1994


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**Presenting Hell Week Alternatives: it should be a genuine choice**

by Ruth Wielgosz and Amy Sutton

Hell Week Alternative—no, we’re not defunct, we’ve just been dormant since drawing up our budget earlier in the year. You probably saw our signs last semester and maybe in the background of one of our posters. The burning question on everyone’s lips are, of course, who we are, what our agenda, and what are our plans for February.

At this point Hell Week Alternatives is composed of two seniors who love traditions and want to make Hell Week more enjoyable for more people. We recognize that change must be gradual and must come from the evolving consensus of the community. We are not interested in ruining Hell Week for anyone. Therefore our goal is to provide communal spaces and fun activities for those choosers not to participate in all or part of Hell Week. We hope this will make the choice not to participate more of a genuine choice.

We have planned events to run concurrently with most, though not all, campus wide Hell Week activities. The two of us will not be able to run all the alternative events ourselves, especially since one of us is on the Hell Week Committee (yes, we’re committed to working through the system as well). We really need people to help out, at least two people for each planned activity. The level of commitment will not be more than is generally necessary when you plan a tea. Obviously, the more people sign up to help, the less each person has to take on.

We will be holding an organizational meeting this week. Please come on Thursday, November 17th at 9:15 pm in the Campus Center (room T8A—watch for signs and on the Campus Center board). If you are unable to attend the meeting, but would like to help, please contact us in person: Ruth at x5084 or Amy at x5088.

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**The latest news from Sarah Markley, our own “retired” Telephone Services Manager**

From The Coalition Courier, published by Lower Merion-Merion Coalition on Aging and Adult Services—sent to you by the Office of Public Information

When she retired this summer as the “voice of Bryn Mawr College,” Manager of Telephone Services Sarah Markley was looking forward to a little rest and relaxation. What she found, after taking a short vacation, was that she was not suited to a life of leisure. Sarah considered using her Red Cross Training to pursue volunteer opportunities, but she had not made up her mind how best to use her considerable talents.

When she heard about the Telephone Reassurance Project, a graduate of Bryn Mawr’s Graduate School of Social Work, Sarah immediately plunged back into the life of dealing with the public that she had known for 43 years at the college. Only this time, she had the incentive to say more than just a brief “Bryn Mawr College,” and then pass the calls along. Sarah now calls several people every day for the Coalition’s Telephone Reassurance Program, and she takes the time to listen and care. She reports back to the Coalition any problems that the clients assigned to her are having.

“I love it,” says Sarah of her work with Telephone Reassurance. “This is the kind of thing I do best. I’m so happy to have found the Coalition.”

Losing a fixture at Bryn Mawr College hasn’t been easy for those whom Sarah served with such dedication for so many years. Said Bryn Mawr President and Coalition Community Advisory Council member Pat McPherson, “Sarah Markley was a mainstay of the College for 43 years, and, as the ‘voice of Bryn Mawr,’ connected generations of staff, faculty and alumnae with the college. She is much missed here.”

The College’s loss is, fortunately, the Coalition’s gain. In addition to calling Telephone Reassurance clients 7 days a week to check on their well-being, Sarah is assisting with the Holiday Food Basket Project. Her help is invaluable.

“I just say, pile on the work,” says Sarah. “I’m happy to telephone, and I know we’re helping our neighbors.”

Sarah Markley hopes that her story will inspire others to lend a hand—or ear—to the Coalition’s cause of helping the elderly and disabled residents of Lower Merion to remain in their homes, in safety and dignity, for as long as possible. She can do a great deal, but there is so much need.

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**Remembering martyrs in El Salvador**

The year was 1981. The government Army of El Salvador was murdering thousands of innocent civilians in the countryside in an attempt to eradicate a handful of guerrilla resurgents. Emilio, 9, lay hidden beneath a sheet of plastic as the “elite” Atlacatl Battalion snatched his father, mother, brothers, and sisters. In his testimony repeated again a few months ago, he made this unusual statement: “I was careful that when I came out of my hiding place I didn’t step on the blood of my family.”

The young man’s words were in my mind when on January 6 I visited the site where the six Jesuit priests, along with an employee of theirs and her daughter were murdered by the elite Atlacatl. The scene of the crime had not been touched since the murders on November 16. Sixty-seven days had not erased the splintered relics of the martyrs’ brains on the exterior wall at the execution site. Blood, soaked with dirt, was still on the hallway floor where the executions dragged back two of the slain priests. I tried to avoid walking on the blood from a sense of reverence. “To walk on the blood” truly seemed a sacrilege. Yet I knew in my heart the real sacrilege was committed by those who create and support military systems which openly pursue as policy systematic persecution of the Church of the poor. I felt a sense of sacrilege just being an American from the US, knowing my government had spawned the Atlacatl, the elite commandos.

