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LET'S CHAT

By Gabrielle Smith

Two Women Talking is a performance by Monsoon Bissel and Benaifer Bhadha, in which they have a conversation. Unscripted, they go back and forth telling stories of their lives. In these conversations, listening is just as important as talking. It is a beautiful performance, and the experience made me reflect upon the importance we can place on the talking and listening that goes on in our everyday lives. I have outlined the steps that Monsoon and Benaifer suggest for a conversation, and encourage you to use them the next time you want to chat!

Step One: Get Consent



The conversation won't be productive if both parties aren't ready to listen. So before you start chatting, ask if it's okay!

Step Two: Set a Location



Agree on a place where you will be comfortable.

Step Three: Clear Your Bowls



Imagine that the words coming out of your mouth are filling a bowl. In order for your words to be received well you must 'clear your bowl.' Simply name all the things that may hinder you from listening.



Isn't it annoying when you're telling someone about your life and they start giving unsolicited advice? Or you really want advice but they don't respond? Avoid this by just letting them know what you want!

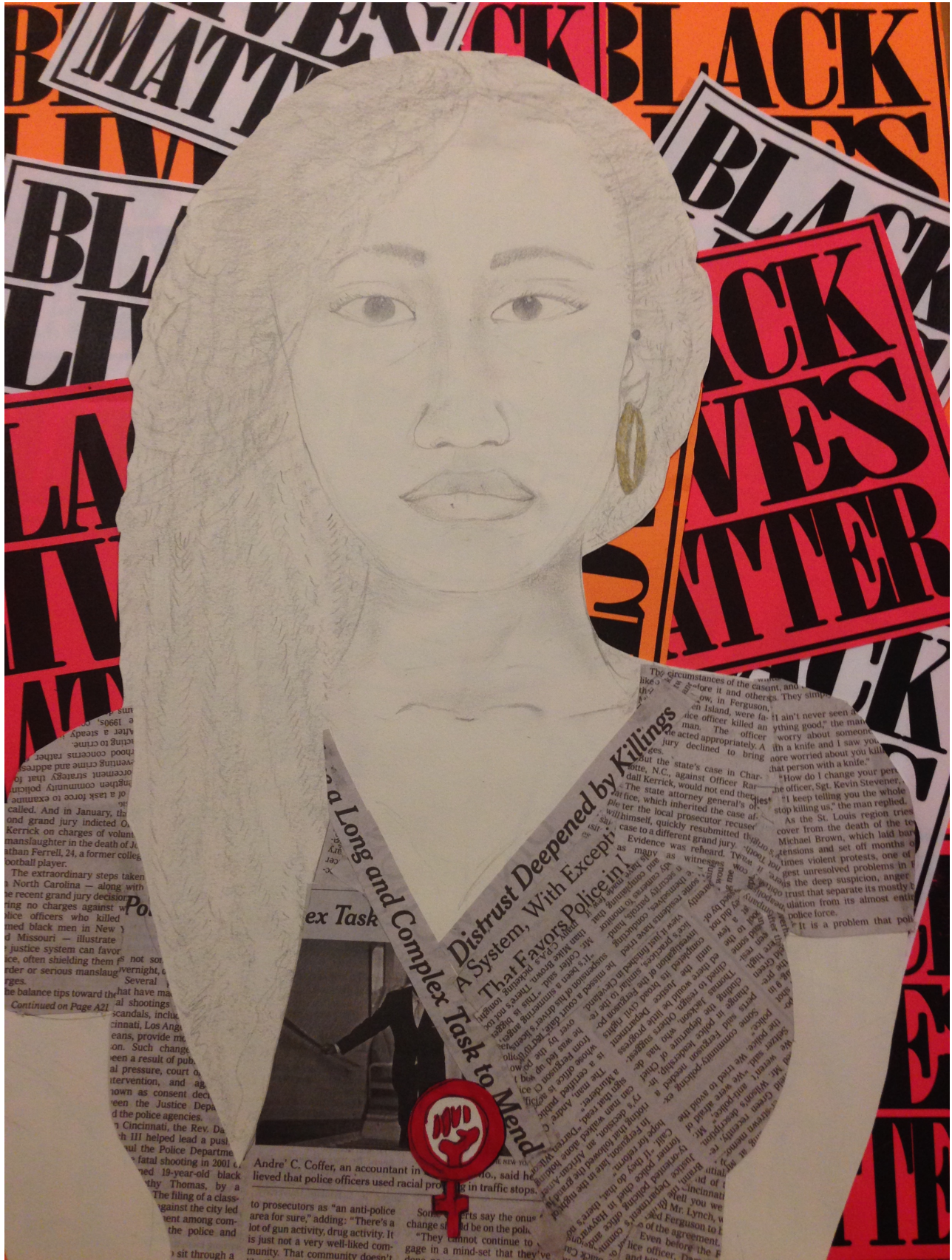


We've finally reached the meaty part of the conversation! But it is also the trickiest step. When you are talking, describe feelings and events, instead of stating them, so the listener does not have your judgments clouding what they are hearing.



It was probably a really awesome conversation. Thank each other for being present in the moment and for being such great listeners!

Self Portrait
Nkechi Ampah '15



CAMP HILL VILLAGE



Spending time with DD at Camphill Village was one of the best parts of my semester. Being with her made me aware that there are so few times in our lives when our primary task is to get to know someone.

I wish we set time aside like that more often.

