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Students of Bryn Mawr College

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Students demand an Asian-American studies department

by Helen S. Kim

Tuesday, April 25 was a "Day of Fasting" for colleges and universities nationwide who support students at Northwestern University who are protesting and demanding an Asian American studies department. The Asian American Advisory Board submitted a comprehensive 200 page proposal requesting an Asian American studies department to the administration of Northwestern. The proposal for an Asian American studies department has previously been rejected three times. The administration justified the denial of AAAAB's proposal on the grounds that a Korean language program would provide students with an opportunity to "help understand" the Asian American experience. The administration also argued that members of the faculty were encouraged to incorporate the Asian American viewpoint and experience into all areas of the curriculum. As of April 25 students supporting the creation of an Asian American studies department had been on hunger strike for twelve days.

Dean Laurence Dumas met with AAAAB to discuss his commitment to a proposal for an Asian American studies department. Dean Dumas stated that while he awaits formal approval from the faculty and recommendations from the Curricular Policies Committee, he has committed funds sufficient for the teaching of four courses in Asian American studies for the 1995-1996 academic year. He added that if the faculty fails to reach a definitive conclusion this year, funds will be allocated for the 1996-1997 year. The proposed courses would be taught by temporary or existing faculty. However, AAAAB has received the administration's formal denial of their proposal and has asked for the opportunity to respond to the initial rejection.

Entering and leaving Bryn Mawr

by Nicole Coleman

When I saw the sign posted outside the student center, I saw my chance to contribute lessons of my own to Bryn Mawr. I wanted to make the community aware of the various paths I've crossed here. Because I haven't told anyone I am a senior exchange student from Spelman College, I will take the liberty to add that I am a graduating senior, and thus was born the above title. Entering and leaving different worlds has been a constant subject weighing on my mind here. Unfortunately, I've stumbled on several occasions when trying to answer the question of how I'm finding my experience here, but in the last month, after successfully getting over my culture shock of entering Bryn Mawr, I can honestly say that I've discovered why I'm here.

I recently took the opportunity of reading bell hooks' Sisters of the Yarn on Black women and self-recovery. Although I purchased the book in my junior year, I never got past the first chapter until this semester! One point in particular that I found relevant to my state of mind and purpose here is the concept of leaving and coming home. I have not lived at home with my family for eight years now, and most of my life has been spent in a white environment. As I reflect back to my experience of entering Spelman, an African-American women's college, I remember being overwhelmed with the joy of seeing African-American women and men everywhere. Despite various backgrounds, here was a group of people who were in essence myself, and as extensions of myself, my family. I had come home. Having had to deal with issues of race all of my life, here was a place I could find people with the same experiences, and that I found comfort.

For several reasons, being this close to Spelman College, I felt an urge to contribute something to the community, and that is why I decided to share this experience with everyone.

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Letter to the Editors

To the editors:
I am writing in response to Locke K. Brown's inflammatory letter regarding Trilly John's February 14th article. Ms. Brown begins by stating that Ms. John was "bemoaning" the use of police intervention to control the irreverent procession of Alpha Kappa Alpha, Inc., pledges from the University of Pennsylvania. Her use of the word "bemoan" was inappropriate, as it trivializes the concern expressed in Ms. John's letter's article. Ms. Brown states in her whining or lamenting about the issue.

To get her true intent more clearly, it was, in fact, giving her informants on the significance of the incident which occurred and how it was handled.

Ms. Brown next declaims that this incident was "emiclative of insensitiveness. Insensitve! Noise is part of college life that is not restricted to the weekend. The majority of students do not complain when loud, drunken Maawfers pass through the halls, when impromptu night rugby occurs on the green, or when students occasionally converse loudly during quiet hours. I think the "insensitiveness" occurred when the student(s) who felt violated called for help without first confronting the AKA's.

I question Ms. Brown's sincerity when she states that, "the movement to diversity is positive." How can she feel so positive if she goes on to say "the insensitiveness" character of so many of the hyphenated groups that clamor for attention is discouraging?" I wonder how much diversity is okay with Ms. Brown? The people to whom she refers as "hyphenated" are people of mixed or foreign heritage who wish to have been named.

