Union saga continues

by Jenn Hogan

On December 7th, at 3:30 in the afternoon, ghosts from the labor movement once again choose to haunt our campus. Representatives from various building trades unions, 15 unions in all, including carpenters, steamfitters, iron workers, plumbers, electricians, and cement workers, staged a peaceful demonstration against Bryn Mawr for choosing to use a non-union contractor to build the Art and Archeology library. Although this event was publicized, only about 10 students took part in the demonstration.

The message of the workers was that they are fighting for the rights of all workers to get decent pay for decent work. They are primarily upset that Wohlsen uses workers from outside the area, many of them temporary workers, instead of skilled union labor from the area.

There were about 150 workers involved in the demonstration along with a small student contingent which included several members of the International Socialist Organization (ISO) and the Democratic Socialist Organization (DSA).

continued on p. 3

A Body-Image Choose Your Own Adventure: The perfect woman.

by Jessica Shearer

As a former head of the Coalition Against Xenophobia and a current member of the Democratic Socialists of America’s Youth Section and Coalition Building Committee, I believe that we must focus much of our attention on all the forms of xenophobia, including cultural and political, that have reared their ugly heads in the past two years. In many ways, immigrants, especially when they are people of color and/or women are the most vulnerable members of society. As a synthesizing multi-issue organization, DSA, and others concerned with all kinds of justice in this nation, must make a special effort to involve activists young and old in the fight to protect the dignity and rights of immigrants. As I learned last year with my CAX work, immigrant rights are neither as familiar nor as popular an issue for many people as are civil rights or women’s rights. The DSA has planned a Day of Action for Immigrant and Refugee Rights. This is an excellent step in the correct direction, but we must remember and recognize the assaults on and possibilities for working around the issue of immigrant rights.

Historically, U.S. born people have often exploited immigrants and immigrant labor out of greed and/or fear and area. By Jenn Hogan and Megan Munson

What is SNATCH anyway?

We know that you’ve all seen those provocative flyers around campus. You know, the ones with the dominatrix on them (that’s the woman with whips and chains, dressed in leather, and ready to bring men to their knees, hormones, not a bad idea for the College News staff...) and the invitation, nay command, to submit to a new bi-co publication called of all things "Snatch" (if you don’t know the meaning of this word, call up your customs people and ask them, don’t feel bad, Megan had too). If you’re at all like us, you’re a little intrigued by what this new literary effort is all about. What could a bi-co "titse" possibly entail? Isn’t the Bryn Mawr-Haverford community supposed to be the most repressed community in the country? Well, we, Jenn Hogan and Megan Munson, fearless College News editors and self-proclaimed prudes, decided to take it upon ourselves to find out what Snatch is all about. So, on the first Monday night in December, we ventured to the cafe to meet the women behind CAX, as we were, Zoe Chance, Haverford ’97, and Jenn Turrell, Bryn Mawr, ’97.

We must admit that we did not know what to expect. We sort of assumed that the dominatrix depicted on the flyer might be a picture of one of the editors of Snatch. However, Zoe and Jenn turned out to be very friendly and un-intimidating, and smashed all of our stereotypes down immediately. The first question we asked them was if they planned to put a glossy in the back to clarify some of the terms that might be used in this publication, especially since the fresh living on Penn East third floor fear that the language might be the kind of language they did not need to know for the SAT and might have some troubli-
EDITORIAL

(sigh...) Summation of Semester Insanity

It's been a wild and crazy semester here at the College News. Or at least a crazy one... It's also flown by (remember: time flies like an arrow, but fruit flies like a banana). Why, it seems like just yesterday we were sitting here, frustrated, because we couldn't figure out how to work the computers for layout. Actually, it was just yesterday, now that I think of it, but we felt that way for the first time nearly four months ago.

Looking back, there are a few things that have been new and different this semester. For instance, the Game Room, and the fact that the Campus Center now sensibly stays open until two. Or the snow: this is the first time since any of us have been here that it's snowed before winter break. Go to it, global warming, as I always say! Last but not least, we've managed to capture the lizard that's been running around the College News Office... good thing we caught it before winter break, or there could have been a major infestation on campus when we returned from winter break!

A lot of water has passed under the bridge, and a couple dozen articles have wandered their way through the computers. Speaking of articles, if you want your disk back and we haven't sent it to you yet, feel free to come by the 'News office and pick it up anytime...

So now we stand, at the edge of a brave new semester, and, not so incidentally, at the edge of the unknown. Who will be the editors next semester? Will there be more than four issues of the College News? Will anyone new ever write for the paper? Will it ever be the same? Will we ever be as busy as we are now? We have so many questions, and so few answers.

But no matter what happens, we're left with the fact that the year is ending. And, as it always does, the end of the year reminds us of how much we've accomplished. We've published new writers for the first time in a long time. We've encouraged new ideas and new approaches to the news. We've taken risks and we've been successful.

So now we stand, at the edge of a brave new semester, and, not so incidentally, at the edge of a world community. Through this continuing dialogue, we seek to promote communication and understanding and to foster self-confidence and independence in expression.

THE COLLEGE NEWS
BRYN MAWR COLLEGE VOLUME XVIII. NO. 4, DECEMBER 12, 1995

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The College News does not accept any advertising.

THE next deadline is Friday, November 3, at Midnight. Letters and articles should be sent to our mailbox (C-1716), or placed outside our Denbig office (x7340). All submissions should be on MAC disks or hard copy. They will be returned to 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 the Denbig; if you are interested in submitting to the paper.

STATEMENT OF PURPOSE: The College News is a feminist newjournal 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.

Choose Your Own Adventure: GO TO THE CAMPUS CENTER

Instead of exercising, she went to check her mail, and thought of all the good things in the general direction of the cafe. She vegged forever, watching beautiful women on television and not so beautiful women on television. She hated all of them. She wanted to be perfect and not to have to think about her body all the time. She knew there was more fun things to do. She talked herself into feeling better, but too soon it was time to go to the dining services again.

Choose Your Own Adventure: JOG

She rolled out of bed to discover that she was still hideously size nine; the woman who looked at her from the closet-door mirror still needed work—and much at that. The number nine is a firecracker just as long as it doesn't relate to your waist or your hip. She is glad she got up so early. She doesn't want people to see her before she is fixed in the morning. She wrestles with her tight jogging suit of lycra shorts, the matching sports bra, and Nike tennis shoes. It's dark out, misty. She paces through the garbage men's hellos and their uniform garb. Just run, she thought. A little run will make her feel better. She quickened her pace until she reached the turn at the end of the block, simultaneously flexing her arms to look like a size 5. She knew that was closer to what they wanted. She used every breath to force her breath in and out. After her run she headed for the SHOWER (p.4).

