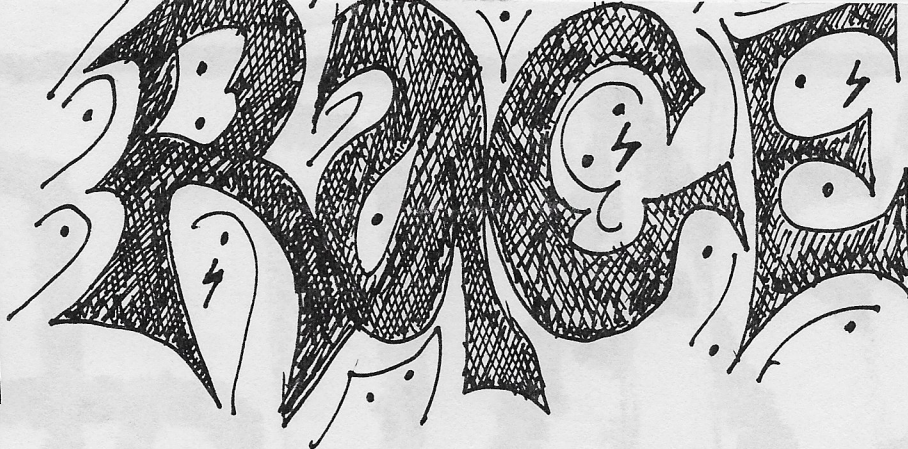


RAGE

ISSUE #11



#11

MARCH 1997

RAGE EQUALS

- activist networking
- inspiration, communication, information
- a collective effort to halt oppressions implemented by society
- personally, constructively raging against sexism and other oppressions

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Welcome to RAGE #11-finally! It's hard to believe it's been eight months since our last issue. We planned on doing this issue in September and then again in December, but it just wasn't the right time for us. We took a much needed break to avoid suffering from burnout. This is an important part of activism; in order to remain effective in activism, we must take breaks. Taking time away doesn't mean stopping, we all reflect our activism in the choices we make and our interactions with others in our daily lives. We carry the struggle with us.

Well, we are now back on track and have planned a benefit music show March 1st at the Daily Grind coffee shop. We will split the donated money with a new local non-profit group called Women's Connection. Money collected will help support our annual march against violence which have begun planning for June, 7 1997. We hope to make it the most empowering march yet. We started meeting again on a regular basis. Our meetings are open to the public and anyone wishing to get involved can write to our P.O. Box or E-mail us. We encourage reader contributions so those near and far can be involved with this publication. Thanks to everyone who's supported us and stuck with us through the years.

April



(L to R) Tara, April,
Jessy & Shawna
at Ani DiFranco
concert in Boulder,
CO.

What is ETS?

As a feminist action group, we exist to combine consciousness raising with community activism in order to promote the necessity of equality. We will use education and communication as a means to end oppression by breaking stereotypes and therefore creating respect and freedom. ETS (Empowerment through Sisterhood) will remain visible, vocal, and accessible to attain this.

ETS would like to invite one and all, large or small, short or tall, boy or girl to submit their thoughts and ideas for publication. We want your poetry, drawings, favorite writers, articles, or anything else you feel would be of importance to get out to the public. We want to hear what your doing to change the world and what motivates you to continue trying. I think we can all agree we need one another when our energy is low and frustration is high. Help us build a network so we can all look to one another when our hopes are down. Our voices will not be silenced as long as we encourage each other to raise them!

Cover by NGA

page art by: Anna Ball
Nga

Why We Burn Confucius: "100 Women Not Worth 1 Testicle"

One hundred women are not worth a single testicle. Confucius (551-479 BCE)

A proper wife should be as obedient as a slave. Aristotle (384-322 BCE)

In childhood a woman must be subject to her father, in youth to her husband; when her husband is dead, to her sons. A woman must NEVER be free of subjugations. The Hindu Code of Manes (ca. 200 CE)

God said to woman Eve, I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy pain in childbearing. In pain thou shalt bring forth children...and thy desire shall be to thy husband and he shall rule over thee. Genesis

If new bride is not a virgin...then they shall bring the damsel to the door of her father's house and the men of the city shall stone her with stones that she die. Deuteronomy

How can he be clean that is born of woman? Job

I find a woman more bitter than death: she is a snare, her heart a net, her arms are chains. No wickedness comes anywhere near the wickedness of a woman. May a sinner's lot be hers. Ecclesiastes

Blessed art thou, O Lord our God and King of the Universe, that thou didst NOT create me a woman. Daily prayer of Orthodox Jewish males.

I desire that woman should adorn themselves modestly and sensibly...not with braided hair or gold or pearls or costly attire. Let a woman learn in silence with all submissiveness...I permit no woman to teach or have authority over men, but to be in silence. Yet women will be saved through bearing children, if she continues

in faith and love and holiness, with modesty.

It is shameful for a woman to speak in church. Wives should regard their husbands as they regard the Lord.

