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Kate 2006 Winter

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Otterbein's FIRST 'Zine
Vol. 1 Issue 1 - Winter 2006

KATE





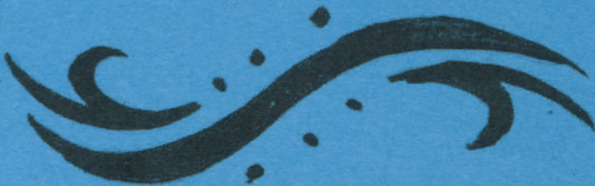
*Welcome to the first issue of **KATE**!*

***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".



KATE is taking ongoing submissions at jennifer.Roberts@otterbein.edu
Political, literary, illustration, photography...unsure what we will take? Just ask!

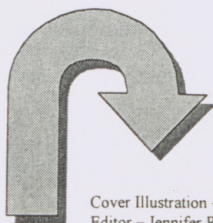
If you want to be involved with the publication of **KATE**, please send an email to: Jennifer.Roberts@otterbein.edu and we will include you in our next meeting!

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Cover Illustration - Colleen Tappel
Editor - Jennifer Roberts

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Submit

KATE is looking for articles on women's health issues, sexual issues, Earth Day, poetry, short story.

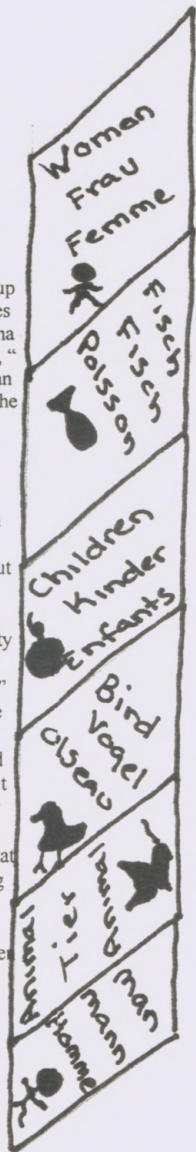


Letter From the Editor
Reclamation of the F Word

What is Feminism? I believe Dr. Glenna Jackson summed it up best for me when she said that a feminist is a person who believes in the humanity of women. This idea falls right in line with Katha Pollit, feminist, essayist and columnist for *The Nation*, who said, "Feminism is not about whether women are better than, worse than or identical with men... its about justice, fairness, and access to the broad range of human experience." Quite simply, those who believe women are human and deserve to be treated as such are feminists.

I admit that I have been guilty in the past of listing qualifiers each time I declare that I am feminist, of explaining what I mean so as to not be misunderstood as a man-hating bitch intent on ridding the world of men. The need to explain seems to come out of some perverse need to defend feminism, and by doing so, I completely undermine myself and other feminists.

Why do I feel the need to explain myself as if I just said a dirty word? The reason is clear. Since the 1980's, society has twisted, deformed, and mutilated the meaning behind the word "feminist" to the point where it has become an undesirable label. Part of the twisting of the word feminism is to attach it to the physical, the *body* of the feminist. For example, I had approached a writer and asked her for a submission. She declined. She said that she didn't consider herself a feminist. Fair enough. But, when I pressed her on why she hadn't considered herself a feminist—she had previously revealed her disdain for the sexual double standard that women had to face—she pointed not to her ideology of believing that women were human and deserved the same basic rules of respect, but down the all-too-familiar path of physical imagery. Her aunt, a self-declared feminist, had a "butch haircut," unshaven legs, etcetera, and etcetera. I'm not saying that there aren't feminists with unshaven legs, but what I am saying is that feminism isn't a tiny microcosm of femi-nazis.



a lot of explaining to do.

753
Athletes Foot =
Tinea Pedis

So, since the F word has been brutalized and manipulated to the extent that even a feminist would shy away from its use, why not change it? Because the word used doesn't matter, according to feminist Paula Kamen:

A natural response is to change the word feminist to a word with fewer stigmas attached. But inevitably the same thing will happen to that magical word. Part of the radical connotation of feminism is not due to the word, but to the action. The act of a woman standing up for herself is radical, whether she calls herself a feminist or not (GenderGeeks).¹

Therefore it would not matter what we feminists called ourselves, the new word would be distorted, too. Fear is the reason and to stop fear, you must educate.

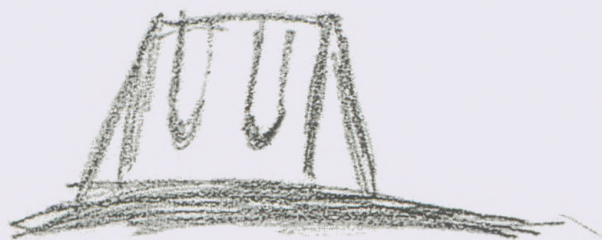
In an attempt to educate, to right the wrongs, correct the misconceptions that stick like cheap, unflavored, rubbery gum to the sole of the Feminists' shoe, *KATE* dedicates its first issue to debunking feminist myths. We have scoured the campus in search of what students, staff, and teachers are saying about feminism, what it means to them, and how they found themselves declaring feminism as a part of their identity. What we have found confirmed our need to reclaim the words "feminism" and "feminist" and to do it readily.

KATE is a feminist 'zine. *KATE* believes in the humanity of women and chooses to celebrate them in these pages. We do not promote male-bashing, man-hating ideologies, and we will not print any submission that contains such. We want to have fun, share stories, art, ideas, and promote activism. We want to give voice to the feminist, female and male.

When I was recently asked by the Tan & Cardinal what I had hoped students, staff and faculty will get from our 'Zine, I replied (thus, the motto of *KATE*): "A place to speak, a forum to educate, and a good time." —Editor, Jennifer Roberts

¹"Feminism." *GenderGeeks.org*. 2005. 17 Jan. 2005.
<<http://www.gendergeek.org/quotes.html>>

Remember we thought
we could fly?



First recognized Female author,
ANN BRADSTREET 1640

The Ann's Have It!

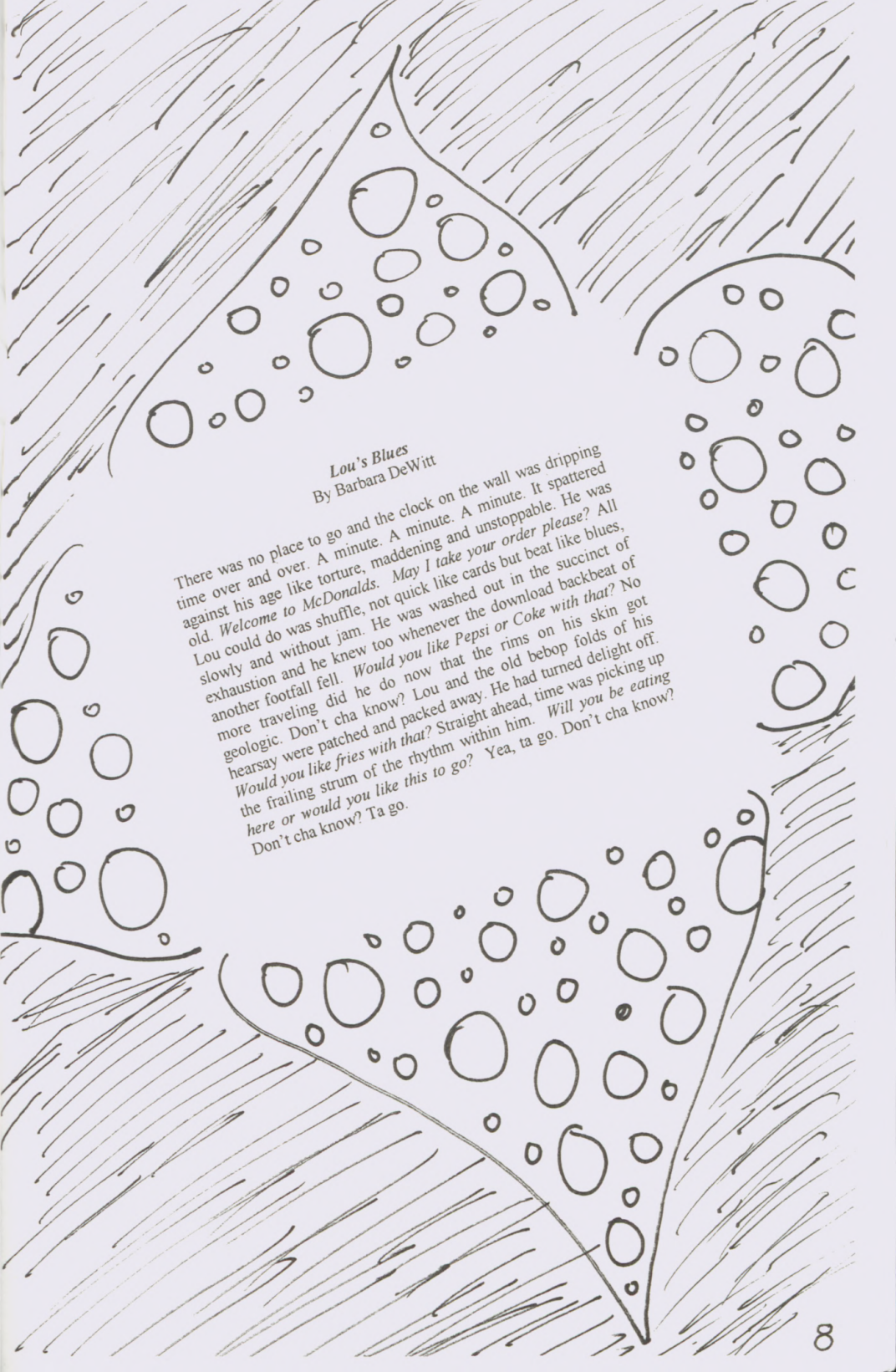


Anne Parrish established the House of Industry, the first charitable organization for women in America in 1795.

In 1901, Annie Taylor was the
First person to go over the
Niagara Falls in a barrel.
She was 63 years old.

International Women's Day
- March 8th





Lou's Blues
By Barbara DeWitt

There was no place to go and the clock on the wall was dripping time over and over. A minute. A minute. A minute. It spattered against his age like torture, maddening and unstoppable. He was old. *Welcome to McDonalds. May I take your order please?* All Lou could do was shuffle, not quick like cards but beat like blues, slowly and without jam. He was washed out in the succinct of exhaustion and he knew too whenever the download backbeat of another footfall fell. *Would you like Pepsi or Coke with that?* No more traveling did he do now that the rims on his skin got geologic. Don't cha know? Lou and the old bebop folds of his hearsay were patched and packed away. He had turned delight off. *Would you like fries with that?* Straight ahead, time was picking up the frailing strum of the rhythm within him. *Will you be eating here or would you like this to go?* Yea, ta go. Don't cha know? Don't cha know? Ta go. Don't cha know?

Gypsy
by Jennifer Knox

Her phone used to ring
every holiday
until last Easter.

I found that out after
her key dropped in my pocket.

"I used to be poor,"
she said with radiant eyes.
And just like that, the extra room was mine.

From the kitchen we would wave at the Russian family
next door who dressed in ball gowns and suits
on Saturdays. And swirled to music in the backyard.

We told each other stories with tea;
laughed at the past.
She dressed me like a doll in beige and collars,
insisted I try life as a blond
to soften my face, watch my weight.

It wasn't until I found her daughter's picture
creased in a nightstand drawer,
I remembered she wasn't my mother.





Being a Woman is a Piece of Cake
By Whitney Prose

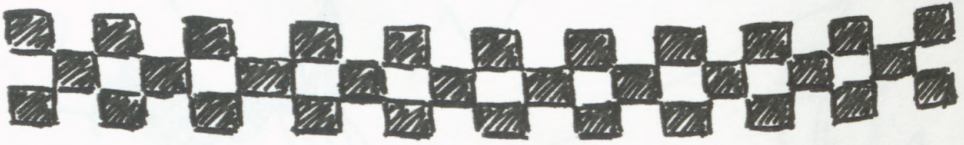
Easy. Totally easy. I am simply two-thirds a stick of butter. Not all there. Anything I come into contact with sticks. Everything that grazes me leaves its mark. Deep gouges score my soft sides. With ease someone could crush me, deform me, and ruin my pristine sides. But I'm a real pain to clean up.

