Erdman Green. Katherine was too distracted by her own misery, though, to notice the flowers blooming outside, or even to notice the last stray diner lingering in the corner.

"Hi, Katherine," said a voice, smooth yet rusty, as full and round as a honeydew. Katherine caught her breath. She recognized that voice. It was Chris from her thermodynamics class. Katherine looked up, saw those brown pulsating eyes, warm as a waffle fresh out of the iron.



"Hi, Chris," Katherine said, working hard to squelch the gasp of joy which longed to escape her mouth. Why, Chris could squelch that gasp if their lips met and...

"Sorry I took so long to eat," said Chris. "Must be annoying to have these people just lingering around while you're trying to clean up."

"Oh, no, it's fine, just fine," said Katherine. Why couldn't she say anything more brilliant than that? Something more desirous? Something that would make Chris see how much Katherine longed...?

Chris stood up, tray in hands. "Say, why don't we get together tonight and go over that heat radiation thing? I'm having a little bit of trouble with it."

"Oh, sure," said Katherine. "Um...in my room?"

"Sounds good," said Chris.

"Yeah, that would be great. Like, at eight?" Katherine imagined sitting together with Chris in front of the fireplace in her room, the one she was never allowed to light. Maybe they could ignite another kind of fire together?

"Eight's good," said Chris. There was a pause as the two stared at each other, not knowing quite what to say. Chris broke the silence. "Yeah, I don't know why I'm having such trouble with it. I guess I just get kind of distracted in class." (Could that have anything to do with the fact that Chris sat right behind Katherine every day?)

"Well, I guess I'll go get my handfruit now."

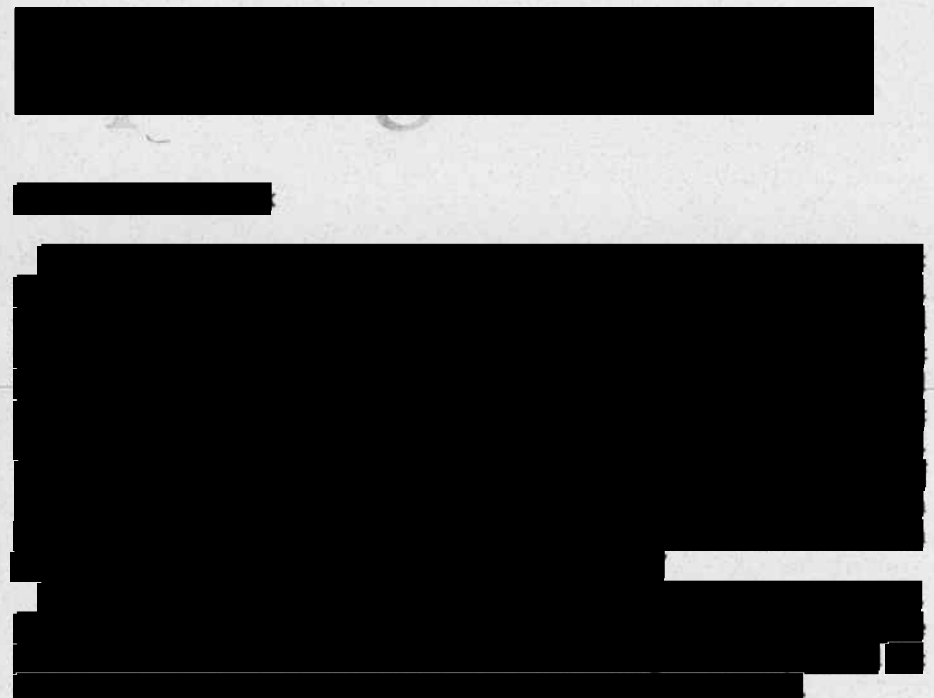
"Why don't you try the plums? They got a new shipment in. They're really...succulent," said Katherine. She imagined Chris biting into it, juice running down chin and neck. Katherine wouldn't mind tasting that neck, *avec* plum juice or *sans*.

"I will," said Chris, and turned to go. Katherine watched the object of her affection walk towards the salad bar, then went about joyously cleaning the rest of the tables, visions of the approaching evening dancing through her head.