The Virtue of Charity: Real vs. "Reflective"

by Julia Alexander

"If you see me stumble, don't stand back and look on Reach out now, baby, give your hands to struggle." --Sweet Honey In the Rock

This is the season when we traditionally remember to give to people other than ourselves. The Salvation Army Santas are outside of the stores, and there are boxes in the dorms for us to drop our contributions of food and clothing for the needy. I support this sort of effort, because I believe that if I am lucky, someone is trying to help me. The Salvation Army Santas are good. They are not a band of people telling me what I should do. They are not a part of some force that is pushing me to give. They are not saying all of this, and I don't do much of this. I give in a stimulus response fashion, I won't remember to give to other people when I don't have a stimulus. In fact, I am far less likely to give as a charity after the holidays, because fewer people ask me to. People don't need any less in February than they do in December, but if they're needy, they get a lot less.

My giving doesn't really mean a lot if I don't have to think about what I'm doing. If I don't make a conscious choice and take some effort to give to other people, what I'm doing isn't going to make a permanent difference in their lives. Time is a lot harder to give than money, for some strange reason. I guess it seems like it takes more out of my life to give of my time than it does to give of my money. But for the same reason, I think that it's more important to take the time to give of yourself to the people who really need you. Mind you, I am saying all of this, and I don't do much of anything to "give of my time to people continued on page five"
Choose Your Own Adventure: SALAD

Snatch!
gets smutty
continued from page 1
understanding, Zoe and Jenn reassured us that all of the submissions were pretty much self-explanatory and could be understood by the average lay woman. Then Jenn and Zoe spoke to Dorothy about the paucity of good lesbian erotica. Allison had said that most lesbian eroticism is, quite frankly, boring and tove- dovey. Allison suggested creating a "smut" so that when people see Zoe and Jenn would have a specific non-academic medium in which to write. Since neither Zoe nor Jenn seemed intimidated by the idea of "smut," it was a dream come true.

The submission process was very successful. The editors were chomping at the bit (subtly, of course) to find out what ex- tended genre. We continued from page 1

MESSAGES FROM THE UNION PICKETERS:

"In the past week or so, the following scenes appeared on two flyers they were putting out to students and faculty at Bryn Mawr. Please write to the College News at c/o C-176 with any responses you have to these flyers' appearance here.

bryn Mawr College

World Class College

or

Just Another Greedy Institution?

Bryn Mawr has decided to answer our appeals for fair wages by lying about work previously done on campus. Letting the "Marion Park Science Center," Rockfeller (sic) Hall were done yall-union contractors." We have proof that this is not true.

In a recent article published in The College News, the administration has claimed that the non-union contractor's bid for the new library project was about $1 million dollars lower than those received by Union companies. We challenge the administration to support the contention with facts. The Union contractors made substantial concessions in order to meet Bryn Mawr's demands, but your administration chose to give the project to the lowest bidder, with no concern for the quality of work. As observed in The College News, "that big hole in the ground in back of Powderhorn is not exactly a flurry of activity." Is that the same quality work that you are spending your tuition dollars on?

bryn Mawr is not an impoverished institution. It has an estimated $218 million endowment fund, and recently raised an additional $91 million through its all-Mawrters campaign. Rather than using that money wisely to insure that you receive the very best facilities, it has opted to try to save money at your expense. It has hired the cheapest contractor available rather than investing your money in a quality construction company that would provide you with the first class library that you are entitled to. It has been quite often been noted that you will get what you pay for. Bryn Mawr's construction policies are proof of that adage

Please tell Bryn Mawr College to use Responsible Contractors that pay the area wages and standards.

Thank you for your support.

The construction workers of Montgomery County.

Our Children are tomorrow's students.

SOLIDARITY ONCE AGAIN

Students of BRYN MAWR COLLEGE, you constitute a diverse but unified group of individuals dedicated to the cause of social justice. George Wright, from the Niagara Falls, but which was still pretty

The other piece was a lesbian fan-

fantasy which involved women with vagi-

nal secretions that seemed to resemble

blood. Zoe and Jenn hope that Snatch will help to stimulate more discussion on safe sex. Zoe said "It's not our job to educate people, it's our job to call people's attention to the fact that they have not received any negative comments about Snatch. Zoe remarked, almost wistfully: "We thought we'd offend a lot more people than we did."

Finally, Zoe and Jenn lament on campuses across the country. Zoe finds it a blank canvas upon which you paint your future, one filled with endless possibilities.

That workplace provides the best opportunity for men and women to express their individuality and to assert their independence. The unionized construction industry has long welcomed women and minorities into its ranks. In the Philadelphia area, the Building Trades Unions have trained and referred to employment in excess of 90% of the women and minorities in the industry.

With that record of equal opportunity employment behind it, the construction unions must question Bryn Mawr's election to be on the lists of contractors who cannot boast of such successes in its treatment of women and minorities.

Why does Bryn Mawr ignore these standards when it comes to construction on their campuses?

The Better Buildings Unions have a commitment to provide employment opportunities to men and women alike, by referring on a non-discriminatory basis. Our success in this field is well known and readily acknowledged.

We ask you to support those egalitarian principles. Express your dissatisfaction with your college's failure to refer to contractors who adhere to those employment practices that are so critical to the continued advancement of women and minorities in this vital and growing segment of the workforce.

Thank you for your support.

Montgomery County Building Trades Committee

Affiliates of the AFL-CIO

Labor Donated

Our Children are tomorrow's students

Choose Your Own Adventure: SLEEP

She reached over to ruffle her hair. She always has. She doesn't always wake up, but she always makes sure she's awake before she gets out of bed. She was unable to sleep well; she felt her thighs expanding. She sat on the side of the bed and almost fainted at the sight of herself from that angle. She wouldn't be able to remember that her thigh was examined again.

She was unable to sleep well; she felt her thighs expanding. She sat on the side of the bed and almost fainted at the sight of herself from that angle. She wouldn't be able to remember that her thigh had been examined again. She was unable to sleep well; she felt her thighs expanding. She sat on the side of the bed and almost fainted at the sight of herself from that angle. She wouldn't be able to remember that her thigh had been examined again.

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The silence of the college was noticed by the union members. "Just be- cause you refuse to acknowledge us doesn't mean that we're not here," George Wright remarked. "It's not our job to stay here until the job is done, so the union that labor union can get the job done faster and with higher quality results."

Likewise, none from Wholes construction was on hand to comment on the demonstration.

This story is from the classic erotic book, The Story of O. She explained that this was not meant to objectify women, but merely depicted a story of the mental- ity of a willing slave and that they purposefully balanced the messages flies, pairing the voice of a fertile slave with the picture of the dominatrix.

Furthermore, Zoe and Jenn clarified that they were trying to put out a smut magazine to get away from any ideas of being PC. They had actually expected the flyers to be more popular. "After all, we are abnormal because we didn't fanta-

ise about sex with sex, as well as more lesbian or gay pieces." Both Jenn and Zoe felt that a lot of the materials were more sensual than sexy, although they admitted that many were quite beautiful. We at the College News feel Snatch's frustration, since we know what it's like when people don't write on what we want them to write on.

