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Yankee Dawg You Die

by Helen S. Kim


The forum opened with a brief film documenting the depiction of Asian Americans in film in the earlier half of this century. Earlier portrayals of Asian Americans, most notably the Chinese, employed flagrant stereotypes of the Chinese as devious and underhanded “dragon ladies” and opium addicts. These parts were typically played by white actors who ostensibly parodied and mocked the American-Chinese population with their excessive eye makeup, degrading “Chinese” accents, and affected mannerisms. These portrayals coincided with the fear of “yellow peril” and anti-immigrant sentiment that swept across the country. The assumption that Chinese were ineligible for naturalized citizenship, and therefore “aliens,” persisted until World War II. This xenophobic sentiment was codified by the Burlingame Treaty of 1868 which expressly withheld the right of naturalization to the Chinese and the Exclusion Act of 1882 which reinforced the Burlingame treaty. Later portrayals of the Chinese again painted a picture of a one-dimensional group of hard-working virtuous peasants. These images were inscribed into the culture by such literary works as Pearl Buck’s The Good Earth.

Most of the discussion focused on the lack of visibility of Asian American actors and the racial hypocrisy endemic to American culture. The director of “Yankee Dawg You Die,” Rick Shiomi and one of the actors, B.J. Barakow, spoke of the need for Asian American theatre companies because of the lack of multi-dimensional and “classic” roles available. Asian American theatre companies grant actors the opportunity to play Shakespeare, Dickens, etc., roles that are generally reserved for white actors. The other lead actor, Mel, spoke of the hypocrisy and racism that allows white actors to serve as “universal” representatives of all people whereas actors of color are always seen as actors exclusively representing members of minority groups. For example, the film “Come See the Paradise” centers around the story of a Japanese family living in California which was forced to live in the internment camps during World War II. The movie executives behind the film felt that the film was not “universal” and worried that people would not be able to “identify” with the Asian lead characters. Consequently, they created a lead role for the white lover of the Japanese woman.

A member of the audience asked if the
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Lesbians and AIDS

New advisor prefers Haagen-Dazs

by Julia Alexander

The other week, I promised all of you an interview with Hannah Schwezchild, the new lesbian/bisexual advisor, and in my usual enterprise way, I’m presenting it pretty much as she answered my questions, with a few things rearranged so as to give this thing something of a narrative line...

CN: If there were a description of you at the beginning of the article (which there will be) what would you like to be sure was included?

by Elena McDaiden

Meanwhile, there’s a white boy from Duke University, complaining, once again, that the black people are all mean and intimidating and don’t want to make friends with him. And the black woman is trying to explain, once again, that her and her friends’ job isn’t to make him feel comfortable. Their job is to make themselves feel comfortable. And if they have to name a slab of marble “this black bench” in order to do that then that is what they are going to do. Because for every blue-eyed, bushy-tailed Ivy leaguer sitting there feeling like he’s been cheated if liberalism is just a lie and the black people aren’t playing by the rules (we offer you crumbs and you say thank you), there are four boys of his race with baseball bats who will beat a black man into a coma for talking to a white woman on the beach in Atlantic City, New Jersey.

And Leslie Stahl keeps saying the bench is the problem.

The white girl is sitting there angry, yet again, because Public Enemy is preaching racial superiority. And the black man is trying to explain, yet again, that when they are 9% of the student body they say superiority in an effort that is so remote.

And the white girl is shouting across the table “What about the violence?” and he is saying “Was there violence after the concert?” and she is still saying “But they sing about violence,” and he’s still saying “Was there violence after the concert?”

And I’m sitting there thinking, if you’re smart enough to make it to Duke you’ve got to be smart enough to know that 9% does not a violent answer make. And Leslie Stahl is asking again what has caused this bench problem and keeps talking about “this problem” as if it were a fact that just arrived from Europe and she seems sincerely perplexed about the fact that so many blacks aren’t jumping at the chance to “be white.”

So the white girl accuses them of working against racial harmony. And the black woman says “If I were white that’s exactly how l would perceive the situation.”

And the white girl does not say I if were black. I could see how you could mean something else by saying superiority and violence. And the black woman says she knows everything about whites and just doesn’t need to know any more. But the white boy is pounding his chest saying, “you don’t know me, you don’t know me, America is about individuality, it isn’t about what my grandfather did to your grandmother, it’s about you and me being friends right here right now. That’s what being an American is all about.”

But the conversation is beginning to sound entirely too much like two adults trying to talk to two four year olds medi- and he someone who has been lost at sea for the past 500 years. The discourse is lacking in a distinct element of matur- ity.

The white boy hasn’t heard a thing the black woman has said. He isn’t saying, “I

Inside:

Mahotella Queens, classism, Christianity, pizza recipes, labor unions, the UN, lesbian literature, Hell Week, good CDs, and lots and lots of movies

continued on page 5
An evangelical Christian alternative

by Elena Buchwalter and Abigail Pyle

A few weeks after the election last semester, we discussed the results and our general dissatisfaction with them. While we realize that this isn’t exactly a new idea at Bryn Mawr—many people here weren’t happy with the sudden sweep of Republicans into Congress—we think we see the situation differently. We are both evangelical Christians who share many of the concerns of the religious right because we share the foundation of biblical truth with them. However, there are times when we disagree with both the methods and the goals of the religious right and the Republicans they have elected. Our point in writing this article, and any articles that follow, is both to make the reader say “Wow, I didn’t know there were Chris- tians who believed that!” (i.e. to combat stereotypes), and to express our opinions and convictions about some things that are currently happening.