I basically possess enough of the world's essential ingredients to make myself into anything I please. About 1 and $\frac{1}{4}$ cups of flour does this. But for being so plain, I'm also sweet. I delight in $\frac{3}{4}$ a cup of sugar that all the joys of my family and friends bring me.

Gung-ho! That's me! A whopping 2 and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons of bitter, action-packed baking powder give me enough power to "man" handle anything. And woman-handle the rest (which we all know is a lot worse on the victim.) But for all my strength, I still cry. My dried tears of sorrow, pain, joy and delight leave a $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon streak of salt down my face.

Being a woman, I am also an egg. In me I can carry the world for all its ups and down. I can nourish this world with my $\frac{3}{4}$ of a cup of milk. I do all of this with elegance, with style: I am 1 and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons of exotic vanilla.

I know how to make life a giant mixing pot. In step-by-step order I add myself and half of my potentials (milk, vanilla). I have the ability to sacrifice my entire self, and I know the time to do so. When essence of life begins to take shape, and hope is on its last legs that something *good* will ever arise from this evil mixture: I step in. For two long minutes, which can last a lifetime or an instant depending on whom I give myself to, I blend and stir. I am nothing but a soggy mess. I am subjected to 375 degree trials for 25 minutes. I'm a woman; watch me soar. I'll leave my muck and form a firm shell that supports whatever may come my way. Even



though I look so firm on the outside, inside I'm still me. I am warm, comforting, soft and inclusive.

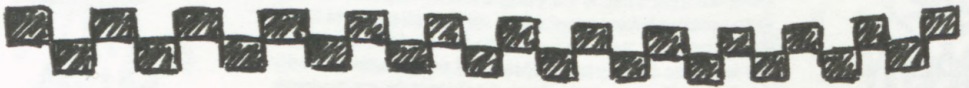
Yes, being a woman is an easy piece of cake.

~Thank you to Grandma Blair of Blair's Restaurant in Delaware, Ohio, for her personal recipe for Easy Day Cake

Grandma Blair, Blair's Restaurant, Delaware Ohio, Easy Day Cake

1/3 cup of shortening	1 stick is a half cup... 2/3 stick
1 $\frac{3}{4}$ cups flour	$\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar
2 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons baking powder	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
1 egg	$\frac{3}{4}$ cup of milk
1 and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons of vanilla	

All in this order place in a pot; take half of the milk and vanilla to start and beat until the flour is moistened; add the rest of the milk and vanilla; beat for 2 minutes more; bake 375 degrees for 25 minutes.



■ AN OSTRICH EGG WOULD TAKE FOUR HOURS TO HARD BOIL.

■ TRUE MOZARELLA CHEESE COMES FROM WATER BUFFALO.

■ KETCHUP ORIGINATED IN CHINA IN 1690 AS A PICKLED FISH SAUCE



St. Agatha's Hidden Perfumery
By Amber Robertson

Follow the cobblestone street
Until you come to a blue wall.
There you'll find the Sheik.
He's a lonely old Arab
Who's lost the sun.
So give him a nickel and
Point him East,
Then continue on your way.

Look for two statues,
Mythology mixed with concrete.
The god Cronus
Holds Saturn in his hand
And stands beside his twin.
Kiss each of their stoney cheeks for
These are my Buddhas.
They are the guardians of my life.

Proceed and you'll see a rustic door
Etched with Angels and
Other forms of reckless life,
Aged by stormy weather and fleeting years.
Behind that ancient gateway is my shop.

Enter my lair and behold the bottles.
Stacks of shelves are consumed by
Porcelain and pewter,
Hand-blown glass and made-in-Japan.
No two are just the same.
Choose the one you like.
The one bejeweled with freshwater pearls,
Or the fragile antique with flaking gold leaf.
Remove the stopper and feel the scent.



Do you recognize?

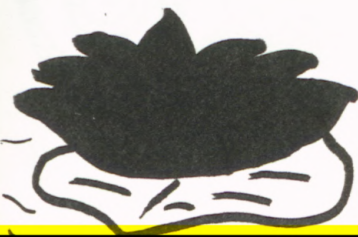
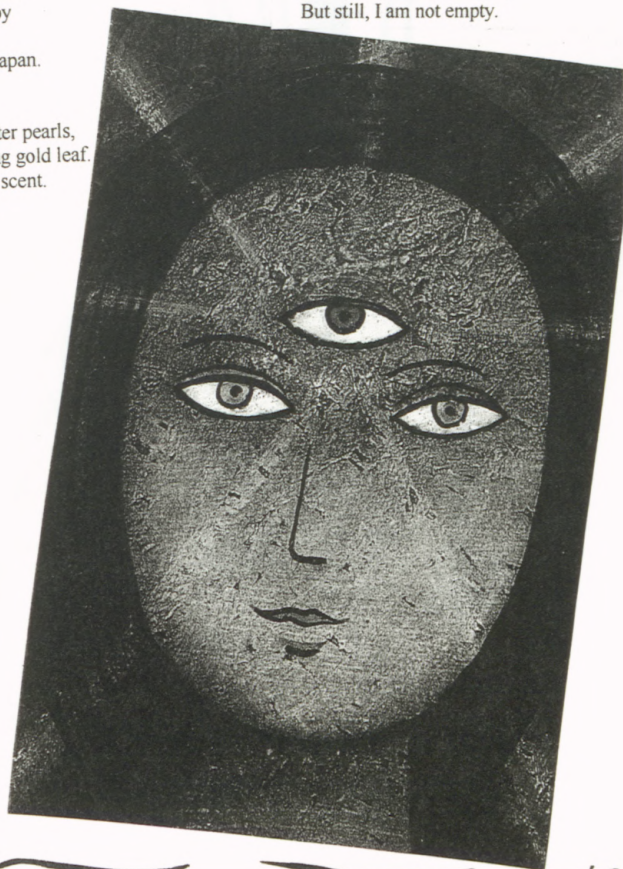
Rose hip and Magnolia,
Lavender and Pine,
The Jasmine of my dreams,
The sweet vanilla of the woody earth,
The lilac blooms of summery youth.
I've bottled it up for you;

For you to remember me by.

I fill them up each day,
A million bottles it seems,
But still, I am not empty.

expand the spirit

to the divine.





Life waltz
by Ruth Garrett

The clock chimes
A cat purrs
A light blinks.
A child cries.
The tear falls.

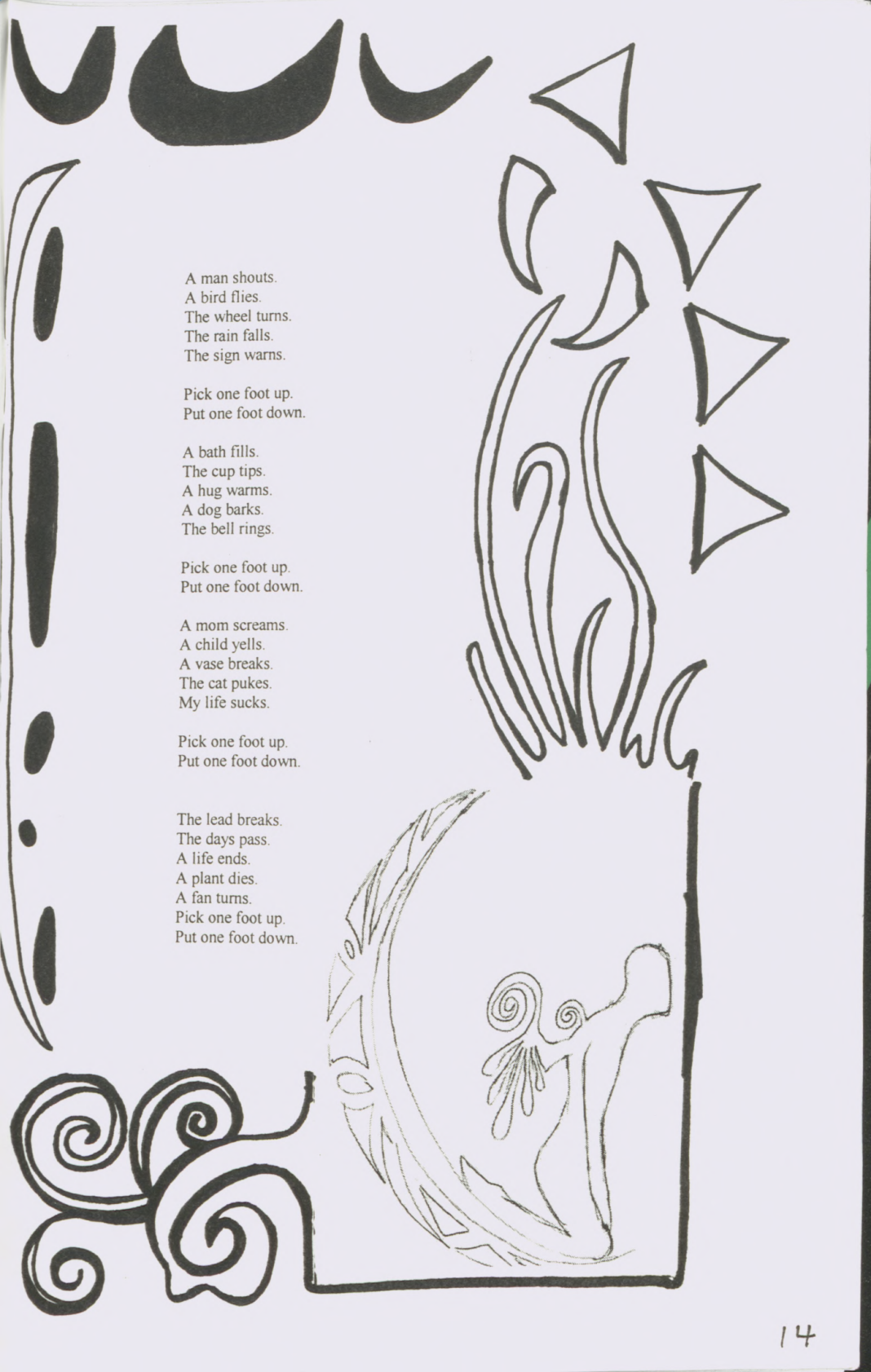
Pick one foot up.
Put one foot down.

The phone rings.
A car starts.
A shoe drops.
The toast burns.
The tea steeps.

Pick one foot up.
Put one foot down.



Arr! Talk Like a Pirate Day
be on September 19!



A man shouts.
A bird flies.
The wheel turns.
The rain falls.
The sign warns.

Pick one foot up.
Put one foot down.

A bath fills.
The cup tips.
A hug warms.
A dog barks.
The bell rings.

Pick one foot up.
Put one foot down.

A mom screams.
A child yells.
A vase breaks.
The cat pukes.
My life sucks.

Pick one foot up.
Put one foot down.

The lead breaks.
The days pass.
A life ends.
A plant dies.
A fan turns.
Pick one foot up.
Put one foot down.

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A mom screams.
A child yells.
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The cat pukes.
My life sucks.

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A plant dies.
A fan turns.
Pick one foot up.
Put one foot down.

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Empty Spaces
By Christeen Stridsberg

Still in yesterday's makeup
or maybe the day before's
I am reminded of the gypsy's tidings
to pick up the pieces and go home

But for the past few months
Seemingly endless themes
Of desolation and despair plague my diluted pate
Annihilation. Execration.
All by my hand.
Have I caused this?
My flesh is burning

At the disposing end, is myself
dressed in leather and blue jeans
my skin lustrous with gamy sweat
Dripping of rosemary and sage
Cleopatra in disguise

Love prunes us all
To our false hopes of childish idealistic dreams
Well at least what I thought was love
How can I distinguish between?
HE falls in love every time he cums
All over again...and again...again...again
I am clouded by my sick fascination
Can you even see me?

I hate him for this.

Laudation makes patrons of us all
As death makes spirits of us all
The analogy being...

