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THE COLLEGE NEWS

VOLUME XVII NUMBER 23

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BRYN MAWR COLLEGE

FEBRUARY 14, 1995

Is Diversity Dead?

by Trilby V. John

On February 21st, on this Bryn Mawr campus, I had the cops called on me, and in that instant all my preconceived notions of equality and diversity on this campus dissolved in a puff of black and white smoke. It was around 11:35 PM, and a small group from Penn State's African-American Alpha Kappa Alpha sorority arrived to use our campus for one of their yearly rituals. Another group of eight African-American Mawrters were there to watch the proceedings, and at around 11:40 the recruits began to march and chant. At exactly 11:46, Public Safety arrived and said that they had received complaints about the "noise" the recruiters were making. We were all then asked to disperse.

I felt as if I had been slapped. This college prides itself on its apparent diversity and uses it as a selling point to minority students. Yet a small group of African-Americans were seen as so much of a threat the cops had to be called. During Hell Week a group of frosh singing and

dancing in the snow at night was tolerated, but a smaller group of African-Americans doing the same thing was not.

An incident like this is an obvious breach to the personal security of all African-Americans on this campus. If we cannot congregate as a group at night because of the fear of the police being called, what other breaches of security can we soon expect? This college is not as diverse as it is touted to be, and true diversity would never come with a few posters of African-American achievements put up for 28 days or an explanation of the food that we eat once a year in February. And it will certainly never come with a few Pluralism classes. This diversity which we all clamor for will only come when the basic attitudes of the students are changed. It will happen when we all stop being so afraid of each other that Public Safety had to be called because a small group of African-Americans were outside at night celebrating their unique heritage during African-American History Month.



Senior ThaoMi Nguyen with tutorees in Chinatown. Photo courtesy Sally Chan.

ASA tutoring unites Mawrters and school kids

by Sally Chan

Wednesday, February 8th, 1995, ASA started their first Tutoring Session in Chinatown for second semester. The program was started in the fall by freshman Lai Har Cheung to help elementary school children in Chinatown. The tutoring particularly benefits those of the ESOL (English Speakers of Other Languages) program at McCall School. Word was disseminated to ESOL parents through cooperation with McCall's principal and with ESOL teachers at the school. Interest was generated on campus through announcements at ASA meetings and through mailings.

There are about 15 tutors participating this semester. Tutoring runs roughly an hour on Wednesdays at the Chinese Christian Church at 10th and Spring streets, in the heart of Chinatown and is primarily spent helping kids with their

homework or helping them read stories. For the kids, it is the help that they are getting that is most important. For the tutors, it is watching the kids learn and sometimes, being amazed of their abilities at such a young age. For an hour a week, the worlds of college women and elementary school children combine. The only thing linking them being a similar culture and the desire to learn from one another.

The ASA Tutoring Program at Bryn Mawr hopes to accomplish a lot more in the future. Ideas brewing include how to organize a way to do community service for those who cannot make it on Wednesday nights, and also, the idea of Ownership, of not just mere participation in the Tutoring Program, but feeling like part of it. We will strive to accomplish these goals in the near future.

For more information, contact Sally, '98, C-62 or Lai Har, '98, C-66.

Japanese women defy subservient stereotype

by Beth Berger

After living in Japan for a year and then talking to people about my experience, I have become aware of how strongly Americans cling to cultural stereotypes. I have been asked too many times how I could stand being in a country where women have no real power are expected only to please their husbands and have no lives of their own. This picture of Japanese women that my

the country.

My friend's mother sounded happy to hear from me and explained that Jen wasn't there. She then went on and lectured me on how I had changed and how here in America women are liberated and don't need to apologize for the hour of their call. I was told how Japanese women are meek and how I should break out of that mold I had supposedly been put in while in Japan. The rest of the lecture involved words like weak, subservient, and even slave. This was most

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friends held was disturbing to me. The women whom I came to know in Japan were just as strong and amazing as any American women.

One memorable lecture about Japanese women came when I called my friend Jen's house just after I had gotten back in the country 9 months ago. I have always hated it when people call me late at night, so when I rang my friends house at 11pm and got her parents on the line, I apologized for the hour of my call but explained that I had just gotten back into

Disability awareness begins at Bryn Mawr

by Hilma Munson

Have you ever wondered what it would be like to be a Mawrter with a disability? Of Bryn Mawr's undergraduate student population, none have permanent mobility impairments. We can all walk up the stairs of Taylor Hall to talk with our deans, visit friends on the third floor of Pem East, and ride the blue bus. At present, none of these activities are possible for wheelchair users. Yet if none of us (undergrads) use wheelchairs, why does it matter?

There are two reasons. First, if the College became more accessible, perhaps more students with disabilities would consider coming to Bryn Mawr. Since we pride ourselves on our diversity, we should make an effort to invite students with disabilities. Second, in 1990 Congress passed the Americans with Disabilities Act (ADA). In short, this act requires that all programs be accessible to everyone, regardless of disability. Hence it is in our best interest and it is required by law for Bryn Mawr to be-

come an accessible college.

You may wonder what the College has done to make our programs more accessible. First, Bryn Mawr will reschedule events to accessible locations or make other accommodations as needed. Second, since the passage of the Rehabilitation Act of 1973, efforts have been made to improve the accessibility of our buildings.

The College has constructed and renovated buildings including the campus center, gym, computer center, Science Complex, and Rockefeller Hall, all of which are accessible. Also, the College has completed bathroom and entrance renovations in many campus buildings. For a more complete view of accessible buildings on campus, accessibility maps are placed inside the entrances of all accessible buildings.

In addition to the construction and renovation improvements, the college employs an Accessibility Coordinator who provides services to people with disabilities on campus (Presently, she works with graduate students and under-

grads with temporary disabilities). The Accessibility Coordinator also chairs the Campus Accessibility Committee. This committee reviews campus facilities and makes recommendations to the College regarding campus accessibility.

If you have any questions, concerns, or suggestions about campus accessibility or about the ADA, you have a chance to explore and be heard. Everyone is invited to participate in Disability Awareness Week, which will take place during the week of March 21. On Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday of that week there will be a table in the campus center with information about the ADA, the Campus Accessibility Committee's work, a comment box, and much more. Later in the week, we hope to arrange a showing of "Positive Images: Portraits of Women with Disabilities." This video addresses relationships, sexuality, family life, education, and societal attitudes. All are welcome and encouraged to attend. If you have any questions, please contact our Accessibility Coordinator, Jeanne Simon Angell at x7322.

ABORTION: Mawrter's opinions are more varied than you might expect (pages 6 & 7)

EDITORIAL

ACTIVISM CORNER

by Jessica Shearer

• On April 7th through 9th NOW is sponsoring a **Young Feminist Conference** in Washington D.C. Reproductive Freedom at Bryn Mawr and the Pro-Choice organization at Swarthmore are looking to put together a tri-co group of at least seventy people in order to qualify as a delegation. Delegation status provides voting and other privileges. This conference will be followed by a rally for women's lives on Sunday the 9th. If you are interested in attending this conference or if you are a member of an organization that would consider assisting with transportation costs contact Nealia Khan at nkhan or C-1370. *This conference will explore many issues of interest to young feminists and is not limited to reproductive rights.*

• On March 21st at 8:00 p.m., Professor David Karen will moderate a symposium entitled "**Cracks in the Bell Curve**" to discuss the controversial book *The Bell Curve*, which links race and genetics with intelligence level. If you are interested in participating call (215) 765-6070.

• If you are interested in helping non-native speakers learn **English as a Second Language** please call (215) 204-8570. To become a tutor you must undergo a day long training and give two to four hours per week to the individual or family you are tutoring. They do not require any knowledge of another language.

• The **Uhuru Furniture Bazaar** is looking for volunteers and donations. The bazaar is a fundraiser for the black working class-led Uhuru Movement for black self-determination. It is organized by Uhuru Reparations Now!, building a movement for white people's reparations to the African Community. They are open from Wednesday to Sunday noon to 7 pm and on Saturday from 10 am to 7 pm. If you can volunteer, or have something to donate (they pick up) call the Uhuru Furniture Bazaar at (215) 536-9616. Of if you are interested in organizing a regular group of volunteers call me, Jessica Shearer, at x7501.

• Start considering **voter registration drives** for this summer or over spring break. Several organizations are already calling for supporters of affirmative action to help register Californians in an effort to defeat the California Civil Rights Initiative, an initiative that would effectively eliminate affirmative action. Backers of the measure are seeking enough signatures to place it on the ballot with the state's Presidential primary in March 1996. But this is only one place and reason to conduct voter registration drives. If you would like to register people, contact your political party, who should be glad to provide you with the necessary information and forms.

If you would like to see other activism related information published in this section please contact Jessica Shearer at x7501, jshearer, or C-428.

Japanese women defy subservient stereotype

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definitely not the impression that I had of my 2 host mothers.

My first host mother, Mrs. Akikusa, like almost all wives in Japan, had complete control of the family's finances. When Mr. Akikusa came home with a paycheck, it was immediately handed over to my host mother. She decided where the money was spent and on what. The decision to buy an expensive Volvo as the family's new car was completely Mrs. Akikusa's decision. When I asked her if Mr. Akikusa

wanted another car, she responded that his opinion didn't really matter, she was the one who drove the car and therefore whether he wanted it or not didn't really matter.

This same philosophy even applied to me. When my school called the Akikusa's to ask if they could take an exchange student for one third of the year, Mrs. Akikusa quickly said yes. Mr. Akikusa was informed while he was on a one week business trip in the US. By the time he returned, I was already living in their house. Mr. Akikusa spent most of his time at work or on business trips so Mrs. Akikusa didn't think that it mattered whether her husband wanted me there or not. He didn't seem to think so either; her complete control of family affairs seemed to just be an accepted fact that both Mr. and Mrs. Akikusa were happy with.

At my second host family things were a little different, but my host mother was still in control of some major aspects of the family's affairs. Mrs. Nagasaki con-

trolled the money and plans of the family but respected her husband's opinion on things. The Nagasakis had a more equitable relationship, where they respected each other's opinions. Mr. Nagasaki spent more time at home and was much more active in the family than Mr. Akikusa had been.

What I found most impressive about the Nagasaki family was Mrs. Nagasaki herself. The woman was amazing. In 1963 she had spent 13 months as an exchange student in rural Ohio, and here I was having

difficulty with 9 months in Tokyo. She translates books that I would have trouble reading in English into Japanese. She also works with immigrants from China and teaches them Japanese. Did I neglect to mention that she also speaks Chinese? With the modicum of free time left to her she acts as a liaison person to AFS exchange students in the Tokyo area, ensuring that everything is running smoothly between the host families, schools, and students under her charge. I was constantly in awe of her strength and energy as a person.

Even here at Bryn Mawr I draw on the images of my two host mothers to give me strength and confidence when things get tough. I find it frustrating that Americans tend to pigeon-hole foreign women too easily, and forget that women, anywhere, cannot be so easily classified. American women do not have a monopoly on being "liberated"; from what I saw of Japanese women, they're just as dynamic and special as American women.