Our main concern is that love and grace, the primary characteristics of Christ’s ministry, seem to have been relegated to a level of secondary importance. Or, if not, the religious right has yet to make clear its commitment to those values. The voice that is most often heard seems to put tax dollars above compas-

Why "Women at the Well"?  

by Elizabeth Lyenga

Why there is a group on campus called “Women at the Well”? We’ve been around for a semester now, and maybe it’s time to justify our name. It’s kind of unusual, so this article is to describe my impression of what the name stands for, for the benefit of anyone who might want to join us sometime (Tuesdays 9pm, CC210), or for anyone who was confused about why we might have picked this name.

Many people familiar with the Bible, when they see the words “Women at the Well,” think immediately of the story told in John chapter 4, about THE Woman at the Well. This woman was a Samari- tan, divorced and living with a man to whom she was not married—in other words, she was immoral, and despised by the Jews for her ethnicity. There is a directly theological significance in this story, which comes out in this passage (vs 25-26): (the woman) “I know the Messiah is coming, the one who will show us all things when he comes.” Jesus said, “Two am speaking to you, I am he.” In the book of John, this woman is the first person to whom Jesus says, in so many words, that he is the Messiah. It is a striking moment of revelation in the Gospel story as a whole. It is also very much a commentary. Jesus was not supposed to be talking with this woman at all—as a woman, she was a bad enough example to begin with to make this revelation to, but on top of that she was a Samaritan, divorced and living with a man. But he did speak to her, not only just respectfully but with great meaning, and she understood him.

My fellow Christians tell me, I hope, if I point out that this is just a story. Jesus and the woman were alone; John the author was nowhere around; so this is probably an interpretive fable, written not for historical accuracy so much as to bring across something about Jesus’s character and about people in general. It shows Jesus valuing someone considered values, and the woman considered values responding. When we chose to call our group “Women at the Well,” we were not in- tending to associate ourselves with the despised woman of this story at all. The point of the name isn’t that we are Sa- maritans, divorced or living with men who aren’t our husbands. But at the same time, I am not ashamed of the story, either. It is a beautiful story. In that story, it would be better to be the woman, who understands what Jesus is saying to her, and believes him, than to be the dis- ciples, who come up to him at the story’s end and try to tell him what to do, and don’t understand what he says to them. Reread the story, if you still think it’s a bad thing to be a woman at the well.

There are lots of wells in the Bible, and this is not the only woman at the well. Wells are important in the Biblical land- scape of desert, where water and wells mean life very literally. Rebekah, for instance, in Genesis 24, is known to Isaac’s servant because he is the only woman at the well who offers him water, making her a wonderful person indeed.

The well is a lovely image. When you have no running water, you must go to the well every day to get your water, so that the well is a place to go to stop out of your household cooking, cleaning and so on to find refreshment. Wells are cir- cular. The women gathered around it, taking turns dipping out the water to have a place for discussion on an equal, democratic basis. It is a good image for a group which comes together for infor- mal, open, refreshing spiritual discus-
Activity at Bryn Mawr and elsewhere
by Jessica Shearer

Activism here...
The Democratic-Socialists of America will hold their first campus meeting Wednesday, Feb. 15, at 7:30 in Taylor D. This organization intends to provide a forum for the woman who has some criticisms of the Democratic party (i.e., not enough PAC funding, too close to corporations for the working class, etc.) but is also unable to lend her full support to the right wing social unions that place too much emphasis on state takeover. The DSA works on both grassroots campaigns to change policy, and for left leaning Democratic candidates or alternatively, third party candidates.

HCAP, the Housing Outreach Action Project, the group that organizes all those Springbrook trips to build and improve homes alongside with Habitat for Humanity and similar organizations, needs funds to contribute to the site where its members will be working. You can help them out by contributing your spare change to one of the penny jars and signing up at a dining hall before Wednesday night to skip dinner Saturday, Feb. 18th.

Further the cause for cancer research...
...and enjoy doing it! To attend A Charity Ball, Feb. 24th from 7:30-10 p.m., until 2:00 a.m. in Thomas Green Hall send your check ($12, or two for $20) to Ali Meredith at box C-1445 by Wednesday the 15th, or buy your ticket for $15 at the door. For more information call Ali at 5859.

By the Coalition Against Xenophobia has planned a rally at the Coast-based Four Winds Movement, a National Solidarity Day for February 18th. On this day, area students, immigrants’ rights activists, labor leaders, and city officials will come together in Philadelphia to plan future joint initiatives and otherwise take action against anti-immigrant measures. For more information, call Jessica at 5267-2901.

On March 4th and 5th, the DSA youth section has planned a conference at Oberlin College. The group, which, among other things, attendees will discuss strategies and elect a new president. There is no need to be a social union member or even know about Oberlin College will provide lodging and meals. Furthermore, a car pool will bring interested students from the Philadelphia area. For more information, contact Ginny Crossland at (215) 770-8600.

GAP Boycott Urged! The San Francisco Knitworks have set up an unfair labor practice picketline. The SFK, most of whom are Chinese immigrant women, went to the International Ladies’ Garment Workers Union complaining about long working hours, minimal benefits, and management abuses. The employers quickly reneged on their promise to recognize the union and respect their wishes. Instead, they have launched a campaign employing illegal tactics designed to harass and intimidate the workers. Make the GAP live up to its social responsibility! Call 523-1212, or write President, Mickey Drexl (at 415) 952-4400 and tell him that you will not buy GAP, BANANA REPUBLIC, or OLD NAVY merchandise until they resolve this labor dispute. If you would like to know more, contact the ILCWU at (415)543-9990.

If you would like to disseminate active...activity among the college community, please contact Jessica Shearer at 3761 or jshearer or C-448.

by Krissey Davis

It’s a new year and a new semester, and as always the campus and its students are coping with the changes that another new year brings. The Owl’s Wing has a few changes of its own. First, there are a lot more office hours which are as follows: Monday 1:30-2:30; Tuesday 200-3:00, 7:00-8:30; Wednesday 1000-1200 am; Thursday 1000-1200, 2:30-4:30, 5:00-6:00; Friday 1230-1:30.

