1994

The College News 1994-9-20 Vol. 16 No.8

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Discovering Bryn Mawr College's past

For those who may have missed Helen Horowitz at BMC

by Julia Alexander

Last Thursday, Helen Lief Horowitz Horowitz came to our campus to talk about her book, *The Power and Passion of M. Carey Thomas*. I went to the talk, and like the History nerd that I am, I just happened to have a pad of paper to take notes on. So rather than speak coherently about the talk, I’ll give you a quote smattering of the things I found interesting.

One of my friends likes to say “M. Carey Thomas is a ball!” (She thinks of this as a true compliment, somewhat like “bitch from hell,” a phrase also used to describe our ex-president.) After hearing Ms. Horowitz’s talk, my feelings on the matter are mixed. It seems that while Thomas was, in many ways, the ultimate Maverick, she also had some traits which disconcerted many of us, and many in her time, profoundly disagree.

First, of course, for the good stuff. Horowitz began her lecture talking about how Thomas wanted the presidency of Bryn Mawr even though “she had never before held a job, not even for one day.” Like all the rest

Newsbriefs to keep us up to speed with real life

compiled by Stacy Currey

US District Judge John P. Fullam has ruled that the state of PA cannot deny Medicaid funding for a woman’s abortion caused by rape or incest if she has not reported the crime and identified the assailant to the authorities. This has been called a “triumph for poor women” by Linda S. Wharton, attorney for the Women’s Law Project, which filed the suit against the state in January on behalf of the Elizabeth Blackwell Health Center For Women. (Phil. Inquirer)

Health Care prices have slowed their climb over the past few years, leading some to argue that health care may reform itself. At 4.6 percent increase, the lowest rate in over 20 years, the rise of costs is down from 9.5 percent in 1990. One reason may be that, without direct legislation, businesses are struggling to hold costs down. Furthermore, by the year 2000, 75 percent of the country will be in organized health care systems if current trends continue. (Christian Science Monitor)

“The term ‘global warming’ couldn’t be farther from the truth,” says Robert Charlton of the University of Washington in Seattle. Scientists are questioning global warming theory, saying that it is too simplistic to explain low temperatures in industrialized areas and other climatic phenomena. In reality, little data exists for understanding what climate change are happening today. (Christian Science Monitor)

Lower Merion Township’s Ad-Hoc Deer Committee met September 13 in order to discuss deer control measures. The PA state Game Commission estimates that there are 32 deer per square mile in Montgomery County woods during winter. Among the options discussed were doing nothing, applying for a deer control permit, installing fences, using deer repellents, trapping and moving the deer, and increasing warnings on highways. Deer-related calls to Lower Merion police have gone up 840 percent in the last three years. (Main Line Times)

The situation remains sticky in Haiti. At press time, Clinton had delivered an ultimatum to Haiti’s military leaders: leave or be forced from power when US troops invade. In a diplomatic move Saturday, he sent former President Jimmy Carter, Gen. Colin Powell (retired), and Senator Sam Nunn to negotiate. Clinton is prepared to order an invasion early this week. (New York Times)

New Christian group meets

by Teresa White and Elizabeth Lyzena

What were YOU doing last Wednesday evening at 9:30 pm? If you weren’t in the Campus Center 209 you missed a great time. Twenty women gathered for the first organizational meeting for a discussion group on Feminism, Liberalism and Christianity. We discussed our very diverse backgrounds and started brainstorming about the future of the group. Everyone contributed some great possible topics for future discussions. These included: women’s place in Christianity, questioning the authority of the scriptures, spirituality in the Bryn Mawr community, the overlap of science and religion, meditation, homosexuality and of course, faith. We also discussed different avenues to spark our discussions such as films, speakers and short readings.

If you would like to join us, our next meeting will be Wednesday, September 21st at 9:30 pm in Campus Center 105. We plan to talk more about what brought us together as a group and to create a succinct mission statement. We’ll also be trying to come up with a much cooler name for the group than we have right now. Because we aren’t the only Christian group on campus, we would like to clarify the distinction between ourselves and the Bis-Collage Christian Fellowship. We expect our membership and interests to overlap, but we serve a different purpose. While the Bis-Collage group focuses on fellowship and worship, we plan to spend our time in discussion and some informal meditation. Christian fellowship downplays controversy in favor of seeking common ground for fellowship and perhaps prefers a more traditional interpretation of Scripture. By contrast, we will expect, promote and relish controversy in our discussions. While one of our goals in discussion will be for individuals to learn about them...
EDITORIAL

The rest of the world, or: Is a Mawrter still a Mawrter when she's off campus?

