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Students of Bryn Mawr College

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THE COLLEGE NEWS

VOUME XVIII, NUMBER 1

FOUNDED

1914

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE

October 24, 1995

Stacy's Real World

by Stacy Curwood

This year I am preparing for a career change. I have held this job for 18 years and, finally, I have been promoted to a senior position. However, I am about to be laid off. Next spring, I will leave Bryn Mawr and venture into a different job market, one which will stray from the path I have followed since I became a student.

There is something reassuring about filling in "student" on a form which asks for my occupation. About having a predictable schedule of work and vacations. And knowing that even a summer break job doesn't have to be a real career choice; it can be a completely different kind of work from what you may end up striving for eventually. There is something reassuring about knowing where I will be for the next four years... oops! One year?!? Where did the time go??

I have begun to think of the year after May, 1996 as One A.G.: After Graduation. I am aware of many of the dangers associated with this millennium: I can't wear t-shirts every day. I will live off of macaroni and cheese (ick). I will have a boring job and few friends and my parent's money will dry up. By 3 A.G., I will be screaming to go back to school, and I might just do that.

This is the silly, doubting voice that I counter with my strong, reassuring voice. C'mon, it says, who says you have to have a boring job? You are actually in the best position to do a job you have always dreamed of doing! You can save up to travel, become a rock climber or a horse trainer, be a baker or bank teller. Some-

times it's nice to work all day and then come home to a clean t-shirt and call a friend that you have made or known B.G. and go have fun. As for mac and cheese, there are plenty of things besides that to eat.

The most important question for me, however, is when and where to return to school. When I arrived at Bryn Mawr, I was astounded by the number of my peers who were headed for graduate school. To be honest, I had never thought about going before. Didn't I have enough to worry about without another admissions process looming? Fortunately, my angst over this has produced a consensus among my conflicting inner voices. I'm not in a real hurry. I'm not afraid that I'll drop out of school if I take time off, or get caught in a job that I'll never want to leave (if this happens, it was meant to be, I guess). I know for sure that I will not return to school next fall. Not nohow, no way. But more school is an option that I plan to take advantage of, definitely.

A.G. is scary, for sure, but I am looking forward to it. It is a chance to do things which I have never had the freedom to do before. For me, college has been two things: 1) an experience in itself of new ways of thinking and a really unique social life (I mean this in a positive way), and 2) an exercise for finding myself and my dreams. I will draw upon it for years and years to come. I believe that I am ready for my career change.*

*that is, in another 8 months!!!!!!

There is something reassuring about filling in "student on a form which asks for your occupation.

YOUR GRAPHIC HERE

Will the New JYA Policy Work for Us?

by Kara Goggins

There's no question that Bryn Mawr is a struggle to afford, even for those of us on financial aid. We scrape up the money somehow—summer jobs, work study, loans. In the past, many people have counted on the money they save through study abroad, as a majority of programs abroad are less expensive than Bryn Mawr and many are immensely less expensive.

A friend of mine who graduated last year, for example, had planned on dropping out of Bryn Mawr due to extreme financial difficulties. But then she found a wonderful study abroad program in Costa Rica that cost under \$4,000 dollars for the semester—including tuition, room and board, and several trips. Had she decided to stay the second semester, the cost would have been under \$3,000. Her study abroad experience ended up being better than she'd ever imagined, and she was able to stay at Bryn Mawr because of the money she had saved.

Jenn Hogan, a Bryn Mawr senior, found herself in a similar situation her sophomore year. Even with financial aid, her family was still struggling to afford tuition. Luckily, Jenn had always been interested in spending a year at the Hebrew University of Jerusalem, which costs significantly less than Bryn Mawr, including room and board and travel expenses. Jenn's study abroad experience was invaluable, and the money she saved allowed her to return to Bryn Mawr without imposing a tremendous financial burden on her family.

Under the new study abroad policy, students will be unable to make these kinds of financial choices. The new policy requires students to pay tuition directly to Bryn Mawr, while paying room and board to the program they are attending. Financial aid will be available for study abroad and will be separate from financial aid for students residing at Bryn Mawr. One of the reasons I disagree with the new policy is that students such as the two described above will be severely hurt by a policy like this. The new policy puts Bryn Mawr in charge of financial decisions that, in cases like this, need to be left in the hands of students.

My main objection to the new study abroad policy is that I believe students should not be paying for services they are not receiving. When students at the study abroad meeting last week voiced their complaints about the new system, Dean Behrend pointed out that one of the school's major reasons for changing the policy had to do with the amount of money leaving the college due to the large number of people going JYA. But, as one student pointed out, while money is leaving the college, so are the people who are going abroad. Students who go abroad do not occupy space on campus—class space, room space, etc.—that the college can fill with other students. There is no reason why students should have to pay Bryn Mawr tuition for a semester or year that they are not attending Bryn Mawr, especially in cases where the tuition of the program they are attending is

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Cluelessness Runs Rampant at BMC

by Elizabeth Hill

A professor of mine announced today that his father is gravely ill and he (the prof., I mean) might well be flying out to be with him. While trying to digest this, I heard someone say from the far side of the room, "Have a nice trip!" I'm not going to name names, partly because it would be rude and partly because I didn't see who it was. However, this is a prime example of a trait common to all too many people in this world: Cluelessness. Someone facing imminent bereavement does not want to be told to enjoy himself. It doesn't happen that way. Maybe you want to be left alone; maybe you want to talk it all out. But a "nice trip" is not part of the equation.

Compassion is good. Nit-picky ques-

tions about assignments and scheduling are not. Remember that this is a human being here and he is suffering. I understand that the well-wisher was also well-meaning, but she — and the rest of us (despite my self-righteous tone, I too err along these lines) needs to think beforehand.

Probably, had my exposure to cluelessness been limited to the idiocy of the aforementioned yo-yo, I would not be sitting here writing this article. Unfortunately, it's running rampant. So let's take a moment to define exactly what I mean by "clueless." Inability to comprehend the Second Law of Thermodynamics or the socio-sexual implications of Shakespearean drama does not constitute cluelessness. Cluelessness relates primarily to people: How we interact with each

other, how much respect we give one another, etc. It also extends to our ability to deal with minor crises like broken glassware or a malfunctioning toilet without assuming that someone else will cope. Basically, it comes down to responsibility and rational thought. That established, let's move on.

In Great Expectations, Pip, the protagonist, is called upon to accept an invitation which he was on the verge of declining. To retrieve the situation, he then "said what was required." This has become family shorthand for a) tact; and b) having a clue. Obviously, we frequently emend this to "do what is required," "act as required," and so on.

There is a strong element of upbringing behind cluelessness. As my family's

need for said shorthand indicates, we set great store by having a clue. I was trained from infancy toward that end, and the result is that, while I am arrogant enough to be writing this diatribe, I also know that condolence cards are a form of requirement-saying. I can only assume that the clueless masses have also been trained.

Before I offend more people, and to save material for subsequent issues of the News, I'd better stop writing while I still have a head. One last reminder (or parting shot): All those humanoids out there walking around campus are people, too. They are deserving of your respect. Even the faculty and staff.

**IN THIS ISSUE:
WOMEN OF POWER, DYKES TO WATCH OUT FOR,
AND MUCH, MUCH MORE!**

EDITORIAL

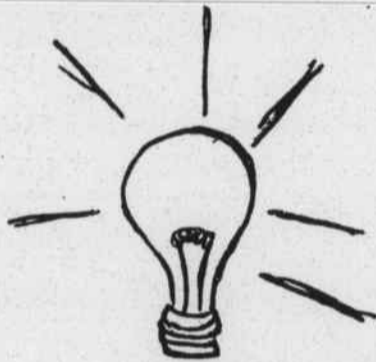
Meet the Press

It's another year, and the College News greets you with three new editors in chief. Although the editors normally stay until the end of the first semester, we're pretty resourceful, and think we can serve you well. You should be familiar with all of us, veteran News chucks that we are, but we thought we would introduce ourselves individually as well.

I'm Jenn Hogan, a senior who has finally re-acclimated herself to Bryn Mawr after a year in a foreign land. This semester I would like to see an exposé about the new study abroad policy, articles on diversity in the classes offered on the Bryn Mawr, Haverford, or Swarthmore campuses, and why exactly are those disgruntled union guys picketing our oh-so liberal and just college campus. The College News is a forum for each woman on campus to express her views and write about their experiences and outlooks on the world.

As for me (Julia Alexander), I'm another senior. I'm more interested in the lighter side of life, and would like to know about the people this paper serves. Write telling us a little about yourselves, your opinions, and the things that matter to you, whatever that may be. As far as I'm concerned, the College News policy really is, "If it isn't likely to get us sued, we'll print it."

Like Julia, I (Heather Batson) am interested in our readership (i.e. Bryn Mawr College and her friends); your hates and loves, your experiences and your dreams. Like Jenn, I am interested in some immediate issues in the world; more specifically, what we as individuals can do—or have the responsibility to do—about them. I want to expose activism on this campus, so that everyone knows what is happening and how to get involved, so if any leaders of groups with such goals are reading this, please do send us word of what you are doing. My outlook is that the newsjournal format of the College News makes it the forum for every interested and concerned woman (and her friends) on this campus; so if something you see horrifies or delights you and gets your mental machinery moving, please do drop it in our box.



THE COLLEGE NEWS

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE VOLUME XVIII, NO. 1, OCTOBER 23, 1995

Editors

Julia Alexander, x7544
Heather Batson, x5545
Jennifer Hogan, x5811

Graphics Editor

Rachel Soltis

Editorial Board

Leah Coffin, Kim Schultz,
Kara Goggins Elizabeth
Lyzenga, Stacy Curwood,
Bree Horwitz. If you
worked on the paper and
your name isn't on here,
please come by the office
while we're doing layout
so we can get you in
here. Thanks, the
editors....

The College News does not accept any advertising.

Free announcements from or for the community are welcome.

The next deadline is Friday, November 3, 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. All opinions expressed in articles or letters are those of the author only, and are not representative of those of the editorial board; all pictures are the work of the artist, and do not necessarily represent the opinions of the authors of the articles near which they appear. Come to the Thursday night meetings at 7 in the News Office or call one of the editors if you are interested in submitting 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.

College Republicans call for conversation in the community

by Jennifer Biermann '97

Hello fellow Mawrters! I want to use this opportunity to introduce you to myself and what I hope will be an exciting new column in the College News. I am the Co-Chairperson of the College Republicans and this will (hopefully) be a column used to address the conservative side to issues, both global and campus-wide, answer your questions about Republicans and what we stand for, and to highlight some of the events that our

group has planned for the coming semester. No, please don't put that paper down! Just stay with me for a few more minutes. Last semester there seemed to be a lot of controversy concerning our education in the Bi-Co community. Many students expressed dismay at the amount of

money that Haverford expended to bring Jocelyn Elders, former Surgeon General to the college to speak. Some of these students disagreed with the ideas that Ms. Elders purported. Other students, who agreed with Ms. Elders, were still upset about the amount spent to bring her here because they felt as if they were missing out on a different viewpoint. As one student expressed it, "Why should we spend all this money to bring people here to speak about issues or ideas that I already agree with. I thought education was supposed to be about learning something new." Regardless of how you stand on the issue of bringing Ms. Elders to Haverford, many of you will agree that learning a new perspective is a large part of higher education, or at least it should be. By learning about how others see the world or particular issues which face our nation and our world, we can better evaluate our own beliefs. Perhaps, we will even find that we agree with someone else's perspective, and proceed to adopt it as our own. Even if we walk

away thinking that this new perspective is completely off the mark, we have gained something just by being exposed to it—a greater understanding of someone else and a strengthened belief in our own convictions.