THE COLLEGE NEWS

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE VOLUME XVII, NO. 2, FEBRUARY 14, 1995

Editors	Kathryn Kingsbury, X5689 Shannon Seymour, X7553
A & E Editor	Heather Batson
Photo Editors	Sara Fox, Sara Garwood
Graphics Editor	Smriti Belbase, Natalie Klein
Features Editor	Julia Alexander
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The College News does not accept any paid advertising.
Free announcements from or for the community are welcome.

The next deadline is February 24 at Midnight. Letters and articles should be sent to our mailbox (C-1716), or placed outside our Denbigh Office (X7340). All submissions should be on MAC disks or hard copy. They will be returned via campus mail (we promise). All opinions expressed in articles or letters are those of the author only, and are not representative of those of the editorial board. Come to Thursday night meetings at 8pm in the Denbigh office above the language lab or call one of the editors if you are interested in contributing to the paper.

STATEMENT OF PURPOSE: *The College News* is a feminist newsjournal which serves as a source of information and self-expression for the Bryn Mawr community. Recognizing that feminism is a collective process, we attempt to explore issues of interest to all women, both as members of this college and of the larger world community. Through this continuing dialogue, we seek to promote communication and understanding and to foster self-confidence and independence in expression.

I find it frustrating that Americans tend to pigeon-hole foreign women too easily

Secrets make you strong

A freshman's view of Hell Week

by Sarah Evanson

In its own way, Bryn Mawr is one of the biggest sororities on earth. All twelve hundred undergraduates are members of this sorority without exclusion. As such, Hell Week is hazing, an activity which has been banned from college campuses all over the country due to the humiliating, dangerous or painful ordeals that initiates have been forced to undergo for the sake of conformity. Before the beginning of Hell Week, I was leery of it. Nothing scary about Lantern Night (except for the dark and the ominous red lanterns, which gave me a rush). Nothing remotely unsavory about Customs Week. Hell Week, though, brought up memories of incidents at the University of Washington; my grandfather was branded with his fraternity's Greek letters on the forearm in 1923; three freshmen were arrested when the police found them naked, covered in peanut butter, in the vicinity of an agitated sheep during a fraternity initiation about five years ago. I quailed inside when my Heller smiled in a sinister, quiet fashion as I passed her on my way down the stairs to breakfast on Thursday morning. I shuddered when a friend of mine told me that Hellers who advertise themselves as apathetic NEVER ARE, and the room spun when she told me that she was going to make a rather retiring, untarnished friend of mine fake it with a carrot at Erdman during dinner.

Nevertheless, my main concern was that I'd never be able to make time for Hell Week activities. Singing in costume in front of hundreds of people is no big deal; I do it all the time! Fondling the horse at the Bryn Mawr Hardware Store, wearing all black and putting on a bad German accent (a la Dieter from SNL), intoning, "Touch my horsy, love him, love him. Liebe meine abs-horsy!" sounded like a great thing to do at eight on a Sunday morning (except that there wouldn't be much of an audience). As it became clear that my Heller wanted me to do things I had always wanted to do (but never knew it), I looked forward to the drive to the Duck Pond, to singing to Fords while wearing a huge paper heart on my chest, to lip-synching ABBA! An adventuresome, revelatory side of me opened its trench coat to the world. I stopped caring about the readings, papers and visits to the language lab that I had sworn (with my own blood, in the woods, at midnight) I would make real. I was in the red dancing shoes, I was Madame Bovary, I was terribly disappointed when it all turned out to be a sham.

I took a nap after dinner on Friday in order to have the energy for Bedtime Stories and Calisthenics. When my friends woke me at ten, they told me I had to go downstairs. I grunted, "No, I don't." I thought that Hell Week would outlast my nap. They had to reveal the truth. I staggered downstairs to claim my flowers and my lizards to find that virtually everyone had already cleared out. And I had missed out on the champagne (boo!). In Brecon's festively flowered dining hall I stood, my lizards draped around my neck, glumly holding a bouquet that had been waiting for me until it thought I wouldn't come. My Flower Day was rained out. I went to the party at the Campus Center for about ten minutes, but I didn't feel fun. All that

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ELENA'S OPINION THIS WEEK...

Things that bother me

by Elena McFadden

This being my first column I will begin it with one of my favorite topics, things that bother me. But look for in future columns such lively discussionary fodder as "Things about the world I really like," "Things I love about Bryn Mawr," "Things that make me go 'wow, is it really that bad out there?'" or "wow, that's really cool," "Things that make me say, 'Shit, what's this world coming to?'" "Things that make me want to sing(s)" "Things that make me want to laugh,".... you get the picture. Please e-mail me (emcfadde@cc.brynmawr.edu) any contributions you may have for these future columns which I will sub-head as you desire under "X's Opinion," but for now, we all know what we're here for....

... this thing at the Law school about the top ten list about the lady dean. This one bothers me for a lot of rea-

sons. That the ed.-in chief was a gal and she didn't "catch it" until after it had been printed (The axe came into the forest and the trees said, "The handle is one of us" and all that, you know). I suppose she should be given credit for at least yanking it at the last minute, and at her own expense, and for disposing of the offending material in an "ecologically responsible manner." But c'mon, that she couldn't have realized during layout that a top ten list about a young female faculty member (in a (still) nearly all male environment) of the top ten things they wished they could have seen her do at the faculty Xmas party including whispering into Santa's ear, while sitting on his lap, "I've been a very naughty girl this year," seems a bit fishy. It bothers me even more that some guy there thinks the paper should have been distributed as is to foster discussion of this issue on campus. Two words: wrong. You don't need to tell a racist joke in order to explain why it's racist and you don't need to dissemi-

nate a ridiculously sexist top ten list to explain why it's sexist. As one student brilliantly put it, it just shows how little distance we've come when a new female faculty member is made the target of mockery that a male would never have to put up with. (The Howl's Haverman edition excepted, of course.) This whole thing just really bothered me a lot.

... The Mary Kay Ms. magazine article this month. I'll try to make this one short: I THOUGHT WE'D COVERED THIS ONE ALREADY GUYS!!! Women cannot be both warm, nurturing, available mothers and bust open the glass ceiling at the same time, any more than I can be the man in the moon. Some women can be engaged in each activity, but the same woman cannot do both. Alright, so I lied, this article didn't just bother me, it ENRAGED me. She spent umpteen pages trying to argue for something

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Photo by Sara Fox

Where's the fun in Bryn Mawr parties?

by Amy Birnbaum

I stood in the campus center main lounge, the popular hangout for Muppet Show fans and coffee drinkers, where students can catch the latest Boyz 2 Men video or a few z's (at times the former is directly correlated with the latter). But no lounging took place that night. I was in the middle of one of BMC's dance parties. Well, not in the middle—in the corner would be more accurate. I, who had concluded I was not a party person of any means, had decided I was not allowed to complain about academic suffocation and/or boredom unless I could actually claim that I had tried out one of these famous dance parties for entertainment. And so, with the encouragement and companionship of friends, I trudged out in the snow and headed for the campus center. I reasoned that if I got really bored I could check my mail for the millionth time.

Amid the strobe light and the techno music, my peers blew off steam, dancing as much as they could within their allocated square foot of space. Circles were formed for group dancing, and some took off their shirts in the grand Bryn

Mawr tradition of bra dancing. And where was I? Well, you may have guessed that I wasn't exactly stopping the show with Travolta-moves. I tried dancing, but I didn't have any fun. Where's the fun, I thought, in swaying back and forth (the extent of my dancing talent) to really bad techno music? So I stopped swaying back and forth, and tried to talk to my friends, who seemed to like to sway back and forth. But all I got was "WHAT?? CAN'T HEAR YOU!" After a while, I left, and went back to my dorm, where I found some friends talking about nothing in the hall, which is what I usually do. So I sat down with them, and blew off more steam than I could have at the dance party, where my ear had nearly started bleeding during the Beastie Boys' "Sabotage."

Sometimes episodes like these make me think I belong to another time. Corny as it sounds, it's true. Standing among the so-called "Gen Xers" at that party made me feel three or four times my age. I was the crotchety old woman yelling, "What're you kids doin' in there? I'll never understand you youngsters today." I didn't feel more mature than my peers; I just felt out of it. I still feel out of

it as I write this. My generation has followed past generations in doing really weird things (in my own humble opinion) to have fun. Who actually thinks, for example, that moshing is fun (don't raise your hand as you're reading this—it's rhetorical)? Why was it so cool for some 200 pound bruiser to throw himself at me and several others a few months ago at a concert? Gee, I had come to see and hear "They Might Be Giants." Guess I had the wrong idea.

As for partying—well, partying is an old idea and is not too weird in and of itself. But I always thought of a party as a place where you socialize, and call me crazy, but socializing includes conversation. In the fifties, when all those guys were supposedly flipping their poodle-skirted sweethearts over their shoulders, there was still a conversation between, or even during slower dances. And in the sixties, according to nostalgia at least, "rapping" (in the old sense of the word) is what constituted a party, however drugged up people may have been at the time. In the nineties, I've found, there are parties where people actually talk. I'm not so social as to really know about

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Secrets make you strong

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silliness, interrupted. The upperclasses' enthusiasm for the whole affair was consoling, and I felt so touched that they had taken the time and energy to make the beautiful lizards, selecting quotes and pasting glitter, ritual, paper, and fabric together for the newest members of the Bryn Mawr community. I have already started thinking about the lizards I would make and the words I would pass on to someone in my position. After the despondence wore off (most of which had been created by influences external to Hell Week), I started to feel wonderful about the initiation. I was under the impression that Hell Week was so called mainly because the freshmen wouldn't have any time to get their work done. It's so fortunate that Hell Week ended when it did, in terms of our courses.

On another level, I found Hell Week downright cosmic. Unlike the lies we absorb in life, there was an end to the lie of Hell Week. Inundated by the fictions of language, perception, justice, moral responsibility, meaning, government, academic community and culture, it is refreshing to enter a ruse that misinforms your judgment, your tolerance and

your imagination and then calls off the charade. Most of us do not even dare to get off the fence on questions of relativity, objectivity and truth, not to mention discover some underlying truth upon which the lie was based. We cannot even say with authority that we are living

I hope that I will always be ignorant. The Hell Week deception underscores the effects of revising one's conception of reality.

within multiple fictions. I, too, felt somewhat deflated when Hell Week was exploded, but now, I am astonished and thrilled with the process of terror, anticipation and relief I underwent. Plus, I know now a secret of the college that many generations of Mawrters have known; I have been transformed from an ignorant frosh to a woman who has been adopted by the community without being

physically changed. My knowledge has been touched and I am more different internally than my grandfather after he was branded.