Okay, so some of us only leave campus to go to Haverford on Tuesdays and Thursdays and alternating Saturdays to watch rugby, but there is more to life than the two schools and the blue bus. There are those who venture to Borders for coffee and classical guitar, then those who journey to Philadelphia for restaurants and other entertainment, those who go home on the weekends or even take a road trip, and even some brave souls who leave the country and study or... travel! And there are even some people who voluntarily come here from another school!

Then we have news of those who have graduated and now explore the rest of the world: Tori Reynolds explored Disneyworld on her way to the Miss America pageant. As Mary Fat says, “She’ll always be our Miss America.”

Hooray for off-campus life! As academia gets into full swing, don’t forget to get away sometimes. This edition of The College News brings accounts from many who have done just that, as well as suggestions for accomplishing this feat.

On a more Bryn Mawr-centric note, in this issue you can also read about the woman whose vision shaped Bryn Mawr, the well-traveled M. Carey Thomas. We’ve also taken it upon ourselves to bring you a smidgen of real-world news in case you’ve forgotten what a newspaper looks like. Our Features page once again includes tidbits from Bryn Mawr life, taking you to the Archives and past more graffiti. In other campus-centered news, read an update on the new campus group for discussing feminism and Christianity.

Enjoy the crisp, clean Fall weather, enjoy the paper, and we’ll see you in two weeks when Lady Oracle will once again weave her magic predictions and we will bring you another exciting Editorial!

Stacy and Elizabeth

THE COLLEGE NEWS
BRYN MAWR COLLEGE, VOLUME XVI, NO. 5, SEPTEMBER 20, 1994

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Our next deadline is Friday, September 16 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 (at your discretion). 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 6:00 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 importance to 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.

Finally, a guide for women seeking a college... look for a new guidebook from ARCO, Women's Colleges, about the 76 US women's schools

More news
continued from page 1

Wildfires have burned 3.5 million acres this season in the Western US, killing 25 firefighters in the worst year since 1933. Some attribute this to the greater number of houses in the wilderness. Houses effectively double the force needed to fight a fire. "Newcomers don’t understand they live in a fire zone," said one WA state resident. (New York Times)

Nelson Mandela’s government was the target of a mixed race riot n Westbury, South Africa last Wednesday. Few injuries resulted from the general strike and rent/utility payment boycott, but many feel this marks the beginning of new mixed-race militancy. Rents and utility rates have increased in mixed-race areas while blacks’ rates have been eased, leading to dissatisfaction. (New York Times)
Gadget gags gasps of a Mawtrter

by Kristina Orchard-Hayes

I have been gagged by a man and I am not happy about it. Last week, my orthodoxist bestowed on me with an evil grin, thrust a retainer into my mouth, and measured me, "don't worry, this won't affect your speech at all." Two hours later, ah! I sound like Sylvester the Cat. My professors strain forward to hear me in social situations, quizzical expressions on their faces, while friends and strangers alike stare fixedly at me as soon as I open it. The discomfort is excruciating. I feel like a horse chomping on a bit. I feel like a huge Jolly Roger lodged itself on the roof of my mouth and refuses to melt. I have never been so aware of my mouth in my life.

Speech is a marvelous thing: silence is even stranger. There are so many different aspects to speaking, not speaking, saying silent, being silenced. Several women have been on my mind since I've fallen mute—I keep thinking of a woman forming: "no" with her mouth and pushing it out into the air and being silenced just the same. I think of spectacles stamping her lips shut with laws and disclaimers and sneaky accusations. She didn't push hard enough, her mouth wasn't enough. She had to push with her arms and kick with her legs and bite with her teeth too.

My teeth feel shackled these days; my voice leaks out in a foggy, muffled tone from somewhere behind them. The temptation to remain quiet is tantalizing, until I remember Jen, a remarkable librarian I worked with this past summer. A thousand nervous tics kept Jen in steady motion all day—her head jerked incessantly up and down, her forearms trembled and shook like thin limbs in late autumn. It took whole minutes for her to say hello, and sometimes she stuttered obscenely even those familiar syllables. Yet she always said it, complete with my name, and brilliant smiles quivered across her face like miniature miracles.

This past week I made a miraculous discovery—the voice of a woman emanating loud and alive from the 1900's. Her arguments for the equality of woman could have been lifted out of modern feminist commentary—so I jogged off to her Boswell's City (Ladies) was simultaneously amazed at the strength of her educated, persuasive voice and disheartened at how little has changed in almost 600 years. I was also astonished at the silence. Why have I never heard of Christine de Pizan before, and how did her voice manage to get stilled in the mainstream, mediavel cannon?

