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Music fighting hunger

HUNGER FEST is an all-day music festival featuring local and international bands playing on two stages at the Delaware Avenue Kokomo Bay Club on September 31, 1994. The event will be highlighted by Huffamosse which was featured at Woodstock '94. Also among the performers will be local artists Matt Sevier, Ben Arnold, and the Tribe. This benefit is designed to send local at-risk teenagers to an international dinner on October 5 honoring South African President Nelson Mandela. The teenagers are participants in a unique community-based program known as Peaceful Youth Land, an anti-violence initiative designed to intervene in the lives of at-risk and adjudicated youth. The program empowers students to alter their behavior and to develop leadership skills of service to their communities as well as to the other communities.

Tickets are $10.50 and are available through the sponsor TicketMaster or through Project Coordinator and Owls Mahnaz Karim at 896-3916 or 527-5722.

It's coming! It's coming! The first Freshwoman Community Service Day, more officially known as Owls on the Prowl, will finally occur this Saturday, September 10, after months of hard work and labor.

First-year students, banded together in custom groups and accompanied by their respective OWLs, will disperse throughout the Greater Philadelphia Area to participate in various acts of service. The OWLs program was designed to encourage students of faculty and staff (who then become an OWL, i.e., Old Wise Lass/Lad) with custom groups throughout the year to discuss various issues relevant to first-year students. In general provide an academic, social, and friendly link between freshmen, upperclassmen, and faculty/staff on campus.

There are twenty-five activities planned in total for the day, ranging from food preparation for the aid for friends program in Bryn Mawr to grounds work at the Philadelphia Zoo mansion. Also planned is a Community Service Car Wash in the parking lot behind Merion Dorm from 9 a.m. to 3 p.m. to assist in covering the costs of this event.

While being the first community service project of its kind that has been organized at Bryn Mawr, Owls on the Prowl promises a great beginning for community service, in this year and future years, on this campus.

Horned Toads are ready to scrum this Rugby season

by Rhea Adams

What do you call a woman who plays with leather balls? A Bryn Mawr-Haverford Women's Rugby Football player, of course. The Horned Toads' annual recruitment drive (ranging from posters to pestering neighbors) produced nearly 50 potential ruggers. They arrived at their first practice—a confounding and somewhat chaotic experience, given the nature of the game—to the commanding voice of head coach Eddy Layden. Returning players were particularly glad to see a large group of rookies, which means depth from which to draw during a tough fall season. It begins Sept. 17, at the Toads' home pitch (at Haverford) against Tri-Co rival Swarthmore.

A win in the first game would put the Toads in good league standing, of the spring season. However, many of Swat's leading players graduated, while only six of BMC-RC's got their diplomas. Two of the Toads are JYA, including President Abby Chen. Maria Ikemberry is serving in her absence. The Toads have yet to elect a captain; they are (as of this writing) soon to do so.

With some of last spring's starting players gone from the ranks, it is hard to predict who will take the field for the Toads against Swat. Returning starting forwards include Ikemberry, Catherine Horne, and Jenny "Norm" Peterson (seniors); Steph Eisenhart and Morelle Malone (junior); and Rachel Gallant (sophomore). Starting backs include Joll Righmeyer, Brei Gussack, and JJ Shirley (seniors); and Lisa Tredtham (sophomore). Many "B-side" or developing players, may rise to fill the openings left— or rookies may take the positions. BMC-RC has a great asset in the talent contained within the Killer B's.

The Science Connection

by Jen Zarutskie

You can't miss our bright fluorescent pink posters hanging in the campus center and the PSB. Some parts of them may not be too coherent, but one thing is clear: Science Connection is having its first meeting at 8:00 P.M. on Wednesday, Sept. 7 in Guild 181. (I'm not too coherent when I'm trying to get things done after 11:30 P.M.—that's why the meeting is at 8). Basically, Science Connection is a group of students, mostly science majors, who create and perform science-related demonstrations for Philadelphia public school students of all ages (K-12) and abilities. We meet weekly to exchange information on interesting experiments, listen to other students' experiences in the classroom, and get the name of teachers requesting Science Connection to come in to their school. As of now, we have a list of 50 teachers who would like us to grace their classes with our presence. Unfortunately, the number of members remaining after last year's graduation is around 15, mostly seniors, who may or may not have the time to travel out multiple times.