Megan, of course, wondered if Snatch was seeking to objectify women. She was concerned about the flyer, which had a border with a woman's voice saying something to the effect of "Whip me, boss. Of course, we were made to blend." Megan wanted to know what Jenn and Zoe felt about these feminist concerns. Zoe explained to wide-eyed Megan that
 Charity continued from page 2

who really need me," but it's a principle I am starting to remember to integrate into my life. I started to think that if people give of their time consistently, it begins to make more sense why we are simply giving to other people. They become more real to us, and we can start to look at people in need as human beings much like ourselves, rather than as the anonymous recipients of our charity.

People should volunteer their time, if for no other reason than that it will help to combat the Contract With America. The people who benefit from volunteer services are the same ones who are being most hurt by the effects of this Contract. Welfare reform is punishing rather than aiding the poor. We are losing the rights to reproductive freedom. Inner-city children are in danger of losing their teachers. And so on.

Giving intentionally makes our giving more powerful. We no longer reach out to others simply giving someone a bucket in front of us. If we make an intentional choice to give to other people, we can build a coalition to change the world. When we give because we made a choice to do so, we are connecting ourselves in a more personal way with other people who are giving, I believe firmly that there is enough food, shelter, work, and whatever it is in this world that someone could not have to take away from others to honestly have everything they need for a happy and fulfilling life. We give intentionally, we are making a statement that we believe in this principle, and we give an example to other people that they, too, can have the freedom to give to others.

Maybe I'm too idealistic, but I think that no one would ever really need to reach out to help those around them on a personal level (even if they are still giving in the supermarket or a box in their dorm), we will be able to change the world for the better. And, of course, if we keep changing the world for the better, eventually the concept of charity will be obsolete, because everyone will have enough.

by Julia Alexander

I think it's finally hit that time of the year again. The time when I look at the needs of my body as a major impediment to getting my work done. I get annoyed at the need to shower, eat, or, heaven forbid, sleep. It isn't that I don't like my body, although I am imbued with the Western media that insists that I must hate this flesh in which my soul resides... It's that my body is like a two year old, always needing something that distracts me from what I really need to be doing...

Anyhow, this is another one of those senior advice letters to everyone else, as though you couldn't figure things out just as well or better for yourself.

First, try to avoid skipping meals if you can, because you really won't be able to think clearly with no food in your stomach. (Not incidentally, it will really piss off your roommates, who are giving to other people, who are also awake. This will help keep you alert and moving. The competition won't be open around the clock if they can keep it stuffed.)

Second, on the matter of sleep. Have a nice sleep before going you can go without pulling an all-nighter. If you think you will absolutely have to pull one, try to push it off until your last night here, since you can sleep at home. Learned the hard way that you should never ever, ever go into an exam after pulling more than one all-nighter:

If you do have to pull all night, it's helpful to be with other people who are also awake. This will help keep you alert and moving. The competition center will be open until two; and you can always get together with friends in someone's room.

If you are planning on eating pizza during the course of your all-nighter, remember that most places will be closed by one, and the quality of pizza at the A-Plus is spotty at best. Other options for food are Dunkin' Donuts and anything you remember to get ahead of time...

Here's some more advice I learned the HARD way: never ever return your books to the library (especially Liddington Library in Bryn Mawr) if you think there is the remotest chance that you might want to use them again within a month. Even if you have notes from it, and no one else would ever want to use the book (as proven by the fact that no book-store in the area owns it) it might very well disappear never again to be found once it's out of your hands...

Remember that even if you don't personally have a lot of work to do, there are double隐people in your dorm who have more work to do than they can possibly finish before they have to go home. So be very nice to them, and don't make any more noise than you really have to, even if it's just a quiet hours. (Do you really want to face the wrath of a senior who has just discovered that not only did she lose a bunch of her notes, but that the note-cards were mostly from a book that has slipped into the netherworlds of Liddington Library? I didn't think so.)

Someone recently told me that you know that there is an arrangement of comfortable chairs in Canada, outside on the third floor, near the windows that face the Campus Center, on the side opposite the stairway. They add a whole new dimension of enjoyment to doing your reserve reading...

So, if you get the chance, go out and do something nice for your friends, to make up for the fact that you're stressed out and snappish, nd don't have the time to talk to them anymore...

Don't feel guilty about procrastinating unless you have fewer than twenty-four hours to finish your exams and papers. Taking care of yourself isn't procrastination, it's taking care of yourself.

Try to manage your time so that you get things done in a reasonable fashion. If you have more than one paper, make a deadline for the first one early in the exam period, and stick to it. The time goes for exams. Personally, I prefer to get the exams out of the way as soon as I can, because there isn't a lot you're going to learn in a week anyway.

Speaking of exams, if you haven't procrastinated yet, sign up to do it the next time you see the sign-ups. It's not a hard job, it gives you three hours to sit alone and either study or relax. And it helps other people to have self-scheduled ex-

Choose Your Own Adventure: SHOWER

She took her towel and all the toiletries she could manage. Before she got into the shower she washed her hair with shampoo that will make her hair bouncier, shinier, and more vibrant. She uses conditioner to style her hair easily. Then, with a splat lotion-like soap and steel scrub, she buffs her body to make her skin glow and feel softer by removing all those unnecessary layers of skin. As she buffs her legs she realizes that she needs a shave. She swears they get prickly after five minutes. What a curse this body hair has been! Body hair: what is it good for? She shaves her face with lotions to keep the skin free of blemishes, one of her greatest nightmares (that comes true far too often), and to make the skin wrinkle-free and touchably soft. She wishes she had time for a mask every morning, but she makes do with having that as her nighttime ritual. She dries off and applies more lotion to her face, arms, and hands to keep the sun from causing any wrinkles and to prevent sunburn. It is so important to keep yourself looking your best, even if you're wearing a housecoat. Quickly but carefully she dries her bouncer, shinier, more vibrant hair. She hurries back to her room before anyone can see her, but they never do; everyone else is still asleep. She covers her face carefully, but she finds herself less and less eager to care of it later if her thighs showed thighs.

She knew that her body needed something; she just hoped this wasn't it... After all, she had been using the whole time and felt gluttonous) she had to move her fat self (the old sentiments were back) into the kitchen and get to WORK(S).

Advice from an old and wise (?) senior

Choose Your Own Adventure: SPAGHETTI

Adventure: SPAGHETTI

She decided that she was going to make something interesting for dinner tonight as a kind of experiment. She could always take care of it later if her thighs showed thighs. She would make a good dinner. She knew that her body needed something; she just hoped this wasn't... She had been eating the whole time and felt gluttonous) she had to move her fat self (the old sentiments were back) into the kitchen and get to WORK(S).