Wives, submit yourselves unto your...husbands...for the husband is the head of the house. Women are not permitted to speak, but should be subordinate. If there is anything they desire to know, let them ask their husbands at home. New Testament

You must learn and adopt yourselves to your husbands. The husband is the head of the wife. St. Paul

Woman is a temple built over a sewer, the gateway to the devil. Woman, you are the devil's doorway. You should ALWAYS go in mourning and in rags...It is your fault the Son of God had to die. Tertullian (CE 220)

Let us set our women fold on the road to goodness by teaching them...to display...submissiveness, to observe silence. Every woman should be overwhelmed with shame at the thought that she IS a woman. St. Clement of Alexandria, (196 CE)

Among all savage beasts none is found so harmful as woman. St. John Chrysostom (345-407)

Any woman who acts in such way that she cannot give birth to as many children as she is capable of, makes herself guilty of that many murders...Women are not made to the image of God. St. Augustine (354-430)

Men are superior to women. The Koran (c. 650 CE)

Woman is defective and accidental...and misbegotten...a male gone awry...the result of some weakness in the [father's] generative power.

She is by nature of lower capacity and quality than man. St. Thomas Aquinas (13th century)

God created Adam Lord of all living creatures, but Eve spoiled it all.

Women should remain at home, sit still, keep house, bear and bring up children.

If a woman grows weary and, at last, dies from child-bearing, it matters not. Let her die from bearing; she is there to do it. Martin Luther (1483-1546)

Woman in her greatest perfection was made to serve and obey man, not rule and command him. John Knox (1505-1572)

The souls of women are so small that some believe they're none at all. Samuel Butler (1612-1680)

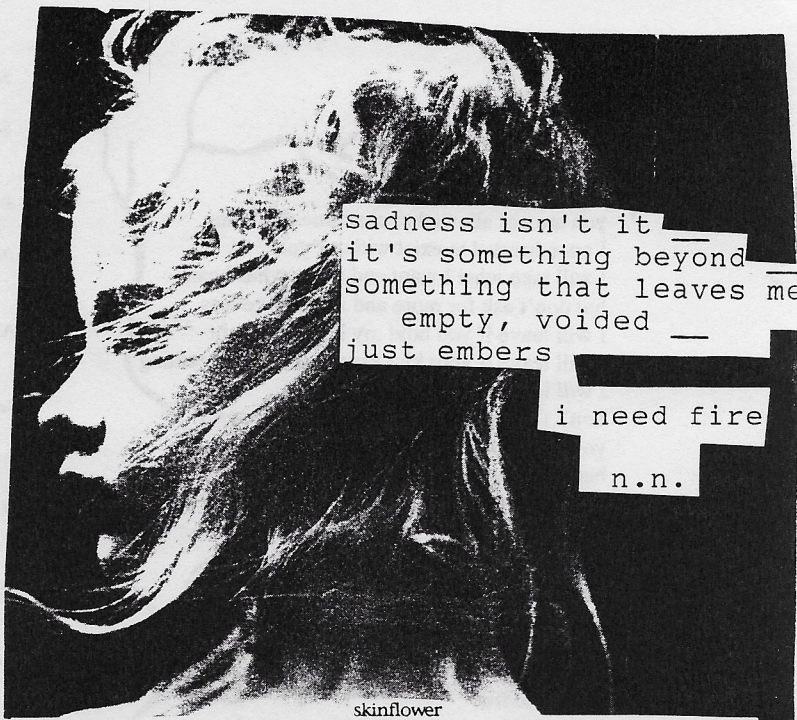
The pains that, since original sin, a mother has to suffer to give birth to her child only draw tighter the bonds that bid them; she loves it the more, the more pain it has cost her. Pope Pious XII (1941)

It seems to me that nearly every woman I know wants a man who knows how to love with authority...[Women are] simple souls who like simple things and one of the simplest is one of the simplest to give...Our family Airedale will come clear across the yard for one pat on the head. The average wife is like that. She will come across town, across the house, across the room, across to your point of view, and across almost anything to give you her love IF you offer her yours with some honest approval. Episcopalian Bishop James Pike to his son (1963).

Compiled by Meg Bowman in her booklet

Why We Burn: *Sensim Exorcised.*

T.C.



sadness isn't it
it's something beyond
something that leaves me
empty, voided
just embers

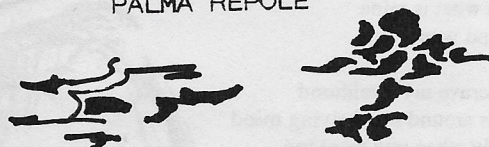
i need fire
n.n.

skinflower

i was on my back with my feet in the stirrups when it hit me-all i could see in the glossy color diagram where the ovaries and fallopian tubes and the vaginal canal and the lips of the vulva were was a flower-a skin flower The ripened skin flower- petals soft and pinker on the inside-alluring with its pleasing scents and juices- calling to make blood honey- is quite possibly the most beautifully engineered creation on EARTH excited it unfolds (under your touch)(along with its history-woman- do you know the history of your own pussy? do you know the facts about your own biology? the clitoris has but one function-to produce orgasm- could it be more clear?)(boy- do you know we still bleed from the knives your fathers held? your lips can be healing to ours) the skin flower-a power so pure its feared, condemned, mutilated, sold, douched, raped, ridiculed, and cut by way of the stem-but there was a time when it was cherished by those who possessed it and by those who respected it and the power was SHARED and the generations CAME whole and beautiful

its no coincidence that our nation fell into its sickly demise when men started doing to the land what they were doing to the women. the women are integrally connected to the living land that sustains us-they are fashioned from the same mold-they are made of the same mystery-men began to CUT up the land and OWN pieces of it (ass/tits/pussy) then forced it to REPRODUCE-not its own wild strains but hybrids genetically manipulated (breeding the perfect aryan race) STRIPPED of its protection and cycles, pesticides and chemical fertilizers were introduced to simulate to the natural process (tight skirts and high heels make a woman clumsy and easy to catch; perfume, makeup, and fashion magazines make her so alien to her own images and smells that she does not recognize them at all, let alone as beautiful) the result is white bread and tasteless tomatoes

PALMA REPOLE



"Hire him. He's got great legs."

