Celebrating
WOMEN'S HISTORY MONTH

HIGHLIGHTS:

ESSAYS
POETRY
FICTION
WOMEN'S HISTORY
FILM REVIEW
CAMPUS EVENTS
GALLERY EXHIBIT BY WOMEN ARTISTS
FILM FESTIVAL
My Father's Journey Home

BY Fiorella Barahona-Meza

Being born female to a man who always wanted to have boys was a tough experience for myself and my five sisters. Tradition dictates that men be worshipped and treated with honor and this becomes a problem especially when the children grow up.

My father was the last born in his family, following ten sisters; he was the second man of his house. We are from Peru, Latin America. Here, men are called 'machista' and this is especially true of my father. In Latin America, contradicting a man is hard, let alone the idea of telling him he is wrong. Being raised in a home centered on male superiority is difficult. Caring for my dad when he came home from work was a hectic job. The tub had to be filled, his lemonade had to be served and his clothes laid out. He was disappointed with us. Instead of having all boys, he ended up with six girls, which meant only half of a soccer team (but a full volleyball team).

It was not until my mother started working that things changed. They changed drastically and for the better. Four years in America transformed my mother's ideas about the family. Mom had to work late and Dad had to share house responsibilities with the rest of us. It was fun in the beginning, watching him burn the rice or finding the right way to iron our school shirts. Sometimes it was so much fun back then that it seemed like nothing could have been better.

Nevertheless, time passes and things change; people change. My father had to accept many changes. It was hard for my dad when his little girls had jobs and Mom was now working two jobs. He sometimes ate dinner by himself. It used to be that on Sundays, things were somewhat the way they were back then, when we all had fun. But things rapidly began to change when my sisters and I had to be away in college. Breaking away, the way we did, was hard for the whole family. It was a new beginning for all of us, including my father.

After numerous times of trying to insist that the family eat together during dinner, or demanding that we all attend mass together on Sunday mornings, he eventually gave up. He closed himself in a world that no one was allowed to enter, not even my mother.

My father is a talented man who owns his own newspaper. He publishes it, directs it, lays it out, and writes most of his own articles. In the beginning we all thought that it was a phase, a hobby that he would become bored with. But he became more closed off from us. It became a silent issue. Not attending graduation or award ceremonies was his own choice. He became a stranger in our own home, a man that no one knew when he would come or go, or if he would even speak. This period lasted for at least three silent years.

At this time, I wrote him a poem describing him as a dark figure outside our door, wanting to come in. He was a figure that was not visible to my mother or any of us. In this poem I wanted him to understand that I, his daughter, can write too, just like her father. I will never forget the night he read my poem in the kitchen. He started to read it aloud, but his voice became nothing but moving lips that only he could hear. It took him a couple of minutes to say something to me. I had realized that I had stepped over the line now and was terrified that I would lose him forever. Instead, he smiled at me and made a promise that to this day, he has kept. He is no longer a stranger but my father once again.

This experience was unique in many ways. My poem not only made my father proud of me, it also helped to bring him home. It is a beautiful thing to reach out to those whom one loves by means of writing, especially when they too share that talent. It was through a poem that my father realized his long journey away from us was over and that it was time to come home.

EYES CRIED

BY Fiorella Barahona-Meza

Last night I dreamed that I was in a dark and isolated place, but I was not afraid. I started to walk and after a short while I stopped and I started to hear voices calling my name. I began to run but the voices kept calling my name, I ran faster and the voices sounded stronger and louder. I stopped for a moment and looked up, I looked to the sides, and I looked down. Above me there was a light that blinded me and my eyes cried from so much illumination.

To the side I saw two walls closing in on me and my eyes cried from so much pain. And below me I saw my mother sitting in front of her sewing machine, looking very tired, her body dressed in all white resting on a chair. Without shoes, she pressed the pedal faster each time and my eyes cried pride.