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**What is EDNA?**

(excerpted from NCLR Newsletter, Fall 1994)

If you haven’t heard about ENDA, if you’ve been away from school for a year, you learned about this important federal bill. ENDA is the Employment Non-Discrimination Act of 1994, which would prohibit employment discrimination on the basis of sexual orientation on the federal level. This bill was introduced in Congress in late June; in the Senate by Senator Edward M. Kennedy, and in the House of Representatives by Representatives Barney Frank and Gerry Studds. The bill has already obtained a number of co-sponsors and will be the subject of hearings this fall.

ENDA prohibits employers, employment agencies, and labor organizations from subjecting employees to different standards of treatment, or otherwise discriminating in employment or employment opportunities, on the basis of sexual orientation.

Only eight states and approximately 130 cities and counties currently offer protection for public employees against discrimination on the basis of sexual orientation; ENDA would make discrimination illegal nationwide. It is important that Congress hear from lesbians and gay men and our supporters. Let your representatives and senators know how important this bill is.

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**Inside this issue: Rita Mae Brown on pages four and five and more!!**
**EDITORIAL**

Special spunky speakers' spirited spark
Once in a while, speakers come to Bryn Mawr who actually attract an audience. Speakers cycle through our busy lives all of the time, but in the past two weeks several have come through sparking apathy-ousting interest in our overstressed student body. This week's centerspread is all about Rita Mae Brown, a popular writer who attracted a full audience of students as well as women from the area. Our writers were very inspired to comment on her contribution to campus life.

There was also an estimable Multicultural Conference, which climaxed in an evening talk by bell books, popular poet and social commentator, whose lecture November 4th also filled Thomas Great Hall with enthusiastic listeners, on a Saturday night no less. Unfortunately no one came up with an article about this—maybe because she spoke so succinctly for herself. If anyone still wants to write about her, please take advantage of the last College News of the semester, deadline December 2, to do so!

What? Yes that's right, there is one more paper left under the Stacy and Elizabeth regime. Next semester the paper will be captained by two new enthusiastic editors, Shannon Seymour and Sarah Evanson. We give them our best, and we hope you will too—ie, your wonderful creative and informative article submissions! But don't wait until 1995. Help us have a fabulous last paper, and send us articles for the AIDS centerspread, or about your favorite English class, or about your favorite hall's social life, or about an issue you would like us all to be better informed about. Take your example from this weeks writers, who have addressed El Salvadoran politics, the Employment Non-Discrimination Act, feminism and body image, and more. We particularly welcome the first community service column from the Owls Wing, which will become a regular feature.

Speaking of politics, congratulations and consolations to all who partook of the democratic process Tuesday November 8. Sadly, the Mawter running for Attorney General of New York State, Karen Burton '64, lost. We still love her though for her quote, "No, I'm not trying to date the electorate," with which she replied to the question, would her chances be hurt by the fact that she is a lesbian.

Cheerio—Stacy & Elizabeth

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**DATES WOMEN MAKE**

compiled by Stacy Curwood

**Tuesday, November 15**
6:15 pm Lecture, Jacques Guicharnaud, Yale University. Jean-Jacques Rousseau juge de Molière, Ely Room, Wyndham
7:30 pm Performance/The Sandulk, by the Guild Touring Company in Thomas Great Hall
8 pm Lecture, Robertarris Thompson, Yale University. The Kings Atlantis Visual Tradition, Thomas 110

**Wednesday, November 16**
8 pm French Film Series, Le Déséquilibré, Thomas 110
8 pm Red Tree poetry reading, Thomas Great Hall

**Thursday, November 17**
DONT FORGET TO PREREISTER IN THOMAS GREAT HALL!
- 10 am to 7 pm Book Sale, Swarthmore Public Library call 543-0436
- 7:30 pm Bi-Co Theater Program, Tiny Dins, a comedy by Peter Masti, also Fri. 18 and Sat. 19, Goodhart Theatre.
- 8 pm St. Lawrence String Quartet, Bryn Mawr Performing Arts Series, Thomas Great Hall
- 9 pm Bi-Co Film Series, North by Northwest, Thomas 110
- 9 pm Coffeehouse—South Indian Classical Dance by BMC students, CC Main Lounge
- 10 pm Doublestar Video, Magician, CC 210
- through Jan 13 Mem., Walnut St. Theater, 9th and Walnut Sts. Call 574-3500 x4