I have just finished exploring the building blocks of the literary canon—actual early pictograms and alphabets. As my senior classics seminar has revealed before Greek there was Linear B—a motley collection of pictures and lines and hook-like things that look vaguely Chinese. They squat on the page and arrange themselves into fragile alphabets—if I squint I can see them marching chronologically across the border of my notebook. Slender lines snap together into letters, then the harest hint of words. In 1200 BC, writing was used to record the mundane details of—land registers and lists of furniture, laboratory equipment and tabulation of sheep wool. The passionate records of human existence—epics and poems, love songs—were remembered and passed on orally. What happens when you transfer that passion to your fingertips? Something changes, I think. Sometimes I long to open up the texts, but I end up typing instead. Sometimes something worthwhile comes out, sometimes I'm left with goofy e-mail messages. I'm glad we have alphabets, though, and I'm relieved I can speak with a voice.

Which I might continue doing as long as this orthodontic nightmare drags on. I have been thinking of investing in an elegant table and pen, like that we 'wants' in The Pains. Or I could just murder my dentist. In either case, I'll continue to speak, even if it sounds like this.

Christian women's group

Lecture notes

continued from page 3

Mawrters, Thomas aimed high! Thomas avoided marriage, because it would "end her dream of scholarship and power." She especially didn't want to marry one guy who eventually came into fame over at the "field" does the name Guatemal mean anything to you?) Although they courted briefly, it ended when Gummere began to be interested in becoming a professor at the new Bryn Mawr College. At this point, Thomas "sought, not to marry him, but to invite him and best him out of Bryn Mawr."

Well, Thomas finally got her way, and a lot of what we have around us today is thanks to her. Having said early on, "If I had the organization of the college, I'm sure I could make it the greatest success," Thomas went on to prove this by seizing control of the college, and making it the greatest success. Horowitz defined it as "the personal triumph of her imagination..." Gummere says Thomas was "openly ambitious, but she knew she was right...and she knew her ideas were better..." The end result was the founding of full graduate schools, rigorous academic training, and teaching Bryn Mawrs as if they had brains and they should use them.

Thomas' positive legacy put Bryn Mawr at the head of the race. And reform in college education. "Because Bryn Mawr started with a graduate school, and the middle classes would do original research, it went against all other colleges, not just women's colleges." Bryn Mawr, due to its excellent education at both the under- graduate and the graduate levels has made a huge contribution to women in higher education. Bryn Mawr has an "extraordinary history in the proportion of its graduates who go on to become professors." (And I thought I was just hanging out with weird people!) And for much of this, we can thank M. Carey Thomas.

In fact, there was another side. The major problem with Thomas was that she was openly and virulently racist, classist, nationalist, and anti-Semitic. Horowitz explained some of this by saying that "one of the paths to her racism...is that she is reading the latest scientific thought... And the latest scientific thought is eugenics." She adds, however, that "the problem I have [with M. Carey Thomas' racism, anti-Semitism, classism, and nationalism] is, she always expressed that point of view (the prevailing one in her times) selectively... She went beyond the racism of her peers." Although there were people expressing those voices, Horowitz said, "I can't explain it away..." There were counter- voices in her time. And she certainly was not a counter-voice. Thomas' other legacy, then, would be the residue of many years of racial, social and religious intolerance, much of it unspoken, on this campus.

While we have much to thank M. Carey Thomas for, I don't think we should blindly idolize her. She did many wonderful things, among them making one of the best colleges in the country. However, she was far from perfect. And I think she becomes a lot more interesting when we analyze both sides of her.

Golden Opportunities

Minories in science

The National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases (NIAID) in Bethesda, MD is accepting minority student applicants for its Introduction to Biomedical Research Program. The five day seminar aims to acquaint minority students with career opportunities in biomedical research and will include a series of lectures by NIH scientists, a tour of the renowned NIH Clinical Center, and face-to-face discussions with scientists about current research activities and accomplishments. Participants will also have the opportunity to apply for summer positions in the NIAID Division of Intramural Research.

All applicants must have a 3.0 or better grade point average and be recommended by the deans and faculty members of their schools. For an application packet, contact NIAID at Building 31, Room 7A18, 9000 Rockville Pike, Bethesda, MD 20892, or call 301-496-1012. All applications must be received no later than November 18, 1994.

Calling all BMC scientists, poets, and women's health advocates for off-campus opportunities

Women's health

The Elizabeth Blackwell Health Center For Women is currently interviewing applicants for a six session, Reproductive Health Counseling training which begins Saturday, October 22. The center is seeking sensitive, non-judgmental people who are willing to commit one day or evening each week for one year, working in their program's options counseling and/or abortion services. Counselors will learn how to offer women support and information on all alternatives-abortion, parenthood, adoption, and foster care services.

