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Students of Bryn Mawr College

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The project: prevent harm to drug users

by JoNN hogaN

Most Saturday mornings this year I and several fellow Maverettes have dragged ourselves out of bed to spend from 10:30 to 12:30 on the corner of Kensington and Cumberland Streets in North Philadelphia volunteering for Prevention Point. Prevention Point is an organization sponsored by the city of Philadelphia dedicated to providing free, clean needles to IV drug users in return for their dirty needles. The idea of this program is to get dirty needles off the street, put people in contact with clean needles and thus prevent the spread of AIDS.

Needle exchanges are popping up all over the country in cooperation with a philosophy of drug treatment called harm prevention.

On being Catholic and hopeful

by Erika Mereched

Once upon a time some strangers arrived in a town called Somod. This town was very wealthy, but its inhabitants were very unhappy. One day, a man who took in the strangers was a man named Lot. Lot was a good man and he decided to take the strangers into his home and care for them. The strangers turned out to be angels, but I'm getting ahead of myself.

Lot showed tolerance toward the strangers by not sending them away, but more importantly, he showed them respect and kindness. He made them sleep in his house, instead of outside where they had planned to stay. He gave them food and drink, and when his fellowtownspeople came by shouting angry things he didn't turn them out to protect his pride and to maintain his friendship with his neighbors. He even sacrificed his daughter in hope that this would keep the angry mob away from the visitors. Unfortunately, his daughter was raped and killed.

Clerical morality and intolerance of differences were bad enough to inspire divine wrath, but adding murder and rape really did it in the Sodomites. They and their neighbors in Gomorrah, who were also known for the sins of overindulgence, greed, murder, and adultery, and only Lot and his family were saved.

This story has been used by many to justify their own intolerance and cruelty. This is a stark reminder that we need to be more open-minded and compassionate to others, especially those who are different from us. We should try to understand their situation and try to help them. It is important to remember that we are all children of God and that we have a moral obligation to care for each other.

On this issue to read more... letters, more tabouli, astro, notes on on Spring, and Arts and Entertainment, as always.
EDITORIAL

Dear Editor,

I thought the students of Bryn Mawr College would be interested in the national service opportunities created by the recent passage of the National and Community Service Trust Act of 1993.

Over thirty years ago I stood with President Kennedy on the south lawn of the White House while we sent the first Peace Corps volunteers overseas. From the very beginning of that international venture, we always looked forward to the day when the idea, spirit, and logic of the Peace Corps would be brought home to serve American families and AmeriCorps communities. That day has now arrived with the creation of AmeriCorps, which, over the course of the next three years, will challenge roughly 100,000 young people to serve. It is estimated that in the first year of the AmeriCorps program, 20,000 men and women will receive a stipend while becoming eligible for school tuition assistance or loan forgiveness.

We are fortunate in our state to have a prototype of AmeriCorps already up and running called the Pennsylvania Service Corps. The Pennsylvania Service Corps can be contacted at 717-233-6877, and they are currently recruiting volunteers. For more information about participating in AmeriCorps, please call 800-944-AIDP or for more detailed information about national service, please call my office at 212-224-6024.

Sincerely,

Harris Wofford

Letters

Attention BMC: PA service corps

One response to another on Pride Week

Letters

Dear Editor,

While I am glad for Becca Speckley's expression of the emotions stirred in her by the heterosexual prides during Gay Pride Week, I would like to express my own dissent from two of her conclusions about the incident. Her first conclusion is that the heterosexual pride parades were reactionary and defensive. Nothing in either of them seemed to me to be opposing liberalism or progress, American Heritage's definition of reactionary. They did seem defensive, but Gay Pride Week is defensive too. When people feel threatened, they get defensive. Whether or not we can understand why people feel threatened, it is necessary to recognize what they are feeling threatened by. Expression of that feeling has to be okay, otherwise all pretense of any kind of community on this campus is completely bogus.

Ms. Speckley's second conclusion I want to comment on is that, "The timing of this reaction shows no respect for our chance at expression." This is incredibly upsetting. Reactions are not timed. In conversation, obviously, it is polite to let someone finish speaking before taking over from them. In writing however, assuming no one is tearing things down or erasing them, all words are allowed to stand together. However, I do find it not only disrespectful, but frightening as well, that Ms. Speckley is saying that women should just sit down and be quiet until their week rolls around. By responding to the Gay Pride chanting the women were showing respect for whatever it was we had to say and had an emotional reaction which they chose to express, another response, a position, rather than remain silent. Feelings cannot be neatly boxed up in neat little concepts and expressed during their appropriate week. The idea that they should be is incredibly reactionary and dangerous and is hardly what I think Gay Rights activists dedicate their lives to.