In keeping with this spirit of education, we, The College Republicans, are committing ourselves to presenting another perspective to the Bi-Co community. By bringing in a wide variety of speakers who run the gamut of the Republican party, we

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hope to encourage discussion, make students aware of new ideas and new ways of looking at the world, and perhaps even stir up a little controversy! Furthermore, we hope to dispel the rumor that some, though by no means all, on this campus hold that all Republicans are homophobic, anti-feminist, white, Anglo-Saxon and ultra-religious. We are trying to bring in speakers who represent a wide variety

of races, creeds, sexual orientations, and beliefs in order to emphasize the diversity within the party. Finally, in this feature, we hope to explain the Republican view on certain issues, why the party takes certain stances, and what it hopes to accomplish. In addition, we hope to address student questions with respect to these concepts. Therefore, if you do have any questions about the Republican party or the party platform, please feel free to contact me, or any other member of the group either through the College News or by coming to our meetings.

In closing, I want to emphasize that we are not here to proselytize or "push" our views on anyone. Rather, our goal is to add to the educational experience we enjoy here in the Bi-Co community by offering a forum for the conservative opinion. I want to thank the community, in advance, for its support of our group and we hope that you will make use of the opportunities we plan to offer the college.

College Republicans' survey results from last semester

by Jennifer Biermann

In an effort to expose some of the troubling stereotypes which we, as Republicans, have encountered, and to examine some of the political activities of the campus, the College Republicans issued a survey last semester. Many of the students who responded to our survey (and we wish to thank all of you for doing so!) were distressed or disturbed with the nature of the questions that we asked. Many felt that we were propagating negative stereotypes about Republicans and made sweeping generalizations about both Democrats and Republicans. Some even went so far as to be insulted by the nature of the questions. While it is true that many students do not support or use stereotypes when speaking about Republicans, or any group for that matter, others use them quite frequently as our survey and personal experiences have shown.

Before addressing some of the major questions which the survey sparked, I would like to report some of the results. We sent out surveys to every student on campus (about 1200) and only 15% of the student body responded. Of the respondents, 86.7% are registered to vote and 68.3% were planning to vote in the recent election. Of those that are registered to vote, 57.2% are registered Democrat and 15.6% are registered Republican. Finally, 34.4% of the respondents have volunteered for a political campaign.

In terms of political attitudes, 22.8% of the respondents would vote for a candidate who supported Clinton, while Clinton's endorsement of a candidate would prompt 28.3% of the respondents to vote for that candidate. Also, a majority of those surveyed (73.9%) would vote against the party with

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DSA Call for Activist Support

by Jessica Shearer

Why here? Why now? Why DSA? Warning: This is a gratuitous plea for Democratic Socialists of America support.

Often people voice the criticism that this campus is too left-wing. When I chose to come here I believed that to be true. Although our criticisms of our culture, society, and politics often present a feminist, leftist, sometimes Marxist view, I doubt that anyone who did not happen to hear a lunch time conversation would realize where most of us stand politically. We live in a time when the left wing is not the party in power, when the Republicans, and conservative to moderate Democrats, are dismantling programs that our ideological foremothers and fathers put in place. Before 1997 rolls around, the California Civil Rights Initiative will probably have successfully eliminated affirmative action in our most populous and diverse state. Congress keeps tearing large holes in this country's safety net, "reasonably suspect" persons (read brown or with accents) may still lose their right to an education or an immunization in California, and still we get our frustration out over coffee in the campus center.

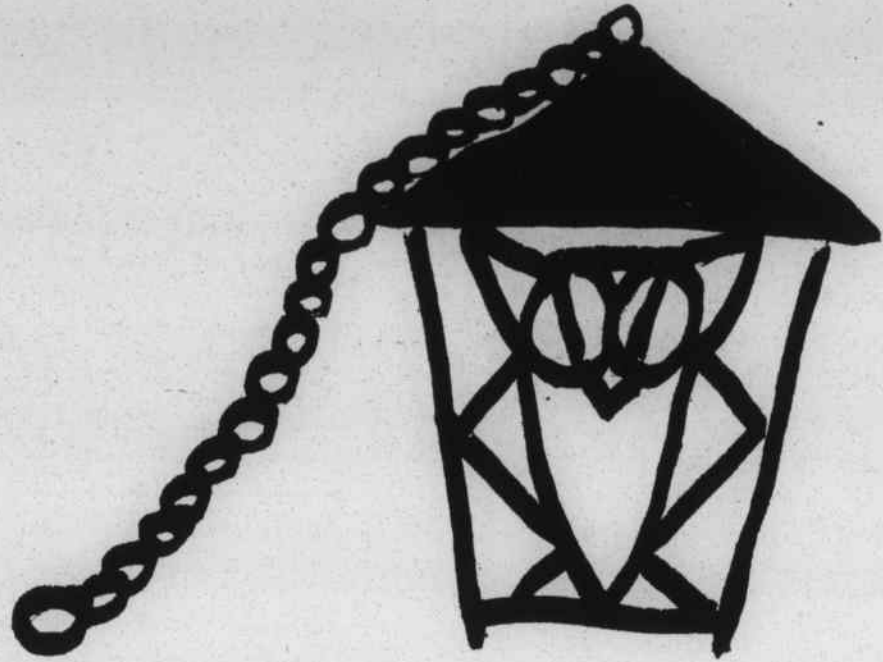
Before 1997 rolls around, the California Civil Rights Initiative will probably have successfully eliminated affirmative action...and still we get our frustration out over coffee in the campus center.

of us already support democracy and many socialist programs. We now have the time and the comfort to act on our beliefs and we have no right to assume that somebody else will. We need a forum for political activism as well as for grassroots organizing. We need to address what it means to have workers making less than a living wage in our own backyard. (In other words, we organize here at home as well as in front of various capitals). We make people question the conditions of our existence, and change them—or we hope to.

I cannot here explain everything it means to me to believe in or work for democratic socialism. In the words of one DSA member, "Unlike the ISO or the Republicans, our politics are complicated, robust and subtle, not built around a few ironclad catch phrases." As I fumble trying to write this, trying to communicate why I have committed myself and, more importantly, why I would like many of us to commit ourselves to the messy but rewarding work for justice at every level, I know how right he is.

In the end, all I can recommend is that you watch what we do. Come find out why I cannot yet talk about our most important work in print. And please, bring your own visions. Meetings are on Tuesdays at 6:00 in Erdman 3.

And so why DSA? I believe this campus needs a DSA chapter because most



A Few Words from your Traditions Mistresses

Welcome to another year of Bryn Mawr Traditions!

Traditions greeted the class of '99 in new style this year, with a ballot election for Songmistress and class songs. These new Mawrters turned out in force for Parade Night, took on the sophomores with a few water balloons of their own, and gave a great performance at the Step Sing. Many thanks to Anh, Telly, Gabrielle, and especially Diana for their musical leadership.

A few thoughts for the year to come: If any frosh are interested in reviving the tradition of the freshman class play, please contact a Traditions Mistress as

soon as possible. In years past the shows have been musicals, complete with parodies of the songs—check out the old posters by the Deans' offices in Taylor Hall!

We are continuing the search for May Day entertainment as well. If anyone frequents Trocadero or is tuned in to the music scene, PLEASE take a moment to call or e-mail with opinions on local bands. We're posting a sheet on the Traditions Board in Taylor so you can write down ideas on your way to class. We need help! We need input!

Mistress Sarah (x7807) and Mistress Ellen (x5603)

Dykes To Watch Out For



Dykes To Watch Out For



Your thoughts could fill this space. The College News is looking for a few good writers, section editors, artists, photographers, and anyone else interested in working on the paper

Another senior ponders life at Bryn Mawr-and after?

by Julia Alexander

I'm finding that there's a strange perspective that goes with being a senior. Part of it is the one view that I had never before seen of campus: the top of the senior steps, in any direction. Another part is that I still feel like I did frosh year, and it's sort of shocking to see another crop of new students coming in, deciding on majors and wondering which dorm is the best (Brecon, hands down!). But I guess that, aside from the mildly drunk state always at hand (being 21 has its advantages), the big adjustment comes in looking at all of the changes on campus.

There is a rare clock that works, but this year takes the cake for the sheer, persistent removal of clocks around campus. There's the clock that used to be

near the front entrance of the Campus Center, and the other one that used to be on the wall in Brecon's Dining Hall. There's also the clock in Canaday that has at least one of its hands sitting forlornly on the bottom of the clock. If it were only this, I might have thought the presence of clocks on campus a product of my faulty memory, but then there are the clocks that insist on telling times which are wildly inaccurate, including the four incorrect faces of Taylor Tower (at least the bell rings the right hour this year).

The changes that I approve of are the extension of the Campus Center's regular hours to 2 a.m. every night and the Cafe's additional hour after midnight. I also think that the game room was a great idea, since we all need somewhere to hang out and have fun, even if we are

Mawrters. The chairs and tables at the Campus Center and across Merion green are a wonderful addition to the campus, especially in nice weather, because they allow me to study outside without making a major expedition of it. And the idea of giving everyone the finding list for free, while it will lessen my popularity somewhat (I used to loan it out when people needed one) will make everyone's life a lot easier. I'm also glad to see that the women's center is getting a new and bigger location in Erdman, and I hope to see other women-oriented groups join them soon, since it would make these resources more generally acceptable. And the Doublestar library that I heard so much about is not only my charge (notice the shameless self-promotion!) but also finally has a library space in the front of Erdman. I like the fact that it's getting

easier to take a half hour out of our busy schedules to have fun or improve our non-academic minds!

On a less laudatory note, I still can't get used to the i.d. policy at the Computing Center, or to the construction everywhere on campus, or to the new options in the vegetarian side of dining services, but time will hopefully improve all of these.

I'm not sure how I feel about being a senior, and the way that people think I know what major they should choose or which dorm they should live in or what I'm doing when I grow up. But I'm here at good ol' BMC, and I have the same old graffiti and slanting, splintery wood floors, and Elliot's juices at the Cafe and fun friends and the College News Staff, so I guess we can all muddle through it after all. And it is fun in small doses.

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE BOOKSHOP

Did you know that the Bookshop...