I have a sense that there are many more secrets to discover here, and that makes my curiosity ravenous. The Cloisters and the Taft Garden between Thomas and Canaday both have a preternatural hush about them. Some of our ancestresses have been buried in the Cloisters. They can speak to us, inheritors of a century-old tradition of strength, integrity and intelligence. In life as at Bryn Mawr, I will never learn every version of the truth, but I will never lose the capacity to learn. There is so much to know and my mind still has so much empty space. I hope that I will always be ignorant. The Hell Week deception underscores the effects of revising one's conception of reality. At first, we are led to expect many things that never come to pass, and then we learn to recalibrate ourselves to the new circumstances. This is an important ability, especially since the world is eternally in flux (or we might suddenly discover that it isn't changing at all) and we have to develop "sea legs" to keep our balance. There is a world full of spirits, silences, potential lights and shadows dappling our consciousness. I feel more aware of this after Hell Week. I do not feel any qualms about misleading freshmen next year; they will learn that expectations are subject to revision, that the sophomores, juniors and seniors that surround them have secrets to share, and that they could be granted with the ability to change direction in mid-air if they recognize the compassion and sisterhood behind Hell Week. Hell Week is more than a lie; it's a tremendous gift, which is more than I can say for propaganda, advertising and cultural standards of beauty, femininity and appropriateness. It is a mixed virtue at the bottom of Pandora's Box, most valuable because it shows that we are frequently deceived and that there can be an end to deception.

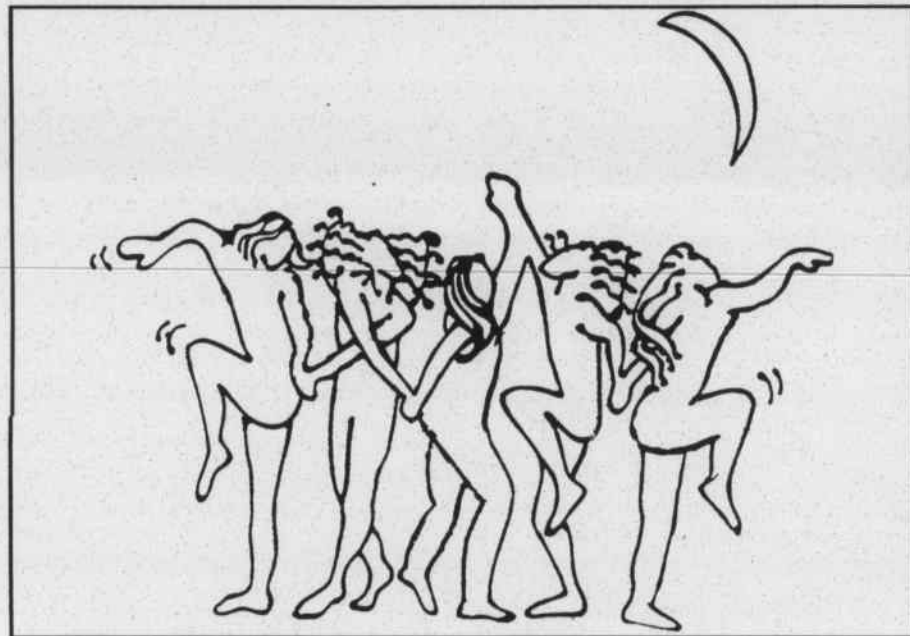


Where's the fun at Bryn Mawr parties?

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them, but I have testimony from my less socially inept older sister.

Okay, so I guess I do understand why people have fun at parties. The thing I can't really understand is (among other things) the dance party. Dancing is a form of socialization, but when the music is so loud and constant that you can't talk to the people who are inches away from you, it seems strangely empty to me. There's no conversation—only dancing (or swaying, at which some are more talented than others), like American Bandstand or The Grind. So where's the fun in it? I've thoroughly explored my feelings on the matter and I still don't know. But I do know that even Fred and Ginger, Danny and Sandy, Kevin Bacon's character from "Footloose," and the "Fame" kids had to stop dancing and talk sometime.



Celebrate International Women's Day on March 8

More things that bother me

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that doesn't exist, placing the blame for it's nonexistence on the government, on men, on society, everywhere except where it actually belongs: the cosmic make-up of the universe.

She even contradicts herself right in her umpteen pages saying at one point that women need to be given the freedom to climb the corporate ladder (presumably through more gov't child care, more men staying home with the kids, and more societies, I don't know, offering free baby-sitting?) and two pages later says, oh, by the way, women have a drive to be attentive to their children and spend time with them which men just don't have, so if women are deprived of spending time with their kids they'll be more unhappy than men would be. Look, I understand her point that she wants the right wing off her back telling her she's a bad mom if she works outside the home even though her husband's not a bad dad (because dads are supposed to be cold, distant and unavailable, God says so) but taking that point and drawing it out into the assertion that it's a problem with the world when she can't write for eighty hours a week and feel close to her kids is ridiculous.

That's a problem with her. The world, although fucked-up in many other ways, is just fine on this one. Men who spend eighty hours a week at the office don't have close relationships with their children, men who spend forty hours a week

at the office don't take that escalator past the ceiling. It's one or the other babe, you can't get both. The kids of the dad who works forty hours a week may not be singing Cat Stevens songs, but their dad isn't what society sanctions as a successful businessman either.

Let me make myself absolutely clear, sexism is rampant in our society (i.e., the first thing that bothered me this week) but the fact the women cannot be mothers (as we define motherhood in the fullest most beautiful sense of the word) and CEO's is not an example of it. There's just no sexism here because of the fact that men can't do that either (now if you want to talk capitalism though, that's a column for another day). Both genders are equally entitled to have marvelous careers, and they can have cars, and kids only the same way they have cars, not the way mothers are used to having kids.

The thing that bothered me most was that she held up this Pulitzer prize winning photographer who had decided not to have children as "Exhibit A: the injustice of it all." I, on the other hand, consider this woman "Exhibit A: victory." We now have what men have always had: choice. A photographer is a far cry from the teachers and nurses we were relegated to not all that long ago, even a photographer who is given prizes! Amazing! We should be damn glad we'd be so lucky as to be able to choose between taking pictures and making millions of dollars at it and having kids and

raising them. Don't get me wrong, there are plenty of women out there who have kids fully believing they'll only have to work part time or not at all, and life turns out differently. But this is what bothers me about these umpteen pages—they aren't the women Mary Kay was talking about. I, on the other hand, think they are the ones we most need to be talking about. Mary Kay bothers me a lot.

... the day the sidewalks were all icy but you couldn't tell until after you fell on your butt because it had just been misty and then froze, that bothered me a lot.

... by the time I called the movie theater after *Priscilla Queen of the Desert* stopped showing, all the posters had already been sold. Oh my god, that bothered me sooooo much.

... the Rutgers thing bothers me. The Rutgers thing bothers me because the question the man was asking, although phrased very poorly, was an extremely important question. Furthermore, I don't think we have nearly enough input from the people it's really going to affect, about how it should be answered. The question is, should admission standards be lowered in order to admit groups of people who can't meet current requirements? MY GOD! The implications of it are earth shattering no matter how it's answered. And instead of taking this as an amazing window of opportunity to voice an opinion desperately needed, all that was done is that a man's resignation was called for

who is obviously remorseful, has publicly apologized numerous times, and plainly knows he made a mistake. I mean, c'mon, who would you rather see in charge, someone who systematically and methodically cleanses his language to make it popularly acceptable, all the while not doing jack shit to change, let alone even discuss, the rates of acceptance of African-Americans to his college. Or would you rather have a guy who's speaking passionately about something he cares a lot about, says something obviously influenced by popular language, and when confronted with it apologizes and says it's not what he believes and he'll never say it again, meanwhile trying his damndest to get some discourse going about a very pressing, urgent problem and what people really want done about it. If I were him, I'd take all this as a clear message that people don't in fact really want fundamental change, they are fine satisfied with superficial cleansing. I'd take them up on their request for resignation and move to British Columbia and hang out with the Salmon. Rutgers doesn't deserve such a gutsy man. And it bothers me immensely that the rest of this country's media is so pig-headed as to go along with their knee-jerk response. Will someone please stand up and answer his original question, ARE WE GOING TO LOWER OUR STANDARDS OR NOT? I mean, c'mon guys, at this point what have we really got to lose?

Can you be feminist and pro-life?

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valid, and what are the consequences of acting on it or acting contrary to it? Is Kate Michaelman, president of NARAL (National Abortion Rights Action League), right when she states, "We have to remind people that abortion is the guarantor of a woman's... right to participate fully in the social and political life of society" (quoted in the *New York Times*, 5/10/88). Is the right to kill our offspring, ending one of the cumulative feminine experiences in the life cycle, what gives us full citizenship in the US? And if it does, is this the "choice" or "guarantor" that women should be trying to protect and promote? Or should we look for an alternative to what some have described as the choice that a trapped animal has to chew off her leg to free herself from the trap?

In the 19th century, the infant women's movement did not fight for this "choice" because they did not see it as an alternative that benefited women. Susan B. Anthony and Elizabeth Cady Stanton—along with other early feminists—deplored abortion, calling it "child murder," and saw it as one of the many ways that women were degraded and manipulated by men. Mattie Brinkerhoff, writing for Ms. Anthony's newspaper, *The Revolution*, argued, "When a woman destroys the life of her unborn child, it is a sign that, by education or circumstances, she has been greatly wronged" (*The Revolution*, 4/9/1886, 1(14):215-6). Ms. Stanton explained the exploitation of woman propagated by abortion this way, "When we consider that women are treated as property, it is degrading to women that we should treat our children as property to be disposed of as we wish" (Elizabeth Cady Stanton, from a letter in Julia Ward Howe's journal, 16/10/1873, Houghton Library, Harvard University). Following in their footsteps, Alice Paul, who drafted the original version of the Equal Rights Amendment, believed abortion to be "the ultimate exploitation of women" (Condon, Guy M. "You Say Choice, I Say Murder," in *Christianity Today*, 6/24/91, p. 22). The prevalence of abortion as a solution to an inconvenient pregnancy hurts women by telling them that their choice is between the sacrifice of their life plans and dreams and a humiliating, invasive operation which will mean the death of their child. One pamphlet published by the Feminists of Life explains,

"When women feel that a pregnant body is a body out of control, deviant, diseased, they are internalizing the attitudes of low self-esteem toward the female body. These attitudes contradict the right-ful feminist affirmation of pregnancy as a natural bodily function which deserves societal respect and accommodation" (Feminists for Life of America, 811 E. 47th St., Kansas City, MO 64110). Thus it seems that abortion has become the most effective means of sexism ever devised, ridding the world of thousands of unborn women and enlisting the support of other women to accomplish this. All women, not just those who find themselves pregnant at a time when they would rather not be, suffer because the choice of abortion is such a horrible one.

It seems, however, that pro-choice and pro-life advocates alike agree that no woman wants an abortion, but that women continue to have them because they feel that it is their only viable choice. This is contrary to the feminist ideal because "if women are doing something they don't want 4,400 times a day, they are further from freedom than ever" ("Why Women Choose Abortion," in *Christianity Today*, 1/9/95, p. 25), writes Fredrica Matthewes Green, past president of Feminists for Life and now director of the National Women's Coalition for Life. As a society we should be freeing women from the abortion "trap" instead of encouraging them to wrench themselves free the best that they can by themselves. In her own extensive studies consisting of hundreds of post-abortion

interviews with women across the country detailed in her new book *Real Choices: Offering Practical Life Affirming Alternatives to Abortion* Ms. Matthewes-Green found that "in nearly every case, the abortion was undertaken to fulfill a felt obligation to another person: a parent (and then most often, her mother) or the father of her unborn child. The predictable barriers of housing, jobs, and money faded rapidly in significance when these women were faced with a loved one's disapproving frown. They needed personal support and encouragement more than any material aid." She goes on to comment, "If a woman is to make a life-affirming

choice, one that both she and her baby can live with, she needs more than the one miserable alternative of abortion. It is time to give women more real choices" (ibid). And isn't that the heart of the women's movement—to give women more opportunity to better themselves, their families, their workplaces, and their communities? Welfare, reformation of the health care system, work situations which account for family life, quality daycare, adequate housing and food, and hundreds of other social issues all suffer because of the "choice" of abortion. The false choice offered by abortion denies any impetus to change the conditions that exist in these areas for the better. If one can rely on the promise that "these women didn't have to have these children," how will the women's movement be able to change the status quo economically and socially for women who

don't sacrifice their children for their economic and social well-being?