We reap our inviolability

The history of my universe
Is being changed at this very moment
Do you feel proud?
Dirty rat. Dirty little rat.
God's gift to sniff and snuff hinds
You have polluted me
What will I do now that there is nothing left of me?

Mother of exiles...where are you?
Father of mercy...I beg of you

Afterwards it is silent
Vacant to my core
What's left is nothing...merely an empty space
Flesh hanging on dull bones
Useless. Futile.
It is in these spaces
Wherein I find my being
Digging deep within my roots
To find a way...any way...to pick up my pieces
And go home





The Burning Question



- How much wood COULD a woodchuck chuck?
- Toilet Paper ... Over or Under?
- How long can a person go without sleep before they're REALLY in trouble???
- Why is feminine always attached to women?
- Why?
- Why does "English Major" automatically = "Teacher"?

greater
expectations



Women of Standard Mission

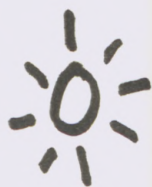
The mission of Women of Standard (WoS) is to provide women of all ages, race, color, and national origin a support group. We offer extended support, which is established in the networking opportunities that our meetings offer. WoS will provide an atmosphere that is free of stress, conflict, and or worry. The women are encouraged to share experiences to overcome the trials that they are faced with. This will also provide insight to someone that may be experiencing a similar life challenge. Through the monthly gatherings/sessions, we will establish long term affects emotionally by building self-esteem, supporting the process of creating short and long-term goals, and empowering women through educational and experiential conversation.



LOOK WHAT
WOMEN
Are Doing

The History of Women of Standard

This inspirational group was founded by Angela Gude while she was attending Kentucky State University in the fall of 1999. Originally this was a one-time community service requirement but after the initial meeting Angela was highly sought out and encouraged to continue inspiring, encouraging, and sharing with women. W.O.S. is still going strong at Kentucky State University. Now, Angela is a Hall Director for Otterbein College and the Assistant Director for the Center for Community Engagement. She has a Bachelor of Arts in Child Development and Family Relations; and a Master's Degree in Public Administration. But her passion for inspirational speaking and helping others are what brings her to you today at Otterbein College.

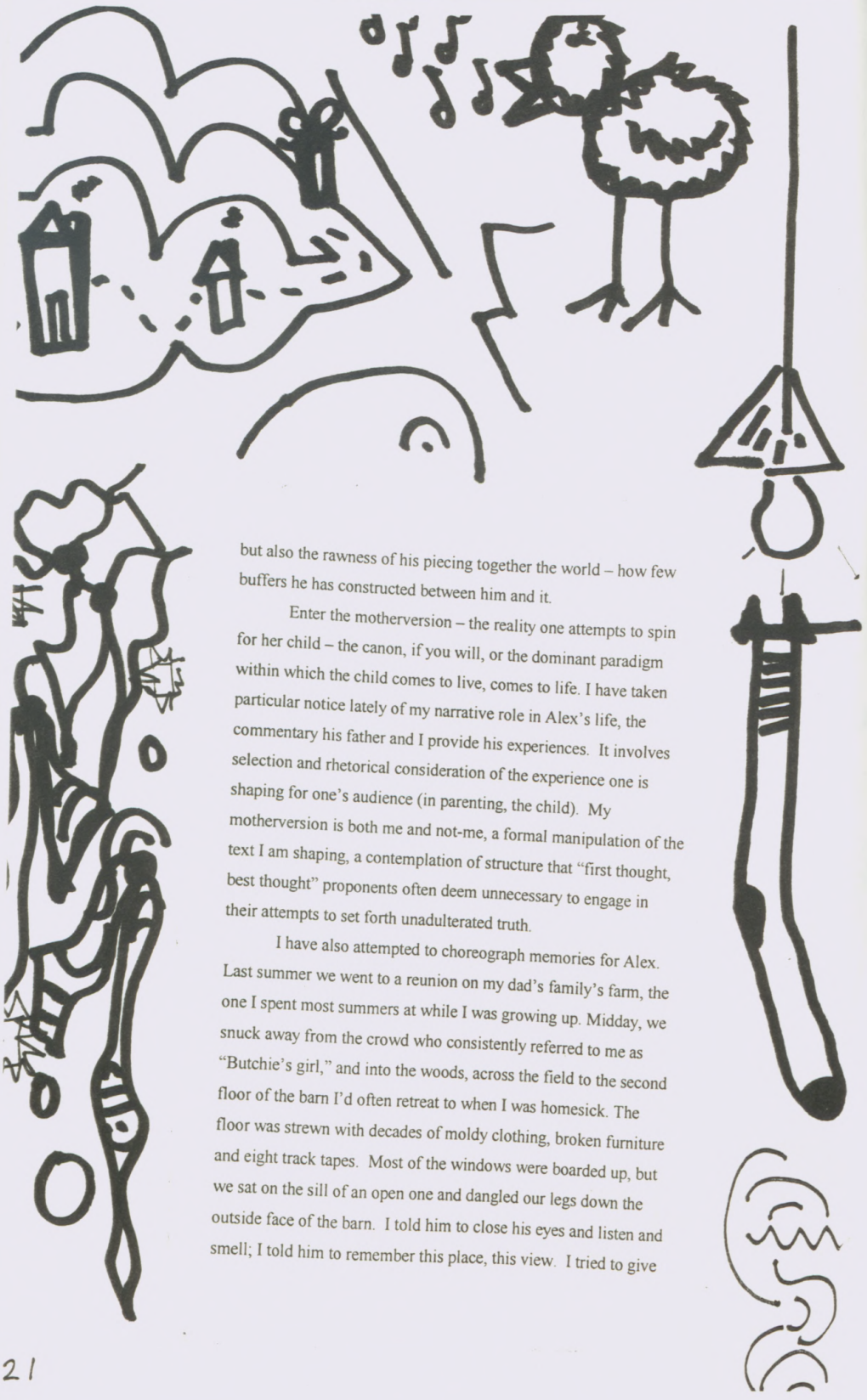


The Motherversion

By Shannon Lakanen

Alex's questions seemed intent on attracting my attention with how much he'd learned about the world in his six years: *Did you know we have lizards in the backyard?* He bounced the ball softly on the braided carpet beneath our dining table. *Did you know I can count to 100?* My grandmother gave us the table, the china cabinet, the remaining pieces of her wedding china when she moved away from her hometown late in her life. *Did you know that sometimes when cars crash they burn with people still inside them?* *Did you know that me and Daddy saw a car like that once? When I was a little kid.*

And it's during these words that my head darted what I thought a half-moment later was a little too quickly. I heard myself snap, "What?" a little too sharply. His eyes looked from the ball to mine and he must have known then that he had my attention; he must have confirmed that the memory of this experience really is important. It was past ten on a Friday night, his father gone for the weekend to build a chimney in another town, the lamp in my son's room and the chandelier above us the only lights on in the entire house. I became aware of all these details at once, in the shift of his gaze to meet mine, and with them came the realization that my fast attention may have alarmed him, may have betrayed the calm, rational façade I attempted to construct a couple of seconds too



but also the rawness of his piecing together the world – how few buffers he has constructed between him and it.

Enter the motherversion – the reality one attempts to spin for her child – the canon, if you will, or the dominant paradigm within which the child comes to live, comes to life. I have taken particular notice lately of my narrative role in Alex’s life, the commentary his father and I provide his experiences. It involves selection and rhetorical consideration of the experience one is shaping for one’s audience (in parenting, the child). My motherversion is both me and not-me, a formal manipulation of the text I am shaping, a contemplation of structure that “first thought, best thought” proponents often deem unnecessary to engage in their attempts to set forth unadulterated truth.

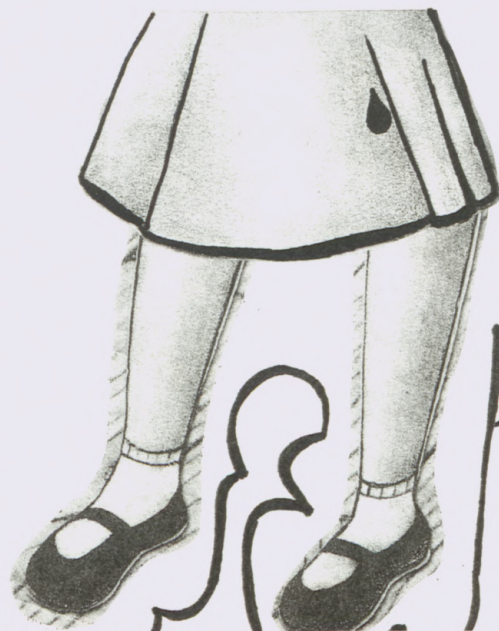
I have also attempted to choreograph memories for Alex. Last summer we went to a reunion on my dad’s family’s farm, the one I spent most summers at while I was growing up. Midday, we snuck away from the crowd who consistently referred to me as “Butchie’s girl,” and into the woods, across the field to the second floor of the barn I’d often retreat to when I was homesick. The floor was strewn with decades of moldy clothing, broken furniture and eight track tapes. Most of the windows were boarded up, but we sat on the sill of an open one and dangled our legs down the outside face of the barn. I told him to close his eyes and listen and smell; I told him to remember this place, this view. I tried to give

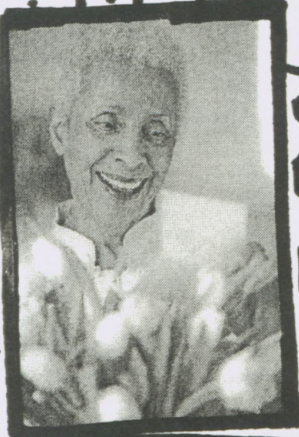
him what I'd found in the window 20 years earlier. I don't think he got it. He jumped down and looked for a basketball to try shooting through the hoop my dad and his brother had installed in the middle of the last century.

And I'm aware that some may see this crafting and shaping of the motherversion as misleading. I don't mean that I try not to share anger or fear or sadness or panic or joy with Alex ... but that it is in fact my job to cushion the blow of it, to be mindful of the ways in which I perform my interactions with the world, how his father and I teach him to negotiate and see it. I often wonder how Alex's own narrative might start when he is my age, where it might wind, how he'll make sense of the life that's happened to him, that he's happening in, and of the versions of his father's and my lives that we have offered. I wonder if what I already ache to know about him will be revealed, if it will all fall into place then, if there will still be an all to fall into place then.

Shaping the motherversion comes down to simultaneously engaging several experiences of the same event and keeping them separate from each other – what one reveals bodily and verbally, the realizations one comes to internally, and whatever space one finds between to reconcile her integrity. We have little control over the raw materials from which we shape the motherversion. The ways in which I may spin the world for him are limited by the ways in which life actually comes at us, and try as I might to inject


my son's life with reflective moments in the second story of a creaking barn, I can't change the fact that the barn is just a barn to him, a storehouse of refuse from lives that predate his. Nor can I ignore the fact that my hyperawareness of waning editorial power adds yet another dynamic to his experience of the world: after all, finding one's way to the comfort of a view from a barn window in the middle of a summer 1,000 miles from one's parents, dog, bedroom and friends has little in common with one's mother asking him to sit down on a sill and take it all in – and, in fact, one's mother imposing such a request may leave him with a memory that is antithetical to the one she'd hoped for.





THIS
Is What a
FEMINIST
Looks Like!

www.feminist-tshirts.com



The Potbelly Poem
By Ruth Garrett

The perfect man loves me in spite of my potbelly.
He sees the strong and dedicated mother.
He sees the tender and loving friend.
He sees the flirtatious and funny partner.
He sees me.

The perfect man loves me and my potbelly.
He knows the heritage of experience lingers in every flaw.
He knows the path of my life is etched into every line on my face.
He knows that who I am is a product of who I have been.
He knows me.

The perfect man loves me because of my potbelly.
He loves the soft pillow for his head when we linger in bed to read.
He loves the curves and valleys covered in soft skin.
He loves the woman who savors a bite of chocolate.
He loves me.

My Irish background makes it easy for me to have strong feminist leanings. Ours is a matriarchal culture. Our women can be poet-warriors as well as our men. Queen Maeve was one of these. - Mac McGowan

Queen Maeve - by Mac McGowan

To her ravens gathered upon her balcony she said

"If the King of Ulster will not sell me his red bull

I will take it from him."

