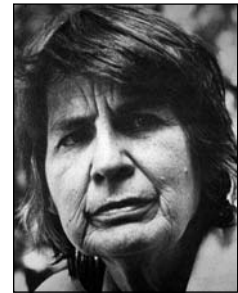
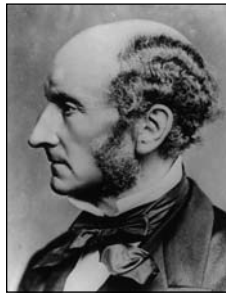


THE SIREN

FEMINIST MAGAZINE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OREGON



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THE SIREN

SUMMER 2011

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The Siren is published and produced by the ASUO Women's Center. We are the only student-led feminist publication on campus. It is our mission to cover contemporary feminist issues and act as an outlet for the creative and intellectual development of women. Our staff consists of an editorial board of Women's Center staff who solicit contributions from volunteer writers and artists.

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THE SIREN SUMMER TWENTY 11 INSIDE THIS ISSUE



Volunteers and participants assist muralist Favianna Rodriguez (right) at the 2011 Lyllye B. Parker Conference as they learn to craft a mural at Petersen Barn.

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NADUAH WHEELER

Naduah is a freshman at the University, majoring in psychology and religious studies. Eventually, she would like to become a criminal profiler for the Behavioral Analysis Unit but until then, she is just doing everything she can to prepare for grad school. When not researching and writing about feminist ideas, she enjoys reading, drinking way too much tea, and watching documentaries. She currently works at a local school tutoring children from first through eighth grade (which is actually pretty cool considering children semi-frighten her). In addition to writing for the Siren, Naduah is an (intermittent) member of the LGBTQA, a Jack Kent Cooke scholar, and is planning on joining the NASU to become more involved with her Native heritage. She loves kittens, yoga, photography, painting, Doctor Who, finding new feminist role models, and fighting oppression of all kinds.



LAUREN HAY

Lauren is a senior attending UO as a Women and Gender Studies major and Music minor. Her interest in WGS came during her enrollment in a class titled Art and Gender last spring, but it wasn't until she took History and Development of Feminist Theory that she started to consider herself a feminist. These classes have truly opened her eyes to women's issues in the world and to what kind of woman she wants to be. She is now a feminist woman who is also a musician, artist, and poet. Where her life will take her with these skills is a mystery, but she hopes that along the way she will be able to incorporate her passion for women's rights and feminist awareness into her love of self-expression.



ANNA BIRD

Anna is a freshman at the UO, majoring in Journalism with an emphasis on Public Relations. She enjoys drinking unhealthy amounts of coffee, eating, being around good people, and pretending to be cool. After volunteering at the Women's Center for two terms she feels hopeful about her feminist future and hopes to further her knowledge about issues of diversity as well as the environment. She plans on staying more involved with the Siren and the Women's Center, and after school working for an organization that focuses on women's issues or environmental issues. "Feminism is hella chill, yo."

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A fond farewell

These last days are blurring together. Work, scrounged meals, work, class, meetings, late nights and, finally, sleep. In what little spare time I can gather, I update my planner, meticulously documenting my last days as an undergraduate. It's women who keep personal stories alive, according to my mother. She's told me more about my family than anyone else, and is truly a vessel for my family's history.

I'm thankful that we have women here, at the University of Oregon, who are actively documenting our herstory too. Linda Long, a manuscripts librarian at the Knight Library Special Collections, is the keeper of extensive archives documenting the women's land movement in Southern Oregon. The photos in our story on page # come from Ruth Mountaingrove, who lived in Southern Oregon at the height of the lesbian separatist movement. "The reason I took photos in Oregon for 10 years of both Lesbian and Feminists was my sense of Herstory," she wrote in an email. "I wanted to make sure that what we were doing at that moment would be recorded for future women. I urged other women to do the same." It's incredible to sift through the archives and see copies of Tee Corrine's Cunt Coloring Book, years of *WomanSpirit*, and hundreds of black and white photographs. These artifacts, stretching back through time, make real the historical continuum of feminism.

I'm thrilled that on the 40th anniversary of the Women's Center, we can devote an issue to looking back and situating ourselves in the larger historical context of our movement. The feminist institutions scattered across our campus were born in the same years, envisioned and brought to life by a group of women who knew that they were being relegated to second class student status. As we begin a new decade, it's critical that students at this university recognize their interconnectedness and bind together to make themselves a priority.

We also honor Peggy Pascoe, the late historian whose quiet devotion to her profession and her students has advanced the cause of documenting our lives. Still, we must seek out these histories in our communities.

I feel comfortable leaving the Siren in the capable hands of my successor, Kylie Wray. I've spent the last year working with her,

Devotion to growth: Continuing the legacy of *The Siren*

When I first found out that I had been chosen as the next Editor-in-chief of *The Siren*, I was overwhelmed with jitters and excitement. But as time has gone by, my nerves are almost completely gone. They've been replaced by confidence and a lust to prove myself. Although, like some of the other staff members, I have vivid nightmares about how we're going to function without the guidance of Jennifer Busby. But I am excited to have the chance to be a leader in something that I am passionate about. So with ideas swirling in my head, I start my summer, which is most likely to be the longest of my life as I wait patiently for the new school year to arrive. Of course, few are excited to deal with the demands of being a full time student, but I am stoked

for next year. I can't wait to devote whatever time I can manage to keeping *The Siren* as awesomely feminist as it has been and hopefully making a few positive changes.

This issue, the Herstory Issue, has been a learning experience for me. Through production my knowledge has grown of the feminist past and the ways it has shaped my present – while feminism has started to lay the path I'm heading down – as well as learning the ropes and inner workings of running this magazine. I got to spend 40 minutes interviewing Lyllye Parker, an amazing woman with an inspiring story, and then translate that into these pages for everyone to learn from. This meant I got to spend some time in the Office of Multicultural Academic Success, hearing

about the extremely hard work some students must put in just to receive a glimpse of the privilege I was undeservingly born with. I hope to expand this experience in anti-racism and anti-oppression trainings offered to me by the Women's Center and become better versed in sharing their stories. While assembling the final product you're holding, I've received some freedom to work on my own with the layout while my predecessor is still around to help fix my mistakes, both digital and social. I know that I still have a lot to learn, but I hope to devote my summer to working through the feminist required reading list, and a few others, so that when I come back I will be an even stronger feminist than before.

—KYLIE WRAY, INCOMING EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



The first issue Busby edited, and a memorable cover. The next two years have seen both a redesign and an expanded online presence.

laying out the magazine, watching her feminism grow, and racking up hours in the Allen Hall labs. I'm confident that she'll be able to build on the vision I've had for this magazine over the past two years.

- Jennifer Busby

JENNIFER BUSBY, OUTGOING EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

10th
anniversary

OUT/LOUD

WORDS BY LINDSEY HOLMAN

PHOTOS BY BRITTANY BERSIN

10 years ago, in a Eugene backyard, OUT/LOUD began as a small gathering of queer-identified folks—a get together celebrating queer women’s music. Now, OUT/LOUD is a much-anticipated event where queer (in reference to all within the LGBTQIA community) individuals and their allies can come together and rock out. But what does it mean to have a queer women’s music festival? What is the significance?

Less than 60 years ago the closet was the safest place to be. Being “out” was not a viable option for most, in terms of work, family and societal perspective, and was often a dangerous risk. Being out could lead to severe violence, ridicule, arrest or discrimination. Because of the amazing people who have come before us many of us no longer have this same battle. OUT/LOUD, as a now decade long celebration, defies this time of homophobia and transphobia (though these are still rampant in our world today), and commemorates the histories and experiences of those brave activists and allies of our not-so-distant past. It offers a space for queers to be free, express our culture, highlight the sense of community and family we cultivate, and focus on our movement. Through the intentional selection of performers—be they musicians, slam poets, spoken word artists, filmmakers, or comedians—that use their art to channel their activism, a political space of celebration and fun offers the queer community and our allies a breath from the daily grit of walking through society oppressed.

It is also important to acknowledge the University of Oregon for providing support for this event. The UO has been ranked

among the highest in the nation as queer-friendliest campuses, and OUT/LOUD provides some insight as to why. While there is no absolutely safe space for queer individuals, the amount of queer events that the UO funds and sponsors fosters a sense of security and community. OUT/LOUD remains among the unique, as far as queer events go, because it is a place of celebration. Many events are centered on awareness or education, often providing a serious atmosphere. OUT/LOUD, on the other hand, aims for an environment that is light, fun and totally *queer*.

There are only a handful of queer music festivals across America. OUT/LOUD, as a queer women’s music festival specifically, has seen a wide variety of identities over the years. While we create OUT/LOUD within the framework of queer women, all allies of queer women are welcomed—as performers and attendees. Because sexism is widespread in the queer community, having a music festival that honors queer women is significant. This festival brings women-identified performers (and their allies) out of the margins of the music industry and into the mainstream. It breaks down boundaries that are created within the queer community and brings everyone together for a night (or two) of booty-shaking good times.

So come, my queers! All are welcome in any capacity—be that a desire to be anonymous or obvious, OUT/LOUD is the place to be. The 10th anniversary is a time to say “WE’RE HERE!” while taking up space, building our community, strengthening our friendships and bringing the house down.



FAR LEFT: Nicole Sangsuree was the first to perform on Saturday, the second night of OUT/LOUD.

LEFT ABOVE: Melissa Li and the Barely Thiers shook up the line-up halfway through the night with their rock ‘n roll sound

LEFT BELOW: God-Des and She, the headliner of the evening, closed out the night with a hip-hop set.



A TIME FOR WOMEN

The Women's Center's Global Feminist Coordinator reflects on the changing role of women since the first International Women's Day, 100 years ago.

WORDS BY VANIA LOREDO

As International Women's Day celebrates its centennial birthday, it is necessary to examine not only the advancements women worldwide have accomplished but also the work that still needs to be accomplished in the years to come. We must not forget that the struggle for equality and women's rights is present in every society today. Many women have more open space to share their thoughts and speak out about injustices in the majority of the world today, something that few women dared to do a century ago. As the Global Feminist Coordinator for the Women's Center, I was strongly committed to creating an inclusive space where all women could share their stories and to be honored for their contributions around the globe.

To me, this year's celebration has meant more than in the previous ones, not only because it is the centennial anniversary, but also because of the women who have been given the space to celebrate. As I organized this event, I came upon images of women in my family who have seen the transformations that society has undergone within the last hundred years. They are the feminists I look up to, and I organized this year's event in their honor. In particular, I think of my grandmother, Eva Acuna, who has worked doggedly to provide for her family. It was not enough that she worked for most of her life in a factory to provide for her four younger brothers after the death of her mother; after she got married, she provided for eight more children. Her wages were much lower because she is a woman, but that did not stop her efforts to work and provide since she kept working in three other jobs to compensate my grandfather's salary.

How much more did she do? She was a housewife, she was the lady who fed those in our neighborhood who could not afford to eat, she put all her children in school, she provided her grandchildren with love, and most importantly she taught all her

daughters and granddaughters to fight for their place in society. This I have taken as my personal goal and as my everyday motto that has translated in my work at the Women's Center.

This motto served to create an event that reflected my passion to fight for the justice that many societies do not grant to women. Every single one of the participants of my event has committed their lives to educating the public about the women's issues affecting their countries. Through dances and talks women showed their culture and their concerns about the status of women in their societies. "In order to promote change," one of the performers said, "we ought to show them what we are. We need to break stereotypes and show them what women are like." It's true, we ought to show the community what women worldwide are, and what they are capable of.

Women themselves have transformed their experiences to create positive outcomes. In the last hundred years, women have become more outspoken about issues that have affected them personally. They are coming out and sharing their stories so other women can feel that they are not alone. In Bangladesh, a group of women has formed a therapeutic singing group to cope with being burned with acid. This group humanizes an injustice that happens to many women due to the fact that femaleness is seen as inferior at birth. Despite their scars, these women are defying society by showing themselves in public and performing. Although some sectors of Bangladesh society regard them distastefully, these women embody the same daily courage as many other women in the world who fight against injustices.

The keynote speaker for this year, Dr. Vandana Shiva, showed me the strength of a woman to change the world. It was a privilege and an honor to host her as she has been one of the most active feminists worldwide in the past decades. Her words



Dr. Vandana Shiva, 2011's keynote speaker.

and her knowledge about the work of women in her native India translates into her work and into her relations with other cultures. Shiva has traveled all over the world and to listen to her stories is to become a part of them. She talks about her time in Mexico, India, the U.S., and many other parts of the world, and says that every single region offers her a different perspective about her work as an advocate. Her work has resonated with me due to her commitment to make an impact. And make an impact she does. It's not enough to describe her humble character and her enjoyable self. She has become an inspiration to many, myself included, to make a difference, and that is what I would like to keep doing within my work.

This event could not have been possible without the women who were willing to take the time and support it. I want to thank every single one of them because they have helped me understand the power that women have to change the world. They have empowered me to keep recreating the event and keep denouncing the injustices committed against women. We must keep fighting. International Women's Day recognizes the efforts of every woman to fight for equality and the end of injustices as it celebrates the uniqueness of every woman in the world.

MOST IMPORTANTLY, [MY GRANDMOTHER] TAUGHT ALL HER DAUGHTERS AND GRANDDAUGHTERS TO FIGHT FOR THEIR PLACE IN SOCIETY.



Radical Cheerleaders performed upbeat, feminist cheers towards the end of the rally.



Juventud Faceta led organized chants via megaphone, and those who marched had no problem adding their voices to the cry for change.



The march brought the activists through the streets of Eugene downtown to the corner of 8th and Oak where the speak out was held. There, turbulence was replaced with solemn remembrance.

TAKE BACK THE NIGHT PROVIDES SAFE SPACE FOR SURVIVORS

This April, the annual event against sexual violence was a place for all communities to come together to heal and to make their voices heard.

WORDS BY LILIANA VILLANUEVA

PHOTOS BY BRITTANY BERSIN

Annual events can get stale, and April's Take Back the Night is no exception. Rallying against sexual violence can seem like a chore, but it was my pleasure this year to shake things up and revitalize a Spring staple.

This year's rally broke from tradition: there was greater involvement from both the Eugene community and communities of color. Both students and community members welcomed these changes. As a woman of color, my goal for TBTN was to make it inclusive for all.

Organizing TBTN meant a great deal to me because it was a chance to create a safe space for survivors. This goal for creating a healing and empowering space meant that each performer had a role in creating an oasis where survivors could feel safe. Thank you, to all the people who labored to make this 2011's TBTN a success.

Rather than stepping forward at the rally as TBTN's organizer, I watched the event unfold. I wanted to wait—to be able to take the mic at the speak-out as a survivor. This way, I could connect with the people at the speak-out outside the framework of leadership. As the sun set, a sense of family developed among those who gathered at 8th and Oak.

I took this position last spring to heal from the pain that I've felt as a survivor. After I disclosed and returned to the University, I went through a series of emotional breakdowns. I almost lost my scholarship as a result. The aftermath of disclosing also brought Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder and counselors urging me to take antidepressants.

In the future, I hope to help form a group for survivors who are suffering as I was, as there is a lack of support for survivors struggling with PTSD. Through events and new programs, I hope to continue supporting survivors.



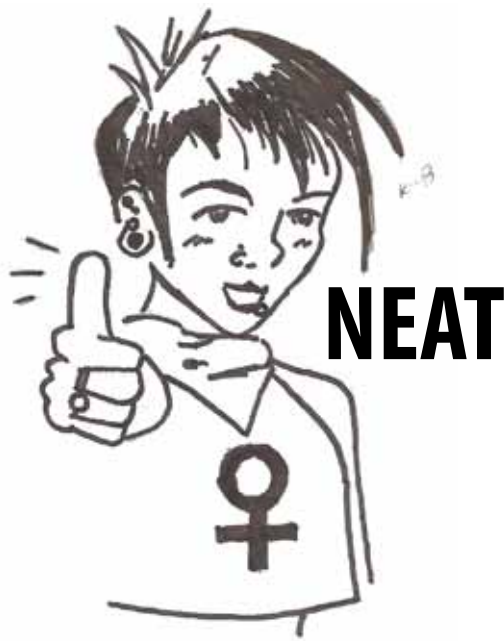
Take Back the Night

Written and performed by Andrea Valderrama

Fuck you for your cowardly personality
It causes so much anxiety
I swear I just start shaking
Fuck you for your lack of sensitivity
Piss poor sense of responsibility
Responding with conformity
In this patriarchy
I said
FUCK YOU
For oppressing
me
And all the other women
I stand with
Fuck you for forgetting
It was me you left
stranded
It was
me
you abandoned
It was
me
you violated
I am now a product damaged and socially blacklisted
Who dare give this feminist justice?
Who dare help me live,
When on the pedestal
is him?
I am not alone but I will
always feel this devastation in my
bones
My story is not unique so our healing will never be complete
I am still so angry on the surface
And defeated deep where my soul lives
But you just keep on keeping on
Lying to yourself that you take no part
In this.
Hoping, wishing, believing, praying
That eventually this will fade and
Cease

To exist
Well
FUCK
YOU
I am not a situation to be forgotten
And I will have my dignity restored,
Broken heart cured,
Peace of mind reimposed
And you will fucking listen asshole.
We survived your punches, bruises, violence, abuse
We survived your best attempts at closing the roof
Of our dreams
We survived it.
But all you did was follow the footsteps
Of privilege
All you did was complete the cycle of oppressive forces
All I could do was cry and lie
In my own shame
All I did was construct a new life
To regain
my identity in
So I am
not
to blame
For the decisions I made
After you
Took
EVERYTHING
From me
I am not
Stopping
Until this movement succeeds
So fuck your empty apology
You take that
Shove it up
Your ass
And ill take back
This night.