Yet another beautiful shot of scenic, frozen Bryn Mawr thanks to Karen Goggins

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What's on her plate: Melons, water, yogurt(S) or PANCAKES, JUICE, BAGEL, SALAD & SP?9

December 12, 1995
by Jenn Hogan

Many women come to Bryn Mawr with the idea that spending four years at a women's college means that they will learn about leadership, work on their leadership skills without having to share the spotlight with men. However, some where along the way the idea seemed to get lost, leaving many Bryn Mawrters complaining of a leadership crisis: nobody seems to be interested in becoming a leader of this school, wrote Sheenu in the spring. Hoover as a hoister of liberalism and potentially dangerous, can sometimes seem like prisoners in an ivory tower, unwilling to take part in the outside world. Now, there seems to be some special revival of activism on the Bryn Mawrters. Sheenu and Dawn would like to see a new community service office on campus which would not only facilitate Mawrters' searches for community involvement, but could have space for all campus groups to keep club materials, to facilitate changes in leadership in clubs from year to year. They pointed to the example of CIVIC, an umbrella organization at Swarthmore which helps all groups on campus get organized, and provides information on how to set goals, get funded for their needs, and deal with burnout, among other things.

I asked Sheenu and Dawn what they thought were the big issues with which Mawrters need to deal in terms of getting involved. Dawn started by saying: "I'm sick of listening to people saying I'm going to get involved in activities next year. People need to start getting involved in the middle of the year. " Sheenu added, "A lot of organizations have trouble in terms of continuing. Many groups have to reinvent the wheel every four years. This is why we need a better resource center on campus." Sheenu and Dawn would like to see more students take an active role in campus organizations instead of just waiting to be told what to do. They also pointed out that many students who work with the Bryn Mawr with a lot of high ideals about what they are going to change but then get there and are discouraged easily. Dawn and Sheenu remind students that small victories do not mean learning organization and leadership skills are going to change right. In taking a part in anything from joining a club to running a social event in your dorm you can teach a lot.

Moving on to EWOC, they said that a lot of the campus activity that is going on seems to form around issue oriented, quasi-political groups. These organizations including the BMC Greens, AIDS Service Network, Democratic Socialist Association, and Women's Center are trying to be a lot of wows on campus. I spoke to Neil Crawford, class of '96, who is very involved in the rebirth of the Women's Center. This year the goal of the Women's Unity and Action Center (EWOC) is to move and revitalize the Women's Center so it can serve as a center of activism on campus. Another big project on the Women's Center is organizing the Bryn Mawr delegation to Feminist Expo '96 sponsored by the Feminist Majority with the theme of envisioning our feminist future. Nell does not see herself as much as a leader as merely a concerned student. She got involved in activism because "When I first came to Bryn Mawr, I thought it would be a lot more active." She thinks the biggest problem Bryn Mawrs faces is that students don't have time for political activism. Still, she thinks that the Women's Center has much potential to reinvigorate the Bryn Mawr activist community as long as people take advantage of it. She remarked: "The women's center doesn't go so far as the women of Bryn Mawr allow it to go." Still, Nell is very impressed with this year's freshman class because they have been extremely active. This is in contrast to previous years when we got up and did things.)

I don't know what I can say to convince all of the people who keep complaining to me about this. I know that it drives me crazy, because this is a good part of the people who are getting cut off the humanities. (How many high school chemistry classes are taught by the people who are teaching classes by the people who are teaching physics, and not by the people who are teaching chemistry? And how many people have space for all campus groups to keep club materials so as to facilitate changes in leadership in clubs from year to year. The students of this school, which was seen by J. Edgar Hoover as a hoister of liberalism and potentially dangerous, can sometimes seem like prisoners in an ivory tower, unwilling to take part in the outside world. Now, there seems to be some special revival of activism on the Bryn Mawrters. Sheenu and Dawn would like to see a new community service office on campus which would not only facilitate Mawrters' searches for community involvement, but could have space for all campus groups to keep club materials, to facilitate changes in leadership in clubs from year to year. They pointed to the example of CIVIC, an umbrella organization at Swarthmore which helps all groups on campus get organized, and provides information on how to set goals, get funded for their needs, and deal with burnout, among other things.

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Moving on to EWOC, they said that a lot of the campus activity that is going on seems to form around issue oriented, quasi-political groups. These organizations including the BMC Greens, AIDS Service Network, Democratic Socialist Association, and Women's Center are trying to be a lot of wows on campus. I spoke to Neil Crawford, class of '96, who is very involved in the rebirth of the Women's Center. This year the goal of the Women's Unity and Action Center (EWOC) is to move and revitalize the Women's Center so it can serve as a center of activism on campus. Another big project on the Women's Center is organizing the Bryn Mawr delegation to Feminist Expo '96 sponsored by the Feminist Majority with the theme of envisioning our feminist future. Nell does not see herself as much as a leader as merely a concerned student. She got involved in activism because "When I first came to Bryn Mawr, I thought it would be a lot more active." She thinks the biggest problem Bryn Mawrs faces is that students don't have time for political activism. Still, she thinks that the Women's Center has much potential to reinvigorate the Bryn Mawr activist community as long as people take advantage of it. She remarked: "The women's center doesn't go so far as the women of Bryn Mawr allow it to go."

Still, Nell is very impressed with this year's freshman class because they have been extremely active. This is in contrast to previous years when we got up and did things.)

I don't know what I can say to convince all of the people who keep complaining to me about this. I know that it drives me crazy, because this is a good part of the people who are getting cut off the humanities. (How many high school chemistry classes are taught by the people who are teaching physics, and not by the people who are teaching chemistry? And how many people have
by Liz Lincoln

In keeping with the centered approach, I decided to share with you all some extracts from a recent English assignment. This is probably not in good taste and I advise those who are squeamish about discussing their bodies (or other people's) to stop RIGHT NOW and read a different article. Who knows? Perhaps you will notice that it's (hard to notice) just how many terms he has for various bodily parts and functions, including but not limited to those discussed in polite society. To show us just how many such terms that we know, our professor assigned us to look for and compile as many euphemisms as possible. Let's call it a "kidney-scraper"! It's one thing that struck us all was the huge numbers of names for the penis and female masturbation as compared with those for vaginas and female masturbation. However, I only have a few to share with you.

Penis: Dragon-love muscle, John Thomas

Breasts: Toraloraals, headlights, bodacious ta-tas, umlauts

Masturbation (male): Shake hands with the unemployed, date Rosey Palm and her five sisters

Masturbation (female): Flick the switch, she-lop, buttonhole

Menstruation: Rhubarb season arrived today, blood of Mary, "Guess what? I'm not pregnant!" candy bar, my friend from Idaho

Anyways, you get the idea. I now have pages and pages of this stuff, which will probably be discovered by, oh, say my hygienic and loving suspect, who will wonder what kind of pervert her son is marrying...

So why do we feel compelled to euphemize? A quick survey of the learning College News staff (all of us currently in the field) revealed that we worry about what people will think of us if we don't. Also, it makes it easier for us to use our language to express our pornography.

Dr. Zed and I am walking, and marvel that they have the power to carry me, after mile after mile, day after day. Of course my hips in frustration, I try to squeeze into a pair of jeans that are too small.