So we're asking for your help! We only meet once a week for an hour (or that), so too much work is not an excuse! All you have to do is get the name of a teacher from Science Connection, contact them to set up a time so that you can tailor it to both of your schedules, and get together some sort of fun demo for the class. At this week's meeting, we will be presenting some favorite demos so you can get an idea of what's expected. We have many tried-and-true experiments which you can use. The range of topics is, of course, mainly scientifically oriented, but several of the teachers requesting our help teach social studies, geography, and languages. Perhaps you can figure out a way to relate science to those topics. All students (McBride, Post-Bacs, grad students, non-science majors) are welcome and encouraged to join. Transportation is provided, as are the materials. You have nothing to lose, with plenty to gain (interpersonal skills, the satisfaction of helping others, and so on). If you have questions, you can call me at X7539.

FALL FROLIC!!

E.S.P.N. (Entertainment Social Programming Network), the Staff Association, and the Office of Student Activities will host FALL FROLIC on both Denbigh and Merion Greens. The event is scheduled for Friday, September 9, 1994.

Afternoon activities will include a "Block" Party on Denbigh Green with volleyball, badminton, a live reggae band, a student organizations fair, and light refreshments. The evening events will include a tent set-up on Merion Green with approximately 20-30 games, live music, dinner on the green, and a dance party in the Centennial Campus Center. Students and staff members will serve as volunteers, hosts, hostsesses, and game facilitators. Although this is an annual event, the 1994 FALL FROLIC will present a great fall festival blend of the variety and number of activities offered.

Schedule:
5pm-6pm Fall Frolick Block Party (Denbigh Green)
5pm-7pm Dinner on Merion Green provided by Dining Services
6pm-10pm Fall Frolick Game Showcase (Merion Green)
10pm-2am Fall Frollick Dance Party (Campus Center)

In addition, the Owls Program will host a Freshman Community Service Day on Saturday, September 10, and students can view their first Jazz Brunch Jamboree on Sunday, September 11 in Haffner Dining Hall.

Welcome (back) to BMC

Inside for book reviews, Features, thoughts on the coming year and more!
EDITORIAL

Editorial headlines are this size & shape

Fall Semester 1994—you aight from the carriage and breathe in the fresh air of the last weeks of summer, gazing at the gothic lines of Bryn Mawr's campus, ready to don academic garb and undergo rigorous academic training...

Fall Semester 1994—you drag yourself out of the car's air conditioning and swelter up the stairs with your refrigerator sling on your sweaty t-shirt clad back. You only succor lies in the thought that soon you will be venting your joy/rage/passion about your summer job/IYA/arrival on campus in The College News and finding out what happened in Dykes to Watch Out For all summer. We welcome you back!

Up here in our Denbigh hole, The College News staff ushered in the New Semester by welcoming our new members and putting them straight to work on an unusually early first issue. Submissions came flooding in and we are proud to present once again Bryn Mawr's only feminist news journal for your perusal and participation. We remind you that anyone can submit and we won't change anything you wrote except spelling mistakes. If you think you don't have time, remember submitting something once doesn't mean you are committed to writing anything for us ever again.

One kind of writing we don't get enough of is the kind you have to do anyway all the time while you're here, the academic kind. If you're not doing something your professor requires for class, why should only you and your professor get to know about it? Give us a copy! We have no specific length limit, but if it's a long paper, you could give us the condensed version. Or if you just read a good book on your own, or saw a good movie, or a terrible movie, or read an article that really blew your stack, we'll listen even if your friends won't.

In this edition, you can read about religion, graffiti, four books from the BCGALA Lounge, a senior's perspective, brunch at a fine hotel, and Bryn Mawr campus activities. And look for our new Features section on page 8. Looking at things to come, in the next issue, Liza Meltzer '98 will tell us about waycool things to do around here, in the Greater Philadelphia Area. But for now, enjoy these pages, and Bienvenue!

