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Kate

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Spring 2006

### Kate 2006 Spring

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Otterbein's FIRST Zine.  
Vol I, Issue 2—Spring 2006

# KATE



OTTERBEIN  
COLLEGE

2006

The Center for Community Engagement  
citizen college central corps

Logo winner  
Joe McDaniels





Welcome to **KATE!**

**KATE** is Otterbein's first ever 'Zine, but even more so, it is Otterbein's first **feminist** 'Zine.

We have chosen to name this groundbreaking publication in honor Kate Hanby, Otterbein's first female graduate in 1858. We also recognize Otterbein's importance in the role of "firsts:"

**Otterbein was the first college to admit women to all levels of study; first in hiring women faculty; and one of the firsts to admit students of color.**

Throughout every issue we will continue to honor Otterbein, Kate and other great women who have accomplished "firsts".



*In Memoriam:*

2006 has seen the loss of three, fabulous and influential feminists. Betty Freidan, author of the groundbreaking book *The Feminine Mystique* and founder of NOW, Wendy Wasserstein, playwright, and Otterbein College's English Professor Dr. Rebecca S. Bowman have passed from their earthly bonds. **KATE** wishes to honor these two passionate feminists, and dedicates her Spring 2006 issue to the successes of these wonderful women.

Otterbein faculty and students have provided testimonials of Dr. Bowman's influence on their lives. Look for these testaments throughout the pages of **KATE**. And Professor Tammy Birk has dedicated a wonderful piece of writing honoring Dr. Bowman.

**KATE** is looking for submissions for its next issue.

An area of focus will be on Women's Health:

mental and physical. We look forward to hearing from you!!



PASS THIS ON: Forward Kate on to ten friends  
in the next fifteen minutes and you will have  
good luck!

Once upon a time,

Letter to Editor 2  
Memorial to Dr. Rebecca Bowman 3  
Untitled 6  
poem by Ladan Osman  
Siren Song 7  
poem by Sarah Jacobson  
Ceremony of Awakening: Dan Tribe, Ivory Coast 8  
poem by Mac McGowan  
rape 9  
poem by Vanessa Casella  
Under The Nest 10  
photo by Colleen Tappel  
Betty Friedan: A Pioneer 11  
by Julie Eaton  
Untitled 12  
by Allison Hayes  
Testimonial 13  
anonymous  
Stained Glass 14  
photos by Jennifer Roberts  
Rant 15  
by Jennifer Roberts  
This is What a Feminist Looks Like 16  
interview by Amira Shouman  
Rape of Mr. Smith 18  
anonymous  
Testimonial 19  
anonymous  
X, Y, Z-enth 21  
by Christeen Stridsberg  
We Dance Together 24  
by Jennifer Roberts

Harjo Gives Back 25  
by Joy Harjo  
Sex Signals 26  
by Amber Robertson  
Senior Art Show 27  
Diversify 28  
Women's Studies Offerings 29  
Memorial to Wendy Wasserstein 30  
by Jennifer Roberts  
Celebrate Earth Day 31  
Remembering Rachel Carson 32  
by Jennifer Roberts  
The Gaia Principle 33  
by Glenna S. Jackson  
Peering Eyes 35  
by Laura Naso  
Pier 35  
photo by Laura Naso  
Environmentalism as Ecological Feminism 36  
by Heidi Ballard  
Etching 39  
by Kate Purnell  
Possibilities: Lessons from Early American History 40  
by Sarah Fatherly  
Can You Fly With Those 42  
photo by Colleen Tappel  
Favorite Things for Green and Feminist Living 43  
Women's Sports at Otterbein 44  
by Allison Hayes  
Special Thanks 45

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IF ALL  
THE WORLD'S  
A STAGE...

SUBMIT TO KATE... You know you wanna... 1



Carolyn Shoemaker, famous astronomer, discovered 32 comets and 300 asteroids



PAY NO ATTENTION TO THE MAN BEHIND THE SCREEN

# Letter from the Editor

By Jennifer Roberts

In lieu of the typical "letter" I wanted to bring you a preview of the wonderful things you will find in this issue.

KATE is embracing **Take Back the Night** and **Earth Day**. In this issue find valuable information on violence and sexual violence against women. Join the March to get voices heard.

A slew of events await you in celebration of Earth Day! Join us Friday, April 22<sup>nd</sup> throughout the day at the Campus Center!

- Meet Gaia, the first Goddess, the creator of all living things. Dr. Glenna Jackson explores the Gaia Principle.
- Were women always in the kitchen? Does everyone agree that humans hold dominion over our environment? Read "Possibilities: Lessons From Early American History" by Dr. Sarah Fatherly to learn how Native Americans had different views on gender and nature.
- Testimonials on violence. Read some anonymous statements from women whose lives have been touched by violence.
- Otterbein College Women's Golf team sets their sights on the NCAA Tournament in Florida. But was it always a team with ambition? Read Allison Hayes' historical account of the trials and tribulations of the first team.
- See the faces of fellow feminists in the photo essay "This Is What a Feminist Looks Like."
- Amira Shouman profiles a feminist! Read her interview with Lauren Baker.
- In conjunction with Earth Day, and a belated 40<sup>th</sup> birthday celebration on the release of *Silent Spring*, read the biography of Rachel Carson, a scientist and naturalist who shook up the chemical industry and changed the course for DDT insecticide use in the United States.
- Get a preview of the senior art show of the fabulous Colleen Tappel, Kate Purnell, and Jen Wall.
- Amber Robertson takes on *Sex Signals*; Jennifer Roberts christens her column *Rant* with a diatribe on women who badmouth feminists, and Jennifer's inability to summon her courageous alter-ego; Colleen Deel reviews Poet Joy Harjo; Candee Brasford visits Otterbein; and feminists Betty Friedan, Wendy Wasserstein, and Rebecca Bowman are memorialized.

Finally...**PAY EQUITY DAY** is April 25<sup>th</sup>! Wear our **RED** pin all day to show how women are "in the red."

Humans are they only "animals" that copulate face to face.

You use 25 barrels of oil a year.

OIL: Water: average american uses 168 gallons per day!



**IN LOVING MEMORY:  
MEMORIALS TO DR. REBECCA BOWMAN**

**unique**

Otterbein has lost one of its best educators when Dr. Rebecca Bowman succumbed to lung cancer on March 15th. Many of her friends, colleagues, and students both past and present, honored her at a memorial service in the Batelle Fine Arts Building on April 1st. KATE is dedicating her spring 2006 publication to this remarkable woman.

**BEAUTIFUL**

I confess that I never had the pleasure of being in one of Dr. Bowman's classes, that I never sat in her office to discuss Henry James or lost women writers. I confess that until April 1st, 2006, I never knew Dr. Rebecca Bowman. But I was aware of her. Her reputation permeated the halls of Towers and Roush. I knew of her illness and the inevitable destination of the disease. I knew of the struggle she would encounter, and I knew of the people who would surround her in support. Through mutual acquaintances, I began to hear "Dr. Bowman" stories, and when it was announced that she had succumbed to lung cancer, I felt strongly that I should attend her memorial service to pay my respects to a woman I may have never met, but who was a trusted colleague of many, and educator to many more.

The service, officiated by Reverend Monty Bradley, was one of the most beautiful in its volume of love, fellowship, and admiration that I have ever attended. As the testimonials flowed from the mouths of friends, family, and students, I couldn't help but feel a connection to this stranger. The longer I sat and heard about her fierce commitment to challenging her students, I couldn't help but feel that I had missed out on one of the world's greatest. But when I left, I could no longer make the claim that I never had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Rebecca Bowman; we met on Saturday, April 1st. — Jennifer Roberts

What I'll always remember best about Rebecca Bowman is her infectious, hearty laugh. —Norman Chaney

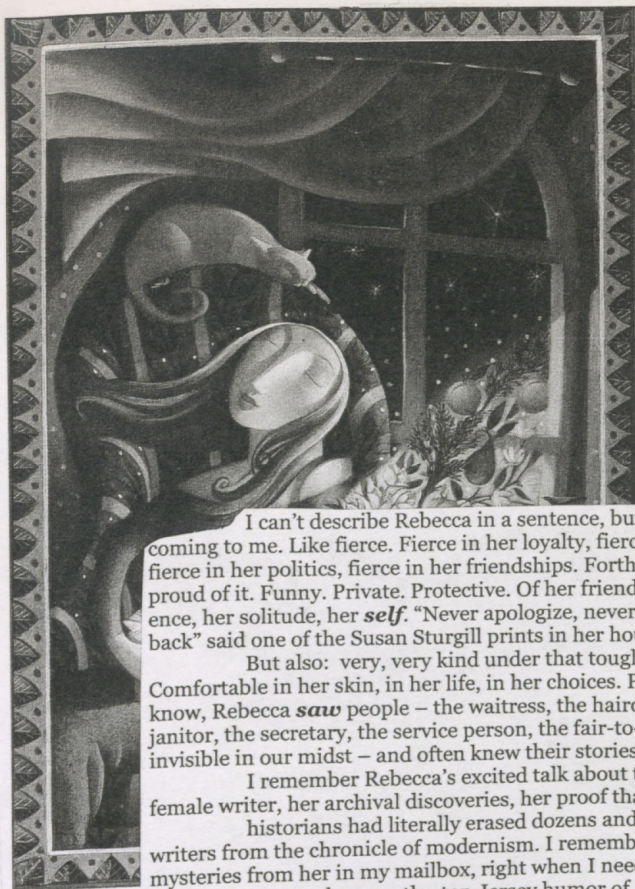
**Fun**

"Rebecca Bowman was a wonderful, encouraging professor. She brought to my life the works of Henry James and illuminated a world to which I hadn't know before. The two of us had lengthy conversations about James' work giving us ample time to find many similarities in our thoughts about life. She will always hold a special and dear place in my heart. Each time I come across a work by Henry James or pick one up to read, I will be reminded of the woman who loved him as much as I." — Julie Eaton

**surprising**

**LOVE**





I can't describe Rebecca in a sentence, but certain words keep coming to me. Like fierce. Fierce in her loyalty, fierce in her strength, fierce in her politics, fierce in her friendships. Forthright. Feminist. And proud of it. Funny. Private. Protective. Of her friends, her fierce independence, her solitude, her *self*. "Never apologize, never explain, never look back" said one of the Susan Sturgill prints in her house.

But also: very, very kind under that tough exterior. Generous. Comfortable in her skin, in her life, in her choices. Passionate. Caring. You know, Rebecca *saw* people – the waitress, the hairdresser, the clerk, the janitor, the secretary, the service person, the fair-to-middling student, the invisible in our midst – and often knew their stories besides.

I remember Rebecca's excited talk about this and that forgotten female writer, her archival discoveries, her proof that male literary historians had literally erased dozens and dozens of women writers from the chronicle of modernism. I remember finding paperback mysteries from her in my mailbox, right when I needed them most – she introduced me to the over-the-top Jersey humor of Janet Evanovich, to Miss Zukas, the librarian sleuth, and to so many more – and I remember her insistence that contemporary female detective writers were cloaking their concerns about social justice in a popular sub-genre.

I remember her love of language, her understanding of rhetoric, her ability to speak and write concisely, her love of argument. I remember her love of literature, of Henry James, of endless conversations about meaning, and I remember her piercing insights into everything she read. I remember her love of Otterbein, its mission to reach and teach all who came through its doors, its collegial and caring atmosphere, something she had experienced no place else she had worked, something she didn't want tragedy to rip away, something she challenged us to retain and even strengthen. And oh, how I remember her love for her students, her insight into their struggles, her defense of their efforts, her championing of their causes. She *knew*, you see. And so she continued to urge and stimulate and prod and even goad students into doing what she knew they had in them. And so even in her last days, she wondered whether she might teach again . . .