(continued on next page)
By her side, five little girls played, all running naked, one after the other. They chased each other and laughed a lot. Their laughter blended with the rhythm of the sewing machine, and my eyes cried joy.

Close to the entrance of this room, a man stood dressed in black with his hands in his pockets. I could not see his face and he made no movement. His look was directed to this beautiful live portrait. A radiant light filled the room, but the light bounced off his face and protected this beautiful portrait, and my eyes cried confusion.

On my hand I counted the little girls and each time they would start to disappear until there was no one left but my mother sitting in white, without shoes, sewing on her sewing machine and my eyes cried sadness.

The light dimmed and the person dressed in black entered the room. As he took each step, his face became more clear and more visible. He was approaching my mother and my eyes cried fear.

As he got closer to my mother, he lifted his head, letting his face be seen. It was my father and my eyes cried hatred.

He extended his hand and his fingers touched her hair, but my mother did not feel his touch and did not hear his breathing, and my eyes cried consolation.

My father put his arm down and his eyes cried from regret and my eyes cried of compassion. And my mother sitting in white, without shoes, sewing on her sewing machine did not feel the pain and did not hear the cry. My father started to walk away directing his eyes towards my mother without blinking and his face started to deform and he was becoming darkness like the rest of his body. My eyes cried in tranquillity.

My mother sitting in white, without shoes, sewing on her sewing machine, looked up at me and her smile ordered my tears to stop and her eyes cried happiness.

Chasing Waterfalls
by Rachel Gasque

As Walik made his procession towards the most beautiful sunrise that ever existed, outlined by the most peaceful view of heaven imaginable; he could hear the heartbroken sobs of all the lives he touched in only thirty short years, that came and went faster than yesterday. In a flash of light he saw his son, too young to understand yet old enough to feel a sense of loss. He was only three, and who would teach him to be a man now that his father was gone? As he journeyed further he could see his loved ones, some desolate but most fighting over his mortal possessions. By the age of thirty, he was one of the few brothers who had acquired the so called ‘finer things’ in life. He had a convertible Mercedes, a Mustang, a Jeep Cherokee, a Maxima, and a Chevy Suburban. He owned a few houses, and wore the finest clothes and jewelry that money could buy. As I sit here writing I could visualize one piece of jewelry in particular that always caught my eye. It was a clown charm he wore on an elegant but flashy chain. What made this clown so unique was that it’s hands and feet moved, not to mention that distributed throughout the clown’s body were ninety-five diamonds. In a lot of ways, Wally reminded me of that clown; they were both flashy in an elegant sort of way. He was more precious than every diamond that the clown contained and just like a circus clown, he could make me smile when I felt like telling the world to kiss my ass. If I had ever had a true friend indeed, Wally was it – my port in the storm, and my ice water in hell. We had been through a lot together and to realize that someone you love is gone is just as bad as being half dead yourself. Suddenly you realize the value and importance of life. You begin to thank God for the little things; the things that just about everyone in the world takes for granted. Stuff like good health, security, all around well-being, and most important, how fragile human life actually is. But the one thing that never occurred to me was how death is always around all of us and no one really knows when their time will come; therefore, we should live everyday to its fullest, but at the same time, live responsibly. While Walik didn’t choose the best way to earn a living, he was truly a good person mixed up in “the world of playaz”, where fast loot, material things, and the love of money ruled. It’s too bad playaz don’t have respect for the life of the next man. Walik only had two goals in life, one to make his first million by the age of thirty, and to watch his son grow up and become an NBA star. I’m so sorry to say that Walik made his first million but he will never see his son graduate kindergarten, go to the prom, get his license, or play in the NBA. You see, on September 6, 1996, around 6:40 A.M., someone came and took something far more valuable and precious than Walik’s money, his houses, and all his cars put together. Three guys came to his house and took his life. No one really knows why it happened. The only thing people are sure of, is that on that fatal morning, Walik lay in the center of the street shot to death after fleeing for his life by jumping out the window. I try to console myself by saying that while I loved him, God loved him best. But still, the image of someone so young and full of life, laying dead in the center of a street after being shot in the head once, once in the leg and twice in the chest, will haunt me forever. I guess you could say, Walik and so many of our other brothers were all chasing waterfalls. They are lured in by her beauty and without knowing it, they are drawn closer and closer, trying to seize the unattainable. And without warning, she eventually sweeps them over and laughs as she kills them all. The waterfall realizes that the most beautiful gift in life is the actual GIFT OF LIFE, and without this knowledge, so many more will be destined to drown in her fatal beauty.