My hands can type so fast. Sometimes, other times, they seem like they have no idea where anything I want to say might be, and go wandering around the keyboard typing things that might make sense to them, but haven't bearing on what I want to talk about. Most of the time, I don't think of my body as being connected to myself. I talk to it, and about it, as though it were separate from whatever it is that makes me me. I make elaborate bargains with it to stop it cramps, or to stop working. I get angry when it insists on staying longer than I should, or to walk just another block or two... I feel betrayed when my body falls down, or stops working. I get angry when it insists on staying longer than I have the time for, or when it gets hungry when I think I've eaten enough. I'm never certain of what it will give me headaches, or why I will be exhausted when I think I've eaten enough. I've never considered why it will give me headaches, or why I will be exhausted when I think I've eaten enough.

I sometimes stop and look at my hands, or my face, and don't recognize them as who I am as I go through my days. I don't know what the "real" me looks like, but most of the time, it just is the body I walk through my days.

I clothe my body, and usually remember to feed and bathe it regularly. I do what I can to keep it healthy. But I don't usually take the time to remember that this is the place I live in. I think sometimes that I have a deeper connection to my room than I do to my body.

Part of that lies in the fact that I have better control over what my room is like. If I am careful, it won't get messy. If I get into this in a way I can rearrange the furniture. I can decorate it with abandon. If I am careful, it won't get messy. If I get into this in a way I can rearrange the furniture. I can decorate it with abandon. If I am careful, it won't get messy. If I get into this in a way I can rearrange the furniture. I can decorate it with abandon. If I am careful, it won't get messy. If I get into this in a way I can rearrange the furniture. I can decorate it with abandon.

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What the hell is Carpal Tunnel Syndrome?

by Kathryn T. Kingsbury

I think it began my first year at Bryn Mawr—waking up in the morning with an envelope—some memory of an enveloping feeling around my wrist. "It feels like a strain, or like I twisted it, or something. It's not bad. It's not bad." I'd tell my ISA as she dug to the bottom of her first-aid kit for rolled bandages.

The pain always came at the most inconvenient times. I'd be taking a break from my half-written freewriting. English paper—I loathed the ass-i-g-n-m-e-n-t. I clenched my fingers around my pen. I'd clawed the words onto paper so hard that one would not dare scratch a b-a-d. I'd stretch my fingers to grasp my mug of water, a sudden "Ouch!"

Of course, had to keep on writing, despite the pain. I paused soon, and, besides, I was just too tired. I wasn't going to let a little thing like physical discomfort get in the way of my academic survival—my academic survival, the pain simply worsened.

It wasn't until two years later that I realized the pain always came at the most inconvenient times: it wasn't bad luck or unfortunate coincidence. The act of writing was the cause of my discomfort.

This is how the occurrence was. I set down the morning with the intention of finishing a Spanish paper by the end of the day. I had been thinking about the paper for weeks, but written nothing; it would be due in a few days. I was excited by the subject and, besides, I wanted the thing over and done with. So, even when I noticed around noon that my little finger was completely numb, I kept writing. I was not going to let discomfort get in the way of intellectual discovery! Besides, I figured, when I stopped writing, I would go away—just as standing up creates a dosing foot. I realized, almost with the paper, that I had been almost done with the paper. All I needed now was to type it up. I decided that I would stop for the next day, and went off to dinner, and then to hang out all evening in a friend's apartment. While we were fighting over Sil-Getty and Vogue, I noticed that my little finger was hurt—it felt crampy and stiff. More expected was the pain shooting through my wrist, the same pain that, to varying degrees, had already happened many times before. "Hey," I said to my friend, "do you think it has anything to do with writing?"

"Uh, probably." Well, I thought, the sooner I get the pain out of the way, the sooner I could start to recuperate. I spent the next day typing into my computer and revising the paper, taking breaks that were few and far between. After all, there was nothing I could do with this pain except what I would do with a broken leg: continue this with so that I could stop using my hand.

Stupid idea. When I woke up the next day, I discovered that the pain had spread to the left hand, as well, presumably due to the stress of intensive typing. It hurt to lift my telephone re-ceiver, to button my clothes, to use a knife and fork to cut my food. It hurt to write, although I continued to make progress in my classes. The pain was all over, after all, why wasn't I retired? I wasn't so bad. And, of course, I couldn't stop e-ma-iling.

But, I didn't want to give up: guitar, piano, my sexual histories without labeling us. I was in tears half-way down the Blue Route, I asked her if I should be concerned about any serious, anything, anything to stop the pain. The nurse wrapped my wrists and told me to take some ibuprofen. Being barely able to move either of my hands at all, holding the steering wheel of my car may have been a bad idea. And only the day before I had told the pain away. I was told that if the pain went away, I could start using my hands again, not only with frequent breaks, but also with frequent use. I should adjust the height of my desk or chair so that my elbows are at the same height as the keyboard. I should not bend my wrists when I type. I should get an ergonomic keyboard.

If the pain didn't go away, well—then—
I shouldn't type until it does.

As it stands now, I can type or write for about half-an-hour a day, depending on how many breaks I take. I'd be in trouble for typing. (A good time to do this is every 20 minutes.)

The pain hurt, listen to it. Before it gets worse.

"No," she said, "you'll be fine. That stuff usually happens to older people."

As it stands now, I can type or write for about half-an-hour a day, depending on how many breaks I take.

If the nurse instructed: ignore it. But while in school in New Mexico that summer, the problem arose again, and just as painfully. Not having the same kind of access to health centers as at Bryn Mawr, I continued to ignore the problem. I copied by revising my final papers fewer times than I otherwise would have done, and by dropping the habit of taking notes in every class.

When summer school was over, I figured I would give my hands a few good weeks rest. There were no papers to turn in, no notes to take. I read lists of books and watched too much TV. But even at the end of those few weeks, I still felt weird tingling feelings and, alternately, numbness in my fingers, as well as cramps in the palm of my hand.

I visited my HMO and was diagnosed as having carpal tunnel syndrome, a cumulative trauma disorder (CTD) that causes damage to the nerve bundle that carries messages back and forth between the brain and various areas of the hand and wrist. (The problem with my little finger was due to another CTD, as carpal tunnel syndrome does not affect the nerves in that area.)

I was told to stop typing for a few weeks (not until the pain had gone away, I didn't realize), to take megaprescription doses of ibuprofen (which numbs the pain and decreases swelling), and wait and see if the pain went away. I was told that if the pain went away, I could start using my hands again, but only with frequent breaks. I should adjust the height of my desk or chair so that my elbows are at the same height as the keyboard. I should not bend my wrists when I type. I should get an ergonomic keyboard.