-Dr Beth Rigel Daugherty  
Professor of English



Dr. Bowman was one of the strongest, most independent, dedicated and caring women I have ever had the pleasure of sharing a classroom with. More than an exceptionally talented professor, Dr. Bowman was a wonderful friend who I felt I could go to for anything. Her deep analytical insights, provocative classroom discussions, beautiful smile and distinctive laugh will be greatly missed. - Allison Bradley



Etching by Kate Purnell

*I will always remember Rebecca's commitment to women. She was a long time member of the Women's Studies Program Advisory Committee. She and I used to talk about doing research in archival materials and the excitement of recovering lost women's voices. And last but certainly not least, she was always excited about teaching students to value and enjoy women's writings.*  
- Sarah Fatherly

## Women

*When I remember Rebecca, I think of her as "womanist."*

*That's not my word. It's Alice Walker's. A womanist is someone who loves other women. She appreciates women's culture and sometimes prefers it. Just as importantly (and as Amy Richards sees it), a womanist values women's emotional receptivity and knows their strength. She is committed to survival and wholeness. A womanist loves the moon, the spirit, good food, good folk, and herself.* - Suzanne Ashworth

*What I remember most vividly about Rebecca is how naturally and efficiently she initiated our friendship. In my first year, she immediately, respectfully, and subtly served as an informal mentor by inviting me to lunch, introducing me to faculty members in other departments, helping me plan my approach to the American lit course I taught last summer. She wasn't expected or obligated to do this in any way, and I was moved by her welcoming and genuine collegiality right from the start. In many ways, Rebecca embodied for me the sense of community I'm so grateful to have found here among all of you.* - Shannon Lakanen

## What are friends for?

## Untitled

by Ladan Osman

Even a Spider runs  
When you sweep it  
From a dark corner.

You imagine its heart beating  
As fast as its legs are moving  
On tiles dirty  
With crumbs and old rice.

Even a spider  
Is brave enough  
To come out of the shadows  
And run  
When dusty broom bristle  
Tears its web.

So why can't a grown woman run  
When she's put in a corner  
After her bones have been broken,  
When her heart's beaten hard  
A thousand times.

Why don't her legs  
Carry her  
From the dirty words  
Of a dirty man  
If even a tiny spider  
Can come out of the shadows

And run.



"Ragazze sconosciute (strange girls) - Rome"  
by Colleen Tappel





"With This Lock I Thee Wed" by Colleen Tappel

## Siren Song

by Sarah Jacobson

Did you hear the mermaid sing?  
Or was it only me?  
I heard her softly call my name  
When I was lost at sea

She called me gently towards the shore  
Where rocks churn water into foam  
And if I'd float gently onto land, I thought,  
Perhaps she'd guide me home

But she had no wish of helping me  
Only to lead me to despair  
I fell victim to the undertow  
And I started drowning there

Perhaps she found a heart at last  
For she stopped her deadly song..  
I finally found my footing

# Ceremony of Awakening: Dan Tribe, Ivory Coast

by Mac McGowan

Come little sister, it is time.

I tell you the finzan bud has split herself  
and her petals strain against her shattered shell.

Her scent rolls out of her like honey.

She unwinds herself into the brambles  
to make the brown earth green again.

As she bursts along her seams,  
her blood is smiling.

Above, the plains have grown soft mountains.

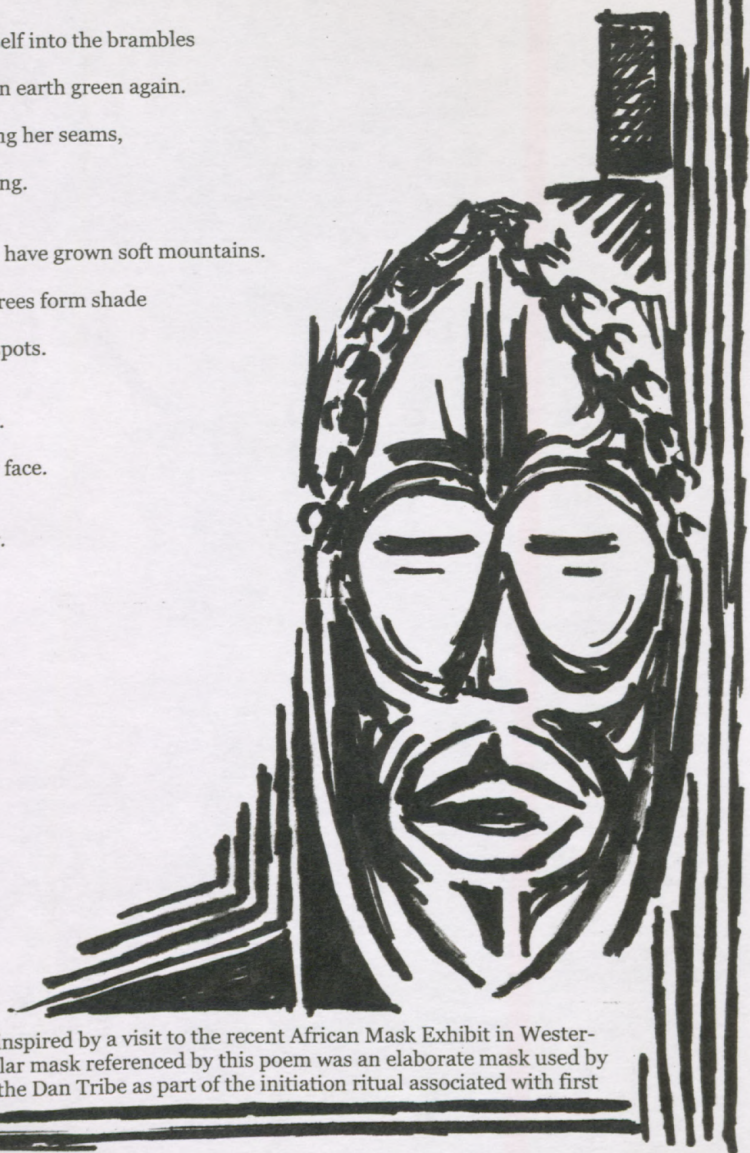
Below, the dark trees form shade  
in all the sacred spots.

Arise, little sister.

Here is your new face.

Come little sister.

It is time.



\* This poem was inspired by a visit to the recent African Mask Exhibit in Westerville. The particular mask referenced by this poem was an elaborate mask used by young women of the Dan Tribe as part of the initiation ritual associated with first menses.



# Look

**rape-** 1 a *archaic* : to seize and take away by force

## A Poet Who Took On the War

She walks into the room  
Completely unaware-  
Everything is seemingly normal  
The usual-  
Around the bend walks in the boss  
Nothing new to Her-  
But he speaks to Her crudely  
Forcing Her into submission-

Piercing and penetrating-  
his words flow through Her like fire  
Reprimanding and humiliating-  
Belittling Her with all his power

he treats Her as if She were nothing  
Maybe She is-  
No one would suspect anything  
he's above Her-  
he knows he can do as he pleases  
And he does-  
She is just a puppet to him  
And he takes advantage-

Helpless-  
Demeaned-  
Worried-  
Scared-

Everything rides on this job  
Her family needs Her-

Huddle in the corner  
No one will notice-  
Pretend it never happened  
Eventually it might go away-

# WHAT DO YOU SEE?

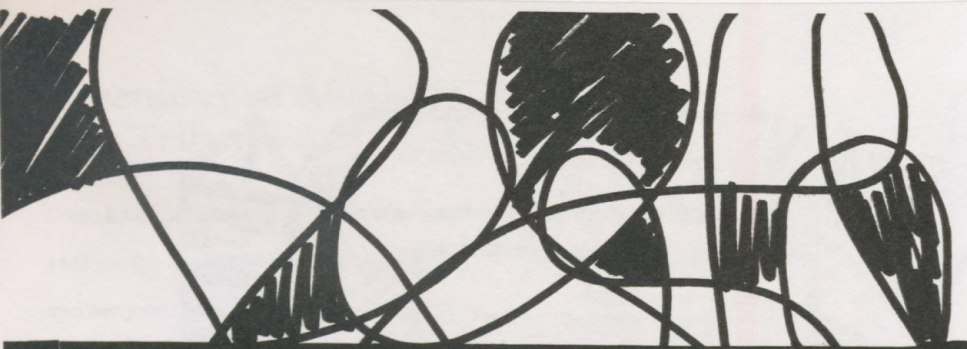
by Vanessa Casella



"After The Inferno" by Colleen Tappel

# never forget





"Under The Nest" by Colleen Tappel





**REASONS TO LIVE IN CANADA:  
BEAUTY PAGEANTS HAVE BEEN  
BANNED IN CANADA SINCE 1992  
BECAUSE THEY ARE THOUGHT**

**TO BE DEGRADING TO WOMEN.**



## **Betty Friedan: A Pioneer**

By Julie Eaton

Betty Friedan was born Betty Naomi Goldstein on February 4, 1921 in Peoria, Illinois. Daughter to a jeweler's shop owner and a stay-at-home mom, Friedan became active in the Marxist and radical Jewish circles. She attended high school in Peoria and upon finishing in 1938, Friedan attended Smith College.

As a student at Smith, Friedan became an editor of a campus newspaper much like her mother before she was born. After graduation in 1942 with a degree in Psychology, Friedan spent a year in graduate school but left the University of California, Berkeley to work as a journalist for leftist and union publications. In 1947, she married Carl Friedan, a theater producer (divorced 1969). The Friedans had three children.

During her time as a housewife and mother, Friedan was doing freelance work for numerous magazines which prompted her in 1957 to send out a questionnaire to her female Smith classmates. Friedan was hoping to use the data collected from this survey to create a piece for publication. After being rejected by many editors, the final product from the research and findings became her landmark book, *The Feminine Mystique*, in 1963.

In October 1966, Friedan co-founded the National Organization for Women (NOW), a civil rights group determined to achieve equal rights for women. As the groups first president, Friedan managed campaigns to create a greater representation of women in politics; for child-care centers; for working mothers; and to legalize abortion. She continued her efforts toward equality through her involvement with NOW and its causes by helping to found NARAL, the National Association of the Repeal of Abortion Laws, and even by becoming president of the First Women's Bank and Trust Company in 1973.



In 1976 she published *It Changed My Life: Writings on the Women's Movement* and in 1981 *The Second Stage*, an assessment of the status of the women's movement. *The Fountain of Age* (1993) addressed the psychology of old age and urged a revision of society's view that aging means loss and depletion.

In her home in Washington D.C. on February 4, 2006, Betty Friedan died of congestive heart failure. It was her 85<sup>th</sup> birthday.