The very reason people label themselves as American-Italian or Mexican-American, etc., is to challenge clinical and inappropriate labels and categories, such as "hyphenated groups." Ms. Brown also trivializes the struggle many people endure for the sake of diversifying the right to self-determination by describing this struggle as "a clamor for attention in the media." Protestors against ignorance, such as the demonstrations held at Rutgers University concerning statements made by its president, are not simple noise making! What this is, is an affirmation of our rights to free speech. These groups of people, often bound by common heritage, are not "sensistitc." A use of this word implies that these groups are completely self-centered and serve no one but themselves. While some individuals may be sensistitc, the purpose of the groups recognizing this individuality is so that there will be more accepting of the uniqueness which characterizes both individuals and the groups to which they belong.

"Case action is a...self-defeating basis for friendship." Are those who experience instant friendship or friendship in the name of "friendship?" Come on! Dormitories with "beautiful dining rooms" and "cozy common areas" are not personal concerns is not enough to prevent this sort of happening. Why does Ms. Brown say this kind of togetherness is possible? We all are Bryn Mawr College we have differences, but we still need to find another and find ways to discuss issues democratically.

At the end of her letter Ms. Brown spares no expense in making assumptions about people who are under-represented on campus. First, minority students do not associate based on socioeconomic standing. Minority students vary in their class backgrounds just as widely as non-minority students. A blatant generalization is made when minority students are being underprivileged and non-minority students as being "privileged" and mainstream. This clearly constitutes "mainstream," and who fits into this category? By saying that non-minority students constitute "mainstream," Ms. Brown implies that minority students belong to subversive cultures. This, and her claim that all minority students lack privilege, are just not true.

Lastly, I think that the final statements of Ms. Brown's letter are truly inappropriate. Did her words which mention the formation of secret societies, in retaliation to special interest groups, intend to threaten those who do not conform? Ms. Brown's cryptic warnings did not fall on deaf ears. Her final sentence was the catalyst which sparked me to write in response to her letter which seeks silence.

Sincerely,
Michele Marie Morton
Bryn Mawr '97

CORRECTIONS: Because the Howel does not print a corrections column, we thought we'd do the gracious favor of letting you know when a mistake has been made. For whatever dictionary does, in fact, contain the word "Haverford" (better luck on your research next time, gypsy). We are not proud of this fact, and are even more distraught that the spellcheck consistently tells us that "Bryn Mawr" doesn't exist. Microsoft will not succeed in silencing us!

News from Traditions

by Ellen Herr and Sarah Wakefield

Rain happens. Unfortunately it strikes even on May Day, much to the dismay of this campus. One likes to think that Traditions can survive little drizzle, but we'd prefer sunshine for the next day. Hill WV's new Traditions Mistresses, Ellen Herr and Sarah Wakefield, and we'd like to get some information out before everyone's forgotten.

First of all, and enormous thank you to the Mawrters who helped with May Day decorating: the rugby team for blowing up balloons, the seniors who climbed ladders and taped streamers, the Edman residents who assisted on the pillow, and one soph rep. You guys did a fantastic job, and we are eternally grateful.

For those of you who didn't lend a hand, we'll explain why you should have. About three years ago a resolution was passed at Plenary concerning decoration.

Because it is a huge job, all Bryn Mawr students are now obliged to give one hour to help prepare for May Day. We didn't do a stellar job with publicity, so we understand why many women may not have known this fact or that the decorating was even occurring on Saturday.

By now you may have seen flyers around campus about May Day activities. We encourage you to get involved. Tell us we can try to do something about it. Did you love a particular performer or event? We'd love to know.

We're excited about Traditions for the future. If you have suggestions for future freecontact at X7659, Box C-1042 or CR-635, or by email, before the year ends. See you on Parade night in September!
Anti-Arabic sentiment in the wake of Oklahoma bombing

By John Catalinoto

On April 19 a major explosion destroyed much of the nine-story-high Federal Building in Oklahoma City. It killed more than 100 of the 550 workers and most of the 41 civilians who are usually in the building during working hours, and injured hundreds more.

Government reports indicate that the explosion's source was a 1,000-pound car bomb set off at a restaurant at street level. One of the most damaged areas was the child-care center on the second floor of the federal building.

Initially most of the mainstream news media and some government officials pointed their fingers at "Islamic terrorists." Before they were forced to give up this approach, they had quickly launched an investigation "focused on" persons known as Arabs, Moslems and Middle Eastern people in general.