FOUR PROCRASTINATION: cryptogram

VOJKPY WHSK'V WDD YC VWKJRDS WKB
 YWLWRDS WY TSCTDS MCGDB GYGWDDL OWNS GY
 RSDJNS; XCYV SITSHJSKFSY WHS GKYWLWRDS,
 VOSL OWTTSK JK W YTWFS VOVV KC MCHB OWY
 SNSH SKVSHSB, WKB XCHS GKYWLWRDS VOWK
 WDD CVOSH VOJKPY WHS MCHZY CU WHV, VOCYS
 XLYVSHJCGY SIJYVSKFSY, MOCYS DJUS SKBGHSY
 RSYJBS CGH CMK YXWDD, VHWKYJVCHL DJUS.

- HWJKSH XWHJW HJZS



Spring excitement

by Elizabeth Lyzenga

It's Spring again, and many young maidens of Bryn Mawr are turning their thoughts to one thing: declaring a major.

Last year, as an uninitiated freshman, it seemed to me that every single sophomore I knew told me so when she declared her major. One described a frightening, medieval ritual that she and her major advisor preformed. Others said it was no big deal. Some felt they'd just snapped on a ball and chain, while others were exhilarated and happy. But whatever they professed to think of it, every sophomore I knew told me exactly when she would be doing it.

It was almost as cute as when right about the same time last year I spent the night in the computer center with troubles of my own, while all around me seniors were finishing up their theses that were due the next day. One by one they would use the 10 cent a page laser printer, and they would be transformed women. They would hang around a while after finishing, holding it, and their friends would crowd around to look. "What font is it in?" they would ask.

How can they say academic life isn't exciting? Last week, I went and declared my major, something I never thought I would be able to bring myself to do. I think I probably told everyone I knew exactly when I was doing it. Now I have an identity.

Dykes To Watch Out For



GOSPEL CHOIR!!!

There will be rehearsal the day before May Day, at 6.
The May Day concert is at 2:30, NOT 3:30.
Everyone, be there!

Morrissey's angst excels

by jeNN hogan

Ah, Spring. The buds are on the trees, the campus smells like manure, we are up to our ears in work, everyone but us is falling in love, but wait—there is reason to rejoice. Yes, there is a new Morrissey album out, a true masterpiece entitled *Vauxhall and I*. I know, you all are thinking how prolific Morrissey is since he released his last album, *Your Arsenal*, only year and a half ago. But, I say, when you are on a roll, go for it. After listening to *Vauxhall and I*, you will be saying to yourself this is almost as good as the Smiths! (For all of you out there in Bryn Mawr who don't know, Morrissey used to be the lead singer of the mid-eighties band the Smiths who practically defined post-punk angst.)

However, Morrissey has released five solo albums since the break up of the Smiths, with each one reaching a new height of artistic achievement (with the exception of *Kill Uncle*).

Vauxhall and I is the newest installment on Morrissey's emotional roller coaster ride through joy, depression, repression, and the evaluation and the celebration of every day life. Morrissey reaches beyond simple stab: at alienation, beyond anthems exalting the slacker, creep, or loser. Rather, Morrissey songs reach deeper towards more universal feelings of unhappiness, unrequited love, feelings of failure, and profound loneliness. Morrissey's songs are appropriate for any one at any age. In addition, Morrissey also has "a lovely singing voice" which is something that is not found often in most popular music.

The style of the songs on *Vauxhall and I* is reminiscent of the upbeat guitar melodies of the Smiths, but also includes elements of rockabilly, melodramatic orchestration, and crooning. This is not a Zoo-TV type transition for Morrissey, but the themes in the songs tend to point more to some sort of self-acceptance rather than utter despair. This can be seen in tunes like the radio friendly "The More You Ignore Me, The Closer I Get." Contrary to popular belief, this song is not the frightening rants of a deranged stalker, but is the song of someone who

has been rejected many times and is trying to bolster his self-confidence once again. Well, that is at least my perception of it. "The Lazy Sunbathers" is also a tongue-in-cheek diatribe against those of us who will ignore the health risks of the sun to experience the sun at full force and who can do nothing else.