## Untitled

by Allison Hayes



everytime i say something that's hard to hear  
you say i should learn how to bite my tongue  
you say i can play  
if i learn to play dumb  
well i wouldn't want to waste your time  
can't you see  
that i'll never be  
your Barbie?  
i'll tell you what i did learn:  
that silence is violence  
about the same time it became clear to me  
that you're allergic to equality  
in love with patriarchy  
you'll never know what it means  
to live your life on the other side  
stigmatized  
denied opportunity  
like the poor  
you'll never know what it means  
to live your life being denied salvation  
starvation  
there's no need to worry  
you can always eat your words  
if you ever feel rejection  
but you'll never have to over come oppression  
and i have to tell you  
it's quite a fucked up sensation  
to be part of a subjugated nation  
but here we are  
and we've come together  
to fight this shit  
damn right:  
we've had it  
and now there's so many of us to contain  
restrain  
maintain  
so many of us to deny any progression  
restricting a new direction  
well i have to tell you  
we've been here before  
and we'll find another window  
another door  
another way to get to where we want to be  
i believe in me  
and the power of we  
there's one last thing  
i have to tell you  
and i won't apologize  
if it's hard to hear  
it's no mistake we have this undying persistence  
to forever refuse resistance  
for we are women  
what a beautiful elation



# Once Upon A Night...

## TESTIMONIAL:

Partying at a friend's house certainly didn't seem to be a place where my personal space and body would be violated, but it was. The music seeping from the speakers and the alcohol which flowed just like a running brook, indicated to me and the other party goers that we were all having a blast. We danced and laughed into the wee hours of the next day. After realizing a few too many shots of Captain Morgan's Spiced Rum had passed my lips, my host, a friend, and his girlfriend decided I needed to stay and sleep off the effects of the pirate's potion. Stumbling toward the open doorway, Charlie assured me I would be spending the night in complete safety. He and Lisa would be just down the hall if I needed anything.

So as the door closed behind my friends, I quickly undressed, crawled in under the stiff, cold sheets and made my way to slumber. I was soon out in Neverland dreaming when I realized I wasn't alone. One of the guys in attendance to the party was in bed next to me and was putting his hands all over my body. Still inebriated and a little out of focus, I engaged in conversation with the guy and even started kissing him. Things were okay until he decided to take the event past my comfort level. I asked him to stop and his reply came back as "...but you seemed to be up for it a few minutes ago." He was right. I was into the kissing and fondling so I must have been ready to move on toward intercourse but something just wasn't right. I was screaming on the inside to stop. The next morning I woke to an unfamiliar male body next to me and the immediate playback of the events that took place. What really happened last night? Did I actually want this man to violate me? Did I ask for it somehow by indulging in kisses? Was I being a tease? Was this my fault and not his? I ran through a myriad of questions and though the evening was sketchy at best, I was certain of one thing, this man had violated me against my will, but how was I to convince anyone of such truth. My answer came in the form of flight. Getting dressed quickly and leaving my friend's house in a hurry was my attempt of removing my memory of what happened, but over time it never seemed to work. I find myself examining that night over and over in my head and coming to one conclusion, that despite my acts that night I didn't want it to happen and it wasn't my fault.

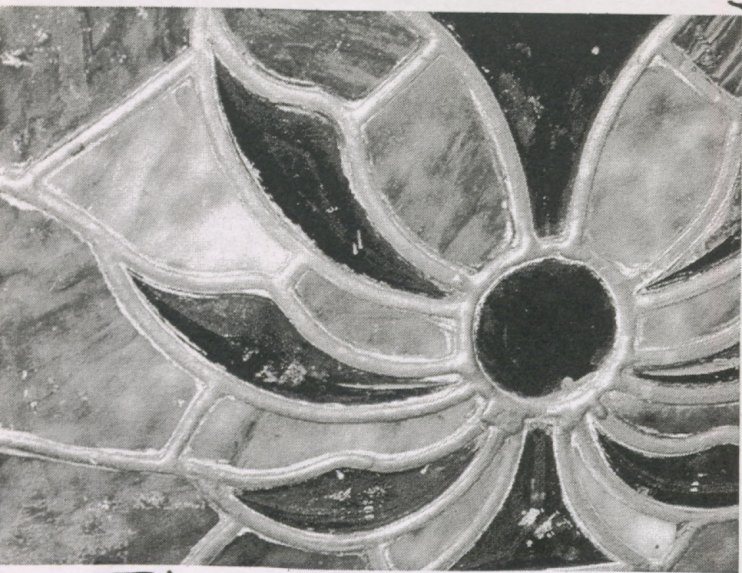
**READY**

**TO**

**FIGHT**

**BACK?**





"Stained Glass" by Jennifer Roberts

There was a time when women were not allowed to attend art school or leave their homes. So, they painted what was in their homes: flowers. These photos are in homage to those women artists.



# Rant

By Jennifer Roberts

# Bitchin' Babe

I was sitting there minding my own business when I heard it.

"When I think of feminists, I think of a bunch of whiners."

The voice came from behind me, and aside from the sharp head snap, shocked, open-mouthed gape, and brief eye contact with the speaker's chat mate, I did nothing. Sure, a lot of things to say ran through my mind, but I just shook my head and returned to my book. But, I couldn't concentrate. I couldn't let the statement release from my mind long enough to read a full sentence in the truly wonderful book I had been reading. I was growing more and more angry as I sat there...doing nothing. I was mad at the woman who made the statement because 1. she was in my American Women's History class and should've learned something and 2. it is completely abhorrent for another woman to think of feminists in this way. I was also mad at myself for doing nothing. What the situation called for was an alter-ego, a much more brazen Jennifer to rear her head—maybe spin it around a few times—and say exactly what was on my mind. I picture it going something like this:

"Excuse me," I say from chair, "but I couldn't help but overhear your statement on feminists."

"Yeah, so?" I imagine her saying (after all, she seems the type, right?)

"Well, I just wanted to say that I think you are right."

She looks surprised, and then pleased, "Oh."

"In fact," I continue as I get up and walk toward her, "I think they never should've whined about anything in the first place."

Her smile fades just a little. She wonders where I am headed.

"I mean, really. Who wants to have the right to vote, anyway? And owning my own property? Hell, I am not able to manage my hair most mornings!"

She shifts uncomfortably as I continue, "I can't even imagine how much better my life would be if I didn't have to earn my own money. And look at me now," I say with a sweeping gesture toward my table stacked with books, "I have to get *educated*! I really should be at home in bed struggling with nervousness, but no, I have to be responsible for myself. Damn feminists."

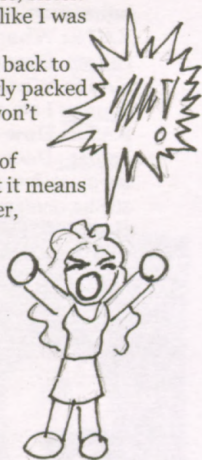
"Typical response." She replies, "I am talking about now. Yes, we have all of these freedoms, so now it is time to stop bitching and whining."

"Yes. You are right. I have been *given* some wonderful gifts, so now I should shut up. I should accept that I can vote, but can't make choices about my own body. I can earn money, and \$.69 cents on the man's dollar should do just fine. I can get an education, but still feel that every part of my body is inadequate and needs fixed. I can be independent, yet still be defined in terms of my relation to others: mother, wife, sister. And yes, I can take the man who raped me to court<sup>1</sup> and then be made to feel like I was asking for it...because I am a woman."

She turns in her seat, mumbles and waves me off. I turn on my heel and walk back to my table. That is what my alter ego would've done. But unfortunately, I silently packed up my laptop and books and walked out of the coffee shop, sad that women won't support each other. Abhorrent.

I have forgiven myself for that day of silence because I am still in the process of shrugging off years of training in the "small voiced female" and learning what it means to be a strong, independent woman. As the days go by, my voice will get louder, I promise.

<sup>1</sup> I have never been raped. I am speaking in a collective "I" to represent women.







Amira Shouman interviews our Spring Feminist Profile: Lauren Baker:

**KATE:** What year are you, and what is your major?

**Lauren:** Senior, Theatre/Art double.

**KATE:** Why do you consider yourself a feminist?

**Lauren:** In a way...feminism normally has a negative reputation, people associate feminism with evil mean bitchy men haters, and I don't fit into that. I think you can be a feminist and not hate men. It's more about honoring being a woman rather than attacking the male species.

**KATE:** What characteristics does a feminist have in your opinion?

**Lauren:** Strong, open-minded, independent, determined.

**KATE:** What about you makes you a feminist?

**Lauren:** I am all of those above things, gosh darn it.

**KATE:** How would you advise people to get in tune with feminism?

**Lauren:** Understand that it's not negative. It's about power and respect, but harmony between the sexes, but also about knowing how to live as a respectable strong person in this world.

**KATE:** How do you think society undermines women, and what do you think we should do about it?

**Lauren:** The media is the worst...however, our society today feeds off of it, so until the media changes society won't. But society won't until the media does...so honestly, I think it's just inner strength and being able to see past the fake vapid image women have. It's hard...but maybe someday we'll win.





**Top 10 Countries where Women Outnumber Men**



- 1) Cape Verde
- 2) Latvia
- 3) Ukraine
- 4) Antigua
- 5) Belarus
- 6) Bulgaria
- 7) Lithuania
- 8) Russia
- 9) Cambodia
- 10) Moldova

# Saving



# At a Time

# THE RAPE OF MR. SMITH

Author Unknown

"Mr. Smith, you were held up at gunpoint on the corner of 16<sup>th</sup> and Locust?"

"Yes."

"Did you struggle with the robber?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"He was armed."

"Then you made a conscious decision to comply with his demands rather than resist?"

"Yes."

"Did you scream? Cry out?"

"No. I was afraid."

"I see. Have you ever been held up before?"

"No."

Have you ever given money away?"

"Yes, of course"

"And did you do so willingly?"

"What are you getting at?"

"Well, let's put it like this, Mr. Smith. You've given away money in the past—in fact, you have quite a reputation for philanthropy. How can we be sure that you weren't contriving to have your money taken from you by force?"

"Listen, if I wanted..."

"Never mind. What time did this holdup take place, Mr. Smith?"

"About 11 p.m."

"You were out on the streets at 11 pm? Doing what?"

"Just walking."

"Just walking? You know its dangerous being out on the street that late at night. Weren't you aware that you could have been held up?"

"I hadn't thought about it."

"What were you wearing at the time, Mr. Smith?"

"Let's see. A suit. Yes, a suit."

"An expensive suit?"

"Well...yes."

"In other words, Mr. Smith, you were walking around the streets late at night in a suit that practically advertised the fact that you might be good target for some easy money, isn't that so? I mean, if we didn't know better, Mr. Smith, we might even think you were asking for this to happen, mightn't we?"

"Look, can't we talk about the past history of the guy who did this to me?"

"I'm afraid not, Mr. Smith. I don't think you would want to violate his rights, now, would you?"







"Red Alert" by Jennifer Roberts

## Testimonial:

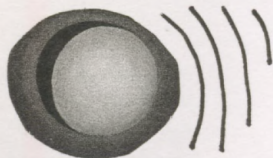
Somewhere out there are pictures of me. Young, naked, sprawled drunken on a bed. The consequence of a late-night party with *friends*. We played quarters, danced, and drank cheap beer for hours. Someone, I can't remember his name, took my car keys. For my *safety*. "Mom, I'm spending the night at Kim's." But Kim hadn't come that night. She didn't show up, which left me alone at a party in some random trailer with no other girls in sight. I wasn't concerned. These were my *friends*. Flashes of light. The shutter opens and shuts. I can't move my body, but my stomach has no trouble emptying its contents over and over. I can hear the undeniable *click-ziiiiip* of a Polaroid camera, but I feel nothing. Why am I crying? Morning. My keys are on the floor and I am still naked and late for work.





