Why I liked Hell (Heck) Week this year

by Julia Alexander

I like Hell Week. I liked it as a sophomore's "antagonist", but I also loved it as a frosh. Over the past week or two, with all of the complaints about Hell Week, and all of the people saying they were fundamentally opposed to the very idea of Hell Week, I have stopped to examine my reasons for liking it as well as I do. I found, to no particular surprise, that I do have a lot of good reasons for liking Hell Week. The biggest of these is probably Flower Day, but there are more reasons to like Hell Week, and I would have liked it as a frosh even if I had not even done as I did, but then I'm that sort of person. I like making a fool of myself, and here were a group of women ready to HELP me. Wow!

One of the most important aspects of Hell Week is the way it brings the classes together. I met many of my upperclasswoman friends during Hell Week of my frosh year, because of them being my taskmistresses, or sympathetic juniors, or just because they were involved in some aspect of the week. This year, I got to know both upperclasswomen and frosh, between being a soph rep and an "antagonist." As a soph rep, I had to talk to lots of people, both to get lizards, and to get their opinions on how Hell Week should be run. As an antagonist, I had a fresh I had only seen in passing before, as well as one from my floor, and I took the chance to get to know them a little better, both before and after Hell Week. Another of the reasons I like Hell Week is that it gives everyone a chance to act a little more weird than usual, and to be, or at least look like, a person they normally wouldn't get the chance to imitate. At least this is how my friends and I looked at it. Of course for Brecon's game show which replaced trials, I dressed up as a slut from hell. It was fun. Not something I might do again, but fun... We also took the chance of Brecon's formal dinner on Thursday night to wear toga's to the meal. This is the soph, you know, and not the frosh. Papier-maching... and windows... and anything else we could find, setting silly in general, and all that sort of thing...

I think it's good to realize that even though we're all great academics, bound for terribly serious careers, we can have the freedom to be a little bit silly. Even the upperclasswomen. But the main thing about Hell Week is Flower Day. Part of the good of Flower Day is the whole surprise party aspect, where close to a thousand people manage to plan a surprise, and, at least for me and my friends, it stayed a surprise through the end. I know how hard that is, and I felt truly cared for, that everyone who had gone before me could take the effort to do something that big, just for me. (And the rest of my class, of course.)

Want to join a committee?

by Kristina Orchard-Hays

I'm just not having any fun these days. It's a strange thing. Could I have inadvertently offended all three of my outspoken, diverse friends? Am I wandering around the wrong corners of campus? Did some malevolent snow-god throw a hex on me?

Luckily, a pit-stop perusal of the latest SGA minutes has provided revelation. Of course! The solution scruches from every bulletin board, mailbo staff and newspaper and I've never even noticed. No wonder I'm so out of it, so on the fringe of things. No wonder I haven't raised down Merion Green, marvelling at my supreme, hip, happiness. I'm not on any committees! Not even a paltry food committee or student council. No titles march after my name. I'm not an advocate or a co-president or a representative or a member or a recording secretary. I don't attend review boards, delegations, associations, conventions, or retreats. And here I've been wasting my time on futile self-improvement projects when I could be doing something really meaningful, like writing budget proposals or filling out surveys, not to mention constructing plenary resolutions. Yes, it all makes sense to me now. It's time I stepped into the nineties and embraced this wonderful, motley world by jenn hogan

Volunteer for the Housing Improvement Project

The entitlements conference heightened the awareness of the existence and criticality of the community that the "war on poverty" is not working. Generations of people are living on welfare, knowing that if they try to support themselves with a job, they will lose their health coverage. All of these important government leaders from the President to senators to bureaucrats came to the conference to argue over different band-aid solutions. One is left with little faith in the government's ability to solve these towering social problems. Maybe more and more people are seeing that if they want something done, they will have to take more responsibility for these problems.

In the midst of this frustrated inspiration the bi-college group, HIP-Housing Improvement Project, got off to a delayed start because of the snow and ice. This group, formerly known as CCP or Chester Community Improvement Project, is for students who want to work renovating transitional housing, painting and cleaning homeless and battered women shelters, and working on urban homesteading projects. At the moment, HIP members work on Friday afternoons, but soon additional days will be added on Saturday mornings and possibly Thursday afternoons. Basically, any student interested in housing concerns can go. The van leaves from behind the Bryn Mawr Campus Center at 1:30 and from Stokes Bay at 1:30. The organization that HIP works through is called the Community Action Agency of Delaware County (CAA). It is the largest poverty fighting agency in Delaware County. The group works primarily in Chester, a city only 30 minutes away. HIP members work on Friday afternoons, but soon additional days will be added on Saturday mornings and possibly Thursday afternoons. Basically, any student interested in housing concerns can go. The van leaves from behind the Bryn Mawr Campus Center at 1:30 and from Stokes Bay at 1:30. The organization that HIP works through is called the Community Action Agency of Delaware County (CAA). It is the largest poverty fighting agency in Delaware County. The group works primarily in Chester, a city only 30 minutes away from the affluent Main Line, that is considered one of the most distressed urban areas in the country. CAA runs several shelters, counselling services, job retraining, day care centers, transitional housing, and urban homesteading programs continued on page

by Erika Merschrod

A couple of weekends ago I was in sunny Ithaca, ostensibly to visit a certain institution of higher learning but also hoping to catch up on gossip from Costa Rica. I haven't been back in about three years, and the thought of Costa Rica in February was, well, pleasant to say the least. Cahuita, the moon rise at Irazu, that strange little place in Puntarenas where Karen and I gulped down screwdrivers... just hearing about it was enough to send my pulse racing. What made me hit my target heart rate, though, were the imminent elections.

Elections in Costa Rica are really spectacular. It was always necessary to get caught up on gossip there and forget that I couldn't vote there even if I had been of voting age. There are speeches and parades and demonstrations and much, much excitement. There is no snow. If on Sunday you don't make that purple thumb print, you just aren't very cool. People care because they know their vote, that THEIRS is going to hit my target heart rate, though, were the imminent elections.