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Iven have a believe. She sat on the side of her bed. Hi an she look good without her beaut—so dark she couldn't even see he—might consider an idol. What on—change—to age. She was the culmination of his children are concerned, whereas my mother has a relative moderately high pain threshold. She was deeply concerned about his children's weight. mediated their sense of comfort with all of us. My brother and I, still in pajamas, were joined up at the time of Turkey day. As a fact, my mother to make a chocolate cream pie, and my father to make his famous cranberry and nut cake. It was a usual occurrence for the mere simplicity of enjoying our sex lives. And for older adult women, it is a way to enhance their sexuality. Masturbation is a great way to distract ourselves from the distresses of life. She knew how to carve a turkey. My mother had perfected her good cop-bad cop routine after many run-ins with doctors of all shapes and specialties, and neither of my parents was about to be separated from our dinner. That was financed, except for one thing: it was 1 o'clock in the afternoon of Thanksgiving, and our extended family was due to show up at our doorstep any minute. Mom handed me a turkey baster and said, 'There you go. Aunt Marion will help. Just keep an eye on the turkey with this and you'll be okay.' Bundled Susan up, and walked out the door, things went on. For some women, their sex lives may not flow it. Sexually, we can learn to appreciate on the more simply of enjoying our sex lives. and nothing else. Can become faster sexual so that we do not put hands on our partner's breasts. For younger women, it is a way to enhance sex. And for older adult women, it is a way to maintain sexual interest, and often have better orgasms during masturbation than during coitus. Emotionally, masturbation allows us to distract ourselves from the distractions of everyday life. For women who have had extensive contact, it is a way to get back to the personal pleasure and enjoyment of their own bodies. Masturbation is a great way for us to gain confidence in our ability to please ourselves. It can be so satisfying that you often want to share it with others, and often want your partner to do the same for you. Masturbation is a way to relieve their pain. Due to the increased amount of energy associated with sexual relations, masturbation often helps us to fall asleep more quickly and sleep more soundly. For a post-menopausal woman, masturbation is an excellent method for her to keep her vaginas from becoming too dry and uncomfortable. Masturbation is a practice that many women use in order to feel good about themselves and about nothing wrong with masturbation. On the contrary, there are quite a large number of important creative ways to practice masturbation. Getting to know, however, can be a sexual experience with others is all things that every woman can gain from masturbation. Masturbation is a thinking process; at this point I had suffocated myself up if it went well, he asked, 'Understand that sexuality is as wide as the sea.' He asked, 'If I could regale you, the reader, with tales of non-stop amateur wedding videos while my mother was talking about taking one of us to the hospital. Finally asleep, she dreamt she didn't even have a decent figure. She was no longer 5'7", she had a bun and became 5'2". Her eyes were no longer bright blue, they were a very dark gray—so dark she couldn't even see him. Her dream had become a nightmare. "The car — it just slipped. I don't know what happened. I think the car was drunk and became 5'2". Her eyes were no longer bright blue, they were a very dark gray—so dark she couldn't even see him. Her dream had become a nightmare. "The car — it just slipped. I don't know what happened. I think the car was drunk and became 5'2". Her eyes were no longer bright blue, they were a very dark gray—so dark she couldn't even see him. Her dream had become a nightmare. "The car — it just slipped. I don't know what happened. I think the car was drunk and became 5'2". Her eyes were no longer bright blue, they were a very dark gray—so dark she couldn't even see him. Her dream had become a nightmare.
**Julia's South Carolina Trip**

by Julia Alexander

In a few more months, I think I will remember my English class taught South Carolina as one of the best things I did in college. I think I will look back in future years, and see the wonders of the journey unmarked by the bone-deep tiredness. But right now, the Carolina trip remains a terrain marked by desire, hovering at the edge of my memory, sort of waiting for me to take it all in. So let me look back, and look at this this journey through the lens of a girl who has not yet grown accustomed, and try to see what shape it will take when it melds with my bones.

The most amazing thing, I think, was how deeply I played in the same world. The hills were still green and the land still rose and fell with the sky. I was faced by the same fabled lands, but in many ways, it was like finally going to Narnia, arriving tired and grubby, and realizing that the trees still grow roots down and branches up. That isn't to say it was disappointing, because I found it fascinating to visit all of these places I've read about for so long. In a lot of ways, realizing that the mythical seems real makes it easier to see wonder in the day to day world, because if these places from storybooks look like home... then home must be mythic too.

My favorite part of the trip was the visit to Jamestown, simply because of the crash that wasn't. Tiny ships and realizing that people had trusted their lives for five months to these ships to come to a land they had never seen, that no one they knew had ever seen, and from which they could not reasonably expect to return. And they still came, and lived in misinstructed cabins that seem palatial in comparison to the ships. So I could begin to imagine what it was like...

I was also impressed by Jamestown because I was free to take in the exhibits at my own pace. I could wander to and from parts of it, exploring all the different ways the story could fit together, and never feel like I was being herded from one point to another. In the other places we went, there was not being able to relax and explore the exhibits as I was accustomed in. Maybe I just prefer the do-it-yourself approach to touring the nation.

The most amazing thing about the Carolina trip were the ones done spontaneously. The lunch at the Woolworth's lunch counter, where I could take part in a sit-in in memory as I ate. The tour through the Charleston Cemetery at night, as we were leaving. The haut boire is the bar with the authentic Dixie band playing by the door. All the quiet conversations with the people who shared the journey. These things weren't planned, but they were made memorable for me by the fact that I think it's always the little things, where we fill in the gaps, that make life worth living. It isn't so much the event that is all the preparations. I guess I'm still like a little kid who prefers the boxes and wrapping paper to the actual gift.

Parts of the Carolina trip will fall into my memory as some of the most magical things I have ever done. I can remember the moon rising outside of Virginia, a sharp crescent near dawn. The ship at Jamestown, tiny vessels to carry the first white people to capture a continent and try to make it their own. Glimpses of the renaissance in southern trees, with all the magic of any water seen through branches. The horrible green paint in the parlor of a house in Williamsburg, reminding me that bad taste is timeless. The light falling through the window onto the bare dirt floor of the plantation in Caroline, showing the motes of dust that are all we can really know of what it was like to be a slave.

If anyone asked me, of course I would say I wish I had it to do over. I would go again, even though it was exhausting and frustrating and draining. This was one of those things that I will remember when people ask me what college was like, and it will stand out far better than any other classes I have taken, and all the work and drudgery that have defined my life here. It was a lot like Hell Week: never thinking that looks like it will be a lot of fun, turns out to mean utter despair and exhaustion, and still leaves me feeling enriched. I would do it again, despite all the drawbacks... next year.

A great big

**THANK YOU**

everyone who signed up to proctor exams!

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**Fluid Sexuality**

(continued from page 8)

Aunt had stopped singing to the food and the dishwasher, and the forlorn pare made an argument had rolled into the kitchen.

"You goddamned stupid woman!" Grandpa Schultz yelled. "What the matter with you?"

"You goddamned stupid woman!" the doll chirped.

Grandpa finished shoving the burnt potatoes down the garbage disposal, and turned to look at my grandfather, like an old child.