The deadline for applications is Friday, October 7th. To obtain an application or further information, call Sandra Herman at 215-923-1124, extension 212, Monday through Friday. The Elizabeth Blackwell Health Center is located at 1124 Walnut Street in Philadelphia.

For the poet in you

International Publications is sponsoring a National College Poetry Contest, open to all college and university students who wish to

luminate their poetry anthologized. Cash prizes will be awarded to the top five poems. Deadline October 31. For contest rules, contact The College News at a self addressed stamped envelope to: International Publications, PO Box 4404-L, Los Angeles, CA 90044.
by Elizabeth Benson

When people find out that I want to go to the University of Bristol in England all of last year, they usually want to know what it was like to be stationed in Merrie Olde England. When they find out I also made it down to Italy for our spring break, it's another story altogether.

There's something about that sexy boot jutting out into the Mediterranean that's just so sexy... stylish. Let's face it: it's the place to be and to be seen since Medieval times. Go to any church or cathedral in the country and you might spot the occasional hurried scralls of recent tourists passing through the area: "Jonathan, Mary, 1650." After a few months of experiencing Irish Sea winds and near-torrential rain in western England, I became infected with seasickness. None of the time, I wanted the same sunsplashed courtyard that had inspired some of the world's greatest writers. And, in London, Byron's case, lovers, reflected in my eyes. There was something alluring about following in the footsteps of Henry James on the road to Rome, where he would write, upon arrival, "And now, for the first time, I live."

Italy has a unique ambience that can best be described as 'infeciously' plausible. What better way to plunge into a true adventure the right way than by hopping a train from Dover to Calais, skipping through France in a day, and landing in one of the most fashionable cities on earth? It was a crazy plan, but then again, my two American friends and I never had a plan to begin with. It was all the way to Milan or back. I never thought to think about our mountain range that happened to lie in our path until I boarded the crazy Italian train that would speed us through that place where myths, legends, and history are woven together.

There are times in our lives when we feel as though we've trapped in a bad re-run. And then there are times when we feel we've just landed a starring role in a late-night blockbuster on CBS. I remember being separated from my companions in the horde that rushed the train just after it had ground to a halt in the station. I was nearly stuffed into an empty corner seat by the force of the crowd and by the hurried train conductors determined to push their way through the wall of bodies. Everyone found a space somehow and we were soon whizzing through the wilderness fields and rolling countryside of southern France. The gradual ascent into the mountains must have began while I dozed off, lulled to sleep by the warmth of the sun through the window. By the time I opened my eyes, the air was about twenty degrees colder than it had been before, and the young man and woman sitting across from me were giggling and squirming around with their legs and arms wrapped around each other. I could just discern the faces around me through the cigarette smoke, and a woman was yelling at another man seated a few places ahead. I glanced out of the window. The sunlit fields were gone, replaced by swirling, chalky inclines against a charcoal sky. The train barrelled past a station. Then another. I spotted a red "CITA" sign at the next stopped stop. Viva Italia!

A thought had just sunk in when the lights in our train car suddenly blew out. I was now shivering from the chill around me. Apparently the heat had failed, too. The heavy hissing sound that started to blow nearby could have come from the couple, who had not acknowledged any change at all, but I didn't think so. Through their snoozing and grumbling, I heard scuffling near the rear of the car. I plopped over the seat and saw a group of uniformed men walking from one side to another. I could see the sky was turning cloudy and following not from what the woman near me was still yelling. Then I noticed she wasn't yelling, but talking in a booming voice to the people across from her, who were laughing and holding their stomachs at everything she said. Her hands were flying in the air after every sentence, as if she were throwing her confidences in the air to hear them better. To this day I never know if she was telling good jokes or bad jokes.

I glanced at the two women in military uniform who jogged through the train. They rushed back in again, hanging open the sliding doors and shouting at everybody, everybody, in general. They had brighter flashlights than the train engineers. I clutched my backpack to my chest as I watched them direct their beams into each passenger's face, one by one. The couple across from me were rolling around laughstruck, their silky shirts making strange scratching sounds as the fabric rubbed together.

I was kicking myself for not bringing my high-grade camera film. The uniformed men with their abrasive, breathless voices and halogen searchlights were upon us in a second. I was kicking myself for learning German instead of Italian.

They pushed the couple apart and shouted something. The man and woman produced passports and held them under the light with jittery hands. I followed their example. The men rushed on to the next group after a brief staring-down contest with me. With the help of the light beam, they were hands down. The couple resumed. I pulled my sweatshirt over my chin and shivered, washing my breath puff like smoke before my stringing eyes.