The following poem has been submitted to The Labor Room from the daughter of Caroline Eason, a Bloomfield College student:

Stranger
by Jamelanie Eason

I barely knew him, in fact, if it wasn’t for a picture, I doubt I’d recognize him. From time to time I would wonder what he might be doing, but what’s the sense of wondering about a stranger, who never seemed to be pursuing.

As time went on, I thought that I would never see him again, but I did. And when I did, he was in a coffin. As strange as it may seem I love this stranger very much, for that stranger was my father.

R.I.P daddy.
A Lesson In Self-Defense

BY ROSE SIERUK

On March 4th I was able to experience a three hour self-defense course sponsored by Dr. Abby Kane. Two well-trained instructors stressed the life-threatening situations an innocent victim may encounter. The person should stay focused and observe their surroundings, but sometimes “tackypsychia,” or tunnel vision takes control of the mind and eyes, making it hard to look around and take any sort of action.

Courageously, the sixteen of us gathered on the floor and took turns in shouting, kicking, grabbing and punching the fully protected instructor Adam. In the beginning some of us were a little shy and/or nervous but as the lessons progressed, so did we. Many of us had found our hidden strengths, such as our piercing voices, quick responses, and upper and lower body strengths. Though none of us became experts at any of these techniques, most of us are walking with a new head on our shoulders and a quicker way of thinking. We were strengthened mentally and physically. For the unfortunate ones this program may have been a little too late, but the rest of the brave women who participated found this self-defense course to be a valuable experience.

The Handsome Couple

BY ALCIDES VASQUEZ

Shattered glass
A broken face
one side black
the other blue
Angels are weeping
ARE THEY DATING?

17 stitches
dislocated arm
goes well with
her dislocated soul
I HEARD THEY ARE IN LOVE

Thrown down
hard metal steps to low self-esteem
stepped on
tasting her own
hot red soup
in splashes
DID YOU HEAR? THEY ARE GETTING MARRIED!

Jaw is broken
foreseeing calamity
knife is clutched by her
now the heart
that caused
vomiting
trembling
and those heavy tears
no longer beats its cruel drum
I HAVE NOT HEARD OF THEM LATELY.

Carol Gilligan on Psychology of Women

BY SUELI S. PETRY

Until Carol Gilligan’s In a Different Voice, published in 1982, the standards of human development were based mainly on studies of men by men. Gilligan, a Harvard psychologist, challenged the work of Lawrence Kohlberg, who was her teacher at Harvard. Kohlberg’s studies had concluded that women attained an inferior stage of moral development. Gilligan’s study opposed Kohlberg’s findings and his interpretation.

Gilligan’s groundbreaking work offers major new insights into girls’ development and women’s psychology. It has revolutionized discussions in moral theory, feminism, and many related fields. Her work has been both praised and condemned by feminists, moral philosophers and moral psychologists. It has influenced new methods in education, in law, in the church and in the workplace.