She bid them forth to the far corners of Connaught

to summon warriors the equal of Red Knights,

the equal even of Cuchulain.

Her green eyes flamed.

The sea roared.

Waves crashed on gray stones as large as battlements

beneath the shadows of the Cliffs of Mohr.

Her bronze hair writhed like sea snakes

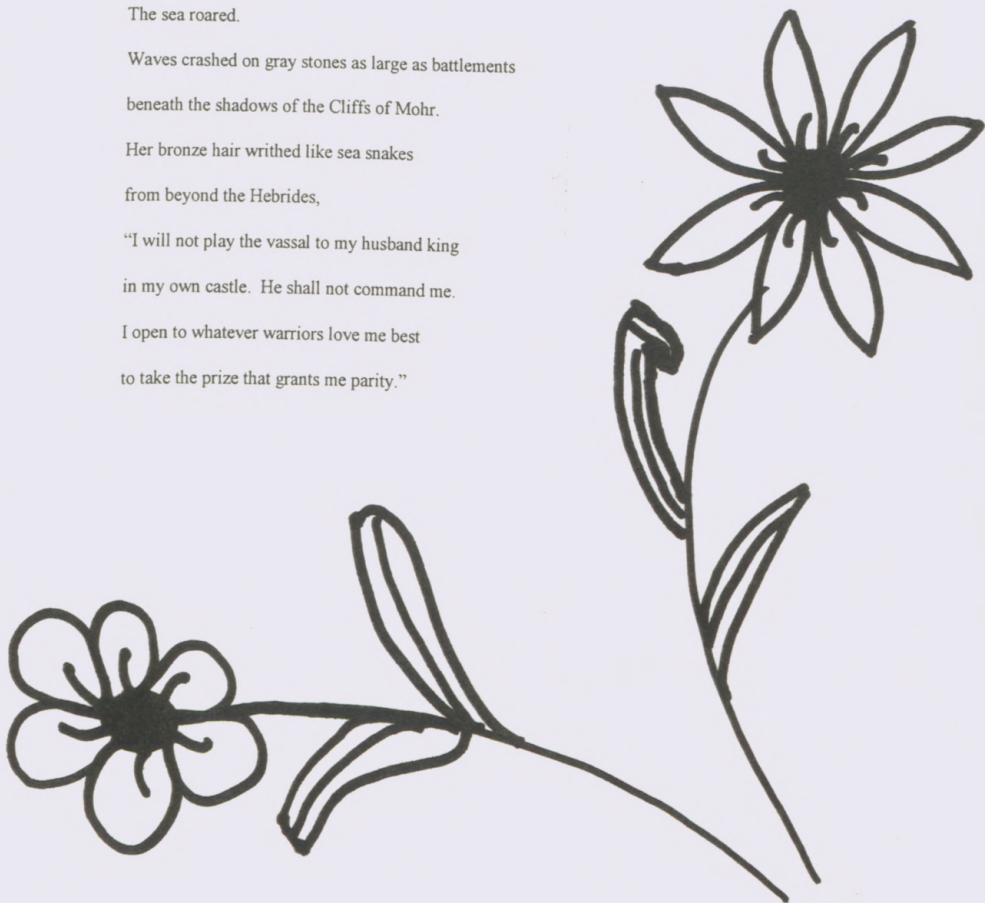
from beyond the Hebrides,

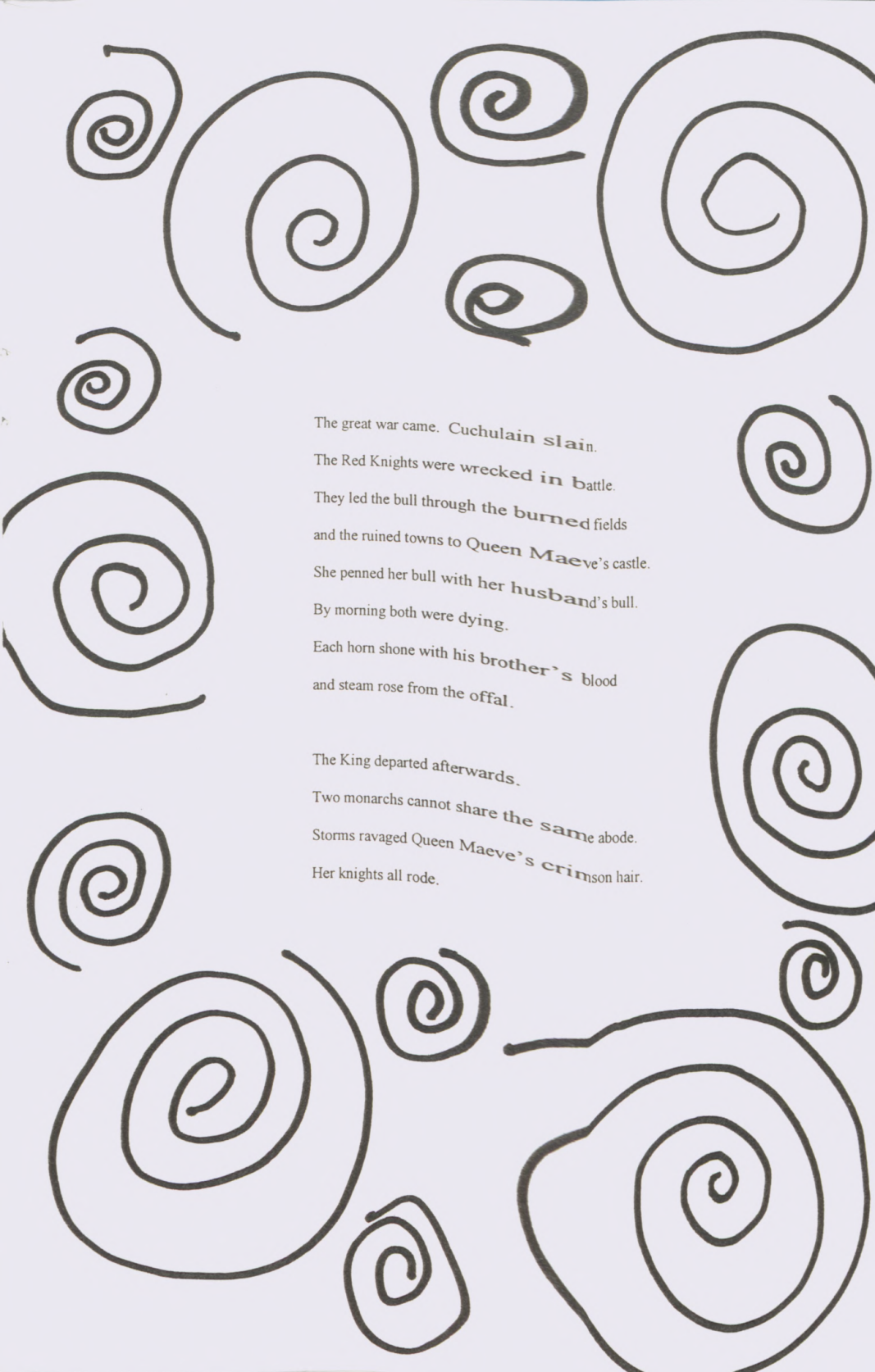
"I will not play the vassal to my husband king

in my own castle. He shall not command me.

I open to whatever warriors love me best

to take the prize that grants me parity."



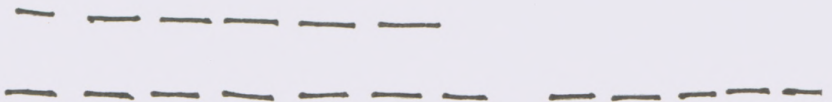


The great war came. Cuchulain slain.
The Red Knights were wrecked in battle.
They led the bull through the burned fields
and the ruined towns to Queen Maeve's castle.
She penned her bull with her husband's bull.
By morning both were dying.
Each horn shone with his brother's blood
and steam rose from the offal.

The King departed afterwards.
Two monarchs cannot share the same abode.
Storms ravaged Queen Maeve's crimson hair.
Her knights all rode.

LET US PLAY!

What did you learn?



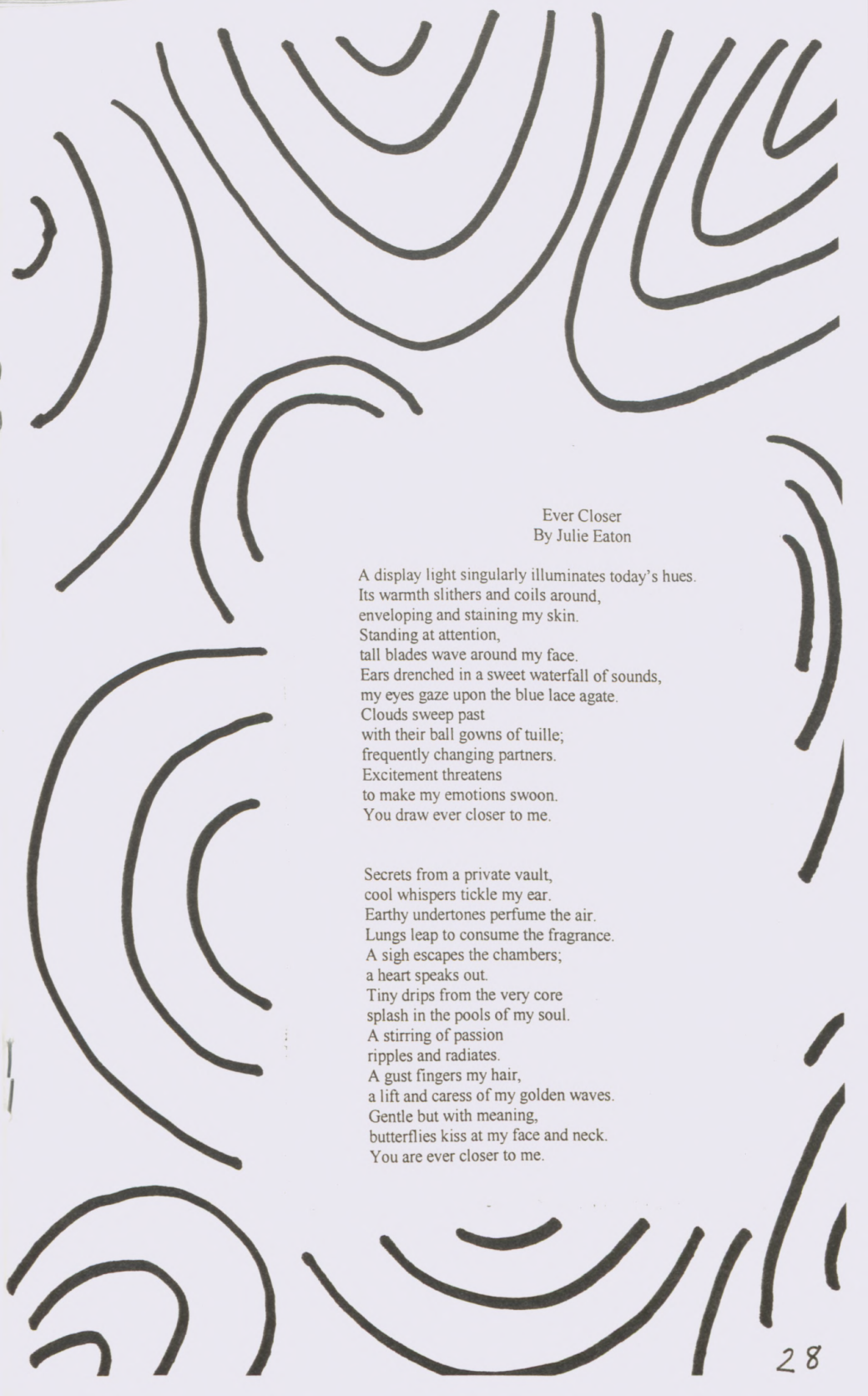
E	G	F	Y	P	T	R	L
A	C	R	V	Z	B	L	U
S	T	E	C	O	A	K	D
Y	S	E	T	H	W	G	G
D	O	Z	D	O	M	S	R
A	W	O	F	K	A	T	E
Y	O	N	J	I	G	G	E
W	J	E	D	A	N	I	N



WORD SEARCH:

- What is the name of this 'Zine'?
- Who is giving a lecture on "Unveiling and Veiling Women?"
- What kind of cake does Grandma Blair make?
- What is the abbreviation for Women's Studies?
- An Ostrich _____ takes 4 hours to boil.
- It's Easy Being _____.
- What is Otterbein's GLBT group called?