The military men's voices were getting louder above the chaotic noise in the car. I turned around and saw them drag a man right out of his seat and shake his arm. They could have been celebrating, for all I knew. One of the men snapped some shaky handcuffs around the passenger's wrists. I guessed not. The other man grabbed his arms with both hands and led him out through the far doors.

The bumpy ride continued up into the Alps, the sides of the train shaking and creaking. I looked outside once in a while and remembered thinking that the whirring blazoned something like National Geographic footage of Siberia. Lights from scattered villages illuminated the drab gathering at the base of sheer rock. By this point, I had dropped the expectation of seeing the Epicor Center display of Italy jump out and grab me. Suddenly, I felt the car bending downwards. We'd either go off the tracks or were speeding downwards at an alarming grade. As people milled around, lights clicked back on. The couple quickly untangled themselves, smoothed down their shirts, and glared at me as if I had turned them back on again. The passengers, some standing across the seats, some sitting, some sitting side-by-side, backs and gripping the luggage rack below, whooped and clapped when the engineers entered the car. They all turned their audience only to be pushed aside by the ticket collector. He ran his eyes slowly over the crowd until a woman near him got up and shouted over the noise, poking at his uniformed chest for emphasis. He lifted his hands into the hoverer smoke and waved, or flipped us off, and walked back out.

My memory was hazy after that. The smoke was making me dizzy, and the strange, staccato voices became a dull background of constant machine-gunfire. Throughout, my brain was tuned to one word and one only: "Milano." Through the confusion, I realized that I was a long way from the woman across from me. In response, the man leaned over and kissed her full on the mouth, and then they were off again.

The train crested to a sudden stop. I had just enough time to make out the grimy sign under the rows of dim lights outside, seize my pack, and leap off into the train into the darkness. Two figures in morass rushed at me. I was never so glad to hear a New England accent as I was at that moment.

Puffed up, I was happy to arrive in Rome for the next three weeks often comment that they did not consider Italy a foreign country, neither seems like a little America.

There are various circumstances that might prompt such a reaction from tourists. For one, they probably will not have the occasion to take a public bus and therefore will not see how many people on any given day get on with considerable ease (not only is this not against the law but for many it is a way of life). However, it also will not get to see the large number of very young children who can safely take a public bus to and from school every day.

They stay in hotels (and in Italy, for that matter there are no Quality Inn, every hotel stays at a Hilton or Hyatt style hotel) They do not get a chance to see that most of the families in the circumstances that lack many of the modern conveniences we take for granted. Not to mention the students and emigrants, although the noon meal plan, we were only given a small frugal seed share with three other people and four small pots baked in with minimum offers. In other words, there were no freezers, cabinets, refrigerators, or microwaves or ovens. The first thing they tell the onlookers is that, compared to the army barracks where the student have been living in for the past three years, these are luxury commodities, and they are right.

But I am not complaining. During this month's seminar to learn to respect the Israeli lifestyle and I often think it has little to offer people than the American lifestyle. Growing up Jewish in the United States, it was instilled in me that I was growing up in the Diaspora. The only way to escape a fate such as this was to live in Israel. However, one of the important things I learned in all this is that if you belong to more than one community you will always be in a disjointed of some kind. In this case that seems to be an American living abroad.

My peers and I grimaced almost without fail whenever we saw American tourists, especially if they were playing an invite of Israel. We were not adverse
Transfer students are glad to be here

by Jennifer Bales

So you are there, in a hall meeting or Debate club, psysh lab or lunch, and during introductions the woman next to you introduces herself as a transfer. "Hi, my name is..." You mumble quietly. Depending on how long you've been here, you may think anything from, "What's a transfer?" to "Gee, that's nice." There are transfers on campus, trying not to look too lost as we sit with our classes on Parade Night, leaning not to flinch when someone says, "You're a fresh, right?" and trying to find whatever it was we were missing originally. Be nice to us—most of us struggled with the decision to pack up and move, and filling out college applications twice in two years is inherently unfair. That's probably why we almost always introduce ourselves as transfers—it's like a badge of honor.

We'll bonded during Customs Week, as we were one group, and we tend to hang out together somewhat regularly. Over dinner a few nights ago, we compared notes. We found that when we proudly introduce ourselves as "sophomore transfers," or "junior transfers," we get the same question. So I elected myself to answer a few of them publicly, especially for those who didn't realize we exist.

The first question is always, "Where did you transfer from?" I believe the count was thirteen different schools. Two of us actually came from the same place, Oklahoma State University (though neither of us knew what the other was planning). There are also transfers from Occidental College, SUNY- Geneseo, Long Island University, Trinity State College, Drew, Mount Holyoke, and the University of Delaware, and those are just transfers that entered this semester.