In her Letters to the Readers, 1993, which introduces the new edition of In a Different Voice, Gilligan says that she started her work for this book in the 1970’s. The political climate of feminism led her to the realization that she heard a “different voice” when speaking with women. When the U.S. Supreme Court made abortion legally available (Roe vs. Wade), the underpinnings of relationships between women, men and children were exposed. The court made it legal for a woman to speak for herself in a complex decision involving life or death. Thus many women became aware of the power of the internal voice. That internal voice told a woman that it would be selfish to bring her own wishes into relationships. It would be more dangerous, to say or know what they wanted or thought, which would be upsetting to others and cause a threat of abandonment or retaliation. However, through her research, she learned that many women did indeed know what they wanted but feared that others would condemn them, that it was better to appear selfless and keep the peace. Choices not to speak are psychologically protective, motivated by concerns for people’s feelings, and yet by restricting their voices, women are perpetuating a male-voiced civilization. Psychology and politics are deeply entwined and the inclusion of women’s lives changes both psychology and history.

The idea of association of moral voice with gender is controversial and is a hotly debated political issue among feminists. Gilligan is sometimes praised for ushering in a new era of feminist thought and at other times condemned for subverting the gains made by previous feminists. Feminists only agree that Gilligan’s work has had a profound impact on discussions on both moral theory and feminism. She has caused a radical restructuring of the moral domain.

Gilligan’s work constitutes a paradigm shift in that she has changed the way developmental studies are done and how we look at moral reasoning. Gilligan also has begun to explore the influence of race and sexual orientation in the constitution of moral subjects. The old way marginalizes and silences the moral voice of women. Gilligan emphasizes that we live in a world of multiple truths, we do not live in a world of absolutes, thus we should be enlightened to all voices.
Views on Reproductive Rights

Who has the Right to Choose?

by Taysha Martin

Most women and men in this society assume that the responsibility for birth control should fall on women. One reason for this is that women have more at stake in preventing pregnancy than men do, for we bear the children and, in this culture, are primarily responsible for raising them. Placing total responsibility for birth control on women is unfair. It usually means that we must make arrangements to see a practitioner for an exam and a prescription, go to the drugstore, usually pay for supplies and make sure they don't run out. With the pill or IUD, women feel the effects and, more seriously, take whatever risks are involved. If we don't have some kind of birth control and a man presses us to have intercourse, we must say no. If we become pregnant, it means that it's our fault.

Controlling our fertility is key to controlling our lives. All women must be free not only to prevent or end unwanted pregnancy, but also to have children when and how we choose. This means, for example, that no woman should be forced into abortion or sterilization because she can't afford to raise a child (as many poor women and women of color are today).

Basic Human Rights

by Jelam Mehta

I am a woman in today's advanced society, and I feel oppressed. When I use the word oppression, I mean the power men need to have over women. My body is my own to take care of and to nurture. It is my individual basic human right to decide what can or can't be done to my body. I can't comprehend the idea that other people, who I do not even know, feel that they have the 'right' to impose their morals and opinions on me. Women have the right as individuals to make choices and decisions for themselves. Men do not have the right to control us. Those in power, or shall I say the financial elite, do not have the right to enforce control over the indigent. All women and men should have basic human rights.

WOMEN

by Arizona

You are standing there
Door squeaking as you gently glide it open
Best foot forward ready to conquer new
And familiar ground.
The future lies just outside of that opening
That seems to get bigger and bigger as you begin
Your transition. No tears shall pass for I am grateful
for the memories. The time has come to move on
You reach out to embrace a new world - the doorway
is clear - the only thing left reminiscent of you
is the squeaking door as it closes
Leaving me to start over and just when
I feel as though I have been left all alone
you turn around and reach out for me
saying, "Never Shall We Part".

Day Care Survey

Bloomfield College is conducting a survey to gather information regarding the need for child care services on campus. All freshmen, juniors, staff and faculty can pick up survey sheets at 12 Austin Place. Survey sheets must be returned to 12 Austin Place or to the Science Bldg.—Center for Adult Learning — by March 28th, 1997.