Allowing any woman at any time for any reason is completely unacceptable in a community of women. I would hope that during a Heterosexual Pride Week, my voice as a gay woman would not be silenced. I would like to assert that the impact and importance of Gay Pride Week is in any way lessened by the presence of women here too, C'mon, we all know what silence equals. I completely understand the position you are in, but when we are here boxed in by the two arches and the valley of the gym, that argument becomes extended and less tenable. The way this is handled on Taylor Row is a far cry from pride on Lancaster Avenue and I think straight reactions are also going to differ according to if we want to respect them for feeling threatened, we have GOT to respect them.

One feminist's voice is worth another's.

Monica Wofford

Letters

In the Letter to the editor, Becca Speckley refers to the emotion stirred in her by the heterogeneous pride parades during Gay Pride Week. She expresses her disagreement with a few of her conclusions. While she appreciates the expression of different emotions, she believes that a lack of respect for the opportunity to express these feelings is concerning. She emphasizes the importance of women's presence in any discussion and argues that silence is not acceptable in a community of women. She concludes by expressing her solidarity with the feminist perspective. The editor, meanwhile, expresses support for the creation of AmeriCorps and its potential for national service. She also responds to Becca Speckley's letter, providing her perspective on the timing and respect for expression during pride events.
continued from page 1

IV encourages people to answer questions on where to go for more extensive treatment. Prevention Point holds bi-weekly users meetings which serve not only as support groups, but also look for the users’ input on major decisions made in the structure of the organization. Prevention Point holds the view that since it serves the needs of a certain clientele, the group should share in making the decisions of this body. The exchange also has marked Prevention Point by users serving as volunteers at all stages of the group and behind this is the empowerment of the users, a group that has almost no voice in modern society.

When I first starting volunteering at Prevention Point, I was a little apprehensive about what I was going to see and do. I was worried about being in a dangerous part of the city and working with people I perceived as dangerous. However, working with Prevention Point volunteers since October has smashed every single stereotype I have ever held about "junkies." The people I help exchange needles on Saturdays are very ethically minded, with a majority of whites. There are many more men than women (although I have been told that this is because the women for crack is not hero- ine), and most of the men are between 35 and 50. I have been told that the ethic-make up and age of the exchange changes from site to site. The neighborhood of Kensington is not place where I would like to walk alone at night, but it has the makings of a community exchange.

The work of Prevention Point is somewhat controversial, the RV is not very welcome in this neighborhood. Residents are afraid, we are drawing addicts to their neighborhoods. The users themselves explain that they are here but just aren't recognized. By having a needle exchange, we are bringing a problem to light, not creating it.

Likewise, the volunteers at Prevention Point range from social workers, to nurses, college students, and others who work in the social service networks of Philadelphia, to members of the Philadelphia chapter of ACT UP including a grandmother whouren by more people than I can mention, I have seen, to the exchange themselves. One man who works at Prevention Point for his community service parole requirement is a user who is rumored to have a master’s degree in chemistry. Different volunteers have different philosophies about the purpose and the running of the exchange and this makes for some very heated debate. Some see Prevention Point as a revolutionary organization that should not even try to explain itself to the rest of the world. Others feel that the most important aspect of Prevention Point is to serve the exchange no matter whose butts need to be kicked in City Hall in order to keep our funding.

We have been some pretty strange times and I have seen many interesting people from working at needle exchange. One of my favorite people who comes to volunteer is a user named Gil who knows the words to just about every Beatles song there is. Another user helped a volunteer get into her car after she locked her keys inside. I look forward to seeing many regulars every Saturday including one who looks like he walked off of the set of Law (if he walked onto this campus, he would be surrounded by women), a quiet, smiling woman with a 1/2 bottle on her jean jacket, and a woman with the most beautiful little boy I have ever seen.

I was embarrassed the first time some people asked for "just the works" and I was completely convinced. Choking received at McDonald’s, this phrase had different meaning for me. It was definitely unpleasant to stand outside for two hours in the cold of the winter, but we had hot chocolate and we got to laugh at the men hopelessly trying to maneuver the RV in the snow. Then when the weather got warmer, we were visited on one morning by a group of missionaries trying to convert the users. The missionaries then started singing hymns and we yelled out requests like "Amazing Grace," which they took. These missionaries kept their distance from the users, as if they were afraid of them.

From this experience I know that drug users are the most forgotten and abused group in our society. They are harassed both the police and the drug dealers. They often feel they can trust no one. This feeling of loneliness and isolation is understandable when one gets to know the users’ problems on a personal level. For example, when a user buys a needle on the street, he or she cannot be sure the needle is clean because drug dealers have been known to repack previous used needles and sell them as new. Many users have no connections with their families anymore and have few close friends. This means that there is no one around to quilt them a patch on the AIDS-quilt when they catch the deadly plague. There are no articles written for drug users in Pot, the magazine which claims to be for all people with AIDS.