Some Muslims, like Warren Christopher, announced hours after the bombing that he had sent Arabic interpreters to aid those who were injured; Former U.S. Rep. Dave McCurdy spoke about "very clear evidence" of the involvement of "a number of Moslem organizations" in the bombing. No such evidence existed.

Even after the government arrested a U.S. citizen with a history and connections, much of the media still blamed Islamic people.

The big-budget-oriented politicians have caricatured Middle Eastern peoples for decades. More recently they have demonized leaders like Iran's Ayatollah Khomeini, Libya's Muammar Qaddafi, and Iraq's Saddam Hussein, and have attacked Islam in general. This has all fit neatly into the "terrorist" image the world's oil supply by crushing every Middle Eastern government that doesn't submit to Washington.

The initial coverage of Oklahoma City, as analyzed by the group Fairness and Accuracy in Reporting, attacked this anti-Moslem line.

Some early radio reports fabricated out of whole cloth a claim that the nation of Islam was involved in the bombing. Other news organizations, including CNN, reported that investigators were seeking to question several men described as "Middle Eastern" in appearance.

The authorities made sure that any Middle Easterner who had been seen anywhere near the Federal building was rounded up.

Two men who had driven from Dallas to Oklahoma City to take care of some paperwork at the Immigration and Naturalization Service office were questioned for 16 hours. One Jordanian-American engineer who had flown from Oklahoma City to London was forcibly brought back to the United States for questioning.

Rep. Henry Hyde said he wanted to restrict people from the Middle East from entering the U.S. "We should keep them from getting into the country in the first place," he said.

CB's Tom Snyder presented a segment on "Middle East behavior and sentiment" in which he examined "the Mideast mindset." He noted that there are "Islamic students in Oklahoma." On April 21, New York Times columnist A.E. Rosenthal called for tougher U.S. actions against governments of Libya, Iraq, Iran and Syria.

Two columns in the Chicago Tribune said Arab-Americans were involved in the bombing. The stereotyping of Middle Easterners as criminals became all the more obvious when a white, U.S.-born military veteran was arrested.

None of the reports emphasized that in 1992-1993 alone U.S.-based right-wing groups had promoted and carried out 27 bombings of women's health clinics and other attacks on abortion providers, some resulting in deaths.

The anti-Moslem propaganda took its toll. Hamzi Moghrabi, chairperson of the Washington-based Arab-American Anti-Discrimination Committee, said, "There has been harassment in the work place and the school."

Children particularly were subject to this harassment. Moghrabi said his group received reports of incidents in New York, Houston, Los Angeles, Chicago and Orlando, Fl.

In Oklahoma City, Suhaib Al Mousawi said his living-room window was broken April 22 when someone threw a stone through it. Frighened and shocked, he was kept in premature labor. Her child was stillborn.

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After the sit-in, the administration agreed to increase library holdings in these areas. Similarly, six million dollars that was originally earmarked for a highly designed program in Asian American studies was set aside specifically for Asian American and Latino studies. The university is committed to filing four to seven new faculty positions. Likewise, a vacant position for the Caribbean studies program in the history department will now be filled by a professor who will have direct ties to both Asian American or Latino studies. In addition, the Committee on Diversity and Liberal Education and the Caribbean Studies Department, both of which were inactive before, will be revived.

On Wednesday, April 26, approximately sixty BMC students held a candlelight vigil expressing their solidarity with Northwestern students. President McPherson and Dean Mehta also attended this vigil. The vigil further served to create a awareness of events at Northwestern and of the general need for ethnic studies at any liberal arts college. Members of ASA and Mujeres spoke of the need for a curriculum that reflected the historical, social, and cultural contributions of both Asian American and Latino history and literature in college and university curriculums nationwide reflects the persistent view of Asian Americans and Latinas as perpetual foreigners and immigrants.

A petition expressing our solidarity with Northwestern students was signed. Likewise, a committee headed by Karen Patwa was formed to initiate an Asian American studies program on our own campus. Currently, only one class related to Asian American studies is being taught. Most of the classes taught in the Latin American studies department focus on the history and literature of Spain. Most of the students of the vigil felt that President McPherson should be approached about formally expressing BMC's solidarity with Northwestern students.