In our time with the villagers there wasn't ever a set goal for each pair to accomplish. The only expectation

was that we be present and interested in getting to know the

villagers which we most definitely were. Time slowed down for me. The way



I moved through my days was calm and comfortable and I had time to just sit and think, which is a luxury I believe is

often lost in our busy Bryn Mawr lives. I had the powerful understanding that I was doing enough. I was enough. I was valued by my classmates and professors, and I shared parts of myself that aren't ever seen in

School. I was appreciated for being a good listener and communicator and a leader of our group. We had the privilege of witnessing sides of

my classmates and professors that we would never have seen without the atmosphere Camphill provided for us. After our trip I felt a stronger connection

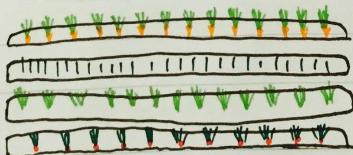
to everyone in our 360 cluster. I can't think of anything more

valuable we could have been doing with our time. Being at



Camphill taught me a lot about myself and about the kinds of

people I want to surround myself with, and for that I am more grateful than I could ever explain.



Inch by
inch!
Row by
row!

AMELIA BRADY-COLE '16





360° Mantrafesto

Abby Rose and Sophia Abbot

Past: we were women
women who were in a position of material advantage
advantage at the expense of others
other women --
women who did not have a degree
a degree of safety, comfort, community

Community at odds with skin, blood, heart: identity
identities complex
complexified now, as always, by gender
gender reaching into disability;
disability wrapping around class;
class straining against abuse;
abuse snarling into sexuality;
sexuality folding on top of race.

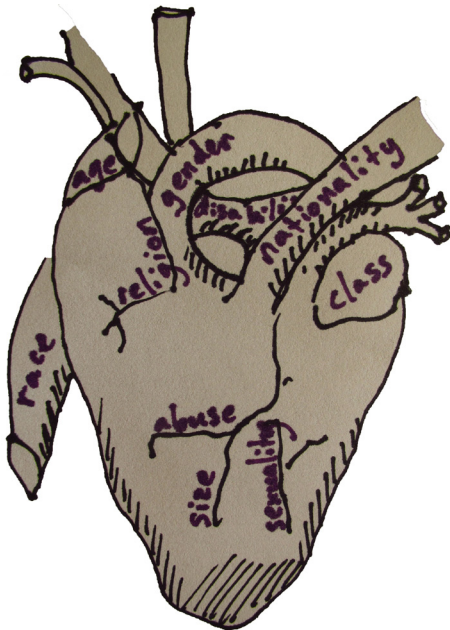
Racing to prove
prove we embody diversity
diversity is not [always] acceptance
acceptance is not [always] present

Present: we are [no longer] passing
passing by hiding parts of ourselves
selves who are searching
searching for a place of mutuality, companionship, curiosity,
curiosity in what new things might be making in the world.

* * *

Sophia and Abby: This is predominantly a found poem using direct quotations from Mary Louise Pratt and Eli Clare. We wanted to examine the ways Bryn Mawr has both shifted and remained the same regarding its community and exclusivity. The lines in which words are bracketed may be read both with and without the bracketed word.

Sophia: When we wrote this, the solidarity demonstration had occurred, but the teach-in, die-in, and march had not. This feels somehow more deeply relevant now. I am hurt by the state of the world, but I am working on remaining aware, open, and hopeful.



race x transgenderism

an examination of intersectionality by Rhett Richardson

Categories of identity that involve privilege or the lack thereof (examples include gender, race, class, and ability) interact on multiple levels and often simultaneously in a way that cannot be fully separated in the understanding of it.

Kimberlé Crenshaw coined the term *intersectionality* to describe that overlap and interaction of identities. Her specific example is that her identity as a black woman must be examined as *Black womanhood* rather than as *Blackness + womanhood*¹ (Crenshaw). Part of her argument, then, when using her example, is that gender and race intersect in such a way that gender is experienced differently depending on the race of the individual.

If gender and race are as inseparable as Crenshaw suggests, then

1. What does the intersection of race & transgenderism look like?
2. Does race inherently interact with being transgender?
3. How does this connect to Bryn Mawr College?

¹ From this point forward, I will use [identity]x[identity] to represent intersections of identities. The lack of spaces denotes their inseparable quality in terms of this conversation rather than "multiplying" the identities' privileges or lack thereof. Also, this makes the

To narrow this focus, I will examine these questions specifically using some internet resources and

- Crenshaw's previously mentioned essay, "Mapping the Margins: Intersectionality, Identity Politics, and Violence Against Women of Color"
- Emily Skidmore, "Constructing the 'Good Transsexual': Christine Jorgensen, Whiteness, and Heteronormativity in the Mid-Twentieth-Century Press"
- Katrina Roen, "Transgender Theory and Embodiment: The Risk of Racial Marginalization"

examples of race/trans intersections

The initial question cannot be answered in simple terms, since there are many racial and ethnic categories as well as many transgender identities. Thus it is difficult if not impossible to define the intersection of race/transgenderism other than through examples.

First, it's important to note a few very general facts.

separate identities difficult to visually parse, thus visually representing how they are inseparable in this context. Thus, to continue the previous example, a Black woman would have her identity written in this context as *blackxwoman*.

- Trans women of color experience the most violence in female, PoC, and LGBTQ+ communities²
- Trans people of color generally experience a great deal of violence and oppression.³

Race and transgenderism also interact to create specific stereotypes.

- Trans Latina and black women have sexualized stereotypes that are often considered "masculine". This is heightened because both the *racexgender* and *trans woman* components have these aspects written to them.
- Trans Latino and black men are stereotyped as hyper masculine. Again, this is both a *racexgender* and *trans woman* intersection.

As a note, also, there are also different communities for racial transgender or "gender liminal" groups⁴ (examples include [boihoodⁱ](#), [hijraⁱⁱ](#), [two-spiritⁱⁱⁱ](#), and [kathoey^{iv}](#)).

racexgender vs. racextransgenderism

Gender is complicated by transgenderism; the existence of transgender people in Western society poses questions such as how we define

² <http://www.glaad.org/blog/ncavp-report-2012-hate-violence-disproportionately-target-transgender-women-color>

³ <http://www.glaad.org/blog/violence-against-transgender-people-and-people-color-disproportionately-high-lgbtqh-murder-rate>

⁴ Transgenderism as a category is a Western concept that cannot be thrust onto other cultures. Some of the communities I mention are not trans identities, but are sometimes labeled as such given their

gender and sex, as well as how transgenderism and gender itself interact.

racexgender

Masculinity and femininity are experientially different depending on race. Gender expression and presentation in these ways is related to both gender and transgenderism; in a way, expression/presentation is a liminal space between gender and transgenderism.