**Friday, November 18**
PREREISTERATION CONTINUES
- 12 pm to 6 pm Gallery Show and Opening, Growing Up Asian: Photograpy, reception at 4 pm CC 204
- 7:30 pm Lecture, Larry Garber, democratic policy advisor for the Agency of International Development, Swarthmore Friends' Meeting House
- 8 pm "An Evening of New Dance" with Swarthmoredance Faculty, Lang Center, Swarthmore College
- 8 pm and 10 pm Bryn Mawr Film Series, The Inuku, Thomas 110

**Saturday, November 19**
- 8 pm Bryn Mawr-Haverford Choral Concert, Requiem, Marshall Auditorium
- 8 pm Swarthmore College Orchestra performing Beethoven's Symphony #8 and "Appalachian Spring" by Aaron Copland, Land Center, Swarthmore College
- 8 pm International Film Series, Days of Hand and Lovevine (Egypt), Thomas 110

**Sunday, November 20**
- 10:30 am to 1:30 pm, Jazz Brunch featuring Inuk, Jazz Quartet, Haffner Dining Hall
- 4 pm Swarthmore College Jazz Ensemble, Lang Center, Swarthmore College
- 8 pm International Film Series, Days of Hand and Lovevine (Egypt), Thomas 110

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**THE COLLEGE NEWS**

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE, Vol. XL, No. 12, November 15, 1994

Editors
Stacy Curwood, C-549, X7337
Elizabeth Lyzenga, C-715, X7559

A & E Editor
Kathryn Kingsbury

Graphics Editor
Suniti Belbase

Features Editor
Julia Alexander

Editorial Board
Heather Batson, Gabrielle Cifuentes, Sharon Cleary, Deborah Kamen, Brantwyn Lundberg, Kristina Orchard-Hays, Thaisa Tiglao

Our next deadline is Friday, December 2 at Midnight. Letters and articles should be sent to our mailbox (C-1716), or placed outside our Denhoff Office (X7340). All submissions should be on mac or IBM disk (3.5"), disks will be returned to campus mail (if promised). We will accept articles and letters written by women and letters written by men. All opinions expressed in these 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 Denhoff office above the language lab or call one of the editors if you are interested in contributing to the paper.

STATEMENT OF PURPOSE: The College News is a feminist newspaper 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.

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The last issue of the semester will be December 6
please contribute!

DEADLINE: Midnight, December 2
El Salvadoran priests' deaths remembered

Impressions from an emotional visit

continued from page 1

In a sense, the Jesuits in those moments before their deaths saw "the devil himself." While U.S. citizens don't know the nature of the military system supported by their tax dollars, the Atlacatl knew who they were murdering: the family of Emilio in 1981 or Jesuit priests.

They were proud to be part of what apocalyptic literature calls the "anticrhist." I had gone to El Salvador on October 22 simply in response to a request to accompany refugees from Honduras back to their Salvadoran villages. With other internationals, I was allowed into the country for three days. But the crashing of 500-pound bombs in the vicinity of the refugees greatly disturbed me. I would not evade the question.

"Why was my government providing one side with weapons of mass destruction?" It was like giving Colossi an AK-47 to fight David with his sling-shot. So, from a sense of shame about the U.S. as well as a sense of safety for the refugees, I decided to become an illegal alien in El Salvador.

Unlike those in San Salvador, I did not witness the death and carnage of battles or the aerial bombing of civilians. But I did listen to the accounts of the refugees of the murder and mayhem of the 1980's. I understood why there was an insurgency. I grasped why simple, gentle people are pushed to take up arms as a last resort against the "devil himself." And I prayed with the people for an end to the nightmare.

—Father Larry Castagnola, 1990

Democracy escapes El Salvador

by Elena McFadden

El Salvador, as of November 1994, has yet to have anything remotely resembling democratic elections. To begin with, 47% of the country's population cannot read, and thus is ill-equipped to participate in democratic elections. Unlike the Sandinistas in Nicaragua, who brought their literacy rate from 45% to 95% in nine months, every single American-supported Salvadoran government has wholly failed to provide for any kind of literacy campaign to equip their people to vote for themselves. Additionally, every single Salvadoran election has been monitored by a large number of international observers who have all recounted horrible tales of assassinations, intimidation, physical violence, verbal threats, and general election fraud. And yet, the United States hall El Salvador as a model for what Central American democracy should look like and supports the government of El Salvador with millions of dollars in military aid each year.

In a Democracy There Are No Death Squads.