Another great song on *Vauxhall and I*, "Hold On To Your Friends" is a song about all of us who have had catty conversations behind our friends' backs or who have felt betrayed by a friend we thought was true. He sings: "There are more than enough people to fight and oppose, why waste good time fighting the people you like." In "Spring Heeled Jim" Morrissey talks about a fast living man who misses the true meaning of life

in his hedonistic rush for new stimulation. "Why Don't You Find Out For Yourself" is a bittersong about how people are always trying to exploit you. It includes the ever quotable line: "I've been stabbed in the back so many times, that I don't have any skin, but that's just the way it goes." This song has a very strong underlying theme of missed opportunities and profound sadness of the cruelty of the world. "Used to be a Sweet Boy" is an introspective look back on Morrissey's own childhood and reveals a surprisingly admiring view of his father.

As you listen to one great song after another you think to yourself, Morrissey knows! It's a great feeling and I wish I could be there when this revelation finally hits all of you, but I have exams to study for and I have to look for a summer job. Just remember—it's OK to like Morrissey. Your friends who make fun of you don't realize what true genius is. Morrissey is not just alternative music's Elvis, he is a poet and a philosopher. *Vauxhall and I* is a great companion for you for whatever joy or pain you are experiencing. However, if you have not yet been introduced to the wonders of Morrissey, you might want to wait until you are a little richer before you buy this album because you will want to buy every other Smiths and Morrissey album, which could get expensive. Take it slow, you have the rest of your life to enjoy this music.

In Vauxhall and I, Morrissey reaches beyond simple stabs at alienation, beyond anthems exalting the slacker, creep, or loser. Rather, Morrissey songs reach deeper towards more universal feelings of unhappiness, unrequited love, feelings of failure and profound loneliness.

The sexist interviewer

by Elena McFadden

Although I'm not going to manage to haul my ass out of this place for another year, I entered college with the class of '94 and hence feel a certain amount of affinity with graduating seniors. I got a big laugh out of this letter I got from a graduating friend of mine at Wesleyan and thought maybe some people who really are graduating from Bryn Mawr might enjoy it even more than I did. I call it, "Life After the Fish Bowl."

I had a (gasp!) job interview. Thought it would be fun. Ended up being the first (second) chapter in the great American Dyke Novel. Publishing place — guy in charge is Donald. Fine — he interviews me. I'm 5 minutes late but he's still in with the previous interviewee — they come out—it's Lisa Arnolds of Wesleyan. She has on a skirt-suit. I'm in butch-dress up gear — pants, sweater and black blazer, Dr. Marten shoes — awesome. She got a book from the guy — I got NUTHIN!

So he's an old white guy, clearly a straightman (like Nixon). 1st off—asks me why I'm a women's studies major (only my concentration now, mind you). Says he doesn't see why we need Women's Studies (Not much interested in my responses, likes to talk the whole time). Says, "Why aren't there men's studies?" Me: "Most classes are Men's Studies," and, "Wouldn't it be nice if we lived in a world that didn't need Women's Studies?" He has selective hearing (i.e.; he's deaf) and misses my responses. Him: "So who are your favorite authors?" I draw a blank and try to imagine my bookshelf, "Alice Walker, and I just read *The Bean Trees* by Barbara Kingsolver." (In retrospect I should have said Dorothy

Allison....) Him: "So why did you like that? I haven't read it but people say it's good. How come? And why that first one? I don't like her. What male authors do you like?" Me: "Uh...I can't think of any." Him: "I'm probably more of a feminist than most women, even though I know nothing about it. Did you ever read *The Feminist Mystique*?" I nod, though I haven't. "Well I was one of the first to publish it in paperback...." Twenty minutes of stories about himself, hateful dumb feminists and how Betty Freidan is ugly and a drunk and Gloria Steinem worked as "that bunny thing" and was very attractive though she treated the women at *Ms.* terribly. I thought I would just perish there in the leather chair! Totally impossible that this is my life.