A lot of people ask me how I feel about promoting drug use. I don’t feel that needle exchange does because people are going to use drugs whether I’m handing out needles or not. The most important thing is that we help people use drugs safely and keep the drugs off the streets. I don’t really know if we are doing anything different, but sometimes people will say to us thanks for coming here or you are really providing a service. The most important thing is for us to really realize that drug users are people. None of us can say that if we were exposed to the same situations as these people are that we wouldn’t end up in the same pit of despair. If you disagree with this, I invite you down to Cumberland and Kensington on Saturday morning. You will find people not too different from yourself, neither animals nor criminals, who are dealing with an addiction.

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binding to first-year Rachel Gallant to form the backbone of the right-five. The Quakers rallied in the second half, scoring a try and the conversion kick in the first ten minutes of resumed play. Pushing hard, the Toads managed to hold off the Quakers for the rest of the game, but could not score themselves.

The Bryn Mawr-Haverford "killer Be" also fought ferociously against a strong Swarthmore side, using the game as a learning experience and stepping stone for next season. The first half of play was shaky as Swarthmore’s fly-half consistently ran through the weak side gaps to score against the Toads. However, the techniques that the team had practiced throughout the season helped the Toads rally and form a stronger defense in the second half. First-year back Rebecca Laskey consistently made strong breakaways which moved the ball down the pitch supported by the other backs and the tight pack forwards.

Sadly, the Swarthmore game did mark the end of the spring season, and also marks the loss of the Haverford-Bryn Mawr veteran senior ruggers. Captain Remo Rizza, 8-man and former president Monica "Yak" Farrow, winger Arielle "Airplane" Metz, prop Danielle "Divvy" DeLucia and center Katie Mangle provided the team with their guidance, support and their own quirky charm throughout this season and past years on the playing field. They will be missed as remembered and their stories will live on forever as they are told, retold, and told yet again by coach Jojo Gunn after-practice Roaches burger.

Next Saturday on Orchard field at Haverford, this year’s squad will face off against their mentors, the Bryn Mawr-Haverford rugby club alumni in the annual Alumni game.

Chalking responses, cont.
continued from page 2

I also have a fearful response as a gay woman to Ms. Shapley’s article. I do not appreciate the victimized stance which is implied by the statement, "I only expect those of you who have the privilege of voice and ever present community which your heterosexuality affords you..." Pride work, I literally have seen only one public act at the festival. Especially here on this campus I think we are given ample opportunity for expression. I resent being tagged as someone who needs a "special" week of acceptance by heterosexuals in which they will recognize my existence. I can’t say I’m against any days that can be set aside. I just seriously doubt that what week of the year it will be when people choose who people should listen to me. I’m glad to hear you shouting, Elena.

—Becca Shapley

Solutions, continued
continued from page 3

Mawr '96, Joseph Colette, a scavenger hunt, a special brunch (on Saturday), and the music/animation/contests. Some of these activities will happen at the same time as Hell Week events (such as schedule copying and trials). We plan to work with the Traditions Committee and the Hell Week Committee to avoid misunderstandings and keep everyone’s plans running smoothly.

We wanted to have input from as many people as possible so that the tradition would reflect more of the community’s desires—not just our own. As often happens at Bryn Mawr, academic activism rules their toll, and while many people expressed their interest and support, we did not accomplish as much as we wished. We will begin having meetings again soon, however, to make concrete plans. First year students will help us, which we realize could be problematic, but we will muddle through. We would love to have your plans made by now, but this is something we believe is very important, so we will continue. If you have any ideas or suggestions, or are interested in planning or participating, please contact us.

Amy Sutton '99, Box C-1481, Ruth Wielgosz '98,
Box C-1030.
State-sponsored torture and big businesses

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Torture is not the issue. Business is. Humanity is not relevant in the marketplace.

by Rebecca Cohen

The cross-down rivalry between the Bryn Mawr-Haverford Todd rugby team and the Pennsylvania women's rugby club came to a halt as the Toads closed out their season at Swarthmore's rugby pitch.

The two teams were evenly matched; both squads travelled to the University of Virginia two weeks ago to play in a tournament which included collegiate rugby teams from Virginia, Georgia, Massachusetts and of course, Pennsylvania. Bryn Mawr-Haverford entered the tournament as returnee of champions, and Swarthmore joined the competition for the first time. Bryn Mawr solidly defeated James Madison University and advanced to the second bracket of competition, facing a strong VA Tech squad.

Despite great plays by senior-captain, scrum-half Reanna Rajko, and junior fly-half flyhalf Jolite Rightmyer, when the dust had settled, VA Tech walked away with the win, knocking the Toads out of the running for the finals. Swarthmore, however, did manage to make it to the last bracket of the competition, and they too faced the Virginia Tech squad. VA Tech trounced the Garnet in a shut-out, keeping the ball on the Quakers' side of the field throughout play. Anxious to avenge their defeat in Virginia, the Toads challenged the Swarthmore squad Saturday morning.