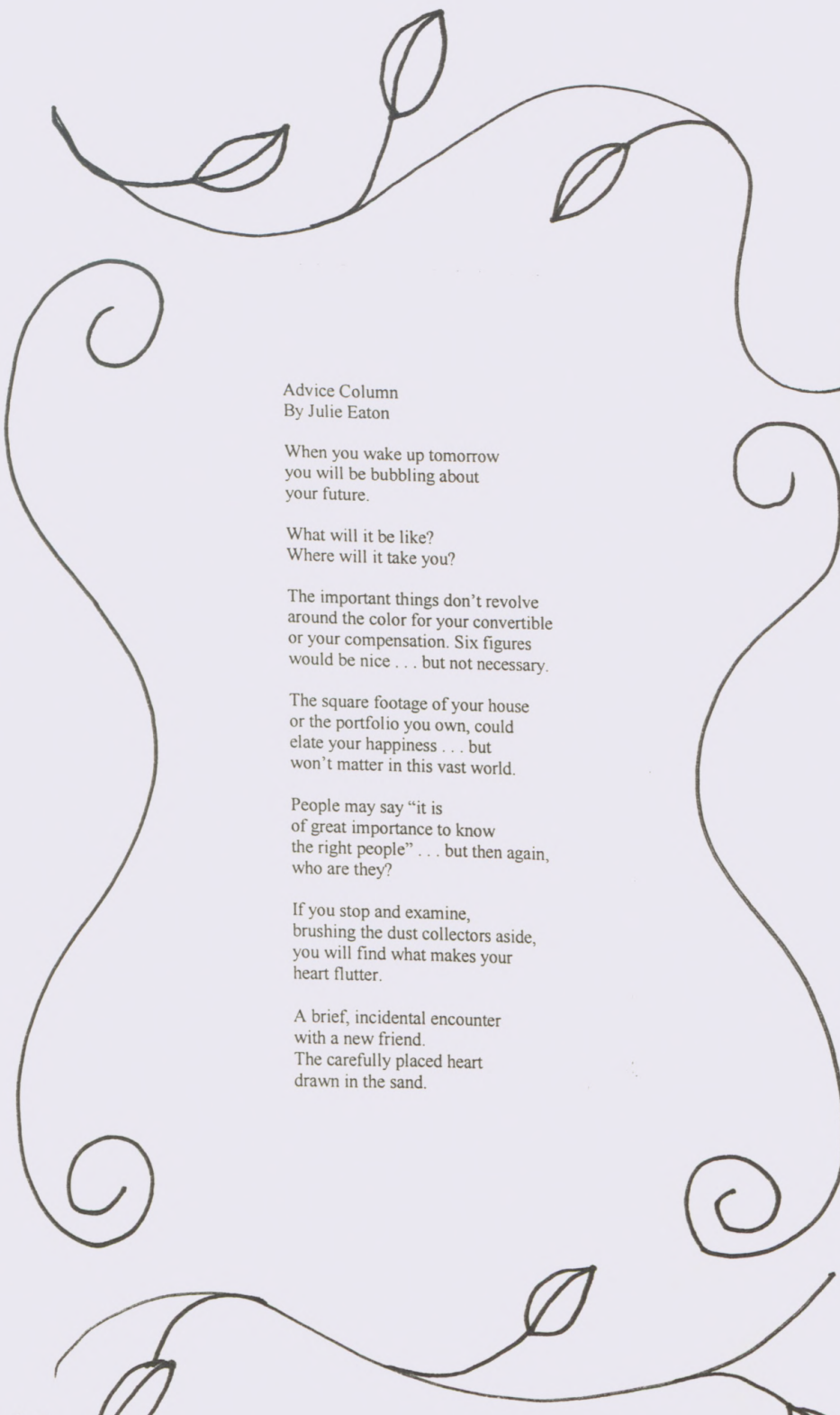
(next issue they questions become harder!)



Ever Closer
By Julie Eaton

A display light singularly illuminates today's hues.
Its warmth slithers and coils around,
enveloping and staining my skin.
Standing at attention,
tall blades wave around my face.
Ears drenched in a sweet waterfall of sounds,
my eyes gaze upon the blue lace agate.
Clouds sweep past
with their ball gowns of tulle;
frequently changing partners.
Excitement threatens
to make my emotions swoon.
You draw ever closer to me.

Secrets from a private vault,
cool whispers tickle my ear.
Earthy undertones perfume the air.
Lungs leap to consume the fragrance.
A sigh escapes the chambers;
a heart speaks out.
Tiny drips from the very core
splash in the pools of my soul.
A stirring of passion
ripples and radiates.
A gust fingers my hair,
a lift and caress of my golden waves.
Gentle but with meaning,
butterflies kiss at my face and neck.
You are ever closer to me.



Advice Column
By Julie Eaton

When you wake up tomorrow
you will be bubbling about
your future.

What will it be like?
Where will it take you?

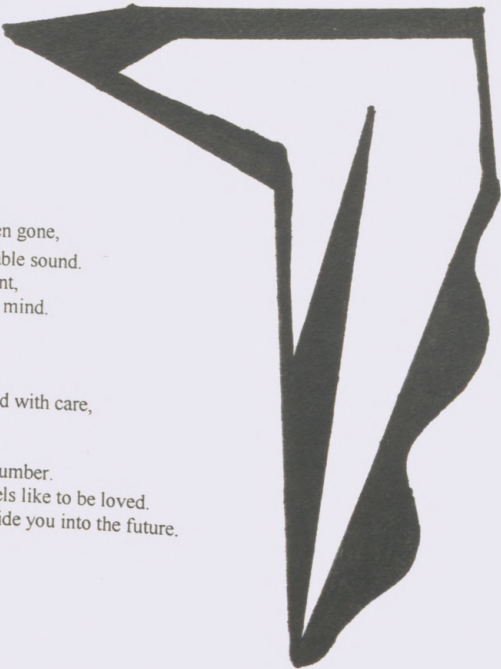
The important things don't revolve
around the color for your convertible
or your compensation. Six figures
would be nice . . . but not necessary.

The square footage of your house
or the portfolio you own, could
elate your happiness . . . but
won't matter in this vast world.

People may say "it is
of great importance to know
the right people" . . . but then again,
who are they?

If you stop and examine,
brushing the dust collectors aside,
you will find what makes your
heart flutter.

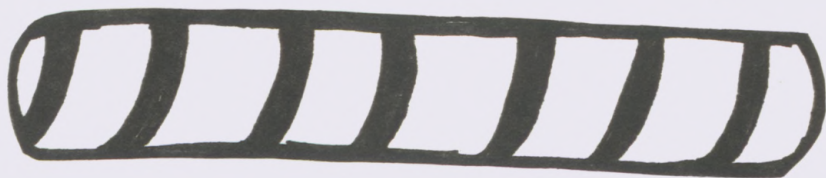
A brief, incidental encounter
with a new friend.
The carefully placed heart
drawn in the sand.



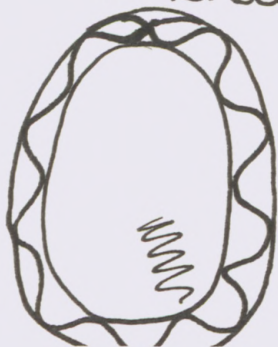
Words whispered then gone,
leaving an unforgettable sound.
The song, when absent,
reverberating in your mind.

It is the small things,
which keep us alive.
Tiny gestures wrapped with care,
presented with love.

So wake from your slumber.
Remember what it feels like to be loved.
Then let your love guide you into the future.



My body is a work of art,
a masterpiece of age,
and the instrument through which
I show my true self.



Abby Guard



OR BOTH

NEITHER

Neither

YOUR Choices Are:

- Endless
- YOURS



Queen Cobra
By Amber Robertson

There is a wicked woman
Who aims to own my crown.
A snake of a lady,
She crawls on her belly
And seeks to strike me dead.

She sends the young squire
To fulfill her deathly wish.
Hooded in the cover of night
And brandishing a dagger,
He means to take my life,

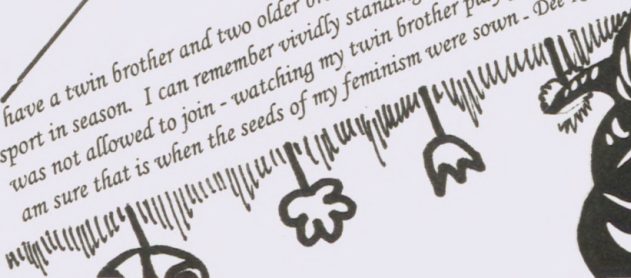
But the deed; it has been done.

Already the serpent has poisoned
My body
From the inside to the out.
With a flick of her forked tongue
Death courses through my veins.

First my breasts and then my lungs,
Stomach, liver, throat and brain.
Last it consumes my woman.
My body is blackened by plague.

So instead, I beg the squire
To cut me into
Heart-shaped pieces
And to bury me at her window,
So with each rise of the morning sun
She will see me reign once more.

I have a twin brother and two older brothers and we grew up playing every sport in season. I can remember vividly standing on the sideline- because I was not allowed to join - watching my twin brother play peeewe football. I am sure that is when the seeds of my feminism were sown - Dee Knoblauch



As a woman, I have no country. As a woman, I want no country. As a woman, my country is the world. -Virginia Woolf

History Check
By Jennifer Knox

An Ohioan-born heroine, Victoria Woodhull was the first woman to ever be elected by the Equal Rights Party to run for President of the United States in 1872. Armed with this newfound information, I began to bring Woodhull up in discussions that veered toward history or politics. I was met with many stares, nods, and lip biting before the inevitable change of subject.

I have a co-worker who could put Ken Jennings's Jeopardy record to shame. A few years ago, I began referring to her as "Mama Genius" because of her extensive knowledge of politics and history. When someone asks two completely un-relatable questions such as "who was the only third party president to get 27 percent of the vote?" and, "where did Al Capone die?" Mama Genius smiles and then explains, at length, that, "Teddy Roosevelt accomplished this first great feat, running as a Progressive after losing out on the Republican nomination, which he accomplished

look

inswe

for

rs

all

over.

observe

Keep on...

only to then lose to Woodrow Wilson!" She then stares at her fingernails for a second before saying, "Oh, and Al? He died in a retirement home in Florida." She leaves her audience fact-checking and awe-struck. No one wants to play Trivial Pursuit with her (unless it's say, the Disney Movie Version). However, her education in Linguistics and extensive knowledge of American and International history and culture is worthy of ovation.

Mama also prides herself on the amount of women's history she knows and educates with glee whenever anyone shows an interest in this particular subject. She could probably tell you the day Virginia Woolf was born, what the weather was like outside, and what color her mother's hospital gown was. So, after happening upon Victoria Woodhull I was poised and ready to absorb the onslaught of information Mama Genius had to offer me. I was met with a shrug. "I think she was a stockbroker."

I was met with disappointment once again. However, she proved to know much more with that one sentence than most I asked. I searched my archive of history books only to find one

hold tight



So, we can save the world. it really could use a hug ♥

↑
Africa,
OR a
bull
MISSIN'
& HORN!

paragraph devoted to her in my old American history book from high school. It was a paragraph that we did not visit in class, and a paragraph that is skipped altogether in most historical books. The book described her as a controversial feminist of the late 1800s. She born in Ohio to a poor family and later went on to become the very first female stockbroker. The paragraph stated that she was an extremist which had led her to become quite famous in her day.