What all these hours mean is that if you want to come in and chat with one of us Community Service Committee members or, you want a question answered by person, stop by. Otherwise, you can still leave a message on the machine and Dawn will be back to you. The office is located in the basement of the campus center next to the Xerox copier. The extension is 77028.

Some good news for the semesters...
...there was an incredible reply to our desperate cry for tutors. In fact, it surprised us all because there were many more tutors than kids! We think that’s a first for Bryn Mawr and are quite proud. Thanks for all of your interest and willingness to help.

On the Yuha topic...
...the enthusiasm for this project was tremendous. Due to an error to the college administration, the shelter had to cancel our visit. But fear not, we shall return. The next trip is planned for Friday Feb. 17th. There are a limited number of spaces available, however, if anyone is interested and didn’t sign up for the first time, please call us at 77028 and we’ll see what we can do. A workday is scheduled for Saturday Feb. 25th at the new Yuhu Shelter in Overbrook. Volunteers are needed to help paint tables, make repairs and do various other odd jobs to prepare the shelter for its grand opening. This new shelter will focus on introducing the kids to the joys of music. If interested, call or stop by the office.

On the subject of tea and banquets...
The Owl’s Wing Community Service Banquet for everyone in the Bryn Mawr community who has participated in the know your community volunteering. We will recognize students for exceptional service, so if you know someone who deserves to be recognized, stop by and nominate her for recognition.

Also in the not-so-distant future, the Owl’s Wing Community Service Committee members will hold a tea. Next year is approaching and we need to find some dedicated students to take over our positions next year. If you are enthusiastic, creative, desire a leadership position, and have ideas on how to improve community service at Bryn Mawr, we want you to come to our tea. Dawn’s Owl’s Wing internship is going to be available as well, so find out more come talk to us. Besides, there will be food.

In the future...
April 8th will be the first ever Owl’s Wing Community Service Day. I can’t give away all the secrets right now, but I can say that there will be a silent auction of various things.

News...
We have recently received new information on volunteer opportunities at the Philadelphia Museum of Art. If you want to know more call the office, or me at X528.

Thanks...
To Krissey Weaver for designing our new logo. It sure does make us look professional. Or at least it will make people look at the column.

1995 UN Conference on Women
Race & 60 minutes

by Emily Hughes

The 1995 UN conference on Women will be held at the end of this summer in Beijing, China. The UN Conference and the Non-Governmental Organization Forum which precedes it are once-in-a-decade events when women and men from around the world come to talk and take action about the problems facing women.

Since I learned about this conference two years ago I have been gradually planning how I will get there, but only recently have I come to realize that I need to have this to share with the Bryn Mawr community. Anyone can attend the Non-Governmental Organization Forum, even if you are not part of any organization. But even if you think attending the conference is out of the question for you, let me tell you why I think this conference is so important anyway.

It has been ten years since the last conference of this sort was held in Nairobi, Kenya. And women as men from around the world gather together after a decade of work, they will begin by reassessing the problems that are facing women around the world. The goal of several days of workshops regarding not only issues expressed by women but also environmentalism and the peace movement, will be the formation of an agenda based on "critical areas of concern". Then, here comes the most important part—the non-governmental organizations (and the governments in the UN Conference, but we can’t take part in that) will work to improve conditions around the world.

Brya Mawer should not stand by the sidelines. Our student body comes from around the world and the families and friends of all of our sisters here should not be forgotten. This summer in China people from nearly all nations will be gathering to share their experiences and the coalition of the voices will present an otherwise unattainable picture of global feminism and the interconnectedness between every woman and man in this global economy and world.

We should all begin to think about what we do know about women from around the world.

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know about what happened in 91. I know you’ve missed it, if I hadn’t’d been scared, too, I’d be preaching exactly the same way.”

All the white boy is saying is “Me? I’m scared goddamnit!” MaMe. You’ve been living in a world in which they got to do something about it.” When the reality is his race still holds every single one of the cards in this country and he’s the one who’s going to get to choose which ones got played and he doesn’t have to consider, consider, or think about those two people sitting across the table from him when he goes off his life. While the two of them have to think about him and what crumbs he’s going to condescend to give them every single moment of their entire lives.

Sad: that the black writer from Los Angeles says the black kids are making us crazy because they think they’re oppressed even though they’re at one of the most privileged institutions in the country, Saddler still: that those were the best stories he heard. The best stories he heard. The best stories he heard.

We should all begin to think about what we do know about women from around the world.
Video Yearbook

by Elizabeth Benston

Allow me to introduce myself. I'm Elizabeth Benston, Co-President of the Bi-Co Movie-making Club. I am in the process of shooting a video yearbook that will feature the people, places, and events that make Bryn Mawr what it is. I have use of a very advanced video cam, with which I'd like to tape:

*rehearsals for plays, concerts
*interesting things (collections, posters, decor) in people's rooms
*specific halls in dorms
*private and campus-wide parties
*places where students hang out
*lectures, seminars
*Mawriters, Mawriters, and more Mawriters!

The completed video—if completed by the end of this year—will be made available to purchase through the club. It won't get done unless I have help from an enthusiastic student body! If there is something you'd like me to come and get on tape, please contact me at x5670 or through box C-916. This is your opportunity to be forever memorialized! Secure your fame—call now!

"We are at risk" from Northwest AIDS Foundation lesbian safer sex campaign.
Interview with the Lesbian/Bisexual Student Advisor

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HS: You definitely mention that I'm a lesbian. "Really? You're a Lesbian?!" Could you say I used to describe myself as bisexual. You could say I was raised in New York, dropped out of Oberlin College at age 19 to move to San Francisco. I'm not a collective of post-modern, post-hippie, performance artists, then I gave up on that finished college and then became a lawyer at the age of 32. You could say that I had a community law practice for several years on gay and lesbian rights, race and sex discrimination in housing, civil rights for people with HIV disease, and civil lawsuits on behalf of women and children for sexual exploitation and assault. You could say that I moved here a year ago to join my partner of nine years, Professor Sharon Ulmer. It's probably way more than enough.