In El Salvador There Is No Democracy

Call your congressperson today and demand an end to all military aid to El Salvador until democratic elections are held.

by Krispy Davis

Hey everyone! I'm Krispy Davis and I'm writing to you in a new column about the Owl's Wing, Bryn Mawr's community service section. First off, let me address a rumor circulating around campus:

Yes, there is community service at Bryn Mawr! However it is embarrassingly little for the size and the ambition of this college community. Now is the time to change this, and Dawn Kamalanathan and the Owl's Wing Community Service Committee is working towards that goal. We think it's time to reward those who volunteer with some recognition, and give those who don't volunteer an easy way to change that.

The first step we've made is instituting the project of the month series. This project gives interested Mawters a chance to try out an organization with fellow Mawters, and it if turns out to be a good experience, to continue with that program.

The second step is a challenge to all the clubs on campus to get involved in volunteering. Our goal is to see 50% or more of all club members participate. The reward (besides feeling great) is a pizza party for all the clubs that reach the goal. Look for the thermometer that measures rising volunteerism, and see for yourself how involved the community is.

The third step is addressing each campus group on campus. We will begin first thing next semester. One valuable tool we will introduce is the Go Anywhere File. This is a list of organizations by interest made for easy accessibility. So start thinking about what you feel strongly about and have lots of questions ready for us.

If at any time anyone has questions or needing a volunteer, call Dawn @ x7356 or stop by the Owl's Wing office to see her on Weds. 3-6. The office is downstairs in the campus center by the MAC machine. She's really friendly and pretty darn groovy too, so please stop by. If you can't make her office hours leave a note on the door or in box C-1710. Also look for coming events posted on the Owl's Wing board in the campus center (on your right after coming in the door) and randomly around campus.

CURRENT PROJECTS

Dec. 17 "Breakfast with Santa"

Dec. 3 "Merriment and Song"

contact Sherry Butler for more info @ x7356

ATTN: ENVIRONMENTALISTS, KID LOVERS, NATURE LOVERS

-We've found the perfect program. Try out the Sierra Club Inner City Outings program and take inner city children on day and weekend hikes and canoe trips. Join involves a minimum of one weekend day and one evening per month. Come share your love of nature with children who have never seen chimneyunks and never get the chance to love nature like we do. For more info...call Dawn.

YUH!

You yes. In need of a good stress reliever? Feel like using up some of that stress anxiety by coloring and painting? Feel the need to get off campus? Well I have a great solution for you. Attend the first Owl's Wing project of the month on Friday, January 20th and participate in an art program for homeless children. Rediscover the child in you while helping homeless children express their feelings through creativity. Look for sign up sheets circulating Jan. 17th-20th.

AND SPEAKING OF THE PROJECT OF THE MONTH SERIES...

Look for these upcoming events:

February: Soup Kitchens
March: Recording for the Blind
April: Park cleanup and trail work.

Don't forget MITTEMEN'S FOR THE HOMELESS! No knitting knowledge required, just interest- we teach you everything you need to know. And hey, it's a great excuse to sit in front of the TV for a while. Call Dawn.

Bulb planters: A big thank-you

I would like to thank the students and staff who gave their time to beautify Bryn Mawr's campus through Residence Council's bulb-planting project on Sunday, October 30. Volunteers planted over 2,200 bulbs between Wyndham and Ely and between Ely and Hafner.

Thanks to:
Syndie McNabb '95
Vada Seccareccia '96
Rachel Gallant '97 and family
Stephanie Eisenbarth '96
Mollie Malone '96
Events
Laura Sivitz '95

I would especially like to thank Dennis Kryszan, Supervisor of Grounds, for his assistance and support. Thanks also to Holly Roberson '95, Amy DeSantis '96, Residence Council, and Jillian Amadio for making all the necessary arrangements.

-Jennifer Goldberg
Residential Life
Reactions to Ri

by Kristina Orchard-Hays

I no longer have to justify my Latin major—anyone who questions the practicality of studying a dead language can go talk to Rita Mae Brown. Although she arrived to campus under the auspices of the Lucy M. Donnelly Women Writers Series, she might as well have been especially commissioned by the Classics department. "Learn your Latin," she commanded in all three places where I heard her speak, linking her love of all things Latin to topics such as lesbian rights on campus, Hollywood economics, and the construction of the novel. Beneath her earnest appeal for classical training and rigor, however, glimmered her forthright sense of humor. "I translated the Satyrians for my senior project because it was the one book I could find!" she confided over dinner.

