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Shorter Shopping, Perplexed Pupils

by Stacy Curwood

The Student Curriculum Committee would like to offer a reminder: when you come back next semester, you will have one week for "shopping" your classes. Both Bryn Mawr and Haverford are having a "trial" one week shopping period. One week to juggle your work, class, athletic, and stamp-collecting commitments. One week to decide whether this class should be the one to fill that fourth space or if you should 'take that one because that professor is on leave next year. One week to figure out if you're going to understand the way a professor explains complicated math problems.

The remedy for the confusion which some of us may experience next semester is Gopher, an easy way to read syllabi on computer. However, as of this writing there are serious gaps in the listings on Gopher. Some departments don't have a thing listed; others have mostly this semester's courses and a smattering of next semester's. The result: many of us pre-registered without knowing what we were signing up for and without having two full weeks in the future to decide if they are right for us.

The rationale behind the change from two weeks to one is that some professors feel as if they must catch and hold student's interest on the first day of classes. Furthermore, there are often students entering and leaving disrupting the class during shopping period. For languages especially, two weeks of catch-up is a lot of work to do, for student and professor alike. Finally, Haverford's decision to try a one-week shopping period heavily influenced faculty Curriculum Committee.

However, the students have not been consulted, and in a bathroom survey (posted comment sheets), done last year by the Student Curriculum Committee, there was one individual who agreed that having one week was preferable. All other students (and many responded) disagreed. Some raised the issue of once-a-week classes; others said that the shopping period is one of the things which makes Bryn Mawr special.

The Student Curriculum Committee is concerned about the effects of a one week shopping period on students' academic welfare. Questions or comments are always welcome; drop them in the boxes which are in dorms or talk to your Committee dorm rep. And don't forget to ask your professors to post syllabi on Gopher.

Nigerian Government Faces Worldwide Condemnation in Response to Executions

by Gail White

On Friday November 10th, the Nigerian government of General Sani Abacha announced the executions of author Ken Saro-Wiwa and eight other activists. The executions, carried out only two days after Nigeria's ruling military council unanimously affirmed a special tribunal's ruling of sentences to death by hanging, have been condemned by nations around the globe. Mr. Saro-Wiwa, a well known novelist, playwright, and author of children's books, was also an environmental and human rights activist. He was nominated for the Nobel Peace Prize this year for his active role in defending the rights of minority ethnic groups. Those who were executed with him were members of the Movement for the Survival of the Ogoghi People. Mr. Saro-Wiwa was the president of this organization which demanded an end to the environmental destruction of Ogoghi land resulting from the exploitation of oil resources by Royal Dutch Shell. The organization also demanded that a portion of oil revenues be returned to the Ogoghi people. Nigeria is an exporter of a significant amount of oil, almost half of which finds its way to the U.S.

Needless to say, the activists were perceived as a threat to Gen. Abacha's government. After a political rally which resulted in the killings of four pro-government chiefs from the Ogoghi region, Mr. Saro-Wiwa and the others were arrested and charged with inciting rioters to murder. They were convicted for murder although they did not commit. Despite international appeals to spare the activists' lives, the Nigerian rulers went ahead, rushing the executions. Appeals were also made to Shell to speak out on behalf of the activists, the company issued a statement in which it refused to interfere in Nigeria's legal processes.

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To date, the U.S. and the members of the European Union, and other nations have recalled their ambassadors from Nigeria. Nigeria has responded by recalling its own ambassadors. The U.S. has also banned military sales to the Abacha government. In an unprecedented decision, the Commonwealth suspended Nigeria on November 11, threatening to expel the nation if democracy is not restored. Nigeria was accused of violating the Commonwealth's principles of governance (agreed upon in 1991 in Harare, Zimbabwe). This decision was strongly influenced by South African President Nelson Mandela, who had previously advocated a more tolerant approach at communicating with the Gen. Abacha regime. The Organization of African Unity has also openly denounced the executions.

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In this issue: Return of the Killer Squirrels, Feminism, Classism, Lady Oracle, Grandma Schultz and ever so much more...
Nigerian executions, continued

continued from page one
are drawing greater attention to the Interna-
tional Finance Corporation. Nigeria
and Shell have requested that this
World Bank agency assist them in fund-
ing a natural gas project.

Amidst speculation about Nigeria's rulers' decision to prioritize the elimina-
tion of internal sources of
conflict over international
relations, Wole Soyinka, 1986
Nobel Laureate in Literature,
has shared his thoughts. In an inter-
view with Nathan
Gardels, printed in the
Wednesday Nov. 15
edition of the Los An-
gelos Times (B11), Mr.
Soyinka called for a
prolonged and serious international
response to Nigeria's human rights viola-
tions. Gen. Abacha's regime demon-
strated a contempt for the international
community that Mr. Soyinka examines.

Abacha knows from past experi-
ence the world community "will shout
for a while and then shut up. Then the oil
concessions and arms contracts will flow
again..." During the 18 month impris-
onment of Nigeria's democratically elected
president Mashood Abiola, Mr. Soyinka
declares that "members of the interna-
tional community have turned their back
and dealt with the usurper..." Ultimately,
the situation in Nigeria is revealing the
connections between a wide variety of
international concerns. Economic and en-
vironmental issues are raised alongside
the responsibilities of nations and com-
panies, such as Shell, to hold Ni-
geria accountable for the executions,
and other human rights violations.
On another level, companies may also be
held accountable for their conduct by cus-
tomers. It is important that individuals as
well as nations and organizations en-
gage in a prolonged exploration of what
has happened in Nigeria and our ongo-
ning relationships to it.

*The factual content of this article was based upon information in articles in the
New York Times and the Los Angeles
Times printed between November 9 and
November 15, 1995.

So, How does it feel to live in an anarchy?!?

by Julia Alexander

anarchy: a social structure without
...government... (excerpted from the Mer-
rian-Webster Dictionary).

I don't know if you've picked up a
newspaper lately, or if your prods
or friends have mentioned it to you, but the
United States government is currently
shut down because they were not able to
pass a budget before the deadline. What
is wrong with this picture? We're talking
about an advanced nation, with the re-
sources of the world to hand. So why is it
so impossible to agree on a budget?

I can't claim to know a lot about the
current budget crisis, so this really is a
fairly unsubsed weight on matters, but I
think that there are a couple of main
problems. First, everyone involved in
this is certainly they're right, and that no
one else has a reasonable answer for
reducing the debt. So no one is willing
to make a serious compromise. Second,
people in government are using the
budget as a way of talking about things
which are unrelated to it, such as abortion.
So they're talking about ideological
rather than economic ideals.