If women thought this way about men they would be awfully silly.

When men think this way about women they're silly, too.

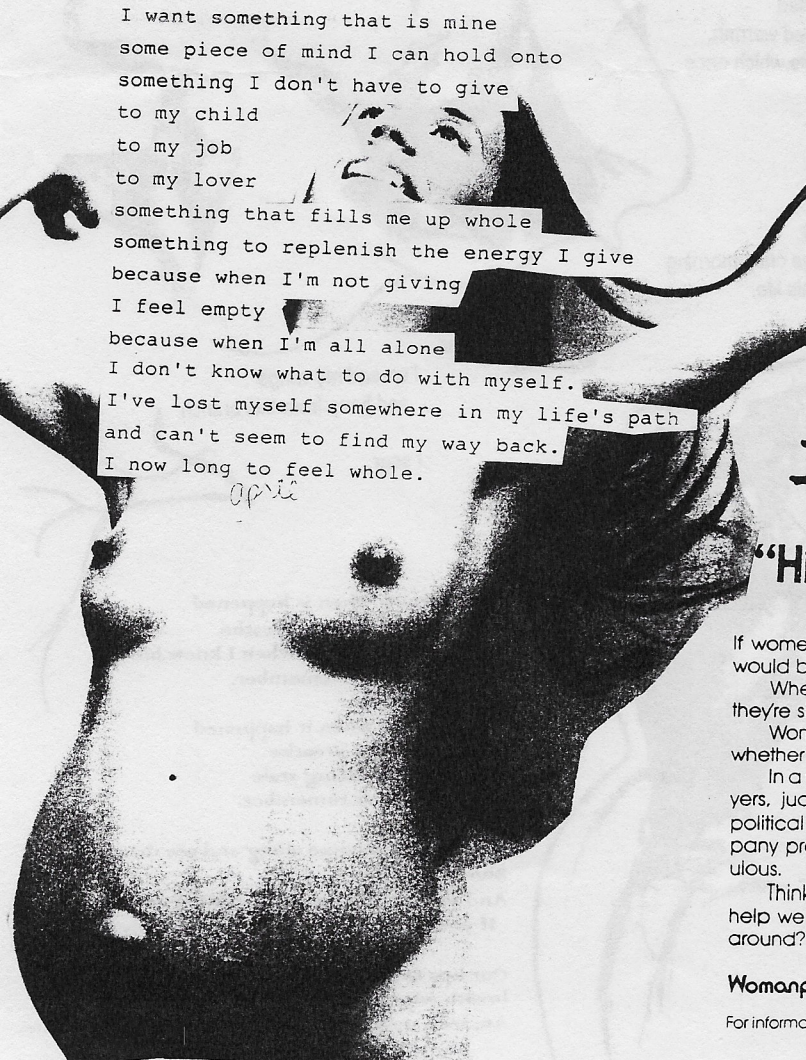
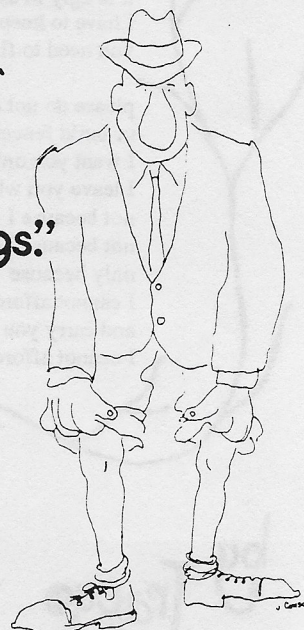
Women should be judged for a job by whether or not they can do it.

In a world where women are doctors, lawyers, judges, brokers, economists, scientists, political candidates, professors and company presidents, any other viewpoint is ridiculous.

Think of it this way. When we need all the help we can get, why waste half the brains around?

Womanpower. It's much too good to waste.

For information: NOW Legal Defense and Education Fund, Box PSAC, 9 West 57 Street, New York, New York 10019



you are not allowed to consume my being
I am educated to exist without you
I will take what I want and leave what I can
but don't ask for more and never give less.
I will leave if you hold my hand too tight
I will leave if your kiss keeps me from breathing
I will leave
don't flatter yourself into thinking I won't
you can come and go as you please
because I never said I'd stay all night
I have never said I'd stay at all.

you are not allowed to need me
only to want me.
I do not want to be what you wake up for
breathe for
live for
and settle for.
I am not about to be something settled on
I am not about to be someone who settles.
we lose too much if we lose ourselves to contentment
to what is simply comfortable and nothing more.

I am in love with the idea of moonlit kisses
climbing great mountains and sharing the view
I am in love with the idea of making babies
and watching them grow
but- I never said I could stay in love with you

and when my door shuts,
it doesn't mean it won't open again
it doesn't mean it will
it only means my door is shut
you see,
I have never been about possession
holding too tight
wanting too much
I am not about needing your strength
I have my own
it is ugly to ask me to share and give and share and give
I have to keep what is mine
you need to find your own

please do not crave my livelihood
or build fences around my thriving mind
I want you only when you want me
I leave you when your being needs me
not because I do not love you
not because I do not care
only because
I cannot afford to wrap you in weakness
and carry you any further in the journey.
I cannot afford...