THE COLLEGE NEWS

The College News would like to congratulate Victoria Reynolds, our esteemed Self Government Association Secretary 1993-94, for being crowned Miss Maine! It's on to the Miss USA competition! Good luck in Atlantic City!

DATING WOMEN MAKE...

compiled by the staff

Wednesday, September 7

9 am-5 pm Trent Graphic Poster Sale. Campus Center Main Lounge.

12-12:30 pm Quaker meeting. Campus Center 210

7:30 pm Helen Horowitz, author of The Power of Passion and of M. Carey Thomas will discuss her book's subject at Borders Books and Music.

8-9 pm The Howl Meeting

8-9:30 pm The Science Connection Meeting, Guild 101.

8-10 pm French Film Series: Le Femmes Nihitsa. Thomas 110.

9-10 pm Southasian Women. Campus Center Main Lounge.

10-11 pm SGA Cabinet meeting. Campus Center 210.

Thursday, September 8

9:30-12 and 2-4 pm Confirmation of Registration.

10-10:30 pm Volunteer Services Fair sponsored by Eighth Dimension. Campus Center Main Lounge.

5 pm-7 pm Am Pant Spector: Color Photography gallery reception. Esther M. Klein Art Gallery (3600 Market St.) Exhibition to be open through Sept. 30. Call (215) 367-2255

7-7:30 pm Residence Council. Campus Center 200.

8-8:30 pm College News. News Office in Denbigh.

8-10 pm Lecture, "The Soaring Eagle": M. Carey Thomas and the Creation of Bryn Mawr College," by Helen Lefton Weiss Horowitz, Smith College. Thomas Great Hall.

9 pm Comedy Night. Sponsored by ESPN.

9-10 pm Asian Students Association. Campus Center 200.


Friday, September 9

3 pm-5 pm FALL FROLIC. Denbigh and Merion Green, Campus Center.


7-7:30 pm The Alley Cats blues band at Borders Books and Music.

8 pm Sound institute, dancer. Lang Center, Swarthmore College. Call 328-8035.

9-4 pm Classics Colloquium: Student Reports. Tea at 4 pm, talks at 4:30 pm. Goodhart Common Room.

Saturday, September 10

Fall Festic: All day, Merion Green

Freshwoman Community Service Day

9-3 pm Community Service Card Wash. Merion Parking Lot.

Sunday, September 11

10:30 am-1:30 pm Sunday Jazz Brunch Jamboree Series: Areppogio jazz ensemble.

Haffner Dining Hall

2-6 pm Cookie Bake Off featuring Inert, Leafly's Deciever and Moped. Sponsored by Bryn Mawr Concert Series. (Rain Site: Thomas Great Hall.)

3 pm Borodin's Prince Igor video and discussion with Prof. Svetlana Sigida, Moscow Conservatory. Lang Center 407, Swarthmore College.

7-8:30 pm SGA Meeting. Campus Center Main Lounge.

8-10 pm International Film Series. Thomas 110.

Sunday, September 13

9 pm Sprod Observatory Visitors' night at Swarthmore College. Call 328-8272.

Wednesday, September 14

12-12:30 pm Quaker Meeting CC 210.

4-5 pm "An Overview of Russian Music from the 12th Century through the 17th Century" by Prof. Svetlana Sigida, Moscow Conservatory. Lang Center 407, Swarthmore College.

8 pm Coffeehouse: Sheryl Skye and Tucker (pop-rock vocalists). Campus Center Main Lounge.

Wednesday, September 15

9:30 am-12 noon, Denbigh Newsletter.

12-12:30 pm Barry Miller, "Midnight-College News deadline"

Saturday, September 17

7:30 pm City Dances 94 concert: $2.7 companies will perform. Philadelphia Dance Alliance at Mandell Theater (3270 Chestnut St.). Tickets at the door, or call 215) 564-5270.