The best way for students at BMC to express solidarity with Northwestern students is to initiate ethnic studies departments of our own. We all know that the establishment of an ethnic studies department at any college or university signifies a recognition of all people of color who live in this country. Emotions ran high at our vigil and the urgent need for action was felt by all. It was very heartening to see such enthusiasm and commitment on the part of students, especially during such chaotic and stressful times.
by Bronwyn Nettles

Technicolour Pulp by Arty Nelson, Warner Books; March 2, 1995, $18.95

I have always been opposed to the heavy dissecting style of slice and probe that seems to be the modus operandi of English classes. Taking a long-dead author's work and then peering at it through a myopic lens of literary criticism, attempting to glean some in-depth meaning behind the author's use of one pronoun over another, or the significance of the sandwich the character eats while reading his morning paper, seems unnecessarily a waste of really interpreting the precise intent of the author. My natural aversion to this practice puts me in an odd position as an amateur critic to sit down and try to express without cranky bias my impression of the novel entitled Technicolour Pulp, by the I.A. based writer Arty Nelson. Fortunately his writing style does not leave many subtleties to argue over, but the general theme of the book left me stumped, and I couldn't help but begin to feel the need for some English professor to take a look at this and tell me it was more than what its dull surface read.

To begin, Nelson's novel is his debut, and to look at it as some definitive piece of work seems premature. The accompanying publicity made zealous statements of Pulitzer as "the definitive Generation X story," a "Tropic of Cancer for the end of the millennium," and "akin to cosmic prose that is pure Henry Miller meets Jack Kerouac by way of Martin Amis." Reading these reviews before reading the book made me shiver with a faint nausea at the thought of one more hip slacker-oriented take on the supposed "X Generation." Nelson believes except those sitting in their comfortable middle-aged armchairs, reflecting on why the youth of America is supposedly different from the youth of America 20 years prior. Needless to say, after reading the book, I couldn't help but agree with the critics in the sense that Arty Nelson seems to try his damnedest to create this mythological "X beast" by use of his egotistic character Jimi Banks and his decidedly one-dimen- sional prose.

The story opens with out dear mid-20's interest too, but I'm the only interest I've got, I'm in love and I'm not in love, I'm free and I've never felt more trapped in my life." This is the general paradoxical mantra that Jimi chants in his head throughout the rest of the story, regardless of the scenario. Like the ever-annoying Dunceball bunny, it never stops.

The story follows Jimi's ill-fated trip to London, where he meets up with his friend, Doober, from college. Having just broken up his girlfriend, Lindsey, Jimi provokes the city in a drunken haze attempting to forget her by getting laid. He bores himself at times but is never fulfilled, never happy. He manages to stay in London for several months by way of his grizzly charm and his friends' pocket-books. Getting bored with London (like everything in his life) he heads to Paris for a quick jaunt to drink some more, smoke some more, and make fun of the small-chomper books. The book is peppered with raw and horrific moments, such as Jimi's dissection of his petite siren all over his beloved cock, right before he has a date with some virilistic Brit girl he's been trying to bone. And then there is the scene where he chokes a kitten, and the pages and pages of misogynist ramblings about so and so's gorgeous "cunt" and his memory of the accidental rape of his ex-girlfriend (oh now we understand why she broke up with him).

Essentially, Jimi is an unlikable guy, at least to any self-respecting woman; however, there is something to be said for his blatant rage and confusion and his politically incorrect manner of expression. You come to hate him but grudgingly respect that Nelson has given Jimi an uncorrupted mind and mouth that forces you to look at the vile demons we all pretend to not know within ourselves. For his honesty, I give Jimi, and Arty Nelson, a big, beaming thumbs-up. Nelson's curt, right, and wildly fast prose is witty and interesting. But though the reading is fast, it is not painless. I couldn't decide whose ass I wanted to kick more, Jimi's for being a self-indulgent whiny pig, or Nelson's for having created this monster in the first place.

Nelson's style is something new, and it is fresh, albeit smelly. I liked his lack of this omniscient and wise voice of a reflective and detached narrator, but at the same time felt that this was the book's greatest weakness. I could not tell if Nelson was leaving the judgement of the actions of his deeply unstable character to the reader's discretion, or if he just didn't have the moral strength himself to create a cohesive and convincing ending to the dilemma he so readily creates. This book was a bit like Frankenstein's, brilliant in its conception, but once animated, a bit of a monster.