CN: What do you see as your role on campus?

HS: What can you do for students? Do you think students are using you as a resource? Why

It's kind of embarrassing, but I like 'My So-Called Life.'

not (or why?)

HS: I hope I can make Bryn Mawr a safe, nurturing, and interesting place to come out and/or be out as a lesbian or bisexual woman. Be it a resource. I've only been doing this job for six weeks or so, and a lot of students don't know that I'm here, or they don't know how/where to find me yet (Monday evenings, 6-8:30, BGALA lounge; Fridays 11-1, Taylor basement; other times via phone, e-mail, appointment or telepathy). I'm assuming that, like me, a lot of students are either terrifically busy or secretly shy. It takes a lot of time to build relationships like this—I feel pretty patient about it. (Author's note: Hannah is really quite approachable, and she will talk to you about almost anything you want to talk about, no drop to some of her campus hours, even for a couple of minutes to talk.)

CN: Outside of your role on campus, what do you do "for a living?"

HS: I practice law, now on a freelance ("contract") basis. This means I work for and with other lawyers on cases of theirs. Right now I'm not representing any clients on my own, because I haven't been in Pennsylvania long enough to practice independently. It's sort of a living.

CN: How does this fit in (or not) with your role as an advisor here?

HS: They exist. A better answer is, I don't really know yet.

CN: How did you happen to be chosen as the advisor?

HS: Gee, I don't know. I think it all started when I sent my resume to Joyce Miller. Maybe you should ask her and the students that interviewed people.

CN: What are some of your goals for the next couple of days?

HS: Years: A MacArthur genius award would nice, it unlikely. Days: get my hair cut, finish the brief I'm writing, clean the kitchen; sleep.

CN: From what you know, overall, what do you think of Maverters?

HS: I think they're very smart, interested, and interesting. I worry that they take it all too seriously. I think they're kind of frighteningly well-organized. I find myself being envious of their self-assurance and sense of infinite possibility.

CN: (For those of you who hate the signs and the things, and wondered, I asked this question: What, exactly, was the significance of 'Bitchraps and Jem'?)

HS: All I'll say, is, jem is a verb.

CN: What do you think of the concept of 'lesbian literature'?

HS: I haven't read all that much. I'm pretty unmoved by most of what I've read. I wish there were more works of fiction that gave voice to lesbian experience in a way that was meaningful, I just don't find them very often. Does anyone have any good suggestions? Actually, here's an announcement: my Monday evening office hours on February 20 will be devoted to the topic "Lesbian Literature: Is It All Really Boring?" Anyone with an opinion is encouraged to show up.

CN: Do you have any books you think students should read for any reason. You can, of course, list several, for several reasons,...

HS: "Should"? Hmm. Here are some books that I've read or re-read in the last year that I think are worth reading, for one reason or another:

Henry Roth, Call it Sleep
Audre Lorde, Zami, A New Spelling of My Name
Patricia Williams, The Alchemy of Race and Rights
Kate Millett, The Loony-Bis Trip
Paul Monette, Becoming a Man
Nicholas Mosely, Hopeful Monsters
Lane Scherpela, Legal Secrets
Nigel Nicholson, Portrait of a Marriage
Caleb Carr, The Alienist
Linda Garber, ed. Telling the Tones: Lesbian, Teaching, and Queer Subjects

CN: What are some of your favorite musical groups?

HS: These questions are making me feel old, well, Talking Heads, Elvis Costello and the Attractions. Laurie Anderson. Hole. Bob Marley and the Worlkers. In- digo Girls, If I'm in the mood. St. Neville Martinez and the Academy of St. Martin in the Fields. Lately, there's a song by a group called Dink that I can't get out of my head, and like a lot.

CN: TV shown?

HS: Roseanne, especially old reruns. A BBC detective show called "Cracker." Chicago Hope. Prime Suspect. It's embarrassing, but I kind of like My So-Called Life (I'm fascinated by the inclusion of a bi racial gay teeneger as a regular character, maybe this explains it). The Simpson trap, especially the really boring parts where the lawyers debate technicalities ad nauseam. I also go through phases where I'm addicted to Jeopardy and Nightline.

CN: Movies?

HS: Personal favorites? The Farrel Idol; A Question of Silence; Goodfellas; Tongues Untied; Witness for the Prosecution; Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?; Nitrates Kisses; Daughters of the Dust; Coming Home; The Times of Harvey Milk; The Philadelphia Story (sorry). Of last year? Pulp Fiction and The Last Seduction, hands down.

CN: Ben and Jerry's Flavors?

HS: Oh, jeep. I'm a Haagen-Dazs girl. (Coffee and Butter Almond.) Does it help to know that I think Cherry Garcia and Chunky Monkey are kind of revolting? (Author's note: No, it doesn't help. Sniff, HS. I thought I could like this woman. Now that I know she prefers Haagen-Dazs to our own homegrown BC's, I don't know what I can do...)

CN: What are some of your hobbies, or what do you do in your spare time?

HS: New York Times acrostic puzzles, and cryptic puzzles in The Nation; reading historical novels and bad cold-war spy thrillers, in addition to the New Yorker and certain lesbian journals; I play excruciatingly bad tennis, and passable scrabble; low-key hiking. (Is this enough?) I'm exhausted just thinking about it.

CN: What is your favorite way to procrastinate?

HS: E-mail. Computer games. Some of all the stuff listed above.

CN: What's your favorite season? (Happen to like "cross CHILDREN week.")

HS: "Bay Bridge Keep Left."