What the book failed to mention was that Victoria Woodhull was the first woman to ever run for president in 1872; a time in history when many American women lacked the right to vote. She was a woman unafraid to step up and do all that men could, and more. Not only was Woodhull the first woman to run for the presidency, she also founded a newspaper which was the very first to print the *Communist Manifesto* in English in her paper *Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly*. Along with her sister, Woodhull had co-founded *Woodhull, Claflin & Company* stock brokerage, and became the very first to infiltrate the male-only world of Wall Street.

LAUGHING IS LAUGHING.



how about celebrating ~~WINN~~

2.
don't
you have
a question ?

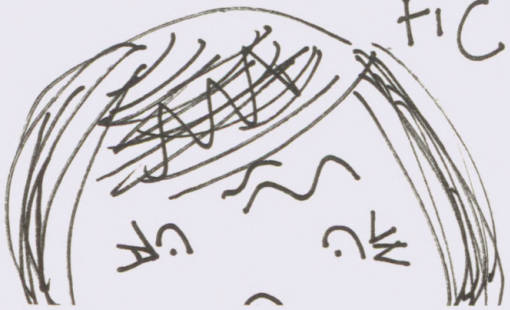
WELL

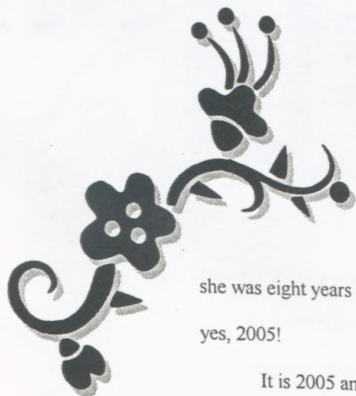
Her efforts proved that it was possible for a woman to stand up for her own beliefs and break down barriers that seem impenetrable. Woodhull advocated many progressive issues of the time such as eight hour work days, Welfare programs, and equal rights. Although Woodhull lived over a hundred years ago, she was met with much of the same personal ridicule that women are subject to today. Attacks came from all sides (including feminists of the era) that attacked Woodhull's personal life because she was known to believe in "free love," which equated to the right to divorce and marry freely. The controversial Woodhull exercised this very right by divorcing twice. This did not bode well for her political career, but she expressively believed that her political beliefs were important to the growth of the nation.

Painted to the public as a rebellious and unfeminine woman, her words were regularly twisted. She was believed to be quite insane as a result of an article that said she, "believed she was possessed by spirits." What those reporting this failed to mention, was that this "belief" of hers came from something she said when

ask,
it's
cool
right

does your
BRAIN
tick





she was eight years old. All this reminded me of something... Oh yes, 2005!

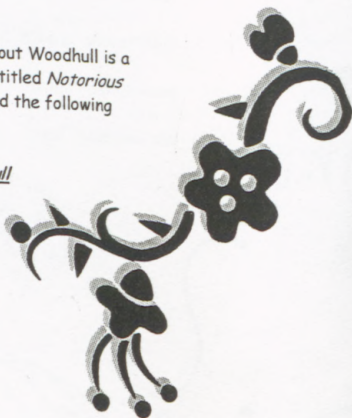
It is 2005 and women are still approaching politics with gusto and being weighed down in the muck which consists of details that no one could live up to. Including flawless personal attributes and hairstyles, she would have to be opinionated but not a push-over, and where in all these facets of her life does her political beliefs fall? Maybe we have not come as far as we would like to think since the 1800s.

When Ohioan Victoria Woodhull was elected she went on record as saying she had little to no expectation of actually being elected, but she ran with the hopes of sending a message to American government: it is time for change. Did I mention that this was 133 years ago? Let's resurrect her memory and begin to recapture her vision for true equality.

****A few good references to find out more about Woodhull is a biography written by Mary Gabriel in 1998 entitled *Notorious Victoria* published by Workman Publishing. And the following websites:**

www.victoria-woodhull.com

www.who2.com/victoriaclafinwoodhull





OVERFLOW – by Sarah Jacobson

Sexuality fluid, flooding, overflowing

No lack of emotion here- stirring, rippling

Is it promiscuity, or merely a show of confidence?

If she were a man,

The world may see things differently!

But, the mirrors catch all,

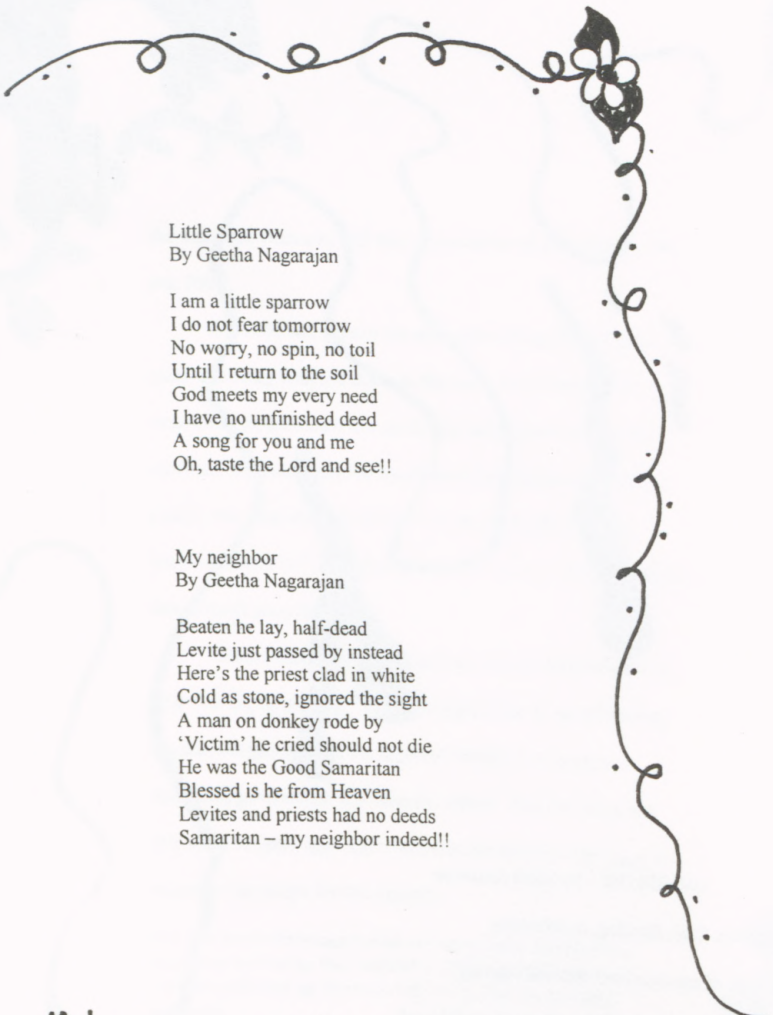
In the corner, above the bed- shadows in candlelit darkness

Melting, mingling into each other- separate, then one

She sleeps with company- She wakes alone

Vulnerability sets in, but her independence takes over

She is a goddess now!



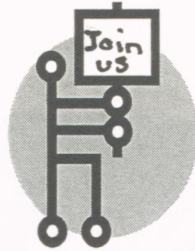
Little Sparrow
By Geetha Nagarajan

I am a little sparrow
I do not fear tomorrow
No worry, no spin, no toil
Until I return to the soil
God meets my every need
I have no unfinished deed
A song for you and me
Oh, taste the Lord and see!!

My neighbor
By Geetha Nagarajan

Beaten he lay, half-dead
Levite just passed by instead
Here's the priest clad in white
Cold as stone, ignored the sight
A man on donkey rode by
'Victim' he cried should not die
He was the Good Samaritan
Blessed is he from Heaven
Levites and priests had no deeds
Samaritan - my neighbor indeed!!

"I am neither a man nor a
woman
but an author"
-Charlotte Bronte



VOX:

"Voices for planned parenthood"
~Pro choice
~Pro reproductive health
~Pro sexual education
MEETINGS every Wednesday 4:00 Towers 112

FreeZone:

FreeZone is Otterbein's one and only queer-ally alliance. FreeZone provides a secure and positive environment for queer students and allies to meet, socialize, and to discuss both campus and society issues.

FreeZone seeks to increase awareness of and compassion for issues that concern bisexual, gay, lesbian, transgender, intersexed, transsexual, and queer students at Otterbein and in the community as a whole. Meetings on Mondays, 8pm in Roush 210

Contact: Sashworth@otterbein.edu - Faculty advisor
Robert.Burdett@otterbein.edu - Co-President
www.theocfreezone@yahoo.com

H.O.P.E: Horde Of Progressive Extremists:

We are dedicated to educating the college community about progressive political issues.

- *To nurture freethinking
- *To make information easier to find
- *To activate our community
- *To unite despite our differences
- *To fight for what we believe in
- *To better the world we live in
- *We are here to give others and ourselves HOPE. Join us!

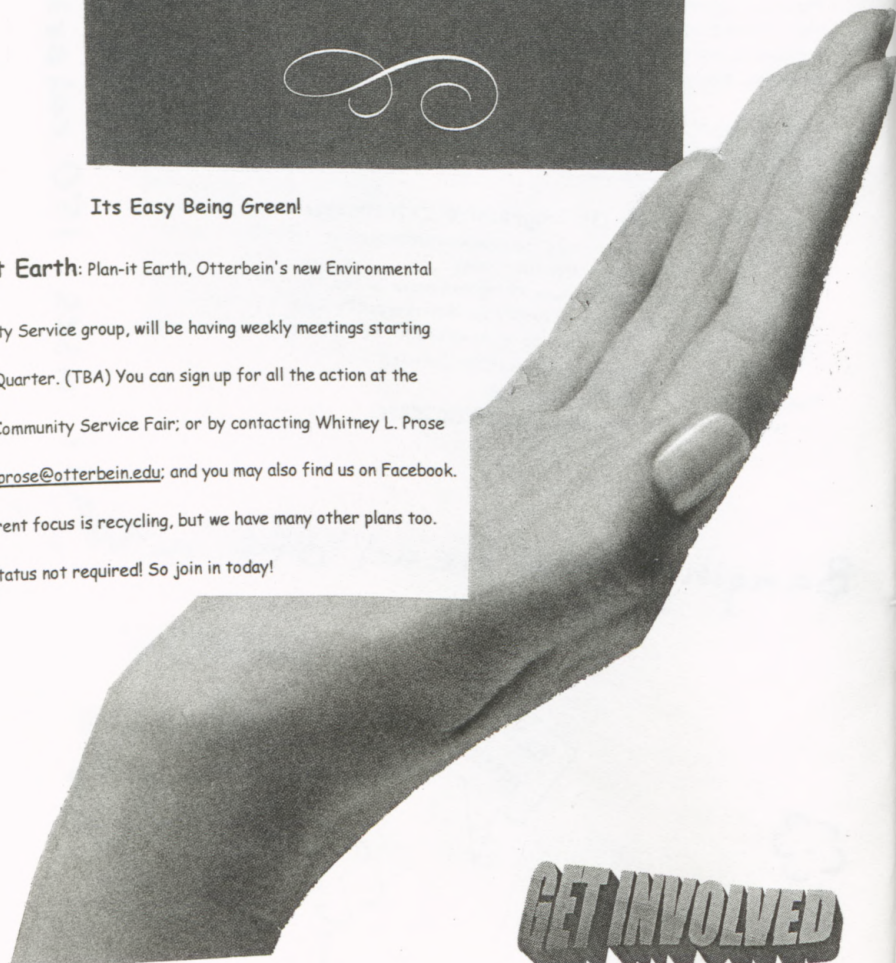
Tuesday January 10th at 4:00 in Towers 114
For more information email Lindsay.Newton@otterbein.edu

Wall uses 150 calories an hour.

GET INVOLVED ↓

Banging your head off a wall





We invite
you to
indulge



Its Easy Being Green!

Plan-it Earth: Plan-it Earth, Otterbein's new Environmental Community Service group, will be having weekly meetings starting Winter Quarter. (TBA) You can sign up for all the action at the Winter Community Service Fair; or by contacting Whitney L. Prose 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!