- * develops film?
- * makes international student ID cards?
- * stocks Health & Beauty Aids?
- * will special order books for you?
- * sells cold drinks?
- * is open on Saturdays 12:00-3:30 (when school is in session)?
- * is owned and operated by Bryn Mawr College and proceeds go to the Scholarship Fund?



OBLIVIOUS

NEWS AT 11

Dykes To Watch Out For



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significantly less than Bryn Mawr tuition.

Let's take the case of the Costa Rica program discussed above. Under the current system, a student who attended this program would pay \$7,000 dollars for a year, and this cost would cover tuition, room and board, and travel expenses. Under the new system, the student would pay \$19,250 to Bryn Mawr plus they would pay approximately \$2,000 to their program for room and board. Even if the student received a financial aid package from Bryn Mawr of \$9,000, she is still paying \$5,000 more than she would under the current system, \$5,000 extra that Bryn Mawr is receiving without having to provide any services to the student for the year that they are away.

I use this example because it illustrates that not all students who receive financial aid benefit from the new system. The students who would benefit are students who receive a significant amount of aid from Bryn Mawr during their time abroad and wish to attend programs abroad that are on the very expensive end of the ladder. While I recognize that this means a few students will benefit from the new system, I believe the cost to most students outweighs these benefits, especially considering that

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which they are affiliated based on a candidate's stance on a particular issue. In response to questions of tolerance, 82.2% of those surveyed consider themselves to be tolerant of people with differing political ideologies. Yet, ironically, 53.9% feel that this tolerance is not the position of the student body as a whole. While it is difficult to generalize to the student body as a whole based on such a small sample, the perceived intolerance of the campus by the student body is very disturbing. If we assume that the majority of the student body considers themselves to be tolerant, but does not see the campus as a whole in that light, we must ask, then, who are those people who create this intolerance? Furthermore, do we want our campus to be a place where political intolerance is the norm, especially given the fact that this is a liberal arts institution? One of the main objectives of a liberal arts education is to experience differences, to expose yourself to ideologies that you have never experienced before. Therefore, differing political ideologies, and tolerance of those ideologies is a necessity for an effective liberal arts education.

A possibility for the discrepancy between the tolerance that people perceive in themselves and the lack of tolerance that they perceive on campus is that many people do not realize that some of their statements could be viewed as intolerant. For example, many respondents felt that we needed an in-between category for statements involving party generalizations. Yet one respondent, in making a case for such a category called our alleged propagation of generalizations "Republican." While others wrote that after reading the generalization statements, they were not surprised to discover that the survey was sponsored by the College Republicans. Statements like these contribute to the position of political intolerance on campus. Of course some members of the Republican party use generalizations, but members of the Democratic party are guilty of the same thing.

Other respondents, in commenting on our survey, made comments like, "Down with the radical right!" and

JYA changes: working for or against students?

Even if the student received a financial aid package from Bryn Mawr of \$9,000, she is still paying \$5,000 more than she would under the current system, \$5,000 extra that Bryn Mawr is receiving without having to provide any services to the student for the year that they are away.

under the current system students who are struggling financially have a large number of programs to choose from that cost significantly less than Bryn Mawr, and there are sources of aid available through many programs abroad.

Financial aid for study abroad under the new system will be, in part, based on how relevant a program is to a student's course of study. This too eliminates a degree of choice on the part of students. It puts Bryn Mawr in charge of deciding how relevant our program is to our course of study, whereas under the current system students make these kinds of choices for ourselves. As a student who spent an incredibly rewarding experience in Italy studying History and Art

cited Republicans as responsible for their unwanted children or society's homophobia. Of course the "radical right" or Christian Coalition does exist within the party, and these members do espouse homophobic, sexist, pro-life views. Yet, this group represents a small segment in the party, and by no means reflects the party's overall stance. As many of you stated, Republicans can be pro-choice. They can work for gay rights, and they can be feminists. In general, it is difficult to define or describe a "typical" Republican, just as it is difficult to identify a "typical" Democrat.

In addition to revealing the belief that Bryn Mawr is an intolerant community, our survey also revealed some disturbing information about how politically informed our respondents are. For example, many respondents were not familiar with government vouchers for education. Furthermore, 68.9% of those surveyed could not respond to the statement regarding the Contract with America because they did not know what it was. Considering the importance of the Contract, it is very surprising that so many people could not identify it. Recently, much negative attention has been given to the Contract here on campus, and students are being urged to write their congressman/woman in opposition to its policies; however, the Contract is not a new thing. Admittedly it has received more attention since the fall election, but Speaker of the House Gingrich has been discussing the Contract for quite some time. Thus, one may wonder about the extent to which those that are leading the opposition to the Contract with America are informed about its policies.

Based on our survey, we have seen that many members of the Bryn Mawr community reject political stereotypes, yet others accept these stereotypes as true and use them frequently. Our survey also questions the degree to which people are informed about the political policies they are supporting or rejecting. Yet, more importantly, we have seen that many people, regardless of political ideology find this campus intolerant of differing political views. Regardless of party, we should address ourselves to this issue, and work to increase the level of tolerance on campus.

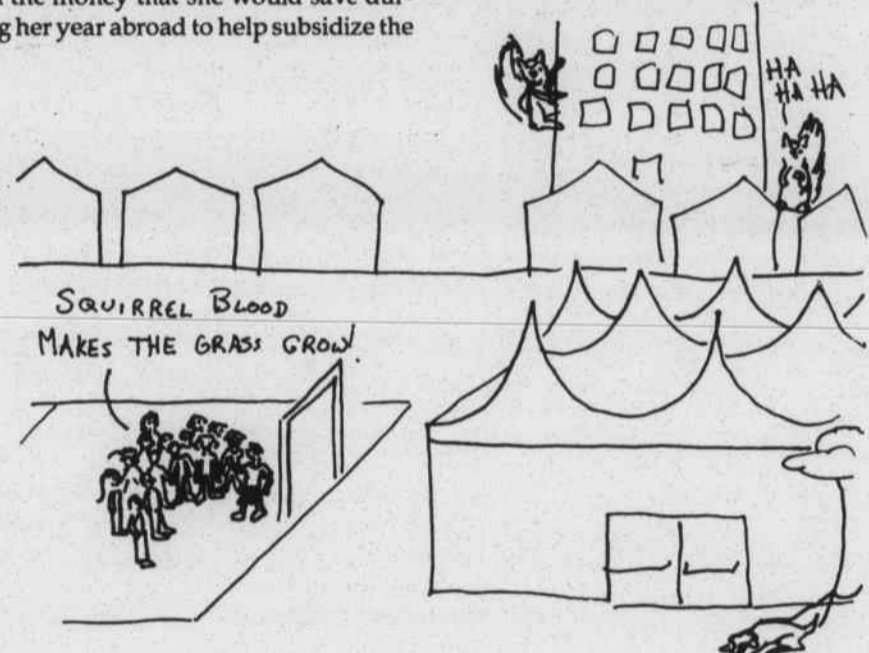
History, I am disturbed by the thought that Bryn Mawr could have deemed my program less worthy of financial aid because it seemed, to them, irrelevant to my Psychology major.

Many of the students who are most upset about the new study abroad policy are students from the class of 1998, for whom the switch to this new system comes as a tremendous and sudden shock. Adrienne Giammatteo, for example, had known that she wanted to spend a year at the American University of Cairo ever since she came to Bryn Mawr. As her family does not receive financial aid, they have been counting on the money that she would save during her year abroad to help subsidize the


cost of Bryn Mawr. The American University of Cairo tuition is half the price of Bryn Mawr, including room and board and transportation. Adrienne and her family were only made aware of the new policy just this summer. Under the new policy, they will be paying a tremendous amount more money than they were planning to pay, and the extra money is money that Bryn Mawr will be receiving without having to provide services to Adrienne, because she will be away for the year.

Why weren't students of the class of 1998 made aware of this new policy sooner?

It is unfair to force students to make such a tremendous adjustment on such short notice. I am also disturbed by the fact the administration here has made so little attempt to involve the student body in the process of formulating a policy that accurately represents student needs and opinions. If this new policy is really in the best interest of students, why did most of us just find out about the policy after it was already formulated? Why weren't there student forums and information sessions and opportunities for students to express their opinions before the policy was put into effect? An administration that makes such arbitrary decisions can not claim to accurately represent the interests of students.



RUGBY TEAM Holds EMERGENCY MEETING

Dear Ms. Hank 

Dear Ms. Hank,

You make all of these letters up, don't you? You're always talking about things I never see going on around campus and besides, who has the time to write a letter to some two-bit, second-rate advice columnist every week?

Signed, BMC, '98

My Dear Mawrter,

As you can see from your own letter above, we really do depend on letters we get from the community. I work hard to serve BMC's more esoteric advice needs, and sometimes people need to have an anonymous forum for their questions, as you can see from the letter below. Plus which, you are unobservant, as we come out every two weeks, not every week.

Death to the Patriarchy, Ms. Hank

Dear Ms. Hank,

I have a real pressing problem. My mom made me buy all of these clothes that wrinkle like crazy, but I left my iron at home. What can I do? I'm running out of things to wear, but I was raised to only wear things that look neat and well-pressed. What can I do?

signed, Iron Deficient

Dear ID,

You should loosen up and let yourself wear anything that comes to hand as you're leaving your bedroom. While it might take some time to get used to this more casual mode of dress, it will stand you in good stead through your years here. Haven't you noticed that seniors will very often go to class, dinner and the cafe in their pajamas? Learn from this! In the meantime, a good solution is to hang your wrinkled clothes just outside the shower and take a hot, steamy one.

Centerspread: V

Matsy the Matriarch

by Kim Schultz

My father's family of women who are married and mothers before they can legally imbibe, and men who aspire to be Twinkie salesmen or Club Med recreation directors, is overseen in a royal fashion by my grandmother, Marion Hornick Schultz, better known to the masses as Grandma Schultz, wearer of sparkly puff print, keeper of the shotgun. Most grandmothers I have met fall vaguely into one of two categories: in the first belong the quiet, genteel, terminally pastel ladies who I serve lunch to at Wyndham every Friday, and the second are the grandmothers like Grandma Schultz.

Grandma Schultz was the only one on my father's side who wondered out loud how I would meet a nice young man at a girls' school. I know she's not the only one of my relatives to worry and wonder about

"I CAN'T WRITE PAPERS ON A RING." I COMPLAINED, BUT SHE ONLY SMILED AND ENDED THE DISCUSSION BY SAYING, "YOU CAN'T GET DOWN THE AISLE ON A FANCY TYPEWRITER."

whether or not I'm ever to be wed, let alone whether or not I'm a lesbo, because every present I receive is something for "going out with rich young men," like the gold lamé belt or the black velvet evening bag in which I now keep my o.b. tampons since my dinners at the Four Seasons are

few and far between. Of course, when I would tell Grandma about places to meet nice young men, she was nonplussed by my description of the Information Superhighway, let alone my description of Haverford. She was much more excited about the "radio calculator" that she won in one of the sweepstakes which plague the elderly than she was about the computer I finally met. She eventually deemed him acceptable once I showed her how to play Solitaire on that "fancy typewriter," although he should have given me something "useful, like a ring."