Also included in dilemmas posed by abortion is the other sex involved in the women's movement: men. Ironically, abortion as a solution to an inconvenient pregnancy encourages men to flee from responsibility and provides them with a way out. Is telling a woman that "whatever you decide, I'll support you," and hoping that it is only \$300 and a few weeks of time commitment the way men are encouraged to be pro-choice? How has support for abortion increased men's responsibilities in the family and in the home? Have men become more concerned with aiding pregnant women and caring for small children, or have they been allowed to push all responsibility back onto women because, "hey, I didn't ask you to have this kid"? Part of the original women's movement was born out of frustration with men who were irresponsible rakes, detached fathers and other exploitative figures, and there have been many calls for men to assume more responsible roles in marriages, families, workplaces, and communities.

Like many, I belonged for years to the well-I-think-abortion-is-wrong-personally-but-I-believe-women-should-have-the-right-to-choose category. But as a sophomore at Bryn Mawr, I started to explore more of what this category meant, and this exploration, combined with the experience of having a friend who had an abortion at that time, led me to the conclusion that adherence to this view was essentially tacitly supporting something that I came to see as tremendously painful for all parties involved. Why is the right to choose something harmful a cause I should support? I don't support other causes I believe are harmful and inflict pain (and death) on others. This is why I am a woman and pro-life.

Or should we look for an alternative to what some have described as the choice that a trapped animal has to chew off her leg to free herself from the trap?



Reflecting on my mother's choice

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While I may sound pro-life, I am not. I am pro-choice. Although I am glad that my own mother gave birth to my sister and me, I also believe that some circumstances do not call for this. As I read over my article, I also realize that I focused in on the mother's aspect of deciding to have a child, and did not include the father's. I do want to say that an abortion can affect the man as much as the woman. This is something I think is overlooked when discussing abortion. In my own case, I do not even know if my father knows he helped conceive twin girls, let alone be in on the decision of adoption or abortion. I do wonder what his part was and if he wonders about us, too.

I would like to end this by saying that I respect anybody's decision in adoption or abortion—both can be hard decisions that the mother/father doesn't necessarily want to make—but if it is feasible, adoption can be a beautiful way to give life to a child—or two.

Rejection of Foster jeopardizes choice

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as much as the fact that he performed legal abortions. In this case, a qualified individual should not be condemned for exercising a legal right.

Foster also participated in studies in the 1980s to test drugs designed to help women induce their own abortions. This was part of a research program approved by the FDA. Anti-choice groups believe this program promoted abortion; they are falsely reading and inserting morality into a legitimate medical procedure. In fact, there is no morality to glean. Foster spent much of his professional life getting young women to understand that the way to avoid pregnancy is abstinence and, failing that, condoms. Foster's program was designed to research safer and more effective means of abortion. Conservatives have mistakenly equated safety and science with bad morals.

It is important to note that Foster's confirmation is a purely political process; his rejection or resignation would not directly violate any civil liberties. However, the message we send is important: if Foster is not confirmed, we (as

voters and citizens) are condemning legal abortions and indirectly jeopardizing a woman's reproductive rights. Indeed, what if all doctors had the "right" to perform abortions, but were ostracized every time they did so? There may come a time when no doctors would perform abortions. A right is meaningless if it comes with strings attached. That is, if we value reproductive choice, we must ensure a woman actually has choice, not just that it is written down on paper. The law takes care of technicalities; we do the rest. The law can legally protect a right, but we, via our political system, must keep that right unfettered. If we desire to uphold a woman's right to choose, we need to become involved by:

(1) Calling Senator Arlen Specter (Pennsylvania). Senator Specter is a "swing vote" and vital to Foster's confirmation. As Pennsylvania students, our opinions will be especially important (especially for those students who live in Pennsylvania). Furthermore, Specter is planning on running for President, so he should be responsive to a national con-

stituency. Senator Specter's number is (202) 224-4254.

(2) Calling YOUR Senator. Senators respond very well to constituent callers. If you know one of your Senators is pro-choice, remind him/her. The Capitol Hill Switchboard is (202) 224-3121. Ask to be transferred to your Senator's office.

(3) Calling the White House. It is Clinton's job to support his nominees. Clinton has not given Foster the necessary support and, indeed, may suggest to Foster that he should resign before or during confirmation hearings. The White House switchboard is (202) 456-1414.

If you choose to do any or all of these (the more the better), simply state your position and mention that you are a (resident) voter. If you have any questions or would like to be further involved, contact Ilana Greenstein (896-3754) or Beka Cook-Mack (649-8377) at Haverford College. To learn more about this, come to Bi-Co Civil Liberties Union meetings on Thursdays at 9:00 p.m. in Barclay first floor lounge.

Supporting all my sister's choices

by Julia Alexander

I've always thought of myself as "pro-choice" when it comes to abortion. I don't think I would have an abortion myself, but that's beside the point. I think that other people have the right to make these decisions on their own. This, however, was something I never thought I'd have to confront in a personal way, since my friends are all pretty savvy about birth control, and I don't expect to be doing anything that will get me pregnant until I want a kid.

But last spring, my little sister called me with some disturbing news: she was pregnant. Over the next week or so, it seemed that my family had divided in to two camps: those who thought she should get an abortion, and those who thought that abortion was morally wrong, and she should have the child (perhaps giving it up for adoption, or maybe keeping it).

My sister was, needless to say, confused. We talked a lot about this, and she kept asking me what I thought she should do. I found that I really didn't know what to say. I knew she was way too young to have a baby, and she had said she wouldn't be able to give a baby up for adoption. I said I'd support her, whatever decision she decided to make. There

wasn't much else I thought I could say.

She called me at the beginning of the summer, and told me she had decided to keep the baby. So I asked her what she was going to name it, and talked to her for quite a while about her options as a parent. I talked with her a lot over the summer, as she dealt with the stress in the family. Our mother was furious, since she thought my sister was too young to have a baby, and that it would ruin her life. Other people in our family pressured her constantly not to have an abortion, since they thought it would be morally wrong.

My sister and I kept talking through the rest of the summer, and she seemed to be having doubts, both about keeping the baby, and about her relationship with her boyfriend. She was feeling torn, and her life didn't seem to be working out. The family kept fighting over this, and people on both sides kept asking me to put in my opinion as well. I spent a lot of time feeling grateful that I was three thousand miles away from it all, and I continued to assure my sister that I would support whichever decision she made.

Then, towards the end of July, she called me up again. She wanted to tell me that she had decided to get an abortion. Since I had supported her decision to keep the baby earlier in the summer, she was a little nervous about my response when she told me. But we both

found that I had told her the truth: I supported whichever decision she made. In fact, I was happy, not so much because of the decision she had made, but because of the thought she had put into the decision. Rather than listening to the people in our family, who were all pressuring her in one direction or the other, she finally sat down and thought about what it would really be like to have a child. She worked out the pros and cons, and thought seriously about the fact that she would be tied to this person for the rest of her life. And she decided she wasn't ready for that kind of responsibility.

She's still a little bit upset about the abortion, and she often wonders what it would have been like to keep the baby, and what the person she was carrying inside her was like. She thinks a lot about it, but she still thinks this was the right decision to make. And that's what really matters.

The lesson to be learned from this is that being pro-choice should be just that: pro-choice. I would have supported my sister's decision had she kept the baby, and I support her decision to have an abortion. This is the sort of thing that each person should be able to decide for herself, because, in the end, it's each individual woman who will be responsible for the life inside of her.

Abortion Can you be and pro

by Luci Davis '93

While attending a friend's wedding, I fell into conversation with one of the other guests, and eventually we turned to politics. He shared with me how as a Republican he often felt uncomfortable at political events because he didn't share many of his party's views on social issues. I asked him which views he disagreed with and he explained that he was pro-choice. "Well, I can sympathize with how you feel," I told him, "because I'm a pro-life Democrat." He shook his head incredulously, "You're pro-life?! But you're a woman!" Although this man was one of the few people I've met who have shown such an honest

Reflecting on my mother's choice

by Laura Blum

Every February 24, I thank God, my adoptive parents, and most importantly, my biological mother for my twin sister's life and mine. This day marks the birth of my twin sister, Joanna, and me. And as every year, I think about the woman who gave birth to us. Is she thinking of me? Is she thinking of my sister? Does she know that we were adopted together? More curiously—who is she? These are just some of the many questions I ask about a mother who is completely unknown to us.

Joanna and I were adopted by a very loving American couple when we were only six weeks old from Bogota, Colombia. We were immediately brought to the United States and have lived in New Jersey ever since. However, our adoptive mother died from cancer when we were eight years old. Joanna and I grew up on our own, each a mother to the other. Our dad got remarried five years later. Unfortunately, our step-family became an abusive situation and we had to leave. Two

nights before our eighteenth birthday, my sister and I walked out and never returned. There is a happy ending, however; luckily, we were able to move into my boyfriend's house. His family, (now our family) took us in as the two daughters they never had. It is a beautiful family and we are very happy.

When our birthday came up this year, I thought about the nineteen years that I have been alive; although they have been extremely trying, I couldn't help but be happy to be alive. I also couldn't help but relish in the fact that our biological mother gave life to us rather than aborting us. I am not really sure if my biological mother thought about abortion, but she might have. Today, I ask myself—why? Why did she choose adoption over abortion? Without an answer, I can only speculate and be happy that she did.

And so, this February 24, I celebrated many lives. I celebrated my beautiful twin sister's life and mine, and I celebrated the lives of all the children who were not aborted, but given a chance to live.

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Escorting at the Philly Clinic

by Amanda Eicher

And you're standing there on the corner with your yellow pinney on and there are three hundred or you don't know how many people around you, singing or chanting or mumbling prayers, and you can see only the building tops and flat foreheads because people are in your eyes. And they say slowly Hail Mary, Hail Mary and one or two have bullhorns and so tinny voices call out hymns and prayers to the congregation, who have walked, carrying open-mouthed children, pushing their grandfathers and wives in wheelchairs, to crowd around the clinic with disdainful faces and Mary Mother of Jesus tee shirts and rosaries, praying and saying, don't kill your baby, don't let them take your child, they'll take your money and then they'll kill your baby, in that order, and some of their faces are blank and open, others are angry, religiously indignant. But this only happens on the third Saturday of the month, which is prayer vigil day.