Western society often perceives the white stereotypes of binary genders to be the norm. For example, white masculinity is associated with independence, assertiveness, and hegemony; white femininity is associated with empathy, delicateness, purity, and demureness. Other actions of racial masculinity and femininity are somehow wrong. For example, Black women, no matter how feminine, are perceived as sexual, as masculine, as a 'mammy' stereotype, and/or as a "strong independent woman who don't need no man". If they are able to break that mold, their Blackness is invalidated.

racextransgender

Having "right" or "wrong" ways to act out gender and gender expression bleeds into the intersection of race and transgenderism. There is a right and wrong way to be transgender

complication or operation outside of the Western gender binary. I include these identities because, when using a Western lens, there is no good way (in my opinion/knowledge) to create an umbrella for all identities that complicate or operate outside of the binary. I hope to not contribute to the continued marginalization of non-Western experience that Roen calls out in her article, and use the phrase "gender liminal" as she does to refer to people who experience a "transgendering process" (Roen 656).

according to society. Christine Jorgensen, known because of her "Ex-GI Becomes Blonde Beauty", is seen as belonging to the correct way of being transgender.

To quote Skidmore in her essay, "Demure blonde women **represented the gender norm** of white womanhood in the mid-twentieth century and **regulated the gender intelligibility of all women in visual representations.**

Therefore, the phrase "blond beauty" simultaneously aligned Jorgensen's body with an **idealized femininity** and asserted her desirability as a woman to an assumed male viewer" (Skidmore). This includes racial perceptions of gender and how white delicate femininity is the only acceptable kind of womanhood as well as "passing".

To be "correctly" transgender, you must not only pass as either male or female, one must also pass specifically as the acceptable forms of male and female - meaning white masculinity and femininity. This does not necessarily mean that trans people are supposed to be white-passing or light skinned; instead it means that the only acceptable way to be trans is conforming to the acceptable gender expressions within the *white male/female* stereotypes of gender. Reading into the trans people of color experience - like the aforementioned example of trans Latina women - one can see the effects of "incorrect" ways of being transgender. Skidmore begins to detail this in her essay as well, providing several trans women of color

⁵ "We" here refers specifically to Bryn Mawr community members but can be extracted to refer to as broad of a sense as possible.

⁶ This accessibility includes explicit application information, actual admission, financial aid,

experiences to compare. In one example, Skidmore tells a brief history of Delisa Newton, a black trans women who was able to have gender reassignment surgery. Articles and pictures presented her as demure, when the other trans women were generally not. However, Newton, unlike the other trans women of color mentioned, was given a space to speak out about the racism. Skidmore notes that Newton's ability to do so was almost certainly because of her ability to "pass" in the style of whitexwomanhood (Skidmore).

While gender itself does not necessarily include a *transgender* or *cisgender* label, these examples of specific trans identities show exacerbated racexgender experiences.

connection to bryn mawr [#bmcbanter]

While these conversations have been ongoing, recent events on campus have created what have been two separate conversations - how race is handled at Bryn Mawr and how transgenderism is handled at Bryn Mawr.

The following are questions that I cannot fully answer, especially given that I am not a person of color. I still think they are very important to be posed.

- How do we⁵ navigate our accessibility⁶ to trans folks and our accessibility to people

resources once here for support and for mental and physical health, and changes of the community mind-set given racism and transphobia (especially transmisogyny).

of color, when, as mentioned, trans people of color as a group are some of the most oppressed - at the very least within the United States if not globally? Does that change the conversation at all?

- I have heard many current students and recent alums assert that Bryn Mawr (or, more generally, historical women's colleges) is currently a space for people identifying with any sort of marginalized gender identity. If race and gender are inseparable as Crenshaw states (racexgender), then do not only transgender men, but also cisgender men of color belong at Bryn Mawr?
- How do we acknowledge that transgenderism and race intersect? How do we then apply that to the larger campus conversations?

conclusion, remaining questions

It is important to note that I only skim the surface of this conversation, given that I do not follow any one racextransgender identity in depth, and also given that I hold this view with a Western, English-speaking point of reference.

ⁱ <http://genderqueerid.com/post/52144260437/hello-i-once-heard-somebody-say-the-term-boi>

ⁱⁱ <http://www.wordsense.eu/hijra/>

ⁱⁱⁱ

Originally, I set out wondering if I could name *transgenderism* and *gender* as separate but distinct categories. *Gender identity*, I believe, includes both gender and its adjectives (cisgender, transgender, butch, femme, etc.) and is the easiest and perhaps only possible way to examine the interaction of racexgender. An ongoing question that I had in reading and writing this paper was, "If the *trans/cis* dichotomy is not a gender itself, can one study genderxtransgenderism?" I think if I was able answer this question, this paper would have more defined conclusions.

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Bryn Mawr's "L" Word:
"  Listening "

by Sula Malina, '17

At Bryn Mawr, we're always talking about how we talk to each other. We learn to be politically correct, to keep in mind how our words affect others, to use the biggest, smartest words in class. But why don't we ever talk about how we listen? Monsoon and Benaifer's workshop of Two Women Talking made something incredibly clear to me—we *just don't listen* at Bryn Mawr. Or at least, we don't listen as well as we should.

The Identity Matters 360 has been all about listening in every sense of the word—from Two Women Talking, to the close listening between us and our partners at Camphill Village that allowed us to produce portraits of each other.