8 pm Orchesta 2001 concert (Mozart, Stucky, Ricolberg). Lang Center, Swarthmore College.

Sunday, September 18

10:30 am-12 noon Sunday Jazz Brunch Jamboree Series: The Two of Us Duo. Erdman Dining Hall.

1 pm-4pm Main Line Arts Center Open House and Faculty Exhibition (exhibition Sept. 12-29). Old Buck Road and Lancaster Ave. in Havertown.

BMI Community Service Forum. Campus Center Main Lounge.

7-8 pm SGA meeting. CC Main Lounge.

6:45 pm International Film Series. Thomas 110.
**Perspective of a senior**

by Kristina Orchard-Hays

Ensnosed in my third floor suite in Bremey, I gaze at the campus from a fresh perspective. The gym looms near, multi-tiered and sprawling, while the other buildings huddle in the distance, drowned by trees and steps. There is more of hill. Much more of hill. Much, much more of hill.

I find myself rally as I trudge up the steps. The name Brey Mawr becomes self-evident, instead of an incomprehensible Welsh phrase that out-of-staters can't pronounce. Separated by a little more physical distance, I find that I can separate myself from the turmoil and intensity that so often defines this place.

Perhaps this is part of the senior "apathy" I've been hearing about for the last three years. Yet I feel refreshed by this new beginning, not apathetic. As a senior, I'm invigorated as the first year students swarming the campus. Just more noise. The packing, uncooked schedules, planning whirls just as madly around my head, but unlike my younger counterparts, I have peace in my life and a settle, shift to place. I always move. I move in for what seems to be the thousandth time. It's the days march by, and wait for the Mary Poppins clean-up magic to begin. And before I can tackle the steps again I'm familiarized.

My past semesters here at Brey Mawr arrange themselves too, into tricky patterns that aren't always meaningful. I have lived on the third floor of four different dorms, had three different roommates, two trucks, one double, and a single, tried two team sports, held two jobs, learned two languages, had two part-time jobs, taken four classes at Haverford, completed ten gym credits, and spent one semester in the Caribbean. I have practiced yoga, climbed the roof of Thomas, written a resume, tried an internship, gotten drunk at a step party, taken the high speed line, dressed as a prostitute, and walked down senior row. I have not yet developed a sense of place, city, a thesis, taken a class at Penn, participated in the senior streak, gotten arrested, or graduated.

It seems like just yesterday that I was playing soccer with my customs group in the hallways of Rhodes South and annoying the seniors. I remember them as a dormant bunch who would congregate in the hallways and discuss poll strategies for their plants, different flavors of coffee, and the lowered standards of the admissions office. They seemed more like another, less than friendly, and never showered. Their trademark was the cool, slightly disdainful stare they would bestow upon us as we had the misfortune of meeting them in the hallway.

Now that I find myself in their shoes, I begin to have an inkling of their position. I just hope I remember to bathe.

Unlike theirs, my senior aura has not quite settled itself around me yet. The other day I was approached by a smiling first year at lunch, who asked if she could sit with me. My instantaneous thought was, what is a non-Brey Mawr thing to do? Her friendliness remained with me for the rest of the day though, and I found myself wishing that my senior companions weren't quite so...remote. Other first years are just as shy, and I was asked for advice, expertise, the things that I think are important to know. So much of the Brey Mawr life in itself a shared automatic bit that it's hard to distinguish what I knew and didn't know there years ago. After watching the frenzy, slightly hysterical, actions of some of the first years in the dining hall this week, my initial thought is, relax and enjoy it. You won't get to do everything, but that's okay. Your schedule will fall into place, as will your major, group of friends, and activities. Take a deep breath. Eat less soft-served frozen yogurt.

Yesterday, I encountered a nervous young Harvardian on the steps of Merton. "Is this Brey Mawr?" he demanded. And I scrutinized the map in the Brey Mawr catalog. "No," I told him, "but I can show you where it is." We walked together to the green and ambled down the steps, then more steps, then more steps. Then they were tower of Taylor and the turrets of The Mas faded from sight, to be replaced by the curving points of the gym. We walked together to Roberts Road, then he succumbed to a meeting in the Brey living room. I went up to my ivory tower room on the third floor to begin this article, and I felt like a senior, feeling like a first year, feeling overwhelmed, relaxed, and anything but apathetic.