"I can't write papers on a ring," I complained, but she only smiled and ended the discussion by saying, "You can't get down the aisle on a fancy typewriter."

*keep an eye out for more Granda Schultz!

Things you know (?) from Women's H

Here are some n

To turn off call-waiting for the dura or if using a modem, type "1170" befo In the past 10 years, the number of v 36% to 51%, lawyers, 13% to 21%, The average salary for an African-A is equivalent to that of a white In a 1992 survey of gay and lesbian and 81% of women said they concea Among students, dorm residents o After 2 years, 95% of dieters will re

extra 10 pounds; 98% will o 15% of college students spend 1/2 The scent of vanilla can reduce stre smell of fresh oranges has also b Verbal skills are at their highest wh do better at tongue-twisters during o period.

The 1889 book THE QUESTION O ING MENSTRUATION proposed tha for menstrual o

A recent study found that men we during their wives' periods than w

*These were all taken from The Colleg elsewhere in the page

Knowledge is Power :

The College Woman's Handbook Book Review

by Julia Alexander

The College Woman's Handbook, by Rachel Dobkin and Shana Sippy Workman Publishing, New York, 1995. \$14.95.

The best description of this book is that it's a lot of what *Our Bodies, Ourselves* would be if it were written solely for college women. I think it does its job well, and the authors, college women themselves, manage to offer a lot of good advice without sounding pompous, preachy or wrong. I didn't read the book in order, because it works well as the sort of book you can browse through to find information on what you're interested in doing, whether that be a road trip or applying to grad school or getting your first apartment.

One of the best things about this book, much like *Our Bodies, Ourselves*, is the use

of commentary by college women about the subjects under discussion. As someone who mainly reads the sidebars and anything with a picture, this is a format that works well for me. I also discovered, a week or so into my explorations of the book, that there is a narrow bar at the bottom of every page offering facts that range from "An Italian physicist has patented a condom that plays Beethoven if it breaks. In 1990, a condom on the Moscow black market cost \$10" (pp. 404-5) to "68% of men like the way they look naked, but only 22% of women do. The average model is thinner than 95% of the female population." (pp.274-5)

Although I keep comparing *The College Woman's Handbook* to *Our Bodies, Ourselves*, it can stand on its own and do a good job. The authors have not tried to be comprehensive about women's experiences, but they come close on college women's experiences. I believe that they modeled their pattern after *Our Bodies, Ourselves*, but

they also offer college-specific advice that wasn't included in the other book. I look at this as a gathering of both official and experiential advice on 640 pages worth of what a college woman wants and needs to know. While you could find any piece of this information for free, I haven't seen another book that gathers it all together in a format as accessible and enjoyable to read as this one.

If you are just entering college, or you know someone who is, this is a definite book to buy. I also think that this book should be available to all HA's, since there's information in here that everyone will find useful. If you're a senior, you might not need the book, since you've learned through experience a lot of the information in it; however, it might be worth the fifteen bucks to have the book this year, and then you can pass it down as a May Day gift, or to some relative who's just starting college.

Dykes To Watch Out For



Womanpower

Activist Peace in Times of Unrest; Alumnae Describes her experiences in Northern Ireland of 1972

By Elizabeth O'Shea, BMC '91
30 August, 1995.

Today they are observing the first anniversary of the IRA ceasefire. In Belfast, an electronic sign displays the names of the over 3,000 people who have been killed during the past twenty five years of violence. The British government and most Unionists continue to insist that there will be no all-party talks until the IRA give up their weapons - a demand that has never before been made on any party in civil conflict.

This is what we all see and hear. The media shows us the people killed and reports all-party bickering. What we in the south, and the rest of the world, don't know about unless we make a special effort to discover it, are the grass roots efforts which have made a tolerance for peace possible. The Shankill women's centre offers Irish language classes in the middle of a Unionist bastion. Women's organizations such as the multi-denominational Christian group Women Together for Peace run peace-awareness children's activities, adult seminars and multi-denominational prayer events.

Some of the longest-working grassroots

workers in the Northern search for peace are perhaps in part invisible because they do not fit the media convenient categories of catholic and mainstream protestant. These people are the Quakers. They have done tremendous work with prisoners and their families since the very start of the Troubles, working in the prisons and with prisoners' families in multidimensional settings such as Quaker Cottage. The Quakers have also worked hard to facilitate peace at the governmental level, by providing liaison between all the factions involved in the Northern conflict. The grass roots work such as the Quakers have been doing encourage a personal insistence on peace and cooperation. The power of their liaison work with various community and government leaders cannot be measured because it must, of necessity, remain secret. A brief introduction to their work convinces me that they have contributed much more than their share toward the process of achieving peace in what, two years ago, before peace became an official public desire, seemed an unresolvable conflict.

Janet Boyd (BMC '26) began working at Long Kesh (now the Maze) prison visitor's centre at the beginning of the Troubles. She

writes to me that she retired fifteen years ago due to old age. In the summer of 1972 she wrote the following story, "An Afternoon at Long Kesh," when another ceasefire was on in the North. That cessation of violence lasted only a month. This was almost a year after the Northern Irish government and its prime minister, Brian Faulkner, introduced internment as a response to huge escalations in violence. The policy allowed the arrest and detainment, without trial, of people considered to be involved in the IRA (Irish Republican Army). At the outset, no protestants were detained because the security forces asserted that there was no evidence of organized terrorism by Protestants. Violence only intensified after the internment's introduction. Janet's story illustrates how her work for peace wasn't intense, glamorous, exciting or media friendly. Instead, she demonstrates how working for peace can be as everyday and ordinary as making a cup of tea.

Two thoughts chase each other through my mind as we speed along the motorway to Long Kesh: will this be the last time? And shall we arrive in time to get the

continued on page 10

You needed to from The College 's Handbook

re some neat facts:
r the duration of a phone call, dial *70,
1170" before the number you're calling.
umber of women accountants rose from
% to 21%, and architects, 7% to 18%.
African-American woman college grad
of a white male college dropout.
and lesbian Philadelphians, 76% of men
ey concealed their orientation at work.
esidents order the most take out pizza.
ers will regain their lost weight plus an
8% will do so within 5 years.
pend 1/2 their waking hours worrying.
duce stress levels as much as 63%. The
has also been shown to be relaxing.
ighest when estrogen levels are: you'll
s during ovulation than right after your
period.
STION OF REST FOR WOMEN DUR-
posed that celibacy was the main cause
menstrual cramps.
t men were significantly more irritable
ds than were the women themselves.

The College Woman's Handbook reviewed

Wo-Men Working: Mawrter activism with The Owl's Wing

by Sally Schmidt, Owl's Wing intern

You never know what you're in for. For example, consider the first-years. They probably expected that in coming to Bryn Mawr they'd have many intellectual discussions and perhaps pick up some Greek along the way. They probably did not, however, expect to find themselves awake very early on a Saturday morning, dressed in fluorescent orange safety vests, cleaning broken glass and weeds from the side of a Camden road. But, previously envisioned or not, this is precisely where many of the first-years, customs people, Owls and HA's found themselves the first Saturday after classes began. They even got to meet the mayor of Camden—and take home those snazzy or-

ange vests.

It was proof again of what Mawrters can do when they put their minds to it. They can make a difference, have fun AND find new ways to recycle garbage (some frosh brought hubcaps back home for the very latest in Sports Car Wall Decor). There's so much to be done in the world outside BMC—be it cleaning, planting azaleas and trees, or something more long term. The Owl's Wing (Bryn Mawr's very own community service office) is here to help Mawrters do good things. "What'll we do tomorrow?" asked one frosh. "Tomorrow," replied the other, "we save the world."

The Owl's Wing has many projects and good organizations to work with, both nearby and in Philly. If you're interested in helping to organize community service

on campus and help shape the direction of the Owl's Wing, then the Owl's Wing Community Service Committee is for you. The committee will help make community service accessible, affordable, and will plan special days and service-related events. Everyone is welcome.

The office is located in the basement of the Campus Center, by the copy machine, past the ATM. Please feel free to stop by or call. Our phone number is x7629—please leave a message on the machine. Once the committee is set up, we'll have a few regular open office hours every week. Also, if you have any questions, etc., you can reach me at sschmidt@cc.brynmawr.edu, x7629, or C-405.

Now is the time—and you never know when you might get to keep one of those great vests.

Dykes To Watch Out For



The Arts On Campus

Two Views of Julia Pfaff's Exhibit on Campus:

Quilt Art show opens

by Leah Coffin

The art of quilting, long thought to be dead, has made a comeback as a medium of serious artwork, complete with its own experts in the field. Julia Pfaff is an internationally recognized quilt artist. The quilts she creates, rather than just being bedcovers, are works of art. They reflect her findings at various archaeological excavation sites throughout Jordan, Egypt and Greece, including fiber fragments. Her quilts, which she terms "fabric constructions", are often drawn from her travel experiences, and the objects they depict are far from your typical quilting squares: vases, pottery and the like. In the time she spends away from quilt-making, she obtains inspiration for her quilts in her work as archaeological site consultant.

In a lecture given on September 21 at 7:00 p.m. in the Campus Center (too late for publication), Ms. Pfaff discussed the sources and material for her artwork, as well as describing in detail the processes she used to re-create her findings as an archaeological technical artist, the job she has when not concentrating on her quilt art. She also showed slides of some of the sample fiber work she has found at various archaeological digs.

The modernistic, almost cubic stylization found in Pfaff's work is a departure from the measured, symmetrical patterns commonly thought of in association with traditional patchwork quilts. One example of this is her work "Triptych/Pottery in Another Context." The quilt depicts three vases in a pattern similar to a folding, wooden trip-



The artist Julia E. Pfaff shown in front of "Triptych."

Photo Credit: Taylor Dabney

tych, as though they were painted on individual panels. Yet the vases themselves seem fractured and asymmetrical, as if either seen through a cracked mirror or themselves shattered. The effect evokes both the asymmetrical reality of archaeological finds and the distorted frame of reference through which modern eyes view these relics.

For those of you who missed the opening talk and reception, the exhibit is still showing upstairs in the Campus Center Gallery daily from 12-5 p.m., through October 12th. The exhibit is free and open to the public. Stop by and check it out.

Meld of metiers plausible and pleasing: a lyric analysis of Pfaff's vision

by Sarah Davison

It was wonderful, wonderful, wonderful! "Archaeological reflections in prints and fabric," by Julia Pfaff, is a very fascinating exhibit and artistic hybrid. I found it both whimsical and deep. For others like me who could not at first think what the two fields of archeology and quilting had in common, let me submit that the key to this at first quaint-sounding meld of interests is the use in both metiers of PIECES. Both the recovered vases in the prints and the cloth in the quilts come (largely) in triangular fragments and are brought together in any number of irregular patterns. It impressed me that the effect in the quilts of the piecing-together is sometimes of computerization rather than fragmentation (approximation rather than distortion).