Because of these attitudes, we have
technically been living in an anarchy for
the past week. I can't say that anything
has changed in my life, but if anarchy
means "without government" and the
government has been shut down, that's
what we've got. And I think that if the
high-ups in government don't start work-
ing for a serious, democratic com-
promise in the democratic sense of
talking about the needs of anyone who thinks it's a reasonable idea
to push through major policy changes in
a document that isn't voted on but if they
don't start working for a serious, democratic compromise, we're going
to have an honest and serious here. What else
would the principle of "everyone look
out for yourself and to hell with the
needs of anyone else" lead to? Certainly
not socialism. I guess I can step off my
soapbox for the moment.

(see page 4 for an update on this...)

photo thanks to Beka Walker

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on here, please tell Julia.

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 Midnighht. Letters and articles
should be sent to our mailbox (C-1710), or placed outside our Drench
e 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 PUBLICATION: The College News is a femi
newspaper which serves as a source of information and
self-expression for the Bryn Mawr community. Recognizing that
feminism, as 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.
Grandma Schultz gets a Pool

by Kim Schultz

It's getting to be that time of year when I have flashbacks to freshman year hikes to English House, when I slipped on wet leaves and fell every morning without fail. The puddles are forming; the mud is coagulating, the leaves are clotting the lawns like so much campus mail, and all of this brings back for me memories of many a day spent baking in the sun at Grandma Schultz's pool.

Before we moved into our castle in the woods, my family lived in a condominium complex populated mostly by retired elderly and small snappy dogs. My brother and I were the only other two people who hadn't hit puberty yet, who would drag our mothers to the clubhouse/pool, which was twelve feet deep in the center and a chlorinated crystal blue. From Memorial Day until Labor Day, we spent every day playing about how to push each other into the pool and running around with towels on our heads in an effort to emulate Voltron, defender of the universe, except, of course, on the days when we had to go to Grandma's pool.

Grandma Schultz lived on the moun-
tain in a development of houses which had been summer homes in the prosperous twenties, but became year-round homes for retired people in the seventies and eighties. What I think of as Grandma Schultz's house was originally the house where the Schultz family would escape the heat of summer in New York. She still lives there in the summer, but since my grandfather left the earthly scene, she's been bouncing around from one of my aunts' guest rooms to the next, like a pinball with the strength of the huge boulder that terrorizes Indiana Jones in the opening segment of Raiders of the Lost Ark. It is the enduring mile of pothole-marked unpaved road between civilization's last vestments and her house which makes her stay there, or the moth-breeding in her sweatering cellar that fascinates me as a child, but the pool is my pool.

Grandma Schultz tried to press upon me the pool's greatness at an early age by telling me about how the water is with mine. "5 ee this?" he said, showing me a fingernail full of yellowing black-and-white photo. "This is what a good swimmer looks like," he said, "I didn't quite know how to swim, and we were only jumped in to get wet and went back to reading Steven King novels on the towels spread out on the asphalt outdoors."

The only family member who has ever been excused from the pool pilgrimage is my Aunt Debbie, who broke her leg in four places walking to the pool and needed two years of surgery to overcome it. As much as I don't like the pool, explaining the series of steel pins in my leg to airport security every time I sit off a metal detector is simply not worth the hassle. But I did consider it.

However, Grandma Schultz was blissfully unaware of my disgust for the pool until one fateful evening, after my sensibilities had been bludgeoned by a three and a half hour production of Romeo and Juliet, Grandma Schultz thought she'd be nice and invite everyone up to the pool for a swim. "God, I hate that pool," I muttered under my breath, not as quietly as I had anticipated. Grandma Schultz's darkly tanned Hungarian skin paled to a beige marble and my mother reviewed her working knowledge of CPR. The only thing more sacrilegious I could have said to her was to tell her that someone took her (Catholic) rosary off my grandfather's (Protestant) body at the funeral when she wasn't looking, but that was more easily forgiven than this pool comment since there wasn't much she could do about what was on Grandma's body now.

"You WHAT?" Grandma Schultz jumped up, and the color came flooding back to her cheeks. "How do you hate that pool?" I groaned and sighed and buried my head in my arms and chastised, "I only hate it a little bit" like a mantra, while my brother and mother tried to wash off their laughter.

"It's the bugs, Grandma," my brother said, trying to appear helpful. "All the bugs and crap floating in it and the little kids peeing in it. That's what I hate.

"THE ARE NOBUGS"
What’s up with the-
Budget?
by Julia Alexander

Just a few more comments on the budget crisis. As of today (Monday, 20 November) the government is reopened, and furloughed workers are back at work. The agreement made last night was only, but to make a agreement to balance the budget by 2002.

Their goal is to keep the government from shutting down, yet again.

Clinton and Congress have agreed to resolve their differences before the 15th and work out a plan for balancing the budget in seven years. This may be hard, because they must protect Medicare, Medicaid, education, agriculture, and defense under the new budget.

Information from the Philadelphia Inquirer.

Why not let the world know? Submit to the College News!

A play in three lines...

"An editor" "You"

All that fine artsy thought-inducing stuff that has been happening at this fine institution

By Tamara Blau

We are well into the way of our third month of college, and things are still lively and exciting as ever. Thanks to all that has been going on here, there has been lots to do and see, and we need not worry about a thing.

Most recently, several hundred bi-co students were able to enjoy Anton Chekov’s “Three Sisters”, produced and performed by Bryn Mawr and Haverford students. Everyone on campus is talking about it.

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There was a huge turnout, lots of audience participation and enthusiasm, and very little clothing. It couldn’t have been a better success.

Denise Uyehara, although not a Bryn Mawr student, brought us her performance piece, Hello (Sex) Kitty: Mad Asian Bitch on Wheels. She brought up issues of race and sexuality, especially those of being an Asian lesbian. Besides being thought-provoking, she was funny and entertaining, especially when she stripped down to her very Rock and roll black lingerie.

There have also been several music performances keeping Bryn Mawr entertained. On October twentieth, Bunny Grunt performed with Ruby Falls and Moped. There are two words to describe Moped: too loud. Ruby Falls got the audience excited, as three cute women couldn’t help but doing. Bunny Grunt also gave a good performance, although their musical talent at present seems to be limited to an alternative image and a few decent drum beats. On November third, Delta 72 performed a short but wonderful show. Every wished that the band would stay on longer, but they got lost on their way to Bryn Mawr and had to keep the show short. Last weekend, Lords of the Underground played at Haverford. There was a good turnout and apparently the band performed very well. I missed the show, but I do have some dirt on the band. Not only does this rap band have a police officer for a manager, but they demanded that there be a specific brand of throat lozenges, mineral water, and chicken soup waiting for them so that they don’t get soar throats.