I give up and just smile and nod until finally he lets me go. I cursed all the way home. This man should be SHOT and I'm not afraid to do it. "I can't take this anymore," listening to *The Cranberries* on my WALKWOMAN. And my mother asked if the reason I came home ('cause I didn't tell them why I just left a message saying I'd be there) was #1 was I not graduating and #2 WAS I PREGNANT!? I almost choked on my tofu! The best thing about all this is that now I can call MTV and interview to be the subject of a half hour documentary type thing about a female college graduate living in the Tri-State Area with her parents looking for a job! If this story doesn't get me a TV deal then nothing ever will!!! I need to get off my ass and find a job that is worth my time! Or else go to grad school, get a Ph.D. and become a Women's Studies professor. Ha! all for now, love, Linda — future TV star and author of the yet to be written autobiographical novel *fuck yer gender and other words to live by* (subtitled *Why I Should Be Queen*).

The invaluable admonitions of

Ms. Hank

Dear Ms. Hank,

The other day I got my Summer Break information through campus mail, and I noticed that I have to be gone in three weeks! I can't contemplate leaving Bryn Mawr—I haven't been off campus since Spring Break! Eating in Erdman grounds me in reality. My mother doesn't understand why I don't want to come home. How can I explain that I am unable to leave here?

Signed,
Alma Mater

Dear Alma,

I don't think anyone would notice if you camped in Taft Garden over the summer. I know they can't get that plow thing down there, which would otherwise be your main worry. You could build one of those beaver dam huts with an underwater entrance in the pool. I had a book with a picture of one of those as a child. It was really neat. The water was this great, green-blue color.

About your mother, why not have her buy one of those beautiful Main Line residences? You don't specify what her hobbies are, but she can work in the city and then come home to a beautiful garden and a green carpet around her home. If she's the adventurous type, you could have a lot of fun playing with the neighbors. Paint the house black, collect a few motorcycles, and have weekly outdoor crafts fairs.

Propose these ideas to Mom and perhaps you won't have to explain yourself. But if you do, just tell her your heart belongs to the halls of this esteemed colidge and you are so glad she's sending you here and the world beyond Merion Ave. and Roberts Road doesn't count. She won't be able to argue with that, except to whisk you off to your local state institution. You don't have to go, though—just stay underground in your beaver lodge.

Just remember, however, that Erdman isn't open for on-campus residents in the summer; you'll have to go to Haffner. If this changes your plans, it's a good idea to start thinking about alternatives for your summer vacation. Like Wellesley.

Death to the Patriarchy,
Ms. Hank

GUT book is fun with astrophysics

by Kathryn Kingsbury

This is a review of Steven Weinberg's *Dreams of a Final Theory: The Scientist's Search for the Ultimate Laws of Nature*, another book with a really cool cover (see my Truman Capote review). It's a nice navy with swirly photographs of galaxies and other physics-type things printed on it with a high-gloss finish which contrasts with the over-all matte of the rest of the cover. But enough cover-talk.

Steven Weinberg is a really really really famous physicist, having won the Nobel Prize and all. Conveniently, he's a good writer, as well.

Having taken Physics 107 and all, I was looking forward to this read, which was a lot less confusing than one of the required readings of that course, Stephen Hawking's *A Brief History of Time*. (He hasn't won the Nobel Prize, even though a lot of people think he's up there with Newton and

Einstein. In fact, there's an episode of *Star Trek: the Next Generation*, in which Data creates a nice little holodeck in which he can play cards with the greatest minds of physics, which he thinks are Einstein, Newton, and Hawking. Hawking played himself in that scene—and Weinberg was nowhere in sight. But I digress.)

Anyway, this book is about the GUT, or Grand Unifying Theory. No one's actually proposed a complete theory yet, but a lot of scientists are convinced that it's real and waiting to be discovered. What the GUT would do would be to unify the laws of nature; i.e., show how they are all related and come from the same source. What are the laws of nature, anyway? Well, they all kind of boil down to the four forces: gravitational, electromagnetic, strong nuclear, and weak nuclear. (The latter two only occur within the atom, and I have a heck of a time understanding them, so I won't try to explain them here. You've probably already heard of gravity. And, in case there was any doubt, electromagnetic force is the one that keeps magnets on your refrigerator, though it also does other neat things.)