The second question we're always asked is, "Why did you transfer?" The list is longer than you might think. Near the top for almost all of us was the lack of academic challenge (which I assure you, we've now found). Some of us also were dismayed by the fact that the social scene revolved around Greek life, which most of us found to consist of a complex set of absurd rules. Others were upset by the bureaucracy inherent in large universities. Some decided to switch majors and found out that major didn't exist at their school. A few of us were ideologically far, far away from where we wanted to be.

Then there is my favorite question, "Do you like it so far?" or something to that effect. We're impressed by many things you may not have noticed, or, heaven forbid, you've simply come to take for granted. Most of us are very excited by all the things there are to do on campus (of course, some of us are trying to do all of them, which isn't quite working, but we enjoy trying). The campus is much more compact than several we've known, and we love leaving three minutes before class starts instead of twenty. The classes themselves seem quite small to most of us. The diversity is appreciated, too. For some of us, the idea of easily available mass transit is quite new and especially convenient. We like the boxed lunches and the readily available transport to Haverford and the frequent movies and activities. Napkin Notes is an interesting novelty, as is the omnipresent frozen yogurt. We like the Honor Code, and the ability to trust our fellow students. There is a sense of identity here for us, a feeling of belonging. Mavriers care about their studies and each other.

I can't speak for everyone, obviously, but I am reasonably sure that we are all glad that we did transfer to Bryn Mawr College and excited about being part of this community. No one has made us feel we are second-rate Mavriers because we joined in late. On the contrary, we were dragged into the thick of things from the very first day. If you haven't met one of us yet, keep your ears open. I'm sure we'll still be introducing ourselves as transfers well into second semester.
"If weddings a jolly good film" 
by Elizabeth Benson

"Made in Great Britain." This label has been associated most often with pseudo-documentaries, lichy wooden pullovers, gourmet biscuits collecting dust in tins, and Wedgewood trinkets collecting dust on the mantelpieces of old homes. Very rarely has it been applied to anything relating to the genre of horror movies known as the US movie industry. This past summer, something happened to change all that, something that would mark a milestone in the history of English films.

In England, the running joke on the movie industry remains this: "We make movies and they make us laugh." England is best known for having one of the world's most comprehensive newspaper reports on every production of any service known as the BBC—referred to as an affectionate, first-name-as-

As "The Beeb"—and for producing those wildly popular newspaper specializations of National Geographic and hosted by the biggest English celebrity, Winnie the Pooh was drafted into a service by Disney's Richard Attenborough.

I was in England myself when the movie, Four Weddings and a Funeral made its glittering, bombshell debut in London. In all of the hundreds I had been abroad, this was the first time I was able to see a hit movie that would be playing simultaneously in Hollywood, a prospect that would amaze even the most nonchalant Englishman. The buzz of the West End theater reminded me of a football game homecoming. The breathlessness of the overwhelming reception in the States had already reached English ears. The theater was wrapped in the Union Jack. Nationalists were bouncing off the walls. The Held headline, "English Film Revived" span before our eyes. Suddenly, Mike Newell's hip, modern-day comedy became a shining beacon of hope for those lesser-known directors, all struggling for a stadium of the traditional image of England as a provincial paradise where people with pitcher's accents kept grazing sheep in bycorder pastures and have a complete collection of Shakespeare's works close at hand.

In the center of this bustle was none other than our trusted-handed, married yet gentlemanly hero Hugh Grant, most of whose previous screen appearances had been relegated to late-night showings on Masterpiece Theater and other assorted upper-class pratfalls in dark suits and foppish moustaches. In a twist of fate, he was suddenly pulled into unfamiliar, "blackbuster" territory. It's one thing to play a reserved character in a dramatized English novel, it's another to play the same reservations opposite a seedy, alluring American star.

Through his image, was so nervous during the filming that he couldn't eat, he couldn't sleep, and he couldn't take a shower. Then when he was finally able to take a shower, the sign overhead. Then they discovered that he smoked cigarettes. An old woman suddenly comes up to him and says angrily, "I'm sorry, but there's no smoking allowed on the tube. I'm afraid you'll have to get off."

Even more importantly, I predicted for my English friends the sex-symbol syndrome that would be dumped on Hugh Grant's shoulders before he could say, "No, I already fancy someone else, thank you very much."

His carefully worded answers and rumpled appearance simply didn't claim the allure that they can here. It's hard for us to think of Tom Cruise's accent as "sissy," but then again, Grant was shocked when he had women lined up just to say hello, to hear his "cute" accent. As for myself, I was half-hoping I wouldn't bump into him in Knightsbridge or Leicester Square to say that he wouldn't have to endure one more dozy, limp-limbed American female bent on having an autographed thigh.