NEAT: Lady Genes

WORDS BY KYLIE WRAY

The tiny micro biology machines we are composed of – genes, DNA, chromosomes, and cells – are what keep us fighting patriarchy. And this particular micro-world is one of female power. During my time in my Human Genetics course, several things have both made me chuckle to myself and smile with pride.

Most tiny genetic fundamentals, when designated a sex, have female titles. During mitosis, a single cell splits into two ‘daughter cells.’ Chromosomes pair together into ‘sister’ chromatids.

For those who aren’t familiar with genetics, everyone has two sex chromosomes; females have two X chromosomes while males have one X and one Y chromosome. This means that all human beings are inherently female until they happen to receive a mutated Y chromosome that makes them male.

In the case of determining sex linked traits, the X (female) chromosome is dominant, and the Y (male) has no say in whether a trait that is carried on the X chromosome is exhibited or not.

As we continue to fight for equality, it’s comforting to know that our genetic make-up (and even that of those who run our patriarchal society) is backing us up.

HURL: Video Games

WORDS BY NADUAH WHEELER

Video games are awesome. In fact, I have spent way too much of my life playing them. What has never ceased to bother me are the

representations of women in the video game industry.

Video game manufacturers have narrow categories when it comes to women. They depict large-breasted, small-waisted, light-skinned, feminine-presenting ideals of what women “should” look like (see Tomb Raider, Mortal Kombat, or Bayonetta) or do traditionally “female” jobs (i.e. Cooking Mama, Dimmer Dash) or working out and losing weight (Dance Dance Revolution, Wii Fit). I am fed up with playing video games where male characters are dressed appropriately for fighting, complete with metal armor and an axe while female characters are in short shorts and heels.

Thirty-eight percent of gamers are female and over two thirds of the online gaming community is female. There is no reason to cling to the sexist portrayals of women that have hung around since the eighties. I want to play a video game without wanting to strangle the creator for designing yet another unrealistic female character in a latex body suit. So, Bioware, Square Enix, and all you other major video game manufacturers, give me a female character that is actually empowering not impractically dressed or doing household chores.

HURL: Bros and Hos

WORDS BY ANNA BIRD

There is a pattern of themed dance parties sweeping college campuses; indicating men as the titled dominant figure and women as the submissive sex object “hos.” “Golf Pros and Tennis Hos,” “CEOs and Office Hos,” “Surfer Bros and Beach Hos,” or the old racist standby “Pimps and Hos” are only a few examples of themed parties that demonstrate blatant male chauvinism that also mocks pay disparity and glass ceilings, the invisible peak women can’t advance past in their careers. These parties refer to the economic and political realities that those getting paid are males and those servicing them in the office, on the court, or in the bedroom are females. Is it not enough that most college girls wear close to nothing outfits when they go out, feeling the necessity to look “sexy” to feel attractive or alluring to possible pursuers? We also have to relegate ourselves to the sexual objects of parties?

By giving all females who enter the party the title of a “ho,” these environments make sexually objectification and access to women okay. Not to mention that most of these

parties involve alcohol, the number one coercive drug used in sexual assaults. The themes for these parties directly represent male dominance and sexually objectified female submission, establishing not only a heteronormative environment at college parties but also a dangerous and degrading environment for young women. Hos are less threatening than average women. Hos internalize male desire as a way to access limited power through men and play to male fantasy. In the male fantasy, a ho is a woman who will never turn them down. She wants sex and she isn’t choosy. So just in case a woman at the party might not really be a ho (aka wanting sex from any guy), woman are plied with alcohol to make sure they are less likely to resist or reject men’s sexual advances. Few guys are conscious of what they are doing. In their minds, this tactic is just good strategy for getting laid, not for a set up for rape.

Those who attend these parties are actively participating in everything that is wrong with our patriarchal gendered society and I encourage you all to think about what message you’re sending when you choose the theme for your next party or decide what you’re doing with your Friday night. It is not OK to sexually objectify women, and it is not OK that these parties are so popular. There are more clever rhymes and party ideas out there, and I would appreciate seeing an event in the future titled “All Peoples as Equals...Enjoying Each Other’s Company As Adults and Maybe Knocking Back a Few Cold Ones.”



ILLUSTRATION BY KELLYE BYAL

PUSHING FOR POSITIVE CHANGE

WORDS BY JENNIFER BUSBY

ILLUSTRATION BY TAYLOR JOHNSTON



Nestled between Rennie's and the Duck Store, the Wesley Center offers solace from the bustle of campus. Students come and go throughout the day to pray, socialize, and meet up with friends. Others come to speak directly to the Wesley Center's director, Warren Light, who has been a quiet constant in the community rallying against sexual assault at the University of Oregon.

"I don't care what a person's meta-perspective is, whether it's faith-based, atheist, agnostic," he says. "What are you doing to try to make things better?"

Light speaks slowly; he pauses to think of the best word to use. "I don't want this space to be an end in itself," he says of the Wesley Center. Instead, he envisions it as a launching pad for activism. Light takes power and privilege seriously, graduate student Erin Darlington says; he wants to use them for good.

Light has opened the Wesley Center to Women's Center and Sexual Wellness Advocacy Team events and retreats throughout the year, free of charge. In the Spring, the Women's Center holds a barbecue and open house. Veggie burgers and hot dogs sizzle in a courtyard shaded by tall bamboo.

Darlington, a student in the Counseling & Psychology program at the university, first met Light at a monthly Alliance for Sexual Assault Prevention meeting. Darlington spent the 2010-11 school year interning with the university's director of Sexual Violence Education and Prevention, Abigail Leeder.

At that first meeting, Light approached her to emphasize how important he thinks community involvement is to solving the problem of sexual violence on campus.

As a community member, Light can offer a different perspective than those who are ensconced in the institution. Last year, when the university contract with Sexual Assault Support Services was contested for months, Light had the agency to advocate for SASS and to attempt to hold the administration accountable for their lack of both action and policies that are survivor-centered.

"When I work with him I feel like I'm a part of a community that's working to end sexual violence," Darlington says. Light doesn't confine his activism to the working week, either. "His commitment isn't an 8 to 5 thing," she says.

Before he came to Eugene, he worked in both California and Appalachia. When he worked in Northern Appalachia, he kept encountering situations of relationship violence, incest, and sexual violence. He wanted to help, but Light knew that he lacked the tools and training to make a difference. He went back to California for law school.

Since then, Light has been involved in lawsuits against institutions who've shielded or enabled perpetrators. Though he has sued churches before, he never wants situations to escalate to that point—he'd rather prevent them. "It was important work," he says, "Sometimes rewarding,

sometimes exhausting, and sometimes disheartening that the legal process is unbalanced and unfair."

Light has been a fixture at ASAP meetings and has a way of engaging with administration that is subtly persuasive. He attends the Oregon Attorney General's Sexual Assault Task Force meetings as well.

Although Light identifies as a survivor, he's placed himself squarely in a supportive role. He was abused by his dentist as a child; he faced a similar experience as a teen. "I was very scared—I'm understating—I was terrified. If something like that could happen to me, what was next?" He saw himself as a strong young man at the time, and his experience shook his vision of himself.

At the time, talking about his experiences was discouraged. "I was encouraged to keep quiet to avoid any stigma," he says. He's felt the physical consequences of repression, and he's well aware that he still carries complex emotions around how those experiences made him feel.

"We don't have to have sexual violence," Light says. "It's not something that's inevitable." Light has experience with the attitudes of people in the power structure. Again and again, they've said that this kind of violence is inevitable. "That's a

lie," he says.

Light embraces the work of Vandana Shiva. He says that Shiva is the most remarkable people he's heard. Bishop Desmond Tutu is another. Light remembers that in the week before he met Tutu, in the mid-eighties, the Bishop stood between an angry mob and a South African police informer, who had a gasoline-soaked tire around his neck. The crowd was seconds away from hurling him onto a burning car. Without Tutu's presence, the policeman would have surely been burned to death.

"I expected him to have deep lines in his face—he literally bounced into the room," Light says. "You could see in his eyes that this was a battle that was going to be won. He couldn't accept inevitability. We need to have that spirit around sexual violence and inequality," he says.

Though he isn't going anywhere soon, Darlington grimaces at the thought of Light's absence from the Eugene community. Without his presence, she would get frustrated at the lack of action on the part of the university. During discussions, Light brings fresh energy and passion to the table. "I think he deserves a lot of credit, and he's humble," she says. "We need to celebrate him more."

CONTRACEPTION THROUGH THE AGES

From crocodile dung and honey pessaries to court battles and the pill, birth control is more hotly contested than ever.

WORDS BY KYLIE WRAY

ILLUSTRATION BY KELLYE BYAL

There are many birth control options available today for US citizens.

Beyond the biological birth control method of abstinence, breast feeding, and ‘coitus interruptus’ have been popular methods throughout history. Although lactation sometimes inhibits ovulation, it does not work for everyone. ‘Coitus interruptus’ is not always reliable either and doesn’t protect against STDs. Despite drawbacks (admittedly less severe than the cancer risk associated with medicalized birth control), these ancient methods are still commonly practiced even as modern medicine has made more options available.

The development of pre-conception methods of family planning have resulted in fewer abortions and a marked decrease in infanticide. In ancient Egypt there are reports of the invention of pessaries, similar to diaphragms, made from a mixture of crocodile dung, honey, and sodium carbonate. These were used to block and kill sperm. Apricot pits were also used as IUDs. The earliest condoms, used in many places, were made from fish bladder, linen sheaths, and animal intestines. Birth control meant trying to block sperm from entering the uterus or killing it once it was there—that much hasn’t changed.

The beginnings of medical birth control popularized in the US by European immigrants were early condoms made from animal skin, but since they were imported from Europe, they were expensive. Before the invention of vulcanized rubber in the

1830s, condoms were only available to

the middle and upper classes, leaving the working class with fewer options. After the Germans invented the first commercial diaphragms in the 1880s – inspired by wooden blocks put in place by midwives—they made their way slowly to the US with German immigrants. Cervical caps, silicon hat-like cups inserted into the vagina and over the cervix to block sperm, were developed shortly thereafter. The ‘combined oral contraceptive pill,’ nicknamed simply ‘the pill,’ was first developed in the US in the 1960s, the same decade that the first IUDs were commercially manufactured in the US.

Many of these options were not always available to women. In the late 1800s, abortion and contraception became suddenly taboo. The first birth control clinic in the US, opened in 1916, was closed down by the police. Political pressure to expand white American families and populate factories was also a strategy against immigrants, the poor, and people of color. Historically, as white women have been encouraged to reproduce, women of color have been forcibly sterilized.

As women’s healthcare shifted from midwives to male doctors, so did general practice. Choices surrounding conception were used to bind women more firmly to motherhood, just as the first suffragettes were advocating for more female independence. Contraception remained totally illegal until 1937 when the law banning it was repealed in many states.

While abortion was illegal, many women received abortions in their homes from other lay women using a variety of methods from herbs, to suction and puncturing tools. In Manhattan’s Lower East

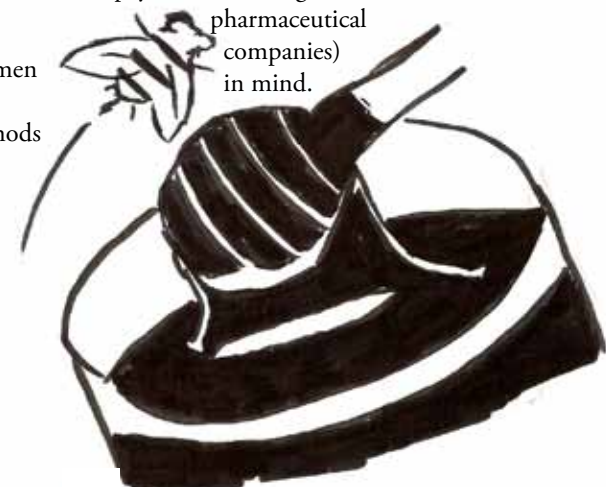
Side, some Jewish women



would sit over a pot of stewed onions, as described in ancient Sanskrit text. Elaborate organizations of clergy, police, medical professionals and cab drivers connected thousands of women with unwanted pregnancies with safe, anonymous, often women-run abortion services. But in 1965 the US Supreme Court ruled in *Griswold v. Connecticut* that a law prohibiting the use of birth control “any drug, medicinal article or instrument for the purpose of preventing conception” for married people violated the right to ‘marital privacy,’ and in 1972 in *Eisenstadt v. Baird* the right to possess and use contraception was expanded to unmarried couples as well. This notion of the right to privacy and language in the *Eisenstadt* and *Griswold* was also used in *Roe v Wade* citing that the decision to abort was a private decision between a woman and her doctor.

As we creep into the 21st century, women continue to battle for access to the full range of birth control options. Although most of us do not rely on pessaries made of dung and honey, it’s important to see beyond the chart at the OB/GYN to the myriad methods women have been using for millennia—ones that don’t require a co-pay and were designed with women (not

pharmaceutical companies) in mind.



BREAKING THE CHAINS OF MEDICALIZED BIRTH

After Anita Rojas experienced traumatic childbirth at a hospital in Alaska, she turned her nightmare into a career of creating better experiences for soon-to-be mothers. Rojas, who received her midwifery license in 1993, is the founder of Sacred Waters Midwifery, based in Eugene, Oregon.

INTERVIEW BY JESSICA ROJAS

SIREN: How did you get started in Midwifery?

Anita: By having a very scary painful birth in the hospital back in the 70s, when they would tie you up to the bed. I didn't speak English and was one of the first people that was in Kodiak Alaska (in the 70s) and they took my legs and spread them and tied them to these things (stirrup bars) and I kept saying 'when is my baby coming' in Espanol, and I was touching myself (pointing below) to see because they would not answer. Then they took my hands and tied them and I freaked out inside, though I wouldn't manifest that. Somehow I had twins anyways in a few hours, each a few minutes apart. Then I was pregnant 12 years later but this time I got a midwife as I was in Portland in 1985. When the labor comes, I am pacing back and forth and I go sit in the bathroom because that's what I think I need to do and the baby was born--the midwife arrives later and cleans up just like I do now sometimes. That's what made me fall in love. I thought that was the midwife's doing. Later I learned how powerful we are...babies are meant to just come out. And so I wanted to help women, to help them understand so they could be free of fear and have their babies in a joyful way. That's how I started.

S: What was your earliest exposure to midwifery?

A: My great grandmother was a grandmother (midwife). I was born in LA but when I was 6 months old I was taken to the mountains in Mexico. So up till I was 16-17 years old I never saw the city, no plastic, no grocery stores. In the mountains, all the women had their babies at home. There were twins and breaches and one

baby after the other, like every year. And what prenatal appointments? What prenatal vitamins? Nothing like that.... but a lot of tortillas, beans, hard work, and support from the community.

I remember being a kid and hating it when a baby was being born because as I got older my grandmother would take off to take care of the mother....and then as a kid of 8 or 10 years old, I'd be left with 80 cows to milk and to make all the cheese and butter and you just did (it). You wouldn't think anything was impossible because you were told...you just did it. I think that is what made me strong to raise four boys on my own.

S: I hear how all women's birthing experiences are unique, but is there anything different in the way birthing is approached here in the US than in Mexico?

A: As a midwife, I never worked with women in Mexico giving birth but I have friend midwives and I have American friends who go down there and help the traditional midwives with births and they are seeing totally different women birthing over there. It is like when they are born (they know) that the cow has babies, the dog has babies, the kitty cat has babies and they will have babies when they grow up and that's just it. In America though, we have a huge problem and I've been seeing it for 24 years: it's fear. It's fear that cripples our mommas and is the reason I transport the mommas to the hospital (if needed) when in labor because I know that when you are afraid what happens is you tighten up everything; things don't flow as they should. They don't dilate and if they did dilate 2-3 days later, some of them will hold on to that baby. I can see the head poking

out but they will not let go; this tremendous fear that is fed by the media and the doctors. Cesarean rates...I am not sure of... but it is in the 40 percentile (range). We just did our statistics for my license renewal and it was 2.5% (cesarean) and that is of those women who we bring in because maybe once in a while it is a physiological thing. But even that I think is connected from here (the mind). From here we trigger and set up everything.