Despite her unreasonable aversion to BC's (they still just haven't tried Choco- lato Raspberry Swirl yet) I still think Hannah is a really cool woman. Trust me here, if you have anything you want to talk about, or if you have questions about what she said in this interview, or if you're just curious to meet her, make a point of dropping by to see her. If you missed it last week, her e-mail address is "hchill."
We all want to believe that we are working our hardest, and hence have a right to feel good about ourselves, and it is this which is the basis of the teacher-student relationship. That this, however, is not the case is revealed by what is written in the gradebooks. The fact is that we are working harder than we think, but it is not because we are working harder, but because we are trying to keep up with the pace of the classroom and the demands of the curriculum.

Working hard is not easy, but it is not impossible. We can work hard if we have the will to do so. The key is to determine what we want to achieve and then to work towards that goal. Working hard is not just about working longer hours, but about working smarter.

We all have our own unique ways of working hard. Some people work best in the morning, while others work better at night. Some people work best in a quiet, peaceful environment, while others work better in a noisy, bustling environment. The important thing is to find what works best for you and to stick with it.

From my own personal experience in situations where I successfully believe into me to becoming as a member middle class, I was not efforts not have been needed.

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A taboo subject
by Julia Alexander

I am so sick of this shit! Housewives are not working mothers, they are housekeepers. They have worked full time and been a housewife since I was five years old you can't tell me that some lady who stays at home all day works as hard as my mom does. I am so tired of their lying bitching! (or something to that effect) I don't believe them. Everyone who is indoctrinated with the latest fashion in feminism, those women who are poor have almost no choice in this matter. However, thinking now more much Marxist and much less feminist, I recall Carev's words, "it all stink in the wil- derness. As anyone who has grown up in a single parent household will tell you, and as I have heard many people talk about growing up working class, the feeling of lack comes not so much from the lack of income (or time or attention from working mothers) these can be easily made up for in creative and beautiful ways. What I felt growing up, piercingly and bitterly, was a suffocating lack of choice. My mother had every wish she craved and in many of her ways she could pay attention to and spend time with the children. People who are working class have very limited options as to how much and in what way they can have an income. People who are poor have almost no choice in this matter.

And yes, as Carev pointed out to me, this is not in some way more evil than some other ways. The work that we all do stinks in the wilderness. As anyone who has grown up in a single parent household will tell you, and as I have heard many people talk about growing up working class, the feeling of lack comes not so much from the lack of income (or time or attention from working mothers) these can be easily made up for in creative and beautiful ways. What I felt growing up, piercingly and bitterly, was a suffocating lack of choice. My mother had every wish she craved and in many of her ways she could pay attention to and spend time with the children. People who are working class have very limited options as to how much and in what way they can have an income. People who are poor have almost no choice in this matter.

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choice, or through lack of initiative; that rich people have individually forged their way to the top. Maybe this is because the myth of the American Dream teaches us that America is the land of opportunity, and that anyone can succeed if they just try hard enough.

This attitude, even if we don’t discuss it openly—maybe especially when we don’t discuss it openly—makes people feel guilty, frustrated, angry, and defensive over class. I find it ironic that we can have deep, meaningful, and heated discussions about Hell Week, but we cannot openly share our thoughts about class. By not discussing class, we make the subject taboo, as though there were something wrong with having different class backgrounds. As though there were something wrong with people who are from any class but the middle class.

We shouldn’t be afraid of discussing difference. When we don’t discuss the things that make us uncomfortable we are, in a way, supporting the status quo and obliquely criticizing difference. We talk about the things we like and approve of. We talk about the things that bother us that we think should be changed. The things we don’t talk about are those which are wrapped up in shame and discomfort, those things with which we do not want to be associated, on which we feel uncomfortable taking a stand.

I’m not sure I’m comfortable with the idea of being ashamed of my class, although I have been for years. Shame about class suggests that I approve of the current class structure, that I think there should be a top and a bottom. I don’t want to buy into the idea that it is my fault that I am on the “bottom,” that it is my responsibility to struggle through and do without things that should be basic human rights. I’m not saying that people shouldn’t work, or that people should be given “something for nothing,” but I am distinctly uncomfortable with the idea that some should have more than they need while others have too little to survive. But in my silence, I am complicit in the status quo.

If we don’t speak openly about class, nothing will ever change. If we don’t express our anger and frustration—and our shame—no one will ever know what we think. If we are not open about who we are, stereotypes will continue for how can an opinion change without facts?

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Upcoming public forum

by Patricia Loemis

Early this semester several concerned staff members, faculty members, and students (including myself) spent a weekend discussing issues of class on the Bryn Mawr campus, as well as in the outside world.

At the retreat, we spent some time relating personal conflicts with issues of class and determining what class means to each of us personally. We concluded that the perceived individual determinations of class vary from income to type of work, intelligence to manners.

It follows that class levels are not fixed but rather, one can speak politely and intelligently and be perceived as upper class. From my own personal experience, I have been in situations where I successfully fooled people into believing me as a member of the upper middle class. It was not effortless, but it should not have been necessary.

I don’t feel I should have to hide my economic background nor to be ashamed of financial struggle. Money, thankfully, has absolutely nothing to do with self-worth.

I feel it is important for the Bryn Mawr community to become aware of and sensitive to other’s hardships. Also, know that not everyone here is wealthy or financially comfortable, nor even above the poverty level. Don’t assume, and try to be understanding.

I understand the issue of class is a difficult one to talk about. However, don’t avoid conversations including issues of class. By discussing the problems, we can work toward a more unified, respectful community.

We are planning a public forum on the issue of class. The more people who participate, the more valuable the forum will be. Please attend.
The redneck way of knowledge
by Elena McCadden

Blanche McCrory Boyd has a gift for doing the difficult if not downright impossible. She is someone who grew up in [a list of favorite dysfunctional adjectives here] family known that peace in general is hard to come by. Peace with the past, that's the downright impossibility. But she has made it possible in the past as actual strength for the present and the future... forget about it! My tormentosed, disillusioned self says, it just ain't never gonna happen.