That broke down my image of the tough, macho rapper. Well, give them some slack, they’re only men.

Recently there have been some good performances on campus. I was able to squeeze Sonic Youth and Babes in Toyland into my tight Mawwer schedule. Due to excessive amounts of homework, I missed the first opening band for Sonic Youth. The second, Dirty Three, was a purely instrumental band led by a suitly violinist who ended the show with all his strings torn. Sonic Youth put on a good performance, although the audience was pretty awful. I’ve been to many aggressive shows, but this was the first one I went to with a concussion. Unfortunately, I didn’t miss the opening bands for Babes in Toyland. The first was a beer-guzzling, topless, all male, heavy metal band, need I say more. The second was a bunch of cute Irish kids who knew a few guitar chords and lyrics. But it was worth the wait for Babes in Toyland, a super girl band.

There was, of course, the guy who had to yell out some stupid, obnoxious comment about how girls suck. The lead singer did the only right thing and told the guy that she felt sorry for him and to shut the $4.95 up.

For those who missed all the live entertainment and weren’t too busy getting trashed at some Haverford around-the-world party, there have been many great movies shown, always a good, free source of entertainment. Two that I loved were “The Hunger” and “Akira”. “The Hunger” is a vampire movie starring Catherine Deneuve and Susan Sarandon as lovers.

“Akira” is an animated Japanese movie which comments on greed and uncontrollable emotions, two factors leading to the destruction of society and the world.

So who said they were boring. If you’ve been missing out until now, keep your eyes open. There is a lot of entertainment coming up. Watch for an upcoming music fest brought to you by a collaboration of the bi-co-alternative concert series and the Bryn Mawr concert series. Have fun!
The Personal becomes political with internalized classism

by Julia Alexander

There are weeks that come along where where I learn things about myself that I would rather have never found out, or more specifically, that I would rather were never there to be found out. Which is a complicated prelude to discovering how seriously I internalized classism. I thought I was free to feel comfortable with my own attitudes and assumptions. I don’t have much internalized racism, sexism or homophobia (although I can be heterosexist, but I can lay that at the feet of a very hetero upbringing). But then I discovered how deep my class prejudice lies.

I have about over the course of a week, as I looked to see what options were available for people in my dorm who wanted to help out local families over the holidays. The first thing that made me notice my classism was when one of my friends in the dorm expressed some ambivalence over the idea of going in and helping a family, as though we were the great paternalistic (maternalistic) white people going to “help the unfortunate.” And I agreed with her discomfort, because I felt some of the same feeling myself. However, I believe that we should help people if we have the ability to, no matter how uncomfortable it makes us feel (we shouldn’t do it in such a way as they feel uncomfortable, but that will come up later). What I couldn’t seem to get myself to say was that the reason I feel so strongly on this issue is that my family was on the receiving end of these “Christmas baskets” for most of the time I was growing up.

I don’t know why it is that I am so ashamed of poverty. I can remember being painfully ashamed even when I was six and seven, and wishing my family had a nicer house, and more money, and fewer children, and all of the things I believed went along with being “better” people. My mother wouldn’t let us have a TV until I was eight, so I can hardly blame this class-consciousness on the tube. Perhaps it was in all of the books I read, but this was the same time that I loved Fire, Little Peppers and How They Grew and Little House on the Prairie, both of them about families that didn’t have much money.

My classism, if anything, has gotten worse as I’ve gotten older. I don’t consider other people on the basis of their family income, nor do I judge other people by where they live. I’m an intellectual, but not an economic snob. Towards other people. When it comes down to talking about myself, I feel like poverty is something shameful that I should hide from everyone else. Although I have no experience that would lead me to think this here, something in my head censor my words automatically, so that I never speak openly about my class background. Somehow, I always feel like this will reflect on me in a negative light. As though, no matter how intelligent I am, no matter how successful in a cultural circle, I feel like I will never be accepted if people know that my family was on welfare. This wasn’t even something I had control over. It’s not like I could have done anything to change this. And yet I felt this was something I had to hide from other people. Somehow, my fervent political classmiasm has failed to translate into the personal.

And so I couldn’t open my mouth to give my true reason for wanting to help local families: because I know exactly how it feels to be on the receiving end of charity, and I would like to help other people in the same way. I would like to do this in a way that avoids making anyone feel as though there is anything wrong with needing the help of some people.

I was thinking about this and talking about the irony of not having gone to the retreat on classism because I didn’t have the money to miss another day of work. I half wondered whether I didn’t go to the retreat not only because I couldn’t afford the loss of money, but also because I feel so profoundly uncomfortable talking about classism on anything other than an academic level.

I can’t even write directly into my journal about classism. I automatically write it in lofty, abstract terms that apply to no one, and particularly not to myself. I can usually avoid confronting my own classism, because I live in such a classist society. If I speak, as a good liberal always does, about how “the poor” deserve housing, food, medical care and education, no one ever needs to guess that I’m one of “the poor.” All the talking I do will never convince anyone that “the poor” are all sorts of people, including my mother (even if I did always insist to us that “We’re not poor, we are artists and intellectuals”). “The poor” are educated and intelligent, and we would make most of the same choices we would if we had the option.

I have had classes in which people were insisting that the poor obviously just need more education, because they are always spending all of their food stamps on junk, and not on the nutritious foods they ought to buy. I spoke out in objection to these statements, but I never grounded my comments in personal experience. I guess I’m using this article to start rooting out my own class prejudice, because on some levels, I fear that if I don’t start talking about it now, I’m not going to be able to at all, ever. It’s also a way to stop feeling quite so guilty every time I can’t seem to open up my mouth and speak the truth. Because if I can’t speak out in an open, tolerant community, I will never learn to speak out in a world that is actively working against me.
Ah, Misogyiny!

by Rachel Solis

When I was in high school, my (male) friends and I would regularly discuss every aspect of life that the cover illustrations in the fantasy and sci-fi books we read were incredibly androcentric. We sometimes wondered how the warrior women that fantasy illustrators tended to draw could ever survive in battle, given that they were provided with little more than a chain mail bikini as armor, or that their hair, long and blonde and flowing, would almost certainly block their vision at a critical moment. Again, we also wondered about how 42 related to the meaning of life, or how much damage a chopstick could cause in battle, or whether we should eat stale Doritos or salt and vinegar potato chips. It didn’t really get in the way of what we enjoyed. Somewhere between then and now, I’ve become an insatiable follower of life, women are depicted in popular culture. Sometime (it similarly to how last year, when I was taking a Greek philosophy course, everything in life seemed related to Aristotle) is probably because of the film class I am taking that focuses a lot on women’s issues. But whereas it can be less (if annoyingly) habit to draw connections between someone’s insistence on her (superiority to cockroaches and Aristotle’s chain of being, it’s less of a stretch to see the differences in how women and men are treated, and it’s not harmless when you realize that these portrayals both reflect and influence how people really view each other.