Weinberg does a pretty good job explaining quantum physics (quanta are defined as bundles of energy that make different fields work), but sometimes he gets a little annoying because he mentions "the world's largest and most expensive scientific experiment, the Superconducting Supercollider" really often. This is the thing that's half-constructed and sitting in Ellis County, Texas, and which, if completed, might one day help reveal really important things about forces and quantum mechanics. (What it is, essentially, is a huge round tunnel in which one would accelerate particles—physicists' lingo for really small things like electrons and such—to really high speeds, under the assumption that, when particles move faster, you can learn more about how their forces work. Weinberg explains the concept better than I do.) Anyway, this is the same Super Collider that Congress decided to stop funding last summer, because they didn't think it

was worth the money.

Weinberg angsts over this: how could Congress not think that leading the world in theoretical physical discoveries is not worth spending \$640 million a year? I can understand where he's coming from: it would really be neat to understand all this stuff and the GUT might even have a lot of practical ramifications. But then Weinberg goes and says something like "Scientific explanation is a mode of behavior that gives us pleasure, like love or art." Actually, it's a really cool statement in the context of what he's writing; but if I were a Congressperson and a physicist said that to me, I'd give her a set

of paints and let her go play. Watercolors don't cost millions.

So what I think this boils down to is bad publicity on the part of the physicists: they appeared to many people to be navel-gazers (you know, people absorbed by themselves and their own thoughts), when really they were trying to do

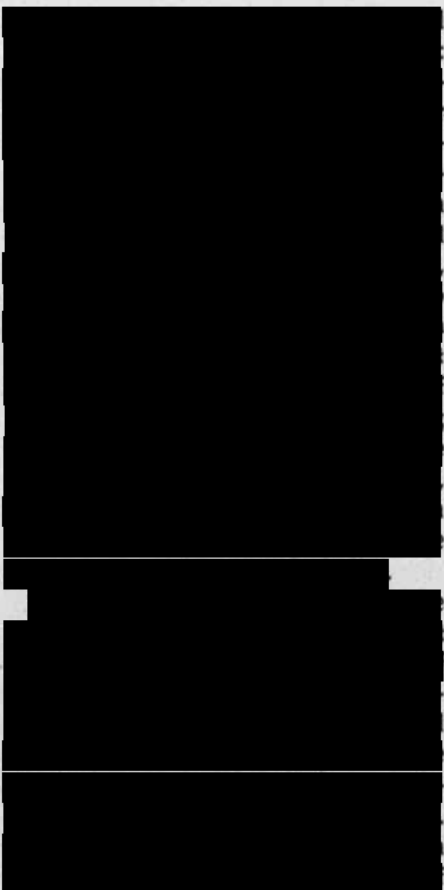
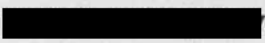
something very practical and of aid to society.

Oh, well. So that's the way the cookie crumbles. When the Europeans get a huge super collider and discover the GUT, I suppose Congress will feel kind of short-sighted. The happy side of the story is that, even without a collider, physicists can still try to figure out the GUT—they'll just have trouble proving any of their ideas.

Dreams of a Final Theory is \$13 from Vintage Books.



BOOK REVIEWS



THE UNPRECEDENTED

Lady Oracle

CANCER

Tired and messy, Mme. Oracle has a sheet of migraine riding on her mind; there is little to be said at this point. You, cancer woman o' my heart, are still alive, "but do I deserve to be? Is that the question? And if so, who answered?" There muses that Cosmo boy himself, messiah of the gangly hordes of teenage girls, Eddie Vedder, and he was certainly not thinking of you when he grunted those lyrics. There is a cemented epicenter of assuredness within the Cancer woman; if thoughts of cutting short the skeins of life, tangled tho' they may be, cross yer mind, they are the result of delusions. The equivalent of a bad round of hazelnut coffees at the cafe. May you continue to be safe from those demons of uncertainty that struggle to gain footing in your psyche.

LEO

A Leonine woman is certainly a complicated thing; introduce her to the fetters of Luv and she'll be far less tenacious than she is gleefully attacking the Moral Majority. Give her a sinkful of dirty dishes and she'll charmingly babble about the outbreaks of E. Coli in Nebraska whilst scrubbing those dishes in cold water. She is a strange duck and a Kool Thing and must be respected accordingly. Tell her she's darling and suffer the ugly consequences. Tell her she's too stable to be properly messed up and she'll flash you that grin and purr contented humming noises. This has been an especially rotten time for the majority of Leos under Lady O.'s slanted jurisdiction, so please take notice if one seems to be a little quiet lately and dole out the understanding if you've got some to spare.