In other instances the piecing of the cloth is most like a mosaic. Structurally, "The Curio Cabinet," like many of the quilts, including "The Entrance," and "The Meeting Place," presents various items, each isolated in its niche, yet beautifully joined in a mosaic of chiming-color fragments. There is a full panoply of "black" in the "basement" with attendant purples and night-blues, while the sky is like eggshells and marble — delicately colored

everywhere,
steps invite
us in

and veined, muted, "cracked" into strips.

Another aspect of Julia Pfaff's work is the repeating imagery which includes both shattered and whole jugs and skeletons, and architecture such as steps and chambers. Skeletons, jugs, and mummies inhabit little chambers, everywhere steps invite us in, everywhere half-hidden fragments imply cornucopian abundance of resurrectable meaning from the past. It is interesting to reflect that in these works, cloth, that stuff of thin softness, is a medium for celebrating structures fashioned of the long-lasting hard substances clay, bone, and stone.

On one level, this art exhibit, consisting dually of technically excellent formal renderings of artifacts and the personal vision in quilted cloth of Julia Pfaff, can be a metaphor for the division in our society between what is delineated as required and what the heart may contribute. What is printed in isolated black on white paper as a commercially valuable record has a different life among muted yet rich color and imagery in the quilt art. Interestingly, one could make a case that the one body of art is the skeleton of the other. What profound statement might be drawn from this? — perhaps (sometimes) "Art Incorporates Life?" At any rate, one comes from this exhibit glad that Julia Pfaff's life, with her variety of interests, has included, has incorporated art.

Actress Irene Worth Portrays Edith Wharton

by Leah Coffin

Irene Worth's performance of "A Portrait of Edith Wharton" went beyond a mere portrait, becoming a living embodiment of the spirit of the famous turn-of-the-century artist.

The sets were simple yet opulent, with an oriental rug, a podium, basic, no-frills white lighting, and a pair of palms set at opposite wings upstage. (Incidentally, I was told that much of the furniture used in the sets was borrowed from a local antiques dealer and is highly valuable.) Ms. Worth came out dressed in a simple yet elegant one-piece gown, so as not to distract the audience from her actual performance with an overly ostentatious costume.

She began her performance with a brief introductory passage as herself, establishing that she would be reading excerpts from Edith Wharton's memoirs. My initial reaction to this was, "Oh no, another boring reading from some musty old writer's autobiography." However, despite the shaky start in the script itself, one soon forgot that the person on the stage was Irene Worth reading from Edith Wharton, and not Wharton herself. The measured cadence of the speech, the regal bearing, the enunciated speech tinged from time to time with a touch of wry humor; all seemed appropriate to the

character.

The actual subject matter of the performance ranged from hilarious, as in Wharton's tongue-in-cheek impersonation of Henry James, to surprising (to put it mildly), as when Wharton read aloud from a particularly steamy passage of one of her novels. The way the subject matter was spaced out, passages of greater detail interspersed with broader summaries, it was easy to overlook the fact that Worth

...one soon forgot that the person on the stage was...not Wharton herself

managed to span the entire length of Wharton's life in an hour and a half. The performance itself was rich and full of telling detail, yet subtle in its expression. The most touching moments, I found, were the ones where Wharton described parts of her life which were less than pleasant; she still maintained her courtly bearing, but her enthusiasm fell just a notch.

After the performance, my friend Sarah and I approached Ms. Worth and Sarah asked her several questions, the most significant question being, "What about this character intrigued you enough to want to perform her?" Her answer was simple: to raise money for Edith Wharton's old home, The Mount. But a more profound statement on the character could be found in the closing line of the monologue, where Wharton is describing how it feels to be of a certain age: "When you've been there for a while, you get used to it."

Artist Bio: Julia E. Pfaff

Julia E. Pfaff is an internationally recognized quilt artist, a field which has gained recognition and popularity in the past few years. With a degree in Art History from the University of Toronto, she divides her time between art quilts and her work as an archaeological technical artist at many sites of interest to classical and biblical archaeologists. Her quilt exhibits have appeared

at the American Craft Museum in New York, and the Textile Museum in Washington, D.C., among other places, and is represented in several upcoming publications. Her exhibition, *Archaeological Reflections in Prints and Fabrics* is sponsored by the Office for the Arts, the Department of Classical and Near Eastern Archaeology, and the Fine Arts Program.

Have a favorite, but slightly obscure CD? A favorite musical group or visual artist or author who you think is not given enough recognition? Hate a well-respected artist? Tell us about it! Expose your fellow Mawters to new experiences: we will all be the better for it!

Commitment: A Mawrter's Musical Life on Campus

by Leah Coffin

Why do we do it? Why do we slog away in rehearsal four, sometimes six hours a week, week after week, every Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday night? How do we manage? We memorize pages and pages of music. We endure stern lectures about bringing a pencil, knowing notes, and showing up on time. We bicker about uniforms, bring up ideas and get shot down, listen with rapt attention to horror stories from past years told by bitter upperclassmen, recount our own tales of woe to our equally wide-eyed friends. We watch in horror as half the group quits second semester, only to have the other half quit by the end of the year. We listen to complaints from our roommates that we're never home, have no answers for our deans when they ask what else we do for fun, sometimes realize we don't know anyone outside the group, even have people ask us questions like, "So, how do you like Marian?" How do we survive?

Well, it isn't easy.

First of all, it's a huge time commitment. Four hours of actual rehearsal time a week may not seem like a lot. But add to that two hours of Chorale, plus concerts, plus dress rehearsals, plus tours, plus recordings, plus regular classes, plus schoolwork, plus jobs, and God forbid you should join an a cappella group or even try to have a life on top of all that...well, let's just say it all adds up.

You may think I am kidding. You may think I am whining. You may think I am being lazy or exaggerating. Well, you may be right.

You may also think, "I can handle it. It can't be that big of a time commitment. Besides, I love to sing, and that's all that really matters, right?"

Whoa there, fireball. Not quite. I'm not saying it can't be done. Some people do it, and do it well at that. Some of us even enjoy the constant overcommitment. And of course, loving to sing and being good at it are two qualities you will need if you want to maintain your sanity in Chamber Singers. But if you want to

survive for more than a semester, let alone more than a year, you need to be realistic with yourself. Expect it to take up more of your time than you bargained for. Expect to miss out on a lot of fun activities. Expect there to be classes you can't take because of scheduling conflicts. Above all, expect to put in a lot of hard work if you want to sound really good.

You may think I am stating the obvious. I would have thought so too a year ago, but apparently the fact that Chamber Singers was a big commitment, time-wise and otherwise, came as a shock to a lot of people. I'm not attacking anyone. I'm just saying, be honest with yourself. People will tell you, "If you can't make the commitment, quit." I would go a step further and say, "If you can't make the commitment, don't join in the first place." That sounds harsh, but if you really can't do it, better for all concerned that you should decide that now instead of later. You'll be happier, and someone else might have a shot at it that they wouldn't have had if you had joined.

Secondly, about the singing issue. Of course it's important to sing well, and to love music. But as you may have noticed, good singers come a dime a dozen in the Bi-College community, and everyone knows it. It's not enough to be a good singer, or to have a good voice, or even to like to sing: you must also be a good musician. There are the technical aspects to this, such as sight-reading, memorization, blending and all that. But more importantly, you need musical discipline. For example, if you forget your music and you get lectured about it, there is no reason to get mad at the director, tempting as it may be. You're not being lectured because Marian secretly hates you, or is a bad person, or gets a kick out of torturing you; you're being lectured because you forgot your music. You need to see past all the petty nonsense to the ultimate goal and purpose of the group: to make beautiful music. And if you have the necessary discipline and maturity, you will see that.

I may sound boring and bitter and preachy. And maybe I am all of those things. But if you have never been in Cham-

ber Singers, you haven't seen some of the things I've seen go on. People complain, "It takes up so much time!", and they actually have the nerve to sound surprised, as if it just now dawned on them that they had been doing something very demanding and time-consuming for the past year. People say to their friends, "This group has a 75% turnover rate," and never mind that they're wrong, but they almost sound proud, practically brag about it, as if somehow that justifies their quitting, as if justification were necessary. Upperclassmen, who ought to know better, try to scare the freshmen by warning them, "You'll get bitter too; everyone does." Marian lectures us about talking in rehearsal, saying to us, "Don't go out and talk about me!" and people remark to each other in shocked tones, "She knows!" Of course she knows. Marian Dolan is many things, but she is neither blind nor stupid. Somebody who can't take criticism will not get far in life. You wouldn't think college students could be so immature.

Not everyone in Chamber Singers is like this. But for every person with a rational attitude, there are at least eight who have discovered that Marian-bashing is a popular Bi-Co sport and will win them points with embittered ex-members, and who would rather blame the state of the group on outside forces and authority figures than take responsibility for their own actions. If everything the person in charge says is by definition fraught with irrationality, then people feel justified in badmouthing them behind their backs, believing all the rumors about them without question, and not taking them seriously or respecting them at all. In short, professionalism in Chamber Singers is not currently in vogue.

But all this is just my personal opinion, which brings me to another necessary survival technique: tolerance and acceptance. As much as I love Chamber Singers, and as much as I feel hurt and betrayed when somebody quits—and I know I am not alone in this—I realize that it's not for everyone. Maybe you have a personality conflict, or a class conflict, or maybe you had time this year but won't next year, or maybe it took you this long to decide that

it just isn't for you. These are all valid reasons not to re-audition for Chamber Singers in the fall, and nobody will bite your head off for expressing your feelings about them. Ignore my ranting. It's your life, after all, and you can do as you please with it. Don't do anyone any favors. If you're not happy, leave. We'll deal.

So, where are we? People should quit, and people shouldn't join, and people should think hard before they do, and what people should bear in mind if they really want to stay. That's all very nice, but it doesn't answer the original question:

Why do we do it?

Some of us do it for the credit, whether for the academic credit, major requirements, or with a future career in mind. Some of us do it because we can't think of anything else to do with all that spare time. Some of us see it as a way to meet and bond with people, whether as friends or as lovers. Some of us do it because we always have. None of us do it for Marian, and few of us do it simply for each other. Ultimately, the few but proud of us that stay do it for ourselves, and for the music.

This is a perfectly valid reason for staying. Granted, Chamber Singers is a lot of hard work. It's not as "fun" as other extracurriculars. It is not instantly gratifying, nor is it an easily attained success. It does take up a lot of time. It can take over your life, if you let it. Student input is valuable, of course, and necessary to maintain group spirit, but the nature of the group is such that the direct make the majority of the calls.