There are patterns that are so similar when women are afraid, and there are patterns of when a woman is in her center... is grounded...free of any fear. This is when I go 'this birth is going to go beautiful' but when we have women afraid and holding on to that fear because someone told her something horrible when she is pregnant. Pregnant women should be protected; they should not hear anything scary. Save the scary stories because we are vulnerable when we are pregnant.

S: Is there anything you can share to help our readers prepare physically and mentally for the process of childbirth?

A: That's a huge one...well visit other countries...read, talk to midwives and study about natural birth before you get pregnant because there is much that can be done to prepare one's body....and not all women should have their baby (even if they are really healthy) at home or with a midwife. Really it has to be a thing in their hearts and in their minds...that is if they want, it is available.

S: Resources and books you would suggest?

A: Inna Mae Gaskin (author), Susan Weed is good as she talks about home remedies for the family, start there and also *Midwifery Today* and *Mothering* (magazines).

BABIES ARE MEANT TO JUST COME OUT. AND SO I WANTED TO HELP WOMEN, TO HELP THEM UNDERSTAND SO THEY COULD BE FREE OF FEAR AND HAVE THEIR BABIES IN A JOYFUL WAY.

—Anita Rojas

HAT TRICKS

GIVE YOUR NEEDLES A WORKOUT

WORDS & PATTERN BY KELLYE BYAL

This is a pattern for a cabled bobble hat, which, once made, should stretch to accommodate most head sizes. The brim is a little tight, on purpose, so the hat will retain its shape once stretched. For beginners, this pattern might be a little challenging, but just enough for those looking to expand their techniques and get better at making cable and bobble stitches. For intermediate and advanced folks, it's a quick project that is more instantly gratifying than a sweater or an afghan and should keep you warm during the winter months.

I designed this pattern initially because I wanted a hat that was stylish, and well made, unlike some of the other slouchy beanies I had seen in chain stores, often made out of lighter, acrylic yarns that had a hard time keeping their shape. It's also a hat shape that looks good on different types of people, and can be modified to be larger, smaller, or even fit like a conventional beanie.



PHOTO BY TORI DEUWAR

CABLED SLOUCHY HAT

Finished size: 16" Circumference

MATERIALS

[MC] Brown Sheep Company Lamb's Pride [85% Wool, 15% Mohair, 4 Oz (113 g) per 125 yds (114 m); yd/m per XXg skein]; M78: Aztec Turquoise; 2 skeins

set US #9/5.5 mm double-point needles

set US #11/8 mm double-point needles

Yarn Needle

2 Cable Needles

PATTERN NOTES

Left Crossover

Slip 3 to DPN and hold in front of work, K3, K3 from DPN, P1

Right Crossover

Slip 3 to DPN and hold in back, K3, K3 from DPN

Bobble

K1, YO, K1, YO, K1, YO, turn

work, P5, turn, slip 6 sts to DPN, pass three slipped sts one by one over the last st, tighten and K4

Seven Stitch Crossover

Slip 3 to DPN, hold in front, slip next st to 2nd DPN, hold in back, K3, K3 from DPN

PATTERN DIRECTIONS

With smaller needles, CO 48 sts Join and work 6 rows in K2, P2 rib

Change to larger needles while working through next row:

Row 7: *K1, M1* rep until end of row (96 sts)

Row 8-9: P3 *K6, P1, K6, P3* repeat from * to * 5 more times

Row 10: P3, *K5, Make bobble, P3* rep from * to * 5 more times

Row 11: P3 *K6, P1, K6, P3* repeat from * to * 5 more times

Row 12: P3 *Left crossover, P1; Right crossover, P3* rep from * to * 5 more times

Row 13-15: P3 *K6, P1, K6, P3* repeat from * to * 5 more times

Row 16: P3 *K3, Seven stitch crossover, P3* rep from * to * 5 more times

Row 17-19: P3 *K6, P1, K6, P3* repeat from * to * 5 more times

Row 20: P3 *Right crossover, P1, Left crossover, P3* repeat from * to * 5 more times

Row 21-22: P3 *K6, P1, K6, P3* repeat from * to * 5 more times

Row 23: P3, *K5, Make bobble, P3* rep from * to * 5 more times

Row 24: P3 *K6, P1, K6, P3* repeat from * to * 5 more times

Row 25: P3 *Left crossover, P1; Right crossover, P3* rep from * to * 5 more times

Row 26-28: P3 *K6, P1, K6, P3* repeat from * to * 5 more times

Row 29: P3 *K3, Seven stitch crossover, P3* rep from * to * 5 more times

Row 30-32: P3 *K6, P1, K6, P3* repeat from * to * 5 more times

Row 33: P3 *Right crossover, P1, Left crossover, P3* repeat from * to * 5 more times

Row 34-35: P3 *K6, P1, K6, P3* repeat from * to * 5 more times

Row 36: P3, *K5, Make bobble, P3* rep from * to * 5 more times

Row 37: P3 *K6, P1, K6, P3* repeat from * to * 5 more times

FINISHING

Row 38: P3 *K2TOG, K2, K2TOG, P1, K2TOG, K2, K2TOG, P3* rep from * to * 5 more times.

Row 39: P3 *K6, P1, K6, P3* repeat from * to * 5 more times

Row 40: P3 *work 9 st crossover as follows: K2, slip 2 to DPN, hold in front, slip next st to 2nd DPN, hold in back

Row 41: P2TOG, P1 *K2TOG, K2TOG, P1, K2TOG, K2TOG, P2TOG, P1* rep from * to * 5 more times

Row 42: P2TOG *K2TOG, P1, K2TOG, P2TOG* rep from * to * 5 more times

Row 43: K2TOG across the row.

Cut thread and pull through remaining loops. Weave in ends.

SUMMERTIME SWEETS

Pick your own this summer and enjoy the bounty all year long.

WORDS BY JENNIFER BUSBY

As some families in my childhood town flew to Palm Springs and embarked on cruises during their school-year hiatus, my family hunted for fresh fruit.

Each summer, we drove 20 minutes from home to the rural tracts just outside the urban growth boundary. Acres of perfect green cones, tree farms, whizzed by the window. Voluptuous filbert trees in flawless grids housed fragile black birds who would shoot from the canopy and dive down again just as abruptly.

A sun-soaked field of U-Pick highbush blueberries, arranged into squat rows, was our destination. As picking wore on and our plastic buckets were too heavy to hold at our sides, my brother and I would lean into the whisper of shade amidst the thin, flexible branches and rest.

Finally, we'd lug the buckets of berries back to the tent so they could be weighed and paid for. I'd slink into the humid shade of the car and wait, with the doors flung open, for my parents to write the check so we could go, so I could feel the air stream into the open windows of our low sedan and cool my sunburned face.

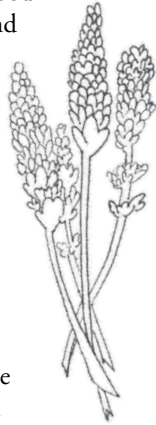
As we wound our way back home, I'd dip my hands into our buckets to taste the warm sweetness of the fresh harvest. My stained fingers—from eating so much fruit—gave me away.

Despite the pink, pinched burn and the stiffness in my young body the next day, I looked forward to those picking trips. They weren't labor to me; they were a summer ritual.

Because we had picked more than we could eat before it spoiled, we'd pick out the extra leaves and twigs and freeze the blueberries in enormous zip-top bags. We didn't wash them first—any water clinging to the dusty blue fruit would have turned them into an unwieldy mass of ice. When my mom moved to a smaller house, she still had more berries than she knew what to do with.

At risk of encouraging this kind of berry hoarding, these recipes are a great way to ease into enjoying this summer's berry bounty. My mother's crisp recipe works with any kind of fruit, fresh or frozen, so use what you have.

Check out <http://www.pickyourown.org/> for a list of farms and picking dates in your area. Eat the fruit fast, or freeze it for later.



Blueberry Crisp

Filling ingredients:

- 4-6 cups blueberries or other fruit
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1-2 T flour or cornstarch

Topping ingredients:

- 1 cup flour
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 t cinnamon
- 1/4 cup canola oil
- 1/2 cup chopped walnuts

Instructions:

Preheat oven to 375 F.

Stir berries together with sugar and flour until well coated. Mix all topping ingredients (except oil) together in a small bowl. Add oil and mix until crumbly. Place filling mixture in deep baking dish and smooth the top. Spread topping mixture over the berries and pat down. Bake, covered, for 20 minutes. Uncover and continue to bake for an additional 20 minutes. If using frozen fruit, baking time may increase by as much as 20 minutes. If the cobbler isn't heated through, or the filling is soupy, it needs more time in the oven. Cover with foil to prevent the topping from burning. Serve warm.



Marionberry Lavender Scones

Isa Chandra Moskowitz

Makes 12 scones

Ingredients:

- 1 1/4 cups almond milk (or your non-dairy milk of choice)
- 2 teaspoons apple cider vinegar
- 3 cups flour
- 2 tablespoons baking powder
- 1/2 cup sugar, plus extra for sprinkling
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/4 cup fresh culinary lavender, chopped
- 1/2 cup non hydrogenated shortening
- 2 tablespoons canola oil
- 1 teaspoon pure vanilla extract
- 2 cups marionberries, or berries of your choice

Instructions:

Preheat the oven to 375 F. Lightly grease a baking sheet or line with parchment paper. Measure out the milk and add the vinegar to it. Set aside to curdle. Mix together the flour, baking powder, salt and sugar in a large mixing bowl. Add the shortening in small clumps, then use your fingers to cut it into the flour until it appears like small pebbles. (You can also use a food processor for this, but I prefer to use my hands.) Mix in the lavender. Create a well in the center and add the soy milk, oil and vanilla. Mix with a wooden spoon just a bit, then add in the berries. Mix again until everything is moistened, but don't overmix. A couple of dry looking spots are just fine. Use a 1/4 cup measuring up to scoop the scones out on to the baking sheet. Spray it with cooking spray first so that the batter comes out easier. Sprinkle tops with a bit more sugar, then bake for 18 to 22 minutes, until tops are firm to the touch and lightly browned. Serve warm!



CONSCIOUSNESS RISING

UNEARTHING THE TANGLED ROOTS OF THE UNIVERSITY'S FEMINIST ORGANIZATIONS

WORDS BY BRANDY OTA
AND JENNIFER BUSBY

It was the 1970s and the feminist movement was in full swing. The Stonewall riots of 1969, often referred to as the beginning of the LGBTQI movement, had lit the kindling, and *Roe v. Wade* had yet to be conceived. *Redstockings*, a radical feminist group, sparked critical dialogue through consciousness-raising gatherings in homes and campus settings across the nation. Kate Millet had just published *Sexual Politics*, and Coretta Scott King became the head of the African-American Civil Rights Movement following the murder of Martin Luther King Jr.. Oral contraceptive pills had been available since 1961, but it would be another 10 years before the University of Oregon would offer birth control information or women's health care to students.

In the turbulent climate of 1970, Dr. Joan Acker offered the first course to focus solely on women's role in society through the Sociology department. Her lectures were riveting and set the college campus on fire. For the first time in UO history, students could engage in academic dialogue focused completely on women and the way that the social construction of gender has impacted our world.

That same year, the dearth of female representation within higher education became painfully obvious at the University of Oregon, both in terms of numbers as well as research. In response, Acker, Joyce Mitchell, and graduate students conducted a university-wide study to assess the status of female faculty and staff. The report, "The Status of Women at the University of

Oregon," found that women were woefully underrepresented among faculty tenure-track and staff positions. The few female faculty employed at the university earned lower wages and were clustered around stereotypically female disciplines (education, for example). According to the local publication *Women's Press*, research findings also indicated that 43 percent of female faculty reported experiencing some kind of sexual discrimination.

Several months later, in March 1971, the university underwent an involuntary independent gender audit at the federal level. A team of researchers from the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare (HEW) were sent to the campus to investigate. They found the University of Oregon guilty of discriminatory policies toward female employees. They sent a letter to the UO President requesting "written commitments to assure equality of opportunity for female employees," according to an article published on April 2, 1971 in the *Oregon Daily Emerald*.

Research and audits had given women at the university hard evidence of inequity. In the early days of the movement on this campus, Acker met with fellow faculty and graduate students to research the status of women at the University of Oregon. "The Center focused most of its energy on problems at the University of Oregon. For example, using the data from its study, the Center pushed the University to adopt Affirmative Action policies and fought for changes to the institutional structure of the University so that women students would be better encouraged and accommodated,"

Acker said in 2006. While the goal was to incorporate both teaching and research elements in the Center, for the Study of Women in Society (CSWS) they were ultimately separated. Teaching duties fell to the Women's and Gender Studies Department and research was primarily conducted in CSWS. In both cases, graduate students, many of whom were also involved in the University Feminists, met with Acker and other professors to form the Committee of the Status to advocate for the formation of both WGS and CSWS.

The Committee also reviewed the need for university-funded daycare facility for faculty, staff, and students. Research has shown that without such basic services, it is harder to attract women to institutions because such responsibilities as locating appropriate childcare services typically fall on the mother's shoulders. CSWS would act as a networking infrastructure that would bring like-minded professors, staff, and students together and provide institutional recognition and support—something that was sorely lacking across the nation. The Committee's findings were summarized in a position paper given to the UO President, requesting an interdisciplinary Women's Studies Center. In 1973, feminists were rewarded for their efforts. The nation's first Center for the Sociological Study of Women was founded within the Sociology Department at the University of Oregon. The Center received a meager annual budget of \$5,244.

Armed with research, audits, feminist courses, and a burgeoning national feminist movement, UO graduate student Jeanette Silveira and her peers gave birth to the

1970 - Joan Acker teaches the first WGS course at the UO

March 1971 - Federal audits find UO guilty of discriminatory policies against women

1971 - University Feminists secure weekly access to gynecological services for women

1973 - The nation's first Center for the Sociological Study of Women is founded within UO's Sociology Department

1970 - "The Status of Women at the University of Oregon" finds women woefully underrepresented

Fall 1972 - The first Women's Studies 101 course is offered

University Feminists (UF), which would mature into the ASUO Women's Center. The UF opened its doors in July 1971 under the umbrella of The Women's Research and Information Center (WRIC). The WRIC, made possible by a small grant from the graduate school, allowed Acker and others to continue their research on women and gender.

The UF pushed to further discussion and studies of sexism within the university. Following the *ODE's* coverage of the gender audit, the group ran a position statement in the *ODE* in October 1971. "The University perpetuates sexism through its function as educator and employer. The University channels students into accepted socio-economic roles. Women are tracked into traditional female occupations such as housewife, secretary, elementary school teacher, or nurse," they wrote. "Like other employers, the University hires women for low status, low pay jobs with little opportunity for advancement. Only a few token women hold faculty or graduate assistantships." To address these injustices, the UF encouraged women to stop by their office in PLC 605 and get involved by attending their weekly meetings.

Over the next couple of years, the UF focused on editing textbook and course content for sex-biased materials used in UO courses, establishing a committee to increase the number of feminist faculty, and founding a women's studies research center. They worked on bringing feminist speakers to the UO, compiling a speakers bureau of women who could address classes and other groups on feminist topics, ensuring adequate health care and birth control information for all women of the campus community, and advocating for a 24-hour answering service for survivors of sexual assault.

Considering the attitudes toward women at the time, the UF had lofty goals. As a testament to their character and commitment, the group successfully fought for and secured gynecological services in

1971. For two hours each week at the health center, students could access the health services they had been denied for decades. Through the next year, they pushed toward more of their goals. In the absence of an Affirmative Action Office on campus, the UF organized a Women's Rights Defense Committee where complaints against the university could be formally lodged without fear of retaliation. The Committee gave students, faculty, and staff the option to report anonymously. The 24-hour answering service for survivors however, was not implemented on campus. Rather, students agreed to work with the Rape Crisis Network, a local nonprofit agency located on 19th and Agate to provide free, confidential advocacy for survivors. This partnership was funded with a contract between the ASUO Student Government and the Rape Crisis Network.

By the end of 1972, the UF budget went from zero funding to under \$1,000 via student incidental funding, allowing them to offer additional programming and outreach to the campus population. By 1973, their membership had grown to 50 people, and they moved out of the Women's Research and Information Center in PLC to the Erb Memorial Union.

Representation doesn't eliminate the problems of oppression though. The presence of a women's center didn't give university women equal footing with men, but it did provide a place to rally together to plan battles for health care services, auditing text books and course content, organizing conferences and speaker series, and advocating for services for survivors of sexual assault.

In true activist spirit, on July 15, 1973, more than 30 University Feminists took over the steps of Johnson Hall. After a day of protest, which included sexual harassment by at least one male student, they made their demands: daycare facilities for all university women, immediate hiring of a full-time coordinator for a women's studies department, money to hire faculty

to teach intro to women's studies (then taught by GTFs), free access for low-income women to continuing-education courses, a campus women's research center (CSWS), and increased hours of gynecological services (from 2 to 8 hours a week).