GET INVOLVED

GREEN
 AQUA
 VERDANT
 VERDE
 TURQUOISE
 HUNTER
 LIME
 FOREST
 SPRING
 OLIVE
 LEAF
 MALACHITE
 EMERALD
 SEA
 GRASS
 APPLE
 TRUE

Favorite Things For Green and Feminist Living

Food! :

* 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

*Trader Joes: Sawmill Rd, Dublin www.traderjoes.com

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

Clothes! :

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

*Otterbein Women's Club Thrift Store

*EcoMall: www.ecomall.com Everything from clothing to travel Eco-style!

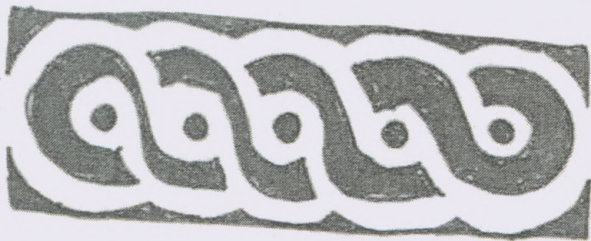
Information! :

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

Feminist.com: www.feminist.com

Healthy Living: www.drweil.com Tips for organic living, aging.
 One of my favs!

GREEN
 AQUA
 VERDANT
 VERDE
 TURQUOISE
 HUNTER
 LIME
 FOREST
 SPRING
 OLIVE
 LEAF
 MALACHITE
 EMERALD
 SEA
 GRASS
 APPLE
 TRUE



FIRST ↓

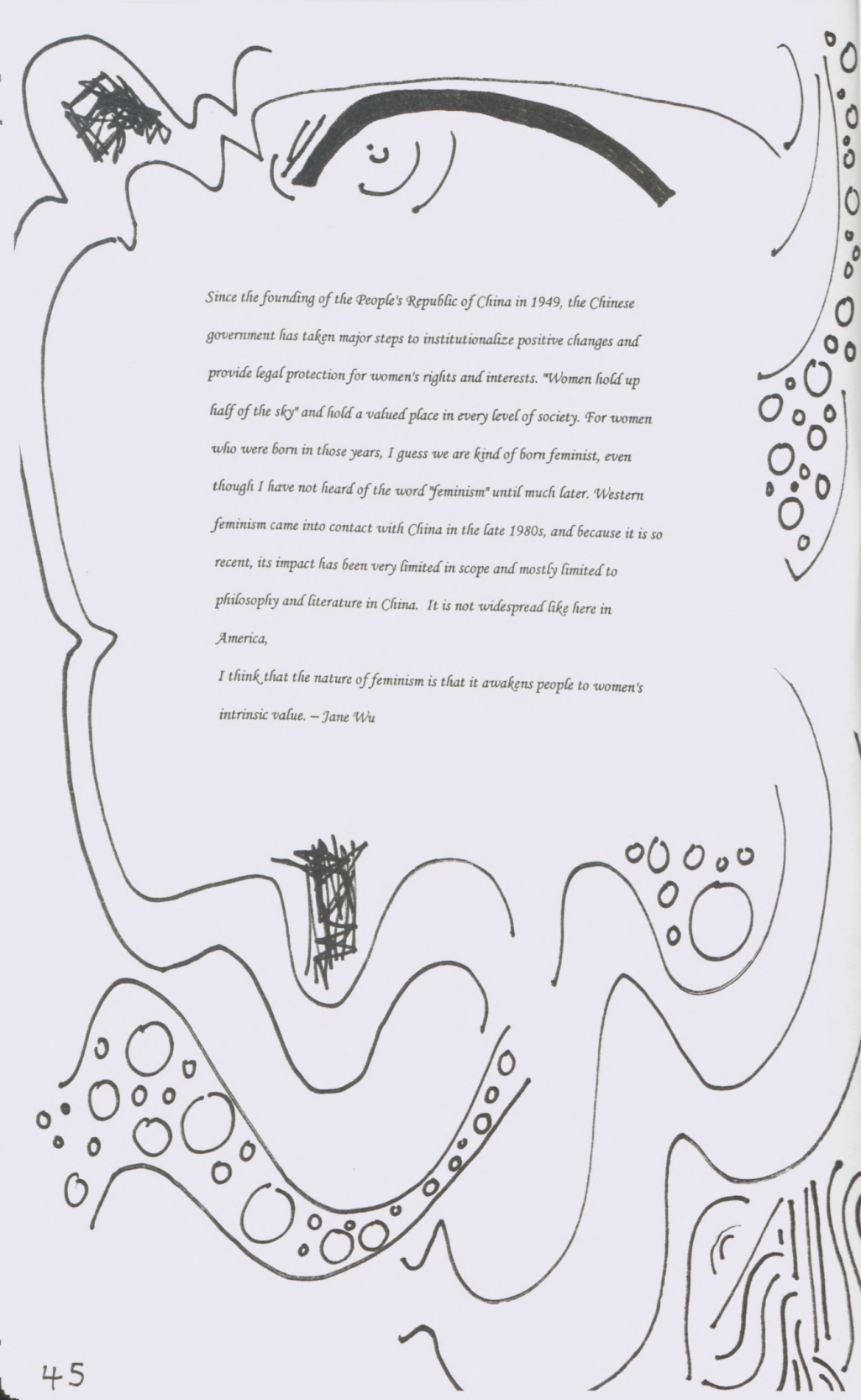
Newspaper Editor	Ann Franklin	1762
Awarded a medical degree	Elizabeth Blackwell	1849
Dentist	ER Jones	1855
College President	Frances E. Willard	1871
P.H. D awarded to a women	Helen Magill	1877
Member of US house of Reps.	Jeanette Rankin	1916
Nobel Peace Prize Recipient	Jane Adams	1931
Treasurer of US	Georgia N. Clark	1949
Jockey in Kentucky Derby	Diane Crump	1970
Member of Harlem Globetrotters	Lynette Woodard	1985

FEMALE

*A CAN OF SPAM IS
OPENED EVERY 4

For me, feminism has always been synonymous with "empowerment" (in the best sense of that word): with consciousness raising and revolution, resistance and subversion, choice and liberation. I am inspired by feminism's capacity to break silences, by its fearless commitment to social justice, and by its hopes and dreams for all of us. Feminism - its philosophies and its icons - has enabled me to speak with the courage of my convictions, to challenge received truths and assumptions, to take risks and live a more examined life.

- Suzanne
Ashworth



Since the founding of the People's Republic of China in 1949, the Chinese government has taken major steps to institutionalize positive changes and provide legal protection for women's rights and interests. "Women hold up half of the sky" and hold a valued place in every level of society. For women who were born in those years, I guess we are kind of born feminist, even though I have not heard of the word "feminism" until much later. Western feminism came into contact with China in the late 1980s, and because it is so recent, its impact has been very limited in scope and mostly limited to philosophy and literature in China. It is not widespread like here in America,

I think that the nature of feminism is that it awakens people to women's intrinsic value. — Jane Wu

women's studies

at Otterbein College

come wondering. leave inspired.

what is women's studies?



www.otterbein.edu/programs/womens_studies



Dr. Sarah Farmer 14

823-1435



who does women's studies?

Anyone

why women's studies?


Challenges — encourages questions

Mary Somerville, Queen of Science of the 19th century

KNOCK KNOCK



**Barrels
of Fun**



Westerville Otterbein Women's Club:
Part I: Discovery
By Jennifer Roberts

Thrifting has gotten new legs recently with teenagers and starving college students alike running to second-hand stores to reclaim old treasures. It was because of my daughter's latest shopping philosophy ("Anything old is cool,") that I finally entered the doors of the Westerville Otterbein Women's Club Thrift Store.

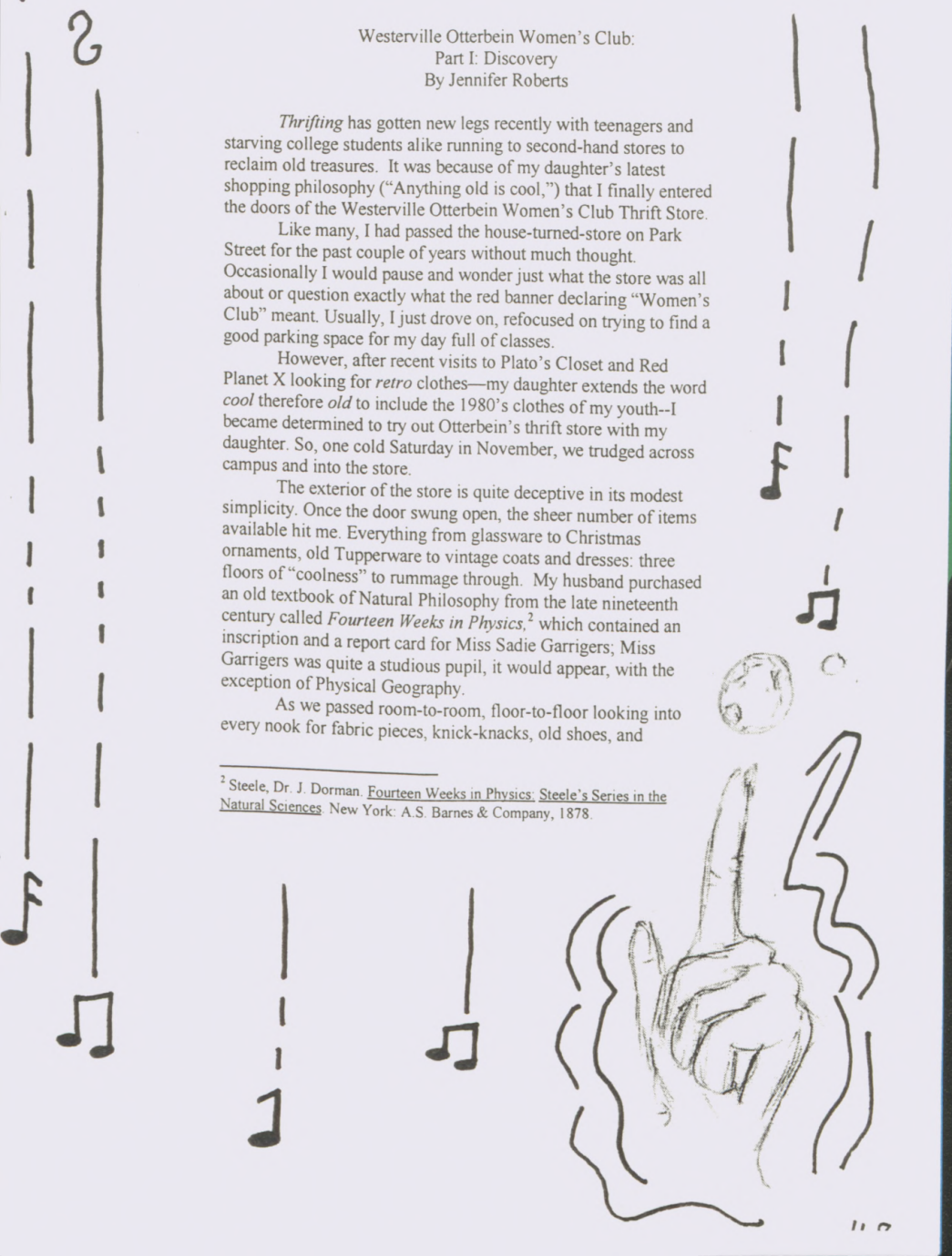
Like many, I had passed the house-turned-store on Park Street for the past couple of years without much thought. Occasionally I would pause and wonder just what the store was all about or question exactly what the red banner declaring "Women's Club" meant. Usually, I just drove on, refocused on trying to find a good parking space for my day full of classes.

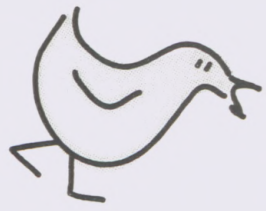
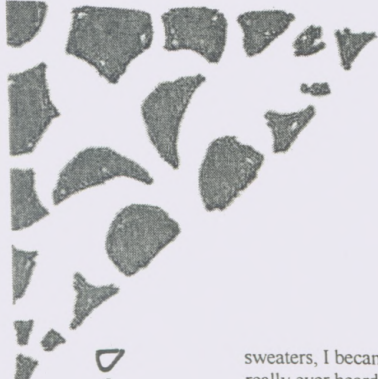
However, after recent visits to Plato's Closet and Red Planet X looking for *retro* clothes—my daughter extends the word *cool* therefore *old* to include the 1980's clothes of my youth—I became determined to try out Otterbein's thrift store with my daughter. So, one cold Saturday in November, we trudged across campus and into the store.