Smalltown Politics in Costa Rica

Overall, the only complaint I had from Brecon... was that we had more of a "heck" week than a "hell" week. And I don't think that's such a bad idea.

In this issue's centerspread...

African American women speak...
Welcome to Bryn Mawr, class of 1997! You have been through Hell Week—congratulations! This tradition has been controversial for years, and while many people enjoy it a lot and don't want to change it, others cannot reconcile the problems they have with it. We had hoped to publish views from both sides of the controversy that now that Hell Week has happened, but unfortunately we received only two articles about it, both from people who like the tradition. We encourage those with different ideas to write for us too, so that there can be a balance of perspectives and all sides can be heard.

In 1991, the first Hell Week Committee was formed, and published their suggestions for altering Hell Week in the February 21 issue of The College News. Alisa Conner '94 said in the article, "The idea that anyone would ask me to give up my power in myself was ludicrous to me. And yet I saw people around me who didn't seem sure of this at all. I saw too much anxiety, and stress, and fear—so many of us were so willing to do exactly what we were told to. Hell Week seems to create a situation in which freshmen women forget that they do in fact have control over themselves." Three Hell Weeks later, many of the committee's suggestions have been implemented, but some of the same sentiments exist. On the other hand, there is still support for Hell Week, as Emma Wegner '97 wrote on the Merion comment board: "It would really be a shame to deprive future classes of the wonderful surprises and secret of Flower Day. When I received my bouquet and lizards, I felt a real love and sense of community for Bryn Mawr that I shall remember it all my life."

However, at Plenary this year there is a strong possibility that Hell Week will change again. A word about Plenary: we will be voting on a lot of resolutions, which we will find out about this week. With the new SGA Constitutional Convention over last Sunday, the preliminary business resolutions are decided already, and Plenary will address only the issues brought by the community. Show up, eat food, bring work, just go and be there for those who have gone to the trouble to write resolutions. It's only once a year!

-Alizabeth and Stacy

The deadline for the next issue of The College News is February 25, 1994 at midnight. Letters and articles should be sent to our mailbox (C-3714), or placed outside the Dean's Office. All submissions should be on mac or IBM disk (3.5") disks will be returned via campus mail (see promise). We will accept articles and letters written by women and letters written by men. All opinions expressed in articles or letters are those of the author only, and are representative of those of the editorial board. Come to Thursday night meetings at 8pm in the Dean's office above the language lab or call one of the editors if you are interested in contributing to the paper.

STATEMENT OF PURPOSE: The College News is a feminist newsmagazine which serves as a source of information and self-expression for the Bryn Mawr community. Recognizing that feminism is not a finite 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.

On Hell Week and Plenary

An alumna fondly recalls Hell Week

by Ellen Brundige '93

"Things heard, things seen, things done." —The Eulenspiegel Mysteries

It is the third Friday after winter break, 10:20 at night, and Pem East's floors are shaking. The lights are out, and there is frantic whispering in the hallway, and indigo, green and pale blue lights play across the walls and waiting faces. I am running down a darkened wooden hallway that thunders a protest as it has done for many years now. My roommate and closest friend, laughing maniacally, is pelting down the stairs in her pajamas, clutching a stuffed animal—a lobscher, I think. Women are chanting, and there are lanterns everywhere, and my baffled classmates have stopped somewhere behind Angela and me. But the senior leading is not some fiendish aerobics instructor, only Vicki McManus, and she is smiling as she puffs to a halt and gestures at an archway covered in newspaper. Angela and I grin at each other, without even slowing down—too many weird things have happened for a wall of paper to stop us now—and we barrel through, right into the arms of several friends and a faceful of serpentine. Kelly Farely '92 and Kimi Kindya '90 are standing on the tables with camera-ers, and Kim Wigmore '90 shows a basket of flowers in Angela's face and Allison "Fish" Fisk '92 gives me mine and we're swooped up in a group hug by the Doublestar/Elsinore/ zany crowd en masse. Even the alums have come back to congratulate us. We find ourselves escorted by a conveyor belt of hugs to Edeman back smoker (I know I had gotten my lantern by that time but I don't know how I'll know to puke and sing silly songs and write Elsinore and listen to Kimi's Queen impersonations until three in the morning.

The floors are thundering again, and I am standing by a doorway, my lantern at my feet, glaring at my classmates who cannot be quiet for even five seconds. Why am I so jittery? It's just the tension and stress, and fear—to Kimi's Queen impersonations until three in the morning. Perhaps it can work, give the right experience for you as it was for me, and make it one of East's best Hell Weeks ever. Perhaps it can work, give the right experience for you as it was for me, and make it one of East's best Hell Weeks ever. Perhaps it can work, give the right experience for you as it was for me, and make it one of East's best Hell Weeks ever. Perhaps it can work, give the right experience for you as it was for me, and make it one of East's best Hell Weeks ever.

An alumna fondly recalls Hell Week

Don't forget to go to Plenary and be counted—Saturday, February 19th in Goodhart is your chance to show your public spirit, support student decisionmaking, and be there for the events campus cynics will be satirizing for months!
Committee clutter?

continued from page 1

novel when I could engage in meaningful, non-confrontational debate on, say, the new gummy bear dispensers in the dining halls? It’s a revolutionary idea. No wonder I haven’t found anyone to converse with recently. The masses have diverged into different committee panels. That’s where all the social interaction takes place. That’s where all the latest gossip comes to light. Rumor has it some meetings even furnish refreshments. Wouldn’t it be better?

Now that I’ve been properly enlightened, I blush at my naivete and lack of forethought. What a fragile, carefully constructed process having fun is. But I’m willing, even eager to join the ranks. In fact, I’ve designed a new student committee I think everyone on campus could benefit from. Although it still lacks an official name, I am tentatively calling it the Student Social Satisfaction Committee. This able association of dedicated underclasswomen would insure that the leisure needs of the student body were being met. Committee members could decide how many hours, within what boundaries, and under what regulations Mawrters could indulge in their non-academic leisure. A constitution could be written. Special, all-inclusive guidelines could be established to insure fairness and equanimity for all classes. Incoming first year students could take part in an intensive leisure training workshop during Custom’s Week. Perhaps they could be introduced to the different committees and panels at the same time and sign up for the ones of their choice. And those students who have strong moral aversions to goofing off, of course would not have to participate...