**Christianity on campus?**

by Elizabeth Lyzenga

Now, don't worry, I would never be so foolish to make the preposterous suggestion that Christians are oppressed on this campus, although some BMC Christians feel like they are (and actually, did you know that an entirely separate group of people are repeatedly told us when we'd get told off for hurting one another's feelings, that we are not being religious enough? Christians hold the power in the country at large, and many who call themselves Christians don't have a clue as to the path of progress in this country, and use their supposed religion as a weapon, I agree. And it surprises me that we are unambiguously that Christianity and my liberal, feminist views were uncomprehendingly, I would be found on the side of feminism, but I have not been raised to believe that these creeds are mutually exclusive, and I would like to claim Christianity for myself in this quietly hostile academic environment.

What do I mean by that? I am not sure. And if I am taking a fact that I have identified myself as a Christian and as a woman in the same time a serious academic and a feminist, but am creating a situation for myself in which it is I believe that makes me connect myself to Christis the way I can describe my political views, I would draw criticism from many non-Christians if I tried to explain this to them on campus. This is why I call this campus disenchanted by Christianity. After all, faith is irrational and some think therefore anti-intellectual, and because of the difficult depth and intimacy of the feelin

Maybe there is some reason that I am being asked to some other Christian would just fit my personality better. But I would never speak any language nearly as well as I speak English, and I am not sure why I feel very few to speak superficially of Christians.

And in truth, feminists do have a lot to be angry at Christianity for, it seems to me. It is first. It is connected strongly with and has been used as a prop for the patriarchal system we are all part of. It is not ideologi
cal to this. Christianity is a religion which teaches individuality, gentleness, and thoughtful analysis of one's moral motives as opposed to a blind following of set laws. A Christian community can be a beautiful, spiritual thing and need not be organized in a patriarchal way.

Because Christianity is still in the majority in the US, particularly among the most powerful class, many people feel that in a way it is a good liberal you have to be made to speak about Christianity, since it is a part of that future we're recent. But Christianity itself is not at fault for this, and it is important to remember that a ruling class can be of any religion, and will appropriate it for their own use. It works against the cause of embracing diversity and extending power to many more people to cut off communication with an important cultural language such as Christianity. Many of us are liberal, but highly privileged, and feel a longing to live free our privileged roots. This impulse doesn't mean anything to anyone any good, because it focuses on a symbol and not on any action for change. Flee privilege if you must, but don't flee Christians one and all. Christianity is not actually an easy or obvious religion to be if you're thoughtful people, as is evidenced by the real passion poured into it by great authors in the past 20 centuries.

I have a Huguenot cross that my grandmother gave me a few years ago. Only a few generations back in Belgium, my ancestors could be and were killed just for wearing an identi
cal cross. Yet did they do? Why? Prever
erity? A longing to be oppressed? Were they foolish or brainwashtr or meraza
dility missed? It seems unlikely. I am not sure what it is, but there is something in my tradition that is worth preserving first because it is mine, and it was so many passionate people's before me. How could I drop it now, just because I don't fully understand? If at age 20, can't possibly be the most enlightened, insightful person in my family's history. My best analogy is that of language. I was born to an English speaking family, and they raised me speaking English.
Atlantic City—you'd never go there, so go!

by Stacy Curwood

"Atlantic City? Why would you want to go there?"

Those who told me that I was jetting down to Atlantic City for the day reacted with a mixture of amusement and curiosity. Most Maverters really don't consider visiting the "most visited city in America," even though it's a fairly easy hour and twenty minutes from here by car, and NJ Transit runs a cheap train down there. The fact that it is a place I have often heard mentioned but have no reason to go to made Atlantic City an ideal destination for a day away from campus.