Take a moment and think about your bowl—the space you offer up when you agree to listen to someone. We all have a variety of bowls (shallow, deep, tall, wide), and we are offering up our biggest bowl when we are most ready to listen. When someone at Bryn Mawr is speaking to you, how often do you offer up your biggest bowl? How often are you 100% able to put a pause on work, social stress, and everything else going on, to make sure you are really hearing that person? I believe we do this hardly ever. I also believe that, very often, this is not the listener's fault. There are simply so many stressors placed on us by Bryn Mawr, academically and socially, that we very often cannot put everything down, even for a moment. And this is where the key of listening comes in—and it's actually the responsibility of both the speaker (to ask the question) and the listener (to answer honestly). All it takes is to ask:

E A N

Y O U

L I S T E N

R I G H T

n O W ?

We (All) Belong Here

Kate Hinchey '16, McBride

****Any text in quotations is the actual words/experience of a current or former McBride Scholar. These opinions are individualized and do not claim to represent the experience of all MBs****

This is not an inspirational story. This is not me telling you all about how I came to walk through the McBride Gateway for the first time. I'm sure you have heard those kinds of stories by now. These inspirational stories are what Bryn Mawr wants you to hear. They are stories of how Athena swooped down and rescued us. Stories of how these sad, broken women came to find a place of magic and "real knowledge" through the generosity and grace of the Bryn Mawr College Administration. Stories of how we "became strong women at Bryn Mawr" and how the world suddenly opened it's arms when we walked through these doors.

I am not every McBride. I cannot tell you how all of us feel, I can only speak to how I walk this Labyrinth. **Most of the time I am the only McBride in the room.** I am the only MB in this 360 and many of us are without each other for most of our day. This does not always mean that we are silent and invisible, but sometimes it does. Not everything I am going to tell you happens to all of us, but these are all true stories. All that matters is that these things happened...and that some of them shouldn't.

I am asking you to listen. I cannot guarantee that you will believe me that Mawrtyrs and Bryn Mawr have said/done these things. ***I just need you to listen. We just need you to listen.*** So much of this 360 has been learning how to listen to each other, how to hold each other's truths. This has been particularly hard for me to learn. I have learned to admit that my voice is loud, that my truth takes up space. I have learned how to interact with different identities and bodies that I would have sworn I knew everything about just 4 months ago. I was wrong.

I am asking you to listen. I am asking you to hold my bowl, because even in a class where we are learning to hold each other's bowls I still feel like this story is invisible. I'm asking you to listen because even our classmates say things like *"You're a McBride? So, can I ask about the tragic force that pulled you off your path?"*

I am asking you to listen, because I love Bryn Mawr. I want you to know the stories of how this place has left me out almost as many times as it has lifted me up. How "home" sometimes still doesn't feel real as I light the flame of my Traditions Mistress Lantern. A lantern that did not exist before last spring. A lantern that I hope can be passed down to Mawrtyrs like me for years to come. I am asking you to listen so that the next time I grab the hand of another McBride and repeat our mantra, "You Belong Here"- I really mean it.

“Why didn’t you go to college when you were supposed to?”

Reality Check: traditional undergraduates are now the minority in higher education.

The National Center for Education Statistics characterizes a “traditional” undergraduate as one who earns a high school diploma, enrolls full time after finishing high school, depends on parents for financial support, and either does not work during the school year or works part time. Just 27% of US students fit this criteria. Traditional students are now the exception rather than the rule. **We are doing this exactly when we are “supposed to”.**

There are currently 1,328 undergraduate Mawrtys. There are currently 32 McBrides, that equals 2%. 38% of those enrolled in higher education are over the age of 25. **Let me repeat... McBride Scholars make up 2% of Bryn Mawr’s population.** And we have an even bigger problem, that number is shrinking. I came in with 11 other McBrides last fall, **this year there are 4 new McBrides.** Administrative politics and excuses aside, something feels seriously wrong with this picture; especially when the national number of undergraduates over 25 is projected to increase another 23% by 2019. ***I am asking you to help me understand why so many people like me are being shut out of this place.***

“When my Financial Aid was messed up and I called and said I couldn't live off the amount I was being given for the next 5 months. Financial Aid got annoyed and told me that I was forgetting that I would "go home" for December and have NO expenses. When I explained that the reason I needed the money was to PAY for my home which I rent in Philly... including in December, which I did not get breaks on paying for she was like, "...oh”

Money is one of the reasons we are shut out. McBrides are certainly not the only Bryn Mawr students who experience financial hurdles. We do however have some pretty unique circumstances. Many of us have partners and children, 29 of us live off-campus, and all of us have to learn how to pay for all of that and more. I did not anticipate how much my socioeconomic circumstances would really change when I got into BMC. More than one advisor insisted that I *“not work for at least your first year. A lot of MBs can’t keep up in their classes if they have to work too. Financial Aid will work with you to make sure you can afford to live and study.”* All the while other Mawrtys proclaim, *“But once you're here, your financial situation doesn't matter, because we're all equal here.”*

This is a fallacy. I am one of the lucky ones-I am single and childless. I still can barely afford to eat. The choice between feeding yourself or your child is all too common in our community. *How can we make our brains work at the speed of Athena on no fuel?* During my phone interview for food stamps last year I was immediately disqualified because I said I was a full time student. The interviewer asked, *“Why can’t you just eat on campus if you’re there full time?”* (35 meal plan @ BMC=\$365=my entire budget for 3 weeks)

“Definitely include the lecture I got from finaaid when requesting a Schaar loan [an advance on a loan taken out by the student] about how it's my "responsibility to learn how to manage my finances," even though I was a 38 y/o woman who was unemployed and yet managing to pay my mortgage and two car payments. “

McBride: “I still have not received my loan disbursement and I am really late on paying for my son’s school.”

Financial Aid: “Your reimbursement is not supposed to pay for your son's college tuition, it is for you to live on while you are in college.”

McBride: “Um, my son is 4 & in preschool.”

Financial Aid: “Oh...”