All of their requests were dismissed. Ever irrepressible, the group continued to thrive and flourish. In 1975, the University Feminists changed their name to the Women's Resource and Referral Service (WRRS). While their new title inferred a shift from a radical to a more liberal stance, the WRRS continued to advocate for women's rights on campus. Over the next several years they successfully argued for an increase in women's health care services on campus and contributed to the creation of the Affirmative Action Office, according to articles in the 1976 *ODE*. They also organized annual feminist film festivals as consciousness-raising events, hosted weekly women's hikes, published a monthly newsletter, *The Rap Sheet*, and held weekly women-only potlucks. In 1977, the WRRC coordinated the first Women's Symposium, a week-long conference, which included speakers, workshops, and films. During this time the WRRC established the "Women's Diversity Program," which was renamed The Lyllye B. Parker Women of Color Conference and Speaker Series in 2011.

On a daily basis the Center boasted a small lending library, provided on-and-off campus resources and referrals, and support for survivors of sexual assault. Student director Michelle Bernard said in a 1993 interview that the WRRC also served as a safe space for women to "come out" as lesbians noting that many of the volunteers came out over the course of the year. This laid the groundwork for the present day services and staff configuration of the ASUO Women's Center.

As of 1985, women represented the majority of students at the UO, but remained an underrepresented community in terms of access to resources and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 20

TRACING THE BIRTH OF FEMALE-FOCUSED INSTITUTIONS

1977 - The WRRC holds the first week-long Women's Symposium

July 15, 1973 -

More than 30 University Feminists take over the steps of Johnson Hall to demand services for female students

1988 - Project Safe Ride, the WRRC, Women in Transition, and the Women's Taskforce join to form the ASUO Women's Center

2009 - Womens & Gender Studies becomes an official department at UO



THE BRUSH IS MIGHTIER

WORDS BY JENNIFER BUSBY

According to the Guerilla Girls, less than three percent of the artists in the Metropolitan Museum of Art are female. These statistics are consistent across major museums—indicating that while women are allowed to be the subjects of works of art, they are rarely permitted authorship. UO graduate Hollie Putnam is elbowing against hundreds of years of tradition to find a place in the male-focused art world that imagines women as more than just aesthetic objects.

Several of the young women who have broken into the art world are notable for integrating abject sexuality into their work. Putnam ponders their success: Are they famous for their work, or for being attractive, sexual women?

Art world darling Laurel Nakadate epitomizes the blurry line between artist and sex object. Nakadate has been lauded as a feminist artist, a designation that Putnam scoffs at. She pauses, considering her dismissal. “Who am I to decide?” she says, shrugging.

It was Nakadate’s show at the Museum of Modern Art’s P.S.1 Contemporary Arts Center that caught Putnam’s eye. In a gallery full of celebrated female video artists, the legends were crowded into one room, while Nakadate’s work had the run of the place. One piece, “Good Morning Sunshine,” features three young-looking girls. In one scene, the artist urges one of the girls (who are supposed to be about 15) out of bed. The girl is wearing a night shirt with Snoopy printed on it, and says nothing as Nakadate coaxes her to undress to her underwear.

You’re so beautiful, Nakadate coos. This video, Putnam says, was in a huge room by itself. Unaccompanied by any critical stance or perspective, the viewer was permitted to watch, glassy-eyed, without any self awareness. If you were into the pedophilic overtones of the work, she says, there was nothing to pull you out of it. “That’s when I decided that Laurel Nakadate is not an artist for me,” she says.

What would it be like to be triggered by room after room of this kind of art? Putnam can’t say for sure, but she’s cognizant of art’s experientiality. “If it’s traumatizing” she advises, “think about that.”

Though Putnam has been critiqued for lacking subtlety in some of her work, she’s insistent that blunt statements can be powerful. In her provocative paintings, she plays with gender and stereotypes. Fellow painter Syd Lane, who modeled for her, is posed demurely in one painting. The placement of his hand at his shoulder references Boticelli’s “Birth of Venus.”

Putnam’s series of nude self portraits play with inverting

gender roles. In one set, she’s outfitted with facial hair as she puffs on cigarettes. It’s tough to imagine how Putnam, who consistently paints from live models, spent an entire summer holed up in her studio topless, cigarette wedged in her lip. Her sensitive nose means she can hardly stand to be around smoke. In another painting, her finger is crammed up one nostril. And in perhaps her most talked-about work, she’s posed, full-length, with a bicycle hoisted behind her in one hand. Her other hand grips the base of an enormous, veiny, blue strapon dildo.

Though she keeps coming back to painting, an interdisciplinary program at Yale last summer has encouraged her to drop the paintbrush and explore other media.

Johannes De Young, a professor at her summer residency at Yale, encouraged her to make videos.

The videos she’s made since that summer residency are complex, practiced constructions that rely on viewer knowledge to illuminate their deeper layers. Without knowing

Ayn Rand and her philosophy of objectivism, the image of chain-smoking, raving Putnam is opaque. Similarly, her split-screen reenactment of letters between Martin Heidegger and Hannah Arendt requires more than one viewing to sink in. Compared with some of her paintings, her video work engages the viewer in more nuanced dialogue.

Moving from the canvas to manipulating three dimensional settings has challenged Putnam to explore basic photographic questions she hasn’t had to ask before. With painting, she says, lighting and point of view are intuitive. On the canvas, she can focus on color, while her video work seeks to create feelings in the viewer. Creating these feelings though, doesn’t feel as tactile. Putnam scrubs her fingers together, “I’m just in a better mood after I paint.”

“I’m glad I was pushed there,” she says, “but there’s a part of me that’s still really romantic about painting.” Indeed, dialogue in the art world suggests that being discipline specific is falling out of fashion.

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PUTNAM, FROM PAGE 19

And while paintings still sell best, the majority of notable artists do more than paint.

Perhaps paintings sell well, Putnam speculates, because people want something to hang over their couch. She insists that couch art isn't on the agenda, though one of her paintings does adorn the wall directly above the sofa in her Eugene home. The wide canvas depicts her former neighbor, Parker. The tousled blonde is wearing a silky robe, seated with one leg slung over the other. The fabric slides back to reveal a glittery pink thigh with "pork" scrawled on it. "It worked in my home!" she says, laughing.

Such paintings are showcased throughout her home. There's one on the second floor, on the wall above the stairs and another in the back corner of her kitchen. The bookcase near her dining table is piled high with feminist literature, including two copies of Dorothy Roberts's *Killing the Black Body*.

"This whole term has been very heady for me," she says. Completing her BFA has pushed her into theoretical territory that moves beyond aesthetics into how the work interacts with its viewers. Putnam graduated with Honors from the Clark D. Honors college this Spring. Her terminal BFA show, at Lawrence Hall's Laverne Krause Gallery, presented her video art and monoprints, both techniques she's been developing since her summer residency. Both of her shows this year have showcased the video work she's been experimenting with.

While her summer at Yale pushed her into new directions, it also strengthened her core discipline. She realized what her experiential learning process had left out; she'd never had a color theory class. Suddenly, the problems she ran into time and again at her canvas made sense. "If I keep working on a painting for a long time," she says, "the

colors get muddy." While she recognized that this had something to do with how she was mixing her oils, she couldn't pin down the exact cause. Color theory helped take some of the technical frustration out of working at the canvas.

Her studio, behind an unmarked door in Millrace 3, is shared with two other BFA students, Lane and Sarah Morejohn. In a shaded corner, rolled up paintings lean against a wall. A blocky vintage chair squats in the middle of the space. "That's the chair everyone sits in," she says. The mustard-colored suede is spotted with paint and the fabric on the armrests is worn thin. A recent painting of a friend, *L. Tran*, features this same chair.

At the close of her schooling in Eugene, Putnam packed up and set off for Kansas City, Missouri, where she'll spend the next two years working for Teach for America. She'll lead class during the day and take classes at night. Being in a new city is nothing new for Putnam, who came to Eugene from New Mexico. If she's placed at a high school, she's anticipating a treacherous balance between teaching students who are only a few years younger than she is while taking education classes with people who will likely be far older than she is.

Putnam is cautious about sharing her work with her students—and their parents. Though she traffics in transgression, she's aware that her paintings could stir up negative responses would jeopardize her teaching; Her blog is password-protected and her web footprint is minimal.

Perhaps the transgression of gender roles in Putnam's work falls too far outside the teacher box to come up on the first day of fall classes. Despite the delineation between her work and the classroom, Putnam's subtle brilliance will surely slip into the frame.

INSIDE THE WC, FROM PAGE 17

representation in classroom curriculum. Perhaps consolidation would further the cause of women on campus.

In 1988, the WRRC joined forces with Women in Transition (now known as the Nontraditional Student Union), the Women's Task Force (originally housed in the ASUO Student Government Office), and Saferide to form what is now known as the ASUO Women's Center. As part of this cooperative, the center hired Barbara Ryan to its first full-time, year-round position. Ryan was responsible for organizing centralized feminist programming, resources and referrals, and an anchoring historical backdrop from year to year. That year, the center found its home in Suite 3 of the EMU, ending 15 years of shifting from location to location within the building.

While graduate students fought to establish the Women's Center on campus in the early '70s, they also demanded the inclusion of gender in the classroom. Fueled with academic knowledge and feminist fury, members of the University Feminists actively fought for an increase in feminist courses offered on campus. Research about the creation of the ASUO Women's Center conducted by Kimberly F. Balsam in 1993 noted that, because the initial members of the UF were graduate students, they were positioned to plan and organize courses. "In Fall term, 1972, the first WST 101 – Introduction to Women's Studies was offered. Jeanette Silveira, the graduate assistant who taught the course, was also involved with University Feminists," she wrote.

Silveira and her fellow graduate students met with professors Acker, Mitchell, and other female faculty to advocate for the institutionalization of Women and Gender Studies (WGS) courses as early as 1971.

One critical way the UF helped solidify WGS course offerings was to create and distribute a brochure listing as many as 25 courses that were offered in 1972. Since WGS courses did not fall within one department and were often made available after registration, during the first week of the term, the ability to effectively advertise and register for such classes was limited to word of mouth. The brochure helped legitimize the courses and further spread the word.

Attempts to institutionalize the Women's and Gender Studies curriculum was met with strong resistance. "If we can have a women's studies, why not have a dog studies!," one Professor had the audacity to mutter to Professor Acker. In spite of such opposition, WGS courses continued to prosper with over 70 faculty offering courses in the following years. These courses were routinely taught by graduate and undergraduate students as there was a strong desire to support the academic growth of students by encouraging teaching opportunities.

In 1973, Acker allied with graduate students to take their demands to the state. They needed approval from the state board of higher education—and got it. The board approved their request for the Women Studies Program, which would become the first of its kind in Oregon.

In 1976 Barbara Pope was hired as a half-time instructor. One of her main goals was to ensure students' involvement in the program. Employing students as facilitators in the WGS 101 course allowed for a peer-to-peer educational learning style and a direct application of classroom material into everyday practice. 33 years later, in 2009, the Women's and Gender Studies became a full department following the departmentalization of Ethnic Studies.

UNIVERSITY ACTORS RECALL FIRST FEMALE STEPS ON THE WESTERN STAGE

WORDS BY JORDAN EDDY

University senior Jennifer Balestracci's relationship with her corset has been a violent one. Its over-the-shoulder design pins her arms down, so that even the smallest of tasks takes effort. She can't use her abs in it, rendering her helpless once when she toppled over the back of a bench. The tightly laced sheath of cloth has caused her to black out and even vomit.

"Now I know why they had fainting couches," says Balestracci with a smile. She's lacing up her corset for the last time, minutes away from the closing performance of University Theatre's spring production *Playhouse Creatures*.

The play is set in 1660's England and chronicles the struggles of Britain's first woman actresses, but for Balestracci and the five other actresses in the production, the experience has been far more than a history lesson. Dressing in corsets may be passé, but the women have discovered that many of the challenges their Restoration counterparts faced are still around today.

"This is your ten minute call," says a monotone voice over the intercom. The air is warm in the small dressing room the actresses share. They huddle around mirrors and chat as they apply finishing touches on make-up and pin on the heavy outer layers of their costumes.

Their transformation will send them back to Reformation England, a time when the monarchy was reestablishing itself after more than a decade of strict Puritan rule. In the chaos of the English Civil War, the Puritans had burned down Shakespeare's Globe Theatre and banned acting altogether.

On his return from exile in 1660, King Charles II swiftly brought back the theatre, with a new twist. During his time in other European countries, he had seen women perform onstage, and he wasn't keen on watching cross-dressing men fill female roles anymore. For the first time, women were given the chance to act professionally. *Creatures* splices together the stories of five real women actresses of the time, placing

them in a single company.

Senior Virginia Rice, who plays the company manager's wife Mrs. Betterton, leans into the mirror and smears on heavy make-up. By the time she's done, her face is white as a sheet, with two rosy red spots on her cheeks. She looks as flawless as a porcelain doll, but by the end of the play she'll be old and frail.

"Mostly, it's a physical posture I take," says Rice. "I've adopted this bent-over walk in the second act." In the play, Mrs. Betterton ages out of the profession she loves, her career abruptly ended when her husband informs her that her body isn't selling tickets anymore.

"This woman is struggling and struggling for people to respect her," says Rice of Mrs. Betterton. "At the end she says, 'I never wanted people to look at me. I didn't want to be a whore, I wanted to be an actress.'"

The other characters don't fare much better. Elizabeth Farley, played by Katelyn Elias, gets pregnant, loses her job and eventually becomes a prostitute. Evylyn Brown's Rebecca Marshall is driven out of town after enacting revenge on a suitor who tricks her into sleeping with him. The famous Nell Gwynne, played by Jesselyn Parks, leaves the company to become the King's full-time mistress.

Not all of these stories are actually historical. In reality, Betterton acted well into her 70's and Farley continued acting despite her scandalous affairs and extramarital pregnancy. But that's not exactly the point, says director Brian Cook, a theatre arts graduate student.

"The play is not trying to be a Restoration play," he explains. "It's using a period which is eerily similar to ours in many ways to make comments on the state of the actress today."

Creatures was written in 1993 by April De Angelis for an all-female company, and tweaked in 1997 to include two male roles. Cook says it's easy to see modern politics at play in the story.

"There's a great parallel because one of the reasons men of the Restoration went to the theatre was to see women take off their tops," Cook says. "That objectification is not any different now. Women are supposed to be beautiful if they're going to be actresses. If you're going to be the lead character, you need to be young and thin."

This creates a fiercely competitive atmosphere that is almost wholly controlled by male executives and male audiences, says Cook. In the world of *Creatures* and now, the scene is dominated by a single "it-girl" who's put on a pedestal but quickly replaced. Parts for women are few and far between, and most are supporting roles.

"I think in a sad way, you kind of have to start off with those roles," says Parks, who plays Nell Gwynne. "Women in power are considered intimidating, it's still sadly relevant."

Parks says she has been inspired by Gwynne's efforts to fight the system. Gwynne started out selling oranges in a playhouse, and rose through her own enterprise to become the most famous of Restoration actresses. Her name is still well-known today.

"Nell is a generation of women who can choose. She says the things we feel like we can't say," Parks says as she adjusts her skirts. "These women represent being honest and sexual and open and not apologizing for it."

Though her character's story ends sadly, Rice says the struggles of Mrs. Betterton and her contemporaries were just the beginning of the journey.

"While the women of the Civil Rights movement paved the road for equality, I think these women were the first ones to lay the path," Rice says. "They were the first ones to say, 'We're going to be in the limelight, and we're not going to take no for an answer.'"

"This is your two minute call," says the voice on the intercom, sending the actresses dashing for the door. Though this is their final journey into the world of the Restoration, it might not be the last time these women they encounter the obstacles that their characters do.

"I've known for a long time that I'll be treated like this," says Brown. "Mrs. Marshall has taught me that I'll fight it like hell."

ONE OF THE REASONS MEN OF THE RESTORATION WENT TO THE THEATRE WAS TO SEE WOMEN TAKE OFF THEIR TOPS. THAT OBJECTIFICATION IS NOT ANY DIFFERENT NOW.

--Brian Cook, theater arts graduate

A COMPLETE ROCK, A LEADING HEART

LYLLYE B. PARKER
TRANSCENDS
EXPECTATIONS, AND
HELPS HER STUDENTS
DO THE SAME

WORDS BY KYLIE WRAY



PHOTO BY BRITTANY BERSIN

ACADEMIC ADVISOR LYLLYE B. PARKER WILL END HER 16-YEAR CAREER AT THE OFFICE OF MULTICULTURAL AFFAIRS IN 2012. ALTHOUGH SHE IS RETIRING, SHE THINKS OF EVERY STUDENT AT THE UNIVERSITY OF OREGON AS HER OWN. THESE SAME STUDENTS WILL REMEMBER HER FONDLY FOR YEARS TO COME.

While speaking of her students, Lyllye Parker gestures affectionately to a cork board on the warmly colored wall opposite her desk. This ‘memorabilia board,’ which covers most of the wall it hangs on, is layered with photos and thank you letters from past students. Her expression and loving tone show her emotional investment in the work she has done for so many years.

Parker has been an Academic Advisor in the Office of Multicultural Academic Success for the last 16 years, and will be retiring at the end of the 2011-12 school year, but will greatly miss the students she affectionately refers as her own students.