This down to earth, slightly facetious tone characterized her entire three-day stay at Bryn Mawr, during which she managed to penetrate every corner of the campus and share her advice on life and writing with as many captive audiences as she could find. She was seen eating dinner in Erdman on Monday night, working out in the fitness center on Tuesday morning, and leading a class on Wednesday afternoon. By Thursday evening, people were swapping Rita Mae Brown encounters and quotes. Her militancy on subjects of Latin and Anglo-Saxon linguistic grounding led to assessments of the "mutter tongue" between some students, while her astonishing ascent to heroine status instilled a sense of uneasiness in others. Yet no matter how her audience reacted to her messages, her southern lift and sly, forceful jokes reverberated everywhere. She seemed to step down from the glossy posters advertising her reading and instantly come to life, in every building and meeting room on campus.

Her week's triumph occurred in Thomas Great Hall on Tuesday evening. Within the space of an hour, she managed to pack the place with people, charm them with her charismatic smile, and lead them to new levels of hilarity. She condemned the religious right with perfectly delivered punchlines. She joked with Mary Pat. She mentioned the Philadelphia Eagles and Dolly Madison in almost the same breath. She deftly implored to the narrator, a voice that sounded strangely familiar in Thomas Great Hall last week. That voice is amazing. It is articulate, lively, succinct, and truthful. It utters such wonderful tidbits as "The first time I went to the Netherlands, I realized Van Gogh hadn't made anything up." It makes no attempts to erase its southern origins or utter academic pretensions. It is alluring, honest, and untrinting. It is a voice that needs to be heard more often on this campus.

Yet it is not a literary voice. When Rita Mae Brown read aloud to the Christmas scene from Rubyfruit Jungle, the narrator suddenly sprang to life. What seemed stilted, predictable, and even forgettable to me as a reader took on a richness, vitality and mirth for me as a listener. For all her insistence on the development of the written word, Rita Mae Brown draws on an immense, oral, narrative tradition. She is not a writer, she is a storyteller. Without her presence and vitality and drive, her words turn stale and flimsy on the page. I cannot help wondering if she is in the wrong profession, although I have no doubt that her novels will continue to thrive and be warmly welcomed by her fans. Her humor and her common-sense are two characteristics that she should continue to bestow upon the masses, but preferably in an oral form.

The morning after her successful seduction of the community in Thomas Great Hall, I glimpsed her jogging by Ashbridge Park in purple running tights. "Hello, hello," she said with a flash of her brilliant teeth, then disappeared. The campus seems a little deflated, a little smaller, and a lot more humorless without her presence.

"I have been accused of single-handedly converting women to lesbianism. THAT IS A LIE. It takes both hands." —Rita Mae Brown, at Bryn Mawr November 8.

It is not a literary voice...Rita Mae Brown draws on an immense, oral, narrative tradition. She is not a writer, she is a storyteller. Without her presence and vitality and drive, the words turn stale and flimsy on the page. I cannot help wondering if she is in the wrong profession, although I have no doubt that her novels will continue to thrive and be warmly welcomed by her fans. Her humor and her common-sense are two characteristics that she should continue to bestow upon the masses, but preferably in an oral form.
"Pay no attention to Fritz. She was my first love at Bryn Mawr and we've grown comfortable in our hostility,"

"Chryssa, Iris is here," a voice called from the crowd.

"Excuse me, Molly. I'll be back as soon as I can."

Holly and Kim came over to me and Holly snickered, "See, I told you she'd flip out over you. She likes dark-haired women with strong faces. I bet her ovaries hit the floor when you walked through the door."

"My irresistible charm, ladies." I lifted my glass for a toast: "to ovaries."

"To ovaries," they echoed. Then Holly scammed off in the direction of a waving arm with too many gold bracelets on it.

"What do you think of the party?" Kim asked.

"I don't know. I haven't had time to talk to anyone but Chrys and her friend, Fritz."

"The gruesome twosome. That's been going on since 1948 when they graduated from Bryn Mawr."

"She mentioned Bryn Mawr but not the year."

"Naturally,"
The Bi-College Gospel Choir will perform twice this semester: at Swarthmore's Quaker meeting house on the 4th and at Haverford's Quaker meeting house on the 11th of December. If you've ever been in the choir, or if you've ever wanted to be, come to the last rehearsal December 3 in the Music Room in Goodhart, and show up tat the two concerts! They'll be great!

Everyone come!