"What are you going to do, gamble? Are you old enough to gamble?" My answer is no on both counts, although if I had wanted to, I could have tried to win tokens from a kiddie slot machine. No, I just wanted to go and poke around in a new place, a pastime I grew fond of this summer. There's little more to do there than gambling (though I admit, options are limited), and it's so far removed from Bryn Mawr that it was ideal for a break from angst over classes and scary new syllabi.

Late one night last week, having just come up with this brilliant idea to go to

Atlantic City, we consulted my Triple A guidebook in order to figure out if there was anything to do there. Well, okay, gambling was first. But it seemed like there were restaurants and shops and... The Boardwalk. To view this legend seemed like adequate justification for a field trip, and we arranged to go on Sat-

dors, questionable gallery shops, salt water taffy shops, and games arcades, we wound up at Park Place. We decided to walk barefoot down to the ocean—the beach is remarkably clean for a city beach, and the sand felt great.

We did OK for lunch—an Italian place in a huge mall built on a pier which served a delicious gourmet pizza and some good pasta with garlic and tomatoes. Our other options were fast food on the Boardwalk, a food court in the mall, or something styf in a hotel. We did not find interesting independent restaurants, though we didn't look too hard.

The character of the city itself, I do have some character) was unusual to me. I did see a bit of a residential, working class neighborhood, and there was a little bit of evidence for a community. Down by the water, however, it was unique. I've never been in an ocean side city without seeing marinas and boats and docks and more shops. Yet there I was in one. The beach is just that—the beach, and I could see no industry besides tourism.

If you have the time, inclination or the means, consider Atlantic City as a desti-
nation for a weekend. It's neither Boston nor Las Vegas, but it has a quirky charm all of its own.
Cryptograms for Procrastinators

compiled by Heather Baton

It's that time of year again... you know, procrastination time! Since your procrastination skills may be rusty after a whole summer off, we have some cryptograms to help you. AND of course, like all truly GOOD procrastination, this is not only amusing, but (possibly) meaningful as well.

1. WLEI FB ZN FSN LW LRJ QLXNI LGBN VDNSJN VYANB IRJYGPN BYWHQWR QR GWHQWR. -GNB YBP

[MAE WEST, at her best]

3. VCJ VBW VS SVBU YJVYTJ NM QJCWETTK BCEGDXCHJL NS KVBU WRUJJ HDVMJMW SUBJCLM MJJQ VDGK KVBUJJ WRJ VCJ1

—GCC GCJUM

[From the pen of advice guru ANN LANDERS]

4. R JQFKUQ K IQURTHBG KH KT KCGQATKRBQ GX JQFXURT N K UXXFVRHG. —HKCCP OQUW GXT

[oh come on... you don't still need help]

5. VFP WPJ T LGWJOP SH CQOMSTMWZ MSUDQDLLD USV QU DPPRQUO UPO VJSJCOMJFPD HXV QU BJLQUO UPY MZMD.

—EJWMPT I WAXDV

The Ineffable Ms. Hank

Dear Ms. Hank,

I've been having a really positive attitude lately and, frankly, I'm worried. I know that a true Mawrer is supposed to complain at every possible opportunity: upon receiving a new syllabus, when your roommate wants to stay up two minutes later than you do, when the virus check in the Mac color classics at the Computing Center takes more than five seconds. Really, I've kept this in mind, and I bitch whenever I think it's appropriate. But it just doesn't sound natural. Do I belong at this college?

-Chypper Chyck

Dear Chypper:

I am glad that you are wondering whether or not you belong at Bryn Mawr. It is always good to question whether you are following the roadmap that will lead, most conveniently, to your destiny. Are you driving on the right highway? Of course, only you can answer this question. Certainly, there are green highway signs and blue rest stops signs and brown tourist information signs all along the way. I am thinking that your observations regarding your inability to complain naturally and spontaneously are like orange road construction signs: they are only temporary and indicate a change in the route of transportation.

What does all this mean? Well, you've only been at school for a week now, right? Probably you are used to the lazy laid-back optimistic conversational techniques of summer. Don't worry, you will adjust quickly in the next few weeks and be able to complain as well as the rest of us.