Access to campus life and resources is another major struggle for McBride Scholars. Since the majority of us commute time spent on campus must be preciously allotted. It currently takes me over an hour to commute from my apartment in Philadelphia daily. Just last week I was discussing traditions and access for off campus students when I was surprised to hear another student defending the inaccessible timing of many meetings and activities. *"Well if you choose to live off campus, you just have to deal with it."* I felt completely erased. I did not choose to live off campus, I am unable to afford to live ON campus. This is the case for many off campus students. The assumption that all students by default **should** live on campus is not only hurtful but also unrealistic. In fact, on the McBride admission sections of the BMC website it reads, *"Although not guaranteed, housing may be available on a case-by-case basis."*

"How can you possibly not have a car??"

Bryn Mawr can feel like a lonely place without the social contact that happens at late night club meetings, Sunday Brunch, and dorm common rooms. Many BMC cultural norms and customs are missed out on by non-traditional students. As McBride Traditions Mistress I was elected to try to bridge those gaps as much as possible. I have often had to make the choice between staying late on campus to make a 9pm club meeting or catching an earlier train to ensure enough sleep to be back on SEPTA at 8 am. The McBride lounge in Radnor's basement is a great place to recharge and connect with other McBrides between classes. We even have a futon in the back room that we use for nap. It was great for resting until BMC installed a light this past summer **that does not turn off**. Since MB's don't pay room and board it is against regulations for us to sleep in the lounge overnight.

"McBride Scholars should be ready to participate in a rigorous academic program at a residential liberal arts college. Typically, students take 4 classes each semester. Almost all classes are taught during the day and none are offered on the weekends." –Bryn Mawr College Admission Website

I firmly believe that all Mawrtys are brilliant. I am constantly in awe of my classmates' ideas and contributions. I often learn more from the students around me that I do from the mountains of reading we are all doing. The McBrides are no exception. Even though many of us are high school dropouts, have learning differences, or come back to school after 15 years outside the classroom **we're really f*cking smart**. I say that so strongly because I find myself reminding other McBrides of their talents all the time. Self-doubt runs rampant at Bryn Mawr. "Bryn Mawr students call themselves "Mawrtys," as a punning expression both of their undying devotion to their academic work, and of the profound ethics of this allegiance." (Dalke, 2014) McBrides not only experience doubt from within but external messages and pressure can sometimes be crippling...

"I was sobbing trying to figure out an algebraic equation and my chemistry professor said 'Come on you should know this!' I again said I didn't know it. She said 'you should know this from High School.' I said 'I dropped out of high school 15 years ago.' and she replied 'well you're here now, so know it.'"

"A professor told me to be careful about mentioning my age in front of the trads because it "others them."

I am sorry that this is not an inspirational story. While I know that I did not cause these things, I feel guilty explaining my experience here. I do not want you to think that I resent trads (that's MB slang for traditional students) or this institution. Trads are some of my biggest supports and have given me so many fond memories and experiences. Some of the same administrators who have turned a blind eye to our struggles have been my fiercest advocates in other situations. We are also not the only students here facing situational and institutional barriers. It goes without saying that all of these things intersect.

We know that we are loved. Trads tell me all the time how much they admire the McBrides. The sound of applause when we take the stage at Goodhart performances every year is deafening. The walk to the stage was without a doubt the best moment of my Hell Week. I had never felt more truly at home and I am so grateful for that.

We are often told about how much younger students look up to us. So many of us have “little sisters and brothers” all over this campus. We want to truly feel a part of this community as much as we are told that we are. I want to be able to join clubs without worrying how I will get home before midnight. I don’t want to hear another story of a McBride who feels invisible when they find that everyone in their class formed a study group casually over lunch in Erdman. I want us to figure out a solution to bureaucratic and cultural barriers, **there has to be a way.**

I am asking you to listen so that we can begin to undo these things together. We cannot solve these things on our own. I don’t know how to even begin to solve most of these issues. The only thing I can think of doing is telling these stories. *Even if they sting.* We need allies. 32 people cannot carry all of this weight alone.

I am hoping that those who have screamed the loudest for us in public will be brave enough to admit that they do not know the whole truth about what happens in private. I am hopeful that conversation will make my McBride family feel less invisible. **I am asking you to ask questions so that there is an opportunity to for you listen.**

I know that may feel like a big risk. I know that admitting privilege is never an easy thing. I know that you still may not even see it. You will never see it all. You will never have our perspective because your Bryn Mawr is different. I hope that you will never need to experience these things. **But we need you to say out loud that never experiencing these things does not mean you do not live with all the benefits afforded to being “traditional” at Bryn Mawr College.**

Athlon ariston kai kindunon tonde kalliston nomizomen

Let us practice as a custom this noblest contest, this most beautiful risk.

The women who wrote these words in Sophias were speaking of a very different risk. They had put their futures and reputations on the line to pursue an education that they had been denied at every turn. This line for me is a direct connection to the risks I see the McBrides taking everyday. We have put so much of our life on the line to “practice this noblest contest.” **I am asking you to stand with us,** just like you did on a chilly October night in the cloisters as we take these risks. I am asking you to raise your voices again so that we can work together to keep alive this 120 year old anthem. I am asking that you help us make sure there is enough light for all.



Mantrafest

by Natalie & Nkechi

Safe Space is a façade

a façade lacks deeper understanding

understanding is education

education is **not** punishment

punishment identifies accountability

accountability dismisses ignorance

ignorance is not evil

evil is insensitivity

insensitivity is weakness

weakness is not sensitivity

sensitivity brings community

community **can only then** become a Safe Space

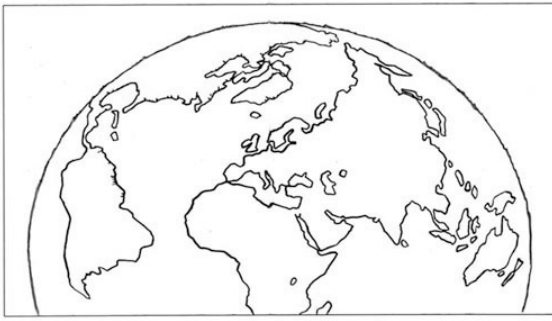


IS

ANY

Space

SAFE?