Write a letter to your Senator. Tell her that you find state-sponsored torture to be literally reprehensible and U.S. aid to these states inexcusable. All aid to El Salvador and Indonesia must be stopped until these governments abide by the United Nations' "Convention Against Torture." Specifically, Principle 6 of its protection of the imprisoned (including the accused): "No circumstances whatsoever can justify torture..." This includes working with the poor as being declared a crime against the state, and attempting to maintain the traditional way of life against progress. Neither of these crimes are justification for torture anymore. Further tell your Senator that military sales to Indonesia and El Salvador must be stopped immediately. At the very least we can make a slight move to our nation's position by depriving them of bargain basement American made military goods. The argument that they will buy from others is a true but wholly irrelevant. As Alexander Cockburn wittily observes, "U.S. firms and their political advocates in Congress would have encouraged the sale of Zyklon B to the Nazis at Auschwitz on the grounds that otherwise some other producer might steal market share."

If the communities were to succeed in taking either one of these countries after the withdrawal of U.S. aid, it will be for plainly obvious reasons: even the communists are preferable to U.S. sponsored bloody dictatorships. The communities are preferable to U.S. sponsored torture, we need to remember that the state which doesn't support the sponsoring is our own.

But more importantly, we need to remove our power over the actions of our state. As Audre Lorde writes, "I have no creative use for guilt, your or my own. Guilt is a way of life as well as a way of avoiding informed action, of buying time out of the pressing need to make clear choices, out of the apocalyptic storm that can feed the earth as well as bend the trees. If I speak to you in anger, at least I have spoken to you; I have not put a gun to your head and shot you down in the street; I have not looked at you bleeding sisters body and asked, 'What did she do to deserve it?'"
Sexing the Tabouli III

Katherine stood stunned as Phoebe swung the door open and the couple exited as quickly as egg bagels disappear at breakfast. She crumpled down upon the checker’s table, energy spilling from her veins. “Why must I remain locked in this concrete hell while others enjoy the delights of spring?”

The sun was shining through those nice big windows that are up by the ceiling of the main dining area, but are much too high to provide a view of any of the wonders of spring other than the big blue sky. “If only I could see the flowers blooming, with their blossoms. Terminate the squirrels after every meal instead of cleaning up after careless diners. And why do they get to fall in love? When will my chance at amorosity arrive?”

She sulked as she turned to wipe off the tables, squished cleaner on those solid plates of royal blue and dusted off the little stray specks of salt and pepper. She felt like one of those little stray specks, lost and scattered, somehow not having ended up in the right place. She saw no hope for her future: like a little grain of salt, she would get wiped up and end up in a trashcan somewhere, never having fulfilled her original purpose.

Katherine was in the back room of Erdman before she herself could even know it, the room which has windows at eye-level, which provide a sumptuous view of Erdman’s campus. Katherine was too distracted by her own thoughts, though, to notice the flowers blooming outside, or even to notice the bustling stray diner lingering in the corner.

“Hi, Katherine,” said a voice, smooth yet rusty, as full and round as a honey-dew. Katherine caught her breath. She recognized that voice. It was Chris from her thermodynamics class. Katherine looked up, saw those brown pulsating eyes, warm as a waffle fresh out of the oven.

“Hi, Chris.” Katherine said, working hard to squelch the gasp of joy which longed to escape her mouth. Why, Chris could squelch that gasp if their lips met and...

“Sorry I took so long to eat,” said Chris. “Must be annoying to have these people just lingering around while you’re trying to clean up.”

“Oh, no, it’s fine, just fine,” said Katherine. Why couldn’t she say anything more brilliant than that? Something more devious? Something that would make Chris see how much Katherine longed...

Chris stood up, tray in hand. “Say, why don’t we get together tonight and go over that heat radiation thing? I’m having a little bit of trouble with it.”

“Oh, sure,” said Katherine. “Um...in my room?”

“Sounds good,” said Chris.

“Yeah, that would be great. Like, at eight?” Katherine imagined sitting together with Chris in front of the fireplace in her room, the one she was never allowed to light. Maybe they could ignite another kind of fire together?

“Eight’s good,” said Chris. There was a pause as the two stared at each other, not knowing quite what to say. Chris broke the silence. “Yeah, I don’t know why I’m having such trouble with it. I guess I just get kind of distracted in class.” (Could that have anything to do with the fact that Chris sat right behind Katherine every day?)

“Well, I guess I’ll go get my handfruit now.”

“Why don’t you try the plums? They got a new shipment in. They’re really...eccentric,” said Katherine. She imagined Chris biting into it, juice running down chin and neck. Katherine wouldn’t mind tasting that neck, even plum juice or snot.

“I will,” said Chris, and turned to go. Katherine watched the object of her affection walk towards the salad bar, then went about joyously cleaning the rest of the tables, visions of the approaching evening dancing through her head.