But in The Redneck Way of Knowledge: Don't Tell Me How to Live, things actually do. Over and over again Blanche McCrory Boyd weaves together a reconciliation with the past and future, illness and love for it as well as an intense passion for the present life it has given her. I think that it is for lessons in this skill that I devour her books: a love of the good parts of childhood and family without painful longing, and a clear rejection of propaganda about submitting to a self-destructive, all-consuming hatred. I am free to make the book to her as personal as possible, to be useful, allow me to deal with you with my favorite old recovery adage: Miracles Happen. Blanche McCrory Boyd is one of them.

She entered my life for the first time in the spring of my junior year while I was home on a very longious leave of absence (I had failed two courses at Bryn Mawr and was kindy asked by my dean to take some time off) in the form of a few lines in a letter from a friend studying in London. I am book with my addictions in the order in which they are killing me." The words fell like precious droplets on my tongue; I had left myself for dead many weeks before. I had just "connected" with the lovely Bryn Mawr, and dated "my first woman" (an abber- rant phrase) that fall. Needless to say, I had not the remotest knowledge of who the hell this person was. I am book with my addictions in the order in which they are killing me."

The book has eleven short stories/essays in it, some more true, some less. Blanche McCrory Boyd is generally hilari- ous and garrulously insightful. Redneck is a lot more political and literary than her other three books (less hard core recovery, even so) I feel that is creates a way more rounded body of work. When I read it two years ago, I got a lot less out of it then I did from her other books. I kept wanting her to go on and on and on...
Quoth the divine Jeanette Winterson, "It's an all-purpose rainy-day pursuit, this reducing of stories to 'history' (Oranges Are Not the Only Fruit)." Louche as I am to disagree with the goddess, it must be said that the second half of Conway's autobiography—"as I have been telling anything at all, indeed the past week, hence the de- cision to share with a wider audience my estimation for this woman (and tempting though it was, the enticing offer of Free Books! was not a factor in my decision to contribute this review, mostly because I already had access to a free copy—see Eliana Saxon for details)."

The Road From Crossin chronicles the first half of Conway's life, which took her from the Australiabush of a New South Wales sheep farm to Sydney, where she experienced the joys, as it were, of Australian/ British colonial private schools and further education at the University of Sydney, where she developed her interest in history. Conway also explores the complex entanglements and nuances of her relationship with her mother, a woman whose life, riddled by tragedy and death, eventually overwhelms her and whose resulting emotional imbalances overwhelms and suppress her children. The book ends with her decision to leave Aus- tralia and her mother for further study in the U.S., at Harvard, where True North picks up.

I read The Road From Crossin as well, grace a Eliana, but on the whole I pre- ferred the second volume. This probably has something to do with the ethnicity, as the bulk of the action takes place here in a country with which I am familiar, not to mention the fact that being from the Boston area it was cool to look at Cambridge and New England through the eyes of someone who didn't grow up thinking of Boston as the Hub of the universe. True North tells of Conway's academic experience at Har- vard, of the excitement of living within one of the most intellectually stimulating communities in the U.S. (at least at that, the early 1960s), if not the world. It also chronicles her marriage to John Con- way, a Harvard professor, their travels in Europe and eventual settlement in Tor- onto, where she was a professor of history for ten years. This book ends with her decision to accept the presidency of Smith College in 1975, a position she held until 1983. According to the biography in the back of the book, she is now a professor at M.I.T.

I particularly enjoyed the description of her life in Cambridge, and was sincerely in awe of and encouraged by her seem- ingly unassailable and constant belief in the power of the people of history. Her doctoral thesis was on the lives and achievements of promi- nent American women's abolitionists, Abigail Adams, Lucretia Mott, Lu- tify, such as Jane Addams, Florence Kelley and Elizabeth Cady Stanton. Despite the fact that she was obviously impressed by the achievements of these women, as well as by their success in combating the institu- tion of slavery, no doubt you'll find her to be as open-hearted to be as open at the time she was not at the time she was able to come to grips with the emo- tion, romantic relationships of some of these women, namely, their homosexuality. One assumes that later on, as Presi- dent of Smith, her mind opened to lesbi- anism and she became an understanding of the lifestyle. Something additional I found impressive was her unremitting re- search, the stimulation she found in per- learning that she couldn't be dependent on him and remain saw. John, an undiag- nosed manic depressive who was paranoid, if prescribed, would have done a world of good, fell cyclically into horrendously bleak, dark depressive states, occasion- ally ending up hospitalized for long peri- ods of time. I was not just able to run both of their lives on her own. Hence she avoided the usual trap of becoming too social, if not emotionally, dependent "little woman" of a prominent aca- demic.

Correspondingly, she seems to have been concerned with the domestic turns her (heterosexual) dissertation subjects took after having made such valuable, world-renowned contributions to society. At that time, she acknowledges in hindsight, she couldn't have guessed that often these women had to assume appropriate domestic and "feminine" roles in soci- ety and not overlap the gend- er lines, in order to get people to listen to their "without frightening them and steering atten- tion away from their cause. As she says, the "latter learned that in American society, a woman who doesn't fit the romantic stereotypes of the female has difficulty mustering support." At the time of her dissertation, this writing, this idea eluded her, yet I remain impressed by her puzzlement over the mysteri- ous domestication of her sub- jects, a detail that would prob- ably have been overlooked by most historians at the time.

Obviously, my esteem for this woman is high, and I deeply admire her work, particularly her dedication to bringing out the human, story-like side of history, as well as her strength in overcoming so many discriminatory and emotional ob- stacles, to emerge heartbreakingly, insightfully and challenging historian she is today. Perhaps, had Ms. Winterson had a profes- sor such as Jill Conway, her concept of history as a field of academia might have been more successful. She has certainly en- lightened mine.