Let's face facts. Chamber Singers is not a student run group. It is a departmentally sponsored group with one person in charge. The fact that it can be taken for credit at all indicates the seriousness of the venture. However, for many Bi-Co students, academics come first. To them, extracurriculars are supposed to be, if not blow-offs, at least not as demanding as their academic courses. Others take pride in their nonconformity and individuality, and enjoy the import their opinions always seem to have in the community. In

continued on page 11

Dining Hall Gourmet: How to spice up your life

by Julia Alexander

Here we are, a mere three weeks into the new year, and already I'm getting tired of the basic offerings in the dining hall. Just in case I'm not the only one, I thought that I'd take the chance here to remind people of all of their good dining hall friends and companions, or at least things that will look a little more appetizing than yet another round of pasta with marinara sauce. (That's not to say I think pasta shouldn't be offered at every meal, since 75% of the time, that's all I'm going to bother making.)

Remember that you can browse the salad bar before you go to the stir-fry line, so you can make all sorts of interesting new items there when they have a burner out for your use. But on to the things you can make whenever the mood or the availability at the dining hall suits you.

Pizza: Here's our old and easy companion. Take bread, toasted or not, cover it with marinara sauce and put toppings, cheese and spices on it. Zap it in the microwave for a minute or so, and there you are!

Quesadillas: Somewhat less nutritious, but still pretty easy. Take a flour tortilla

and put cheese on one side of it. You can also put other stuff on if you want. Zap it for thirty seconds or so, and there you have it.

Curry sauce: Elizabeth Lyzenga offered this one up last year, and it's one of the best ideas I've seen yet. Take plain yogurt and add curry powder. Use this sauce to top chicken, potatoes, cauliflower, or anything else you want.

Garlic bread: Toast bread. Butter heavily and add garlic powder and other spices.

Steamed veggies: Put a little water in the bottom of a bowl, and then add anything you want steamed off the salad bar. Zap for a little under a minute, and mix with whatever spices you like.

Combinations of any of the above with pasta. I personally prefer steamed vegetables on top, and garlic bread on the side.

Milkshake: Take frozen yogurt and half a glass of milk. Stir together carefully with your spoon. Add Hershey's syrup if you want.

Desserts when you are desperate: try steaming fruit lightly and topping it with cinnamon, ginger, sugar or nutmeg.

Another good dessert is any sort of berries in cream or milk, with a lot of sugar.

Burritos: Put beans of any sort on a flour tortilla, add cheese, salsa, spices, and anything you like off the salad bar. Zap for a minute, until the cheese melts, and then top with plain yogurt—tastes just like sour cream, but they usually have it in the dining hall.

Pasta without marinara: After two weeks in which I had pasta for 20 meals, I was tired of spaghetti, and I put red wine vinaigrette and feta cheese on top of the pasta instead, and zapped it for a minute. It actually tasted good.

Experiment with anything you find sitting on the salad bar. This would be easier if there were more options than the microwave when you want to cook, but be creative, and you'll have some new favorites of your own in the dining halls.

My major reason for making do in the dining halls, of course, is so that I can afford to order out when it gets to be too much for me. My order out option of choice is Felicia's Pizza Kitchen (649-6900), the best pizza you can get delivered around here, although it's a little bit more expen-

sive.

If you want to eat out, Boston Market, formerly Boston Chicken, is one of the better fast food options around here, particularly because the sides make a decent vegetarian entree. And to reward yourself for a hard week on campus, make the haul into Ardmore for Cafe Paradiso. This is the best cafe within walking distance of Bryn Mawr, and the prices aren't so awful as to bankrupt you within a week. Walk up Lancaster (towards Philly) past the train station: it's on the left-hand side of the street, across from the All-Natural Market. The All-Natural Market, by the way, is the best natural food store in the area if you haven't got a car; they're cheaper and have a better selection than Arrowroot, although they lack the convenient clothes shopping option.

And if you're both broke and tired of the dining halls, my copy of *Joy of Cooking* gives detailed instructions on how to skin, dress and cook a squirrel; experience has shown me that the squirrels around here will die—literally?—for Reese's Pieces, so it shouldn't be too hard for you to catch one.

Mawrter's Dispatch from Northern Ireland

canteen working before the tidal wave of visitors pours out of the buses and into the waiting room, almost overwhelming Mary and me behind our counter?

We discuss the first possibility. Tonight the cease-fire is due to start. If it is strictly observed, the internees may be released in a matter of weeks; in two or three perhaps. Since Mary and I go only once a fortnight, this could just, only just, be our last turn. What bliss! No more to see the four watch-towers rising high, crowned by their searchlights and guns; no more the high corrugated fences, replacing the original barbed wire, and hiding the roofs of the prisoners' huts; no more to park the car in the neatly tarmacked car park, until recently a rubbly expanse of pitted concrete and pools of water; no more the dash through the rain to the prison officers' caravan to collect the locker keys, and on up the steps into the enormous prefab hut on stilts; no more the quick glance around the room to see how many visitors are already waiting.

Good, today there are only a couple of dozen; mostly women, a few men, the inevitable children; three little boys with runny noses, chasing each other around the chairs; a little girl beautifully dressed, starched skirt sticking out and hair stiff with bows; an infant in arms (only four days old, we learn later) coming to see Daddy for the first time. We rip off our coats, stuff them and our handbags into the cupboard under the sink, open the locker to get out matches and spills to light the two hot water urns. Mary does this while I reach for the tea, the muslin bags to put in, the sugar, the cups, etc., etc. We recall our first day together when, before we even got these out, and while Mary was handling her spill rapidly and deftly, so as not to burn her fingers, up came the first customers: one requesting six teas, one coffee, four orange drinks and six packets of biscuits; another wanting two teas, two coffees and two orange juices. We explained that we had only just arrived, that we had barely got the gas lit, that nothing could be ready for some minutes. They had looked disappointed. Some retreated to their seats; others leaned on the counter, continuing their conversations. Mary got the water in one of the urns coming up near the boil (the morning shift having left it half full of hot water), filled two of the tea bags, got her teapots warmed and milk jugs filled from the 5-gallon can in the corner. I got cups, sugar, spoons, tin of Nescafé, packets of biscuits set out on the counter, the cash box under the counter, and was mixing a jug of orange squash and water. Mary made her first pot of tea, a big one, and we were off. Not before time!

Before we could hand out the 6 teas, 1 coffee etc., the door flew open and in swept the horde of women and children, with a scattering of men. This was the tidal wave, and we braced ourselves to meet it. So thick and fast came the requests: 8 teas, 5 orange juices, 3 coffees, 10 packets of biscuits, "not them, Miss, have ye none with the pink cream?"; "how much is that, Miss?" I reply, "here, I've put the tin on the counter and you can look for the pink cream"; "each item costs a penny"; "sorry, we can't change a pound." Three very small boys had slipped behind the counter, where they were exploring the interesting furnishing of the shelves: cash box, spare cups, a bowl of sugar, a box of spoons. Gently we pushed the boys out and pulled up a couple of chairs as a barrier. Mary's first pot of tea was soon emptied, her second one was also emptied, the first urn needed refilling, the second one wasn't quite boiling, new tea bags had to be filled, the milk jugs refilled, my jug of squash had been made up several times; and still the waiting customers stood several deep before the counter. The vast room was filled with chairs and tables,

families and friends sitting in little groups, while children darted between them, some playing tag, some follow-my-leader. The noise was deafening, the air hot and thick with cigarette smoke. No time to open a window, or even to think; merely to work automatically. Now came a beautiful young woman asking to have a baby's bottle washed and filled with orange squash. I obliged, handed it back to her, and saw her thrust it into the mouth of the toddler following at her heels, who gripped it firmly in his teeth, where it hung for as long as he was in the hut.

At long last the tidal wave receded and spread itself around the room. The customers still came, but in manageable numbers. We had time to open windows and to carry the sodden tea bags outside to empty in the rubble. We could look around the hut, where

much of interest was to be seen. The floor was deep in a litter of empty cups, cigarette packets, biscuit wrappings, sweet papers, newspapers. We were never to see it in any other state. The walls which, on the day that the hut was opened, had been painted a fresh and clean-looking off-white, were now so thickly covered with slogans and drawings, that one could scarcely discern the color. We beheld a female face with a large and disfiguring nose, labelled "The Queen". Also an enormous heart, inside which was inscribed "Up Irish Street, Danars and Navan Street, Windmill Hill, Druids Villas, Dalton Road! Armagh!" On another wall, we saw "Shoot Faulkner" (N. Irish prime minister), "St. James forever", "Ballymurphy rules", "Ardoyne". Beyond the door we read: "Blessed Faulkner who sits on a thistle for he will surely rise again"; and "Up the Bogside!", "Up Provos!". Slightly more imaginative was a list of song titles: "Up, up and away—Paratroopers", "Boom Bang Band—The Boys", "Promises, Promises—Jack" (Lynch, Rep of Ireland taoiseach (prime minister)). On the back of a chair, in chalk, was the warning: "the Pope'll fix you". As the weeks and months passed, we were to get very tired of these graffiti.

We turned our attention to the visitors. Two little girls, exquisite in their first communion dresses which they were going to show Daddy. They were continually being admonished not to muss or dirty their frocks; so they stood rigid and self-conscious, clutching their little white hand bags. There was a surprising number of little boys of all ages up to about 10, whom one would expect to have been at school. I took a few minutes off to hand out sheets of scribbling paper with crayons, and a few comics. After this welcome distribution, the room became quieter. By far the most visitors were young women, but many middle-aged or elderly also. Almost all were smoking. Many infants were

being given bottles. Against the wall, not chatting or mixing with others, was one of the older couples, well dressed, dignified and sad, causing us to speculate. A man who didn't fit into the general picture came over for a cup of coffee, also well dressed, and carrying a large envelope marked Q.U.B. [Queen's University Belfast]. He was, he told us, a member of the university staff, come out to examine the needs of the Queen's students interned at Long Kesh (about 7); to find out how much equipment they would be allowed for the pursuit of their studies, and what

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quiet places were available for reading. There was the young priest whom we were to see on subsequent visits, a jolly man, on good terms with everyone, cracking jokes with the visitors, the prison officers and us. The prison officers came over from their caravan for refreshment, and were happy to chat. Indeed, almost without exception, everyone proved friendly and sociable. Some asked who we were. This reminded us that, in our hurry, we had neglected to place on the counter the card saying: "Quaker Service, tea, coffee, juice, packet of biscuits, 1p each". Many expressed gratitude. This gratitude took dramatic shape on two occasions. The first was on a day when we were besieged, our ability to keep up and to keep patience sorely tried. Suddenly, a jovial little woman with red hair rose from her seat and, in a loud voice, called to all around her: "Come on now, give three cheers for the Quaker ladies." Then, with both arms, she led them in a roar of enthusiastic cheering. Mary and I felt as though we had received injections of adrenaline; our weariness vanished, our energy redoubled, and tears came to our eyes. The other occasion was quiet, and occurred in a quiet moment. One of the prison officers, coming in for his cup of tea, brought with him a flat round piece of wood, carved into a plaque, with the Quaker emblem, the eight-pointed star in red and black in the centre; and around the edge, the words "To the Society of Friends, in Appreciation from the Internees at Long Kesh". This skilful and handsome work had been executed by an internee. We held it high so that all in the room could see; then we propped it up on the counter, later taking it away to Friends' headquarters, where it stood on the table in the hall of the Meeting House.