“I’m possessive. I consider every enrollee at this University of Oregon ‘my student’. Now, that’s not being arrogant, that’s being realistic, because any student on this campus who comes to me can access my service,” Parker emphasized strongly. “I am first and foremost an academic advisor, but I’m also an educated, nurturing woman.”

Those who know her around campus return this affection by referring to her as ‘Miss Lyllye.’

“I think of Lyllye as this huge, encourager cheerleader, who just wants to scoop everyone up and help them get to where

they’re going. She has this innate ability to listen, and to hear, and then to take that for each individual and encourage them,” said Brenda Tuomi, an Academic Advisor in OMAS, who has had a working relationship with Parker for 9 years. “She radiates respect: respect and caring. I want to be like her when I grow up, I really do.”

“She’s a complete rock for so many students here at the University. And it’s unwavering and unconditional support,” said Andrea Valderrama, a senior political science major who first met with Parker for academic advising as a freshman.

Parker became the first black woman born in Eugene in 1946, and lived with her family on West 11th in a black community until they were dislocated by Urban Renewal and moved to 2nd and High Street. She was also part of the first graduating class from Sheldon High School in 1964, of which she spoke with pride.

Around the time her daughter was graduating from high school, after being very ill for about a year, and while providing in-home health care for one of the women she grew up under, Pearlle Washington, Parker decided to apply to college. She expressed that she knew the only way she

would leave her ‘Aunt Pearlle’ would be if she was admitted to the University of Oregon, never thinking it would happen. After applying for financial aid and receiving it, she applied for admissions, and then finally became a true freshman at the age of 40 in 1986.

“I always wanted to come to college. It was something that I always knew I wanted to do and didn’t have the opportunity,” said Parker. “It was a time when rock stars and entertainers and athletes were the focal point of role models in my community. I wanted my kids to see me, their primary role model. And I didn’t feel like I was doing anything for them to say ‘Ooh, I’d like to do that like my mom when I grow up.’ So I thought ‘ok, I’m going to school and I’m going to set a precedent for my children.’ And that’s what really motivated me to come.”

Five years later, after graduating from the UO, Parker was working for Eugene Hospital and Clinic as a receptionist for 5 different doctors when she heard that there was a position open in the Office of Multicultural Affairs (what would become OMAS) as an academic advisor. Since she already had a full-time job, she didn’t apply the first time around. But when she got a

phone call saying that the search had failed and they were advertising for the position again, she decided to apply. When she was hired, she sacrificed her full time job to become a part-time academic advisor, a job she knew she would be happier in, but this left her and her son in a position of similar income to when she was a student. She took the job with promise of becoming full-time in her position within six months, but that promise fell through. She waited patiently for 18 months, until finally, the current President of the Black Student Union approached the President of the University and explained why Parker should become full-time.

"[He] went to the president and said, 'Why is Mrs. Parker just part-time in OMA and everybody else is full-time? The black student population is in decline, and she's the African American representative in the office,'" explained Parker. "So the president made a call and said, 'ok, I want her full-time.' And here I am, almost 16 years later."

Parker expressed the pride that she feels for earning her bachelor's degree at the UO after being out of high school for 22 years by comparing it climbing Mt. Everest, and reaching the peak. Although there are a lot of people that think not having a terminal degree means you are uneducated, Parker refuses to accept that idea. She expressed that she would pit her bachelor's degree and her many years of experience and success as an advisor against a PhD with 5 years experience. She believes that you measure the worth by the outcome.

Parker also explained that as a staff member of OMAS, an office she is proud the University is smart enough to know is extremely important, working with and for people of color, she cannot say that she has felt tokenized by the institution. But she expressed that she has had experiences when she felt she was only asked to do something because of the color of her skin. In her eyes, that is the worst insult you can give to a person of color.

"I truly don't believe that the people who put me in that situation knew what they were doing, they have no reference at this point," Parker said. "But once I allow you to know how that made me feel, if you continue to do it we have a problem."

Although Parker expressed that there have been times when she felt marginalized, and used, she emphasized her respect for the institution and the fact that far outweighing those experiences are the ones that make it

HER ROLE ON PAPER IS AN ACADEMIC ADVISOR, BUT I THINK ANYONE YOU TALK TO THAT HAS MET HER WILL REFER TO HER MORE AS A MENTOR, AND AS A LIFE ADVISOR

-- Andrea Valderrama

all worthwhile.

She said: "A lot of times I haven't overcome the hierarchy. It's painful. It truly can be painful. And if you allow it, it will run you crazy. But what has balanced it for me, is the fact that I have appreciation from the students."

In January of this year, at the annual Women of Color Conference, Valderrama announced to an auditorium full of people, including Parker, that the conference and speaker series were being renamed to the Lyllye B. Parker Conference and Speaker Series.

"I think that really showed me how personal it was for her, because it's one thing to continue the work, but to see that it was really important to her, that showed me that she wasn't just doing this year after year, but that it was really something that she loved and enjoyed and she was passionate about," reflected Valderrama.

"I have never experienced the emotional charge that I had at the Women of Color Conference this year, in my 16 years here," said Parker proudly. "So it would have to be one of the highlights."

But Parker explained humbly that this was an event where she was the center of attention, and while it was one of the highlights of her career, and she was greatly honored, most of those other highlights have been the experiences in success she got to share with her students.

"There have been situations where my students were the center of attention, and their accomplishments were recognized," remembered Parker passionately. "And it brought tears to my eyes."

When she leaves the University, Parker expressed that she would like to be remembered as someone who lead with her heart, and then brought her brain to the table. She said she wants to be known as a woman who was warm, welcoming, gave great hugs ("Because I do," said Parker with a smile), and smiled even in the stormiest of

weather. These elements of her personality are the ones that shine through every day that she is on campus, and they are surely the ones that the students and coworkers she leaves behind will remember fondly.

"I kind of have the family style academic advising up in here," explained Parker. "And I like it. I like it when my students come and say, 'Mrs. Parker you didn't give me my hug.' I like that. Or: 'Mrs. Parker you walked right past me. You didn't say hello.' I like that."

"I think that her role on paper is an academic advisor, but I think anyone you talk to that has met her, will refer to her more as a mentor, and as a life advisor than an academic one," said Valderrama.

Parker says that her plans for what she will do after retiring change every day. After getting used to not having to get up to an alarm in the morning, she knows she will be involved with young people in some way.

"I just know that whatever I do, I will be serving," said Parker. "I have always said I'm a servant. I am a servant by birth. It was inside of me all the time. I've never been anything else, and I have really enjoyed it because I found my purpose, and I lived my purpose."

When she does leave, she would like to see the University start to invest in the students in ways that they have been neglecting. She hopes it will one day open up an academic advising office purely for the support of students in academic jeopardy. She also hopes that whoever takes her place will realize that they are filling a legacy; that they will take up the reigns and maybe even ask themselves, 'how would Mrs. Parker handle this situation?'

"I believe that it is a position, and a space that cannot be filled by anyone else," said Tuomi. "It will be impossible. Once she leaves, I really feel like she could and should write a book. I really believe that. What I admire about Lyllye is that she really, really does care."

WHAT COMES NATURALLY

The scholarship, teaching and mentorship of Peggy Pascoe

WORDS BY ERIN MCGLADREY



Pascoe, a feminist scholar who helped to create landmark strides in the world of women, such as Women's History Week, now known and loved as Women's History Month, was a remarkable force on the University of Oregon campus. After her death from ovarian cancer, she is remembered by those she impacted during her time here.

Like many things that have their beginnings in Montana, feminist scholar Peggy Pascoe was part human, part legend in our house. Born in Butte, Montana, she learned to love history, particularly that of the U.S. West, through the stories of local miners whose labor strikes put Butte on the map. Though her powers were less typical than the DC Comic standard of superhuman strength, ability to leap buildings, or shape shift; they were no less dynamic. Her skills lay in her quiet and steadfast redirecting, the reshaping of people and their environment: water over stone. Her understated manner, humility and clarity of purpose were intimidating; something to strive towards but humans were never likely to draw too close.

Peggy left Montana for Sarah Lawrence, home of the country's first graduate program in Women's History started by trailblazing feminist historian Gerda Lerner (in a time women weren't seen as having a history worth knowing); she immediately set to work. Peggy's work was no doubt shaped by studying Lerner who questioned dominance as "natural." As Lerner told *Ms. Magazine*, "Women's history is the primary tool for women's emancipation. Everything that explains the world has in fact explained a world that does not exist, a world in which men are at the center of the human enterprise and women are at the margin 'helping' them. Such a world does not exist--never has. Women have always

made history as much as men have, not 'contributed' to it, only they did not know what they had made and had no tools to interpret their own experience. What's new at this time is that women are fully claiming their past and shaping the tools by means of which they can interpret it." (Sep., 1981). During this politically charged time at Lawrence, Peggy worked to create Women's History Week which later became Women's History Month in 1987.

She then moved west, earning her PhD at Stanford before teaching U.S. Women's History and Race, Gender and Sexuality at the University of Utah. While there she published "Gender Conflict: The Marriages of Mission-Educated Chinese American Women (1874-1939)" in the pivotal text *Unequal Sisters: A Multicultural Reader in U.S. Women's History*. In 1996, Peggy found her home at the University of Oregon. She served both as the Beekman Professor of Northwest and Pacific History and Professor of Ethnic Studies, acted as the History Department's Head of Graduate Studies from 1998 to 2002 and again in 2004, and earned the MLK, Jr. Award for fostering diversity at the UO.

Intensely curious, Peggy explained her work this way on her department website "I'm fascinated by the cultural and historical processes that make race, gender, and sexuality seem like 'natural,' common-sense differences rather than the power-laden hierarchies they really were (and are)."

Though her humility would hide it, Peggy was instrumental in establishing the national proclamation and designation of first annual celebration of Women's History Week. While at Sarah Lawrence, she lobbied for a congressional resolution with members of Congress and state governors, efforts that eventually earned a call from President Carter's Assistant for Women's Affairs, Sarah Weddington, informing the organizing group that the president would make the proclamation that every president has made since.

Humility can come from many places. Often referred to as a historian's historian, Peggy could afford to be humble about her academic work because others were quick to recognize her excellence. It was clear to everyone that she was a brilliant scholar, so she did not need to draw attention to that herself. After graduating from Stanford, Peggy could have gone anywhere, but she chose public universities first in Utah then Oregon. Professional recognition came to her and it also mattered to her. Peggy was a woman who could be selective about what she put on her CV. She published numerous acclaimed articles and two books. The first was *Relations of Rescue: The Search for Female Moral Authority in American West, 1874-1939*. In a review, Freedman writes, "Through careful case studies of female missionary campaigns throughout the West, she explored the ways that white Protestant women attempted to uplift

A RIVER THOUGH, HAS SO MANY THINGS TO SAY THAT IT IS HARD TO KNOW WHAT IT SAYS TO EACH OF US

-- A River Runs Through It

Native American, Asian American, working class, and Mormon women. Her balanced and subtle interpretation both credited the opportunities to challenge patriarchy and exposed the ways these efforts reinforced racial hierarchies." All of Peggy's work raised questions about common understandings of the racial and gender history and construction in the U.S. West, as well as the complicated position of women in the past.

Peggy Pascoe was a force for good on the University of Oregon campus and academia at large. According to her colleague and friend, Ellen Herman, Peggy was "universally admired" by faculty in History, Ethnic Studies, Women's and Gender Studies, "and in all the other units of the University where her calming presence was felt over the years and where both her scholarship and her unmatched diplomatic skills were respected and much appreciated. She was a quintessential professional in the best sense of the word." Herman secured the women's historian position during her quick tenure as Department Head, something undoubtedly, Peggy would delight in. Though she led with professionalism, she was first known as a person of grace and wisdom in our house where graduate students from the past six years would gather to socialize, discuss their scholarship, job prospects and department politics. We often applied one simple

question to any tricky situation, "What would Peggy do?"

Perhaps her intensely positive relationship as a young scholar with her dissertation advisor, Estelle Freedman, who eventually became godmother to Peggy's oldest daughter, also shaped her work with graduate students. Many students benefited from Peggy's mentorship, as she often mentored students across disciplines as well as U.S. women's historians at other academic institutions around the country. Her investment in graduate students was an investment in the legacy of critical work in the field. Her former students can repay her by closing the circle through mentoring their own students, who will carry on important scholarly work after they themselves are also gone. As many feminist scholars do, Peggy followed the "pay it forward" model; the greatest way of honoring her is continue to invest in others and the field of underrepresented histories as a whole.

It is easy to quantify the work of Peggy's brilliant mind, but I rely on anecdote to reflect the lived application of her devotion to women's history through the legacy of her mentorship of young faculty and graduate students. Many can speak to her academic work far better than I can, but it was her way of being and teaching that was most instructional. Camille, my best friend and

a student of Peggy's, often sat at the table with a stack of papers to grade, wearing her pajamas which she referred to as her "dissertating pants," sometimes flustered, wondering how to imitate Peggy's gentle yet instructive comments to interrupt the uninformed thought in the essay. For students who were used to gaining praise from authority figures, she gently nudged them to find their confidence in their work and to know for themselves, without outside praise, when their work was good. One of her former graduate students reflected, "Peggy had a remarkable ability to identify, often without being asked, her students' greatest concerns or insecurities and to provide advice and encouragement tailored to our needs. She always seemed to know where we were, and she had an uncanny ability to keep us motivated when we ourselves didn't know what was next. Only after encountering other graduate colleagues did all of us realize the extent to which she freely shared her insights into the profession of history, and the experience of women in academia, in support of our careers."

Peggy was honest and transparent about the barriers for women pursuing careers in academia. Much of the advice Peggy gave was related to the position of women in graduate school, directing her students, for example, not to end their answers to questions with "does that answer your



After making her home here on the UO campus in 1996, Pascoe worked as a Beekman Professor of Northwest and Pacific History, as well as a Professor of Ethnic Studies. Pascoe earned the MLK, Jr. Award for fostering Diversity at the University of Oregon.

question?" -- a typical response of women students -- but instead to trust that whatever reply they gave was sufficient. Rather than assume that her students would have knowledge of and anticipate the potential problems faced by women in graduate programs, she would gently identify the kinds of pitfalls that sometimes beset women graduate students, and always give them specific advice on avoiding these dangers. According to one female student, "She acknowledged the often political nature of academic departments and always gave practical, strategic advice that would protect us, both as graduate students and early career scholars, from any difficulties that might arise. She trained us to rise above controversies while still forming a close support network both inside and outside of our departments."

Perhaps growing up in the Big Sky State gave her a wider view of the world. As the oldest sister of five siblings, her intellectual life seemed to be an extension of her personal life. She was very practical and diplomatic. Such diplomacy is a rare gift in the world of academia that is often solitary and preferences investing in one's own scholarship and writing. No matter how embedded a conflict was, chances are that she was talking to both sides, even though they were not talking with each other. She was poised. When she spoke, people could tell that she chose her words carefully and thought through what she was saying. This gave people confidence. She did critical work to stabilize and eventually institutionalize Ethnic Studies and Women's and Gender Studies as departments.

Her influence was so

able to compel people to their best that each member of the Ethnic Studies faculty and staff, under the urging of Professor Ernesto Martinez, created a square that was sewn together by the Quilting Quackers, a UO quilting group (Q2). Each person wrote a message and infused the quilt with love. According to Q2 member and Ethnic Studies Office Manager Donella-Elizabeth Alston, "Peggy was up and around when we got to their home and was so glad and excited! She said that her grandmother had made her a quilt years ago, but that she'd always wanted 'something a little more contemporary' just for herself. Linda (her partner of 30 years) told us later that Peggy showed it to everyone who came to visit and that she was very touched by the gift, and very proud of it. It's really gorgeous and the bright oranges and reds really do make our gray June not quite so bleak."