I have confidence that with these innovations, my own and my fellow Mawrters’ social world will become a streamlined, cohesively and carefully structured whole, free of nasty spontaneity or simplicity. It could work! In the words of Allister, I think everyone on campus will assemble in Goodheart, for voting and chatting and taking a part.

Plenary is 1 pm to 4 pm on Sunday, February 20. Be there.

Scandals, rumors, personalities in Costa Rica’s recent elections

continued from page 1

than that of Philadelphia.) Figueres was told to have been involved with a drug dealer’s murder many years ago, and he seemed to have a fascination with the military (Costa Rica abandoned its army in 1948). A large scandal surrounding Rodriguez was his supposed sale of tainted beef to the United States. There was even talk of “election anomalies” in an area near the capital city.

To many, 39-year-old Figueres appeared not to be a substantial candidate, and his main asset seemed to be his father, Don Pepe, founder of the Partido de Liberacion Nacional (PLN) and leader of the revolution of 1948. Don Pepe served as president on three separate occasions (democracy in Costa Rica means alternating power by free elections, so one person can’t serve for 12 consecutive years; it’s an example some might consider following...), and his popularity has lasted well beyond his death. Rodriguez is an economist and a successful businessman, and served in the Legislative Assembly. His party, the Partido Unidad Social Cristiana, was formed as a conglomerate of the church, the private business sector, and some errant communists, and initiated important reforms. While the PLN has traditionally had a strong following along the Caribbean coast and in other poor areas that the PLN has neglected, the outgoing president (Rafael Angel Calderon, a member of the PUSC) seems to have hacked away at that base with four years of neoliberal “reforms.” At 54, Rodriguez seemed more experienced to many, but ultimately even his promises of entry in the ever-popular North American Free Trade Agreement could not make up for his predecessor’s policies. Although inflation was down to 9% in 1993 from 27% in 1990 and Costa Ricans have the lowest unemployment rate in the region, the standard of living for many has gone down under Calderon’s four-year, free-market binge.

Figueres plans to modernize the government, but he stands strongly opposed to lowering tariffs and stated that his victory was a clear rejection of the trickle-down politics of the PUSC. Thus there is a lot of pressure for a miracle turn-around, complete with a booming economy alongside the promised increase in services to marginal populations. Unfortunately, a people disillusioned, remember that it was the PLN which started the neoliberal reforms in ’82, and realize that Figueres can’t possibly keep foreign debts this low and still provide for “those who have less and need more,” while not depriving anyone of the imported breakfast cereal.

Well, as Rodriguez said so eloquently in his speech acknowledging Figueres’s victory, “The campaign is over. Let’s go home.”

[Much thanks to D.V. for information from La Naci6n, Reuters, and AP.]

Optimism....making Hell Week better for all

continued from page 1

However, the most important thing about Flower Day, and the lesson I carry away from it for the rest of my life, is the wish expressed on so very many of my lizards: “May all your Hell Weeks turn into Flower Days.” I think about that on Sundays, to make sure I was not too intimidated.

I’m willing to compromise on a lot of Hell Week. I understand that there are some parts that could seem painful to other people. In fact, in Brecon, we made efforts to remove a lot of these parts of Hell Week. We didn’t have schedule copying (we replaced it with a scavenger hunt.) We had a game show instead of trials. We didn’t do early morning wake up. I ran my sections of the dorm schedule by friends who had objected to the language used in previous years, to make sure I was not too intimidating.

Overall, the only complaint I have yet to hear from anyone in Brecon (please! Write on my comment board!) is that we had more of a “Hack Week” than a Hell Week. And I don’t think that’s such a bad idea.

So here’s the hope that Hell Week will continue in all of its glorious tradition (including the tradition of dissent). And may all your Hell Weeks turn into Flower Days!
Mormons at BMC
by Kim Walters

"Where are you from?" people invariably ask.
"Utah," I reply.

Immediatel y one can see the question forming in their eyes. Sometimes they ask it, and sometimes they don't. "So, are you Mormon?" I smile. "Yeah," I say. People's lack of knowledge generally makes them feel sheepish about asking questions, which is silly. It's natural not to know just as it's natural for me to want to educate a little. So, that's what this article is about: not really expounding on Mormonism, but rather asking the general questions and dispelling common myths about "those Mormons out in Utah."

That, itself, is number one. Not all Mormons live in Utah. According to the last report I heard, there are approximately 8.5 million Mormons in the world. Utah only has a total general population of 1.8 million, and that is by no means 8.5. In actuality, about half of the 8.5 live within the United States and the other half are scattered all across the globe. Similarly, not all of Utah's millions are Mormons (LDS). I'm in Salt Lake City, the state capital, is only about 50% Mormon. My hometown, Provo, is about 85%. Supposedly, smaller towns have a much higher percentage, but Utah as a whole, very roughly, only 70-75% LDS. Probably, when the other 25-30% leave the state, they weary of people assuming they are Mormons. Incidentally, of the eight or nine Mormon Mawrters only three are LDS.

My personal favorite question is, "How many wives does your father have?". That reminds me, I wish I could be shooting and say "four," but he doesn't. One, Just one. Polygamy was terminated in 1890. Today in Utah there are a few colonies of polygamists here and there, but they are all isolated. I have no trouble letting people down, I say that while there is only one mother in my family, there are seven children (five are mine). I'm the third. I have friends who come from families of 10, 12 and even one with 14 children. I once heard of a 17'er, but I'm not sure I could believe it. Regardless, large families are common, but they certainly aren't the rule.

One completely unfounded rumor I've heard is that Mormons are not Christians. The very name of the church is The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints ("Mormon" is not a name we gave ourselves), Christianity is our very core. It is true, though, that Mormons are neither Catholic nor a Protestant break-off. The LDS Church was begun in the early 1830s, completely unconnected with the Reformation.