Since our first day, now many months back, a change has become apparent in the visitors at Long Kesh. The almost universal look of grim rebelliousness or of de-

spair in the early days of internment has been visibly modified. After the suspension of the Stormont government, when internees began to be released in considerable numbers, an air of hope and optimism, almost of happiness, could be sensed. Later, when the empty places resulting from the releases were filled by other kinds of prisoners, a greater variety of type and appearance could be noted among the visitors, and the air of gaiety vanished. The strengthening of the outer wall and the tarmacking of the car park dated from this time; sinister indications of preparation for a permanent prison.

Today's quiet opening proves to have been deceptive, but it affords Mary time to get the first pot of tea brewed, and gives me a chance to mix the orange squash and water in the jug, to fill the glass jar with instant coffee and to place the cash box under the counter before the door flies open in front of the advancing invasion. We are ready for them, but must work desperately fast to keep abreast of the demand for all we have to offer. There is a deal of friendly banter and of cheerful calls across the room to ask if Marie or Kathleen or Rose wants sugar in her tea, or telling Eileen to mind baby Brian. We notice again how the most dour or sullen face (and there are many) lights up in response to a smile. The owner of one such face says, "It's wonderful to find a friend in this place." A tiny hand reaches up from the front of the counter and places a penny on it, as a little voice from below asks for a cup of orange. We can see the top of a little boy's head, so I walk around the counter to give him his drink, which he could scarcely have reached himself. Mary now has a moment to scrape the tea from the used tea bags to which it clings, and to carry it outside. During the rush, she has time only to keep the two large tea pots filled, and to keep pouring and pouring. A prison officer enters the hut by the near door; then, walking across to the door on the opposite side, he reads out a list of names. Those called leave the hut as he ticks off their names. For a while the hut is almost empty. Then comes a second wave of visitors. They also depart when their turn comes. Another lull, and back come some of the first lot, having had their visits. They want another cup of tea and perhaps a biscuit, while they await transport back to Belfast or elsewhere. Our watches show that it is almost 4 o'clock, our closing time. We start to wash out the tea pots and the milk jugs, to put away the large square cartons of Inglis' biscuits, to count the money taken and enter in the cash book the amount to be left as a float and the amount to be taken away in the little red envelope. Just as we are giving a final wipe to the sink and the counter, in comes a little group returning from their visits. At the door, they begin to shout their orders, but when they perceive the empty counter, their faces fall. They are so disappointed that Mary gets out the tiny tea pot, relights one of the urns, and in a jiffy produces enough tea for four cups. I scoop some milk from the can, get a small quantity of diluted orange juice from the locker, enough for two cups, and extract a packet of biscuits from the carton just stowed away, and that is that. When a few more straggle in, the money's sealed up and it's too late to start again. We express regret, click the padlocks on the locker doors, pull our coats and bags from under the sink, carry the empty tea and sugar containers across to the officers' caravan to be filled for the morning. As we cross the tarmac to our car, we wave to some of the visitors departing in their bus, and wonder once again how many more times, if ever, we shall go through all the motions of this afternoon. We drive through the now massive gate, where formerly hung a flimsy one, glad to be leaving this place where the sense of evil is almost tangible.

Janet Boyd ('26) lives in Holywood, Co. Down, Northern Ireland. Elizabeth O'Shea ('91) lives and works in Dublin, Republic of Ireland. They have been corresponding for over a year, after Elizabeth saw Janet's name and address in the Alumnae Bulletin.

DOUBLESTAR MOVIE SERIES

October 30: The Nightmare Before Christmas
 November 6: Dune
 November 13: Time Bandits
 November 20: Red
 November 27: The Last Unicorn
 December 4: Krull
 December 11: First Knight
 December 13: The Abyss
 December 14: The Princess Bride
 December 15: The Star Wars Trilogy
 December 16: Star Trek Fest One: I, II, III
 December 17: Star Trek Fest Two: IV, V, Generations
 December 18: Monty Python's Holy Grail & Life of Brian
 December 19: Alien & Aliens
 December 20: Black Adder Fest (episodes TBA)

Movies begin the the Campus Center at nine every Monday night (after Voyager is over). The exam week movies will go from 6 pm until 1 am on the nights when more than one movie is showing.

Also, come join Doublestar for snacks and stories in the Doublestar library in Erdman every Sunday night from 7 until people start to leave. Bring your favorite stories or teddy bear or whatever will enhance the experience for you.

COME TO A LANTERN NIGHT TEA!

Russian Tea, 9:30 pm 11/8, Haffner German Lounge
 Ob-la-Tea, Ob-la-da, 9-12 11/17, Pem East Living Room
 Star Trek, The Final Fron-tea-r, 7:00, 11/18, Erdman Living Room
 Women of Color Tea-V, 7:00, 11/18, Erdman Living Room
 The Anachronism Tea, 8:00 12/. 1, Erdman Backsmoker
 Sarah-n-dipi-tea, 3:00 11/12, Denibgh Living Room
 Anne of Green Gables Tea, 11 am 11/11, Merion Lower Living Room
 The Long Sharp Tea-th, 9:00 11/.4, Goodhart Music Room
 X-Files, The Tea Out There, 8-11 10/27, Merion Living Room
 Mon-tea Python, 7:00, 12/2, Merion Living Room
 Dir-tea, 11:00 pm, 11/10, Radnor
 Brecon Prom, 9-2, 12/15, Brecon
 Hello Kit-tea, 9:00, 11/6, Haffner Spanish Living Room
 "Star Wars" Trilo-tea, 6pm-2am, Nov. 14, CC Main Lounge
 Dir-tea Dancing, 7-12, 2/16, Denbigh Living Room
 Fawl-tea Towers, 2-5pm, 3/2, Pen East Living Room
 Ar-tea-st, 9-12, 1/26, Merion Living Room
 Liber-tea..., 8:30, 11/18, Pem East
 Finalitea, 1 am, 12/19, Radnot Living Room
 Victorian High Tea, 3-5pm, 11/18, Merion Living Room
 Alternate Reali-tea, 7-9, 11/12, Doublestar Library (Erdman)
 Pooh Tea, 8-12, 11/17, Merion Living Room

Watch for signs with information about MORE teas!

Chamber Singers

continued from page 9

both cases, Chamber Singers is by definition not for them.

My point in saying all this is not to scare off prospective members, nor is it to alienate either current or former members. My point is that it seems to me that a lot of people joined Chamber Singers not really knowing what they were getting into. Nobody warned them about the real concerns necessary to decide whether or not this was a group they wanted to get involved in, and the resulting unexpected commitment was something they were not prepared to deliver.

Perhaps "warning" is too strong a word. Perhaps "making an informed decision" is what I really want others to get out of all this verbal abundance. Perhaps, what I really want is for everybody in Chamber Singers to want to be there as much as I do. I have heard people say that the group gave some direction and purpose to their lives, that they got depressed on Thursday nights after rehearsal was over and looked forward to Tuesday nights, that sometimes, knowing that they would meet with friends to create beautiful music was one of the few things they had to look forward to. I don't want everyone to have such non-existent lives that Chamber Singers is the high point of their existence. Nothing is more pathetic than a person with no life outside of their chosen area of interest. Yet if everyone involved were that dedicated, the results would be incredible.

It can be a genuinely rewarding experience, for the individual as well as for the group. Socially, personally, and above all musically, the payoff for all that hard work is often intense and always immense. To begin with, you meet at least twenty people, right at the beginning of the year, when you need it the most. You bond with them. You work hard, and the finished product is your reward. It's something beautiful and tangible, something the beholder as well as the creator can appreciate. Your parents will be proud of you: they see it as a reward for them too, all their work on you paying off. Your friends will tell you to your face that they are proud to know you. It may be a grind to you, but to them it looks effortless and sounds magnificent. To some, that is payoff enough.

And that, in a nutshell, is why we do it. To paraphrase Wesley Snipes in *White Men Can't Jump*, it is hard goddamn work making us sound so good. But some of us do it anyway.

And now you know why.

Quintessential Gen. X Writer, reviewed by quintessential Gen. X reporter

by Jenn Hogan

The Informers. Brett Easton Ellis. Random House, August '95. \$11.00.

The Informers is the latest novel by Brett Easton Ellis. Ellis, author of *Less Than Zero* and *American Psycho*, is considered a quintessential Generation X writer. His novels are said to represent the twenty-something generation's lack of direction and hedonistic desires. If one is to read Brett Easton Ellis novels, she might think that all our generation is, was, or will be interested in is sex, drugs, rock-n-roll, and ultraviolence.

The Informers, then, reflects the current trend in popular culture that films, novels, and television have to be conglomerations of excess. This novel is supposed to be a portrait of life for college-age, rich, spoiled young adults living in LA in 1983. Ellis does not bother with such trifles as plot and character development; instead he gives a laundry list of seemingly endless meaningless

sexual encounters, drug trips, and descriptions of unmemorable meals in LA restaurants. Ellis' characters include an entire family zoned out on Valium, a blond surfer cum vampire, and a video director. However, only the basest instincts of these characteristics are shown. They seem to care about nothing but eating, drinking, and sleeping with whom-ever is around at the time.

Reading this novel, I wondered if Ellis is getting some product endorsements from soft drink companies, restaurants, and 80s compilation companies. Ellis manages to slip in a reference to an early 80s group or cultural relic about every paragraph. Some examples of his prose: "What classes are you taking? Have you been forced to wear your Wayfarers a lot? (God knows I have)" on page 133, and "Next day we're sitting at Carney's and Martin's eating a cheeseburger and he can't believe that an ex-girlfriend of mine is on the cover of this week's *People*. I tell him I can't believe it either. I finish my french fries, and take a swallow of Coke and tell Martin I want to get stoned," on page 167. This type of prose continues throughout the novel.

I supposed that Ellis was trying to create a nihilistic view of the decadence of life in LA, and in that respect, he definitely succeeded. However, the feeling I got after finishing *The Informers* was 'who cares?' None of the characters were likable or realistic, so why should I spend time reading about their exploits? To me this novel seems like Ellis is writing a novel that may be eventually be made into a movie that has nothing new to add to a slew of other early 80s decadence movies. *The Informers* is not an interesting read. There is not enough plot for it to be good trashy novel, yet it is too flat to be a good serious novel. It remains only as a long stream of consciousness ramble about people living the glamorous early 80s life a few cultural landmarks on the way to induce a sense of 80s nostalgia.

Activist warns of effects of French nuclear testing

By Kara Goggins

"All the animals seem to be sick now...The bananas fall off the trees." This comment was made by a Polynesian farmer in the 1960s, during the first period in which France was conducting nuclear testing on his island. A friend of this farmer's became sick after eating fish one day. He soon died. By 1972, all the fish around the island were poisoned.