True North is available from Alfred A. Knopf publishers for $23.

"Growing Up Racist" now, after having read the "originals," I can see where she is not as deep or piercing as the Black and Latinsalettes I've read, but Blanche Boyd finds herself in bounds that I've found my- self in, and it helps me a lot to hear about that, too. Given a desert island, I'd have to take Cax, hands down. But given that I'm here, and the way I am, I'm damn glad I've had Blanche to pull me through. Her, the Moor and the Magyars, they offer them- selves sacrificially whenever you are at a loss for what to do, yes; you read them once, and they leave you just a little bit more free.

I think that the following quote is the best way to sum up why I think The Red- neck Way of Knowledge: Drawn Home Tales is so great, why Blanche McCreary Boyd is great, and why y'all should go read her stuff. "I was suspicious of the outside world, and I was waiting for television to give me the word." I didn't know what would break my isolation two long years ago, but I knew something had to come sooner or later, and then Blanche did, and gave me the word.
The ARTSCENE Film Series Schedule

- Amadeus
- Black Orpheus
- Modern Times
- Chatelle
- Guys and Dolls
- 84 Charing Cross Road
- The Music Teacher
- La Traviata
- The Lion in Winter
- Carmen
- Henry V
- High Society

- "Riots are shown Saturday nights at 8 pm, unless otherwise noted.

- This new film series strives to promote and celebrate the arts by providing the college community with the best in film arts and entertainment.

- Redtree

Red Tree Magazine is seeking poetry and prose for the Spring, Red Tree Issue. The deadline is Friday, February 24, Box C-1695. Please include a short biography with your submission. There will also be a staff meeting on Wednesday, February 22, 8:00 PM, for all interested in Red Tree writing workshop and production. If you are interested but unable to attend, please call Emily x7719 or Tina x7528.

- The South African Film Series continues with the following films, Sundays at 7 in Thomas 210

- February 19 — "David Goldblatt in Black and White: South African Photographs" (1966), 52 min. This photo essay by David Goldblatt paints an extraordinary picture of the divided country of South Africa from the late 1940s through the 1970s. Showing black-and-white photographs interspersed with film footage and historical newsreel clips, the photographer tells a world of vast contradictions and complexities. Narrated by Janet Suzman. Blue Ribbon winner, American Film Festival. "Servire Banti a Dead" (1978, BBC), 59 min. Film that was staged at the Royal Court in 1974. Athol Fugard's two-man thesis play concerns the plight of Black South Africans and utilizes such conventions as an actor playing several parts, pantomime, and improvisational staging. Commentary is offered by Otho Davis and Ruby Dee, who read from the works of African American writers.

- February 26 — "Master Harold and the Boys" (1985, Michael Lindsay-Hogg), 105 min. Film version of Athol Fugard's autobiographical exploration of family, especially the relation between biological and surrogate fathers and sons. The play captures a compelling rite-of-passage moment when young Hal becomes a white "man" in South African terms.

- Calendar of events

- South African film series

- same dynamic of racism and hypocrisy exists if a white actor were to play a role written for a person of color. The paranoid agreed that there is a distinction between roles where the actor's ethnicity is an integral part of the characterization of the role and the blatant racist exclusion of actors of color. Another person asked if people of color should even act in traditional, classical roles, at all. She suggested that a new canon of Asian American literature and theatre might need to be created. BJ asserted that Asian American actors should be given the right to play any role that he/she desires and that the feeling needed for traditional roles would prove to be beneficial later on in his/her career. The forum reached its conclusion with a riveting performance of one of the scenes of "Yankow Dwaq Yow De." The performance focused on the tempestuous friendship that emerges between an older Asian actor, Vincent, and his younger counterpart, Bradley. The two have come back from acting class and are having drinks together. Bradley asks Vincent to join him for a project at the Asian American theatre in town. Vincent refuses by saying that all those "Orientals huddling together, scared of the outside world... still an actor's needs." In reply, Bradley recounts a scene in a Mickey Roryke movie where his character stammers drunkenly into a bar and sweats at the Chinese elders, urging them to go "back home." Bradley continues speaking and tells of the audience's response: "As we walked out I could feel people staring at us. And the look in their eyes. I'm an American. These... generations, I'm an American. And this... movie comes along and makes me feel like I don't belong here. Like I'm the enemy." Vincent is visibly moved by Bradley's tale and agrees to collaborate on the project.

- Gospel Choir Concert

On behalf of Sisterhood and the Bryn Mawr-Haverford Gospel Choir, you are invited to attend A Gospel Choir Event! Date: Saturday, February 15, 1995

Time: 7PM
Place: Thomas Great Hall
Special Guests include the COUSINS, the Villanova Gospel Ensemble and Sherry Butler. Dessert reception immediately following performances.
The Uppity Blues Women

by Julia Alexander

I first heard of Saffire—the Uppity Blues Women just before I came here for my freshman year, and I thought they were so great that I have listened to them ever since, buying (for dubbing) any of their albums I could find. Even if you’re not into the blues, their songs appeal to the "uppity blues woman" in all of us. This group adds a spirit of what they call "uppinitiveness" to their music, making the songs more appropriate to a Mastedly conscious. Their new album "Old, New, Borrowed, and Blue," is no exception.

This new album is, in my admittance biased and personal opinion, the best album Saffire—the Uppity Blues Women has produced yet. The music is smooth and sweet, drawing on the long tradition of the blues in a combination of covers and new songs. The people in the news room as I wrote this article described the music as sounding spicy, rich, homemade, and very good (I asked for food analogies).