"Frankenstein" gory but good

by Sally A. Van de Water

Ah, Kenneth [Author's note: Yes, I am emphatically biased in favor of Kenneth Branagh. So sue me. Nevertheless, I will try to be as objective as possible]! This latest version of M. Shelley's novel is remarkably more conscious of the book than any of its predecessors. It follows the text remarkably well, adding in only one major deviation which actually improves the plot; it can be argued that Mary Shelley should have included it in her text. But just to tease you, I won't tell you what the important deviation is. Nah na na na nah.

Before I go any further, perhaps I should discuss the cast. Robert DeNiro stars as the creature never given a name, who the rest of the world knows as Frankenstein instead of his wayward creator. I like his monster much better than any others I've seen; while Boris Karloff may have the obligatory Monster Award for Most Monsters Portrayed, DeNiro really adds the necessary humanity to the part, and oddly comes off as more human than his creator. He even looks the part. I believed that he was pieced together inch by inch.

Helena Bonham-Carter stars as Elizabeth, Victor Frankenstein's true love interest. Her Elizabeth seems stronger than the book's; she challenges Victor's experiments while trying to understand them and will even leave him if he doesn't explain himself.

On to Ken: yes, I know I am prone to decay over him in any role, but halfway through the movie I found myself saying that I would never look at him in the same way again—this movie was that powerful for me. His direction is brilliant; the movie is visually stunning, as is the score. Even the dialogue is written and executed well, especially the lines from the "monster."

One thing though: if you are extremely gun-shy of gore, you might want to rethink going to see this. While it's not a gore-fest in the same way as the Terminator flicks, the images presented can be horrifying yet effective and powerful. This film really explores the limits of creation and what it means to be alive.

I would say, however, that one should not see this movie alone: if nothing else, it's good to be able to discuss it afterwards (not to mention that you might want to clutch someone's arm). Oh, one other thing: watch out for cameos from Aidan Quinn and John Cusack, both of whom I completely missed until the credits were rolling.

A friend also suggested that perhaps Emma Thompson can be heard narrating the beginning.

Having read the novel last year, I can safely say that I found Branagh's version to be more compelling, interesting, and overall better than the book.
Feminism does not cure bad feelings about body

by Lisa Keonives

I will have power. I don't drink to excess, I don't do drugs, no matter how seductive. Food will not victimize me. I stand up to anyone, man or woman who insults me. I can make rational decisions about everything from Byron to B-level physiology. Why can a handful of MAN's reduce me to tears? Tears of frustration if I don't eat them (because I feel I can't afford, nor of guilt if I do. How can I stand there in front of my mirror castigating myself? There are more important things to do in life than worry about being thin, more important things to be: Kind, compassionate, understanding, loyal...

Why me? Why me? How? I hate society forcing me to scrutinize my size 10, 9th, 158 pound body with something like loathing. Why does being thin mean so much to me? What does symptom? Moderation, restraint, self-discipline, self-efficiency. Feminine traits have become equated with our relation to the men in our lives. I do strive for tact but I'm not demure, maudlin or retiring. I refuse to be seen and not heard, but at what cost? In embracing feminism I have created a being I am intellectually comfortable with. Yet, I have a horrible need to look svelte and beautiful. I'm not saying that being a feminist makes me feel thin, but my commitment to sensitizing people to its ideas has. The reality is that I am not likely to judge by your looks and when I speak for feminism I want people to listen. The strength of my intellect should stand on its own, but in the world in which I live today it doesn't.

I felt this way in high school, I feel this way in college. I live in a world of hormones, not one where you are judged by your ability to make great conversation. Maybe I have too many male friends. I've heard charming comments about the physiques of unseemly women. They do care about her sense of humor or personality, after they have determined she is hot enough. Good looks bring respect. I know my aversion for wanting to lose weight is not purely based on the fact that I want people to listen to my feminist voice with respect. I want to embrace what is feminine/sexy about me. I am not feminine in the traditional sense of the word, dress, actions. And as our generation forges ahead and makes new definitions I need to feel attractive. Maybe more so because I have strong opinions, and as always, when you hold strong opinions you run up against others with equally strong opposing opinions. People are very willing to not only ignore, but if I were to ask what could they criticize me about? This covers a multitude of sins.

Of course I want to be sexually attractive. I want to walk by and have men think "Damn what a good body," I want women to think "Damn what a good body." I want muscular and fit. Yet I am not thin.

I recognize that to stay at a reasonable weight I will have to watch every morsel I put in my mouth for the rest of my life. I feel giddy, I feel cheated. I hate the fact that society shows the ideal woman as skinny. I hate the fact that this is the standard. I am as ashamed, I have tried not caring, but guilt still dog me every step. That is not true nonchalance... In the climate in which I live I don't feel like I ever achieve that. I'm trapped because that is not how I am built. This goes me more, I'm trapped. Where my intelligence should release me, it can't. I just hope someday our daughters can be judged not for the shape of their bodies, but for the content of their characters.