In the meantime, concentrate on the nitty-gritty details of life. Don't just complain about the content of your syllabus, but about the fact your professor printed it in, too. Sure, it may seem like you are pushing things a bit at first, but the more you complain, the more second-nature the habit will become. Death to the Patriarchy,

Ms. Hank
Happy New Year!
(school year, that is)

by Julia Alexander

There's a chill in the air, and a lot of work in my laptop, so I'll start the start of yet another year here at BMC. In the time-honored tradition of campus newspaper everywhere, I'd like to start the year out with some reflections and advice.

Have you ever wondered why New Year's is all the way in January, when even a five-year-old knows that the year starts the day after Labor Day? (Well, okay, in our case, it starts the last day of August.) Not that there's any answer to that, I thought I would ask anyway.

This is the time of year that always seems the most optimistic. I still believe I can get up for breakfast and do all of my work early and keep my room neat and organized. I like to start the year with a new wardrobe, new school supplies, and a new arrangement for my room. I may quickly end up reverting to the same old stuff! I've always had and done, and for these few weeks, I always believe anything is possible, even if it does involve less coffee and more studying.

And since this is the optimistic start of a new year, how about some New Year's resolutions? First, I really do plan on writing my papers early enough to be able to revise them this year. I also plan on hanging out with more of my friends on a regular basis. Maybe I'll manage to keep my floor cleared off enough to fit both my feet on the floor at the same time. Hopefully, I'll manage to save some money. Most importantly, though, I think I'll get involved this year. I'd like to do something so people will remember me when I have to go on to bigger and better things. Nothing terribly important. I'll settle for some fun parties and a few articles for the College News.

Table: 2- Omelet man. A really nice man in a white outfit was taking orders for omelets, adding custom ingredients and turning them into a light, perfect omelet.

While I was waiting for my turn, I took a sugar-coated crepe from a dish and added fresh strawberry and pear toppings. Mmmm. We discussed the food as the man made our omelet—he spoke in a charming accent as he created an art form for us.

Table: 3- Hot Food. There wasn't much for me here, most of it being roast beef and lamb and egg benedict. However, the potatoes were scrumptious and I had this cheese blintz that made my Meltz Services blintzes look like refrigerator magnet. I coated with cheese and had fresh blueberry sauce on top.

Table: 4-Fruit and... (at least 25 kinds of) Dessert! I started with a molten and blackberries and strawberries. Then a chocolate covered strawberry or two. Then a fruit trifle with this mouse-like cream. Then a hazelnut cake, a mocha cake, several kinds of chocolate cakes, and raspberry mouse cake (I had to sample them all). A little bit of bread pudding, a croissant to add a little variety, and I was ready to conclude with tea.

More than needy. All of this took place over the course of two hours, so I stopped for breath and sip orange juice, it was hard work at this brunch. I have to admit, I almost overdid it, but the things that crossed my tastebuds were worth a little stuffed feeling. I was very, very sad when I ran out of room for sure.

Oh, well. I can go back again in ten years (or maybe sooner). And if you're ever in the Boston area looking for something outrageous to do, call the Ritz for a reservation. And enjoy!

by Julia Alexander

In a possibly continuing feature, I'd like to highlight some of the more creative writing done around this campus. As far as I can tell, the greatest collective efforts are bound, not in our papers and magazines, but in the lowly bathroom stalls. This week, the focus is on Canaday library, where the women's stalls show the most organized "writing"

GRAFFITI

For the uninstructed, each stall has a theme. Some creative writing words that I could only understand the writing on the lines below the creative person, or maybe the same one, started the trend of doing the same for the other stalls. These are definitely worth searching for, and I'll try to do the same as time goes on in Canaday. If from your own experience, some of my favorites are "the Cowardly Line," "the line of love and hate," and "walking the line." Some other worthy entries are "pitch line," "batline," and "trolley line," which is less frequently visited, but some include "Mary Tile-o-More," "Tippecanoe and Tile-o, too," and "I'm a Mutha." So keep your eyes ready for amusement, and your pers handy for inspiration!