So, What exactly does a “feminist” mean?

by Julia Alexander

Are you a feminist? What are you supposed to answer to this question? Usually replies are simple: “yes” or “no.” So I asked that of course. I am a feminist, in much the same way that I really examine my liberal politics, or my sexuality. I guess you could say that most of the time, I’m a feminist in the same way that I’m a history major. When people challenge this view of myself, it’s because there is so much that I should be doing, so I can become a “better” feminist. I should be going to marches, I should be volunteering at rape crisis centers, I should be a clinic escort... And maybe I should, because these are things that people have to get done. But always searching out what I should be doing instead or in addition leads me to devalue the everyday feminism that I live. What is everyday feminism? I’m not sure. On some levels, it’s going to a women’s college, and spending these four years being educated and learning to accept myself as a woman. For me, it’s also the conscious decision to continue to not shave, to not wear pumps and nylons, to not have my treatment of my body be anything but healthy I can; it’s the decision to try very hard to accept this physical being in whom my spirit is embodied, so that I don’t try to starve and reshape and criticize it into submission to ideals to which I do not aspire. Everyday feminism means striving for coalition with other precarious groups, particularly women, so that I work daily to accept that my choices are not the only ones that it’s possible to make. I guess everyday feminism is more a way of living than any discrete thing I could do. It’s an awareness I strive for, working to make my life a conscious choice rather than an amorphous flow. Feminism is not something that I do, nor is it separate from the choices I make for reasons of my religion, class, sexuality, race or politics. I’m reading a book right now called everyday acts and small subversions, and I think that a lot of the advice I’m talking about feminism for me is about the way that I walk through every single day of my life. It’s about how I react to the world around me: my reactions to laws and policies are a small part of that. More important to me is living a life that allows other women the space in which to develop their own lives. (And other men, since I can assert just as easily as other women my age, “I don’t hate men, or anything.” As though your opinions on men make a difference to whether you’re a feminist, but that’s beside the point.) Maybe all of this is simply a rationalization for not getting out into the world and acting on my feminism. But how much difference will one body make in a march? Can’t I make the same difference on an individual basis, explaining to my brother why I believe every person has the right to determine what will happen to their own body? Don’t I make a difference every day by being an example of what is possible for other people? I feel very uncomfortable with telling other people what they should believe. I have no qualms about showing them another way as they watch me going through my life. Maybe it won’t make a difference, and I might be rationalizing a deep-laid fear of active participation and politics, but I think I have another voice for feminism, and one that is often ignored or slighted.

Channelling the activist flow: the Women’s Action and Unity Center

by Christina Notterino and Megan Munson

Books overflow from the shelves onto the floor, desks, essentially into any possible space. Novels, textbooks, journals, and poetry books are stacked and scattered. The titles are bold and ready to be pulled from the shelves. Librarians, Notterino, and pencil, a black notebook, Tara Wharton, Zora Neale Hurston, and Gloria Steinem. There are black and white photographs of famous women on the walls, big blue pillows that spill from the couches to the floor, a large wooden file cabinet that waits to be filled with information fromnumenous disciplines. There are doors and long windows open to Merion green. The room houses the Women’s Action and Unity Center (WAUC), formerly known as the Women’s Center); and though the atmosphere is relaxed, there is an energy about the purpose of the room that rises as Rebecca Helms, Neil Crawford, and Lauren Ray, the co-chairs of the center, toss ideas - both revolutionary and conservative - off each other and any other willing participants. Rebecca and Neil relax on comfy chairs, while Lauren leans towards the computer; as the heads of WAUC, they have been busy setting up the second newsletter, and sharing their visions for WAUC. The mission statement released in their previous newsletters reiterates their purpose as being threefold: “to serve as a center of unity across the lines of race, class, religion, and sexual orientation... to create a continued on page 8

Feminism

Do you consider yourself a feminist?

"I am definitely a feminist. I believe women and ourselves, getting knowledge out there is the society. I think that there is a lot of deep advice that I can give," Oliver ’96

"I am because I believe in human rights. I am Stacy Curwood ’96

"I am a feminist, the reason is that we need We rely on men for a living, I want to provide Stacy’s mom

"Yes, because I believe in equality between Bela Walker ’99

"I believe I am. I don’t remember why," Elizabeth Lysenga ’96

"I should hope so. I’m a little f’ feminist. I’m expressing of ‘womanist terminology’. I’m interested." Susan Dean, English Professor

"This is really a hard question. But I guess I have to say no, I’m not. That’s not to say that women’s issues are because as a woman, ‘feminism’ as a concept has become overused men and women need to exist in binary world removed from the people—men and women stand.“ Leslie Rutkowski ’96

"No, actually I’m a misogynist. In earning before I came to BMC; now a lifelong stand which are all equal." Bree Horwitz ’96

"No, not really. An egalitarian, I suppose reforms (herserpy, woper-daughter) and cons insist must exist between women and men.

FINDING OUR VOICE

Calendar

by Megan Munson

Pink patches over the tops of her breasts connect to a stomach, and her hair is curved, heightened, and forced Two green straps pass across her neck and down, each one clamping to connect her between her legs and one hand time her long hair is slacked back, not competing with the waist. These are photographs from a calendar, and they are May, with fringed lips parted and large brown eyes empane a breasts up into cleavage mounds. These are the icons that can eye and keep me in Barnes & Noble the other night. But these calendars of the women as the words that demanded my attention: "To The Women’s Movement. "The ‘she never will be safe’ is an answer. "She does not have: A Great Butt, She is: Beautiful to the M Morally Challenged", Incredible. Revolutionarily real. The Woman and a Be Politically Correct". How to talk about us and be politically correct? More Sexual and Inanimate Objects While Perpetrating. Degrading does not even begin to describe the dynamic, and are, as if they are not. Their看上去 make-up are not: Too Skinny [They are] Skeletally Prominent", but our first instinct is always to maintain passivity, and "beauty"-based images that equal to define.
(Re)defining our dreams: Ely Smeal

by Megan Munson

After serving as the president of NOW (National Organization of Women), Eleanor Smeal spearheaded The Feminist Majority, a non-profit organization dedicated to researching, identifying, and challenging issues that question the equality of women. The Feminist Majority considers itself a "feminist think tank," and Smeal is a powerful representative. As a dedicated leader in the struggle for social justice, Smeal's personal history includes moments of fighting and days of organizing to fight the continuing conservative opposition to equality and an inclusive truth.