Sankofa: You should see this film about slavery
by Stacy Curwood

Sankofa Akan for "we must go back and reclaim our past so we can move forward; so we can understand why and how we came to be who we are today."

Haile Gerima, an Ethiopian-born filmmaker, has created an art work which captures the human experience in slavery. The movie has a basic plot which lacks thriller intrigue and clever twists, but this is inconsequential. Its lies in the haunting images that Gerima brings to the screen.

Mona is an African-American model working on a photo shoot on the coast of Ghana. She travels back in time to slavery on a US sugar plantation, where she witnesses and experiences many of slavery's atrocities. We witness beatings, rape, hideous working conditions, dreams of escape—all of which satisfy our expectations for an account of slavery. Some other films I've seen, however, the slaves' humanity stayed unaltered. In the foretold. The fact that a voice from our present, Mona's, was narrating, brought us 20th-century viewers up to speed. I can't say whether the movie is entirely accurate in its historic representation. Farms which used slaves could be one-slave households or one of a few hundred inhabitants; there is no uniform "slave experience." This film is an artwork, and it presents its own interpretation of the African Holocaust. The entire focus on its images are undeniably true to real, regardless of which local point its maker has chosen.

I'm going to say that this film falls in the "mustsee" category. Well, I must go and research as much as I can about this film as the movie critic explains why he hasn't seen it before. So go!
There are so many things to do!

by Liza Meltzer

Anxious to recap after a wild Bryn Mawr Day weekend celebration on Lancaster Ave? Don't count on it--there's always something going on near BCM. Whether you're an artist, an athlete, or just an average student looking for "something to do," this is your no holds barred guide to what's cool in the area.

At or around Bryn Mawr:

You're probably looking for something that won't "klop on kop" after Philly's Labor Day festivities. At Haverford College, try the Center Fitzgerald Gallery, Lancaster Avenue at College Lane. There is a sculpture exhibit by Deborah Masters running through 9/25. For information, call 610-696-1333.

The Philadelphia area:

For a taste of Philly culture, try the Mummers Museum Courtyard. They have an Italian-American string band every Tuesday. Free to the public! 1190 Two St., 8 PM.

On Wednesday nights, check out the Philadelphia Art Museum. Theme nights are every Wednesday with food, activities, and music centered around specific themes (which range from French Impressionism with foreign movies and wine tasting to Modern America with lots of cheesesteaks and cool jazz). Call 610-763-8100 for details.

For awesome laser light shows, stop by the Franklin Institute at 20th and Parkway. Right now, the Omnitheatre is showing "Grazed Canyon: The Hidden Secrets." Also, Fels Planetarium holds laser light shows Thursday nights through Sunday nights featuring the music of Led Zeppelin, Rush, U2, Jimi Hendrix and others. Call 610-445-1200 for prices and showtimes.

Clubs on the waterfront:

• The Aztec Club Kokomo Bay: Always packed, 20+ crowd for pop and dancing. 927-839 N. Delaware Ave. 215-574-1929.
• Dave and Buster's: A sports atmosphere; great for beer and Eagles games. Pier 19 North at Callowhill St. 215-413-1951.
• Eli's on the River: Columbus Blvd and Fitzwater St. 215-923-2500.
• Rock Lobster: Packed wall to wall with college kids from Temple, Drexel, Penn, Villanova, etc. Awesome rock, great food, great scene.

Piers 13 & 15, Columbus Blvd and Vine St. 215-627-7625.
Long distance bike rides for charity: Bike Against Cancer in Margate, NJ (20-50 miles), call 609-645-7272. Bike for Freedom in Gloucester County (10-100 miles), call 609-488-2998. Frontier Phillies Gay and Lesbian running club: Meets at Ritner House Square, 10 AM Saturdays, 6:30 PM Wednesdays. Call 215-545-6990. The Philadelphia Zoo: There are currently white lions on exhibit which are unassailably adorable. $8 admission fee. 34 Girard Ave. Open 9:30 AM-4:45 PM, M-F.

pseudo anti-intellectual cute chick, bored to death, occasionally funny, always passionate and obsessive but currently lacks object to desire, WLTM same. XIsic

Dykes To Watch Out For

LIMEIGHT

Dykes To Watch Out For

NO PICNIC

© 1991 by Alice Jensen
More graffiti
by Julia Alexander

Time for our second selection of famous Bryn Mawr Graffiti! This time, I'm featuring what I like to think of as "Women in Stone." Yes, this one is a survey of all the things women have managed to add to our illustrious sidewalks around campus.

The really cool thing about graffiti in sidewalks, and we're excluding things taped up or written in chalk, is the time factor. Basically, someone has to see the wet concrete and be inspired within a period of hours. Astronoming for a campus as devoted to procrastination as this one!