VIRGO

Hey Virgo, who loves you and whom do you love? Stop making allusions to a Techno song and really concentrate on reassessing your current slice o' life. Are you sufficiently satisfied with the current fix, or has generic and flavorless apathy tainted your kinships? Perhaps this moment is not the time for stirring up that which has simmered unattended on the back burner, but the coming months will undoubtedly offer a stray moment to reflect upon La Vita Dolce and those who parade around within it. Not to alarm you, my Virgo, my love, if you're the type who's made it the daily feed to dissect relationships, but an occasional upkeep check of the premises is a good thang.

LIBRA

Johnny Rotten has a doctorate in Marine Biology, Kurt Cobain is dead, where have all the heroes gone? A. E. Housman, too, ensnared by the frustration of losing a talent to either mediocrity or to silence offers these by way of his *To an Athlete Dying Young*:

*Eyes the shady night has shut cannot see the record cut,
And silence sounds no worse than cheers after earth has shut the ears.*

These lines are especially poignant for Sir Cobain, but do not despair, sweet Mawrter, for those lost are compensated for in some other sense. Johnny Rotten has been accounted for by Trent Reznor, who has better table manners, Divine has a modern day counterpart in... Rush Limbaugh. You watch, chica, they'll all come 'round again. Yeah.

SCORPIO

Sigh and bother, do you feel empty now that this year has exhausted itself to tattered piles of photographs and dog-eared, cursed-out philosophy papers? Do you feel used by this institution, battered, bruised, and just plain ol' ugly from your efforts to be magnificent? The secret of Bryn Mawr is "that which doesn't kill us shall make us stronger." Print that on those admission buttons that now benignly read the estimated year of graduation, which more often than not falls short of the time in actuality. Don't discourage easily; cold lampin' at the Mawr offers more than what seems apparent. While it is a given that sleep, nourishment and sanity are disposable commodities here, where else can you knock on doors forever searching for a single A. E. Housman poem and find highlighted copies of D. H. Lawrence's *The Rainbow* ubiquitous as the Gillette Sensors littering the floors. Think about why you're here, the horrendous and the glisteningly pure, the physiological consequences of attending this here stress pit, and why, on some afternoons, you just love it.

SAGITTARIUS

"Tempted by the [hand] fruit of another, tempted but the truth is discovered..." No great Erdman confrontations in the Naked City (i.e. Erd) this year, eh? Lady O. was one to take advantage of the handfruit policy last year; she met her next door neighbor via confrontation whilst snagging four bagels for the Geology field trip. She now offers this advice for all you sticky-fingered petty thieves out there- Kids, crime doesn't pay, but you have; six thousand dollars for as much food as you can eat, so use it as you may. Heh heh. No, there's no subliminal messages within these lines, just gather ye rosebuds while ye may. May Day is coming up, and you can express any juvenile needs to be subversive as you steal those.

CAPRICORN December 22 through January 20

Would you realize if you were having a brain aneurysm? Is that an excuse for relegating yet another Calculus assignment to the "uh, I'll do that this weekend" jurisdiction. Oh wait, you're a *Capricorn*, and if Lady Oracle placed any legitimacy on this horoscope garbage, you would not be the one to not do your homework on time. Leave that to others, "slacker" is not readily used in your repertoire. Capricorns are notorious for their impeccable neatness, their desire for symmetry, their affinity towards the calm. None of Yeats' widening gyres for you, and boy, is the Oracle jealous. Why not forgo that fellowship for the summer and offer roadside advice stands, where, for fifty cents, thirty dollars an hour, or one hundred Ka year you can dole out the sensibility that comes naturally to those of us who stumble about with a stunted sense of sagacity. (Please??)

AQUARIUS

Oranges are not the only fruit and yet one of my friends just received forty-two pounds of them from her grandfather. Oranges offer little by way of sexual innuendos; they're not like honeydews, or strawberries, the most sensual fruit. Oranges are sticky and stringy and dribble down one's neck. Perhaps that's a good thing after all and your trusty Oracle is unoriginal in her fruit-sex analogies. That's why this paper offers "Sexing the Tabouli"; there's no place for sex within these horoscopes.