The best cookbooks

by Julia Alexander

Well, the year is at an end, and anyone who reads this column frequently might be thinking to himself, "Self, what am I going to do all summer without Julia's recipes to help me out in the kitchen?" Well, never fear! I have something better than my recipes! I have a list of my favorite cookbooks for you, so that you can learn how to make up your own recipes, or at least find all of those things you can never remember how to make on your own!

The Joy of Cooking is the best basic cookbook you're going to come across. You probably won't use all of the recipes (why they think that the average American was going to need a recipe for hedgehog is beyond me), but it also tells you how to do most of the basic cooking stuff. Get a good paperback edition, and make sure you're getting all of the book, since some of the paperback versions are in two volumes.

The Monday-Friday Cookbook is another set of basic meals, in this case written by a chef who realizes that people want to eat something decent without spending a lot of time in the kitchen. It's by Michele Urrylo and Urrylo, and it's one of my favorite entre- type cookbooks.

Cooking with the Dead, by Elizabeth Zapara.

I have to admit that I own this one almost purely for amusement value, and have yet to try any of the recipes, but it gives all sorts of stories about the people who cook as they follow the Dead, and it's a fun thing to have on your cook-book shelf.

The Moosewood Cookbook, and the other ones of that series, by Mollie Katzen. These are the best vegetarian cookbooks I've come across, and they're fun to read as well. Nice, sensible, solid sorts of things.

Speaking of vegetarian, another good book to read is Diet for a Small Planet, by Frances Moore Lappe. This isn't really a cookbook, but it is sort of explains some of the reasons for being a vegetarian and why you should avoid processed and preservative- ly whatsoever possible.

Finally, there's the Complete I Hate to Cook Book, by Peg Bracken. These tend to be heavy on the preservative-laden, processed food sorts of things. It's a fun read, and it gives a lot of hints for the sorts of things you can do to make cooking easier and more convenient. It's also recommended Cooking for your Edu-Fare, but that's based on it in the bookstore a year or so ago, and I can't remember who wrote it, either.

So enjoy your summer cooking, and come back with all sorts of new and exciting things you can make for us to eat!
Scary fairy tales for adults

by Julia Alexander

The Armless Maiden, and Other Tales for Childhood's Survivors. Edited by Terri Windling. Tor Books, April 1995. $22.95.

I picked this book up on the basis of the editor; I've never been disappointed with the quality of the stories in a collection edited by Terri Windling. I've gotten through most of the stories in the book in the month or two that I've had it, and I think that it was well worth my $22.95, plus tax.

There is a combination of new and old in this anthology, with names with which a frequent reader of fantasy will be familiar: Charles DeLint, Jane Yolen, Ellen Kushner, Tanith Lee, and Terri Windling, to name a few. This is well worth picking up, and I have heard that it is best to read the stories in order, although I enjoyed the book quite a bit, reading it, as usual, entirely out of order.

The stories seem to read more as well-done essays than as fairy tales, but this may be in part that the book is a combination of short stories, poems, and essays. While the subject matter seems a bit daunting at first ("Childhood and its darker passages," to quote from the jacket liner), the book manages to convey the intensity of fairy tales without the trite gruesomeness of many others about abuse.

Many of the stories seem more like essays, in that the message would stand without the plot, and that the authors work through their ideas with a professionalism often lacking in short stories. These are thought-provoking, both on the part of the author and the reader.

The stories and essays in this book have many of the qualities of the old versions of fairy tales, before they were washed bare of sex and violence. They are dream-like in their intensity, without being pretentious. These are the sorts of stories that I can vaguely remember curling up with when I was about ten, all of those grim things about Baba Yaga and monsters that ate children, and the other stories that gave me nightmares until I would go back to Beverly Cleary just to get some sleep at night. But these are adult versions of those stories; they can still give you nightmares, but it is more from recognizing the reality of the monsters than it is from cowering away from their unreality.

These stories are metaphors, for the most part. They use the language of fairy tales to tell very real-world stories. There are also essays which bridge the gaps between the readers and the stories, either discussing real life, or explaining the uses of fairy tales in finding a language to create our worlds. The stories are feminist in that they serve to make us aware of how the world we structure through fairy tales influences how we perceive the world around us, as well as in the more traditionally feminist sense of working toward empowering women (and control over monsters, be they giants, relatives, rapists, or memories, is an example of empowerment).