On the other days there are fewer protesters, and the regular pamphlet-handers-outers and kneelers-on-the-sidewalk wait carnivorously by the gate of the clinic to catch the patients as they walk by, to reach their pious hands between the yellow-pinneyed bodies, to brush at the sleeves of the frightened or determined or blank-faced women who cry, who stop, mesmerized by the slow, knowing drone of the prayers. The protesters talk so quietly, you'd hardly know they were opening their mouths, and as you move through the gates, all the while telling the patient, Welcome to Planned Parenthood, you don't have to take anything they give you, you realize, a minute after it has been said, what the man in the trenchcoat told this young woman who slips through the door: You're killing your child, Don't go in there, You're throwing a life away. And it occurs to you as you file back to the street with a partner that the monotonous prayers don't mean so much when the man with the tiny wooden cross tells the crying girl

how bad she's been and the women see girls, oscillating in indecision, filing into the clinic and throw hard words at their backs or into their faces. You maybe think to yourself that this kind of oppression is unjustified in any case. You remember that you will be there all day, to see the people drive by in their cars and smile and wave, that you will bump into people with your pinney on and they will say to you, good job, keep up the good work, that the woman across the street will put on her sign, 1 Million Tits for Choice, and argue with the men in the long coats who carry their Bibles, while the woman who has just walked in to the clinic with a monumental decision pounding at her forehead will only remember the hurtled remarks, the withered hands that tried to hold her back and catch her decision and throw it to the street.

If you would like to get involved with escorting for Planned Parenthood, call Todd at Planned Parenthood, (215) 351-5500.

Rejection of Foster Jeopardizes Choice

by Ilana Greenstein (HC)

The new Congress has laid a dangerous platform for American politics: first, the crime bill unraveled valuable fourth amendment rights; now, Dr. Foster's possible rejection for surgeon general may jeopardize abortion and women's rights. Both the Democratic and Republican parties are succumbing to right-wing forces and, consequently, compromising well-established fundamental liberties.

Clinton nominated Dr. Foster for surgeon general; Foster must be confirmed by the Senate. He is currently under heavy attack from right-wing, anti-choice forces; they object to the fact that Foster performed legal abortions. Foster's nomination is important for one overwhelming reason: if we, as citizens, let Foster be defeated, we are sending a message that performing legal abortions is wrong.

Foster has had a thirty year career in which he performed several legal abortions. There is controversy over how many abortions he performed; the Clinton administration believes this is irrelevant, but anti-choice groups insist on knowing numbers. However, Foster's opponents are not questioning his credibility as

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reaction to my being pro-life, most people seem to be thinking similar things: "She seemed so nice. She even sounded reasonably intelligent. She went to Bryn Mawr!" The issues that these reactions bring up are manifold, but a nagging question in all of them persists. Can one be a woman and be pro-life, or is being pro-life a betrayal of feminist ideals?

One of the best public relations moves pro-choice supporters ever made was to link being pro-choice with being a woman. For example, by how no one even questions that "women's reproductive rights" is the code for "abortion on demand." But is this linkage

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Making life a choice

by Elena Buchwalter and Abigail Pile

Abortion and Christianity. In most people's minds there are few possibilities concerning the connection between the two. And although a minority of Christians call themselves pro-choice, this is on the whole a fair thought to have: most Christians are pro-life (with varying positions on abortion in the cases of rape, incest or danger to the mother). We, too, are pro-life because of our Christian beliefs, which encompass both the value of life as expressed in the Bible and the responsibility of Christians to care for the needy around them.

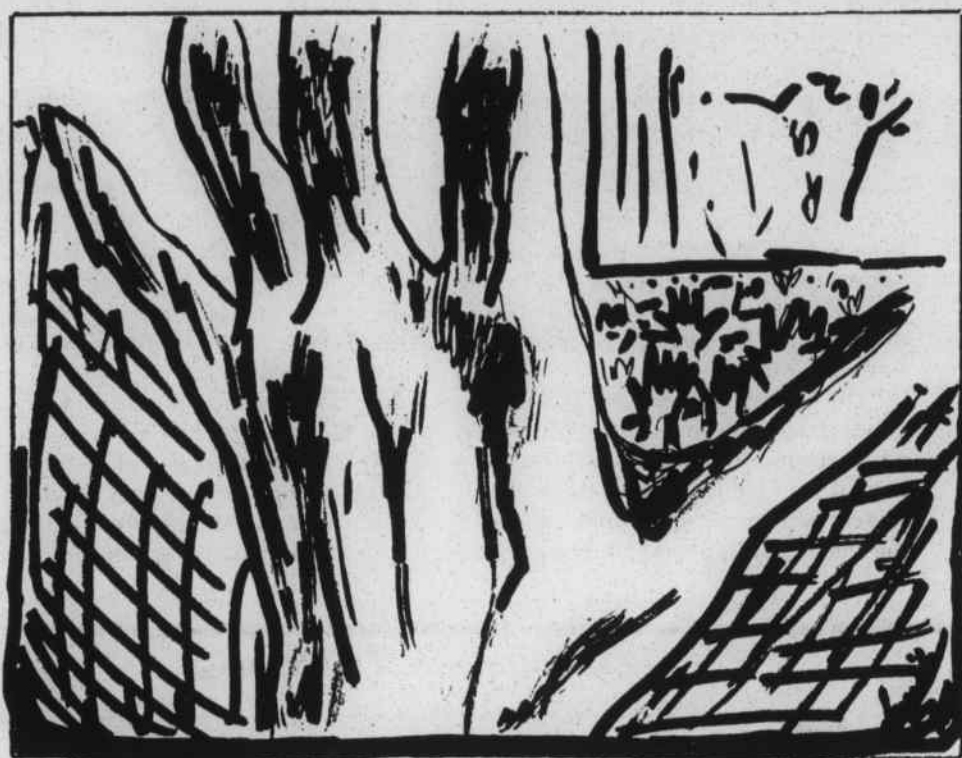
Psalms 139 is one example of the importance of individual lives from the time of conception: "For it was you who formed my inward parts; you knit me together in my mother's womb... My frame was not hidden from you, when I was being made in secret, intricately woven in the depths of the earth. Your eyes beheld my unformed substance. In your book were written all the days that were formed for me, when none of them as yet existed" (v. 13, 15-16). The idea here is that God has created and knows the individual before he or she is even born. This suggests that no human being is an "accident," even if unplanned by the person.

Many who are pro-choice argue that women of lower economic status should have the choice of abortion available to them, because the burden of raising a child is not an economically viable option. This poses an interesting question for Christians who are trying to follow Jesus' command to provide for those who are in need (see Matthew 25: 31-46). Is ensuring access to abortion part of caring for underprivileged people? We believe that this would contradict the idea that God has deliberately created each person. At no time during Jesus' ministry, as recorded in the Bible, did he ever work under the philosophy that the end justifies the means.

In addition, saying that abortion is the only choice a woman has in this situation negates the very idea of choice. Society is somehow failing in its greater responsibility if a woman cannot afford to keep her own children. Mattie Brinkerhoff, a nineteenth century feminist, wrote in *The Revolution* (a feminist newspaper published by Susan B. Anthony and Elizabeth Cady Stanton): "When a man steals to satisfy hunger, we may safely conclude that there is something wrong in society—so when a woman destroys the life of her unborn child, it is an evidence that either by education or

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ARTS



High excitement and low volume levels in Goodhart

by Shannon Seymour

The program's first lines were: If You Like the Show, Wave! This is so that the deaf performers on stage can see the crowd's appreciation of their performance. I knew that I would spend the evening immersed in what I would call a different culture, and this was just one of the many wonderful surprises that the evening held. Besides just the show, "An Italian Straw Hat," holding my attention, the audience itself held my full attention for the first hour that I sat with them before the show began.

I walked into Goodhart about an hour early in order to be ahead of the crowds and get a good seat. Immediately, I sensed the atmosphere of the lobby had completely transformed this evening. Although there were intermingling groups there already, and more coming through the door every few minutes, the sound level never rose. However, the excitement level, breaking free of its usual connection to sound, continued to bloom with every additional smiling face and gesturing arm until ironically, one could only describe the room as "loud."

I really wanted to fit in. I searched every animated face around me for clues as to the meanings behind the stories and introductions they shared with each other. The dynamic movements of the deaf filled me with the desire to learn ASL. It reminded me of an instructional book of the American Sign Language that I'd had as a child. Oh, how I wish that I had dedicated myself to learning those motions instead, or even in addition to, taking my usual French language courses in school.

No one was approaching me at all. Could they sense that I didn't speak their language just from my posture? Was it the fact that I mouthed 'hello' to whoever looked my way instead of waving my arm in greeting? Were these tell-tale signs of my singularly auditory abilities? I knew that no one could see my Walkman that I had conveniently slipped into the folds of the hat sitting by my side so that at least wasn't giving me away.

Finally a tall, thin man in white pants that reminded me of a painter's turned toward me and began to sign. Now that I'd gotten someone's attention, I had no way to respond. I wanted to ask to have a quick lesson in the basics of signing but I

didn't. It occurred to me that this was his time to meet other deaf people. This was my time to just watch. Now was a celebration of the artistic expressive possibilities of ASL. I couldn't tell what he was asking me and it was easy, just by showing my lack of understanding, to let him know I wasn't deaf. Confusion resulted and eventually we both turned our separate ways.

I resolved to myself to just study these people and not to try to fit in so much. The groups and groups of people ranging from children of about seven or eight to older folks such as one very old man leaning against a table for support formed a web there in that lobby. This room contained a community that had come to strengthen and extend its web of constituents and friends. I saw that the performance, even before it had begun, had served its purpose of bringing these people together.

Giving Away Simone

by Julia Alexander

Giving Away Simone: a Memoir, by Jan Waldron. Random House, \$22.

Giving Away Simone is a book about the effects of adoption on both those given away, and those who give the babies away. This is one of those "heart-warming" novels that I never really liked that much, and I'm never quite sure why. I agree with the jacket quotes that it is beautifully written, and I guess it's thought-provoking as well. However, there's something about books that seem like they're trying to pull my emotions that makes me resistant to this.

And I guess that's what the problem is here. Waldron seems to be making a lot of generalizations, and I think there's something dangerous about that. She frequently comments that "all" adopted children feel rejected, and I think she over-emphasizes the rejection children feel when taken away from their birthmothers. I'm not saying that this doesn't have an effect, but Waldron seems to imply that it will cripple the person emotionally from then on out, and that without great effort and sacrifice, the cycle will continue, and all adopted chil-

Apartheid of Sex

by Stephanie Debner

The Apartheid of Sex by Martine Rothblatt, 1995, New York: Crown Publishers

I was really excited when I saw this book at Borders. So when a copy was obtained for me from our lovely habitual book reviewer, I was ecstatic and said of course I would write a review.

My first thought upon delving into the book was "Hey! She stole my idea!" as Rothblatt's aim is to propose putting sex and gender on a continuum, much like a spectrum of color. As I had had a similar idea as a result of doing research on transsexualism and transgenderism for a paper last spring, I was interested to see what Rothblatt had to say about it. Her statement about the most pivotal and possibly traumatic event in a person's life being the declaration of sex at birth echoed an essay by Susan Stryker, a transgender activist. But Rothblatt goes further and deeper than Stryker's personalized manifesto of transgender rage.