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The College News

FICURFRCCRASTINATCN:
cryptogram

VOJKPY WHSK'V WDD YC VWKRURDS WKB
YVLWURDS WY TSCTDS MCGBD GYGWDDL OWN5 GY
RSDUSNS; XCVY SITSHUKFSY WHS GKYWLWURDS,
VOSL OWITTSK JK W YTWFS VOWV KC MCHB OWY
SNSH SKVSHSB, WKB XCNS GKYWLWURDS VOWK
WDD CVOSK VOJKPY WHS MCHZY RU WHV, VOCYS
XLYVSHUCG SIVJSVSKFSY, MOCYS DJUS SKBGSY
RSYJS CGH CMK VXWDD, VWKXUVCL DJUS.

- HUIJSH XWHJW HJUZ

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Spring excitement

by Elizabeth Lyzena

It’s Spring again, and many young maidens of Bryn Mawr are turning their thoughts to one thing: declaring a major.

Last year, as an uninitiated freshman, it seemed to me that every single sophomore I knew told me so when she declared her major. One described a frightening, medieval ritual that she and her major advisor performed. Others said it was no big deal. Some felt they’d just snapped on a ball and chain, while others were exhilarated and happy. But whatever they professed to think of it, every sophomore I knew told me exactly when she would be doing it.

It was almost as cute as when right about the same time last year I spent the night in the computer center with troubles of my own, while all around me seniors were finishing up their theses that were due the next day. One by one they would use the 10 cent a page laser printer, and they would be transformed women. They would hang around a while after finishing, holding it, and their friends would crowd around to look. “What font is it in?” they would ask.

How can they say academic life isn’t exciting? Last week, I went and declared my major, something I never thought I would be able to bring myself to do. I think I probably told everyone I knew exactly when I was doing it. Now I have an identity.
Morrissey's angst excels

by ENN IngaN

Ah, Spring, The buds are on the trees, the campus smells like manure, we are up to our ears in work, everyone but us is falling ill but we simply will not let ourselves reject. Yes, there is a new Morrissey album out, a true masterpiece entitled Vauxhall and Me. I think I am being too thin- skinned to suspect that this is a bitter rejection of the prolific Morrissey is since he released his last album, Your Arsenal, only year and a half ago. But, love you to death, you are on a roll, go for it. After listening to Vauxhall and I, you will be saying to yourself this is almost as good as the Smiths! (For all of you out there in Bryn Mawr who don’t know, Morrissey used to be the lead singer of the mid-eighties band the Smiths who practically defined post-punk angels.)

However, Morrissey has released five solo albums since the breakup of the Smiths, with no chance reaching a new level of a r tic achievement (with the exception of a live album L’Unica) Vauxhall and I is the newest installment on Morrissey’s emo- tional roller coaster ride through joy, depression, repression, and the evaluation and the celebration of every day life. Morrissey reaches beyond simple stab at alienation, beyond anthems exalting the slacker, creep, or loser. Rather, Morrissey songs reach deeper towards more universal feelings of unhappiness, unrequited love, feelings of failure, and profound loneliness.

In Vauxhall and I, Morrissey reaches beyond simple stab at alienation, beyond anthems exalting the slacker, creep, or loser. Rather, Morrissey songs reach deeper towards more universal feelings of unhappiness, unrequited love, feelings of failure, and profound loneliness.

As you listen to one great song after another you think to yourself, Morrissey knows it’s a great feeling and I wish we could be there when this revelation finally hits all of you, but I have exams for study and I have to look for a summer job. Just remember—it’s OK to like Mor- rissey. Your friends who make fun of you don’t realize what genius is. Morrissey is not just alternative music’s Elvin, he’s a poet and a philosopher. Vauxhall and I is a great concept album. It’s a concept album, you might want to wait until you are a little richer before you buy this album because you will want to buy every other Smiths and Morrissey album, which could get expensive. Take it slow, have the rest of your life to enjoy this music.

by Elena McFadden

Although I am not going to have my ass out of this place for another year, I entered college with the class of ’94 and hence feel a certain amount of affinity with graduating seniors. I got a big laugh out of this letter I got from a graduating friend of mine at Wesleyan and thought maybe some people who really are graduation might enjoy it even more than I did. I call it, “Life After the Fish Bowl.”