While many of these stories are sad or frightening, they read with a bright-and-dark quality that keeps them from being unbearably grim. And some of them are entirely pleasant to read (that is, with none of the disturbing elements of some of the other stories) which keeps the book from being altogether too intense.

And, just in case none of this was enough to induce you to buy the book, the authors have put their money where their mouths are, so to speak, and have donated the money they would have made on royalties to support "agencies offering shelter, counseling, and medical care to abused children."
Disoriented handbook seeks help!

by Julia Alexander

Okay, everyone. Here we are at the end of yet another semester, and I still haven't gotten around to sending out surveys for the "Disorientation Handbook" that I keep intending to compile. I'm not trying to take over someone else's project, but since I don't see anyone else getting around to it either, I think I'll give this one more try. What I'd like all of you to do is get copies of the survey that will follow, send them to any of your friends that you think will fill them out, and send them back to me either by campus mail (C-367) or e-mail (jalexan@ccmit.cornell.edu) sometime before the end of the summer. I'd really appreciate as many answers as I can get, so that I will be able to put together a book that will help us all.

Hopefully, if I get around to it.... Anyhow, send in these questionnaires, and I will hopefully have a book available for your use next fall. And if you're a graduating senior, think of the power you will have over future generations of Maweters by the mere weight of your opinions!

1. What year are you?
2. What dorm(s) have you lived in? Did you like it? Why, or why not?
3. Who have your favorite professors been? Why?
4. Who have your least favorite professors been? Why?
5. Please mention your favorite and least favorite classes, with reasons.
6. What classes/profs do you think everyone should experience before they graduate?

7. If you had an academic problem, who would you go see, and why?
8. If you had a personal problem, who would you go to for help, and why?
9. Have you gotten an extension? Did it help, or not?
10. What's your favorite place to order out from? (In this area)
11. Where's your favorite place to eat out? (In this area)
12. Where do you go shopping?
13. Where do you work, and would you recommend this job to anyone else? (Tell whom, and why or why not.)
14. Where on-campus activities are you involved in?
15. What do you do for fun?
16. What are your favorite meals in the dining hall?
17. What do you eat when those aren't being served?
18. Would you use the health center by choice? Why, or why not, and at what time of day?
19. Would you call a prof or other faculty member at home? Under what circumstances?
20. What makes the "definitive Bryn Mawr experience"? Are you basing this on experience, or hearsay?
21. What do you do to make your room more livable?
22. What is your favorite way of staying awake when you have to?
23. What are your favorite radio stations?
24. Where do you get your news?
25. Do you use e-mail?
26. Do you use public transportation?
27. Do you watch t.v.? (What shows, how often?)
28. How often do you leave campus, and where do you go?
29. What is some of your most frequently used survival tips that you're willing to share? (Remember, these are anonymous.)
30. What do you think I should have asked that isn't on this list of questions? (And please answer the question)

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Whatcha gonna do? See Bad Boys

by Trilby V. John

Spring and finals are upon us and now is the perfect time to go see a movie. What a wonderful way of procrastination movies are, and Bad Boys: Whatcha gonna do? is definitely worth the time. Of course, I went to this movie because I was dragged there. I firmly believed that any movie starring both Will Smith and Martin Lawrence was not worth my money. Boy, was I wrong. This was no sloppyshod comedy with a really bad script. Smith and Lawrence work well together and their very different personalities are what really makes this implausibly plot work. The two act as police officers, partners and best friends. Smith, as Mike Lowery, is a rich boy who becomes a cop because "that's all he is or ever wanted to be." As far as he says, his extensive trust fund backing him just fit case he should lose his job has nothing to do with his decision. Lawrence, as Marcus Bennett, is married with three children and a wife "who won't give him any" and throughout the movie, there are numerous jokes about Lawrence's lack of sex. The plot of the movie revolves around them trying to solve a major drug case in which one of Smith's women was accidentally killed. (As a side note, the woman killed is a Victoria's Secret model. Seems like anyone can get an acting deal these days.) Naturally, there was a female witness to the murder and she has to be protected from the bad guys. Two fast-paced, action-packed hours later, it is all over and a satisfying ending is reached. Of course, it is not completely a smooth ride to the end. There are many scenes where suspending disbelief is as easy as getting a 40. For example, Smith's chasing of a speeding car and catching up to it is just a bit much but it is still easy to love this movie as it is one of the first to star two African cops in the leading roles. It is, of course, a very funny movie even with all of the action scenes. Lawry and Bennett interrupt harrowing situations to argue with each other which makes everyone but them quite upset. Insults are traded everywhere: Bennett calls Lawry's $100,000 car a "shiny dick with two chairs in it" and Lawery tells everyone he can "Everybody always wants to be like Mike." Even the music in the movie is a shock. There is very little "hard core" rap music with barely comprehensible lyrics, which would be expected in an action movie of this type. Instead there is some type of classical music with a beat to it, this movie is definitely more than anyone would have expected and it is definitely a must-see. Who would have thought they would have come so far. Remember Smith as the Fresh Prince, rapping Parents Just Don't Understand with DJ what's-his-name, and Lawrence, doing stand up at the Apollo? Just goes to show that anybody with a little determination could go far in this world.
The Final Voyager (update, that is)