So, sex notwithstanding, (because your sex life is none of my business) you will have a magnificent garden party May Dayesque whirlwind end of the year; bring a Super Soaker water gun to the last 103 class and party on, dude.

PISCES

A colleague of *The College News* once said, "Look, I understand that gays have been oppressed and all, and that's a problem, but why do we at Bryn Mawr College have to constantly be explaining our sexuality? Do I like men, do I like women? I mean, chances are, you're not going to get together with either sex, so what's the point?" Well, Mme. Pisces, do you find this to be a valid concern? Do we at this here place need to justify our love and all-out define ourselves? How dull, half the fun of crushing out on someone is that risk of the person being straight or queer. Lady Oracle has met a great many of her friends by hitting on them without regard to their sexuality. For a challenge this week, why not come on to someone outside of the bounds of your sexuality? Those manly cadets, your geology TAs, the sexy gals on the College News staff or that annoying sophomore on third floor who plays Public Enemy and Liz Phair non-stop. Have fun and play safe.

AIRES

Spring is that time of year I think about deporting myself back to high school glory days of bleached hair and short skirts, of flirting with the football players for a ride home, of flirting with the field hockey players because they already figured me to be a freak. Spring now means sequestering myself in the College News offices with hot chocolate and unfinished horoscopes, relishing the "collegiate feminist" identity while pumping out articles that flick against the cutting edge of good taste. Get out your back issues of Ms. Magazine and revel in the feminism before you scatter to the "rest of the world", where your nose rings will be exotic piercings and your attitudes will be possibly written off as just "radical feminism". It just flushes Lady Oracle's cheeks with frustration when her parents ask her if Bryn Mawr teaches her to hate men. Ugh.

TAURUS April 21 through May 21

"Another year older and what do you get? Another year older and deeper in debt!" Yay for the (paraphrased and misquoted) Violent Femmes, wizards of the trite 'n trivial frustration. Happy birthday, you little schmooks, and may facilities Services not fine you for those little pecks and abuses your room has suffered over the past year. To celebrate, nail yet another useless hole for liberty's sake and dedicate it to the father of all vandalism, Sid Vicious. He was powerful enough to incite kilted school girls to anarchy in the U. K.; they went drumming on car windshields with their hockey sticks joyously as Sid himself pattered the walls of his hotel room with spraysaint. Whattta man, he's so crazy, Lady Oracle wants to have his baby.

GEMINI

Special requests from Geminis who respect the power of Lady Oracle's written word have powdered over me; there are desires of love and of luck, of health and of cheap Lollapalooza tickets, and I wonder, what do y'all wish for? Whether your passions are voiced to the stars, to your teddy bear, to your poster of Billy Ray Cyrus, is there one common grounding for human desire? The Oracle's mommy is firmly rutted to wishing for health, happiness and peace. What handles these rainchecks of rapture?

The best the Lady O. in her sophomoric wisdom can do for the Gemini chickies out there is to put in a request for ease and grace to pay a house call to your own private Idaho.

Goodnight baby and amen, luv and kisses, yer Lady O., bree elizabeth horwitz

paradigm	A R S Y U Y L S T A C C M T K B
agenda	J L E O J T A O L B A R S H J C
discourse	M E B E H I E F L S S N D S C T
community	I Y A C P N S F R A M E W O R K
phallogocentric	B T J E J U N E W K G K O H E M
internalize	R B K P H M S N C J F C G E J H
framework	G C M C W M J D E P C H B Z L R
anachronism	P H A L L O C E N T R I C I H A
jejeune	A W R Z S C T D C L L A E R L N
silenced	R J G A C S S F S L A D N E G A
offended	A C I B D I A L O G U E G T B C
marginalized	D M N A E P A C T N Y N J C Z H
characterize	I L A W C A T H A R S I S A O R
dialogue	G C L K N T K J B C M E S R C O
catharsis	M E I P E N G A G E J M C A M N
sic	A E Z I L A N R E T N I L H R I
ie	M P E M I S E C S K M Y O C I S
engage	S C D I S C O U R S E R G A P M