Yes, Mormons may dance. Yes, we may wear make-up. No, the women don't wear only long dresses. But: Mormons don't smoke, drink alcohol, caffeine or tea and "don't" a whole lot of other things.

Once, when I was in Columbus, Ohio, I read a newspaper article detailing the extreme wealth of the LDS Church. I was really taken aback by their presentation, which made it appear that church leaders were really raking it in for themselves. It is true that the Church receives millions (perhaps billions) of dollars each year. That's really very deceiving because all cause work in the church (especially religious) is done without pay. All its income is used to build churchhouses and temples, to run the church's extensive welfare and world-help programs, to support church colleges and universities (Brigham Young University, for example, has 25,000 students) and the hundreds of other church auxiliaries. With 8.5 million members, it takes billions of dollars. None of the money goes into private pockets.


The St. Valentine's Day Blues are here
by Brinda Ganguly

Here I sit, four days before Valentine's Day, wondering if I will meet the man of my dreams over the weekend, hoping that if do, he will know me for more than I was (remember of the past flowery weekend). I know that this is a very unlikely scenario, considering that I have already been at Bryn Mawr for about six months, and neither of the above has happened. But playing on the validity of probability and statistics, this miracle is deemed to happen at any point now. Sometimes I wonder if I really need a man in my life. In fact, I am probably much happier without one, since I don't have to worry about necessarily spending time with anyone dealing with petty incidents of jealousy, or ritual emotional turmoil. Not to mention, my bank statement is looking much healthier with no one to needlessly spend money on (except for myself of course, but that does not count). I have plenty of friends who are willing to hang around with me, and even give me the occasional peck on the cheek— who needs more physical contact than that? And if things ever get really desperate, and I urgently feel the need to hear a male voice telling me that he loves me, I can always call home. My father has been fairly dependable. Much of the need to find a boyfriend is media-inspired: commercials, Oprah hosting a show about relationship problems (I sure don't have any of those), and soap operas. After watching these, I can help wondering if there is something wrong with myself, because I cannot find a decent guy — especially (she's the character on All My Children) who will claim that you are amne sia five times, come back from the dead, and given birth to three kids if I had that much anguish in my life, then I would probably need guys' emotional support also.

I am still sitting here, four days away from Valentine's Day, knowing that I will not receive any roses (carnation, lilies, take your pick), but probably somewhat happier. I congratulate those of you who have found that perfect someone, and I hope that you enjoy this day together. For those of you who are still looking: remember, ladies, this is not a day to feel bad about (I know that there are those of you who will claim that you are indifferent to the concept of Valentines Day, but personally, I don't believe you); I am a firm believer that it is a great opportunity to get out and spend time with a dear friend and even give her a peck on the cheek—who needs more physical contact than that? And if things ever get really desperate, and I urgently feel the need to hear a male voice telling me that he loves me, I can always call home. My father has been...
Dear Ms. Hank,

I had a terrible Valentine’s Day; I must of fallen in love six times over the course of twenty-four hours. My brother-clad TA, Jo-jo of the rugby team, Ed Mclaughlin of Public Safety, my best friend, and BOTH of our Physics department t-shirts were on national TV. But Bryn Mawr has some claims to fame in the literary world, too. We now bring you two memorable quotes by well-known authors which include references to...us! We believe that these are indeed accurate representations of what life is like for us at Bryn Mawr. Enjoy!

“There were strange groups of Americans then, Picasso unaccustomed to the virginal quality of these young men and women used to say of them, ils sont pas des hommes, ils sont pas des femmes, ils sont des americains. They are not men, they are not women, they are Americans. Once there was a Bryn Mawr woman there, wife of a well known painter, who was very tall and beautiful and having once fallen on her head had a strange expression. Her, he approved of, and used to call the Empress.”

—*The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas* by Gertrude Stein, p.60

“Jane was tall and slender and had rich brown hair and high cheekbones and wide brown eyes. She looked a little like the actress Jean Simmons. Her father was a rancher in Southwestern Texas. She had gone East to college, to Bryn Mawr, and had met her husband, Pete, at a debutante’s party at the Gulph Mills Club in Philadelphia, when he was a senior at Princeton.”

—*The Right Stuff* by Tom Wolfe, pp.1-2

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**Words of wisdom courtesy of Ms. Hank**
February is Black

Think about idealism

by Wen Plummer

Harriet Tubman led her people out of the land of bondage. An exhausted Rosa Parks took a forbidden seat. Martin Luther King Jr. had a dream. Malcolm felt by any means necessary. Reverend Vernon John, Marcia Garby, Langston Hughes, Alex Haley, Maya Angelou, Reverend Jesse Jackson, Toni Morrison, and countless others... Who has anything to say about the color of skin they were born with?

It seems appropriate for me to speak out as a black Bryn Mawr "Mawrter." First, let me say that what I say here are my thoughts and my thoughts alone; I am not attempting to speak for everyone black woman on campus.

A year ago, as Plenary got ready to roll around, I was quite confused and a bit angered by the "state of Bryn Mawr life." As I had hoped that it could be surmounted, it might be Bryn Mawr College where the students make honest efforts to express pluralistic thoughts as well as honor and respect each other.

As I was tired of going to Sisterhood meetings where open discussion times were taken up by group comments about loneliness as a black woman during all the events and happenings that are supposed to make campus life enjoyable. I was tired of going to Sisterhood meetings where open discussion times were taken up by group comments about loneliness as a black woman during all the events and happenings that are supposed to make campus life enjoyable.

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A year after the plenary resolution, racism is still at Bryn Mawr College

by Chizoma O. Ikekeere '95

Hard to believe, but it has actually been a whole year since the racism resolution passed at plenary. A year after the whole "shabang" it seems appropriate for me to speak out as both one of the writers of the resolution, and as a black Bryn Mawrter. First, let me say that what I say here are my thoughts and my thoughts alone; I am not attempting to speak for every woman on campus.