After missing Smeal's speech at Bryn Mawr on November 6th, a friend and I sped over to Swarthmore on the 7th, to hear her speak. We slipped into the Meeting House a little late, and were immediately drawn into the passion that comes from a life dedicated to "watch-dogging" the political, social, and economic status of women. After outlining the struggles women have dealt with in the past, Smeal targeted the Federal Welfare Act and anti-Affirmative Action sentiments as movements with severe repercussions on all of us as women and as a community learning to appreciate diversity in its infinite variations. She was forthright in her intentions: to explain the destructive political and economic patterns of the present, including their impact on our social structure and our personal experiences; and to begin a dialogue about the power we possess as a new generation of feminists (a term not limited to women, but inclusive of anyone concerned with gender equality)."I hope you get so depressed you get mad, so mad you get fighting mad!"


What has this article got to do with feminism?

by Megan Munson

Rumors are subtly spreading that apa-thy amongst women is rampant on our campus. But looking around at the strength and capabilities of Mawters, their focus and dedication to studies, apathy is hard for me to believe. Eleanor Smeal spoke at Bryn Mawr and Swarthmore a few weeks ago, and in her speech she remembered her years at Duke University. She concentrated in the classroom without ignoring issues she felt were essential to social equality. She then stepped outside to fight. Her demand for integration within the university and society was a focus of my dissertation among students, professors, and administration, and she kept fighting. Her experience in college, she explained, "I learned to lose the fights than in the classroom, I have forgotten most of my classes, but I will never forget the day we lost the vote." This happened to be in the office, and I (Julia Alexander) thought it made an interesting counterpart to what we're all talking about in these articles on feminism here. Do articles like this reinforce our power as women, or do they encourage us to help one another? Are they the cause, or the effect of a misogynist society?

Calling ALL women

Connect to a craft piece by six strings stretched down her and forced into a maze that emphasizes the arch in her back. Now, one barely wide enough to pass over a nips to and hand rests on the inside of her brown thigh, but this thing with the volume of her breasts and nothingness of her and they are not the only ones; each month is illustrated. As eyes empty, leans forward, her pepito pink tube top pushes up and gagged my throat after I had enjoyed a peppermint mocha lindens of women are not unusual, and so it was not so much mention: "You do not: Watch Her Breasts Bounce, You Enjoy: "Iain Weigh," She will become: A Metabolic Underachiever", aux to the Maximus", She does not get: PM's, She becomes: finally real. The title of the card was "How to Talk About Effect: More like: "How to Verbally Reduce Women to Trashy Status", Dangerous Stereotypes and Get Away With It." The musings of this calendar. Women are sprawled, spread, each Make-up? They are! Cosmetically Oversaturated! "They are! Self-printing!": Issues that have been a part of our female lives since 1970 in this calendar in full concentration. Weight, breast-size, we to define us as women are placed in the hands and on the

VIOCES AMONG THE Girls

---Share the visions---

Held over the weekend of February 2-4, the Expo will bring together women from all over the United States to the nation's capital. The Expo's aim is to facilitate dialogue on how to create a feminist vision of the future based on social equality. The Women's Action and Unity Center (WAUC) is working to form several delegations of Mawters to participate in this exciting event, and thus bring young feminist voices to the discussion. If you are interested, or have questions concerning the Expo (e.g. cost, transportation, specifics, etc.), contact Margaret at x1272 or Caitlin at x9522. The deadline for registration is Thursday, November 30th.
WAUC, continued...

The general feeling on campus is that our community is oriented to the individual, which works well within the scope of academics, but does little to build a cohesive community. Tensions exist along “feminist”, racial, sexual, and even regional lines, and have been perpetuated by the previous lack of a common meeting and organizing space. WAUC plans to be a source of information and gathering spot that will enable women to increase dialogue and dispel stereotypes.

Lauren, Nell, and Rebecca talk excitedly about the potential for activism on Bryn Mawr campus, and point to Take Back the Night as an example of the power Mawrians possess when they come together in a supportive and open atmosphere. “So much is happening on this campus, once things start moving, they fall into place...we’re fostering a place for growth, where things can become more active”, Nell explained. WAUC is definitely striving for student involvement and ownership in the center. Upcoming projects include the formation of discussion groups and forums, a women’s film series, a fundraising dance, invitations to speakers, and an anticipated move of WAUC office space from the first floor of Merion (open through Public Safety) to the basement of Emman. WAUC hopes to increase accessibility and use by students and to eventually house the numerous social and political groups on campus. Their long-term goal includes computers and libraries for each group within the center.

WAUC is focused on not only initiating social and political activism on campus, but also on supporting the groups that are currently involved in these activities. Sadly, the co-heads recognize that one of the first social obstacles WAUC must overcome is the reluctance of some students to become involved in the development of the center because they fear being labeled as “feminists”. Lauren, Nell, and Rebecca are all clear that not only is this an example of the discrimination the center is working to dismantle, but that WAUC is a resource and safe place for all women on campus.

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE BOOKSHOP

SCHOLARLY HISTORY BOOKS FOR DEEP THINKERS
A CONCISE HISTORY OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION, by Richard Pipes. “A masterly account...A broad and human study of what has long been a misunderstood and misrepresented cycle of events.” —Robert Conquest

THE SPLENDID BLOND BEAST, by Christopher Simpson. “Simpson first argues that Hitler emulated the Turkish government’s 1915-1918 policy regarding the massacre of Armenians...then examines the US government’s response to both genocidal campaigns.”

KILLING HOPE: US MILITARY AND CIA INTERVENTION SINCE W.W.II, by William Blum. “From China in the 1940s to Guatemala today, William Blum provides the most comprehensive study of the ongoing American holocaust.”

CENTURY OF WAR, by Gabriel Kolko. “Over the last three decades the historian Gabriel Kolko has redefined the way we look at modern warfare and its social and political effects.”