Rothblatt sets the scene for us by persuading us of the necessity of dismantling what she calls the apartheid of sex. She accomplishes this end by drawing very clear, distinct parallels between the apartheid of sex and that of race. The scene is further set by a discussion of the biological, sociological, psychological and historical origins and development of sex and gender. From this point, Rothblatt systematically dismantles the need to categorize people based on sexual dimorphism. Her arguments are heavy on the biological and legal standpoints. This makes sense as she is a lawyer and the Vice-Chair of the Bioethics Subcommittee of the International Bar Association. She proposes a series of actions based on her convictions, on biological and on societal evidence, to legally dismantle the separation of people into two sexes as the system is currently understood.

Instead of this arbitrary division based

mostly on genitals, she proposes another system, akin to a complex color chart that takes into account various aspects of personality in determining a person's "sex". The way that she has envisioned it, everyone has their own unique sex, and the formal recognition of this would eradicate the classifications of sex and sexuality. At the end of the book is "The International Bill of Gender Rights", a more formal summary of Rothblatt's goals that was approved by the Second International Conference on Transgender Law and Employment Policy.

While I think that the author's arguments are compelling (though they do tend to become repetitive about halfway through the book), I think that her agenda seems very idealistic, especially in light of recent political changes. For example, she holds that all other forms of apartheid are a thing of the past; therefore, this apartheid of sex, having such analogous predecessors, is soon to become obsolete too. Hand in hand with this goes her idea that most people are ready for and are openly welcoming of this revolution. Perhaps in Rothblatt's enlightened intellectual, professional and social circles this is the case, but the last time I checked with the masses, xenophobia was still alive and thriving. Perhaps the idealism and optimism expressed by Rothblatt is implicit in the very nature of the book, which is subtitled "A Manifesto on the Freedom of Gender".

Despite her unbridled optimism and (perhaps) overambitious plan, I really liked reading this book and found it hard to throw aside for too long. I found her argument and plan for unisex prisons especially interesting, as well as somewhat disturbing and frightening. Her arguments and plans for unisex restrooms and unisex athletic competition were more realistic and sensible than some of her more far-reaching objectives. I would definitely recommend it for all people interested in questions of sex, gender, sexism and homophobia.

dren (women particularly) will end up incapable of nurturing their own children. This was an interesting book, and a fairly quick read, but I found it frustrating. It seemed almost whiny at times, as the author continued to emphasize the bad effects of adoption, and to discuss all of the problems she and her birth daughter experienced when they met again eleven years after the daughter had been given away.

Waldron does challenge a lot of the prevailing views about adoption, but I don't think she makes the most effective case she could be making. This comes off more as a continuation in the discourse of victimization, when the story she has to tell could easily have been made into something more effective. After reading her book, I would agree that adoption is not a cure-all, and that people shouldn't think of it as the only option for people who have children out of wedlock. But I think Waldron is often speaking to the values and morals of an earlier time, and I think that a lot of the problems she is trying to challenge have already been dealt with.

Although I agree that there is some shame in the thought of a woman who would give up her child, I think that society has been somewhat more supportive of people who make the decision to keep a child even if they're not married, and this is one of the reasons she cites for giving her baby away.

Waldron writes beautifully, although sometimes her prose seems too self-conscious to really work. She is very aware of herself as an author, and this often makes otherwise good prose seem awkward. While she is good with the prose, she doesn't seem comfortable with it, and that often detracts from the writing.

I spent several hours reading this book, and I don't think they were totally wasted. While I might not go out and pay money for it, if you feel like spending a few hours reading something that comes across like a T.V. movie—heartwarming and courageous, and all of that, this is a good book to read. I'm not saying there's anything wrong with heartwarming, by the way, and it's something to read that you can just sort of let float by you.

Star Trek Voyager

by Lori Summers

Howdy. Welcome to the first edition of *Star Trek: Voyager* updates, which is a follow-up to my much-longer-than-I-thought-it-was-going-to-be review of the pilot in the January 31st issue of the ever-trendy *College News*. Ideally, I would have started this feature in the previous issue, but when Kathryn called me up and asked me to write this column I would have had to finish it in two hours to make the deadline and since it was Flower Day and all I didn't get around to it, so this first column will contain five weeks' worth of updates instead of two, and it'll be much longer than the future columns will be. I'll try to be brief, but I sometimes do suffer from diarrhea of the word processor so forgive me if I prattle on.

A few general comments. I've decided I really like the theme music, but I miss the speech. You know... "Space, the final frontier..." Of course they couldn't say "these are the voyages of the starship *Enterprise*" so maybe they could say "these are the enterprises of the starship *Voyager*," hyuk hyuk hyuk.

Anyway, this column will keep you up-to-date on what's happening on *Voyager*...I guess since I've been asked to write it that makes me Geek-in-Chief of this entire campus (or maybe

Captain Geek...hey, I kind of like that). Oh well...as a scientist I'm doomed to a life of geekdom anyway so I guess I should enjoy it. This week I'll summarize the first five episodes. I'll assume you know who all the characters are...if you've forgotten, see my handy-dandy clip 'n' save character summary. Also, please see the other sidebar for information about my Official *Voyager* E-Mail Consortium (fancy name for a bunch of e-mail addicted Trekkies).

"Parallax" — Jan. 23 This episode involved a standard ship-in-jeopardy plot in which *Voyager* was trapped in a quantum singularity, but that was just the framework to shake down all the practical considerations that they didn't have time for in the pilot. The subplot centered around the appointment of a new chief engineer. Janeway favors Lt. Carey, who is next in line, but Chakotay thinks B'Elanna Torres is right for the job. Janeway has her doubts, especially since B'Elanna has already broken Carey's nose once. To make it short, Janeway and Chakotay clash over the role the Maquis officers should assume. B'Elanna proves herself by helping rescue them from the singularity and is made chief engineer, captain and first officer resolve their differences and life goes on...such as it is. **Best Trek Moment:** The doctor shrinking due to the singularity's interference in his projectors. **Memorable Quote:** Tuvok: "I will never cease to be amazed at the human capacity for hyperbole." **Sexually Slanted Line O' the Episode:** Chakotay: "If things had turned out differently and we were on the Maquis

ship instead of *Voyager*, would you have served under me?"

"Time and Again" — Jan. 30 This was probably the weakest episode so far, but it was still okay, especially as compared with such TNG gems as "The Outrageous Okona" or "Emergence." An away team investigates a planet on which all organic life has been completely destroyed by a polar ion explosion. Janeway and Paris are sucked into a subspace fracture (Harry and B'Elanna's explanation of this phenomenon and the description of their rescue plan are a not-to-be-missed textbook

by some shadowy alien. I thought that was pretty creative. To keep him alive, the doctor gives him holographic lungs. I thought that was pretty creative. *Voyager* pursues the alien into an asteroid which is set up like a hall of mirrors...reflected images of *Voyager* and the alien ship are all around. They decide to find the real alien ship by setting the phasers to minimum and firing a continuous beam which reflects around the chamber until it hits the aliens' ship. I thought that was pretty creative. In the end, the aliens, whose medical technology is far superior and who have really unfortunate skin, are able to transplant one of Kes' lungs into Neelix. **Best Trek Moment:** Janeway's speech to the aliens in the transporter room about the moral implications of their actions could have made F. Lee Bailey beg for mercy. **Memorable Quote:** The doctor unconsciously impersonating Bones: "I'm a doctor, not a decorator." **Sexually Slanted Line O' the Episode:** Janeway: "Let's make some heat of our own."

"The Cloud" — Feb. 13 This one was good. It was the first one in which Janeway starts to worry about her crew's mental well-being, which I think would be a concern, what with being stranded in the Delta Quadrant and all. The primary

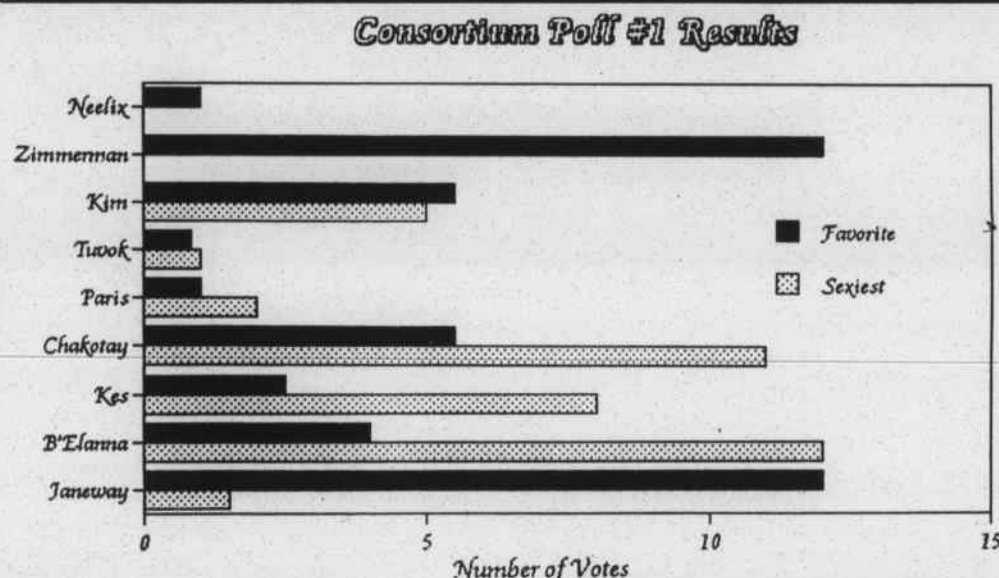
of suspense...the well-constructed plot involved a possible route back to the Alpha Quadrant, and since we know they don't get back (or else it'd be the shortest series in Star Trek history) we're not exactly on the edge of our seats. This could be a problem in the future...they're sure to find more possible routes back that we'll know are doomed to failure. Basically, Harry finds a wormhole, but oops...it's too small to fly through, but they think they could maybe send a message. They soon discover a ship on the other side of the wormhole...a Romulan science vessel. Mr. Romulan agrees to take messages to Starfleet for them, but B'Elanna figures out that they could beam through the wormhole to his ship. After a few tests, Mr. Romulan transports to *Voyager*, but oops again, he's not just from 70,000 light years away, he's from 20 years in the past. So much for transporting home. They send their messages with him anyway and hope for the best. Then Tuvok (this poor guy is always stuck delivering the bad news) reveals that Mr. Romulan died four years ago. Bummer. So their messages may or may not have reached home, which really bites the big one. Subplots involved the doctor accommodating himself to his situation and Kes studying medicine. Bonus:

To spice up these humble little summaries, I've decided to include public opinion polls. Of course, first I needed some public opinion, so I made up the Official *Voyager* E-Mail Consortium, a mailing list of people all over the country and here in the Bi-Co whose names I got from friends or off of addressee lists from Trek forwardings I've received over the years. They span a wide range of demographics from a midshipman at the Naval Academy to my dear mother at home in Wisconsin...but all are genuine Trekkies. I ask them questions, they answer. If you would like to be a member of the Official *Voyager* E-Mail Consortium or if you have any comments at all, please e-mail me at lsummers@cc.brynmawr.edu and I'll add you to the list.