I am most impressed by the really original and creative graffiti. Most of us, when faced with a slab of soft concrete can think of things like our initials and year of graduation. Some people, however, came up with greater things. And some of these have executed their visions most artistically.

For instance, if you happen to be walking towards Goodhart, between Rock and Thomas, keep an eye on the sidewalk. Faintly etched into the concrete is a sort of Roman picture of a young girl holding a pen to her lips. Beautifully executed!

Another artistic feat is a lopsided sort of owl on one of the last landings on the Brecon stairs (just below you reach Roberts Road). It sits innocently in the lower left-hand corner, as if to encourage you to make those last final steps to the top.

One of the newest additions to our campus is on the walk by the Computing Center and Taylor. I noticed a large, huddled crowd there one evening on my way to check my e-mail, so I examined their handiwork when I came out somewhat later. Among their many designs was one with which I am sure a lot of you can sympathize: a squirrel, within a circle, with a line diagonally across it (the traditional "Not Allowed" sign) with the Latin phrase "mors scaturit," written above. "More scurri," by the way, means "Die, squirrels!"

So much for all of this. Next time, I think I will focus on some of the sentiments women have found worthy of writing into the concrete. P.S. Did you know that the singular of "graffiti" is "graffito"? I'm not making this up!

Offerings immortalized in archives
by Julia Alexander

Hey! Did you know you can go up and visit the college archives any time you want to, between nine and four? I think, and they have to let you in? Cool, huh! Among the many fascinating things you can find in the archives (like copies of old yearbooks and handbooks) are all of the gifts that have been given to Athena since the Archives began collecting them in the late 70s.

So, in the interest of adding to the useless trivia we know around here, I will now give you a list of the things found in the box I asked to see. (You do have to ask for a single box. They can't bring everything out at once.)

In the box, collected on January 14, 1991, there were:

- 1 dry twig
- 1 copy of excerpts from the Praise of Folly, by Erasmus, with several sections highlighted
- 1 blue pencil with Happy Ha-nukkah written on it
- 1 large negative of some body part (skin I think), in a frame that reads: "Thanks for the negative reinforcement" with a black thread attached with which to hang it.
- 2 petri dishes
- 1 Jack London Stamp
- 1 small, smooth white stone
- 1 red gutter edged with black lace and a red bow
- 1 chain of different colored paper stars
- 1 envelope made of paper with yellow daffodils. Inside, there is a photo of an older couple and a lot of writing about someone's grandfather.

I don't know what to say about all of this, so I'll leave you to draw your own conclusions. Just remember the next time you leave something to Athena, that you will be forever immortalized in the archives.

Advice from the elders
by Ruth Weilgous

1. Climb trees, especially the big beech trees near Rhoads.
2. Take the swim test NOW, before you end up taking beginning swim or being a social siren. You can take it every Wednesday at the gym.
3. Always spend at least an hour at dinner (this advice courtesy of Mary Pat from convocation a couple of years ago)
4. Look through the books in your local backseamer. You'll find some good stuff (or at least some really odd stuff), and you can borrow it without worrying about overdue fines.
5. Go to freshman hall plays. They are funny and deserve an audience for the hard work that goes into them.
6. Buy some shoes or boots that are water-proof and mud-proof. Do it before bad weather sets in. Live in them from October to April.
7. Open your e-mail account: it's quicker and cheaper than writing or telephoning and it's no harder than using a word processor. But remember, always use Eudora fore-mail so you don't slow down Unix for those people who really need it to do their work.
8. Use the blank backs of all those old flyers and photocopies for taking notes or doing homework. I can't imagine a professor objecting, so long as the work is legible.
9. Go skinny dipping early and often. Unfortunately, Thomas gets locked up at midnight.
10. Don't skip class unless (a) you don't want the notes from it, or (b) you would sleep the whole time even if you went. It's as much trouble trying to get the notes later than it is to just go to class.

Ms. Hank

Dear Ms. Hank,

Ugh. OK, so, like, yeah. I don't know. Well, all right—see, OK, I mean... you know. Anyway, so like its like humm. Eh, come, and everything. And it was kind of like that. Generally speaking in any case, and this was just one example of what I'm talking about, not even the best example, but you get the picture. I'd rather not say any more at this point.

Tense

Dear Tense,

I know what you mean. I really know what you mean. And I just... yeah, I can't stand it when that happens. I mean, sometimes if I— but not really then, either. But you know what I'm saying? That sometimes... Well, it's just like that. Exactly. Let me reiterate my point that— where did I hear that quote? I'll get back to you.

Death to the Patriarchy, Ms. Hank

Dykes To Watch Out For