M. Carey Thomas studied at the University of Leipzig (undergraduate) and the University of Zürich (graduate). Thanks to Patricia Loomis and Rhonda Williamson for answering our question.
neatly too often implies mob. It's easy enough to say, from a neutral point of view, that major in physics, go to
school, get my Ph.D., get a job in a university, research, teach, publish, make a mark. It's easy enough to say that going as I am good at what I do and persistent, then I will succeed. This doesn't reflect on the realism that women comprise about two percent of the physicists in the United States. (Don't quote me on this statistic.) The percentage may be as much as four, is certainly less than ten.) This does not take into account that Bryn Mawr, with fewer than 18 physics majors in a graduating class of about 300, has forty times the national average of percentage of women majoring in physics. As far as I can tell, from the incredibly capable women in my classes, it's not because women can't do physics. By assuming that I am a professional without taking my gender into account, I am also assuming that the rest of the world will view and treat me simi-
larly — not a safe assumption. There can be strength in assuming neu-
rality. Upstarts from that calendar in take on our campus to counteract the science that fizzes, reinforced by calendars of spreading women.

Misinogy con issued form page 4
related to the world as if I were not a girl, from a standpoint that did not have to incorporate gender. I read science fiction; I was confident about my mathematical ability, yet I wanted to do something, nothing was going to stop me. Everything I watched a movie where the female protagonist waited to be rescued, where she avoided fighting, where she surrendered, I just thought, 'That's not me,' and didn't let it get in the way of enjoying the story. The problem with approaching the world from a neutral standpoint is that

Misogyny

telling our stories...

What are the implications?

by Rachel lief's

'Ve are the way out of lunch, someone said to Kim Schultz, "I like your stories about your grandmother." Kim replied, "Thanks." Pause, "I don't know if she would, though."

What with discovering Dorothy Alli-
son (I devoured two books in one week-
end; the rest I've read at a slightly more leisurely pace since fall break) and read-
ning Kim's articles with some recognition and some ambivalence, I've been lying awake at night thinking about how we
claim, reclaim, and deny our past through our stories. (Really have been lying awake nights thinking about this, but then, being a habitual insomniac, I need something to think about in those odd hours.)

I have my own variation on Kim's theme, my own grandmother who, with her other insinuation, tells me, "Don't settle for some man. Get an education, make something of yourself." And the alternative, "Speakable?" "Don't let yourself end up like me" — mother, another generation, watches game shows and soapies, rarely goes anywhere, is too stubborn to ask for help. Like Kim, I tell my sto-
ries; calculated sometimes to amuse, some-
times to play up differ-
ence. I was growing up in my grandmother's basement, of course the basement was the surround-
ance of something to steal, of the politics of the street. It was where everywhere in I861 also going to do this one time of my own told me, in response to a comment about how I couldn't conceive of living beyond my means, just by being here, we're liv-
ing way beyond our means. I denied it, told her I was living off the government's money, until I couldn't get a transcript sent out for a summer job application, because I was short several hundred dol-
ars in tuition.

Calendaring...

Girls

continued from page 7
While I realize that this calendar was produced as a defensive mechanism by men who are threatened by the rising trend among women to demand respect as equal beings, they are threatening us as well. They have created an antithesis of femi-
nism, a method of upholding the working structure of male dominance while shock-

It's time to break out of the silence. We've begun a process (progress) as women, trying to create a safe space in which to live and speak, but it can only continue if we question, respond, advi-
sate, examine, and speak. These proactive verbs and they are ours. Not claiming them will inevitably lead to a sinking into silence. If we have ignored these women bearers for a dialogue between genders and within genders, a sharing of experience that is in place but unrecognized re-

sponsibility.

When I was in high school, sitting on the floor with the calendar, madly scrib-
bling quotes and impressions, a young man came up shyly and reached for the football calendar that was placed right above the "sweetest" calendars. He could never have dreamed that I would ever have put on the covers, even with a concerted effort, and so he is forced to absorb im-
ages of women as sex objects willing to be violated by the imaginations of the tar-
geted men. Like young girls, he will inter-
pret the images as showing women and men struggle with them in later experiences. My anger takes shape in an overwhelm-

ing sadness for the boy who has been subjected inadvertently to this violence and then hardened into a resolve to be a voice many women have denied in the constructed face of futility. Writing letters, addressing the issues we deal with as women and as partners in
humanity, and raising our voices above a whisper, we are among the nation's women, in search of sharing stories around an illegal fire; my determination never to go back.

I know that when I have a long time for a long time do I begin to write stories. I know that when I do write, it is not from understanding.

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feminist thinkers in countering the reac-
tionary flood of program and budget cut-
ing while struggling to deconstruct the mythic created to discard minority voices, that they are left with little opportunity to envision the future. However gnomly this may sound, Smail had no intentions of forsaking apathy, and in response to our books of despair and confusion, she thun-

dered "I hope you get so depressed you get mad, so mad you get fighting!"

The Feminist Majority is working to counter the conservative trend our coun-
try is experiencing. During the first week-
end in February there we have an oppor-
tunity to join them. Smail came, in part, to get excited about Expo '96, the women's conference in Washington D.C. The Expo will focus on issues ranging from Affirma-

tive Action to feminist architecture (e.g. "all women's experience of space,"

developing a Feminist Budget for the US government to planning a large-scale women's exhibition for, we hope, the future.

"How would you like to see the 21st century?" she asked, and gave us a mo-
ment to think. With 7 states introducing anti-Affirmative Action bills, the contin-
ued and manipulative portrayal of welfare-
mothers and criminals as black women and men, and the sorely unequal repre-
sentation in both state and national gov-
ernments, there is a lot to be done. And Sciall is certain that as we women can do
pet: Phonetic (Mis)spelling by Hieronimnmy Bosch

I confess, it's just around in a state of constant irritation. And for why? I'll not name it's another. But today I'd like to show you a personal prospective on ads. And the misspelling in them.

So, we now have save ink, l o o k a n d p l u s, and plus, the advertising companies and ad executives are all entitled to their conditionally-defended opinions about. Don't right! Right? But why are advertisers allowed to misspell and not schoolkids?

Britain has decided to remark that it is very baffling to live in a place where on TV and in stores, all sorts of things are misspelled with phonetic and/or cutey logic, yet in grade school and perhaps all school, those red numbers with the minus signs on the tops of your spelling quizzes and papers do their job of conveying the inadequacy of one's grasp of highly valued detail.