For my first poll, I asked The Consortium (I like saying "The Consortium") these five questions: Do you like *Voyager*, who are your favorite male and female characters, and who do you think are the sexiest male and female characters. First of all, the response to the first question was nearly unanimous...only one respondent doesn't like it, and over half think it is already better or has the potential to be better than TNG (I agree). Even the one dissenter thinks it's better than TNG and DS9 were at this point in their runs. The other results are graphed below. As you can see, Janeway is far and away the favorite female while B'Elanna defeats Kes for sexiest. Zimmerman has a good lead over Chakotay for favorite male with Kim at a respectable third, while Chakotay is the hands down sexiest with Kim a distant second.

example of technobabble abuse) and whisked back in time to one day before the explosion. Janeway forbids Paris to warn the inhabitants as that would violate the Prime Directive. In a nutshell, they discover they've already violated the Directive so they decide to prevent the explosion. It turns out that the *Voyager* crew's rescue efforts are what caused the explosion, so Janeway stops the rescue attempt, the explosion is averted and they are all whisked back to *Voyager* where they continue on their merry way as if nothing occurred, which of course nothing did. There was an extremely pointless subplot involving Kes' strange psychic flashes, and it appears that Tuvok may soon begin to suffer from the Lt. Worf "no one ever takes my advice" syndrome. **Best Trek Moment:** Janeway and Paris attempting to blend in on this unfamiliar planet. **Memorable Quote:** The doctor (after examining Kes' brain): "Drink plenty of fluids." Kes: "Fluids?" The doctor: "Everyone should drink plenty of fluids." **Sexually Slanted Line O' the Episode:** Terrorist #2: "Maybe you were just ordered to put on a good show for us."

"Phage" — Feb. 6 This one was damn creative, I thought. While searching for dilithium on a rogue planetoid (as opposed to a dignified and restrained planetoid, I guess), Neelix is attacked and his lungs are beamed directly out of his body



U.S.S. Voyager Cast of Characters:

Capt. Kathryn Janeway (Kate Mulgrew): Kick-ass commanding officer, former science officer under Paris' father (see below), really good at pool, likes dogs.

Comm. Chakotay (Robert Beltran): Tattooed, mystically attuned Native American first officer; former Starfleet officer and captain of the now-nonexistent Maquis ship.

Lt. Tom Paris (Robert Duncan McNeill): Ken doll-esque conn officer, convicted felon, former Starfleet officer and (briefly) a Maquis under Chakotay's command.

Lt. Comm. Tuvok (Tim Russ): Vulcan security chief and tactical officer, has served under Janeway for four years, went undercover on Chakotay's ship.

Ensign Harry Kim (Garrett Wang): Cute-as-a-button Asian operations officer, fresh out of the Academy and really homesick.

B'Elanna Torres (Roxann Biggs-Dawson): All cranky, all the time half-Klingon chief engineer, was Chakotay's engineer on the Maquis ship, packs a mean left hook.

Doc Zimmerman (Robert Picardo): Testy holographic chief medical officer, all he asks is to be turned off when you leave sick bay.

Neelix (Ethan Phillips): Gnome-like Talaxian guide/cook/comic relief. Knack for showing up when it's least convenient.

Kes (Jennifer Lien): Neelix's girlfriend, a 1 year old Ocampa (they live for 9 years). Studying to be a medic, may end up serving a counseling function, nice voice.

plot involved the ship's intrusion into a nebula which is actually a life form and their efforts to repair the damage they did to it when they entered. Secondary plots mostly involved people settling into some kind of routine. There was some very nice Janeway/Chakotay bonding as he introduced her to the Native American custom of animal spirit guides. We saw the holodeck for the first time as Paris drags Kim into his favorite little French bistro...also notable as it might provide the *Voyager* crew's equivalent of the *Enterprise* crew's poker games...pool! One of the funniest things in the cosmos has to be the sight of a Vulcan holding a pool cue. Photon Torpedo Countdown: they're down to 37. **Best Trek Moment:** Kim telling Paris how he remembers being in his mother's womb (don't ask) ties with the *Voyager* hanging ten as it surfs around the life form in its bloodstream. **Memorable Quote:** Neelix: "You don't care deeply about your crew and then introduce them to the specter of death at every opportunity." **Sexually Slanted Line O' the Episode:** Janeway: "Commander Chakotay...your stick, please?" **Special Bonus:** Janeway meets her animal spirit guide...and it's a lizard! Cool! There must be Mawrters on their writing staff!

"Eye of the Needle" — Feb. 20 I wasn't as crazy about this one but it still gets the thumbs up. I guess the main thing keeping it from being really great was the lack

first look at Janeway's quarters...and her lingerie. Va-va-va-voom! **Best Trek Moment:** Janeway pushing the hell out of Mr. Romulan's emotional buttons to get him to help them...in a parallel universe she could have been the mother of all defense attorneys. **Memorable Quote:** The doctor: "I have a personal request. I would like...a name." **Sexually Slanted Line O' the Episode:** Kes: "I enjoy studying about human anatomy."

In conclusion, the show is off to an excellent start. They should be getting into episodes which center on the individual characters now that they've pretty well established the ensemble dynamics...I'm looking forward to getting to know them all better...especially Chakotay, who I think is unbelievably sexy, buzz cut and all. He can tap my combadge anytime. So maybe we'll find out what's up with that tattoo over his left eyebrow, why someone thought a Vulcan would make a good spy (seeing as how they're incapable of lying and all), how a first year ensign got posted to the ship as a senior bridge officer and why Captain Janeway seems to have inherited the couch from Counselor Troi's office for her ready room. One also must wonder at the karmic implications of having three men named Robert in the cast.

I'm just waiting for Q to show up.

Forcing a choice

abortion was a "man exercising his right [sic] to control women."

There are many issues I haven't touched upon here. Is abortion a free choice when a woman has made her decision based solely upon economic factors? Is it a choice when she thinks she might want to carry the child to term, but fears that her pregnancy will interrupt her education or her career? In such cases, which is more important: ensuring the woman's access to legal abortion, or enacting laws (and, in the long term, radically changing society) so that having a child will not cause undue burden?

Obviously, the pro-choice movement will never lose its focus on abortion rights. However, it should always keep in mind that there are more options available to women with unwanted pregnancies than just abortion, and actively encourage them to exercise whichever of those they choose.



“ ”

Dykes To Watch Out For



Week of dental hell incites recipes for soft foods

by Julia Alexander

My first point: last week's food article looked like it was about the Theatre of the Deaf. This was a mistake. It really was about pizza, and I wasn't trying to confuse you, nor was I making one of my usual confusing analogies. Just wanted to make sure you all knew....

This first recipe comes to us courtesy "The Moosewood Cookbook," although I have modified it somewhat for dining hall use. Having some major dental work done this past week, I spent a lot of my meal times thinking of things that were neither too hot nor too cold, and which were also VERY SOFT. This berry soup fits the bill perfectly, as well as being quite yummy.

Fill the bottom of a bowl with fresh-squeezed orange juice (about 1/2 a cup) and add an equal amount of plain yogurt. Or use vanilla, since this isn't one of those "exact ingredient" recipes. Put in some lemon juice, if there are any lemons around. Put in a small spoonful of honey, if you want that. Stir this around till it's as smooth as you can get it. Add about 1/2 a cup of berries (blueberries, strawberries, whatever they have out). Stir this around cheerfully. Frozen berries make this a very nice color, and I, personally, find that a good way to start out my day. If you're feeling really friendly and creative, or if you really want to flirt with someone, you can fix them this soup and "home" made French toast (see last semester's article on the subject) for breakfast.

Here's another recipe courtesy my week o' dental hell: this one really has no name, but it involves apples and pears and spices. And, of course, sugar. That's what makes it a dessert. Take an apple and a pear, or any similar combination, and cut them up and peel them if you want them peeled. (This can be done with a butter knife. Trust me. I did it just the other night.) Put them in ye goode olde dining services bowle, and add about a quarter of a spoonful of ginger, and the same of cinnamon. Slop in about a second's worth of apple juice (from the juice machine, of course), and add about two good spoonfuls of brown sugar. Take yet another bowl, put it upside down over the first, shake the mixture up (line the bowls up really well, or it will slosh all over and the runners will beat you up!) and zap it in the microwave for about two and a half minutes. Carefully move it out of the microwave. Remember that it's VERY VERY HOT, and perhaps you'll manage not to burn your hands off.

Making life a choice

continued from pg. 7

circumstances she has been greatly wronged" (Sept. 2, 1869).

What, then, is the responsibility of Christians and others for women who are in need and who may feel forced into having an abortion? Within the extensive economic and social reforms that are necessary and which are obviously beyond the scope of this article, there are specific goals which can be achieved if people get involved. The organization Feminists for Life has defined real reproductive rights for all women as including: "The right to know what is going on inside her body and what consequences her actions may have; the right to assistance—medical, emotional, and practical—with pregnancy and children; [and] the right to avoid any involuntary method of possible sterilization."

Too many people on both sides of the abortion issue put most of their energy into protests, petitions and marches and little or no energy into volunteering at

crisis pregnancy centers or Planned Parenthood or working in other ways to provide education about options other than abortion.

The pro-life movement in particular has been criticized for its lack of involvement in helping women who have chosen to keep their babies. While there is always more to be done, as of March 1993, there were 3000 organizations working directly to support such women as well as those who were in the process of making decisions about having an abortion. At the same time, there were only 492 abortion clinics in the the US (statistics: Frederica Mathews-Green, former VP of Feminists for Life, March '93 speech at BMC).

By way of conclusion, we would like to state emphatically that any Christian who bases any part of their pro-life stance on the Bible must reject violence as a way of opposing abortion. Justice and mercy are clearly in God's hands (see Romans 12:19). If God is indeed "pro life," as is our conviction, it is still for him to decide the consequences and the pardons.



Entertainment

NAAI Film Series

Bi Co Films

THE BI-COLLEGE FILM SERIES: schedule of films remaining for second semester, 94-95

March 1, 2: Ghostbusters
March 15,16: The Last of the Mohicans
March 22,23: The Piano
March 29,30: Heathers
Apr. 5,6: Fatal Attraction
Apr. 12,13: Howard's End
Apr. 19,20: Corrina, Corrina
May 3,4: Clear and Present Danger

Movies are shown Wednesdays at Haverford in Sharpless Auditorium at 9:30 pm and Thursdays at Bryn Mawr in Thomas 110 at 9:00 pm.

BMC Film Series Schedule

SEMESTER II— All films at 8 & 10 unless otherwise indicated.

3/24 The Scent of Green Papaya.
3/31 Ed Wood.
4/7 Priscilla, Queen of the Desert. 8 and 10:30
4/7 Dressing up for Daddy. 10 ONLY
4/14 Heavenly Creatures.
4/21 Germinal.
4/28 Blue, White, Red. 7, 8:45 and 10:30 respectively.
5/7 The Mask. 8 ONLY
5/7 Deliverance. 10 ONLY

For those who don't know, NAAI stands for Native American Awareness and Initiative. Part of NAAI's mission statement is to provide a voice for Native Americans in our college community. The group had discussed the idea of a film series, which started this semester, as one way to do this. Our group is a small one (4 members) so it is often a daunting task to put our voice directly into the community. A film series may not address specific issues directly concerning college life but it is able to present the different ideas and perceptions about American Indians that are out there. So, lo and behold, there is a Native American film series on alternate Thursday nights, 7-9, in Thomas 110. The films are primarily fiction and from a variety of vantage points (sorry, no "Dances with Wolves"). The next couple of films planned are "Clearcut", about clearcutting, and "Wind Walker", a romantic view of pre-reservation days.