# TAKE BACK THE NIGHT

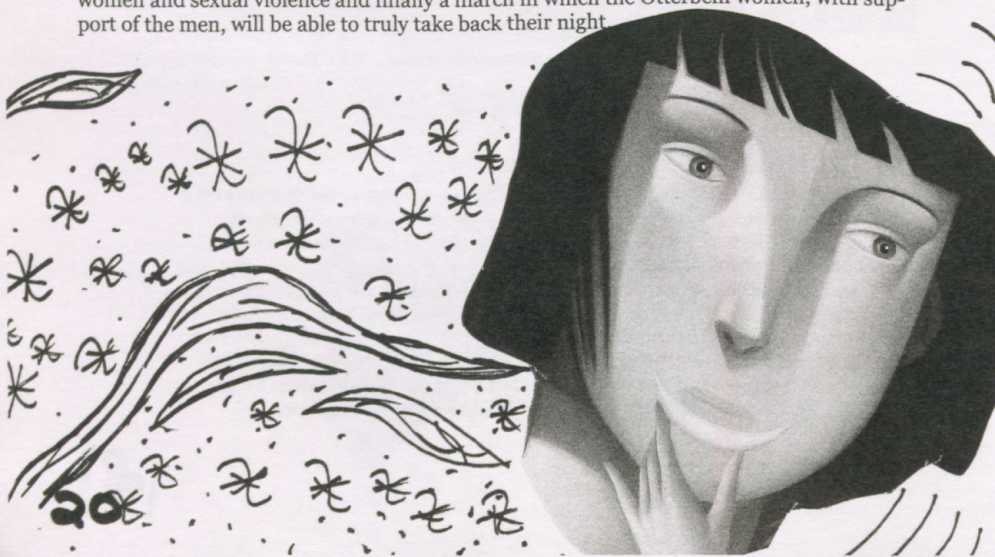
by Colleen Deel



On April 19, 2006 Otterbein students are planning to Take Back the Night. But how does one exactly take the night back? "Take Back the Night" is a term that originated in 1977 from a memorial that was read at an anti-violence rally. Today, Take Back the Nights occur internationally in order to recognize and protest against violence towards women, and in particular women rape victims. The first Take Back the Night event was held in Belgium in 1976. This premier act against violence towards women consisted of a march where participants held candles while walking through the night protesting this violence. After this first march a few more events occurred in Rome and then in Germany in which the event itself was expanded from just a march to a march and also a rally for women. These few events were reactions to mind blowing rape statistics, serial rapists and a call for the ability for women to be able, without fear, to move freely in their communities during any time of the day or night. The United States was right on Europe's tail and had their first rallies for women in 1977.

The idea for Taking Back the Night is simple. Women have been living in fear for hundreds of years. When night falls women break out their pepper spray and note where the closest emergency call box is. This fear that women feel stems from the accounts women have told of sexual assault, the news reports women have read of rape and the personal experiences these same women have had dealing with both rape and sexual assault. This fear is real. A Take Back the Night event gives every woman the right and ability to be fearless in the night. It is allowing women to own the night just as men have for so many years.

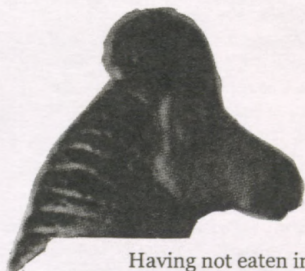
Otterbein's Take Back the Night rally is intended to become an annual event that will consume not only campus but also the entire Westerville community. Everyone is welcome at Otterbein's rally which will be held at 8 p.m. in the Campus Center on April 19. Women at Otterbein and around the world cannot truly take back the night without the participation and help of men. With women and men working equally to eradicate the fear women feel when night falls the whole world can be changed. During the rally at Otterbein there will be a speaker on sexual violence victims, multiple statistics concerning women and sexual violence and finally a march in which the Otterbein women, with support of the men, will be able to truly take back their night.





## X,Y, Z-enith

By Christeen Stridsberg



Having not eaten in days, naturally I felt a bit weak. I felt his presence in my stomach, slowly gnawing away at my insides. Lately he had been ostensibly occupying many sanctions of my viscera; pounding migraines with a hammer to my brain, twisting cramps with my muscles between his clenched fingers, screwing joints back and forth rhythmically as he stretched out the surrounding tendons and plucked them like a stringed instrument. He played songs about tyranny and repression; singing about young men not unlike himself, poor West Virginian white trash whose daddies taught lessons by the fist. His lyrics resonated in my head, a deep baritone croon with a trailing echo. I had always thought echoes to be such an eerie sound, suggesting emptiness for long distances, sending a shadow of sound out to the forbidding indefinite. That's what his voice was like...an echo. It bounced off the corners of my mind. I had just graduated high school and was sicker, thinner, and unhappier than I had ever been. I call this my "detrimental period"; a stage in my life that I look back on now with such enlightenment that it's jolting how clearly I can see it. How blind patrons of defamation are to the luster of their future.

Certainly my stomach provided fitting space for his echoes, as empty as it was. I knew that I should eat; that my body of course needed the sustenance, but every time I tried it only came back up in thick chunks of burning hot refutation. Such refusal for intake frustrated me for I didn't understand why *my* will - *my* own judgment couldn't outweigh his command; this pull he had on me.

The "he" of the story shall here on be referred to as Mr. X. He no longer has a face. He no longer has a name. But he is my only ex-lover to get the title "Mr. X." I like the dramatic doom that the name implies. I *would* refer to him by his real name but I cannot determine what that name is. It is gone from my memory. Imagine you have Canadian cousins twice removed or what not that you once knew so well, you swear you knew all their names, certainly you did, but time wears on and now you simply cannot place the name to the face. He's like that.

Here's a better explanation: Recently I cleaned under my bed. That in itself was a daunting task physically. Little did I know what it would embezzle from me emotionally. I hated the hours that it took; hours I'll never get back wasting away in stillness staring at a picture, a note, an old memento. It feels useless sometimes to put ourselves through this breadth in our memories, winding paths that only circle repeatedly. What conclusions can we come to with the past? Why does it torment us? I found a picture of him, him and me actually. We look young. I must have tapped into the reserves of every single memory I had of him within seconds of seeing that picture, yet I could not utter his name. I could not even hear the way it sounded in my head, as if coming from my lips, or the shape of the letters written as they form on paper.

Did he not stand the test of time? Is this a lack of significance in title? After all, what's *in* a name? Does it altar any importance that he may have had on my life that I simply haven't memorized his name? Perhaps I didn't want to remember. (cont'd)



(cont'd) Psychiatrists call this "repressed memory" or "dissociative amnesia." Say a child is molested by a relative or family friend, someone they know, but years later can't say who did it to them. Even when attempting to replicate the event in their head, the molester appears as a dark figure, whose characteristics are unclear. The fear of the memory is so great that it can't be humanized. The criminal relics as "John Doe." "Mr. X."

I lied when I said that Mr. X. didn't have a face. I can see it. I have the picture that I found that day cleaning beneath my bed. Same black hair, green eyes, sharp jaw line, and devilish grin. But knowing these traits to be true, I still can't put them together to make a complete image in my mind without looking at the photo. I try to recall what I saw when I looked at the face of my warped beloved, as I had thousands of time over the course of my four years in high school. What was it like to stare into the eyes of such a fiend? I just remember the piercing green and the reproachful reciprocation. Stare harder, stare deeper and perhaps I could find some reasons; something that is true. He dished out the hurt to himself first, and then unto me.

Studying the picture of he and I, it's quite remarkable how telling body language is. He smiles at the camera as if he has a secret. His arm is possessively wrapped across my shoulders and around my neck. He stands tall, chest up, defiantly. My eyes stare into the camera, worn and tired. I do not smile. I have my face turned, practically into his armpit, as if trying to bury myself into him until I disappear.

The anger has passed now so that I am able to honestly feel sorry for him. But during the "detritmental period," I was coming undone amidst self pity and confusion. Every part of me felt physically sick with his name written all over it, a postmark: "return to sender when used up, washed up, wrung dry, worn out, tossed out, bruised, battered, naked, and bleeding." I made every assured correlation to him in every ailment that I had. His power was, at that point, very immense to me and a force to be cautiously reckoned with.

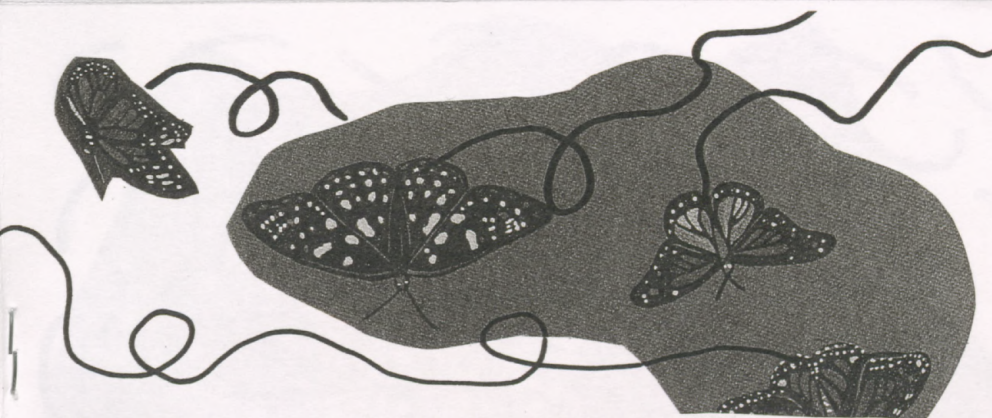
The details of his wrongdoings are neither here nor there. He'd smack me around when he felt like it. Sometimes if I was a good girl, I'd get soft kisses on my nose. When discipline was necessary, I would shamefully spread my legs to roughly receive my punishment. Now this - this was an act I frequented. I eventually grew so good at doing it that I could stare vacantly up at the ceiling while calculating in my head various times tables as means of distraction. It would only hurt more to fight back. Besides, I hadn't yet discerned myself as having enough of a voice to even object. It was a woman's job to endure. I had seen women before me increasingly silence themselves as they delved deeper into a relationship with a man. Does a man make it his job to steal speech from a woman or do we offer it obediently?

To be in what I deemed a "mature" relationship (i.e. we had sex), I felt that it was my responsibility to provide Mr. X. with the pleasure he desired. Whether or not I was in the mood was inconsequential for he would have his way regardless. I could make it easy for both him and myself by dutifully providing him with a hole or there could be a struggle; and these battles never turned out pretty. Interesting for someone that was so aggressive with everyone else in her life, throwing punches at school,

***Boring a hole in  
a patient's head  
creates a door  
through which  
the demons can  
escape, and—  
voilà!—out goes  
the crazy."***









yelling at authority, that I gave up my defensive towards him; the one that I harbored all the anger towards.

The "detrimental period" left me ill and exhausted. I had nightmares with girls running and running; their mouths covered in tape. I could read in their eyes but not a word could be uttered from their lips. I feared that they may suffocate. I always awoke from these dreams short of breath. I had been running from what had become my life. (God, I was a walking a cliché – a running one!) But although I wanted things to change, I had accepted the terms and the way I was treated as a condition; as if it wasn't even subject to change. I thought that that was my life. Forever. In and out of relationships endlessly with men that captured my will.

End of story. Boo hoo.

Then I took the "VICTIM" hat off.



Beautiful sweet clarity at last! The most poignant moment of my life – here goes... Party. His house. He's drunk. Always bad news. Drags me up to his room. Kicking. Screaming. Wants to have his way with me.

STOP. This night is different. This was the night after I turned eighteen and oh the transparency that comes with adulthood! I could see right through him, into his ugly insides where he had been justifying his actions by his own turmoil. I turned my finger back around to point at him as if to say "VICTIM, VICTIM, HERE HE IS, THE VICTIM!" Why had it taken me so long to realize it? Why had I willingly accepted my role as the inferior gender? I was smarter, kinder, stronger, and better than he.

I fought my way out. I left him unable to move. I got in my car and drove away. I never went back. He called. He cried on my doorstep. I disregarded.

Checked out, moved on, and fancy free.

Well, not quite.