I want to walk by and have men think "Damn what a good body." I want women to think "Damn what a good body."... I am muscular and fit. Yet I am not thin.

Trips into Philadelphia find living black history

by Stacy Curwood

I have made the journey into Philadelphia to tap into the city's African American history on two occasions. The first was a visit to the Afro American Museum and a trip through Mother Bethel A.M.E. Church's museum, and the second was actually attending the 10:45 service at Mother Bethel. The two trips were very different; the first was a historical tour which felt a little bit more like school, and the second was an emotional, participatory experience.

The Afro American Museum surprised me somewhat because it doesn't have a permanent exhibit. I walked in expecting to see a history of blacks in Philadelphia, and what confronted me were two exhibits: one on sports and one on architecture, of all things. The former gave the history of blacks playing for Philadelphia sports teams and showed a video on Joe Wilkins (captivating, but violent). The exhibit on architecture appealed to me because it simply showed photos of buildings which had been designed by African Americans. I thought about the history behind these present day examples—I enjoyed thinking about the architecture of plantation mansions in the South, knowing that some of them were designed and built by slaves.

On Mother Bethel, the museum in the basement of the church contains the tomb of Richard Allen, founder of the African Methodist Episcopal Church. Moving through the exhibit, I wondered about the role the Church has played for African Americans in Philadelphia. The property it stands on is "the oldest parcel of land continuously owned by African Americans," according to the service program (Allen purchased it in 1791). Perhaps neither it was a central place for blacks in Center City Philadelphia, but now many members come from the edges of the city or the suburbs.

I enjoyed the service. I am a Quaker myself, so I have not been to too many services where there is a minister and everyone sings along with the hymns. I even took Communion, after asking what the criteria were for doing so and being told that I need only be "a believer." I interpreted this broadly and decided that partaking of the symbolic body and blood of Christ was something I was comfortable with. And much of what the pastor said, while in language I am not used to hearing, fit in with the spirituality I'm beginning to develop for myself. The peace, when everyone shook hands and greeted anyone and everyone else, left me with a strong feeling of community with this group of strangers I'd never met before. Besides my spiritual reaction to the service, I took the opportunity to observe things more academically. I noticed the interesting combination of a cathedral choir and traditional, subdued scripture lesson with a gospel selection and an animated sermon from the pastor. I can see an African aesthetic combined with a more European one in this church, a wonderful example of African Americans creating our own unique culture.

In preparation, if possible, my exploration of Philadelphia (and my hometown of Cambridge, MA) from an African American perspective. Once you think about this side of urban history which is often ignored, you open a new window onto the past.
Who will be the next BDQC???

by Ruth Wiegelot and Madeline Bergstrom, with the advice of many others

Put your fears to rest—a BDQC selection process has been set into motion. Just in case you were wondering, BDQC stands for Big Dyke On Campus. She is a lesbian or bisexual woman who possesses that je ne sais quoi of having reached the ultimate in dykness, a state that is hard to define, but easy to recognize. In making your nominations, please take into consideration some or all of the following characteristics, which we feel are important qualifications:

1. Has lots of attitude, very self-confident.
2. Terrifying yet fascinating.
3. Everyone knows she's a dyke.
4. Sexy.
5. Unattractable, or nearly so.
6. Many people have crushes on her, and many more feel too unworthy.
7. Visually impressive, especially as regards hair.
8. Ineruptibly cool, always in control of the situation.
9. Everyone knows who she is, has heard of her or recognizes her—and most have an opinion about her.
10. Nice enough for it to break your heart that she's too cool for you.

Please submit nominations to Ruth, C-1050, and we'll make up a ballot for the election. Make sure you get the permission of your nominee: willingness to take on the responsibility of the position is essential.

Eating...

by Julia Alexander

Here I am again, about to talk about cooking, not one of the most interesting things about being features editor. I keep having these recurring fantasies, and I just think of something to plug in to make an exciting and new article every other week. Well, maybe not exciting, but at least new.

So this week, we will try something for parties. Parties, despite their reputation, are exceptionally easy to throw. I've found that vegetables and fruits run out first, either because people are well trained in the "eat your vegetables first" school of thought, or because we just like them better. It could, I guess, also be tied to the dip I usually serve with them.