A year ago, as Plenary got ready to roll around, I was quite confused and a bit angered by the "state of Bryn Mawr life" as it is applied to me as a black woman. Having done some research on black feminism and womanist studies, I fancied myself a bit of a revolutionary thinker/writer; right up there with Audre Lorde, Angela Davis, Bell Hooks, Toni Cade Bambara, and a few other black feminists. I felt saddened by the state of things at Bryn Mawr that had led to more than a few of my black sisters to give up on life here and I was tired of going to Sisterhood meetings where open discussion times were taken up by group comments about loneliness as a black woman during all the events and happenings that are supposed to make campus life enjoyable.

I kept hearing from my sisters that they felt like Bryn Mawr's It seems appropriate for me to speak out as a black Bryn Mawrter. First, let me say that what I say here are my thoughts and my thoughts alone; I am not attempting to speak for every woman on campus.

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I kept hearing from my sisters that they felt like Bryn Mawr's to make such a statement. I remember being all the pluralistic efforts at Bryn Mawr that fell "just Short" of Successful, the present students could hold out their tiny glimmer of hope that was the passage of the racism resolution and commemorate the time that a community effort "hit the mark," and recognized the needs of its women of color.

So the resolution passed but the "victory" was not as satisfying as I had hoped that it would be. The dialogue had been too short and I felt that people were saying what they "should be saying" instead of what was actually on their minds. I did not feel that we had changed the hearts of anyone and spared people to act against racism in their lives, I felt that we had bullied people into passing the resolution lest they be called "racist." For me, it's always the case that I thought I had plenty to say at a given moment, when it's all said and done, I come up with lots of things I "should have said." This time, there was only one thing I still believed that I should have said: I wish I had told more people that there's nothing as constructive as honest dialogue, even if the speaker disagrees with everything I say. I had heard that all over campus, people were angry with what the resolution was saying but no one brought that anger to the discussion at Plenary. That would have been the constructive thing to do, but I guess you can't have it all. I think I would have felt more satisfied if the resolution had not passed but there had been more dialogue. For all the dialogue that went on (or didn't go on), one would have thought that the resolution would have passed unanimously yet several people voted against it or abstained without voicing their reasons.

I find it really sad that here at BMC, we've become so obsessed with being "PC" that people are scared to voice (or even think about) their true opinions lest they be labeled. Maybe it's just me, but I've always believed that "The evil you know is better than the evil you don't know" so the atmosphere here sometimes leaves me more than a little uneasy. Perhaps the saddest thing about "the state of PC here at BMC" is that those who express "PC" beliefs/ thoughts and are sincere are looked down upon and scorned. I wish I had realized the baggage that this community is carrying around earlier; it would have saved me a considerable amount of time and energy.

Getting back to the subject at hand... In November of '93, the black alumnae convened for the second "Black Alumnae Forum" here at Bryn Mawr. As we sat in the Perry House living room for the "Socializing With The Sisterhood" part of the program, I told them about last year's resolution; they were pleased and impressed that we had gotten the community to make such a statement. I remember feeling proud because they were so amazed at how far BMC had come since they had been students here. Somehow, it just didn't seem right to tell them how unsatisfied I felt about it; I was scared to voice it for fear that I would be called "PC." To think about the color of skin they were born with. It's happening in urban America. To think if we are happy seeing ourselves killing each other. If we are happy, then we don't have to do anything. If we are alarmed, frightened, and are filled with discouraging thoughts about our race and what we are coming to, then we must act. Somehow each of us should do our part, no matter how big or small to stop the nightmare.

What would happen if we all united—the idea may be idealistic but just think about it. What would happen if we stopped yelling at each other? If we stopped pointing fingers? If we stopped trying to ignore or forget who we are? What would happen if those who succeeded remembered to look back and help those struggling to make it. What would happen...
**The Bryn Mawr Experience**

by Nicole Shuler

There are some obnoxious, anal, and uptight white folks around here. I would say the same about the black folks...

Yes, we are but a small fraction that is slowly, but surely, decreasing.

Why?

This is not to say that the black experience at good of 'Bryn Mawr' is bad one.

But it's all that great either.

Mostly, everyone walks around ignoring everyone else.

"You're black? Wow, good for you" and walk away.

"Look at me my Wallman!" you want to say.

But why bother, what for?

"Yeah, I am", you say instead and go on about your business

Just, just to point that out to my Wallman!

But you know us sistahs have got to stick together!

We're all we have.

You know there are some obnoxious, anal, and uptight white folks around here.

Can't say much about the black folks because ain't that many.

All my sistahs nod your head and say "umm hmm".

We're all we have.

I would say the same about the black folks...

Mostly, everyone walks around ignoring everyone else.

"You're black? Wow, good for you" and walk away.

"Look at me my Wallman!" you want to say.

So this is another Black History Month.

February 15, 1994

The College News

**Calendar of events**

- **February 13**
  - 8-10 PM, Robert S. Gregg: "Churches and Sports in Philadelphia's African-American Community." Dorothy Vernon Room, Hafliner
  - 8-10 PM Forum on the Black Male, CC Main Lounge

- **February 17**
  - 8-10 PM, Robert S. Gregg: "Churches and Sports in Philadelphia's African-American Community." Dorothy Vernon Room, Hafliner

- **February 22**
  - 8-10 PM, Donald Bogle: "Blacks in Film and Television: An Interpretive History." CC 105

- **February 25**
  - 8-10 PM, Jassu Ballet, CC Main Lounge

- **February 28**
  - 8-10 PM, Closing Ceremony, CC Main Lounge

**Black women and Academia**

by Stacy Curwood

I live in Cambridge, so it was no sweat for me to go to the conference at MIT. Black Women in the Academy: Defending Our Name was the name of the event I learned of through the Bryn Mawr Black Alumnae Forum that the women who have gone before me are incredible sources of support and inspiration. There are not that many mentors out there for us; as Sociology professor Mary Cairns spoke about, any minority faculty members assume a huge burden for mentoring minority women students.