Grandpa Schultz was in the swing of things. "You're always making shit like that, wasting Richie's money with your own stupidness, burning good food. I."

"Why, Dad, we've still got some which isn't been served, and they shouldn't be home for a little bit longer yet, so we can go into the stove and get some potatoes." She looked at my aunt, who had the distinct look of someone who would like to crawl under the linoleum. The doll kept blathering away.

"Goddamned stupid woman," my grandfather muttered to himself, running out of steam and fuel. The stroke which would deprive him of speech was only three a day away.

"Hello, look at my grandfather, like an old child."

"Hello, my father yelled, carrying the pink bundle of Susan in his arms.

"Dammed stupid woman," the doll began, but Mom turned it off. "What happened to Paul and Ren's car?" she asked.

A little time later, we were all huddled around the table for the only saying of the grace of the entire year for the Schultz family; the men who were going to take their plates into the living room to watch football were standing, the rest of us were sitting. Grandma said the Catholic grace that I keep blocking out of memory, and added one of her famous postscripts, "And thank You for looking after Susan and letting us all be together here today, Amen."

Since Grandpa Schultz's death has left us with our own mortality, Grandma Schultz's more recent postscripts...
by Leah Coffin

About a month ago, I visited the African-American Museum in Philadelphia. At the time, there was a painting exhibit, displayed by Palmer Hayden, an African-American artist who had worked during the Harlem Renaissance. Featuring a brief stint in France, Hayden confounds typical expectations of depth, proportion, while at the same time his paintings and subject matter seem astonishingly real and true-to-life. He was, according to several works on display that caught my eye in particular, One, "Baptizing Day" (1945), caught my eye especially because of the implications it presented about the subject of the piece: it showed black people dressed in white wading into a river to be baptized, with several white people observing on the sidelines. Another piece, "Racoon on a Periscope Tree" (undated), placed the raccoon in question on a tree top in a lush, verdant setting. The piece was so realistic that I could almost feel the streaks and flashes of bright plant-life scatter. "Central Park Summer" (1942) was even more so, considered as "Baptizing Day" in what it depicted: several incongruous figures, including a faun, danced, lay about and stood in a mythical Central Park, giving the impression of past, future and fantasy combined, and the strength and vitality of summer and its illusions. "Fetiches et Fleurs" (1932-33) displayed incredible detail work on the illusio-

The central series of works in the exhibit dealt with different scenes from "The Bel
dad of John Henry", the familiar song we all learned in grade school about the steel
driving man who out-produced a ma
chine, only to lead to his own death. One of my favorite series is "His Hammer in His Hand" (1944-47), which showed John Henry walking unambiguously along the railroad tracks, mountains at his back, trees under his feet, a body of water alongside him, and his hammer in his

Hayden confounds typical expectations of depth, perspective and proportion, while at the same time his paintings and subject matter seem astonishingly real and true-to-life.
INTREPID SARAH: Experiences to Paoli and The Village

by Sarah Evanson

I have two offerings for intrepid weekend tourists: glittering, bustling downtown Paoli and a truly great vegan restaurant in the Eastern Village. For advice on what to see in Paoli on an afternoon during Fall Break, I would recommend going to New York instead, at least, and coming back over the weekend. In an adventurous spirit, I decided not to go to Center City where there would definitely be something to see. Instead, I settled on the mysterious last stop on the R, S, the terminus, the end of the read. My experience with the stilt-walking town of B r y n M a w r was a left over from more suburban experiences. Perhaps I did not see the place with the eyes of a native who might know where one could find a historic site (a plaque near the Paoli train station claims that the birthplace of Gen. Anthony Wayne is nearby) or some place to eat.

I walked down South Valley Rd. on an overpass into a vaguely promising group of stores. There I found the Albuquerque Cowboys Tattoo ranch, where no drugs, no alcohol, and no graffiti were allowed. The place was closed; as such, I did not fulfill my long-held dream of piercing something with a needle, or seeing the tattooed arm of a shaved Dunke's Autoboy repairman, or a custom tailor. On Lan caster St., I came to the first two of many Lin coln Hwy. every once in a while. I turned left, in search of greener pastures (or a shopping mall). The building. It seemed to be wearing a instinct (a plaque near the Paoli train station claims that the birthplace of Gen. Anthony Wayne is nearby) or some place to eat.

To the right was Chestnut Rd., and here I saw a stationery shop (closed on Mon day), a tennis shop, and a antique vendor in a strip mall. There were several hairdressers there, several travel agencies (or maybe they were bookstores I couldn't tell), the Cat s' Pocket (not sure if this was a keeper), a VCR repair shop, and The H pierced my ear and put in a sapphire earring. I might actually be for some interest because one can find there all kinds of kitchenware (dishes, cookware, utensils, coffee pressers, throw blankets, candles, lamps, and of course) hardware and housekeeping, all in an expectedly petite. The main reason one might consider going to the Eastern Village is that there is a large toy store upstairs. Keep it in mind for any international present! The toy store carries hobby supplies (railroad sets, some doll house supplies, and art supplies on top of the army of board games and loose balls that you could find at Pans in Bryn Mawr. Plus there was a fairly good selection of stuffed animals. In addition to The Hardware Center as a place to buy gifts (now who doesn't need a drill bit for the holidays?), there are several well-stocked card shops that sell stationary, stuffed animals, and knick- knacks galore for those who like to adorn any box of decorative, or even a blank one shouldn't be so faceless about it. I confess to collecting boxes, but not tell anybody). One of this is nearest to an Arnerie, and the other is in the main strip with the hardware store. There was a nice-looking French Bakery I passed that sold mini eclairs, fresh cookies (including some delicious cakes. I put Walter's Swiss Pastries to shame. I passed a place called Computer Renaissance that sells both new and used computers; most of the used printers I saw were dot matris, but this is a place to consider if you want to save some money.

Lastly, I stopped in a place called Witten- country Country Store. A cross-stitched pillow greeted me at the front door. “Life is a game but golf is serious.” Welcome to the Main Line!

Best of all, I found the one shop that redeemed any disappointment I might have felt, the one shop which rescued my shattered illusions of Paoli; the Paoli Book Exchange. parallel to the street in the Paoli Village. I was spendy tease (the ‘p’ and the ‘e’), it is a fairly small used book store that offers 25 cent Harlequin paperbacks, a good selection of all kinds of books downstairs, browsing there can be rewarding. In addition, with each purchase of $10 or more, you get to take home a free book of your choice (fiction only). I found a copy of Cannibals The Hem with a Thousand Faces, McPherson’s The Crofter and the Laird, and the Old Poem’s Book of Practical Cats, and Jean Rhy’s Good Morning, Midnight, and then there was a monster Penguin Volume of Jane Austen’s fiction as my free book. It is not the least expensive used book store I have seen, but it's not bad, and it's the first I've seen since coming to school here. The sales clerk chatted with me for a while about the impact of the film Heavenly Creatures had on her. I was glad to know someone was as shaken up as I was.