The deprogramming wasn't immediate. Dorothy Dinnerstein says that female will is embedded in female power, which under present conditions is a crucial psychological fact that all of us, female as well as male, fear the will of woman. My new founded power was so exciting but so scary. I wanted to shout hymns about it to the skies, run naked and liberated down my sidewalk. I, of course, kept proper. But I was elated to be rid of the burden of my role. I would no longer follow those lines. I was writing the script now.

And wouldn't you know that every day since then, the sickness lessened? Now he's gone.

I lied. He has a name. It's Sha-y-ne with a "Y" just like that. But I still call him "Mr. X." I've always hated the name Shane.

**\*Author's note:** When I mentioned that I fought Mr. X., I was in no way condoning violence against males or violence in any form. Abusive relationships need not be dealt with by fighting back, but rather seeking professional help. As much as I honor female power, I do not negate male pride. Anyways...he had it coming.



## Reviews!

Joy Harjo by Collen Deel  
Candee Brasford by Jennifer Roberts  
*Sex Signals* by Amber Robertson



*We Dance Together* and the *Erin McKenzie Virtual Welcoming Space*  
By Jennifer Roberts

Under the guidance of Lois F. Szudy, Otterbein celebrated National Library Week with the debut of the *Erin McKenzie Virtual Welcoming Space*. Erin McKenzie was a 2004 Westerville South High School graduate who had volunteered in the Otterbein College Theater. Erin died in 2004. The pamphlet given out at the reception explains that the purpose of the *Welcoming Space* is "to gather books, media, and information that encourage conversations and facilitate our discovery of one another's cultures, experiences, and struggles, and how we are connected; to celebrate the gifts and talents in each of us; and to help us build inclusive communities where all are valued."

To kick off the celebration, a reception and lecture were held in the Courtright Memorial Library with Candee Brasford as the guest speaker/presenter. Brasford has created a loving tribute to her own daughter, Katie, whom she credits with being the source of her own education in relationships and community, and with helping her break from traditions. Brasford is reluctant to refer to her work as art, but instead calls it *research*. Her paintings are snapshots of twenty-seven years of stories, and "lessons in love, relationships, prejudice, ambiguity, and more."<sup>1</sup>

The most striking thing about Candee Brasford was her methodology, working with fabrics, sketching, and writing thoughts in draft form before the painting ever begins. Brasford's drafts are much like drafts of written words, and her paintings, she says, are like essays.

Katie, Brasford's now twenty-seven year-old daughter, was born with a disability. Brasford confronted both her own and society's lack of education that keeps the marginalized on the fringes. Through her and Katie's struggle to create an ordinary life full of participation in community, Brasford created her *research/art* with specific goals in mind. Most importantly, and one that she stressed in her lecture, is "To share with others what I've learned in an effort to create a more just and loving world."<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *We Dance Together* reception pamphlet.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

Women blink  
nearly twice  
as much as  
men.





## Harjo Gives Back

By Colleen Deel

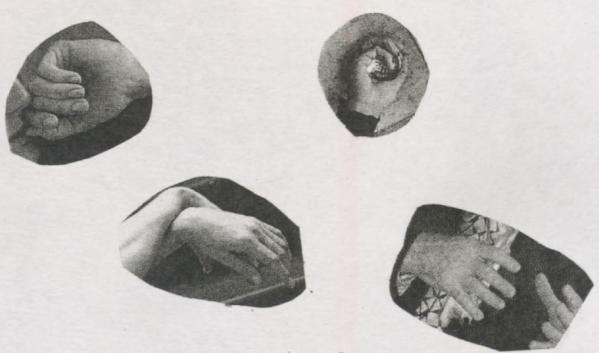
Joy Harjo is one of the most acclaimed woman Native American poets of this century. I can just imagine a conversation one would have after hearing that statement. Wow, she's a famous poet! But wait, did you say she was a woman AND Native American? Well, then she must only write about a few boring, out of date ideas that don't concern me at all. She is a woman so she probably talks about all her problems that ensue from being born that ungrateful sex. Not only that but her writing undoubtedly includes words like 'inequality' and 'independent woman'. And do I even need to mention that she is not only a complaining woman that takes her angst out in writing but she is also Native American? This has to mean her poetry deals solely with nature, wolves and spirits. Geez, I am almost positive that all Native American poets write about their ancestors getting kicked off their land or some other lame thing like that.

But Joy Harjo, just like other Native American and woman poets, is so much more than a few stereotypical, not to mention hurtful lines of dialogue one has inside their head. Not only does Harjo bring out the beauty of nature and her heritage in a way that is unprecedented in modern poetry, she also deals with the many issues women and men face in their every day hard lives. In one of her many poems, "I Give You Back" Harjo crosses gender and race lines in an attempt to convey her strength in overcoming fear as an obstacle that hinders everyone to a certain degree. In the poem she comes to a realization, which reads,

I am not afraid to be angry.  
I am not afraid to rejoice.  
I am not afraid to be black.  
I am not afraid to be white.  
I am not afraid to be hungry.  
I am not afraid to be full.  
I am not afraid to be hated.  
I am not afraid to be loved.

So before you stereotype Joy Harjo into just a Native American and a woman that happens to be a poet, remember that she was not afraid, and in finding new and amazing things to read, neither should you, including her amazing, eye-opening poetry.





## Sex Signals

by Amber Robertson

Back in February, several campus Greek organizations sponsored "Sex Signals," a two person show put on by Catharsis Productions, out of Chicago. This company has visited college campuses all over the country performing this interesting combination of improvised comedy, educational information, and audience participation that addresses sexual assault awareness. I was lucky enough to catch their show.

After a brief introduction a pair of aspiring actors, Kelly Hayes and Kyle Terry, opened with *Dating: the good, the bad, and the ugly*. In an effort to encourage some audience participation, we were asked to shout out pick-up lines that were sure to work. "Hey, is that a mirror in your pocket, cause I can see myself in your pants. Yuk, yuk." And then some that were guaranteed to get shot down. Like the ever popular, "Hey, I'm wearing a purple shirt." (Insert quizzical expression here.) We then witnessed several examples of how the typical college bar come-on can be executed. Complete with all the awkwardness, false confidence, and utter hilarity that comes with bar room dating, the skits were well received.

The pair on stage then took on the "typical" male and female roles, compiling the audience-provided stereotypes and cultural expectations that are often applied to the sexes. Hayes became the girl next door, shy and polite, who sat with crossed legs and patiently waited for Mr. Right to approach her. Terry was charming, confident—bordering on Arrogant—but most importantly, persistent. (The mantra here, I believe was, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again.")

The scene was a college party at which Terry doggedly pursued Hayes. The audience was encouraged to use STOP signs that were distributed at each seat when the dramatization became uncomfortable. I noticed the first STOP sign in the air when Terry offered Hayes a drink and she willingly accepted. Several more were raised as Terry inched closer on the couch, invading Hayes' personal space. A few were casually thrown up as Terry told a bad joke, but the majority was reserved for the moment when he passed the physical barrier and ignored Hayes' protests. Still, as I scanned the audience, I noticed not all signs were raised. Apparently not all consider verbal pressure and physical force attributes of an uncomfortable situation.

The night's mood did a complete 180 as the stage became the scene of a talk show where host, Hayes, interviewed Terry, a young man denying rape charges brought against him. But as questions are raised, reality unfolds. Of course they had been drinking, it was a dinner date. Maybe she had too much, but it was just to loosen up. She might have pulled away once or twice, but then she was right back into it. No, he never asked if it was okay. Should he have? In a moment of revelation a random hookup became rape.

Though at times the meager audience participation was guided towards the sought after suggestions and said improv seemed a bit scripted, *Sex Signals* definitely raised awareness. By placing sexual assault in a context familiar to the audience, the reality of rape set it. More than 80% of all rape victims are assaulted by someone they know. Rape is not defined by acts of violent assault, but any form of sex without consent.

**To receive more information or support one can contact Columbus' 24-hour help line at (614) 267-7020 or Rape Abuse Incest National Network (RAINN) at 1-800-656-HOPE.**



You're Cordially Invited

ABSENCE



Photo by Jen Wall

*Colleen Tappel, Jen Wall, and Kate Purnell*

**Senior Art Exhibition**

April 23-29, 2006

Reception: April 23, 4-6-m  
Battelle Fine Arts Center

# BE DIVERSIFIED

## FREEZONE:

FreeZone, for those of you who don't know, is Otterbein College's Gay & Straight Alliance. The purpose of the campus organization is to bring together students from different sexual orientations so they can understand one another, as well as to provide an atmosphere of respect and understanding. But, for most of us in the group, it's so much more than that!

FreeZone, at least for me, has been truly a safe haven, if you will. FreeZone is the place I can turn to once a week for freedom- the place I can go to and know I'll be surrounded by friends who will accept me for who I am. They won't judge me, or ask me questions, or make assumptions about my personality. For the people who feel "closeted" most of the week, FreeZone is the place where the mask can come off.

On most of our posters, we have the slogan "Come OUT, hang out, and have fun!" We always have a wonderful time together. Keep in mind, EVERYONE is welcome, regardless of their sexual orientation! We are striving to get a lot of things accomplished this year for the college, and we need help from the entire student body to do it. FreeZone is an extremely important organization! We'd love to see some new faces this quarter! Our meetings are Monday nights at 8pm in ROUSH 117, so please join us!

-Sarah Jacobson, FREEZONE Co -President

Contact: [Sashworth@otterbein.edu](mailto:Sashworth@otterbein.edu) - Faculty advisor  
[Robert.Burdett@otterbein.edu](mailto:Robert.Burdett@otterbein.edu) - Co-President  
[www.theocfreezone@yahoo.com](http://www.theocfreezone@yahoo.com)



## Plan-it Earth:

Plan-it Earth, Otterbein's new Environmental Community Service group. You can sign up for all the action at the Winter Community Service Fair; or by contacting Whitney L. Prose [whitney.prose@otterbein.edu](mailto:whitney.prose@otterbein.edu); and you may also find us on Facebook. Our current focus is recycling, but we have many other plans too. Hippie status not required! So join in today!

As sheep, duck and a  
rooster were the  
first passengers in  
a hot air balloon.

## VOX:

"Voices for planned parenthood"  
~Pro choice  
~Pro reproductive health  
~Pro sexual education



# DIVE INTO WOMEN'S STUDIES!!

Look for these exciting experimental course offerings.

## Fall 2006: PSC 350 Gendercide And Genocide

In addition to the Holocaust, there have been more than 60 other genocides during the past 2000 years. Some of these genocides have targeted religious groups. Some have been aimed at national, racial or ethnic groups. But all have involved the rape and destruction of women.

Every state possesses a patriarchal elite that regulates and permits some degree of violence against women. History is a narrative of GENDERCIDE. This course will examine how different states have constructed social and political mechanisms that are designed to justify violence and terror against females. Among the topics to be explored are the following:

\* Why do most men who rape women escape arrest and imprisonment? \* Why is female infanticide common in places like China and India? \* *Why do many Muslim societies permit "honor killings" against females?* \* Why is female genital mutilation common in the Sahel region of Africa? \* Why do serial killers target women? \* *Why do misogynists want to deny women the right to abortion?* \* Why did the USA tolerate Japan's "comfort women" program of involuntary prostitution during World War II? \* What are the common themes among horror films, pornography and genocide? \* Why are eating disorders common among women in Western societies? \* *What efforts have been taken to strengthen international law so that women are protected from state-sanctioned violence?*

## Spring 2007: HIST 391 African Women and the Family

Patriarchy really is not universal! There are other ways of woman-ing on the planet. In this course, we will examine the evolving role of women and the family in African history and in contemporary society since 1800. This course focuses on social history and will compare women's experience by race, class, religion and region. We will study women as empowered agents navigating the major political changes over these two centuries. To do this, we will use a variety of primary and secondary sources, including literature, film political position papers. Students will address the historiography influencing policy around contemporary issues.