The exterior of the store is quite deceptive in its modest simplicity. Once the door swung open, the sheer number of items available hit me. Everything from glassware to Christmas ornaments, old Tupperware to vintage coats and dresses: three floors of "coolness" to rummage through. My husband purchased an old textbook of Natural Philosophy from the late nineteenth century called *Fourteen Weeks in Physics*,² which contained an inscription and a report card for Miss Sadie Garrigers; Miss Garrigers was quite a studious pupil, it would appear, with the exception of Physical Geography.

As we passed room-to-room, floor-to-floor looking into every nook for fabric pieces, knick-knacks, old shoes, and

² Steele, Dr. J. Dorman *Fourteen Weeks in Physics: Steele's Series in the Natural Sciences*. New York: A.S. Barnes & Company, 1878.





Did you know?
chickens can't swallow when they are upside down?

Did you know:
there are more exotic fleamasters in the U.S.

sweaters, I became more intrigued and curious as to why I had not really ever heard about the thrift shop, its presence always lurking, but somehow remaining in the shadows. I inquired at the front desk about what exactly was all of *this*, my arm marking a wide arc to encompass the entire store. I quickly learned a brief history of the Westerville Otterbein Women's Club.

Each eager volunteer wanted to tell me about the organization, and it was obvious the pride that they took in the club's accomplishments. I whipped out pen and paper and jotted down a few names of women to contact at a better time, bundled up my purchases—two full bags for under \$30—and waved goodbye. A week later, I called Jane Yantis, an honorary graduate of Otterbein and Co-Chair of the Thrift Shop, and found myself back among the bags of sweaters, hats and jewelry.

As I sat down, Jane filled me in on the history. The Thrift Shop opened its doors in 1950 as a means of fundraising, and up until 1980 had only been open one day a week. Currently the doors are open Wednesday's and Saturdays. The funds raised by the Thrift Shop and previous Westerville Otterbein Women's Club fundraisers go toward seven endowed Otterbein scholarships. In addition to these scholarships, the club has given money to every major construction on Otterbein's campus from the renovation of Towers Hall to the recent Cowan Auditorium renovation and new football stadium. I was truly amazed at the depth of giving the WOWC had done over the years. I was told of past fundraisers that are now defunct (such as Teas) and of how they rely on volunteers and members to work the shop. They are also reliant on student volunteers. Most interesting and heartwarming was when Jane told me that not all members are actual graduates but are women (and a few men) who value education and value Otterbein College.

There is incredible history behind the Westerville Otterbein Women's Club, and in the next issue we will go back in time to learn just how these women of the community have influenced the education of many, many students. As of now, the Thrift Shop is the only means of funding the scholarships. You can help out. They need reliable student volunteers who are able to work a

Did you know:
women blink twice
as much as
men?
than real ones?



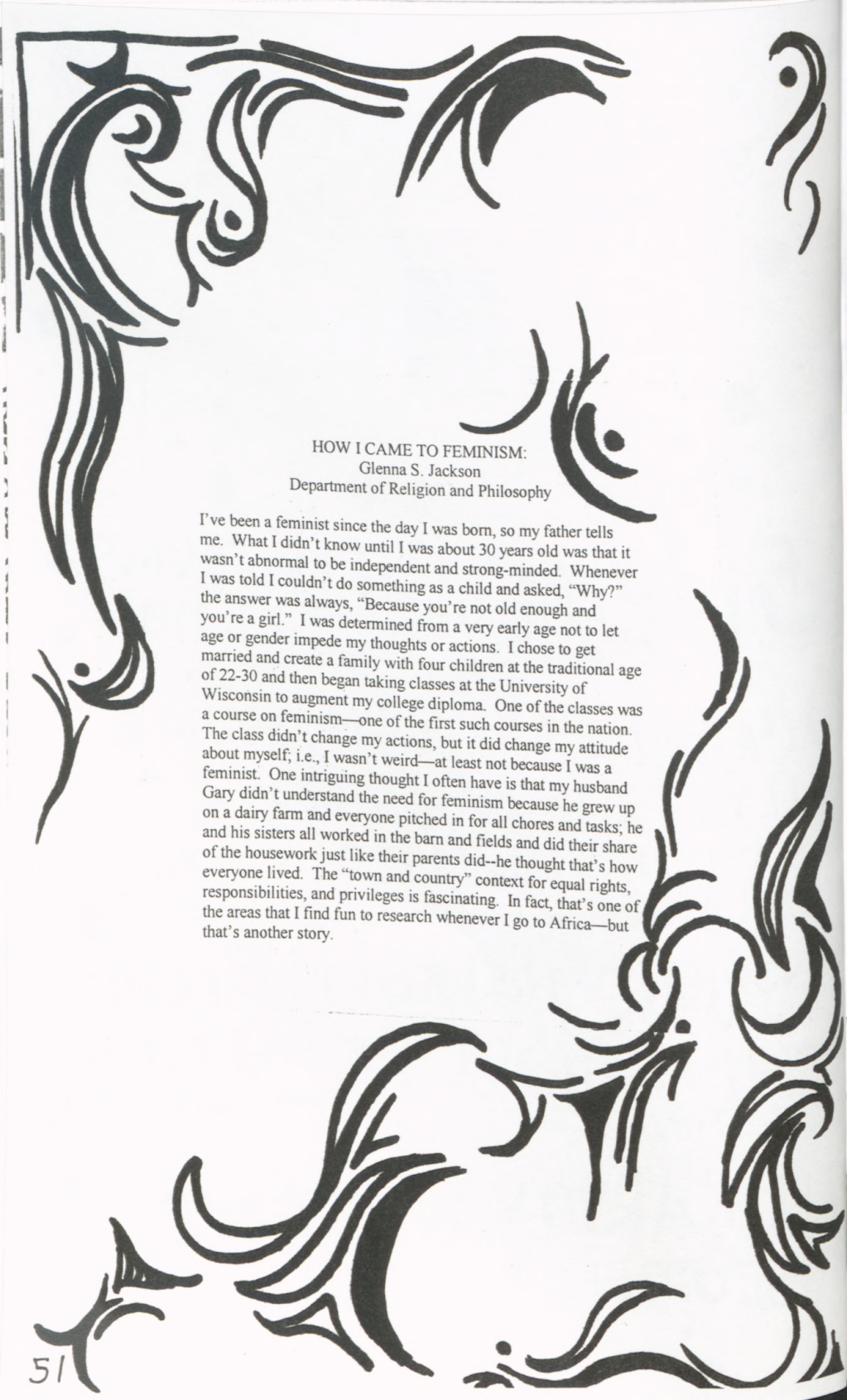
consistent schedule, and memberships are always welcomed. You can also help out by shopping or, as my daughter would say, "Let's go thrifting!"

Coming next issue:
Westerville Otterbein Women's Club:
Part II: A History



5 Women's MUSEUMS TO KNOW

- (1) NATIONAL COWGIRL MUSEUM & HALL OF FAME: FORT-WORTH, TX
- (2) NATIONAL MUSEUM OF WOMEN IN THE ARTS: WASHINGTON, DC
- (3) WOMEN OF THE WEST MUSEUM: DENVER, CO
- (4) INTERNATIONAL WOMEN'S AIR & SPACE MUSEUM: DAYTON, OH
- (5) U.S. ARMY WOMEN'S MUSEUM: FORT LEE, VA



HOW I CAME TO FEMINISM:
Glenna S. Jackson
Department of Religion and Philosophy

I've been a feminist since the day I was born, so my father tells me. What I didn't know until I was about 30 years old was that it wasn't abnormal to be independent and strong-minded. Whenever I was told I couldn't do something as a child and asked, "Why?" the answer was always, "Because you're not old enough and you're a girl." I was determined from a very early age not to let age or gender impede my thoughts or actions. I chose to get married and create a family with four children at the traditional age of 22-30 and then began taking classes at the University of Wisconsin to augment my college diploma. One of the classes was a course on feminism—one of the first such courses in the nation. The class didn't change my actions, but it did change my attitude about myself; i.e., I wasn't weird—at least not because I was a feminist. One intriguing thought I often have is that my husband Gary didn't understand the need for feminism because he grew up on a dairy farm and everyone pitched in for all chores and tasks; he and his sisters all worked in the barn and fields and did their share of the housework just like their parents did—he thought that's how everyone lived. The "town and country" context for equal rights, responsibilities, and privileges is fascinating. In fact, that's one of the areas that I find fun to research whenever I go to Africa—but that's another story.



Calendar of Events

Performances in the Columbus Community:

Women At Play Presents: GERTRUDE STEIN GERTRUDE STEIN GERTRUDE STEIN, by Marty Martin:
A one-person staged reading, performed by Katherine Burkman - Stein and her significant other, Alice Toklas, are being evicted from their famous studio at 27 rue de Fleurus, where they entertained the major modern artists and writers of the 1920s and 30s. Gertrude brings them all alive as she recalls their visits and faces her eviction.
February 12, 2006, 7:30pm at The Leo Yassenoff Jewish Community Center of Greater Columbus, 1125 College Avenue
** For information about auditions, workshops, subscriptions and tickets: (614) 457-6580



Performances at Otterbein:

Nina Berman: Unveiling and Veiling Women: Orientalism in the Visual Arts Past and Present
Thursday, March 2, 2006. 7pm Towers 112. Professor Berman's lecture explores the longer history of Western visual representations of Middle Eastern women. By comparing contemporary images of Muslim women to representations from the eighteenth to twentieth centuries, Professor Berman raises questions about the relationship between politics and culture.

Black Studies Poetry Slam: Friday, Feb. 24, 2006. 7pm

Dr. Norman Chaney Lecture: Louis Bromfield's *Philosophy of Life* at Malabar. Thursday, Feb. 23. 4pm Philomathean Rom

English Department Poetry Reading Tuesday, February 14, 2006 7:00p-9:00p Philomathean Room (Towers 318) Dance Concert 2005: Street Fest March 2-5, 2006 8pm

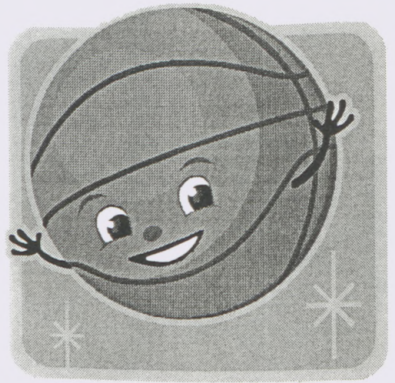
WE GIVE GOOD GIFT.



OTTERBEIN WOMEN'S SPORTS

BASKETBALL SCHEDULE:

February		
1	at Marrietta	7:30pm
4	Baldwin Wallace	3pm
8	at Heidelberg	7:30pm
11	at John Carroll	3pm
15	Wilmington	7:30pm
18	Mount Union	4pm
21-25	OAC Tournament	TBA



THIS
SPACE
INTENTIONALLY
LEFT
BLANK

How the World Works

Special Thanks

For her ever patient
advising and supporting...Amy Johnson

For being the Doodle master and
Artist Extraordinaire...Collen Tappel

For jumping in blind in the
midnight hour...Kate Purnell

For coming through in my
hour of need (and stayed!)...Julie Eaton

For my angels who appeared
when I needed them...
Amber Robertson and Amira Shouman

For embracing my vision
and nurturing me...the entire Women's Studies Advisory Committee

For her endless
artillery of trivia...Allison Bradley

For being the kind of place
you can comfortably express yourself...Otterbein College!

For being the two best
advisors ever.. Sarah Fatherly and Tammy Birk

For helping me see that
God is Feminist (and for saying, "let's do a 'Zine per quarter!")
...Glenna Jackson

For saving the day
With X-Acto knives...Patti Welch

Look for our next issue in

April in correlation to

Take Back the Night and Earth Day!!