In short, Paoli must be hard to know on first visit. Suburbs, in my experience, frequently require a car and visiting between Groundhog’s Day and Paoli Book Exchange might make a 20-minute ride worthwhile, though.

To switch topics completely, I visited a friend of mine and her family in New York a few weekends ago. After seeing a movie, we decided to try a restaurant advertised in the playbill of Angelica Kitchen at 400 E. 12th St. At first, I was leery of eating there because I don’t like vegan restaurants. I can live without main, but can I live without cheese? Please note that there be cause my friend’s father is a vegetarian and I know that it was important that we find a restaurant that he’d like. We walked up Broadway past about 15 blocks to Angelica Kitchen, a restaurant decorated with candle lights and lanterns. At blond. At this point, my friend’s father suggested going to an Italian restaurant next door, but after my friend’s mother and I saw Angelica Kitchen’s name on the window, it wasn’t hearts. We hadn't had our meal and we were glad to have it. And we regretted nothing. We started with a “Piknic Plate” as an hors d’oeuvre; a choice of different appetizers; three for $5 (or $7.50) such as hummus, walnut- lentil pate, roasted seasonal vegetables (which were, in our case, turnips, kohlrabi, bok choy, onions, etc.), marinated hizikia- arame salad, assorted pickles, and baked marinated tempeh. The hizikia-arame surprised me; I’ve never been huge sea- weed fan, but this had a nice texture and stood out like sea, but not overly so. The hummus was heavy on the tahini, which made it happy. Because I love sesame. In fact, almost everything I tried was savory or full of sesame; mofo and tahini figure into almost everything. The walunut-lentil pate was better than I thought it could be. It was rich and satisfying without making me feel bloated or overloaded.

For dinner, I ordered one of their specials (which change daily according to what they find in the market) called “En- dless Vision Peace” penne pasta in a tomato-cauliflower sauce with a currant sauce, which had been sauced on good selection of fresh, spiced and fresh-tasting. The bean salad was mild and full of fresh chilies. I have to admit that I like my food richer and spicier, but at no point did the meal confirm my direst fear that the food would be bland, boring, or disappointing. My friend’s father ordered an angel of the bean salad, a pot of potato casseroles in a pumpkin sauce with mar- rinated tempeh and a host of in- gredients which I can’t even identify anymore. That was exactly what I should’ve ordered. It was sweet, rich, comfortably substantial flavor. My friend and her mother, how ever, ordered “Dragon Bowls”: rice, beans, tofu, seaweed, and steamed vegetables that were pre- ced by cups of soup (miso or yellow split pea, the soup of the day) and pieces of bread with a miso-tempeh spread. The bread seems to have been made with whole wheat; it was al most cake-like, and the sesame spread with the bread made it more satisfying. The bean salad was more than I ever ordered. In short, the meal I had at the Angelica Kitchen was one of the best I’ve remember, with or without meat. I could eat this way as a vegan every day, I would be blam, boring, or disappoint- ing, and I would want to save some money. It was rich and satisfying without making me feel bloated or overloaded.

Northwest Debut by megan musson

So, you’re hanging out on campus with some friends (probably in front of the Campus Center), when off in the distance you see something that catches your eye. She’s still too far off to make out her face, but you notice two shadows swinging against her side as she walks. Arch! You might want to shout, or maybe you could hunch your shoulders; you’re already met, either way at some point you will know...it’s the northwestern chyck Fresh off the westerly plains, water belly dancing and coffee mug in hand, she’s always ready to talk mountains (as in 12-14,000 ft. and higher), huge and tiny rain forests, wild and distant, and I’m not the only one. When I transferred from the University of Oregon to the University of Maryland College of Bryn Mawr (just this year), I didn’t expect to run into many westerners. But we’re not that hard to spot, we’re the ones that stand patiently in the juice line in the cafeteria, use words like “grub,” “pop,” and “rock on,” and complain bitterly about the lack of decent espresso on east coast. But that’s just what happened when I met a woman who had gone to middle school with my best friend from high school, two of us had moved against (in crew), a woman (from Rhode Island) who dated a boy (Matt) who lives 30 blocks from my house, and several women from Seattle. Randon I know. So what’s my point? Well, just that the Northwest Cor ner of the College News is going to be a sweet new column (bi-weekly of course) that will talk about all sorts of things. There’s a lot of stuff that’s going on. I thrive in the backcountry (mountain climbers, skiers, snowboarders- maybe I’ll be selling an article someday) and the official dictionary definitions of “granola,” “crunchy,” “hippy chyck”, to dis- cuss the real scene and candid coffee critiques of local hot spot coffee shops. To lighten the lack of your own, just chew that the path can get kind of rough on the way to the library, and get psyched for what’s to come.

who's body? selected from page six.

He spends most of his time making all the coffee that he has learned to make in his month stay, and running back and forth to test how well his legs have learned it to make.

On the other hand, take all of those things for granted. I know that when I stand up to walk, I am wavelength further off I’m going in a body that works most of the time. I don’t take falling down for granted anymore, unless I I take it as a failure. When new thing happens to my body, I look at as a problem, and not as something to explore and discover.

Maybe I needed to be more like the little kid, learning how to stand after birth, and then explore how my body works. Maybe I need more of the happy surprise: Oh this I’ve got to live in, and less of the irritation when it stops working as well as I would like it to.
wild 'n' crazy Features

by Julia Alexander

Twas the night before finals... and all through the dorm
Not a student was sleeping: 'twas far from good form!
The coffee cups rose nearly up to my chin,
In fear that the muse would not strike before ten.
My profs, I am sure, snuggled deep in their beds,
Thoughts of poor students quite far from their heads.
With a pile of books and a brand new highlighter,
I had just settled down for another all-nighter.
When out in the hall, there arose such a howling,
I flung open my door and emerged, almost growling.
"What's wrong with you? Don't you see I have work?
Is it necessary to shout, and to be such a jerk?"
When, to my wondering sight should appear
But a box full of cookies, chocolate—and beer!
It was held in the hands of a beautiful chick:
A goddess, I'm sure, or a really cruel trick.
More rapid than finals, my love for her came.
I strained for an answer, but found I had none.
"I'm not angry, of course, though it's partly your fault,
But this drive for perfection simply must halt."

DEAR MR. HANK

Dear Ms. Hank,

Can't we admit men to Bryn Mawr? If not, tell us how to get dates.

Two Frustrated Women

My Dear Frustrated Pair,

If there are two of you, I'm not sure what the problem is! If you're really that frustrated, I still suggest that you try to work it out before taking so drastic a step as looking for men while you're here at Bryn Mawr. If you really think the solution is the presence of men, I'm sure you can visit one of the other many colleges in the area. Many of them have men, and if you grow your hair out and put on some make-up, they're likely to go for you. Alternatively, you can find yourselves some e-mail swains on the world wide web. This works for many people.

If you're just looking for some variety, check out all the beautiful single babes on campus.

Love, Mem