Perhaps people get sick and die in the same ways they lived their lives, Herman reflected. Peggy was stoic throughout her battle with ovarian cancer. She worked tirelessly between rounds of chemotherapy to complete her crucially acclaimed book *What Comes Naturally: Miscegenation Law and the Making of Race in America*, which went on to win five major national awards. According to Freedman, "The scholarly result was stunning. *What Comes Naturally* provides a sweeping and detailed account of the criminalization of interracial marriage and resistance to that process from the 1860s through the 1960s. It is also a superb history of the shifting meaning of 'race' in American culture and the ways that gender and race are always mutually

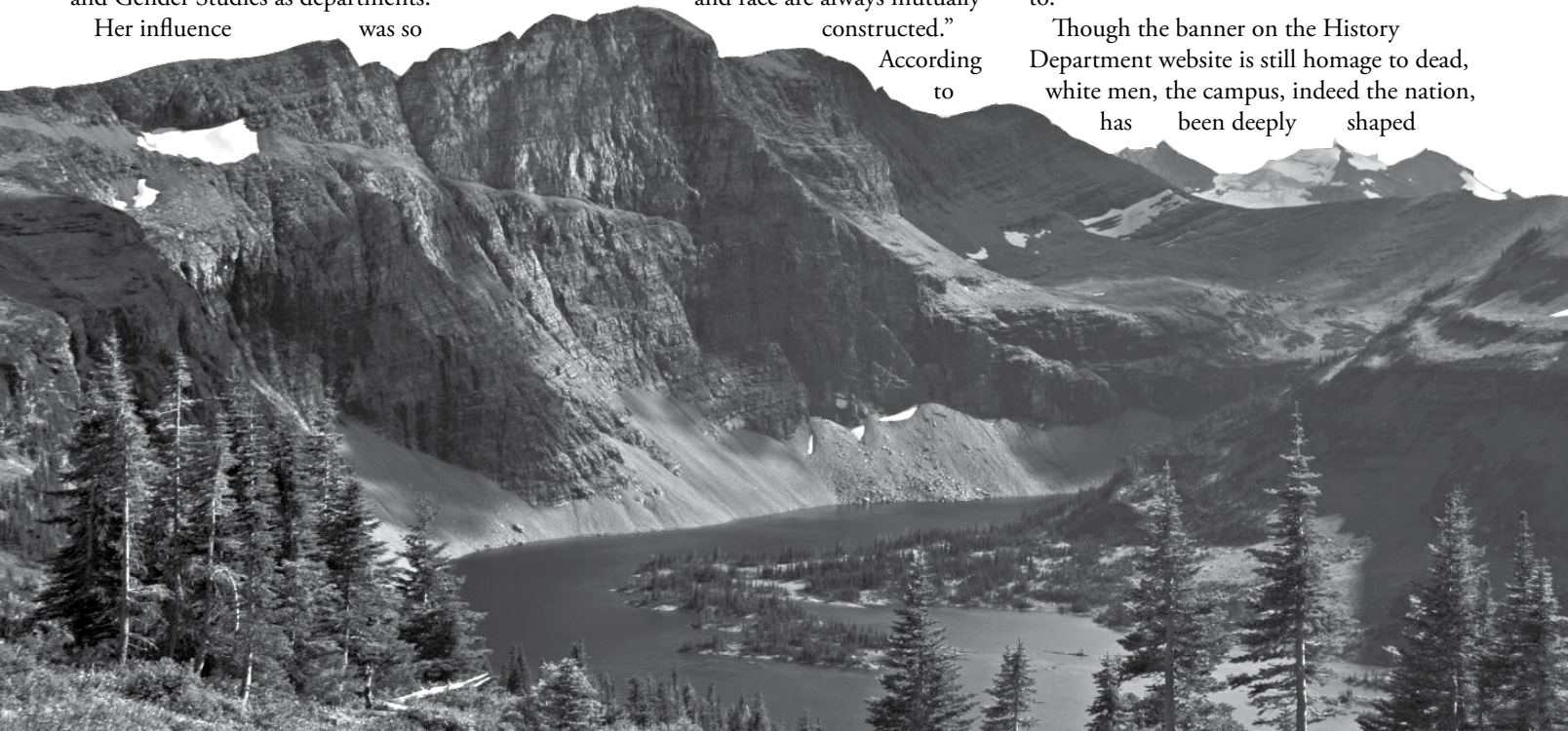
constructed."

According to

Herman, she published the book "not to satisfy her personally but the book will be there forever. It outlives her. Books outlive all of us." While in hospice care, Peggy traveled to the American History Association conference to receive two of their most prestigious awards.

A consummate professional, Peggy was determined to complete all of her work. She came out of hospice care to be on the dissertation committee for her final PhD candidate. It was the last act of her professional life. Even on heavy pain medication, she was the smartest person in the room, using her dry wit to put the committee, candidate and gathered witnesses at ease. It was very important to her to be there to further the work that mattered to her. On July 1, just three weeks before her death, she awarded her final PhD and was the first to announce Dr. Camille Walsh. The air was pregnant with the notion that something larger was at play--something connecting past, present and future and pausing it briefly in this moment. It is clear in her scholarship and in her love of teaching that Camille was mentored by proxy by Gerda Lerner and Estelle Freedman, through Peggy. In Camille, you found their collective herstory. As a tribute to working class history in the U.S. West, we took Camille to the 75th Anniversary of the St. Paul Rodeo. This is the first year that Peggy will not know the incoming graduate students. Her absence will be a great loss for them. Herman reflected on how strange it will be, "They will know her as the author of a great book, not as a person they can talk to."

Though the banner on the History Department website is still homage to dead, white men, the campus, indeed the nation, has been deeply shaped



by Peggy's fundamental commitment to justice and to dismantling hierarchies of power. The drive to deconstruct the "natural" prompted her to push out, using the interventions of women's historians, into studies of race, nation, class, and citizenship. As a scholar of race, gender and sexuality in U.S. history, she left an indelible mark on our understanding of the role of marriage and the function of state power on people's lives. As a person, she helped pioneer a new field of study for women, guided and mentored her students with seemingly endless patience and generosity, and gave us all something to aspire to. Another understated Montana native, Norman Maclean, wrote, "But years ago I had known the river when it flowed through this now dry channel, so I could enliven its stony remains with the waters of memory. In death it had its pattern, and we can only hope for as much."

The legacy and investment in women is made tangible with the rising admission of women into the History Department's graduate programs during Peggy's time with the program. If you ever find yourself feeling small under a big open sky, raise a glass of Bourbon to Peggy in gratitude for her mentorship, feminist scholarship and investment in a more humane future. In honor of her deep commitment to justice and questioning the notion of what comes naturally, her family established the Peggy Pascoe Graduate Student Fund in History to shape future generations of scholarship by funding graduate research.

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TRUST IN THE LAND



WORDS BY ANNA BIRD

In the midst of the "back to the land" movement that was reshaping the landscape nationwide in the 1960s and '70s, lesbian separatists forged a splinter movement of their own. Over the course of several decades, women, frustrated with major and irreparable inequalities and oppressions in society found that removing themselves completely from the source of their oppression was the only way to gain the freedom to grow spiritually and creatively.

Oregon became a back-to-the-land Mecca because people were interested in its largely uninhabited and undeveloped rural areas; acreage was less expensive than other areas and building codes didn't exist until the mid-70s. Those looking to escape urban life and its concrete jungles moved to the Northwest to get more in touch with nature. Instead of planting vegetable gardens in their urban back yards like many folks do today, lesbian separatists moved to the Pacific Northwest to seek refuge from cities reeking of industrialization and seeping oppression.

Many separatist groups set up communes in Southern Oregon. WomanShare, Rainbow's End, and Fly Away Home were three of the women's collective land groups. Others such as Rainbow's Other End, Steppingwoods, Whispering Oaks, Poppyseed, Fish Pond, Indigo, and Copperland were invitation-only, loosely affiliated communities while Golden Farm and Cabbage Lane were communes on which men resided as well as women. The Oregon Women's Land Trust was formed in 1975 after a workshop entitled "Money, Class and Power" held at WomanShare. A group of women in attendance bought 147 acres of wooded, mostly secluded land near Roseburg, Oregon that originally had only one farmhouse and a chicken coop in the midst of its conifer trees and open meadows. This

acreage became known as the OWL Farm, short for Oregon Women's Land Farm. The women who formed the land aimed to create a space where women could interact and live collectively and equally regardless of their economic resources. In the summer of 1976, over a hundred women came to the first land trust meeting on the land itself, demonstrating much excitement about the farm and the potential community. The women, most of whom had grown up in urban or suburban settings, found that they were presented with a new set of challenges in their new rural lives—limited shelter, no electricity, and difficult-to-access water, coupled with hot summers and endlessly rainy winters. Many of the first women who had romanticized ideas of communal life did not last through a full year. They moved off the land, back to cities.

However, for those who stayed, these living conditions proved to be better than living under the thumb of male-dominated society. Many loved the solitude of the rural valley. They grew sustainable gardens, built a couple of cabins and sheds, and tended to the land's fruit trees. For these women, the farm was a space for spiritual and creative growth. They were surrounded by similarly progressive feminist thinkers while reveling in the beauty of living off the land.

While there is no longer a living community on the farm, the trust still encourages women to visit the farm and stay for as long as they like. The Oregon Women's Land Trust currently has eight board members and meets on a quarterly basis. They continue to tend to the land on the OWL Farm as frequently as they can, doing land and building maintenance. It still holds the same rustic charm it did in the beginning with its original cabins, a growing garden, and blossoming fruit trees. Many women groups still hold retreats, ceremonies, and meetings on the farm.

DISSATISFIED WITH THE SIDELINES

How do the University of Oregon's claims of gender equality stand up to its history of shortchanging its female student-athletes with paltry budgets and substandard facilities?

WORDS BY LAUREN GOSS

The University of Oregon campus is full of remnants of gender inequality, especially for female student-athletes. While some may be hidden from view, or not part of the memory of the modern college student, the sites are ubiquitous. While student-athletes comprise a small percentage of the total student population, the implications of discrimination at an educational institution affect all students and their endeavors. Without an ongoing discussion, these bits of the past will continue to fade away. Before I lay out the sites of gender inequity, the structure of sports for women in the 20th century is necessary to explain.

Title IX, the federal law passed in 1972 as part of the Education Amendments Act, prohibits discrimination based on gender in educational institutions receiving federal money. These federal funds may come in the form of direct assistance, but can also be distributed through grants. Therefore, the University of Oregon is subject to Title IX for the entire educational process, from admissions practices, to course offerings, to housing options, to employment opportunities. However, Title IX is best known for its groundbreaking effects for intercollegiate and interscholastic athletic opportunities for females. The legislation aimed to equalize budgets, facilities, uniforms, travel, coaching, tutoring, among other areas. Since the passage of Title IX,

female high school and college student-athletes are indebted to the positive effects it has achieved across the nation. However, the full realization of gender equity and parity has yet to be achieved, and is hindered by demeaning stereotypes about women athletes.

Prior to the passage of Title IX, women were heavily discouraged from competing in athletic events. Antiquated superstitions persisted about female physical exertion causing irreparable damage to the reproductive system, developing unsightly muscles; even questions abounded about their true gender. Until recently, female athletes competing in the Olympics games were subjected to mandatory sex testing to determine if they were indeed female. Officials and the public believed females could not perform athletic feats, and therefore were considered suspect when they did compete at a high level. If they pursued their passions, they found little to no support from organizations or their peers. These social conditions permeated universities during the 1970s.

I present to you a tour of the University of Oregon campus and the realities for a group of college students only a generation ago.

Let us begin at Gerlinger Hall, the old women's gym on campus. Here women participated in physical education classes, as well as participated in the Women's



The University of Oregon's Women's Basketball Team 1900-1901. Standing, from left to right: Vestella Sears, Lisa Straub, Charles Burden, Elizabeth Hackeney, Elsie Perkins. In front: Hattie Taylor, Miss Holmes and Miss Prather.

Recreation Association. The WRA provided intramural and extramural athletic opportunities for women. In 1973, President Clark approved the Women's Intercollegiate Athletics organization as a separate entity from the WRA. Becky Sisley, the first and only director of women's intercollegiate athletics, had her office on the first floor of the building. The Athletic Department offices were in Esslinger and Mac Court. The field adjacent to the building, and surrounded on one side by the cemetery was the practice area for women's field hockey. Not every shot was on target, causing players to run after the hockey balls into University Street. The team hosted its home games on the fields at South Eugene High School. After Title IX passed, the team played a few games before the football games at Autzen Stadium. Gerlinger Annex, built in 1969, hosted volleyball and basketball games. The floor, wood laid directly onto cement, is unforgiving, even to young knees and shins. The volleyball and basketball teams moved permanently to Mac Court in 1977. Moving along the cemetery is the field behind Knight Library and the music school. Here softball practiced, even though the field dimensions were not regulation size, causing home runs and line drives to head into the cemetery. The softball home games were played at community fields at Amazon
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Park. Howe Field, the current softball field, originally served as the baseball stadium. The University of Oregon cut the baseball team in 1981, and the softball specific adaptations to the field were completed in 1987. Additional women's sports included: swimming, tennis, track and field, cross country, golf, and bowling.

The story of female athletics at the University of Oregon, after Title IX, was, and continues to be subtle discrimination. The women played at Mac Court, but after the games were faced with a locker room separated from a shower room by a public hallway. The lights at Howe Field are substandard, and the stadium infrastructure is poor. Meanwhile, the baseball team uses a multi-million dollar facility, where no expense was spared. Athletics at the University of Oregon, like many other schools across the country, receive serious criticism for excessive expenditures. These schools claim expenditure is necessary for winning. However, during the 1970s the female student-athletes of the WIA successfully appeared at numerous national championships, and had winning records. Their budget, however, remained paltry in comparison to the men's, even after the passage of Title IX. For the 1975-76 budgets, the women received \$144,307 for 11 sports, while the men received \$2,150,000 for 9 sports. The University of Oregon merged the WIA into the Athletic Department in 1977, thereby subsuming the women's department and removed their agency as a separate entity. However, inequitable practices still occur at the University of Oregon.

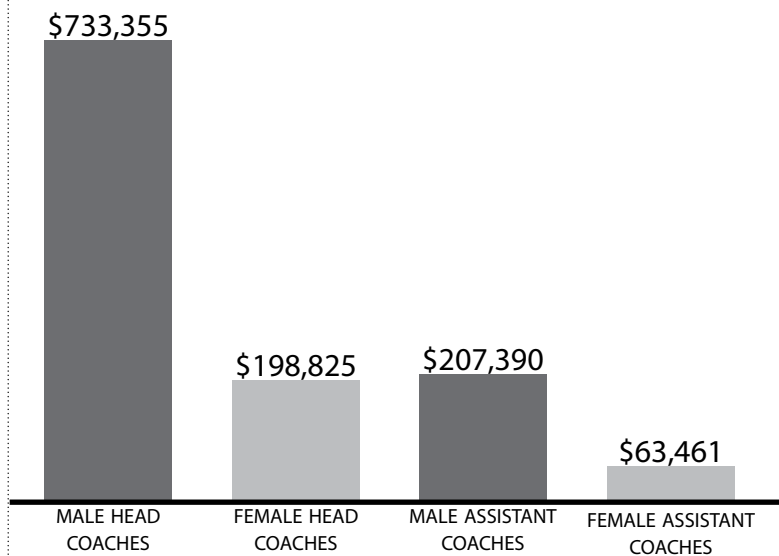
Only recently, with the passage of the Equity in Athletics Data Analysis (EADA), data regarding gender equity is made easily available. In general across the country, female athletes comprise 40-50% of the number of athletes, but receive 20-30% of funding support. In the recent EADA report (July 2009-June 2010) for the University of Oregon, 41% of the athletes were women, despite 51.8% of the total student population being female. Additionally, women's sports comprise 22% of operating (game day) expenses, and 26% of total expenses, and 15% of the grand total expenses (includes money not specified for men's or women's sports). (Research the statistics for yourself at <http://ope.ed.gov/athletics/index.aspx>.) Universities can show gender equity three ways: equal numbers of athletes and budgets, conduct interest surveys of the total female population and add popular sports, or have a history of expanding athletic opportunities for the underrepresented sex. The University of Oregon does not qualify for gender equity under equal representation of females in athletics and academics, and has not conducted surveys. Therefore, the University of Oregon claims to qualify for gender equity under the final method: a history of expanding athletic opportunities for the underrepresented sex. The addition of soccer and lacrosse in the 1990s fits this requirement.

However, the recent addition of Acrobatics and Tumbling does not meet this requirement, because the NCAA does not recognize it as an emerging sport. To qualify, there must be at least 20 schools participating, as well as other criteria.

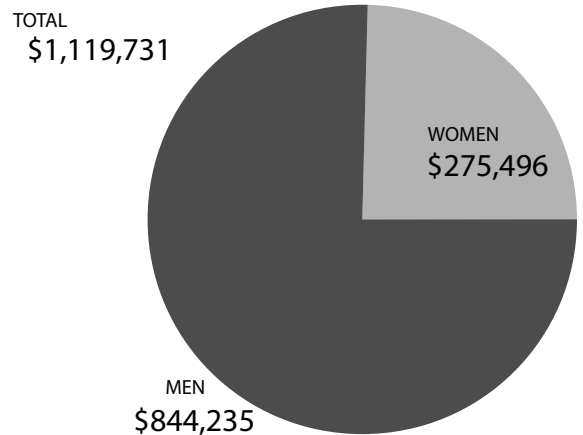
Presently, the National Collegiate Acrobatics and Tumbling Association lists 6 member schools. Their mission statement clearly identifies this limitation: "The mission of the NCATA is to bring the sport of acrobatics and tumbling to NCAA emerging sport status and eventually to a fully sanctioned NCAA sport" (www.ncata.org). The statistics associated with this activity are not considered in the final EADA report. Even if the University of Oregon tabulated this data, female athletes would be 49% of the total number of students, comprise 23.7% of game day expenses, 27% of total expenses, and 16% of grand total expenses. Therefore, the addition of this activity to the University of Oregon does not satisfy NCAA or Title IX gender equity requirements, and it prevents the addition of other sports, such as varsity crew. Currently, the data for acrobatics and tumbling cannot be counted and therefore cannot show any equitable improvement for Oregon women's athletics.