Sometimes being strong isn't what
I feel like being.
So tempting to stop climbing -
just perch myself on a branch and watch the
world move.

Every so often, it hurts to have my
shit together.

Alone in the middle of the night -
if I stop flexing my muscles,
would you hold me?

A limp body and tear stained cheeks.
beaten by the world
mouth to mouth reccitation isn't possible alone.
Sometimes, self-sustaining needs more than a self

Sometimes being strong isn't what I feel like being
and climbing isn't what I want to do.

My swing isn't always up,
it falls when you're not looking
behind the closed door wailing in tune with the music.
Gravity works in mysterious ways and my voice is hard to
hear when its is only a shadow behind somebody else's sadness.

But when the soundtrack to this lazy exhausted moment in time ends
I will open my door
I will flex my muscles
and face a morning with my shit together...
Until its not.

I spread my wings
and jump from my branch.

The sky opened
sun showered warmth.
And the things which once

held me back
Let me go -
grasp lightened.

I soar
in the crisp morning
of this life.

My nest changed.
My sky grew larger.
expansive.

I spread my wings
and jump from this branch.

I soar.

I don't know when it happened
But- I forgot how to breathe.
I took it for granted when I knew how...
And now I can't remember.

I don't know when it happened
But- I forgot to breathe
All that air is sitting stale
And I just can't remember.

And then you come along and see that I am
Blue in the face
And you pucker your lips while I wonder
If you're compassionate or just lonely like me.

Our lips touch and I feel
breath wipe the stale air away
An, for a moment, I think I know how to breathe.

But, then I remember that is how I forgot.

by Tracyo



PSYCHIATRIC RAPE

FACT: A woman stands a greater chance of being raped on her psychiatrist's couch than she does jogging through central park at night.

Sound crazy? Psychiatric rape is more common than most would think. One of the main reasons is that a psychiatrist accused of rape is evaluated by the American Psychiatric Association, which decides whether the charges are true or not. In effect, most psychiatrists are let off the hook, due to the APA's tendency to blame the accusations on the already troubled woman. This situation places women in extraordinarily powerless positions. Case in point:

A woman in her mid-40s was unhappy at work and had six kids, one of which was in trouble at school. She was referred to a psychiatrist for help. He immediately suggested that she and her husband undergo marriage counseling - separately. When she broke down and cried during her first session, the psychiatrist put his arm around her, and she felt comforted. By the next session, her husband had lost his job. The psychiatrist recommended she lay down and relax, then he bent over and kissed her. He continued this sexual misconduct for 5 months, as she grew dependent on him. When she tried to end it by telling him she didn't believe she needed counseling, he told her she wasn't in a position to judge.

In other words, he managed to manipulate her through her need for psychiatric help, making her feel like she couldn't escape. The most insidious aspect of these types of situations is the fact that the psychiatrist is let off. He is either labeled disturbed, or the woman is labeled mentally ill. Either way, the man pays nothing for what he has done.

Yet another psychiatric abuse of women occurs through electro-convulsive therapy (ECT), or electric shock therapy. ECT is the firing of 180 to 460 volts of electricity through the brain from temple to temple or from front to back. ECT causes severe convulsion or seizure of long duration, identical to a grand mal epileptic seizure.

What are the results of ECT? Memory loss, confusion, and loss of space and time orientation - all permanent and irreversible damage. ECT serves to erase any memories of psychiatric rape and/or abuse. Here's the kicker: 66% of those patients who receive ECT are women - a slightly disproportionate number, but not at all surprising.

So how exactly do psychiatrists get away with this? Dr. Oscar Schmalzbach, an Australian psychiatrist, claims women who suffer domestic violence suffer from the Delilah Syndrome (biblically referring to the woman who cut off Sampson's hair to drain him of his strength). Symptoms? Lying and acting out lies by crying without actual emotion. This "syndrome" creates problems in the relationship, as the man finds himself unable to believe anything the woman says - leading to domestic violence. Schmalzbach claims the woman wants to get rid of her current "Sampson" and find a new man to fulfill her desires, so she may destroy him too - hence, her sexual relations with her psychiatrist. Sound far-fetched? Apparently, it works on the government, as psychiatry manages to get funded by using such outrageous and misguided "diagnoses."

The most dangerous aspect of all this is that the psychiatrist, having placed himself in the seat of judgment of disorders, has the sole power to dictate the treatment needed. And, who is to argue with a psychiatrist who claims that a woman is suffering from the "Delilah Syndrome?" Women are subject to psychiatric abuse every day, just because they seek help. Consider this:

You suffer from sexual harassment at work. You have a good job, so you hate to lose it. The problem is, if you speak out about the harassment, you'll most likely be fired, due to management's unwillingness to deal with the situation. So, you decide to see a psychiatrist in hopes of managing the belittlement you receive at work. Initially, the psychiatrist is extremely supportive of you, listening attentively and making you feel better. Then he recommends relaxation with the aid of some psychiatric drugs. The drugs act as sleep inducers. You awake with no recollection of what occurred. Once during a session, you awake prematurely to find the psychiatrist having sex with you. You attempt to take him to court, but the APA finds you suffering from "mental delusions" brought on by the tranquilizing effects of the drugs. The psychiatrist goes free, and you are referred to another psychiatrist for more "treatment."