I feel compelled to remark that it is very baffling to live in a place where on TV and in stores, all sorts of things are misspelled with phonetic and/or cutey logic, yet in grade school and perhaps all school, those red numbers with the minus signs on the tops of your spelling quizzes and papers do their job of conveying the inadequacy of one's grasp of highly valued detail. But don't forget how bad grades can create depressing emotional results in the realms of self-esteem, parental-esteem, and peer and career groups, which is ironic if the child in question later joins the ad industry.

Obviously, there is not a cultural consensus on the need for proper spelling. Let us not forget this puzzling imperfection but rather leap at once to possible solutions. Shall we A) crack down on the ad industry with PC vigor and insanity. B) find new ways to help children memorize illegible spellings or C) just write it as we go along.

Other additional benefits to the phoneticizing of English orthography might be: causing a stir in the world and curing new jobs. For instance, if Clinton endorsed, introduced and "produced" (in movie jargon) a project, he would get a new job for himself in history books and could call himself the "Education President."

Just for fun, here's the same article with an (at least) phoneticized spelling:

by Hieronimnmy Bosch

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(End of Letter)
Cooking it up

by Leah Coffin

First off, here are my favorite yogurt recipes, basically variations on the same theme. They look kind of gross, but they taste great. I tend to use them as breakfast substitutes when I can't face another morning of Rice Krispies and/or gloozy breakfast potatoes, but they will also do for lunch and dinner as healthy dessert alternatives.

Yogurt Banana Dip: Take some yogurt (I prefer vanilla, but plain works too). Add honey, granola and cinnamon to taste. Stir well. Find a suitable banana. Dip the banana in the mixture and eat it, peeling as you go down.

Yogurt Cereal: Honey, granola and cinnamon as above, plus raisins and whatever fresh fruit you fancy. Basically it involves cutting the banana up instead of dipping it. Other fruits may be used instead of bananas—I prefer chopped apples when available. Eat with a spoon.

My other recipes are about as basic as these—no-nilla, boring stuff that provides a background upon which other, more creative people can go wild.

Pita Pizza: Works better than bagels or English muffins, which have to be toasted and get soggy easily. Take a whole pita, wheat or white, preferably on a big plate to protect against cheese overflow. Spread on cold marina sauce from the salad bar; Sprinkle on shredded cheese and oregano. Microwave one minute or until cheese is melted. If you opt to add veggies, allow for a longer cooking time. If there are serving chickens, you can cut this up too and add it to the pizza.

Pizza Glazed Veggie: For some reason, all the pizzas in the DC are inexplicably cut in half. This makes sense from a sandwich standpoint, but then they stand marina sauce and shredded cheese next to the pitas by the toaster ovens, as if everyone were hankering for dinky little half-pizza. In any case, your best bet is to find two pita halves that match approximately in size, put them on a plate, repeat as above and hope the whole thing doesn't fall apart.

Comfort Food: My comfort food of choice. Mix butter or margarine in with white rice, stirring until it is completely melted and evenly distributed throughout the rice. Add whatever other seasonings or toppings you fancy, or eat as is. Repeat as needed.

To revitalize tired pasta: try adding your favorite salad dressing (Italian and Ranch work well), oil and vinegar and seasonings. Microwave for about 30 seconds, mix and eat.

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BRECON PROM!

DATE: DECEMBER 13, 1985
TIME: 9 PM - 2 AM
Dancing all night!
PLACE: Brecon Living Room

OTHER EVENTS:

This Year's Theme:
"Does Your Mother Know That You're Out?"

Area Dress and Date Optional

This is a fun event! Come solo, come duo!

I just came...

Magical Questions? Call Teresa 8777, Amanda 8867

BY AREA

No Genders

MISOGYNY...

continued from page nine

illustrations show a child with non-descript clothes and messy shorn lank hair that could belong to either a boy or a girl. The math teacher is female (Mrs. Fimbozaci, who counts 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 13, 21 in the science teacher, male (Dr. Newton). The book's neutrality leaves it open for girls and boys both to identify with the main character, and it is probably more free of stereotypes than if the character were clearly of either gender, since there can be no ascriptive identity on which to hang any stereotypes. The book rests on the assumption that any child can conquer math/the world, with enough imagination and persistence. Confidence and triumph are not only for boys.

That calendar still waits downstairs, though; the girl who is confident in her abilities is still less likely to get called on in class; women still earn significantly less than men in similar jobs. Confidence is not enough.

And so I've begun to notice. I notice the women around me, when they speak up, when they stay silent. I notice people's jobs — women in housekeeping, men in facilities services. I notice the articles in women's magazines about why liking orgasms is appropriate, the Wonderbra ads surrounding an article about the budget standstill in The Philadelphia Inquirer. And I no longer think that these don't apply to me, that they need not get in the way of my enjoyment. I don't know how this helps me, but since I've started to watch, I can't just look away.
Lady Oracle has a tough week, and rebounded enough to write a slightly unconventional, slightly foreshadowed horoscope, so please, we’re working according to the moons and houses as *in the moon is in the seventh house* and not by the standard solar calendar. Pick the nearest one to you and forget to fit your life. These do-it-yourself ones cut down on the grumpy women who tell me I predicted a bad week for them. It’s the *Inert Graphic* approach.

LFB LFB LFB LFB

Can you be *kinds* depressed like ‘kinds’ pregnant? A part of me asked this week. The sobering side of the Oracle answered “sure, why not?’; the change in weather is the only factor that takes psyche for a nose dive. ‘Vat is causing this depression?’ Dr. Ruth asks, hoping for some sexual inactivity to play up. Upon, Dr. Freud might have just offered you a cigar. Lady Oracle, ruined by both life and too many ciga rettes this past week, would probably grumble something about the cruel nature of ol’ BMC, the rotten telephone, your competitors’ careless forgetfulness and this time of year. This past week may have been one where The Well of Loneliness provided your drinking water, but, ta-dah! It is Thanksgiving, and when you will gulp down a turkey or facsimile thereof (tofu?) and take a break from the hellhole of your undergraduate education. (Any freshmen or transfers still clinging to opinions otherwise are welcome to write the Oracle and tell her stop her old sorry vaticinum with some theory of byrhh Mayer and a chance etc.) Then imagine the last three weeks melting away to Xmas-Hannukah-Quan-Zu-Asiacitico-Asiatic vaca- tion, and once your mindset is there, imagine May 19th. You follow your voice counting backwards from ten... Are you getting sleepy? There. Now, an unsharper boochie being chased by dozens of renegades...