The struggle for gender equity in all aspects of education is a never-ending battle. The culture of athletics presents challenges to ideas of femininity and the value of a female athlete. Title IX accelerated the intersection of femininity and athletics. However, the terms are not interchangeable in today's society, let alone the 1970s. We must fight for the interchangeability, rather than continue the current relationship, one of antithesis. When will the phrase "you play like a girl," mean you are strong, competitive and praiseworthy? As a female athlete, propel the movement forward and be a beacon of femininity and athleticism.

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DATA FOR THE UNIVERSITY OF OREGON AS REPORTED FOR 7/1/2009-6/30/2010, FROM U.S. DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION: [HTTP://OPE.ED.GOV/ATHLETICS/INDEX.ASPX/](http://ope.ed.gov/athletics/index.aspx)

REQUIRED READING: A BRIEF INTRODUCTION TO FEMINIST THOUGHT

WORDS BY KYLIE WRAY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOSEPH DE SOSA



Angela Y. Davis

“White Privilege: Unpacking the Invisible Knapsack” – Peggy McIntosh

This essay, which has become a classic among anti-racist educators, explains the privileges McIntosh realized she was handed, not necessarily earned, and about which she felt she was supposed to remain oblivious.

The Second Sex – Simone de Beauvoir
de Beauvoir writes a history on the treatment of women as the “other” sex.

Feminism is for Everybody: Passionate Politics – bell hooks

This book is said to provide an introduction to the work of hooks, who focuses on race, class, and gender and their interconnectivity.

This Bridge called my Back: Writings by Radical Women of Color – Cherrie Moraga, Gloria Anzaldua

The feminist anthology uses writing by women of color to emphasize the need to include race related subjectivities in feminist discourse.

“Three Guineas” – Virginia Woolf

In her book length essay, Woolf responds in a question and answer format to three letters on the subjects of war, women’s education, and women’s employment.

“The Master’s Tools Will Never Dismantle the Master’s House” – Audre Lourde

Lorde’s famous essay focuses on the underlying racism of early feminism and its unrecognized dependence on patriarchy.

Black Feminist Thought: Knowledge, Consciousness, and the Politics of Empowerment – Patricia Hill Collins

Collins looks at Black Feminist Thought

as shaped by figures such as Angela Davis, Alice Walker, and Audre Lorde and examines race, class, gender, and sexuality and intersectionality – a term coined by Collins.

Women, Race and Class – Angela Y. Davis

Davis provides a history of the black, women’s and workers’ movements and ties them all together.

The Macho Paradox: Why Some Men Hurt Women and How All Men Can Help – Jackson Katz

In his book, Katz examines male culture. He is the among first to come at violence against women as a men’s issue.

Yes Means Yes!: Visions of Female Sexual Power and a World Without Rape – Jaclyn Freedman, Jessica Valenti

In a series of 27 essays, Freedman and Valenti focus on dismantling and modifying commonly held beliefs that support rape to build a respect for female sexuality.

“The Gender of Sound” – Anne Carson

In the only essay in her book of poems Glass, Irony, and God, Carson analyzes speech, and a history of women’s voices being repressed.

Oranges are Not the Only Fruit – Jeanette Winterson

This novel tells the story of a lesbian girl growing up in an English Pentecostal Community and the hardships she faces.

Borderlands: La Frontera – Gloria Anzaldua

Borderlands is a set of essays and poems exploring identity drawn from Anzaldua’s experience as a Chicana, a lesbian, and an activist.



Cherrie Moraga



Jackson Katz

ROMAINE BROOKS: PIONEERING THE ART OF SAPPHIC PAINTING

*THE PAINTER'S DEPICTIONS OF
WOMEN AS STRONG AND
EMPOWERED CONTINUE TO
CHALLENGE MODERN
CONCEPTIONS OF FEMININITY*

WORDS BY NADUAH WHEELER

Think of five painters. Any five. Odds are the first ones to come to mind are some of the “greats”: Van Gogh, Renoir, Picasso, Monet, and Cezanne. All men. Women tended to be excluded, ridiculed, or patronized in the art world until the early 20th century. Despite these sexist and limiting restrictions, however, some female artists were able to both practice art and become accepted and well known in the art world. One such painter is Romaine Brooks. As a pioneer for Sapphic art, critics have called her portraits “a sly celebration of gender-bending as a kind of heroic act”. Brooks’ paintings began to depict women as strong and empowered, painting them as fearless and powerful.

Born in Rome in 1874, Beatrice Romaine Goddard, now referred to as Romaine Brooks, eventually became one of the most famous female artists of the 19th and 20th centuries, and also a pioneer of transgender and Sapphic art. Brooks had a troubled childhood including abandonment, an emotionally abusive mother, and a mentally unstable brother. At the age of seven, her mother also abandoned her, sending her to a foster family in New York. When her mother stopped sending the New York

family money they continued to care for her and began to search for Brooks’ grandfather. After finding her grandfather, Brooks was placed in an Episcopal boarding school and eventually a convent school.

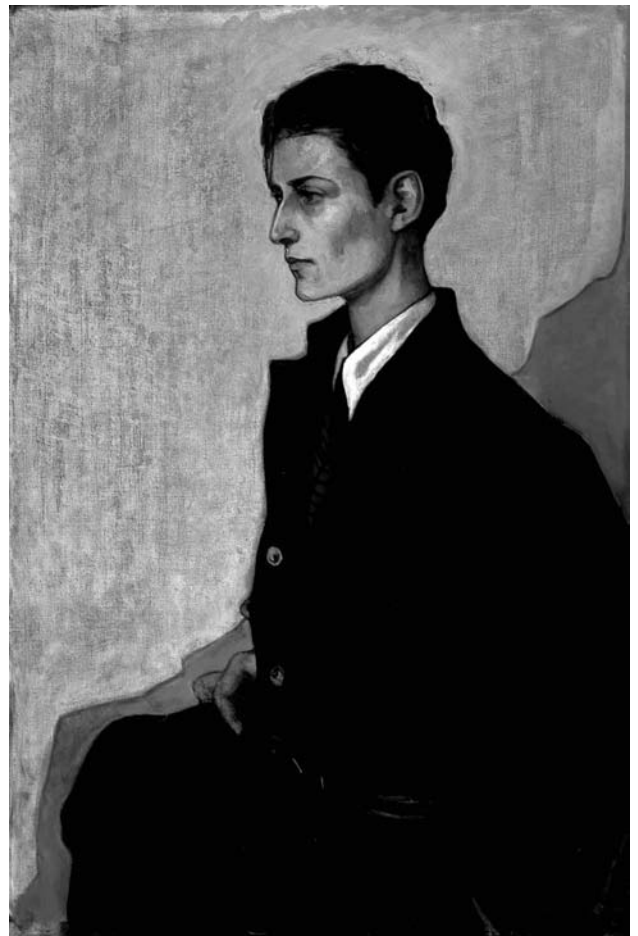
When she was nineteen, Brooks decided to leave her family and pursue her own choices by travelling to France. She began by singing in a cabaret for a short period of time before studying art in Rome. While studying art she faced both harassment and alienation as the only female in her life drawing class. However, Brooks did not take this abuse quietly. After a student left a book with underlined pornographic passages on her stool, she proceeded to hit him in the face with it and thus escaped further harassment.

In 1899 at the age of 25, Brooks got an apartment in one of the poorest parts of Italy and eventually moved to Paris to attempt to study. Without enough money to sustain herself, she underwent months of near starvation and eventually suffered a physical breakdown. Following her breakdown, her brother died in 1901 with her mother following less than a year later. At the age of 28, Brooks and her sister received their rather large inheritance from

their grandfather, solving Brooks’ financial problems.

At 29, Brooks married a homosexual friend, John Ellingham. Brooks never explained her exact motivations for marrying her friend but his financial difficulties seem to be a strong possibility rather than simply a marriage of convenience. Within a year, Brooks divorced him after realizing how invested he was in outward propriety; he refused to be seen with her when she began wearing men’s clothes and cut her hair.

1904 was an important year for Brooks’ artistic career. Within this year, not only did she begin officially going by Romaine Brooks, but she also discovered the color palette of the rest of her career (taupes, greys, blacks, and whites) and also had her first informal exhibition. For her first official exhibition, Brooks would have to wait 6 years. In 1910, she showed thirteen paintings depicting predominantly women and young girls at the Gallery Durand-Ruel in France. Included in this portraiture series were two nude portraits, an extraordinarily courageous act for a female artist at this time period. Even with such controversial acts, Brooks still received an astounding



Peter, a Young English Girl (1923-1924). Brooks often chose to ennoble, rather than beautify, her portrait subjects.



Ida Rubinstein photographed by Romaine Brooks, 1911-1912

amount of positive reception, catapulting her into the art world.

Following this success, Brooks entered into a series of friendships and relationships that would inspire her artwork for the next 60 years. Brooks first became involved with an Italian writer and politician, Gabriele D'Annunzio who she perceived as being as disillusioned with society as she was. Even after the relationship ended, D'Annunzio and Brooks remained lifelong friends. Following D'Annunzio, Brooks became involved with Ida Rubinstein, a Russian actress and dancer. Throughout their three year relationship, Brooks painted Rubinstein more than any other subject due to her "fragile and androgynous beauty". This began an interest in what Brooks considered to be an aesthetic ideal and inspired many of her future works.

Though Ida influenced Brooks' artistic work more than anyone else, it was Natalie Barney who Brooks spent the remaining 50 years of her life with. Barney, an American writer, was decidedly nonmonogamous and continued devoted and casual affairs throughout her and Brooks' relationship. The love Barney and Brooks shared caused Brooks' paintings to take on a softer aesthetic during the early 1920s and also introduced her to some her most famous subjects, Renata Borgatti, Lady Toubridge, and Gluck (Hanna Gluckstein).

These paintings depicted women who had adopted more masculine attire. Brooks and many of her subjects used the already

masculine styles of the eighties to make their sexuality externally visible. Despite this code being lost on mainstream audiences, the women depicted in Brooks's paintings are a brave set who embraced their sexuality in a time when society would not openly accept it.

The painting from this period that most underscores Brooks' deviation from societal norms is "Peter, a Young English Girl." Brooks depicts Hannah Gluckenstein, a female artist who insisted on only wearing trousers despite societal disapproval, Brooks portrays Gluck as quietly intense, dressed in obviously masculine clothes, holding a man's hat. The figure in the painting is so androgynous that gender is undefinable without the title. However, even the title underscores gender ambiguity by placing a typically male name, Peter, with the description of "a young English girl".

Despite the success of her first exhibition, Brooks only had three more solo exhibitions, all in 1925 in Paris, London, and New York. After this year, she stopped painting almost entirely and only completed four more paintings. In 1930, while on bedrest for a sprained leg, Brooks took up drawing. During this time period, she drew over 100 single line drawings. She depicted angels, demons, humans, animals, and monsters, all drawn with a single continuous line. During this time Brooks was also working on her eventually unpublished memoir, *No Pleasant Memories*.

Brooks fled from the German invasion

of France during WWII and moved back to Italy with her partner Barney. After the war she refused to move back to Paris claiming that she wanted to return to painting; however, she nearly abandoned the art world after the war. Barney was forced to negotiate any and all gallery shows. Brooks' reclusiveness worsened until she began spending weeks in a darkened room claiming she was going blind. She also became paranoid, particularly over someone stealing her work and an irrational fear that her chauffeur planned to poison her. In 1965, she wrote Barney, telling her not to lie in the garden, with the belief that plants would feed on her life. In 1970, the year of her death, Brooks began refusing to see even Barney and stopped returning letters and rejected her visits. Brooks died in 1970 in France at the age of 96.

Though her work was almost entirely dismissed in the 1960s, the 80s saw a revival of interest based on the new exploration of gender and sexuality through art. Until the 20th century, female artists had to be extraordinary to earn recognition. In order to receive even half the acclaim of their male counterparts, they had to be twice as good. Even amongst her contemporaries, Brooks still stands out. She sets herself apart through her unique, nearly monochromatic portraits and through her disregard for societal gender roles and through her embrace of Sapphic and gender nonconforming subject matter and lifestyles. She remains relevant 40 years after her death.

The feminist in me

The feminist in me
was born
within the sterilization
of my mother,
within the conditions
placed upon her
by another.

The feminist in me
was born
within the structure
of a society
that took my parents
away from me.

The feminist in me
was born
in the child watching
as her mother
self medicates
trying to eradicate
the pain.

The feminist in me
was born
in the child watching
as her father
walks away
into a world
of glamour and addiction
her photo hanging
as an accessory
to self delusion

The feminist in me
has grown
in a child watching
herself shrink
inside her own
self hatred.

The feminist in me
was born
in a 14-year-old virginity
stolen by rape;

nurtured
in the destruction left
by an uncle's body
sliding up into me;

tempered
in the face
of a pock marked man
telling me I could
put myself through college
sucking his dick.
The feminist in me
was raised
in the reduction
of my being
down to
"is she fuckable?"
as if the words I speak,
the poems I write,
mean nothing without
my body on display.

The feminist in me
grew from my fear
of raising a daughter
knowing I would be
helpless
to protect her.

The feminist in me
was born
in the understanding
that I am just
as helpless
in raising a boy.

The feminist in me
has grown
In my son's desire
to be a princess
and the confusion it leaves
as people try to place him
In order to placate
their own fear.

The feminist in me
did not come
from some aha moment,
she came after each moment
of loss,
each moment
of regret,
after each moment
of abuse,
seeping into

the core of my being,
giving me
the strength
to keep fighting
before I even knew
who she was.

The feminist in me
has been
that part
that always understood
that so much
of what happened to me
was not right
was not justifiable,
and could have been
avoided
if the conditions
of the society
around me
were
different.

The feminist in me
is the fire inside
that rages against
injustice

The feminist in me
was raised
in the shadow of neglect
the aftermath
of an abuse
that was systematic.

And she
is growing restless
In a world
where so much
has yet
to change

—*Mirranda Willette*

Mirranda Willette will learn and write
and love her son until the day she dies.
She is always striving to improve her life
and the world around her in even the
smallest manner. Mirranda is happy for
every moment in life that she is given.

WRITE IT DOWN. SEND IT IN. SEE YOUR NAME IN PRINT.

THE SIREN IS NOW ACCEPTING PITCHES, POETRY, AND QUERIES FOR UPCOMING ISSUES

EMAIL SIRENWC AT GMAIL DOT COM

Because

There hasn't been one specific moment,
or event
that made me think,
"Gee whiz I must be a feminist!"

But let me look back at my life
and tally up all those times
I might have made up my mind to be one:

I am a feminist because I believe in equality.
Equality of all sexes, races, nationalities, genders,
social statuses, ages and sexual preferences.
In feminism all prejudice erases.

I am a feminist because I believe everyone deserves to be heard.
I am a feminist because I won't ignore the fact that certain people *aren't*.
And certain people
just
won't
listen.

I am a feminist because this country is a patriarchy.
Its media is disheartening.
Its customs are bombarding us with *phallusies*.
I am a feminist because sexism is rampant.
It permeates our culture and we let it- WE LET IT.

I am a feminist because Audre Lorde, Julia Serano, and bell hooks inspire me.

I am a feminist because somebody laughed when I said I was.
I am a feminist because I respect myself.
And because I respect YOU.

I am a feminist because my friends were molested in pre-school
and kindergarten
by ten-year old boys.
Who treated them like toys.
I am a feminist because there was no one there to protect them.
I am a feminist because my family makes jokes about lesbians.

And because when I was 15 my classmates exploited my sexuality
by calling me a whore-
(nobody would believe me)
because a boy I barely knew wouldn't stop
when I said NO.
But I said no.

I am a feminist because my little sister won't stand up for herself.
I am a feminist because she thinks it's normal for guys to try to fuck her while she's sleeping.

I am a feminist because there are thousands of women missing,
and because there is nobody looking.
Because there are thousands of bodies that will never be found.
And there are women who are still forced into hooking.

I am a feminist
because being a woman is dangerous,
and so is growing up
in a violent neighborhood
just because
your government doesn't give a shit-
not about you, or your kids
your rights or all the people with your color of skin.

I am a feminist because I fucking value freedom-
and no misogynistic, gender binary system
is going to keep me from it.

I am a feminist because my culture has conditioned me to hate myself
unless I am thin enough,
feminine enough,
passive enough and
brain-washed enough
to believe those things are important.
Because they tell me men think it's important.

I am a feminist because I like having arm pit hair
and I think hairy women are beautiful.

I am a feminist because my society doesn't want me to be one.

I am a feminist because I am strong.
I am furious.
And I am a woman.
I am a feminist because my friend had to have an abortion.

I am a feminist because I love myself.
I am a feminist because nobody taught me how.
I am a feminist because I believe that feminism can change all this.
And can change it now.

I am a feminist because I WON'T be
cat-called-"goosed"-harassed-dominated-manipulated-
disrespected by
MEN, or ANYONE *anymore*.
I am feminist-
hear me ROAR.

—Lauren Hay



IT GETS BETTER-- OR DOES IT?