I had a (gasp) job interview. Though it would be fun. Ended up being the first (second) chapter in the great American Dyke Novel. Publishing place— guy in charge is Donald. Fin — he interviews me. I m 5 minutes late that he has this interview with the previous interviewee — they comment— it’s like a India Hicks of Wesleyan. She is a half a skirt out. I’m butting up gear — pants, sweater and black blazer, Dr. Marston shoes — awesome. She gets a book from the table. I got NUTHIN’

So he’s an old white guy, clearly a straightman (like Nixon). 1st off—asks me why I’m a women’s studies major (lost my concentration now, mind you). Says he doesn’t see why we need Women’s Studies (Not much interested in my responses, likes to talk the whole time). Says, “Why aren’t there men’s studies?” Me: “Most classes are Men’s Studies,” and, “Wouldn’t it be nice if we lived in a world that didn’t need Women’s Studies?” He has selective hearing (i.e., he’s deaf) and misses my responses. Him: “So who are your favorite authors?” I draw a blank and try to imagine my bookshelf. “Aline Walker, and I just read The Bum Trench by Barbara Kingsolver.” (In retrospect I should have said Dorothy Allison...) Him: “So why did you like that book?” Me: “I haven’t read that book yet. It sounds good. How come? And why that first one? I don’t like her. What male authors do you like?” Me: “Uh...I can’t think of any.” Him: “I’m probably more of a feminist than most women, even though I know I am.”

The sexist interviewer

In the introduction

The inviable admonitions of Ms. Hank

Dear Ms. Hank,

The other day I got my Summer Break information through campus mail, and I noticed that I have to be gone in three weeks! I can’t contemplate leaving Bryn Mawr—I haven’t been off campus since Spring Break! Eating in Edmond ground me in reality. My mother doesn’t understand why I don’t want to come home. How can I explain that I am unable to leave here?

Signed,
Alma Mater

Dear Alma,

I don’t think anyone would notice if you camped in Taft Garden over the summer. I know they don’t. I can’t tell you out there, which would otherwise be your main worry. You could build one of those beard mums with an underwater entrance in the pool. I had a book with a picture of one of those as a child. It was really great. The water was the part I liked best.

About your mother, why not have her buy one of those beautiful Main Line residences? You don’t specify what her hobbies are, but she can work in the city and then come home to a beautiful garden and a green carpet around her home. If she likes the adventurous type, you could have a lot of fun playing with the neighbors. Paint the house black, collect a few motorcycles, and hang out at the local craft fairs.

Propose these ideas to Mom and perhaps you won’t have to explain yourself. But if you do, just tell her your heart belongs to the house of this esteemed college and you are so glad she’s sending you here and the fact that I have never gotten off my ass and a job that is worth my time! Or else go to grad school, get a Ph.D. and become a Women’s Studies professor. Ha! All for now, love, Linda — future TV star and author of the yet be written autobiographical book Sex, gender and other words to line by (unlisted Why Should I Be Queen?).

Dear Ms. Hank,

The College News

April 26, 1994

GOSPEL CHOIR!!!

There will be rehearsal the day before May Day, at 6.

The May Day concert is at 2:30, NOT 3:30.

Everyone, be there!
GUT book is fun with astrophysics

by Kathryn Kingsbury

This is a review of Steven Weinberg's Dreams of a Final Theory: The Scientist's Search for the Ultimate Laws of Nature, another book with a really cool cover (see my Truman Capote review). It's a nice navy with swirly photographs of galaxies and other physics-type things printed on it with a high-gloss finish which contrasts with the over-all matte of the rest of the cover. But enough cover-talk.

Steven Weinberg is a really really really famous physicist, having won the Nobel Prize and all. Conveniently, he's a good writer, as well.

Having taken Physics 107 and all, I was looking forward to this read, which was a lot less confusing than one of the required readings of that course, Stephen Hawking's A Brief History of Time. (He hasn't won the Nobel Prize, even though a lot of people think he's up there with Einstein and Newton and Hawking. Hawking played himself in that scene—and Weinberg was nowhere in sight. But I digress.)

Anyway, this book is about the GUT, or Grand Unifying Theory. No one's actually proposed a complete theory yet, but a lot of scientists are convinced that it's real and waiting to be discovered. What the GUT would do would be to unify the laws of nature, i.e., show how they are all related and come from the same source. What are the laws of nature, anyway? Well, they all kind of boil down to the four forces: gravitational, electromagnetic, strong nuclear, and weak nuclear. (The latter two only occur within the atom, and I have a heck of a time understanding them, so I won't try to explain them here. You've probably already heard of gravity. And, in case there was any doubt, electromagnetic force is the one that keeps magnets on your refrigerator, though it also does other neat things.)

Weinberg does a pretty good job explaining quantum physics (quanta are defined as bundles of energy that make different fields work), but sometimes he gets a little annoying because he mentions "the world's largest and most expensive scientific experiment, the Superconducting SuperCollider" really often. This is the thing that's half-constructed and sitting in Ellis County, Texas, and which, if completed, might one day help reveal really important things about forces and quantum mechanics. (What it is, essentially, is a huge round tunnel in which one would accelerate particles—physicists' lingo for really small things like electrons and such—to really high speeds, under the assumption that, when particles move faster, you can learn more about how their forces work. Weinberg explains the concept better than I do.)