These types of situations occur daily. Sadly, many women turn to more drastic solutions. As much as 14% of sexually abused patients attempt suicide. What a terrible occurrence, considering these people went to a psychiatrist to receive help in the first place.

Fortunately, not all psychiatrists are perverted, manipulative bastards. Many contend that "Medical doctors have the knowledge and competence to discover the underlying physical source of emotional or mental disorders and to rectify this without resorting to mind-altering drugs, electric shock or other psychiatric practices." The Citizens Commission for Human Rights (CCHR), along with other concerned parties, has succeeded in passing laws in 15 states (SD included!) against psychotherapist sexual exploitation. In nine states, patient "consent" is not a recognized defense and violators can face up to 10 years in prison and \$20,000 in fines. However, this is not enough, and the other 35 states have no protection at all from psychiatric rape.

****Information from CCHR public service publication**

-farrah j.johnson



DISARM RAPISTS



SMASH SEXISM

WHAT CAN YOU DO?

- Report any cases of psychiatric abuse, crime or malpractice to the local chapter of CCHR;
- Encourage abused women to report psychiatric crimes to law enforcement for prosecution;
- Write your local congressmen and demand that:
 - a) psychiatric rape be declared a felony, punishable just like any other form of rape;
 - b) ECT be banned;
 - c) government funding to foundations such as the U.S. National Institute of Mental Health be stopped for research such as determining PMS to be a mental illness;
- Encourage women with apparent "symptoms of mental illness" to see a competent non-psychiatric medical doctor first, for a full medical examination.

OUR DEEPEST FEAR IS NOT that we are inadequate.

Our deepest fear is that we are powerful beyond measure.

It is our light, not our darkness, that most frightens us.

We ask ourselves, who am I to be brilliant, gorgeous, talented, and fabulous?

Actually, who are you not to be?

You are a child of God.

Your playing small doesn't serve the world.

There is nothing enlightened about shrinking so that other

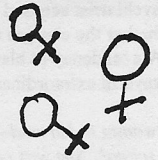
people won't feel insecure around you.

We were born to make manifest the glory of God that is within us.

It's not just in some of us; it's in everyone. And when we let our own light shine,
we unconsciously give other people permission to do the same.

As we are liberated from our own fear, our presence automatically liberates others.

MARIANNE WILLIAMSON

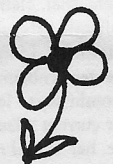


i see her briefly, climbing out of the white bug
she looks one way, i look the other, sure that
my feelings are written all over my face
i've seen her before, but never thought about it
now i find myself wondering what she does upstairs
with me only two flights down
we're walking the same direction, and i play a
scenario over in my head
i talk to her, we discuss our plans for life
i ask her if she's seeing anyone-
she shakes her head
we get to the door, walk inside, and i pull her under
the stairs, against the wall and we kiss-
as i'm thinking this, we both reach the door
i snap back to reality, embarassed and afraid
to be too close to her, lest she hear my thoughts
now she's gone, and i don't even know her name...

-anonymous

"Once I accept things as they are, I
am free to create things as I want them
to be."

— Anonymous



As far as being male goes, I'm ashamed to be one most of the time. I guess I can't deny what I am but I can control how I act. A lot of men feel the need to act out on their thoughts. Rape and sexual harassment are the results when males act out on their thoughts. Some men vocalize how they feel. They yell and scream profanities at women as they walk by. I see women who walk down the street with shame in their eyes. They walk in shame because members of my gender have made them feel that they are inferior. Women as a whole have been beaten and insulted by men for so many years. Men teach women to walk in shame. Women are forced into believing that good looks and perfect features are the key to the ultimate happiness. I know not all women feel this way but a vast majority do and that is wrong. We are all human. Different in many ways. The same in different ways. If you think you are not attractive that does not make you any less than someone you may think is beautiful. Who set the standards for beautiful and ugly anyways? I bet it was not a women. Beauty is truly in the eye of the beholder. We all have different visions of what is beautiful and not so beautiful. If you feel comfortable about yourself inside and out, then you are the most beautiful person in the world. In the end, it only really matters what you think about yourself. I feel men put women down as a power trip. It must feel really good to make yourself seem higher than another. Power is what it really all comes down to. MEN WANT POWER. The power to own everything. Including a women's body. Terry Taylor

The Bisexual, Gay, Lesbian
and Transgendered communities of
South Dakota
and their supporters
are cordially invited to an

OPEN HOUSE

A T

F A C E S

OFFICES & LIBRARY
Saturday, March 8, 1997
from 1:30 PM until 5:00 PM
Refreshments served
625 1/2 Main Street
Rapid City, South Dakota



"Just A Housewife?"

By Tracy Cunningham

"So are you like just a housewife now?" said my feminist friend. The question could have been innocent except for the barbed tone that it had. So many things came to mind to say, most out of pure anger. Unfortunately I was struck completely dumbfounded and couldn't say anything except a befuddled, "Yeah, I guess so."