Besides thinking of my grandmother, who also was a Soc professor, I have come through high school and college without identifying and affirming myself as a black woman.

When I met Bryn Mawr alumnae, I realized that I want to change that.

Nevertheless, I had to rally some enthusiasm, among when I peeked myself out of my cozy bed at home to slog through the snow down to MIT. I'd been on vacation for almost a month—now I was going to have to think about academia again. When I got there, though, I woke up. I found the four other Mawrters who were there and sat in Kresge Auditorium simply watching—look at all these black women! The introductory remarks brought home to me that this event was big. When in history has a group of at least 200 highly educated, accomplished, black women sat in an auditorium at MIT or any place.

I knew that I had to adapt to the fact of being a very "white," very male MIT Oran; where, for that matter? My high school MIT student friend who I bumped into in the corridor said that she was watching the astonished faces of the MIT community as these women swarmed over the campus.

I listened rapitly as Lani Guinier, Clinton's withdrawn nominee for Attorney General, addressed us. She spoke of her experience at Yale Law School, of being addressed as a "gentleman" by one of her professors there, of returning to an alumni weekend and having nothing to say about her "fond memories" of her alma mater. I watched clips of movies for "Black Women in Hollywood: The 60's and Beyond," and noticed that there are so few black movies featuring women. I met several versions of Barbie at "Dyes and Dots: The Sexual/Textual Politics of Black Barbie". My awareness grew; my understanding deepened.

Black women are not out of the frying pan yet. They may find I'm finding a few Scabs and Siouxsie studies courses, to try to explain why we are where we are. But can I really understand through the academic channels that have historically denied us a voice?

I got the most out of a workshop that did not take the form of "Writing Academically: Using Colons to make a Fancy-Sounding Title." It was for undergraduates thinking about graduate school. Professor Robin Kilson, who taught here at Bryn Mawr sev- eral years ago, talked to us about what a graduate experience might be like for us. She said that it will probably be lonely and long (as it is for everyone), but she emphasized support systems. A graduate school worth its salt will support us because THEY NEED US. Academia is increasingly concerned about the dearth of black women; in 1992, 38,814 doctorate degrees were awarded, 14,366 of those went to women, and 570 went to black women. OOPS! I know we're a minority, but we're hardly representative of the population.

Wait a minute, I thought. I know that I haven't had such a hard time. My parents and teachers have always encouraged me, I'm at an elite college, I don't feel inferior, I don't need special help. But I do. I need help "defending my name," getting my foot in the door of a place where I may or may not be well received. I need affirmative action and support. I need to be promoted when I deserve it, I need to be believed if I say I've been sexually harassed by my superior, I need for my ideas to be understood as ideas and not as products of my "bias." I need help "defending my name." Thanks for the help, people. I hope I can return the favor someday.

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CANCER
My friend wishes she could eat my Cancer away—turns out I just forgot to write your future—sorry, monitory lapse in your Oracle's consciousness. Cancer is the sign of unrequited love; the Cancer chickie has foxes swooning behind her leather jacket, but, alas, all these loves were not to be. Be especially careful around Pallas and Athena time; you might find yourself looking Love straight in the face, in the form of a friend who subtly says, "I just want to be kissed tonight," to the date you jokingly asked out in Erdman, and offered to look nice for. Careful, careful, this dance might turn your moaning and groaning about being single into a distant memory.

LIBRA
You are such a terror, you sweep through your room flinging clothes and dollar bills and all that clutter that coats your life like so much Pepto Bismol, and sometimes entropy just tears apart your friendships and soft-cover Anthro books. So, de-clutter while listening to your most soulful music—just expel all that destroys your delicate balance, my Leonine woman, and box up the excess to provide a cat walk sufficiently wide for all your historic singing-on-table antics. Give people a reason to reassess the somewhat patronizing way they treat your way of glazed this life with light humor and general silliness.

LEO
You are bothoof, darling, you are a hot sexy mama despite what your body image self-hating might otherwise convince you. Face it, it's midwinter, you're wearing layers, so of course your linxer (I didn't say lumber) thighs are somewhat thicker than they were in mid-August, but that's to be expected. Here's what you can do, besides crying into your 'Famaster for being born with a normal body—go to Philly's own Inferno, (or to the King of Prussia Piercing Hut, tho' I wouldn't recommend it) and, with a friend who promises not to laugh, get something done—a stud here, a bar between your eyes, whatever's aesthetically pleasing. And love yourself for it, no matter how goofy a nose ring may seem.

SAGITTARIUS
Ooh your kisses, sweeter than honey, and guess what, so is my money! So buy your beloved a Boboli pizza at the cafe, and spiff up those thigh-high boots for high-schoolers, some fool here or there. Before you jump on Lorena Bobbit's bandwagon, as fun as it sounds, think about the future? How many lines will they devote to you in the alum book? What, didn't you ever do something right?

SCORPIO
Ay, the Furies they be a-rising within your delicately curled lips. Anger accompanies your email like a couple awhis in repulsive cutie-pie love. And you don't know why the world suddenly is at fault as day-in, day-out, your brilliance is refined by some fool here or there. Before you jump on Lorena Bobbit's headwagon, as fun as that may sound to all you pre-med types, please reconsider a suburban Riot Grrl excursion to Walter Swiss Pastries to express any and all hostility you might feel to the male gender through some harmless castration techniques on gingerbread boys.

The mysterious Lady Oracle
CAPRICORN
Yo, baby, isn't this as good a time as any to put aside those Calculus assignments and think about the future? How many foes will they devote to you in the alman Bulletin, and what will you be cited for and how many states will you be Wanted in by the time you're thirty-five? Exciting stuff, eh? BMC's graduates are everywhere—I was reading this book for paper on prostitution, and there was mention of this one woman who, as a sophomore, organized all the African-American employees of the college into a union. When she graduated, she joined the Weathermen Underground and bombed warehouses. She's in prison for life, and isn't the future an exciting thing to dream about?