On Intersectionality

Rebecca Cook '15

Intersectionality is contrary to the human experience of compartmentalization for understanding. These safe compartments contribute to a diffusion of responsibility in the world and reinforce the status quo. On one hand, when a white man travels to Africa for a service project, he can call himself a leader making a difference. That same white man can witness racist micro aggressions, uses of language, and thoughts that justify the marginalization of black people in America, but excuse himself as a participant and a reformer from that context because it's not his problem. As a white person, he doesn't need to have an opinion about how a black person is treated. As a person, his life is "morally neutral, normative, and average, and also ideal, so that when [he] works to benefit others, this is seen as work that will allow them to be more like us" ("White Privilege: Unpacking the Invisible Knapsack").

White people begin their lives with privileges they fail to notice others lack, and assume any contribution they themselves provide is accessible and productive. On the other hand, what is to stop a black man from continuing with his life instead of explaining to this white man how his actions affect others? Will this white man understand or even listen, based on his privilege? Also, why is it the black man's responsibility to explain to the white man his own misdoings? While these divisive conflicts stand in the way of improvement, social justice actors can embody more personal and sustainable methods for change by recognizing intersectionality in domestic and international settings.

Considering the globe abstractly, one might find it easy to characterize problems abroad, including poverty, infrastructure, racism, and corrupt governments. Honing in on a domestic level, America could never be conceived as having these same problems because so many white people live under the guise that they are comfortable, so everyone must be. The current state of American social affairs with regard to marginalization mimics Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.'s short story, "Harrison Bergeron." This piece recounts a society in which people are forced to take on physical disabilities, including jarring sounds being played in their ears when they try to think, in order to ensure that everyone is equal. In the context of America, our privilege is our disability; we fail to see the problematic systems that don't directly affect us, and the status quo proceeds, untouched, with the same marginalization. We get caught up in the current moment of receiving the most likes or keeping our email inboxes clean with no regard to our past, trajectory, or actions wielded with privilege.

In tandem with efforts abroad, domestic social change actors must recognize their privilege. They must speak out when they witness discrimination, and not be afraid to be criticized for things they do that might hurt others. They must consider both the trajectories and pasts of marginalized populations, not in a way that holds grudges, but with the motivation for changing what factors marginalized people yesterday. Further, they must track improvement for the sake of sustainability. These actions call for personal conversations, discomfort, and a kind of loudness that will agitate the status quo in a way that makes necessary improvements. As a sociologist, I am inspired by the notion of collective consciousness, a term Emile Durkheim coined, describing shared beliefs and the power that comes from a group united in beliefs.

I've seen this feeling manifest in situations of intersectionality: two people connecting in the shared experience of losing a parent, or gathering at a march for breast cancer awareness, motivated by witnessing someone crumble at the hands of the disease. These experiences transcend differences of race and class and motivate people to enact change that lasts and is meaningful. The demonstration on September 19 allowed students, faculty, and staff to show solidarity in changing the on-campus racial climate that allowed a confederate flag to be displayed on campus as a symbol of pride. The demonstration showed me a collective consciousness I have never felt before, full of support and solidarity. I felt present in a way that opened my eyes to the power of the people around me and the future we hope to achieve and sustain, both at Bryn Mawr and at other elite colleges. This experience empowered me to feel that...

I am here
I am current
I am intersectional and
I am angry.

Words from a Proud FAT Woman

By Natalie DiFrank

I feel as if I woke up one day and forgot the war I fought in

I look at my body and see the scars of the battles I seemed to never win

It's funny how when people see stretch marks on your skin they never ask how

No one wants to know where these stripes on my stomach and arms came from

It's assumed that I didn't listen to the warnings of eat your vegetables and exercise when I was young

I'm never asked where did that particular jagged wound come from

If they were to ask I would tell them of the many battles I fought tirelessly for years with myself

The self hate and the endless thoughts that clawed their way from the inside out

The nights I spent thinking and thinking and thinking about why I have never been able to fit into the neat box I was forced into

These scars came from the adventures I eagerly went on hoping for love and leaving with brandishes forever on my skin

If only I could be pretty, if only I was smart enough, if only he loved me, if only they listened

The lotions and magic fruit will never eradicate the pain that coursed through this body of mine

These scars may never fade and I may gain new ones as I continue

But i wonder what makes these less exciting or striking or mysterious than the scars caused by bike rides

Why do they wonder more about the time I tripped and a pebble embedded itself in my skin than the time I fought hard and strong in order to earn control of my life when the world seemed to never stop stretching and molding me into the form I never wanted to be

Why is being **FAT** a reason to not ask how?

Why does being **FAT** act as an answer and problem at the same time and not a beginning of a long journey that Id love to share with you?

These stretch marks remain a reminder to me of the war I fight to love myself and the battles I've lost along the way

TRIGGER WARNING!!! Discusses body image and fatness

I'm **FAT**, yes I just said that and no that doesn't mean that *All About that Bass* is my theme song or that I look up to Jennifer Lawrence.

And **NO** I don't identify with *thick, large, curvy, real, chunky, chubby, plus size*, or any of the other euphemisms that prolong the negative connotation of the word **FAT**. It also doesn't mean I'm not healthy or self loathing. For too long I have not identified as a **FAT**

woman and have lived off the *compliments* of friends and strangers who tell me "you're not **FAT**, you're beautiful", as if being

FAT and beautiful are two adjectives are unable to be used to describe one body. I have thrived off of squeezing myself into clothing that feels utterly uncomfortable in order to pride myself on still fitting into mediums and I can no longer ignore that my identity has been shaped by my experience as a **FAT** woman. This

360 has made me think more critically about the words I identify as and has therefore made me more open to reclaiming a term that I

have for so long tried to not use. Does that mean that all women who are larger than the "average" (whatever that is) reclaim this

term? **NO**. But it does mean that when you think you're giving a compliment by telling someone they look like they've lost weight or

when you make claims like "wow I'm being so **FAT**" or if you've tagged a photo with #**FAT**skinnygirlproblems, you should

understand that being **FAT** is an identity. It may be a temporary one and may include health issues but

that is

honestly

none of your business.