## Spring 2007: WOST 291 Bad Girls: Gender, Sexuality, and Deviance

Sex workers, sirens, sluts, serial killers, black widows, the angry, the unstable, and the genderqueer: girls interrupted and constructed. The "bad girl" tells a truth that can cost her—and her cultural moment—a great deal. When she "speaks"—through her body, through psychic dis-ease, through refusal, resistance, and rebellion—we're often forced to confront gendered constraints and silences. That said, our bad girls can teach us about empowerment, about the relationship between transgression and transformation. This class will explore bad girl truths in all their checkered glory. It's an invitation into literary and theoretical texts that lay bare the bad girl archetypes and her subversive maneuvers. Together, we'll engage the rigorous and rowdy work of Andrea Dworkin, Judith Halberstam, Riki Wilkins, Emily White, Juliet Mitchell, and a host of artists (poets, painters, screenwriters, performance artists, novelists) that give creative voice to this much-maligned version of femininity.





## Wendy Wasserstein Remembered

Nearly in the same week that Betty Freidan passed away, women everywhere lost another champion when playwright Wendy Wasserstein died from a cancer. *The Wall Street Journal's* Peggy Noonan said this about Wasserstein's passing: "The tragedy was sharpened by a sense of great work unfinished, of a life not ended but interrupted. Wasserstein's plays were beloved of liberals who lauded her as spokeswoman of a modern feminist point of view. Fair enough, but she struck me as altogether cannier and more grounded than that, and more independent too." *New York Times* described Wasserstein as "a chronicler of women's identity crises."<sup>1</sup> *Wikipedia* lists Wasserstein's work: "Wasserstein's first production of note was *Uncommon Women and Others* (her graduate thesis at Yale), a play which reflected her experiences as a student at, and an alumna of, Mount Holyoke College. A full version of the play was produced in 1977 off-Broadway with Glenn Close, Jill Eikenberry, and Swoosie Kurtz playing the lead roles. The play was subsequently produced for PBS with Meryl Streep joining Eikenberry and Kurtz. In 1989, she won both the Tony and the Pulitzer Prize for her play, *The Heidi Chronicles*. Her wry, ethnicity to pop culture, include *The Sisters Rosensweig*, *Isn't It Romantic*, *An American Daughter*, *Old Money*, and her most recent work which opened in Fall 2005, *Third*, [1]. In addition, she wrote the screenplay for the 1998 film, *The Object of My Affection*."<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "I Hope She Drowns! The implosion of the Democratic Party. Plus Tom Shales's snobbery and a tribute to Wendy Wasserstein. OpinionJournal.com. 2 Feb 2006.  
<<http://www.opinionjournal.com/columnists/pnoonan/?id=110007905>>

<sup>2</sup> "Wendy Wasserstein." *Wikipedia. The Free Encyclopedia*. 1 Apr 2006, 06:22 UTC. 6 Apr 2006, 18:14  
<[http://en.wikipedia.org/w/index.php?title=Wendy\\_Wasserstein&oldid=46423693](http://en.wikipedia.org/w/index.php?title=Wendy_Wasserstein&oldid=46423693)>

Does anyone really know their  
estimated time of departure?



# CELEBRATE EARTH DAY

APRIL 21<sup>st</sup> in Otterbein's Campus Center

## SCHEDULE of Events:

Tuesday, April 18<sup>th</sup>:

"Wild Sea Oats" by Laura Naso

7:00 pm: Join Reverend Monty Bradley for a workshop/discussion on eco-spirituality tonight at the Chaplain's Office/Center for Community Engagement.

Friday, April 21<sup>st</sup>:

8:30 - 10:00: Student Environmental Research Poster Session - Campus Center

10:00 - 11:00: Open-mike Poetry Readings - Campus Center

11:00 - 2:00: Environmentally Friendly lunch in Dining Hall

12:30 - 1:30: Guest Lecturer Dr. Thomas Linkous, Chief of Division of Natural Areas and Preserves, Ohio Department of Natural Resources

Saturday, April 22<sup>nd</sup>:

8:30a-1:00p: CCE - Spring Plunge/Earth Day

THREE REASONS TO COME TO THE CAMPUS CENTER  
APRIL 21<sup>st</sup>

TEST YOUR ECOLOGICAL FOOTPRINT  
ENJOY ENVIRONMENTAL POETRY  
EAT AN ENVIRONMENTALLY-FRIENDLY LUNCH

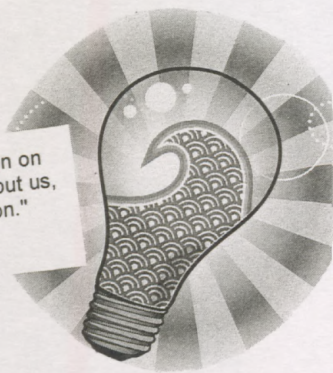


## BE PASSIONATE.

"The more clearly we can focus our attention on the wonders and realities of the universe about us, the less taste we shall have for destruction."

--Rachel Carson

V E R B A T I M



Rachel Carson, writer, scientist, and ecologist, grew up simply in the rural river town of Springdale, Pennsylvania. Her mother bequeathed to her a life-long love of nature and the living world that Rachel expressed first as a writer and later as a student of marine biology. Carson graduated from Pennsylvania College for Women (now Chatham College) in 1929, studied at the Woods Hole Marine Biological Laboratory, and received her MA in zoology from Johns Hopkins University in 1932.

She was hired by the U.S. Bureau of Fisheries to write radio scripts during the Depression and supplemented her income writing feature articles on natural history for the Baltimore Sun. She began a fifteen-year career in the federal service as a scientist and editor in 1936 and rose to become Editor-in-Chief of all publications for the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service.

She wrote pamphlets on conservation and natural resources and edited scientific articles, but in her free time turned her government research into lyric prose, first as an article "Undersea" (1937, for the Atlantic Monthly), and then in a book, *Under the Sea-Wind* (1941). In 1952 she published her prize-winning study of the ocean, *The Sea Around Us*, which was followed by *The Edge of the Sea* in 1955. These books constituted a biography of the ocean and made Carson famous as a naturalist and science writer for the public. Carson resigned from government service in 1952 to devote herself to her writing.

She wrote several other articles designed to teach people about the wonder and beauty of the living world, including "Help Your Child to Wonder," (1956) and "Our Ever-Changing Shore" (1957), and planned another book on the ecology of life. Embedded within all of Carson's writing was the view that human beings were but one part of nature distinguished primarily by their power to alter it, in some cases irreversibly.

Disturbed by the profligate use of synthetic chemical pesticides after World War II, Carson reluctantly changed her focus in order to warn the public about the long term effects of misusing pesticides. In *Silent Spring* (1962) she challenged the practices of agricultural scientists and the government, and called for a change in the way humankind viewed the natural world.

Carson was attacked by the chemical industry and some in government as an alarmist, but courageously spoke out to remind us that we are a vulnerable part of the natural world subject to the same damage as the rest of the ecosystem. Testifying before Congress in 1963, Carson called for new policies to protect human health and the environment.

Rachel Carson died in 1964 after a long battle against breast cancer. Her witness for the beauty and integrity of life continues to inspire new generations to protect the living world and all its creatures.

Biographical entry courtesy of Carson biographer © Linda Lear, 1998, author of *Rachel Carson: Witness for Nature* (1997). [www.rachelcarson.org](http://www.rachelcarson.org)





"Creek" by Laura Na

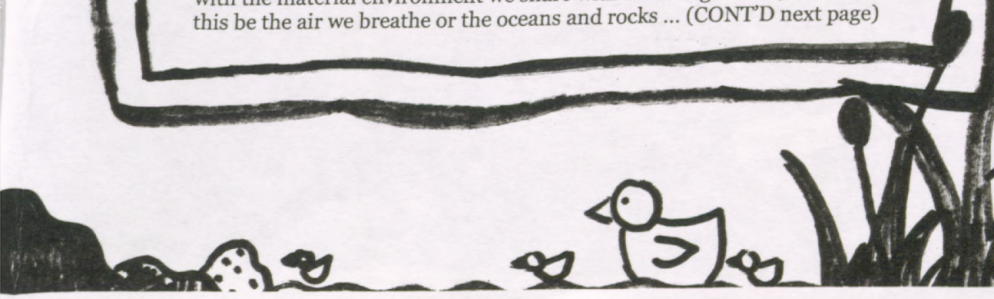
## THE GAIA PRINCIPLE

In Celebration of the Earth and Women

Glenna S. Jackson

Department of Religion and Philosophy

Gaia has been with us from the dawning of the cosmos. She was the first god/dess and created all living systems that behaved as a unified organism. As humankind developed, however, into a hierarchical, patriarchal society, she was "lost" in the process. (Interestingly, she made the mistake of taking on a male consort, who eventually became a warrior god, and then eclipsed her altogether.) But, wouldn't you know, science (i.e., not religion) "found" her again. Gaia has become the personification of the new ecology, especially the branch called eco-feminism. According to Anne Primavesi (*Sacred Gaia* [Routledge, 2000]), there are three interrelated issues in this discipline: self-perception, justice to the whole earth community, and the function served by our God-concepts. Primavesi's questions include: "Where were humans throughout the enormous timescale that the evolution of life implies? What can we say about God[dess]'s relationship with the material environment we share with other organisms, whether this be the air we breathe or the oceans and rocks ... (CONT'D next page)





# COOPER

## Gaia Principle, cont'd:

which surround us, when they are all either the direct product of living organisms or else have been greatly modified by their presence? What must we say when we see the changes to the material environment caused by our presence, even within the relatively short lifespan of our species?" And finally, "Do our God-concepts function to validate human violence—or to alert us to the suffering and death it causes? Do we impose an apartheid system on the living beings before us, segregating some we call sacred from others we call profane and then using this binary code to devalue and destroy what we label 'non-sacred'?"

As a side note, it is important to note that the stories in Genesis serve many selfish purposes and so the recovery of their probable context is critical. For example, 1:26 reads, "Elohim said, 'We will make a groundling in our image, after our likeness. Let them *govern* the fish of the sea, the fowl of the skies, the cattle, all the earth, every creeper that creeps on the earth.'" The Hebrew term that gets interpreted in this translation as *govern* is often rendered in English as *dominion* or *rule over*. The same term is used in 3:16 where YHWH Elohim tells the woman the consequence of her action, i.e., that included with more pain in childbirth is that "your man shall *rule* you." But the term more correctly implies *cooperation* in its original context and language. Specific to our case, the earth and humankind are to cooperate with each other for survival and sustenance, not to create hierarchy and exploitation—the same can be said of gender relationships. This is indeed the Gaia Principle.

BEWARE: More people die annually by DONKEYS  
than in air crashes.



PLEASE DON'T ASK NOW.

Have  
you hugged  
a tree lately?



## Peering Eyes

By Laura Naso

The creaking pier  
Hovers above,  
As she stands  
Beneath towering  
Wooden pillars and planks,  
Staring off into  
The watery tunnel.

Waves crash  
Into barnacle  
Encrusted columns,  
And salted white  
Foam tickles her  
toes, half buried  
In sinking sand.

The sea beckons,  
"Come follow  
the waves'  
intrinsic retreat."

Entranced,  
She goes to  
Walk into the  
Swirling water,  
But the tug  
Of tiny fists  
Interrupts her step.

She looks down  
Into innocent  
Blue-green eyes.  
Her daughter wants  
To keep searching  
For seashells.