AQUARIUS
You know what good company you're in, sugar, just by being an Aquarian? Eddie Van Halen, Langston Hughes, Ash Rose, Lady Oracle's mommy, Geena Davis, Ronald Reagan (your country tis a thief!), Edith Wharton, Judy Blume and Ice-T all share your birthday month, and hey, what else is there to do but realize their brilliance and recognize your own there somewhere, too. Even Reagan was bright enough to keep us from lynching him for eight years; so where do your talents lie? What, didn't you ever do something right?

PISCES
Speaking of the future, do you know what you're doing for the summer? Have you pinpointed what coast you'll be on yet? Lady O. understands the tremendous waftling you'll have to undertake before you find that special $300 a month rent to settle down with for those humid summer nights. Is this the time to live out your year-old's fantasies of sleeping under the stars? Should you denounce materialism to love while at Bryn Mawr—like the MALL! Gather up stares now, because like beloved a Boboli pizza at the cafe, and spiff up those thigh-high boots for high-schoolers, some fool here or there. Before you jump on Lorena Bobbit's bandwagon, as fun as that may sound to all you pre-med types, please reconsider a suburban Riot Grrl excursion to Walter Swiss Pastries to express any and all hostility you might feel to the male gender through some harmless castration techniques on gingerbread boys.

ARIES
Aries, you need something to make you quiver with longing; it's been a while, hasn't it? Maybe the last time you hit IT counting over yester was when, at five, you hid a well-kissed picture of Richard Simmons in the freezer so your mother wouldn't find it. Maybe you've not into the capitalism thang this week, then how's about a new toothbrush? or if you're not into the capitalism thang this week, then how's about a new shoe? No matter how goofy a nose ring may seem.

TAURUS
Just listen to Aretha Franklin's 'I Never Loved a Man (the Way That I Love You)" and dedicate it to yourself; you've taken lots of bull and beatings this week. After dancing through your miseries, do right by us all, and work out, sleep, giggle over dinner at all of those stupid crushes you had freshman year. And take care of yourself—everyone around here is just rolling over in their unmade sheets with bronchitis and pneumonia. But they DO get tattoos.

GEMINI
Ohh your kisses, sweeter than honey, and guess what, so is my money! So buy your beloved a Boboli pizza at the cafe, and spiff up those thigh-high boots for high-schoolers, some fool here or there. Before you jump on Lorena Bobbit's headwagon, as fun as that may sound to all you pre-med types, please reconsider a suburban Riot Grrl excursion to Walter Swiss Pastries to express any and all hostility you might feel to the male gender through some harmless castration techniques on gingerbread boys.

Comics by Sarah Quemada

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DATES women make...

compiled by jenn hogan

Tuesday, Feb 15

—Panel-Bosnia Aid: An Evening of Hope, by Amilia Butcrovic, Sarajevo native and Michael Sells, Haverford Professor, sponsored by Hillel, Campus Center 105, 7:30 PM

—Kurtis Blow, Grand Master Flash & the Furious Five, the Sugar Hill Gang, Kool Moe Dee, and Whoodini 7PM at the Trocadero at 10th and Arch Sts in Philadelphia Wednesday, Feb 16

—French Film Series-Maron des Sources, 8-10 PM in Thomas 110

—ESPN Rap on 8 Coffeehouse, 8 PM, Campus Center Main Lounge

Thursday, Feb 17

—College Jazz Group-sponsored by ESPN and Student Activities, Campus Center Main Lounge

—Bi-Co Film Series, “The Vanishing,” 9:30 PM, Thomas 110

Friday, Feb 18

—Gallery Show Opening-Works by Women Artists: Selections from the William & Uylendate Scott Memorial Collection (Part 2), reception 4-6 PM, Campus Center 204

—Faculty Dance Concert, 7:30-9:30 PM, Goodhart Auditorium

—BMC Film Series, 8 and 10 PM, Thomas 110

—Philadelphia Orchestra, Wolfgang Sawallisch, conductor, Honegger, Pacific 231, Rachmaninoff, Piano Concerto No.3 in D minor, Op.30, Beethoven, Symphony No.2 in D major, Op.36, 8:00 PM, Academy of Music

—Teenage Fan Club with Yo La Tengo, 6:30 PM at the Trocadero

Saturday, Feb 19

—Haverford Film Series—“Life is Sweet”, 8 and 10:15 PM, Sharpless Auditorium

—Philadelphia Orchestra, see program for Feb 25

Sunday, Feb 20

—Plenary, 1-5 PM, Goodhart Auditorium

—7th Annual Black History Month Celebration by School of Social Work and Social Research featuring music, dancers, poetry readings, storytelling, and vendors, Admission is $5

—International Film Series, 8 PM, Thomas 110

—Women’s Ensemble Theater, 10:30 PM, The Actor’s Space at the Bourse, Philadelphia

—Philadelphia Orchestra, Wolfgang Sawallisch, conductor, Kathleen Battle, soprano, Shubert, Symphony No.2 in B-flat major, D.125, Mozart, Aria to be announced, Strauss, songs to be announced, Respighi, La Boutique Fantastique, 8 PM, The Academy of Music

—Quicksand with Seaweed, 6 PM at the Trocadero

Saturday, Feb 26

—Philadelphia Film Series, “Life is Sweet”, 8 and 10:15 PM, Sharpless Auditorium

—Philadelphia Orchestra, see program for Feb 25

—Bi College Gospel Choir concert, 6 PM, Founders Hall, Haverford

Sunday, Feb 27

—International Film Series 10 PM, “La Strata”, Thomas 110

Dykes To Watch Out For

on her back

[Comics page]

Dykes To Watch Out For

[Comics page]
Theatre group speaks to women  

by jenn hogan

The untrained eye, the Philadelphia theater scenes seem to consist mainly of touring productions of the latest Broadway hits from Andrew Lloyd Weber and Stephen Sondheim. While these productions contain many impressive special effects and melodramatic love songs, they often leave some wanting something a little less male dominated and a little more substance. One who is in search for more can turn to the more underground theater companies to see some creative new ideas.