Dykes To Watch Out For





Finding inspiration in the snow

by Julia Alexander

This article got a little lost in the proofing of our last issue, but I think the people who went to the effort of building these sculptures deserve our recognition, so here is this article about my favorite snow sculptures from the last snow fall:

There's something inspiring about snow, especially, it seems, when the snow comes on a reasonably warm (i.e., 30 degree) weekend. Walking around campus, I'm sure most of you have noticed that the snow around here took some interesting shapes. In addition to the requisite snow-women (and perhaps a few snow-men as well, but I could never be sure) there were some truly impressive sights.

For "most unusual place to build a snow sculpture," I think that whoever put the snow-person in the tree in front of Taylor ties with the people who made the group of snow-beings sitting at the picnic table behind Brecon, drinking tea from their snow-bowls.

For "most useful snow-sculpture," I have to hand it to whoever built the igloo (and was that a walrus in front of it?) in front of Helfarian. I have been told that the igloo seats eight comfortably, although I did not enter it myself.

For "most realistic snow-sculpture," the winner would probably have to be the horse in front of Merion. Even though it lacks legs, the people who made it did an excellent job with the head and saddle.

For "most classically inspired snow-sculpture" I think the Sphinx is the winner. This smaller-than-life-sized version of the Sphinx calls up images of a very cold day in Egypt.

I couldn't quite think of a category for my final choice, but it should definitely be mentioned. So, for "best double-take," "modern art," "most disturbing," or "Lorena Bobbitt snow-sculpture of choice," I think the penis that appeared briefly on Merion Green is the winner. I have to wonder, though, was this the appearance of a brief phallic cult, or was someone hoping to symbolically melt down the patriarchy?

There were numerous wonderful snow sculptures all over campus, and I'd like to thank the people who took time out of their all-too-busy lives to add a little brightness to our first (and hopefully last) brush with winter this year!

By Elena McFadden

You have struck the women,
You have struck the rock.

Carole Blaine was born on November 18, 1943, in Steubenville, Ohio. She works in the comptroller's office. I was surprised when I found this out; long ago I had stereotyped everyone in administration as a different sort of being, yeah they were kind of like humans, but not quite like real people, you know, like Mary Pat. But here was this woman who was kind, down to earth, laughed at my dumb jokes, and yet had a demeanor uncannily similar to my own mother's: ultra-capable. Dilettante sociologist that I am, I wondered whether this was the universal working mom character: ultra-capable but in a real person sort of way. While a forty-five minute chat does not an ethnography make, it does make a pretty good story, and here it is.

Carole's mother and father were both born in Europe. Her mother's father had come to the United States before World War I intending to soon send for his wife and five children. The War interrupted this plan, however, and Carole's grandmother spent the five years of the war stuck in Poland with the children. As soon as the War was over they sold everything and came here, settling in Pittsburgh where her father's family had come from Hungary.

Carole and her twin, Lois, were born while her father was working in Steubenville setting up a retail outlet of the family's curtain and drapery business. When she was two they moved back to Pittsburgh, where the rest of the family all lived within blocks of each other. Growing up, Carole spent most of her time playing with her sisters, Lois and Lillian, and with cousins, children of her father's four brothers. As they got married, her mother's three sisters one by one moved out of state.

Carole's family lived in the same two story colonial house from the time she was in kindergarten until her senior year of college when her parents sold it and moved to Florida. She went to the public school which was very good academically, although socially was not that fun. She liked school because she liked to study and read, but she disliked the social life. The important thing was going steady and having someone's ring. It was the fifties and "there wasn't a whole lot for girls to do." The boys could play sports, but unless you were the kind of girl who liked to be a cheerleader, "there wasn't much to do other than sit around and witch at each other."

I asked Carole about whether there was anything in elementary school that she felt still influenced the way she lives her life today. Only, she answered, insofar as in her adult life she has deliberately tried to live differently than the way she grew up. In the fifties, she told me (and yes I

forget that women really used to live like this) the important thing for girls was being good, doing the right thing, doing things because that's the way they were supposed to be done, unquestioning of any authority or order of things, and girls were above all supposed to be seen and not heard. "And I think those aren't very good ways to bring up kids."

I also asked Carole about who her heroes were growing up. "You know, I don't think I had any heroes. Certainly didn't have any women. Young girls these days can at least name one or two women they look up to, but no." Her parents were liberal new dealers, with them she looked up to Franklin Roosevelt, and Harry Truman, "a little guy who did well, traditional Democrat, the American way, and he supported World War II, which if you were Jewish as we were, of course there was only one side to that question." Her mother also loved Adlai Stevenson and even wrote him a letter when he lost.

Carole couldn't wait to get out of high school. "I fled," she says. Her mother had pushed her older sister to go to Vassar, but she hated it and had transferred to a women's college in Pittsburgh. So when Carole and Lois' time came her parents weren't much enthused as to where they went, as long as it was different places. Carole says this was one of only two things her mother was ever right about. (The second was that her mother told her not to buy a powder blue convertible Herald Triumph. She wanted her to get a Chevy instead. But Carole got the Triumph and it broke down every other day and her husband sold it a year later when she got married. "My mother was never right, but she was right about that.") Carole and her sister Lois were best friends, and other than a few outside acquaintances, were really each other's only close friends. Their parents felt it would be good for them to get out from each other's influence, see a little bit more of the world, so to speak.

So Lois went to Case Western Reserve and Carole went to Miami University in Ohio. She became a Political Science major and "loved it." She also minored in History and Secondary Education because her parents insisted she be able to get a job the day she graduated, "and the only two things you could be then was a teacher or a nurse." Both of her sisters got the same teacher degree even though Lois was the only one who ever used it. "It never occurred to me to be anything else."

Today her older sister is the head librarian at the medical library at Western Reserve, and her twin is an attorney. But that was only after going back to school as adults.

Carole assumed that she would get married the day she graduated, but her betrothed's parents thought he was too young, and so she ended up working for a year until she met the man she did marry and have three children with. "Everyone breathed a sigh of relief that I wasn't going to be an old maid."

Carole is most proud of her children, three boys, for many things, but especially she says, that they are "really sensitive, caring kids." The three fall into very different temperaments, as Carole calls them, but she is still proud of all of them for how much they pay attention to and care about other people.

When I asked Carole what she thought her parents were most proud of her for she answered, laughing, "All the wrong things. They're proud of us because we gave them no trouble, we were good girls, we graduated from college, went back to school, the educational and professional stuff. They really loved it when I was married to a successful husband and had a big house and beautiful children. They're very proud of my older sister who is married to a doctor and her children go to Wesleyan and Brown. My twin, on the other hand, divorced very young and raised her child herself, but now she's following the same track and probably also going to marry a physician. Mostly that we stayed out of trouble, had nice kids, went to school."

Carole said what she's most proud of

herself for is the way she's raised her children. "I'm proud of the kind of people they've turned into." She also mused smilingly that she's getting to the point where she is proud of the way she's lived her life, even getting through the mistakes and seeing them for what they really are. Also, "I think I'm a really good friend to my friends. And actually, for me that's enough."

She said there are "zillions" of things she would have done differently though; she would have gone to a better college, taken more advantage of the educational opportunities she had. "I studied hard, but never did anything creative. I am very envious of the opportunities the students have at Bryn Mawr, they have them, and I think most of them use them. It also took me a long time to know me, and as a result I made some less than good decisions. But I'm not unhappy with where I am now."

Carole says that she loves her job. She has a great boss who has taken away all the part of her job that she didn't like and did poorly, and has really allowed her to do the things she excels at. "She taught me how to work and gave me a lot of confidence."

She likes having a home, and making a home for people, "it will be very hard for me when my last child leaves. I don't like cleaning toilets of course, but I love baking cookies, and the way the sun comes through the window in the morning, and the way the flowers grow. And doing almost anything with my kids." Carole also has a little garden which she has always planted with vegetables which either never came up or she didn't eat them. So this year she's planting sunflowers. Lots and lots of sunflowers. Well, as many as will fit on a plot this big: ()

About Bryn Mawr, "I like working in an environment of women; although I am practically fanatically heterosexual, I like working among women, I find it supportive. I like working with the students, young people think different ways, do different things." The part she likes least about Bryn Mawr is a sometimes attitude of "That's the way it's always been done" or "That's the way we do it." Also, she finds it challenging to be on the business side of an academic environment. "There's a certain amount of intellectual snobbery from the faculty; it's nice to know about some obscure place in Rome but students also have to pay their bills or you can't keep the place going. It's hard to get that across to other parts of administration sometimes. I think at places like this people don't want to look at that stuff."

If Carole could wake up tomorrow and suddenly be in a twenty-four hour time warp extra day she would begin it by waking up and doing her exercise tape, then meeting Nancy and going to the farmer's market for these terrific doughnuts they have and coffee. "I'd want to spend some of the day with my kids, because I don't get to see all of them all of the time anymore, and then I'd want to go for a walk on the beach. And then have a glass of wine with Nancy."

For my final question I asked Carole where she'd like to see herself ten years from now, and she said, "I don't know. Of course, I want my kids to be healthy and do well. But for me, I don't know, my life has changed so much, right now I'm not sure what I want. This is the first time I've been a single person, first I was a twin, then I was a wife, and then a second wife. I wonder what it'll be like to be single for a while, maybe I'll get tired of it, but for now I'd just like to see how it goes."

Based on the model of the Real Woman essay founded by the Title IX Women's History Project in California, Women's Work will be featuring various members of our community in the next several issues in honor of Women's History Month. All Mawters are cordially invited to submit pieces, even one paragraph anecdotes, about Real Women in our Bryn Mawr Community (keeping in mind that for many of us, and at different times, our community is much larger than these few acres).

Dear Ms. Hank

Dear Ms. Hank,

I was walking along the sidewalk yesterday, and I had the most incredible urge to jump in puddles and float little paper boats down the gutters. And the next night, I was sitting with my friends, and all we really wanted to do was play hide and seek through the halls. And then at the cafe, I found myself looking for straws so I could blow bubbles in my chocolate milk.

Ms. Hank, I keep singing things like "I'm a Little Teapot" and the Muppet Show theme song. I have these urges to finger-paint and take big, huge bubble baths. I prefer chocolate milk to coffee, and I'd rather chew bubble gum than smoke. I keep fighting these urges, but they're starting to get out of hand. What can I do?

Signed,
Pretty soon I'll be in diapers!

Dear Diapers,

Relax. This is something that all Mawters have to go through before they graduate. Have you ever noticed that seniors are the least mature people you know? That's because they've been here longer than you, and this place has had the time to really work on them.

Accept that you're getting more and more Mawterly by the day, and give in to all of these impulses as they come to you. You'll find that it's less painful, and you'll actually start to have some fun.

And, hey, if you happen to be planning an interdepartmental tournament of capture the flag, remember to invite me!

Death to the Patriarchy,
Ms. Hank