The question was on my mind forever. It really bothered me that since I had children and stayed at home with them, I was no longer a feminist. In all actuality I am even more of a feminist now, but I was made to feel like I had betrayed some secret vow between my sisters by making my children my career. What was so wrong with it? I know it wasn't the having kids part, for some of them have kids. So it must be the staying at home part, like it is some horrible curse or something, or that I am being oppressed. These womyn that I speak of are hardly ever with their children, always so busy with other things in their quest for equality. It makes me sad to see children getting lost in the shuffle. Now I am not saying that they don't love their children, it just seems that other priorities come before them all too often. Well it is not for me to judge because this is their choice, just like this is my choice. After all, what was the reason for the fight for equality? Some will say to have a career outside the home with equal pay. Yeah, OK, but isn't it really all about choice? The choice of what you want for your life? To be able to make an informed decision that wasn't pushed on you by society, men, family, and friends? Are you no longer equal because you are "just a housewife?"

Lately I feel that this whole feminist thing really missed something along the way. Right now my friends are really big into Pro Choice on abortion issues. That is great and I feel the same way, but what about pregnancy, birth, and breastfeeding? We are fighting so hard for control over our bodies so we can have the choice to end a pregnancy, but what about when a womyn decides not to end a pregnancy? Often womyn are in the dark and end up surrendering their reproductive freedoms to an all too often male dominated medical system. How about fighting a medical system that treats pregnancy as a disease with drugs, machines, and too much interventions. Invasive procedures that take away a womyns natural ability to birth a child. Episiotomies, drugs, strapped down flat on your back, and if you are taking too long, you are cut open and your baby yanked from your womb. A system that treats midwives as criminals in most cases. Now I am not saying that all male doctors or doctors in general are this way. Yet in my own experience and those of my friends and other "horror stories" that I read about, this seems to be the case. More often than not, a womyns pregnancy care experience is not a very empowering one.

How about fighting the corporations that sell that gross slop in a can meant to feed your baby? Many times the child gets sick from it. There are only 11 nutrients found in formula, the body needs 96 to grow and develop at a normal rate. All of these can be found in breast milk when the mother eats a proper diet. Thousands of infants die each year in 3rd world countries and even in our own (you just never hear about it on the evening news). This is due to these companies who "push" their products to people who can't afford it or don't have clean water to mix it. These companies (like Nestle) are undermining a womyns natural ability to nourish their children. Many times breastfeeding is made out to be obscene. WHAT!!! Only in a mans mind can this beautiful and natural process be looked at as sexual or deviate. Breastfeeding is indeed an empowering experience. It builds extreme self confidence and esteem. Though not one of my feminist cohorts did it because, "it ties me down too much"

When I think about all of this, I feel that too many of us are just helping to oppress womyn by not being informed about pregnancy, birth, and breastfeeding. We need to educate young womyn to make informed choices about these issues in case they do decide to have children and be, "just housewives". We also need to teach these things to our sons so they can help support the womyn in their lives. After all, when all is really said and done, aren't we sisters fighting for the same thing?

CAN'T KILL THE SPIRIT

WHIRLWIND by april weisz

Life is a whirlwind
my head turns in every direction
my body spins through each day
doing what needs to be done.
Yet it seems I never accomplish
anything important
I struggle to keep up with the whirlwind
and in time, lose energy
making it difficult to do any real work,
anything that truly matters.
My activism gives way
to chores which take all night,
then I must prepare for another day of work-
another whirlwind day.
The whirlwind keeps us in our suppressed state,
keeps us in bondage.
We really have little choices in life,
in order to obtain shelter and food, we must work.
This holds us to time restraints, and beyond that,
we are TAXED on our shelter, food, and pay.
This whirlwind of survival
upholds our capitalistic system perfectly.
We exist as puzzle pieces to this system
when we get caught up in the whirlwind.
No uniqueness exists amongst communities,
same music plays on the radio,
the same chain restaurants and stores appear,
even identical small businesses exist universally.
We're made to feel as if we have a freedom of choice
between these actually limited options.
We aren't allowed real choice,
for then the pieces of the puzzle would fail to click.
Some have found a way to outrun the whirlwind-
I now struggle to look beyond it
and imagine a world
where we all can step out of the whirlwind,
enjoy life, and actually live free.

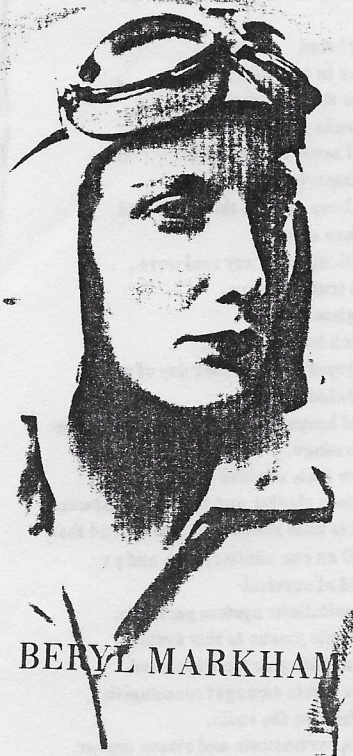
A 7" benefit record by Dead Silence is now available. The money from sales will be donated to the Denver General Hospital Sexual Assault Volunteers. The music and lyrics of this band have always been inspirational, and this record contains a booklet of thoughts, writings, and poetry.