One such theater group in Philadelphia is the Women's Ensemble Theater. This group started in May 1992 by Lisa Silberman, a Barnard alumna, is dedicated to giving time to the voices of women of all cultures that are often forgotten in mainstream, big budget theater productions. The Women's Ensemble Theater also seeks to call attention to women's contributions to the world of theater and beyond and to give work to women actors and playwrights.

Silberman was inspired to start a women's theater group during her years at Barnard. She enjoyed her experiences in a women's theater group at a women's college so much that when she moved back to Philadelphia after college, she decided to start a women's theater organization here. The Women's Ensemble Theater group has two parts. One part performs full length plays written by women with all women casts. So far, the Theater has produced three of this type of piece. The first was an original piece written by the women in the ensemble called "Spitting Images." This piece is about inter-generational relations between women and involved women from 20-50. The second piece consisted of original adaptations of short stories written by women writers. The most recent play was called "Tomato Tomatoes" and was written by Joyce Carol Oates. For this production, Joyce Carol Oates gave a lecture after the first performance, and for each subsequent performance, a different speaker spoke at the end of the play.

The second aspect of the Theater is an ensemble group of 8 women called WEAVE which stands for Women's Ensemble Action Via Education. This group of women work together to discuss pertinent issues to women, research these issues, explore them, and eventually produce a piece from this discussion. Currently WEAVE has three of these pieces, one about race relations, one about war and abuse, and one about body image and eating disorders. WEAVE is bringing these thoughts provoking and educational pieces to different performance spaces including Rutgers University and Bernard College. WEAVE would also like to come to Bryn Mawr. After their performances, which include not only acting but also music and movement, the WEAVE members and a professional facilitator will have a discussion with the audience members about the impact of the piece and the issues it addresses. WEAVE will perform on February 25 at 10:30 PM at the Actors' Center at the Bourse in Philadelphia. The number for ticket information is 925-6400.

The Women's Ensemble Theater is looking for Mawrters who journey into Philly during the day. You are in Center City Philly for a) a job interview, b) a cultural trip, c) some volunteer work, d) research, e) shopping, or f) just trying to get off campus. You now want to go some place warm and get something to eat for a) breakfast, b) lunch, the central place, d) a late afternoon snack, e) a late dinner, or f) a late after work dinner. You can’t afford anything fancy and for your paltry budget. You wind up eating a) a pretzel from a cart on the street, b) an overpriced, greasy slice of pizza, c) some raw and cooked seafood, d) something from a fast food restaurant, or d) something from a snack machine in the train station. You go home grumbling about how you hate Philadelphia and in the place where you come from, a) Boston, b) Austin, c) Seattle, ord) Pittsburgh.

This would never have happened because those cities are superior to Philly in every way. Well, I have been to the answer to all culinary concerns. One of Philadelphia's most popular spots is Reading Terminal Market, located across from the Convention Center, just two blocks from Market East Station. This huge covered market was originally used by farmers selling the best goods in the city, gourmet pasta, authentic Philly cheese steaks and hoagies, Chinese food, raw and cooked seafood,点击, western fast food, cappuccino, and just about any other type of food you can imagine. These are intermingled with bakers, fruit sellers, and a jewelry stand. It's almost like entering a different world with all sorts of people, colors, smells, and tastes to behold. The place is so stimulating to your senses, it is almost too much to take in at one time.

The Market is very crowded and is always hopping. This means that if you don't want your food "to go", you need to search for the tiny cluster of seat-sidiooners whose hands in the Market, hang around until someone finishes their meal and relinquishes their table, and step on your way home. An almost technique can be compared to looking for a parking space in Manhattan. My best way to do this is to make your decision. After we returned to our table, I found myself looking at what other people chose and wishing I had seen the stands where it had come from.

On my first trip to the Market, I bought a pretzel with mustard. I felt that if you don't want your food "to go", you need to search for the tiny cluster of seat-sidiooners whose hands in the Market, hang around until someone finishes their meal and relinquishes their table, and step on your way home. An almost technique can be compared to looking for a parking space in Manhattan. My best way to do this is to make your decision. After we returned to our table, I found myself looking at what other people chose and wishing I had seen the stands where it had come from.

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ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT

Campus Center Exhibition of Women Artists

Work by Women Artists: selections from the William & Uytendale Scott Memorial Study Collection. Part Two, featuring sixty-three artists, will be shown at Bryn Mawr College, Campus Center Gallery 204, from February 16 through March 4, noon to 5 pm daily. Admission is free. The opening reception is Friday, February 18, from 4 to 6 pm. Please Call 526-5335 for more information.

The Scott Memorial Study Collection includes contemporary photographs, pastels, watercolor, drawings and prints with one-third of the artists residing in the Philadelphia area. On exhibit will be eleven photographs by local photographers such as Sandy Sorlien and Sarah Van Keuren. Also included is an ink drawing by the renowned folk singer Joan Baez, and works by a variety of figurative, realist, expressionist, and abstract artists, such as Ava Blitz, Alice Trumbull Mason, Joan Mitchell and Jane Wilson.

The Scott Collection which began as a small memorial from artist Bill Scott to his parents in 1991 has grown to over 200 artworks from ongoing gifts of many artists and their families. It is one of the largest study collections of contemporary women artists' works currently assembled.

Roseline Granet (French, born 1936) Tree II. 1992 Ink on Paper. Scott Memorial Study Collection

Come see your dance teachers perform!

The Annual Faculty Dance Concert will be held on Friday, February 18 at 7:30 pm in Goodhart Theater. Admission is free and all are invited to see the work of the professional dancers and choreographers who are part of the Bryn Mawr Dance Program. This year the performance includes flamenco dance, Haitian dance, modern dance and live music. For information, contact the Dance Program at 526-5208.

WRITE for the College News! We need your opinions, reviews, anecdotes, and news. This is your paper.

The Bi-College Gospel Choir is still going strong this year. Rehearsals are Saturdays from 6 to 8 pm, in Goodhart classroom B, and new people are always welcome.

Come to a CONCERT on Saturday, February 26: 6 pm in Founders at Haverford.
We think falling snow is bad..