Anyway, this is the same Super Collider that Congress decided to stop funding last summer, because they didn't think it was worth the money.

Weinberg gets over this: how could Congress not think that leading the world in theoretical physical discoveries is not worth spending $640 million a year? I can understand where he's coming from: it would really be neat to understand all this stuff and the GUT might even have a lot of practical ramifications. But then Weinberg goes and says something like "Scientific explanation is a mode of behavior that gives us pleasure, like love or art." Actually, it's a really cool statement in the context of what he's writing; but if I were a Congressperson and a physicist said that to me, I'd give him a set of paints and let her go play. Watercolors don't cost millions.

So what I think this boils down to is the publicity on the part of the physicists: they appeared to many people to be navel-gazers (you know, people absorbed by themselves and their own thoughts), when really they were trying to do something very practical and of aid to society.

Oh, well. So that's the way the cookie crumbles. When the Europeans get a huge super collider and discover the GUT, I suppose Congress will feel kind of short-sighted. The happy side of the story is that, even without a collider, physicists can still try to figure out the GUT—they'll just have trouble proving any of their ideas.

Dreams of a Final Theory is $13 from Vintage Books.
CANCER

Tricked and messy, Mme. Oracle has a sheet of migraine riding on her mind; there is little to be said at this point. You, cancer woman: o’ my heart, are still alive, “but do I deserve to be? Is that the question? And if so, who answered?” There mores that Cosmos now himself, masquerade of the gangly adoration of teenage girls, Eddie Vedder, and he was certainly not thinking of you when he quoted those lyrics. There is a cemented epicenter of assuredness within the Cancer woman; if thoughts of cutting shrubbery are now going to do this ‘they may be, without doubt, mind, they are the result of delusions. The equivalent of a bad round of hazelnut coffees at the café. May you continue to be safe from those demons of uncertainty that struggle to gain footing in your psyche.

LEO

A Leonine woman is certainly a complicated thing; introduce her to the fetters of Le and she’ll be far less tenacious than she is gleefully attacking the Moral Majority. Give her a sinking of dirty dishes and she’ll charmingly bubble about the outbreaks of E. Coli in Nebraska whilst scrutinizing those dishes in cold water. She is a strong duck and a Kool Thing and must be respected accordingly. Tell her she’s darling and suffer the ugly consequences. Tell her she’s too stable to be properly messed up and she’s a flaxen fist that’s contented humming dances. This has been an especially rotten time for the majority of Leos under Lady O’s startled jurisdiction, so please take notice if one seems to be a little quiet lately and dole out the understanding if you’ve got some to spare.

VIRGO

Hey Virgo, who loves you and whom do you love? Stop making allusions to a Techino song and really concentrate on reasserting your current slice of life. Are you sufficiently satisfied with the current fix, or has generic and flavorless apostathy tainted your life’s purpose? Perhaps this moment is not the time for stirring up that which has simmered unattended on the back burner, but the coming months will undoubtedly offer a stray moment to reflect upon La Vita Dolce and those who parade around waving a sign to tell you, my Virgo, my love, if you’re the type who’s made it the daily diet to feed disputes, but an occasional upkeep check of the premises is a good thing.

LIBRA

Johnny rotten has a doctorate in Marine Biology, Kurt Cobain is dead, where have all the cool boys gone? A. E. Houseman, too, evidently has left a trail of poetry to either mediocrity or to silence offers these by way of his To an Athlete Dying Young:

Eye the shady night has shut cannot see the recent cut.
And silence sounds no worse than cheers after earth has shut the ears.

These lines are especially poignant for Sir Cobain, but do not despair, sweet Maverick, for those lost are compensated for in some other sense. Johnny rotten has been accounted for by Trent Reznor, who has better table manners, Divine has a modern day counterpart in… Rusk Limbaugh. You watch, chica, they’ll all come round again. Yeah.

SCORPIO

Sigh and bother, do you feel empty now that this year has exhausted itself to tattered piles of photographs and dog-eared, curséd-out philosophy papers? Do you feel used by this institution, hatered, bruised now inwardly to be magnified? The secret of Biny Maw is “that which doesn’t kill us shall make us stronger.” Print that on those admission buttons that now belligerently read the estimated year of graduation, which more often than not falls short of the time in actuality. Don’t discourage easily, cold lampin’ at the Maw offers more than what seems apparent. While it is given that sleep, nourishment and sanity are disposable commodities here, where else can you knock on doors forever searching for a single poem and find highlighted copies of D. H. Lawrence’s The Rainbow ubiquitous as the Gillette Sensors littering the floors. Think about why you’re here, the horrendous and the glisteringly pure, the physiological consequences of attending this here stress pit, and why, on some afternoons, you just love it.