Send \$3 to:

Spiral Records
Box 13
3124 Shattuck Ave.
Berkeley, CA 94705

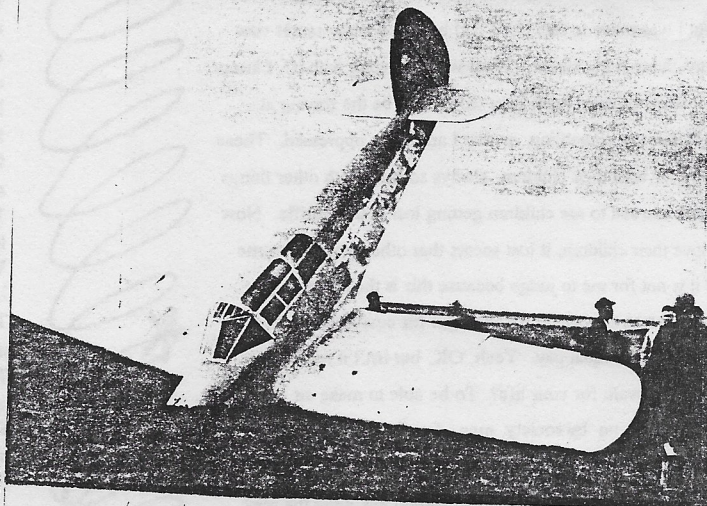
april





BERYL MARKHAM

WEST WITH THE NIGHT



Beryl Markham
was the 1st
person to fly
solo across the
Atlantic from
East to West
taking off in
England &
rash-landing
in Nova Scotia
21 hrs 375
min later in
September
1936

and the plane she flew in on.

Recently I read West With the Night, by Beryl Markham. I'm surprised I never heard of her before. Born in England in 1902, she was raised by her adventurer/farmer father in East Africa. In the book she takes us from early memories of sneaking out before dawn to learn to hunt with the Masai to her record flight across the Atlantic in 1936. She writes with clarity and insight about the characters and situations that filled her early life. Reading it reminded me how much I like hearing about the lives of real people, of women in particular. As a kid, I read tons of biographies and in so doing was influenced by the likes of Harriet Tubman, Madame Curie, Luisa May Alcott, and Florence Nightingale. Later, I read diaries and journals of people like May Sarton, Anais Nin, and Doris Lessing. Reading Beryl Markham's story has rekindled my interest in women's stories in their own words. I find myself wandering the aisle of the biography section at our local public library. I also pull out the bottom drawer of the books-on-tape cabinet. Two things I found there that I can recommend are Alice Walker: My life as Myself and Zlata: Diary of a Child in Sarajevo.

-Dorise



calcium

PREVENT
Osteoporosis!

What about yogurt? It is richer in calcium than milk. Many milk-intolerant people can enjoy yogurt.

Dairy products do constitute the richest and the most ready forms of calcium, but certainly they are far from the sole food source. Certain nondairy foods contain calcium.

Unboned sardines, collard greens, kale, spinach, rhubarb and broccoli are good calcium sources.

You do not have to be good.
You do not have to walk on your knees
for a hundred miles through the desert, repenting.
You only have to let the soft animal of your body
love what it loves.
Tell me about despair, yours, and I will tell you mine.
Meanwhile the world goes on.
Meanwhile the sun and the clear pebbles of the rain
are moving across the landscapes,
over the prairies and the deep trees,
the mountains and the rivers.
Meanwhile the wild geese, high in the clean blue air,
are heading home again.
Whoever you are, no matter how lonely,
the world offers itself to your imagination,
calls to you like the wild geese, harsh and exciting—
over and over announcing your place
in the family of things.

—Mary Oliver

WHO KILLED MY LITTLE SISTER?

by BARB

I am here today because I want my little sister to hear this, and be saved by this. This is hopeless; it will never happen now. Instead, I will give you a mystery. I will give you clues, and at the end, I hope you will answer for yourself this question: Who killed my little sister?

The facts are simple, easy. Last summer, between 1 am and 10 am on a Sunday in July, she put a gun to her right temple and pulled the trigger. No one else was present; there was no note.

The officer who investigates the alleged suicide asks me, "Were you kids abused?" I answered, "Yes."

The officer tells me, "I have investigated almost all cases like this - for ten years. I have never seen a single female suicide who was not abused. Not one. And usually abused between the ages of 10 and 14." I think of her, of her secrets, and I say, "My mother married a man, when my little sister was 12. He worked as a counselor; he had a Masters Degree in psychology. he seemed alright. He began to beat my mother a week after the wedding; virtually every night he would hit her, sometimes for hours, and we would wait hopefully for her crying, or screams, because that was the only way we knew she was still alive. He constantly approached me for sex, exposed himself to me, shoved his tongue down my throat and my hand onto his penis, fondled me, threatened me with disfigurement, with death. My mother and I did not know, did not even imagine that he would hurt the little kids. We thought we were taking the brunt of it all. So did my little sister."

Here, I will tell you a story. Once a loving little girl wanted a father, to love and take care of her. Then the man who should have fathered her, held her hand, and placed it on his penis, jutting from his pants. He told her, "You are my favorite. You make me happy. We are special friends." Later he said, "You will not tell anyone. I will kill people you love if you do. You will come when I want you. You will do what I say to do." He repeated the words of his grandfather, word for word.