PLEASE RESPOND!
THIS IS AN URGENT ISSUE.
Celebrating Women’s History

Lessons From The Early 20th Century
by Kristen R. Baer

My good fortune has been to have Women’s History Month coincide with the budding of this women’s publication, and my enrollment in the U.S. Women’s History course. So, I’d like to take the opportunity to share a brief commentary on a turn of the century black activist I’ve come to admire, Maggie Lena Walker. I’d like to give a modern reiteration of her argument—in today’s terms. In this day of high divorce rates, “latch key” kids, and staunch individualism, it would be beneficial for both genders to lend an elephant size ear to the gist of her message.

The area that Maggie Lena Walker concentrated her life’s efforts on was dually combating the issues of race and gender discrimination, a good fight today, but for a hundred years ago, a very brave fight. That said, the only difference between Maggie Lena Walker and her counterparts today, is the understanding of the importance of the family and its interdependence and reciprocity—and that all advancement or retreat affects all oppressed people, black and white, male and female. “Collectively,” as Maggie Walker would say, black men and black women and other groups could wage a multi-prong attack at the same target, be it social and economic objectives or the added voice that comes with political empowerment. This is most starkly apparent in the partnership of the husband and wife. How can the advancement of one partner not uplift the other? It’s really the whole point of the relationship. A hundred years ago it was taken for granted—especially in the black community—that the family, the community, the men and women, wove a great tapestry that would be nothing if just a pile of individual strands lying about.

Maggie Lena Walker was a tireless weaver. She was a driving force in raising a collective conscience and responsibility in her community. As in so many rural black collectives of the time, her drive was born out of a necessity, against sanctioned oppression, because of which every member of the community had to watch out for the other. A hundred years ago, this meant visiting grandma at the group-home every other Sunday. And burying the dead means burying a child who died from gun-shot wounds. Cynical but true. Which brings us back to Maggie Lena Walker and today—our staunch individualism. We seem to have lost a sense of awareness and connection with our families and communities. It is a shame, this dissolution of family ties. They are what stitches the tapestry of civilization together. And, without this link to each other, what else can one expect, except that all social intercourse will disintegrate, and the good struggle for equality will fall by the wayside?

SOUTHERN HORRORS.
LYCH LAW
IN ALL ITS PHASES

Price. Fifteen Cents.
THE NEW YORK AGE PRINT.
1892.

Film Review of: Ida B. Wells: A Passion For Justice
by Shevaughn Johnson

Passion for Justice powerfully demonstrates Ida B. Wells’ lasting mark on history. This film shows what a dedicated and determined African-American leader Ida B. Wells was. The film made it clear that even though she is not well known in history, she was one of the most uncompromising and influential black woman of her time.

Wells was fearless in how she mobilized her people to move West and to boycott the rail cars to protest the horrors of violence and lynching in America in the 1890’s. She exposed white corruption, bias and terrorism for what it was. She exposed the thread-bare lie that black men were raping white women by vigorously investigating and researching all the information and data collected by both white and black newspapers.

Passion for Justice shows how devoted Ida B. Wells was to the anti-lynching campaign. She accused whites for using lynching as an excuse to get rid of blacks who were acquiring wealth, power and position. Wells took her campaign and struggle to England because she knew how important England was to the cotton production in the South. Wells understood how the system worked.

Ida B. Wells understood the struggles and the plight of blacks in the South. She made the pen her powerful weapon to fight racial and gender injustices. She felt if she bought everything out in the open, every one would know the real story about white America’s brutality and terrorism and feel compelled to act.

Passion for Justice is a must see for anyone interested in struggles for justice, in learning about the violence that African-Americans confronted in their daily lives and how they made efforts to stop it.

The Gifts of Many
by Elizabeth Pasquale

This poem is dedicated to these extraordinary women: Ida B. Wells Anti-Lynching Campaign; Jane Addams, Ellen Gates Starr, Florence Kelly, Mary Kenny, Edith Abbott, Grace Abbott and Julia Lathrop of Hull House; Maggie Lena Walker’s The Order of Saint Luke.