There’s a new member of the group, and she adds a smoothness that I had never noticed was missing until I heard the new album. All of the songs pull everything they can out of the music and pour it generously into their performance.

All of Saffire—the Uppity Blues Women’s albums are fun to listen to as women. They talk about the things that concern us (Broadcasting, an earlier album, had songs about neurological exams and the misery of having one’s period) and they are sung to be both amusing and sympathetic. Those are particularly good for people who have recently broken up, since they both accept that you feel bad, and they say lots of nasty things about ex-lovers. Some people might say that they bash men, which is probably true, but what’s wrong with that?

One of the new songs, "Bitch With A Bad Attitude," was written for the SWTAB Club in Dayton, Ohio. The liner notes explain that SWTAB stands for "Something Worse Than A Bitch." The song fits this image well; beginning with the lines "I should stay, I’d only be in the way," the song quickly segues into a new twist; "and so I’m gonna stay right here, and I’m gonna make you pay." The group explains that "This is the nineties—it’s time to stand up, to be uppity!" The song suggests that women stop letting men take advantage of them, and start accepting that they want to take revenge on those who hurt them. (I’m not sure whether they advocate taking revenge, but it’s sure fun to think of it!)

"There’s Lightning in These Thunder Thighs" criticizes the idea that women should starve themselves skinny to be sexually attractive. It has an infectious tune, as well as words with which I can thoroughly agree: "you’re looking for a girl who’s buff; well, baby, I’m a diamond—in the rough." I agree with the hope that this song will "empower all of us to love our bodies, no matter what size we may be."

Like most of the other songs on this album, and on their other albums, "Yonder Come The Blues" is a good song to listen to if you’re feeling a little bit depressed. Although it’s about feeling down and miserable, the music somehow pulls the endorphins all-cursing out of your brain, and causes you to smile and sing along; and once you’re singing with the Uppity Blues Women, things just have to get better.

So if you’re in the mood for a musical late, baked chicken with yogurt and curry, and an Irish coffee to top it off, see if you can get yourself a copy of this album.

The Uppity Blues Women

Dykes To Watch Out For

Dykes To Watch Out For
FEATURES

Contest! Prizes! Wild fun! Prizes!

by Julia Alexander

In the interest of ending the erroneous assumption that “features” means a thousand words from the mouth of Julia, I am instituting a little contest for this page of our illustrious paper. If you write in on the week’s suggested topic, or any other “feature” topic of your choice, your article will be published, and you will win a prize. Just think, a prize! And all you have to do is write an article for us! How cool! What suckers we are! And it will be fun, too!

What are features? Consensus seems to hold that “features” are all of those human interest stories, comics, and advice columns that the average person flips to when they first open up the paper. You know, like the story about the lady down the street who has that lawn art obsession, or about the kid who always wins the 4-H livestock competition. You can also do something that keeps on being featured, like the articles about graffiti, the archives, or cooking in last semester’s papers. Writing is a lot of fun, and it’s really easy: just find something you want to talk about, and talk about it. If you know some of the letters of the alphabet, you have the language skills necessary to get published!

Next issue’s topic (deadline 2/24): Write an article about someone you know who does something interesting or cool. You can analyze your roommate’s dreams or interview one of the people you work for. You could talk to someone about when they were young, or you can make up the sort of person you’d like to see around campus. Remember the College News rule for publication (don’t say something you can get sued for) and you’ll do just fine! Go wild, go crazy, go write an article!

National Theatre of the Deaf

This Thursday at 8 PM, the Bryn Mawr College Performing Arts Series presents The National Theatre of the Deaf, presenting “An Italian Straw Hat,” their current show which has received rave reviews from Variety, among others. As always, the NTDeafmen sign language with the spoken word in highly energetic performance style. This show, a “tour de force,” takes place in turn-of-the-century Paris, and involves a meeting of a deaf man, her straw hat, a wedding, and half of the inhabitants of mid-nineteenth century Paris. A madcap comedy, full of plot twists, mistaken identities, and silly shenanigans is always good for you on a Thursday night. Don’t miss it! Tic at the door, or call 526-9218.

Jokes. Ha, Ha!

Mustaver 1: How many Mastavers does it take to change a light bulb?
expected answer: One, but she’ll need an extension.

Mustaver 2: Who cares?

Yes, folks, in the interest of making it easier for you to come up with something to write for The College News, I’m asking you to send in all of your favorite “light bulb” jokes, and we will put them into the paper. Think of it! You get your name in the paper, and all you have to do is send me a joke through campus mail (box 367) or e-mail (plead), and you’re feeling really brave, you could even submit it to the College News box in the Campus Center or on the second floor of Denbigh! And, heck, if you have any jokes other than ones about changing light bulbs, or—as always—if you have any articles, submit those, too.

Valentine 1995

To the beautiful woman in the green bra with the pierced nose and many rings in her ear. You enchant me. I wish I could forget your face, but I cannot. My eyes make me wish that I could die falling into their splendor. Your smile is etched in my memory, the way it begins from the perfect stillness of your beautiful pursed lips, pensive and distracted, only to broaden upon greeting into, by far, the most sexy smile I have seen in a long time. I wish that I knew more of you so I could write volumes of praise about the beauty I can sense you have beyond your physical perfection. Alas, I am not so fortunate. On this year’s day of adoration, my mending objectification will have to do, but I long for some hoped for in the future when I may be so fortunate as to, properly be able to tell you of my love. Your adoring servant, Radik Onu

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TREMENDOUSLY EXCITING!
A week of blasting originality! Bravo!

NEW YORK TIMES, Joan Mellen

FACETTACALLY ENTERTAINING!
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ROLLING STONES, Peter Travers

INDISPUTABLY GREAT! FEROCIOUS FUNK!

PULP FICTION

Curtiz/Imagem Film & Leonardo Films production

BMC Film Series, Friday February 17th, 8 & 10 PM