You know that sour cream and onion dip they sell in the store? Did you know that you're getting a kick on it? All you have to do is make the stuffing to take a can of sour cream, and a package of onion soup mix, and mix them together. That's all you have to do. If you want to make a low fat version that tastes the same, and doesn't leave you with a ton of sour cream to get rid of, use plain yogurt. It really does taste the same, but it's actually good for you. And, heck, that always adds something to a party.

And as far as the veggie tray goes, simple is usually best. Go for things like celery and carrots. These are easy to make, and they taste pretty good. I'm also sort of partial to fruits, but those need to be in season to not be overly expensive. If you go for grapes, pull them off the stems when you wash them. Pineapples are nice, but canned is good too.

The Loquacious

Ms. Hank

Dear Ms. Hank,

Here is a typical dinner conversation with me and my friends: "I have so much work I'm so stressed out." "Me too." "No, listen, I'm so stressed out I'm not even stressed out anymore." "Yeah, I know. I have a thesis-length lab report due tomorrow, and I haven't started it yet." "I have three philosophy papers, and I haven't done the reading." "But I'm not going to do it yet. I'm not even thinking about it. I want to go hear the cool speaker tonight." "I'm going to Philly to work with needy children. I'm not even thinking about my six major projects I have due in two days." "I have to write a novel-length work of fiction in the Modernist style, alternating chapters of Freudian and Jungian symbolism, and I'm just goofing off this weekend because my electronic symphony is being premiered in Vienna." "I am getting hives. What is your advice?" -Lumpy Brain

Dear Lumpy Brain,

That depends. Which one were you in the above conversation? Did you win or lose? If you were the winner, I challenge you to a round of champions. Only I shouldn't even be writing this major syndicated column in my spare time right now, because I have a rigorous two weeks of intensive high-jump ski training ahead of me, and I need to meet publishers deadlines for "Nature," "National Geographic" and "The Economist" beforehand. If you lost, I'd coach you to try a new tactic: apathy. If you are just too apathetic to do all of those motivated things, you can still win procrastination points while undermining the scarifying ability of your more successful oppenents. It's a zero thing.

Death to the Patriarchy—
Ms. Hank

Halloween Graffiti impresses

by Julia Alexander

Well, life is fleeting. The things of this world, as well, are fleeting. And so, this week, I will focus on the fleeting graffiti we have all come to know. Some of us even love it.

Yes, this week, I'm going to talk about sidewalk chalkings. This seemed to be the week for chalkings. There were, of course, the usual announcements of things to come on campus, such as the a capella concert. But I was most impressed by the more artistic variations I walked over in front of Merion and the Campus Center. This is my favorite piece of graffiti for the week award. Every time I walked over it, I couldn't help but think happily of the dark stars.

Chemistry Awareness Week has won the award for the greatest amount of curious graffiti. The tools of the trade chalked up and down the Erd-walk made my evening. Nothing else, a little more confusing. However, that long cyan chain in front of the Chemistry Awareness Week has won the award for the greatest amount of curious graffiti. The tools of the trade chalked up and down the Erd-walk made my evening. Nothing else, a little more confusing. However, that long cyan chain

Ghosts haunt Bryn Mawr

by Julia Alexander

Well, I haven't been into the archives in a while, but I have some thoughts about Bryn Mawr's past, and that might just be enough for this week.

Have you ever sat in your room and realized that dozens of women before you have sat in the exact same room, and looked out on the same views? I sometimes stare out my window—or a friend's window—for the longest time, wondering what it was like to look out on these views before I wonder what others were thinking, what mattered to them in their lives.... And then I start wondering who will be in these rooms after me, what it will be like to be that person who is sitting there in a hundred years, trying to think what it was like to be me.

Will Ernham seem old fashioned and well-worn? Will there be new dorms? Where? What will they look like? What will classes be like...

Could the women living in these rooms twenty years ago ever have imagined the computers and answering machines and VCRs and microwaves that would fill the spots they had used for their turntables and books?

What will people be wearing in twenty years? What will they have on their walls? What music will define their spaces and get them confused during brainstorm?

We take these rooms, for a year, or two, they are our homes. We cover the walls, or not. Our possessions and our personality take hold of these spaces. What ghosts do we leave behind? I mean, aside from the strangely ends of tape and the glow in the dark stars.

And thinking of all this leads me to wonder. What legacy do we leave behind us at Bryn Mawr? We come here for very intense years, and we take those years away with us forever. But do we leave a part of ourselves in exchange? Do our ghosts wander the halls, talking of agency and carbon bonds, Cafe-ling and making Borders runs? Would we know them if we met them?