Oh my Lord I give you thanks for the gifts you give to many.
Just read about Wells, Kelly, Addams, Starr, Abbott, Lathrop, Walker and Kenny, and you will feel the spirit of many.
I thank you Lord for these brave women; who led the fight for all our rights.
O my Lord I thank you for your strengths that led our world to a better place.
Just read about Wells, Kelly, Addams, Starr, Abbott, Lathrop, Walker and Kenny, and you will see the world of many.
To: Sexton and Plath,

LET'S PLAY DEAD

\[ \]
My grandmother died when I was thirteen.
She was the first dead loved-one I kissed.
My mouth touched her make-up and
slid down her rock-solid skin.
My lips held forever
a taste of marble
and death.
When I
was fourteen
Angelo kissed
me behind a tree
on the corner of El-
wood & Branch Brook Dr.
It was the best day of my life.
And when I was twenty-five on a
snug spring-eye in Irvington, I was
told he had DIED and my mouth filled-up
with vomit and stone. / The poetry you make
sounds like the voice of my dead grandmother.
Your words jump ALIVE on a page like the day of
of my first kiss surrounded by mad sunlight, held
in place by your ardent rowing through Lazarus-bluff,
playing me for dead under a lust of blood-bells and bone.

Patricia Valese

Postpartum Blues

by Patricia Valese

(For all we know
the wind's inside us, pacing
our lungs. For all we know
it's spring and the ground
moistens as raped maids break
to blossom. What's invisible
sings, and we bear witness.)

- Rita Dove

Numbly, we wander through the week-days. Suspiciously,
we seldom think ahead. Our passion has been silenced with a
handshake, our loyalty disarmed. Sometimes, when the class-
room stinks of dry-heat and boredom, I escape in a daydream or
visit my past on a wish.

It was exactly this time last year when I began meeting the
women of Bloomfield College. Sick of the men in my life, including
my professors, I needed to befriend more members of my own
sex. I deliberately enrolled in a new course offered by Women
Studies, called Changing Women's Lives.

In a span of several weeks, seven female faculty members
graced our classroom. Each woman unveiled a candid glimpse
into her past, emphasizing the different road she traveled on.
From poverty or fortune, youth to middle-age, teen-ager or
housewife, each revealed the individual processes of her own
development. By focusing on personal dreams, relationships,
struggles and creativity, the teachers openly exposed them-
selves and were able to instill a sense of self-reflection in the
students.

Felice, who taught the course, devised a framework in which
the class became accustomed to an array of female voices from
various perspectives. We were introduced to writers, such as
Woolf, Welty, De Beauvoir, Dove, Davis and Walker. We kept a
journal throughout the course in which we were asked to gradu-
ally perceive ourselves in direct relationship to our past. Like the
teachers who came to visit, our final project had to be the
presentation of our life-stories.

The lessons I learned in the course stay with me today. When
I think of the pace of our world, the chaotic changes that occur
and wonder how any of us survive, I think of Felice. She smiles
and I know she's okay. It's in the tilt of her head, the small of her
back, the sparkle in her eyes. All she instilled in us radiates from
her own sense of kinship with herself. Living honestly and hon-
estly knowing who you are is the key. It's the foundation of
personal freedom and triumph, a place inside no one can take
from you, a well-spring of conviction and peace.

Postpartum Blues

by Antonio Di Fiore

The blue-stained windows of your eyes
melt the chains of Eden’s gate
Reopening Paradise.

Your liquid thoughts
drench empty souls,
Parched from disbelieving.

Moving lips spill bleeding stories.
Candlewax tears seal
eternal agony.

You...
the word made flesh,
I, the modeled clay.