SAGITTARIUS

“Tempted by the (hand) fruit of another, tempted but the truth is discovered…” No great Edenian contraventions in New Naked City (i.e. Erth) this year, eh? Lady O was one to take advantage of the handfruit policy last year; she met her next door neighbor in confrontation whilst snuggling four bags for the Geography field trip. She now offers this advice for all you sticky-fingered petty thieves out there—Kids, crime doesn’t pay, but you have; six thousand dollars for as much food as you can eat, so use it as you may. Heh heh. No, there’s no subliminal messages within these lines, just guidance for those who may. May Day is coming up, and you can express any juvenile needs to be subversive as you steal these.

CAPRICORN

December 22 through January 20

Would you realize if you were having a brain aneurysm? Is that an excuse for rethinking, yet another Calcutta assignment to the “I’ll do that this weekend” jurisdiction. Oh, wait you’re Capricorn, and if Lady Oracle placed any legitimacy on this horoscope garbage, you would not be the one to not do your homework on work time. Leave that to others, “slacker” is not readily used in your repertoire. Capricorns are notorious for their imperceptible neatness, their desire for symmetry, their affinity towards the calm. None of Yeats’ widdening gyres for you, and boy, is the Oracle jealous. With the wagon that follows for the summit and after rodeo stands, where, for fifty cents, thirty dollars an hour, or one hundred K a year you can dole out the sensibility that comes naturally to those of us who stumble about with a stunned sense of security. (Please?)

AQUARIUS

Oranges are not the only fruit and yet one of my friends just received forty-two pounds of them from her grandfather. Oranges offer little by way of sexual innuendos; they’re not like honeydews, or strawberries, the most sensual fruit. Oranges are sticky and stringy and dribble down one’s neck. Perhaps that’s a good thing after all and your trusty Oracle is unoriginal in her fruit-sex analogies. That’s why this paper offers “picking the Tabouli”; there’s no place for sex within these horoscopes.

So, sex, not without flavoring, (because your sex life is none of my business) you will have a magnificent garden party May Daysyce whirrefend end of the year, bring a Super Soaker water gun to the last 103 class and party on, dude.

PRES

A colleague of The College News once said, “Look, I understand that gays have been oppressed and all, and that’s a problem, but why do we at Biny Maw College have to constantly be explaining our sexuality? Do I like men, do I like women? I mean, chances are, you’re not going to get together with either sex, so what’s the point?” Well, Mme. Pasco, do you find this to be a valid concern? Do we at this here place need to justify our love and all define ourselves? How dull, half the fun of crushing on someone is that risk of the person being straight or queer. Lady Oracle has not a great many of her friends by killing them on without regard to their sexuality. For a challenge this week, why not come on to someone outside of the bounds of your sexuality? Those madly cates, your geometry TAs, the sexy gals on the College News staff or that annoying sophomore on third floor who plays Public Enemy and Liz Phair non-stop. Have fun and play safe.

AIRE

Spring is that time of year I think about deporting myself back to high school glory days of bleached hair and short skirts, of flirting with the football players for a ride home, of flirting with the field hockey players because they already figured me to be a freak. Spring now means sequencing myself in the College News offices with hot chocolate and unfinished horoscopes, relishing the “collegiate” femininity identity while pumping out articles that flick against the cutting edge of good taste. Get out the history back issues of Ms., and in the famous words of the above, “art is the most rest of the world”, where your nose rings will be erotic piercings and your attitudes will be possibly written down as just “radical feminisms”, it just flushes Lady Oracle’s cheeks with frustration when her parents ask her if Biny Maw teach her to hate men. Ugh.

TAURUS

April 21 through May 21

“Another year older and what do we get? Another year older and deeper in debt!” Aye the (paraphrased and misquoted) Violent Femmes, wizards of the trite ‘n trivial frustration. Happy birthday, you little schmooks, and may faculties services not fine you for those little peeks and abuses your room has suffered over the past year. To celebrate, nay yet another useless hole for liberty’s sake and dedicate it to the father of all vandalism, Sid Vicious. He was powerful enough to invite killed school girls to anarchic in the U.K.; they went drumming on car windshields with their hockey sticks only as Sid himself patterned the walls of his hotel room with Gegapping. Whatta man, he’s so crazy, Lady Oracle wants to have his baby.

GEMINI

Special requests from Gemini who respect the power of Lady Oracle’s written word have power wondered over me; there are desires of love and of luck, of health and of cheap Lolapalooza tickets, and I wonder, do what I wish for! Whether your passions are voiced to the stars, to your teddy bear, to your poster of Billy Ray Cyrus, is there one common grounding for human desire? The Oracle’s message is firmly rooted to wishing for health, happiness and peace. What handles these ratchets of performers?

The best the Lady O. in her sophomoric wisdom can do for the Gemini chickles out there is to put in a request for ease and grace to pay a house call to your own private Idaho.

Goodnight baby and amen, luv and kisses, yer Lady O, brev elizabeth horowitz