WORDS BY NINA NOLEN

Ever since I was 13 I have had a crush on Dan Savage. For many years I would clutch my copy of the Portland Mercury and read *Savage Love* when I should've been in church (did I mention I'm a ministers daughter?) When Siren Editor in Chief Ms. Busby asked me if I wanted to read the "It Gets Better" book for free—I was pretty thrilled.

For those who don't know, the It Gets Better project was created on September 21, 2010 in response to widely publicized suicides of queer youth. The first video was one of Savage and his husband Terry Miller in which they spoke about their childhoods and the bullying they endured. Once their video was posted it took only one week for 200 more videos to be posted. As of now, there are over 10,000 videos online.

The purpose of the project is "to prevent suicide among LGBT youth by having gay adults convey the message that these teens' lives will improve". Not only have gay adults posted videos but also individuals from the lesbian, bisexual, transgender, queer, intersex, and ally spectrum. There have been videos posted by President Barack Obama, Vice President Jo Biden, Secretary of State Hillary Clinton, Ellen

Degeneres, Justin Bieber, Maragert Cho, Dane Cook, Al Franken, Perez Hilton, Ke\$ha, Etsy, Pixar, Google, The White House Staff, and many more.

The literary version of the It Gets Better Project is a collection of transcripts from the videos. They have many interesting transcripts recorded--including some in Spanish and some translated from American Sign Language. Although each story is from a wide variety of individuals who have different religions and political views, they all have the same message--it gets better. They all preach that if you stick it out and work hard you can make the life you want for yourself.

Although I believe that teen suicide is an issue that deserves a lot of discussion, I think it Savage's choice of victims to honor is interesting. It Gets Better was created in response to the death of Raymond Chase, Tyler Clementi, Ryan Halligan, Asher Brown, and Seth Walsh-- all young men and with the exception of Raymond Chase-- white young men. There have been studies which say that young men are at higher risk of committing suicide but it is irresponsible to think that they are the only ones that commit suicide. Approximately 25 percent of lesbian, gay and bisexual students and university employees have been harassed due to their sexual orientation, as well as a third of those

who identify as transgender, according to the study reported by the Chronicle of Higher Education. Why aren't the deaths of young women, teens of color, or trans guys and gals publicized? And why did Savage choose to focus on the death of these men rather than others?

I still like Dan Savage, and do think that the It Gets Better Project does good work. That being said, I suggest you save yourself \$20.00 and watch the videos on youtube.

EXPLORING NEW MCCARTHYISM

WORDS BY NADUAH WHEELER

The modern "Green Scare," dubbed by Will Potter calls it in his book, *Green is the New Red*, emulates the 50s era Red Scare, petrifying entire groups of people based on blurrily defined crimes. Potter points out that no agency in the world has a clear, distinct definition of terrorism. In fact, many have almost conflicting definitions. One then questions why this term is being used so heavily in the media and government speeches, not only against foreign terrorists, but also against supposed "eco-terrorists" domestically. It is this question that Potter's book aims to answer.

Though delving deeply into this world of government and corporate espionage, Potter still hits a few flaws. The book, its

first chapter in particular, tries inordinately hard to humanize the people being portrayed. Although these people deserve human consideration, this endeavor seems to be in an effort to diminish their crimes. Though they are not terrorists and should not be termed nor being tried for terrorism, Potter seems to forget that these people still did commit crimes ranging from arson, to burglary, and property damage.

In an effort to be clear and find multiple ways to support his argument, Potter's prose is bogged down with various scattered facts, cases, and figures that are easily lost and/or forgotten by the reader, rendering them useless. Despite this, *Green is the New Red* does communicate its point and, while rather clunky at times, pleads a convincing case for today's radical activists.

In an age of activism of all kinds, Potter's book, *Green is the New Red*, seems particularly appropriate. Potter depicts not only modern environmental and animal rights activism, but also a world of shady, underhanded government operations seemingly targeted at these activists. Though the jumpy plotline can be hard to follow (especially if you don't handle dates very well), the content within this book is hard to pass up and dialogues well with contemporary documentaries such as 2011's *If A Tree Falls*.

ROYAL BLOOD

IS THE DIVA CUP THE ULTIMATE CATCH-ALL, OR DOES IT FAIL TO LIVE UP TO ITS REPUTATION?

WORDS BY KYLIE WRAY

ILLUSTRATION BY TAYLOR JOHNSTON

In a society with a fledgling understanding of green choices and keeping our environment clean, we are thinking more about the waste we ourselves are creating. In my case I've stopped using disposable water bottles and plastic bags and recycle as often as I can. But what we don't often think about is how much waste we are creating as cis-women, as we use and throw away multiple pads and tampons for days at a time and create mountains of waste unique to our sex. Environmentally conscious women everywhere are looking for greener ways of 'feminine hygiene,' including cloth pads and tampons sans applicators, but with the economy the way it is, cheaper seems to be better. Enter the Diva Cup.

The Diva Cup is a small silicone menstrual cup that is inserted inside the vagina to catch blood and then can be dumped after up to 10 hours. The Diva Cup comes in two sizes: size one is meant for those 30 and under who have not had children, while size 2 is slightly larger to accommodate everyone else. Although it cannot be used with an IUD, the Diva Cup is reusable and therefore creates less waste. It is also non-absorbent which means it does not soak up the fluids your body creates as a tampon does.

So when I heard about the Diva Cup, I was all for it. A new way to cut back on my personal waste and save some money

sounded like a win-win deal for me. I decided to buy my Diva Cup at Market of choice, since it was about 5 dollars cheaper than everywhere else (which doesn't seem inexpensive at first glance with a \$25.50 price, but it is supposed to make up for its cost through reusability). I ended up buying the recommended cleaning product, the Diva Wash, from lunapads.com, mainly because I couldn't find it anywhere else and I wasn't having much luck finding 'mild unscented soap'—the other option suggested for washing your Diva Cup. After all of my frantic searching for everything I needed, I was ready to try it (of course this was after careful study of the instructions).

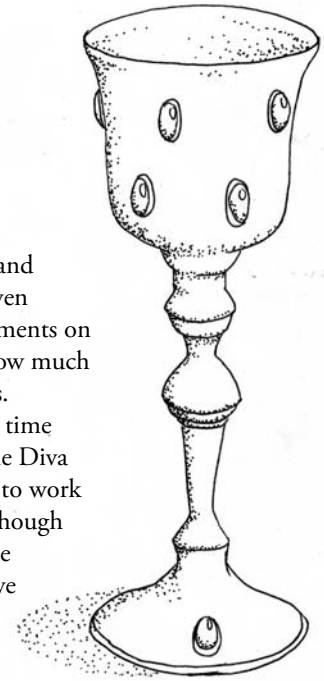
My first reaction was that it appeared a little bigger than I originally thought, so I was a little worried about putting it in. Despite this, it was fairly easy to insert. My only problem the first time I tried it was getting it to open fully. One thing that I learned through the whole experience was that in order to use a Diva Cup, you need to be extremely comfortable with your own body, or else you must quickly learn to become so. I did also have to make a few adjustments to it so that it fit my body. The Diva Cup is manufactured with a stem on the bottom that starts out about a half an inch long, but it was fairly uncomfortable so I trimmed it quite a bit. The Diva

Cup worked very well and caught everything; it even has nifty little measurements on the side to show you how much blood your body expels.

After spending some time trying it out, I think the Diva Cup isn't quite cut out to work well with my body. Although I've done everything the instructions said (believe me, I know them by heart), it still seems to slip down to the point where I can feel it and it's uncomfortable.

This was an extremely depressing discovery and after trying multiple times to get in to stay snugly in place I just decided to call it quits. I wanted so badly for my Diva Cup experience to be a success. I'll probably keep trying every month just to see if I can eventually get it to work. But I think my problem may be unique because other people have had good experiences with it.

Siren Editor-in-chief Jennifer Busby reported having a great experience with the Diva Cup. She didn't need to intensely study the instructions as I did, but instead she was able to put it in for the first time with no problems. She expressed that her Diva Cup was comfortable and unnoticeable. She also opted out of using the Diva Wash that the instructions recommend and had no problems. Like me, Busby also found the units for measurement on the Diva



Cup to add a little amusement to those habitual trips to the bathroom to empty and rinse it. Not only is the Diva Cup amusing when being cleaned, but it can also allow for amusement with your partner that a tampon disallows due to an awkward string. Just make sure to give them a heads up on your menstrual situation.

I think that the Diva Cup can work differently with everyone's body. It does seem a possibility that it could be triggering to some, and that should definitely be taken into account when deciding if the Diva Cup could be right for you. I would recommend it purely for the idea that it will reduce waste throughout the female community, but it's important to think critically before buying one because of the \$25 to \$35 that must be sacrificed in the process.

THERE AIN'T NO ANSWERS HERE

Who should we turn to when even our great thinkers leave us hanging?

WORDS BY GEN SCHAACK

The first time I ever read anything written by Noam Chomsky, I think I was 17 and working at Copy Cat, a copy shop willing to indulge my rebellious fashion sense and mediocre work ethic at the time. Like most 17 year olds, I didn't really know anything about rebellion. But overwhelmingly I felt it coursing through my veins. I had a lot to prove. I wanted to prove that I didn't need to go to college to feel smart. That I didn't need some fancy job to feel rich. I wanted to change the world for myself and others. Oh, those lofty ideals

The copy shop I worked at was across the street from Northwestern University. We ran a lot of the course materials for the University. On days when I was supposed to be filing back course packets away, I often sat in the 3 by 7 ft. storage room crammed with filing cabinets and paper boxes and read under the dingy yellow fluorescents instead of working. I figured that if I worked there long enough, eventually I'd get a fancy education for free. I remember sitting in that tiny, musty back room reading what I am pretty sure was the article *Why Americans Should Care About East Timor* by Noam Chomsky. I remember wondering "Where the hell is East Timor?" I remember thinking that I was not the type of American he was talking about, and then I remember not really understanding a lot of what the article was talking about. I was a juvenile delinquent, not yet old enough to vote. I had to be repelled by intellectualism to rationalize the life choices I was making. I was looking for action and simple sentence structure.

That was 12 years ago. By most accounts, I'm quite a bit smarter now (regardless of being in college these days) and significantly less radical. When I heard that Noam Chomsky was speaking at UO, I thought it was time I'd give him another shot, that perhaps as I grew up he would seem more relevant in my life. Before I disregard the man considered to be one of the foremost thinkers of our time, let me state that I have not kept up with the breadth of his work and he said he forgot the notes to his lecture, so maybe if he had been prepared,



ILLUSTRATION BY JOSEPH DE SOSA

I would have been less disappointed. Still though, I think that if he had really figured out the solution to our impending cultural collapse, he could probably share that with the crowd sans cue cards. Despite being informed by cultural murmurs and the person who introduced him that Chomsky is one of the greatest minds alive, I want more.

Every poor person, every punk, everyone who has ever been marginalized; almost everyone I have ever met has implicitly understood that our version of dominant culture was harmful to everyone not lucky enough to be at the top. What we may not understand are the mechanisms of oppression, what we certainly don't know at all is how to fix it.

For this we turn to our leaders, our great minds. It was interesting to hear what Chomsky had to say about how socially constructed ideals that benefit a certain few have become so ingrained we barely notice them any more, and even more interesting was how our use of language can reflect those ideals. Still, there were a few things that Chomsky said that I found flabbergasting. For example, his dismissal of violence as a cultural tool of oppression. He had the gall to say police and military

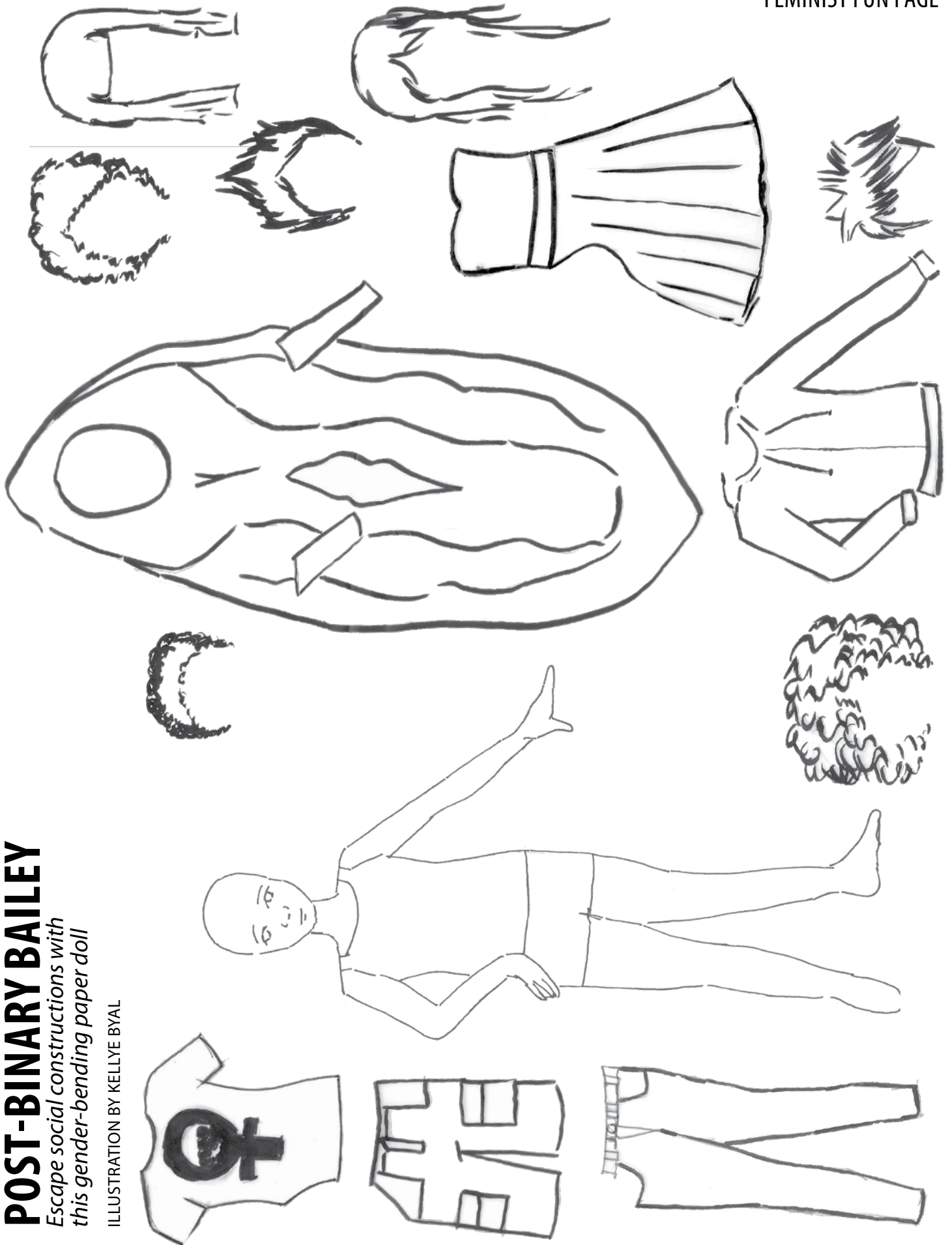
violence was no longer a factor in limiting dissent. Quite frankly I have had the shit kicked out of me by the cops one too many times to buy that violence is something I no longer need to fear. It's not just me, it's also my husband, several of my friends; it's happened in different states, and even in different countries- and we are not even the face of the most culturally repressed demographic. I can't shake the feeling that there is this residual baby boomer ideal that their generation somehow fixed the problem of state violence. I think the reality is that subversive political movements today lack the cohesion that they had in the 60s and 70s. Analogous to the way that music continues to split into smaller and smaller sub genres, so do political movements, eventually to lose sight as to how similar they are to each other. The problems haven't really changed, it just gets harder to figure out what to do about them.

The reality is that 17 year old me would think that 30 year old me is a total wuss. I got scared. People got hurt. People went to prison. Chomsky is at a point in life where he no longer has to fear police violence. I hope that he uses that privilege to good end while he can.

POST-BINARY BAILEY

Escape social constructions with this gender-bending paper doll

ILLUSTRATION BY KELLYE BYAL



HERSTORY '11

BECAUSE THEY WILL TRY TO CONVINCING US THAT WE HAVE ARRIVED

Acker, Joan
Angelou, Maya
Adams, Carol J.
Anthony, Susan B.
Anzaluda, Gloria



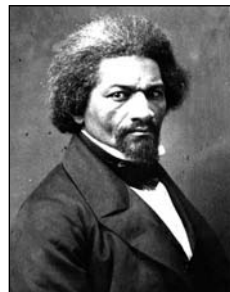
Bergman, S. Bear
Benazir, Bhutto
Brooks, Romaine
Busby, Jennifer C.
Butler, Judith



Cho, Margaret
Clinton, Hillary
Daly, Mary
Davis, Angela Y
de Beauvoir, Simone



Difranco, Ani
Douglass, Frederick
Fey, Tina
Friedman, Jaclyn
Goodall, Jane



Hanna, Kathleen
Hill Collins, Patricia
hooks, bell
Jett, Joan
Jong, Erica