You...
by Antonio Di Fiore

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Upcoming Events

Women’s Studies Film Festival
APRIL 1997
VAN FOSSAN THEATER

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Event</th>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Description</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Faces of Women</td>
<td>Thursday, April 3rd</td>
<td>6:00-8:00 P.M.</td>
<td>A film about women, sexuality and the family in the Ivory Coast</td>
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<tr>
<td>The Heart of the Matter</td>
<td>Tuesday, April 15th</td>
<td>10:00-11:45 A.M.</td>
<td>A film about women and HIV/AIDS</td>
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<tr>
<td>Before Stonewall</td>
<td>Wednesday, April 9th</td>
<td>4:00-5:45 P.M.</td>
<td>A film about the emergence of the gay rights movement in the U.S.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Fundi - The Ella Baker Story</td>
<td>Tuesday, April 22nd</td>
<td>10:00-11:00 A.M.</td>
<td>A film about Ella Baker, an African-American activist in the civil rights movement.</td>
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Co-sponsored by: The Women's Studies Program and Bloomfield College Allies.
Discussion will follow film showings.

Westminster Art Gallery Welcomes Women Artists of Montclair

In celebration of Women's History Month, Bloomfield College has invited eleven members of WAM to exhibit their paintings, mixed media, assemblages and sculpture that reflect the source of their inspiration for their art. According to Vivian McDuffie, one of the founding members, the group's aim is to foster exhibition opportunities and to support practicing women artists in the area.

"The Source" will be on view at the College's Westminster Art Gallery from March 6 through April 10, 1997. The College will host an artists' reception on Sunday March 16, from 1:00 to 4:00 P.M., and the public is invited to attend. Westminster Art Gallery is located on Freemont Street in Bloomfield.

The distinguished artists featured in the show include Virginia Schaffer Block, Jean Kawecki, Catherine Kincade, Wendy Lewis, Bonnie Maranz, Vivian McDuffie, Sharon Pitte, Assunta Sera, Ela Shah, Sarah Tsefanov, and Joan Vaccaro. They have exhibited nationally and internationally, and are represented in museums and public and private collections.

According to Gallery curator Lisa Farese, the show is a "feast for the eyes, but it also will challenge viewers to give thought to the aesthetic choices the artists made."

The Westminster Art Gallery is open, 2:00 to 8:00 P.M.; Tuesday and Wednesday, 2:00 to 7:00 P.M.; For more information on the exhibition and the Westminster Art Gallery, call Lisa Farese at (201) 748-9000, ext. 343.

Sisters In Support
BY CAROLINE EASON

In 1990, a Bloomfield College senior started "Sisters in Support". She believed that she owed her college degree to a former Bloomfield Student. These two women studied together, shared child-care responsibilities and provided each other with a support system that helped them in many ways. They became "true sisters" in support of each other.

It is our endeavor to come together as women; where we can express our concerns in hopes of enlightening our understanding of ourselves; so that we can establish meaningful relationships of unity among women students at Bloomfield College. "Sisters in Support" meets weekly on Thursday evenings at 7:00 P.M. at 12 Austin Place, 3rd floor in the Sisters Lounge. For further information please call at 748-9000 ext. 250.

Blue Eyes, Brown Eyes

Jane Elliott, world-recognized diversity educator and creator of the Blue Eyes, Brown Eyes discrimination exercise, will speak at Bloomfield College on Tuesday, April 1, from 12:30 to 3:30 P.M. in the Robert V. Van Fossan Theatre.

Ms. Elliott was chosen as one of Peter Jennings' ABC-TV's "Person of the Week", and has been the subject of several documentaries including ABC's "The Eye of the Storm", which won the Peabody Award. "A Class Divided", which dealt with the long-term impact of the exercise was made as a follow-up to "The Eye of the Storm" in 1990. She has lectured at numerous colleges and universities and had been a guest on The Today Show, Donahue, and the Oprah Winfrey Show.

Elliott lectured recently at Seton Hall University. Paula Venable, EOF Recruiter/Counselor, says "Elliott's presentation gives everyone something to think about regarding their own racism, sexism, ageism and homophobia. Her lecture provides an opportunity to challenge yourself and beliefs. Everyone can get something out of it."