When, Not If:
Disability, Impairment, & Shame

by Niki Barker

Dear reader,

Have you ever been a car accident?

Broken a foot?

Been in the hospital?

Then, you've had a small taste of
disability's experience.

Do you have a long term illness, an injury, a mental
disorder?

Do you call yourself disabled?

Many people who have these don't call
themselves disabled, though they qualify
medically and legally.

Many people still shy away from
the name of DISABLED because
they're ashamed.

Calling yourself disabled is
still shameful in our society,
like there's something
wrong with you.

Let me ask you something:

Are you afraid of growing old?

Let me tell you something: disability is
not a question of *if*, it's a question of
when.

Every single one of us will be
disabled at some point in our lives.

As each of us ages, we get
progressively more impaired
and disabled...

for some of us,
it's sooner and
different,

rather than later
and typical.

For so long, disability has been seen as being within the disabled individual—this is termed the “Individual Model of Disability” in the Disability Studies field.

The Individual Model places the “problem” of disability, to paraphrase theorist Mike Oliver, within the individual with the disability. The model sees the “problem” as arising from the losses of the individual’s functioning.

Disability and loss are intertwined, inextricably, but not in the way they’ve been thought of for so long.

Instead, now we’re trying to think of it differently: we need to complicate the definition of disability.

This is the new way, the “Social Model of Disability”.

A disability is no longer seen as the fault of the individual. The Social Model turns the Individual on its head.

“Disability”, instead, is centered in society: it is society that is disabling to the individual.

It means that society should have the ability to adapt, not make the disabled individual do everything.

But what about the very real problem of suffering?

This is where the term “impairment” comes in.

The term “impairment” means body dysfunction, the medical condition that you have.

The problem with this dichotomy is that it’s hard to separate the two.

This way, the shame is reduced, if not taken away: it is hard for a society to be ashamed of itself.

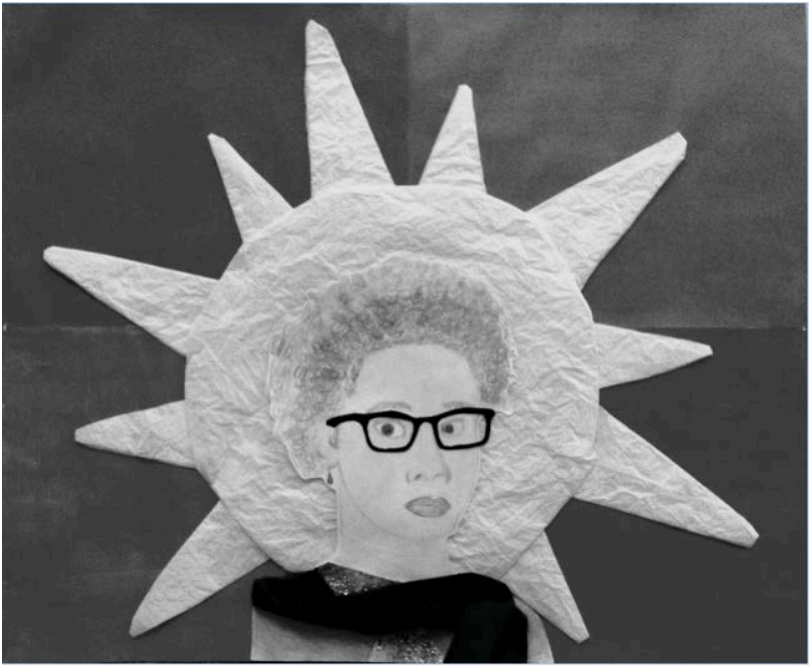
A medical condition is rarely your fault.

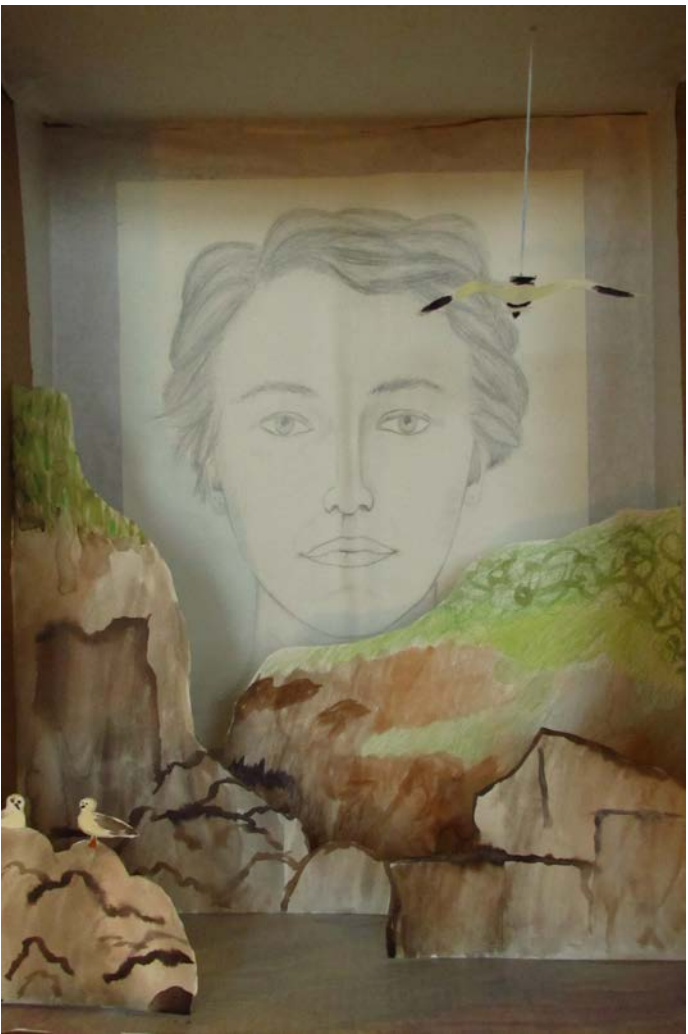
This is why you need to make peace with disability.