A woman recalls how, around this same time, she gave birth to a baby whose skin came off when she touched it. The baby soon died. Countless numbers of other women gave birth prematurely or to still-born babies. One of the known effects of radiation testing is an increase in spontaneous abortions. Another known effect is lack of eye development. Sure enough, many Polynesian babies in the 1960s were born cross-eyed.

I don't think any of us need to be told that nuclear testing has absolutely horrid consequences for the environment and for our own health. Still, until I saw Athena Lambrinido's concise performance in front of the campus center last Wednesday, until I heard her speak the words of Polynesians who had experienced these consequences firsthand, I had been ignorant—I had chosen to remain ignorant—

of the incredible pain and destruction that nuclear testing has caused and will cause in the lives of Polynesian people and in the life of the land itself.

Lambrinido's performance struck me as powerful because it was so intimate; it was a portrait of her own personal journey as well as the thoughts and experiences of Polynesians. She speaks of how she felt when she first arrived in the islands on a Greenpeace boat, of how moved she was by the culture by the traditions and songs and dances of the people. At one point she asks herself why she was feeling so horribly upset by the French testing, wondering "Shouldn't I feel immune? More jaded?" Hearing her speak of how she spent four years of travelling on Greenpeace boats and confronting countless injustices, I too am surprised that she was not "more jaded."

When the French president Jacques Chirac announced in June of 1995 that France would resume nuclear testing in Polynesia this year, I believe he was counting on the fact that many people do feel immune to things that happen in far away places. Algeria, where France has conducted testing in the past, was too nearby—the French people could not feel immune because there was the possibility that winds could carry radiation into Europe. But it's more difficult for us to feel the pain of people whose voices are too far

away to be heard. I feel ashamed now, because I have been guilty of choosing not to think about what is happening in Polynesia. I thank Athena Lambrinidou for confronting me with this pain, for making it something that I could not avoid.

Lambrinidou has been travelling around with her performance for three weeks now, and she plans to keep performing it "for as long as it takes," in as many places as possible. She is an example of someone who refuses to feel powerless. She is using her gifts to give people a voice, to do whatever is within her power to change a situation that, for many of us, seems too big to confront. For this reason, I find her deeply inspiring.

On Tuesday, September 5th, despite the protests and demonstrations of tens of thousands of people all over the world, the first of eight nuclear bombs was detonated at Moruroa Atoll. I agree with Prime Minister Jim Bolger of New Zealand, who called the resumption of testing "the arrogant action of a European colonial power." There are several things we can join in doing to prevent France from continuing to exercise such blatant arrogance and insensitivity towards the people and land of

Polynesia.

1. Boycott French products. Write to the companies you are boycotting to explain why. When you buy a non-French product, send the label along with your note.

Groupe Danone
 (Dannon Yogurt, Evian, and Volvic Mineral Water)
 M. Antoine Riboud, Chair
 Groupe Danone
 7 Rue de Teheran
 Paris 75008
 France

2. Let the French Government know that you absolutely do not support this testing. Let them know that you will continue to boycott French products until the testing ceases.

Write to: President Jacques Chirac
 c/o The Embassy of France
 4101 Reservoir Road, NW
 Washington, DC 20007

"For the spirit of Polynesian people the land is like our mother. People come from the land. We must respect our mother, not explode bombs in her belly."

—A Polynesian Woman

The Return of the indubitable, the indomitable, the irrepressible Lady Oracle!!!

Hey ho, let's go! Je suis moi, your Lady Oracle back from a luscious summer and the first failed College News deadline. Forgive my former growlings about the horrors of love, for this beautiful gyrl has now reformed and abandoned her angst for a pearlized shade of nail polish. And so we begin-

LEO

Ma cherie, how Providence gleams upon your little head these days. Forget those feelings of loneliness, forgive those that you were negatively impassioned for, and be content with the five house plants and squeaky rat that you have in your room. "I bet you're long past understanding what it takes to be satisfied; you're like a vine that keeps growing higher," muses Liz Phair. She's right. While Freud might be glutted with his own fatalism, please please please don't succumb to the anarchy of depression, entropy and overall craziness, you're too good for that. As my right-hand guide, The Gates of Repentance, states, "We can be the masters, not slaves of our desires." Words of the wise, chica.

VIRGO

Like a Virgo, yeah! So, baby, what's been going on in your life this week, eh? This Oracle has developed asthma trying to keep up with all that's occurring. For the future? You shall get that paper in, that object of your desire will return your smoldering glances, and you probably won't pierce that... anyway. What can I tell you that you don't already know? You're wonderful and just go with the flow; however, don't call me in the morning when you suffer the consequences. (Heh, heh, foreshadowing.)

LIBRA

You have a good heart, you do, lassie, but does it lead you into trouble like the snake who let his tail be pilot for awhile? Do you give of yourself until, instead of a three-dimensional flesh and blood disco maven, you've found yourself to be just the caretaker and emotional masseuse for a dozen of your friends? Find that precious and precocious balance between the watchout and the psychiatrist. Advise your captive audience away from the toga parties at Beaver, and whatever you do, don't drink the punch.

SCORPIO

Just a thought, "AIDS is a gift to the present regime in South Africa, whose Foreign Minister declared recently, evoking the incidence of the illness among the mine workers imported from neighboring all-black countries: The terrorists are now coming to us with a weapon more terrible than Marxism: AIDS." - AIDS and Its Metaphors, page 150, Susan Sontag. How depressing, condemning people with AIDS and Marxism in one fell swoop. No major social commentary allowed in these fortunes, unfortunately, so I use this quote to inspire you on to greatness in defeating just a morsel of the injustice in the world (and inside Taylor) this week.

SAGITTARIUS

My obliging and bootiful tri-editors are going to look at these and wonder where the humor of semesters yonder has gone. Maybe it's riding in the back seat of a Greyhound bus alongside Elvis and perhaps it's gasping for air under all the layers of Kant and Minitab we all are swaddled in, but y'all will read these regardless of how terrible they are, right? (You'd better, otherwise this Oracle is gonna have to crawl in the box her clock-radio came in come graduation. Spouting out rhetoric about the outcome of people's lives is a marketable skill, y'know?) So, the coming two weeks offer up much plaki and little tabouli. If you caught the metaphor there, m'dears, (College News junkies recognize the foodstuffs' hidden meanings of routine and passion, respectively), then don't frown into your Peachy Pork Picante waiting for life to happen to you. Matter of fact, don't stare down that Peachy Pork Picante at all, for not only are all the popular girls vegan these days anyway, but isn't life too short for a night of nome d'leftovers?

CAPRICORN

Here we go, here we go, here we go again, girls, I don't care what your weakness is, but it's out there. Now that sophomore year obsessions are beyond you, ahead of you, or smack dab in the middle of you, find a new one and crumble under it with pride. Let it be chocolate, and the ten-pound weight gain will be a minor consequence other than a twelve-pack of Kit Kats down the hatch. Let it be something more committed and you might end up with the big question of whether anti-depressants are a form of consensual lobotomy or just a way of being popular with the girls. Maybe not, but the Oracle senses some disquiet 'neath your outwardly calm demeanor. This brooding is not helping with your Latin, m'dear, and perhaps the best advice would be to peer at that proverbial core of your being and find your own personal definition of happiness, signed, sealed, and

delivered. What, there isn't one?

AQUARIUS

This is the dawning of the Age... nevermind. Remember when you thought you were so punk rock with that Joy Division shirt your friends Ian and Gretchen gave to you when you were fifteen? Whip it out and with your winter boots, pound around campus awash in that forgotten mist of serotonin that carried you effortlessly through high school. The added boost will brighten the eyes of your Mawrter compatriots as they reminisce about their (Sonic?) Youth, and make this little fortune teller smile as she sees the anarchy that is reheated Angst unleashed upon this tiny convent. (You see, she's wistfully let a great deal of her angst melt into flowered dresses and lipstick.) Keep Sid and Kurt's memories alive, sisters!

PISCES

Ok honeys, we're cookin' now! Rounding out the tail end of this series of armchair philosophies, we come to Mlle. Pisces, fish girl, la pescarina of my heart. You know who and what you are, and that self-awareness will bring you less misery than you think. The drama of the gifted woman is always a tough cross to bear, but you do it so beautifully with those scuffed Docs and brilliant smile. You are The Woman, simply da best, schmooks, and what could I write for you that would rival what you, odds are, would accomplish anyway?

AIRES

Feminism and the Single Woman? Your dislike of men may run the range from a fundamental distaste to a fondness simply for their boxers, and who's to say you're not like me and like the little critters an awful lot, but Ms. Linda Goodman, that fraud hustler of astrological psychobabble (you want the real stuff, turn to Jung, honey) gives a male-oriented how-to on the care and feeding of the Aires woman. Read this garbage and in the future swear by Lady Oracle's somewhat sarcastic, albeit never heterosexist or homosexist, commentary on luv.

"The Aries woman may think that love is her whole existence, but she's too vitally absorbed in the world around her, not to mention in herself, for it to be the beginning and end of her life. She can get along without a man easier than any female you'll ever meet. Of course, getting along without a man is not the same thing as getting along without romance. [No Oraclean propaganda here, read on.] She'll always need that hero of her dreams to yearn for in her heart." Yucko.

TAURUS

Mmmmm, Fresca soda is pretty good for diet garbage. Are you currently beginning that ritual de lo habitual, the squeeze it in, crank it up, shove it back there, three-week makeover-shapeover wonderbody-souglow starvation that's as seasonal as the geese flying overhead? Well, la femme Oracle can't stop you, your friends can't stop you, so there ends that. Perhaps I'm bitter, the Oracle's itty-bitty addictions are making her grouchy this late night illuminated only by the computer's sickly glow. Addiction? What of it? I can quit anytime, growl. Go write your own stinkin' fortune.

GEMINI

The Red Shoes of folklore have recently crumbled and humbled this petite fortune teller to a mere shadow of what she used to be. Both her demi-goddess Kate Bush and the Throwing Muses have their say on the mythical \$29.95 E-Z cure-all for happiness that sliced the woman's psyche to ribbons as her feet were torn apart. "They're going to make her dance 'til her legs fall off, call a doctor, call a priest, they're going to whip her up like a helicopter," so says Kate. "This dance is more criminal, this dance is brutal. What do you think you can't see?!" - bastardized Throwing Muses. What are your priorities and how much is too much until the little Mawrter whirls apart?

CANCER

Love is the drug that you're thinking of... hey there, what's yer sign? The creepos that skulk about Market East, their bellies and intentions skimming the tiles alongside the rats, are back and in full form for the season. Just remember, though the famous pick-up line doesn't work for them, it's turned out just peachy for your Lady O. It's gotten 'em beating down the College News door every night, it does. (Oraclean aside: Do you really believe this astrology garbage?) The particular Creeppo we met at the train station this week told us that his girlfriend mandated that when he's out harassing women, he's got to talk about astrology in lieu of sex.

"How do you know so much?" we asked.

"She's an astrologer," he pridefully answered. No comment.

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