SACITTARUS Did sexsim itself up to its head this week? Do you feel put upon for being the female, look to what you really are? “How lovely to be a woman, the wait was well worth while, how lovely to wear mascara and smile a woman’s smile. How lovely to have a figure that’s round instead of flat; whenever you hear boys whistle, what you’re they’re whistling at?” That repugnate-debonaire was the epitome of girls wonders in the sixties; never mind Glo Steinem, we’re talking Ann-Margaret in *Bye, Bye Birdie*. One foot up on the feminist evolutionary ladder is Cameron Girls and Small Tow, the Women’s Movement for Teenagers. (1970) Let’s see if y’all can identify with this “of all the woman-haters that have ever lived, advertisers rank among the worst. (On television) you can look gorgeous and sexy, two hours of the show, but the message is that a boy has to have a chance at mounting a husband; you can be seen on your knees waxing the floor, bending over a stove, cleaning, washing, diapering a baby.” Lady O thinks this stuff of high school revets, and urges you to practice your own brand of postmodern, post-Madonna, post-rogue season feminism at the Thanksgiving scator.

SCORPIO To all the girls I’ve loved before, because they’re just like me, here is a lil’ something from Andrew Lloyd Webber and Tim Rice, and before you pack and make terrible faces, just read on and see if this rings a bell... I had to let it happen, I had to change; couldn’t spend all my life down at bed, looking out of the windows, staring out at the sun. So I choose freedom, running around trying everything new, but nothing impressed me at all, I never expected it to. Don’t cry for me Massachusetts, the truth is I never left you, all through my wild days, my mad existence, I kept my promise, don’t keep your distance. And as for fortune, and as for fame, I never invited them in, though it seemed to the world we were all desired. They are illusion, they are not the solutions they promised you; any answer was here all the time I love you, and hope you love me.

CAPRICORN Your life needs gimmers of Karl Marx here and there, sugar-pie, Marx makes me rush with yearning- his week is the most beautiful and sometimes sensual thing I’ve ever had. Yum. You don’t believe me, pick up the Manifesto and banish all the dispassionate parts of your soul. This week, lay off the pop music and get some culcha listening to 95 FM’s classical lure. You don’t have to abandon your Califia and other poles, just kick up some Anais instead. Classical music supposedly increases brain power and you’ll be able to cram more Durkheim for your dollar in the increased surface area.

AQUARIUS “Take a chance on me” vs. “Gimme gimme gimme a man after midnight?” Is this the question of the ages that plagues your sleep at night? Either you have a ABA fetish (which we’ll not discuss), some other fetish (which I won’t touch) OR you’ve found a new them topic. Heh heh, aren’t you happy you’re a social sciences major? If not, go on with your hard sciences, and don’t complain; you’ll be buying me out in ten years.

ARIES This is the true-to-life lot of an Aires, BMC ’96, my former Customs partner, she’s very tall, slender, and single! Ms. A, as we all call her, has seen both the Exotic and Beetlejuice one hundred and sixty-seven times, and spent her pre-college days at Harvard’s business school with her dozen European lovers, all of whom closely resem bied Pierce Brosnan. Her love of romance and money paves to be fulfilled and her fantasies include horses and leather (saddles, bridlees, and riding crops). Why is the Oracle telling you all this? No one knows why, so write to her at the College News. Number two, her wants and goals are the same as about fifteen percent of the undergrad population, so she’s in simple company, and three, this gives ripe opportunity for you little ram-headed girls to realize that Mawsters aren’t truly alienated because there’s always another read: freak] like you.

TAURUS The Oracle quit the girls scout in the fifth grade -herein lies the problem- Maken new friends, but keep the old, one is silver and the other gold. Cheesy, yes, and schmaltzy, sure, but realize that the friends you don’t see and unintentionally lost their number are the ones who count. Regarding the girl scouts, I quit right after our trek to the Schubert theater to see Cats for (more) Andrew Lloyd Webber, see below. For Max Weber, see Bob Washington.) My good friend was dishonorably discharged from the green shirts when she stole the little girls little Tinkerbell perfume and doused the bunch with it, hoping for a clearing bout of flames. Echoes of Teresa the Mad Bomber, don’t it. “My, what interesting girls you see on your own,” Irae’s Orannon is fond of saying. As to the girl scouts, I just went for Cats, mar... GEMINI Your writing’s illegible, your words intelligible... actually, my deal, you are probably the most together sort of person I’m aware, folded away in your book-lined niche like some recluse chanteuse with the opera giving you interesting dreams at night. My only concern is that there is too little entropy in your life. Chemistry is my only comment regarding this phenomenon, but turn the pert student routine off for a bit and come fire walk with Lady O. Enter her world of note and empty Diet Coke bottles, her very occasional flashes of brilliance, and her dust bunnies that violate the pet policy. Why would you want this? Perspective, baby, there is always a winner in the game of life.

PIECES/SMOKEERS Why do you do it? I understand that boredom, those five minutes, that frustration of the great and glorious goddess called ACADEMIC EXCELLENCE leaving you behind on the corner as she zooms off in her Volvo, leaving you to think instead of dusk upon the paper, leaving you period. I know you have money, the fresh on the hall conducted an intervention to prevent your Oracle from puffling away one night. I nearly hated them that moment, but is there the high you’re into, or the event itself of the cigarette? If you’re some disgruntled non-smoker, then light one, for goodness’ sakes. Express that autonomy that you told yourself you gained from BMC. Somewhere.

What’s your top ten?

Betsy’s and Kalpana’s Top Ten List

Life To:

1. hugging my stuffed animal, Moosy-Moosy.
2. watching the stars out of our window at night.
3. laughing and crying at the same time.
4. listening to Bob Marley put you to sleep and think of the night.
5. having your underwear stolen by a mean roommate.
6. stuffing carboard in a cockroach crack.
7. not having enough time to do everything that you need to do.
8. eating Fringles.
9. finding inner solitude when life is throwing meathalls in your face.
10. helping other people when you don’t even have the energy to help yourself.

11. living a life of Yoga.

—by Betsy Bisell and Kalpana Parekh ’96

The movie crew’s Top Ten List thanks to Betsy Bisell ’96

Q. Why Do We Make Movies?
1. Because sometimes we actually get paid.
2. Because I need t-shirts.
3. Because we like the way our grips smell.
4. Because we’re the stars.
5. Because we are Free Loops men.
6. It’s easier than making cartoons.
7. Because we will come to life extremely dysfunctional families! And love the abuse! (And because you couldn’t get a job as a spelling teacher!)
8. Because I couldn’t get accepted to in law school.
9. Because my land lord doesn’t accept diet coke movie checks.
10. Because unemployment ran out.

Found on the cardboards in Taylor (it was written up by the movie crew).