by Lori Summers

As a famous sentient entity once observed, all good things must come to an end. Voyager’s journey through the expanse is over, and it is time for it to return to the College News.

Ella’s mission was to uncover the truth behind the events surrounding her and the others. She was relentless in her pursuit of knowledge, and her efforts were not in vain.

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FEATURES! YES, FEATURES!

Entering and leaving BMC

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I needed a new experience. I confronted the soul wrenching realities of sexism, which I believe are found in every racial community, and also questioned whether or not my philosophy of life would stand up once I entered a heterogenous society.

As a result, I found myself in January of 1995 at Bryn Mawr College. It was here that I learned the true meaning of the adage, "Don't let the grass grow under your feet". Bryn Mawr is truly a wonderful place full of bright and interesting women. I have learned a lot here. I have learned from and listened to a lot of different stories of people from so many different worlds. I have had a chance to sit out on the grass without worrying about red ants. I have been afforded the opportunity to share in class discussions where everyone has varying viewpoints. I am impressed with many of the women I have encountered, especially their willingness and joy of learning. I have also been gifted with the chance of knowing what it feels like to walk to the library without constantly watching my back, and to study and sleep in an environment without gunshots going off regularly. I have felt at peace with the trees and the squirrels; and the ducks absolutely great! I had forgotten how wonderful nature truly is. However, despite the wonderful educational experience I have had here, I can honestly say that I am happy to go home.

I have learned here that one must not wander too far away from one's self. Many times I have been asked whether or not I would recruit for Bryn Mawr. I can honestly say that I would. I think that I have learned an invaluable lesson here at Bryn Mawr. However, I would stipulate that one semester to a year depending on the individual should be the limit. Cultural integration is a necessary factor to the elimination of racism, but no one person should carry that burden alone. The soul needs replenishment.

One piece of advice on entering and leaving is that the community should work on reducing the academic stress level here. I personally believe that it has reached hazardous levels. I have found that the work is not necessarily as hard as at Spelman, but it is very heavy. I have never encountered so many people talking about how much work they have to do. I think the lesson here is to do what you can most efficiently, and what you can't was never meant to get done. In all honesty, it is not worth the ulcers, migraines, high blood pressure, the nervous breakdowns and early death to be stressed out. So, I leave you with my thanks, love, and appreciation with this final quote, "God grant me the serenity to accept the things that I can not change, the courage to change the things I can, and the wisdom to know the difference."

Sayonara, loves

—the Editors

The ever erudite

Ms. Hank

Dear Ms. Hank,

Some friends and I have been having a debate, and I wonder if you could help us out. Some of us think that it's stupid to change font sizes in the hopes of making a paper look longer, and others think that professors don't care so much about the number of words as they do about the number of pages.

Sincerely,
A bunch of paper-writing fools

Dear fools,

The trick is to remember that content is by far more important than either word count or page count. That said, I am a firm believer in not using any font larger than Courier twelve-point, and I see nothing wrong with switching to a smaller font to get something to fit more neatly onto a page. Good luck, you paper-writing fools, and try to get some sleep before the twentieth, okay?

Death to the Patriarchy,
Ms. Hank

Dykes To Watch Out For

business as usual

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