A smile, a nod,  
And then they go.  
She found new  
Hope in those eyes  
In which she can always  
See the sea.



"Pier" by Laura Naso



# Environmentalism as Ecological Feminism

by Heidi R. Ballard, Department of Sociology



## Eco feminism as a form of environmentalism

Environmentalism is a set of beliefs about the desirability and possibility of changing the human relationship with the environment. It also refers to the collective action of many individuals as they form groups and organizations intended to transform the way communities, companies and societies impact their environments. Environmental sociology is a relatively recent emergence in the past two or three decades. It primarily focuses upon the relationship between society and the environment. Environmental sociology, like feminist studies, challenges the essential assumptions of traditional sociological theory. Theories within social ecology, ecological sociology and environmental sociology differ in their theoretical assumptions about the society-environment relationship, but all coalesce around three fundamental assertions (Catton and Dunlap 1978; Buttel 1987; Neliessen *et al* 1997):

- Societies depend upon the natural environment.

- The nature-society relations are central to the broader socio-ecological crisis.

- The social sciences can no longer afford to ignore the environment-society relationship.

- In the past two decades, feminist studies and feminist theory has correspondingly witnessed the emergence of an intensifying concern over the relationship between societies and the environment. Eco feminism is a form of environmentalism that has arisen from this concern by primarily focusing upon the linkage between oppression and domination of the environment and women by patriarchy and patriarchal institutions.

- Mary Mellor (1997) argues there are two types of eco feminist trends:

- A Materialist orientation that emphasizes the uneven division of power and labor between the sexes as being key to the unsustainable patterns of development.

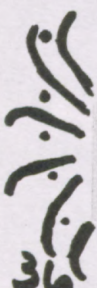
- A Spiritual/Cultural orientation that emphasizes male domination as the cause of ecologically destructive and socially oppressive behavior.

## Four Primary Assumptions of Eco feminism

- Though characterized by divergent views and theories, the field of eco feminism shares the following four defining assumptions.

- 1) Eco feminism essentially conceptualizes connections of the crisis that exists both in the environment and in women's issues worldwide:

# SAVE THE ENVIRONMENT







2) Eco feminism sees a link between the domination and exploitation of women by men and the domination and exploitation of nature.

3) The western world view—with principles of abstract science and the objectification and control of nature—is seen by eco feminists as a historical product of the thinking of men in patriarchal societies. Women are believed to have a closer relationship to nature - some argue because women are nurturers and caregivers; others argue that the life bearing properties of the female body itself endows women with a closer nature relation than men.

4) Eco feminists believe that male domination and oppression is caused not by human nature - but by institutions developed and controlled by men. It is a mindset or a worldview that traces back to Neolithic Europe.



### Supporting Evidence

Eco feminist research and literature cites extensive, circumstances and events throughout human history and around the world that comprise empirical support for their views.

### Evidence From Ancient Society

Eco feminist scholars believe that European Neolithic societies had far greater gender and class equality, and were essentially peaceful and goddess worshipping until Indo European pastoralists invaded around 4000 BC. The Neolithic societies have left relics of fertility all over Europe and evidence of earth worship. But the invaders began a very different society where they emphasized the power to take rather than give life as the ultimate power to establish and enforce domination.

### Contemporary Third World Evidence

Although many reject this view of history, eco feminists also point to evidence of events occurring globally today. For example: they examine the connection among women, development and the environmental disruption in lesser developed countries (LDCs) where economic development projects replace ecologically sustainable subsistence agriculture by cash crop monocultures that take over the natural resource base for subsistence. Even though men and women suffer - women suffer more since they are usually the primary producers of food, water and fuel, and thus are more likely to lose their livelihood. They also have less access to land ownership, wage employment and small business loans. In sum, men tend to be the beneficiaries of development from the colonial era to the contemporary world market system.

The Chipko movement during the 1970's is often cited as an early symbol of eco feminist movements that have confronted oppression. In the Himalayas during the 1970's farmers began to protest deforestation. Predominantly female Chipko tribe members were hugging trees in the onslaught of deforestation efforts. They did this because the trees were important to their local subsistence economy.





Ultimately these protests were successful and led to a moratorium on deforestation in that region (Shiva 1989.)

### Contemporary First World Evidence

Survey research in recent decades shows that US women, and women around the world, are far more concerned about environmental health risks and technological problems than men (Mellor, 1997.).

Another contemporary example often cited as illustrative of Eco feminist action centers on Lois Gibbs who, in 1979, discovered an alarming number of rare diseases in her family and neighborhood. She was the first to discover that the community was built on a toxic waste dump called Love Canal. Other examples of environmental action instigated by women are the Bhopal disaster in 1984 and Chernobyl in 1986. Both incidents pointed up a number of issues related to women and all people. Both incidents mobilized women to react to the risks posed by technology and environmental destruction by forming and participating in an increasing number of global conferences. Such conferences aim to pressure for reforms and raise awareness. Included among these conferences are the 1995 Beijing Conference on the global status of women and the 1994 Cairo Conference.

### Eco feminism Today

Eco feminism is still relatively new but has a considerable following in women's studies programs and in university circles. There are many books on the subject. Eco feminists do not speak with one voice as they disagree about whether to emphasize the female "nature of nurture" or whether to just transcend gender roles all together. Many scholars still reject eco feminism, but its following nevertheless continues to grow in influence.

### Suggested Reading:

Biehl, J. 1991. Rethinking Ecofeminist Politics

Caputi, J. 1993. Gossips, Gorgons and Crows: The Fates of the Earth.

Merchant, C (1995) Earthcare: Women and the Environment

Mies, M., and Shiva, V. (1993) Eco Feminism

Shiva, V (1993) Monocultures of the Mind : Perspectives on Biodiversity and Biotechnology

Silliman, J., and King, Y. 1999 Feminist Perspectives on Population, Environment and Development.

Warren, K ed.(1994) Ecological Feminism Routledge London

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Littig, B. 2001. Feminist Perspectives on Environment and Society. Pearson Education: Harlow, England.

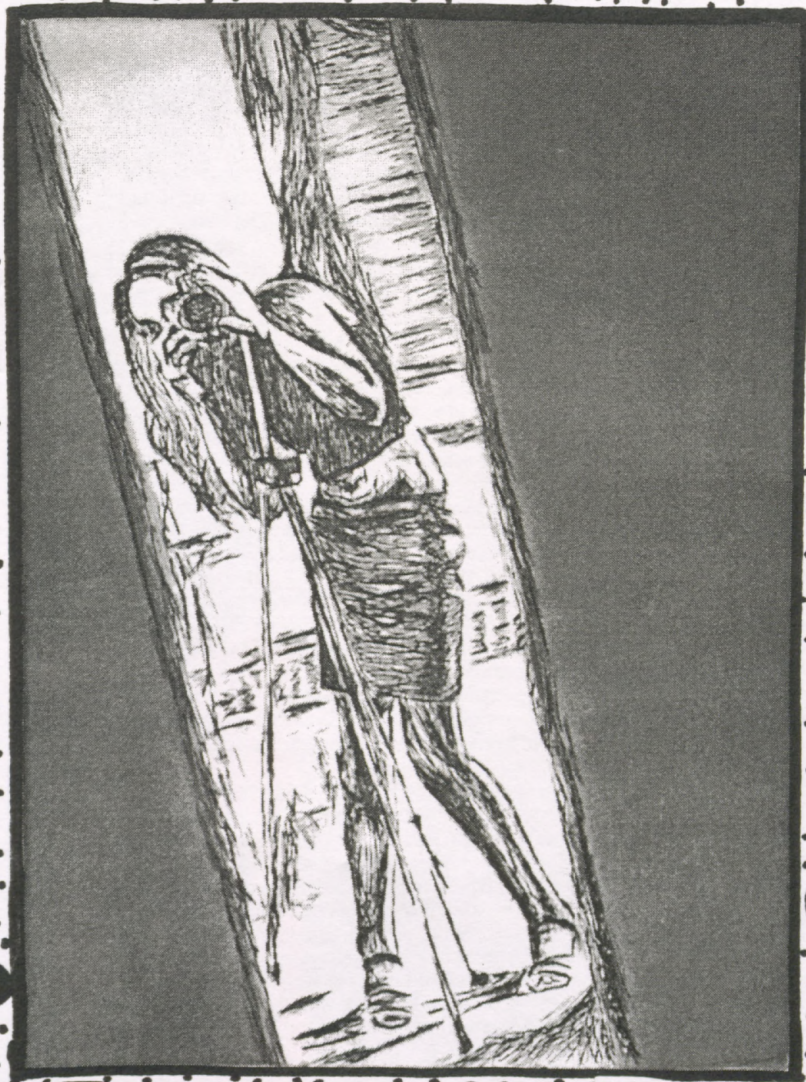
Mellor, Mary. 1997. Feminism and Ecology, New York University Press, New York.

Neliessen, J. van den and Klinkers, L. (eds.) 1997. Classics in Environmental Studies: An Overview of Classic Texts in Environmental Studies, International Books: Utrecht.

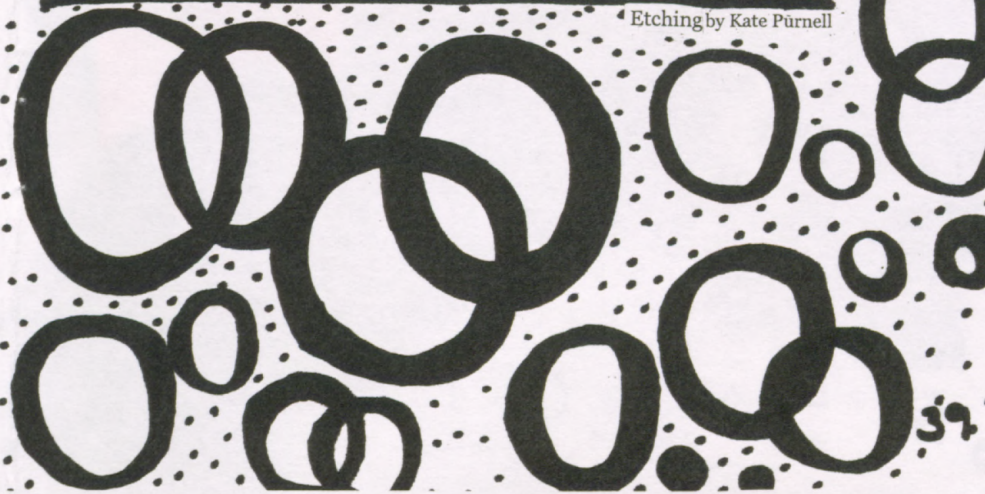
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ECO FEMINISM





Etching by Kate Purnell





## Possibilities: Lessons from Early American History

by Sarah Fatherly

As a historian, I must confess that it makes me tired when someone repeats the old axiom that if we do not learn from history, we are doomed to repeat it. Does history offer us lessons about who we are and how we got here? Absolutely. Are those lessons lurking menacingly around the corner for us like a mugger targeting the unwary? I don't think so. I prefer to think that if we are willing to listen, history offers us possibilities. It shows us that the way things are now is *not* the way that things have always been; there are other ways to imagine who we can be and what we aspire to be.

Whenever I teach early American history, I am always struck by such possibilities especially in relation to the environment and gender roles. In the early days of contact between Native Americans and Europeans, before European dominance was assured, these peoples had vastly different understandings of nature and of the role of women. Especially for the Eastern Woodlands groups, such as the Iroquois and the Algonquians, these two issues proved to be perpetual stumbling blocks as they endeavored to build relationships with newcomers to their neck of the woods in the 1600s—British colonists.