This is why you need to question how you look at disability:

Because you will be one of us too.

Sincerely,
I’m already there



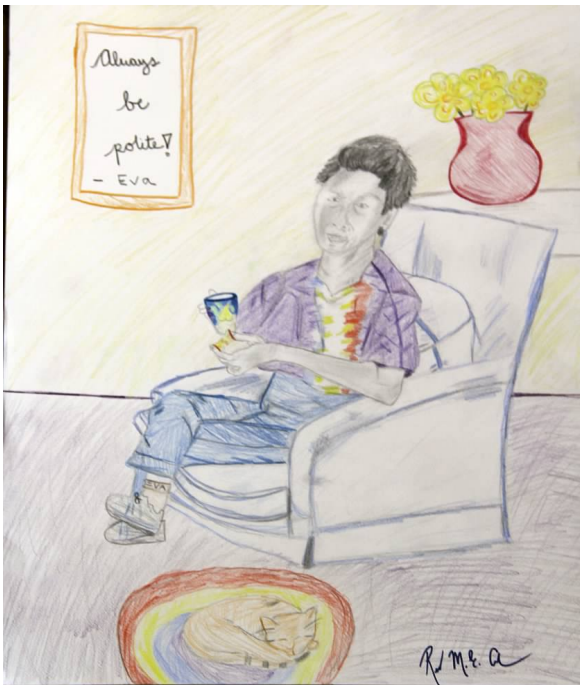


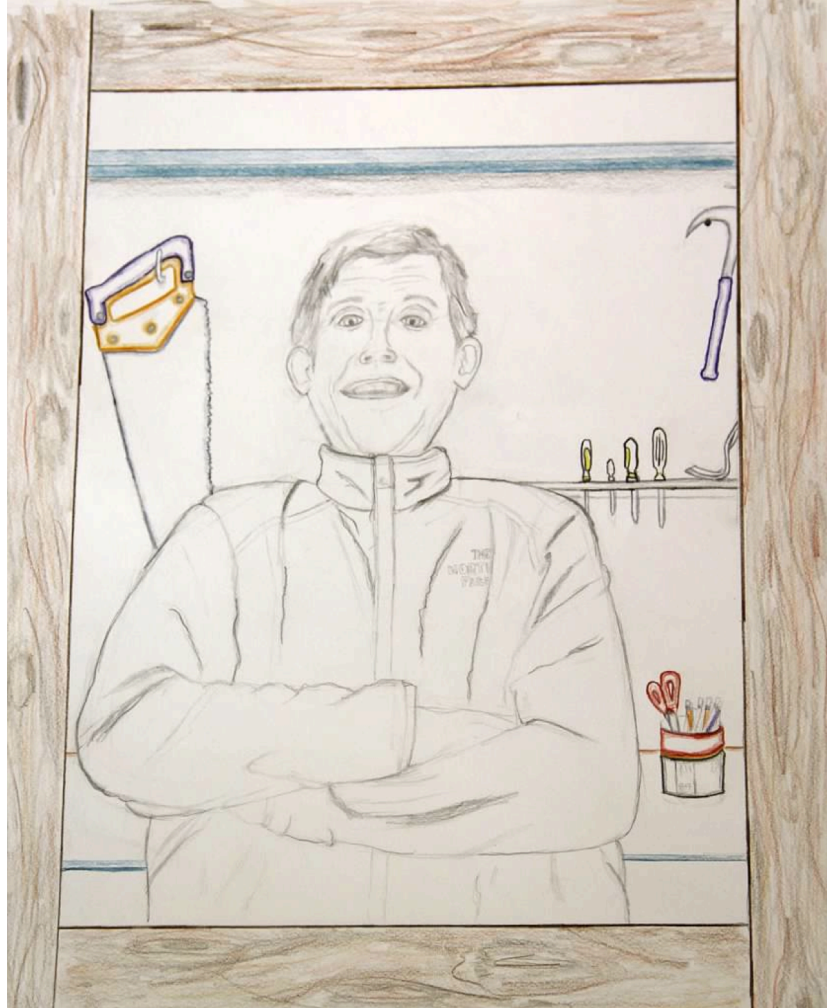
SELF PORTRAITS

GABBY SMITH '17

SOPHIA ABBOT '15

AMELIA BRADY-COLE '16





Camphill Villager Portraits

Above:

"Michael" by Bridget Murray '17

Opposite page:

"Gaby" by Kate Hinchey '16, McBride

"Eva" by Rebecca Cook '15



Camhill Villager Portraits

Above:

“Johannah” by Abby Rose ‘17

Opposite page:

“Cynthia” by Natalie DiFrank ‘17

“DD” by Amelia Brady-Cole ‘16



The Most Disgusting of Them All

It took ten hours to drive to Southwest Harbor, Maine. Ten hours in the backseat of an old Blazer with Fudge, Tootsie, Turtle and Uncle Feather, who wouldn't shut up. Some myna birds don't talk at all but Uncle Feather's not one of them. He'll repeat anything you say. Finally, I dropped the cover over his cage, hoping he'd think it was nighttime. "Go to sleep, stupid!" I told him. Stupid is one of his favorite words.





Camphill Villager Portraits

Above:
"Charlene" by Niki Barker '16

Opposite page:
"Sebastian" by Sula Malina '17
"Suzy" by Gabby Smith '17