Eastern Woodland groups were confident in their understanding of the environment: it was a system of natural resources that if allowed to renew could be used repeatedly. For Native Americans, this meant that they made a concerted effort not to over-fish streams, over-hunt animal habitats, or over-harvest berry patches. It also meant that people migrated seasonally in order to take advantage of a cycle of natural resources. To overuse any particular part of that cycle was to create scarcity in future seasons. For their part, British colonists were equally confident about their view of the environment: nature had been created to be used and dominated by men. Thus the British quickly built permanent settlements, not migratory ones, and they did something baffling to locals—they bounded off the land using fences. To the British mindset, fences were a necessary indicator of property ownership. To local Native Americans, fences were inexplicable. How could they own what was not theirs? How could one own what was ultimately unownable—nature?

Native and British views of gender roles were equally at odds. Eastern Woodland groups, especially the Iroquois, believed that women's labor was central to their economy: women were the main agriculturists. As the managers and producers of corn harvests and other key foodstuffs, women had both economic and political power. Among the Iroquois, for instance, when male warriors wanted to take to the warpath they had to get the approval of women in their community for a very simple reason—women controlled the food stores that men needed in order to provision themselves for a military outing. Among many Woodland groups, the economic power of women translated into other areas of life as well; women could easily obtain divorces if necessary, premarital sex was condoned, and women were often the central figures in extended families. Among the Iroquois, the valued status of women was evident in the group's matrilineal method of constructing kinship networks.







For British colonists, this arrangement of gendered power was at best confusing and at worst appalling. In fact, it was not unusual for the British to point to Indian gender values as a key reason for trying to dominate and “civilize” local groups. Much as the British believed that nature had been given to them by God to be dominated, so they believed that the “natural” order of things was for men to dominate women. Their colonial communities therefore were patriarchies that used the law, economy, and religion to ensure male power. The British legal system of coverture encapsulated their ideas about gender roles: once married a woman was considered to be “civilly dead” and she no longer had any economic or political standing. As a “feme covert,” she could not control her own money, make a will, or use the court system let alone get access to divorce or protection from what was at that time called physical “correction” by her husband.

These vastly different ways of understanding gender roles generally, and women’s roles specifically, were a constant source of friction between Native Americans and British colonists throughout the 1600s and 1700s. Each thought the other’s gender system to be “uncivilized” and that it said something profoundly disturbing about the overall values of the other group. More than a few British male colonists looked at Native women laboring in the fields and concluded that to Native men “their wives are regarded and treated as slaves.” On the other side of culture divide, when British men attempted to teach Native men to farm, Native women drew their own gendered conclusions. As one observer noted: “If a Man took hold of Hoe to use it the Women would...laugh & say such a warrior is a timid woman.”

What do these stories from early American history tell us? Certainly they suggest that in gaining power over Native Americans, the British ensured that their own environmental and gender values would prevail; Indian attitudes towards natural resources and women were casualties of the European conquest of North America. These stories also suggest that a society’s approach to the environment and to gender roles can play a critical role in how it relates to others who define these things differently.

At the same time, though, a consideration of this part of the American past reminds us that our contemporary attitudes towards nature and gender are neither “natural” nor permanent. There have been—there are—other ways to imagine both the relationship of people to natural resources and the balance of power between women and men. At a time when it is all too easy to feel disempowered in our culture, history has the ability to show us that our decisions can and do matter. Seeing history not as a cautionary tale but as an archive of possibilities can help us reclaim the power to re-imagine our present and our future.



“Mode of Tilling and Planting” Engraving by  
De Bry, 1591



woman



"Can You Fly With Those" photo by Colleen Tappel

Most

Likely

to

Succeed



CALM



HERE

protective

COOKING

goodness

**Food! :**

\*Find a local organic farmer at the Ohio Ecological Food and Farm Association - Find out about activism, organic products and local farmers: <http://www.oeffa.org/index.php>

\*The Raisin Rack: 618 W. Shrock Rd. Westerville [www.raisinrack.net](http://www.raisinrack.net)

\*Trader Joes: Sawmill Rd, Dublin [www.traderjoes.com](http://www.traderjoes.com)

\*Whole Foods (carries produce and products from local growers!): 3670 W. Dublin-Granville Road [www.wholefoods.com](http://www.wholefoods.com)

raise

reality

**Environment! :**

\*Ohio Watershed Network: Learn more about Ohio's Watersheds: <http://ohiowatersheds.osu.edu/vtour/>

\*What impact are you having on our Earth? Test your Ecological Footprint! <http://www.earthday.net/footprint/index.asp>

\*Center For the New American Dream: Ten things you can do to have a positive impact on the environment: [http://www.newdream.org/cnad/user/turn\\_the\\_tide.php](http://www.newdream.org/cnad/user/turn_the_tide.php)

Parent

HOME

RAINING CATS AND DOGS

**Clothes! :**

\*Blackspot Sneakers - Fight the corporations and support fair trade: <http://adbusters.org/metasp/corpo/blackspotsneaker/>

\*Otterbein Women's Club Thrift Store

EcoMall: [www.ecomall.com](http://www.ecomall.com) Everything from clothing to travel Eco-style!

FUN STUFF

CARE

**Information! :**

\*National Center for Research on Women: <http://www.center4research.org/>

Feminist.com: [www.feminist.com](http://www.feminist.com)

Healthy Living: [www.drweil.com](http://www.drweil.com) Tips for organic living, aging, vitamins. One of my favs!

SISTER

Balancing Act

I Don't Know How She Does It!



WHERE YOU LIVE

For Green and Feminist Living

Favorite Things

Be!



"Lachanophobia" is a fear of vegetables



ATHLETICS

Life, Liberty

## Women's Sports at Otterbein: Spotlight on Golf

By Allison Hayes

The Otterbein College Women's Golf team started in 2000 under head coach Sharon Sexton. Originally hired as a volleyball coach, Sexton was asked to start up a golf program as well. Without much experience in the sport, Coach Sexton did the best she could to recruit players - many coming from her volleyball team. The team got off to a rough start. The girls had little experience and/or desire to play. Some of the team was known for dragging their clubs on the ground behind them, since the ball never went far enough to carry their bags on their backs. A few times, one or two girls actually refused to finish a round because they were playing so poorly. At the Ohio Athletic Conference championship that year, Otterbein finished last in the conference, shooting a two-day total of 1029. Just two short years later, Otterbein finished third at the same tournament. In 2002, their two day total was 752, knocking off 277 strokes since 2000. In 2003, 2004, and 2005, Otterbein won the Ohio Athletic Conference championships. In 2005, they shot a two-round total of 686, 343 strokes better than their 2000 total. The team score of 686 was also 22 strokes better than the host of the tournament, and second place finisher, Baldwin-Wallace. Colleen Groomes won individual medalist honors, finishing 9 strokes better than the next closest competitor. Otterbein had three women finish in the top 10, marking the third year in a row this feat was accomplished.

With the arrival of seven freshman, the Otterbein College Women's Golf team has high expectations for the spring 2006 season. They are currently ranked 12th in the nation among Division Three colleges, and hope to qualify for the NCAA Tournament in Florida.

and the pursuit of

whatever you

damn well

please.

OTTERBEIN COLLEGE



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Vanessa Casella  
Amira Shouman  
Amber Robertson  
Julie Eaton  
Kate Purnell  
Colleen Tappel  
Allison Hayes



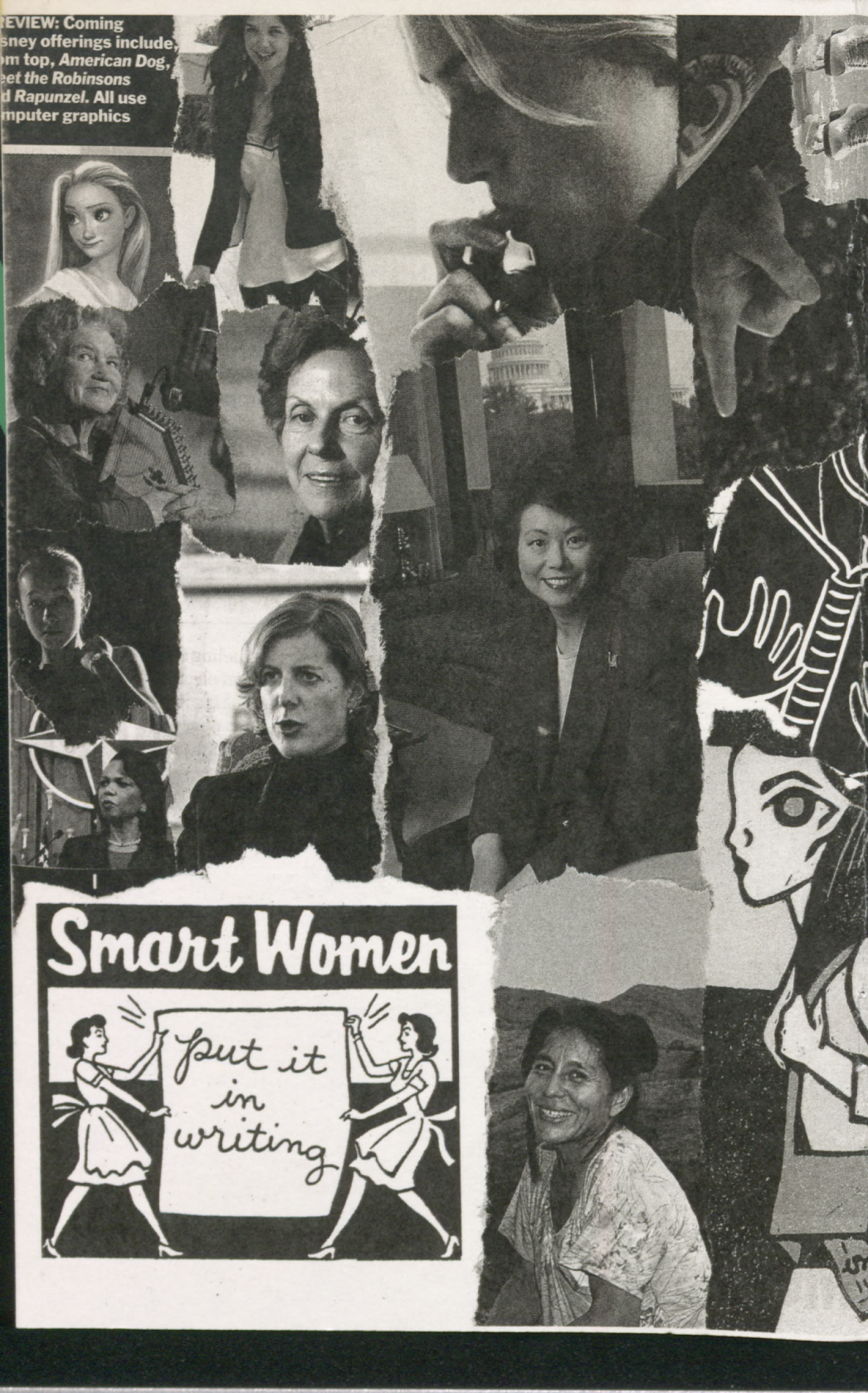
Editor: Jennifer Roberts  
Faculty Advisor: Amy Johnson  
Publisher Guru: Shannon Lakanen  
Women's Studies Program Coordinator: Sarah Fatherly

"Zip, Zip, Zip"  
by Colleen  
Tappel

Thanks to all our contributors.



REVIEW: Coming  
sney offerings include,  
m top, American Dog,  
et the Robinsons  
d Rapunzel. All use  
mputer graphics



## Smart Women