Here: I will tell you a story. Once a loving little girl sat upon the knee of a man who should have fathered her. Her mother sat across the living room. His penis fit easily against

her small body and grew erect. He whispers, "I will come tuck you in. Go to bed now." Later he tells her that she could see that her mother already knew, that she cannot speak of it, that people she loves will die. The officer in a small bare room, sitting at a small desk overflowing with suicide case files says, "That's so typical."

I want to scream: Pain is never typical. Death is never typical. Oh, violation is never typical. My little sister, who cried when I was spanked, cried for days when a puppy died, who could not abide anger between people, could not be typical.

"Shall I use less polite words?" I asked myself. I answered, "There is no polite way to say this, I cannot be clinical." My sister was violated at age 12, by a man who should have fathered her, instead raped her repeatedly, violently, instead shoved his penis into her mouth and held her head until she choked up sperm, instead.....

My little sister was violated at age 12, by a man who remembered his grandfather, who shoved his penis into his grandson's mouth and held his head until he choked up sperm. Once, in pain, in chaos, the man placed a gun to his head and said to his wife, "I will kill myself if you leave me." My mother, covered with bruises and bleeding inside from his fists, said, "I will not stop you this time." He placed the gun to her head, "Maybe I should kill you instead? No. If you go, I will kill your parents, I will hunt you down and kill your children while you watch. I will let you live." She thought, "He is capable of this." She said, "I will stay. Put the gun down. Here, come here, I love you."

Within a year, my little sister was in jail for running away from home, and my mother let her stay there, sure that she was safer. She received counseling there, for her delinquency, for her negative attitude, for her low self-esteem, for her distrust of adults, for her self-destructive behavior.

Shall we blame the mother who did not leave? The counselors who did not address her real problems? Shall we blame the police, who arrested the wrong person?

Do you know what jujitsu is? It is a martial art in which you learn to use the strength of your opponent

against him. The harder they hit, the harder they fall. My little sister loved easily, strongly, innocently. She trusted, she believed, she had faith. She was sympathetic and kind. And so the man saw that, and did a kind of emotional jujitsu on her. Her willingness to love, to need to make others happy, her desire to be helpful, to protect those she loved - ALL THAT WAS BEST AND STRONGEST AND MOST BEAUTIFUL IN HER - he used against her. He made her distrust her greatest gifts. Of all of it, this was the greatest violation of all.

And then, this most loving and generous soul, one night speaks to me and says, "I do not think I have ever really loved anyone. I think I am just going through the motions. I don't believe I am capable of love." One night, when she is just 34 years old, she puts a gun to her head and pulls the trigger. At her funeral, an old friend of hers said, "I was still in love with her, after all these years. She was such a loving person. She cared for people so much. She was so warm, so giving."

When my little sister is 34, she speaks of it: she orders a gun, buys bullets, tells someone what music to play at her funeral, how she would like to be dressed in her casket, places the gun against her right temple, and splatters brains and blood across her bed.

I have no answers here, I grieve the loss of that loving little girl. I even grieve the loss of that loving little boy who became her violator. I grieve, and I cannot tie an answer up, with a neat bow and hand it to you. I am still in pain, her children will cry for her, we all ask over and over, "Could I have known? Could I have seen?"

Guilt is too easy for all of us. Sympathy is too easy. Tears are too easy. They are too late. Guilt, sympathy & tears are substitutes for action.

Here, I will tell you a story: There was once a country, rich, well-educated, democratic, with a huge bureaucracy devoted to the welfare of children and mothers, a police force devoted to the peace, school system devoted to education. With this vast power, great wealth and storehouse of knowledge, one little girl could not find justice. One little girl could not find a social worker, a policeman, or a teacher who could

help her spill her secrets. Twenty years later, she bought a gun, and secrets pulled the trigger.

What secrets? Secrets everyone knows: look inside yourself. You too know secrets.

Here are some of them: Between 20 and 40% of all girls are sexually abused by age 18; 10-20% of all boys

Here are the secrets we must not keep: you know children who are violated regularly; you know violators who were once children who were violated. You know people whose appearance and behavior tells you secrets, and you do not reach out to them. Ask yourself if you know these people: Shows unusually passive or overly pleasing behavior, or unusually aggressive behavior

Avoidance of all sexual things
Sexual activity at a young age, including pregnancy or promiscuity
Sleep problems & nightmares
Running away, sometimes leading to prostitution

Low self-esteem & self-destructive behavior

Drug or alcohol problems

Partner who is violent or otherwise abusive

School problems, drop out,

Depression, anxiety, secretiveness or withdrawal

Discipline problem, delinquency, and brushes with the law

Suicidal behavior

20% to 40% of girls have been sexually abused by age 18; as high as 10% to 20% of boys have been sexually abused by age 18.

More than half of all reports alleging mistreatment come from professionals, including educators, law enforcement and justice professionals, social service professionals and child care providers.

Please consider the following fact with your heart open: Only 18% of reports of mistreatment come from persons related to the victim or from the victim personally. Families, the abused, hold onto their secrets.

These are not secrets to keep. These are your friends, your co-workers, your waitress, your bank clerk, the dry cleaning lady, the teacher, the council member, the boy bagging your groceries, the drunk teenager

hanging out on your block, your nephew, your cousin, your mother.

Here are the secrets we must not keep:

The violated often become the violators

60% of male survivors report at least one of their perpetrators to be female

71% of child sex offenders are under 35

Most were abused as children by trusted adults

95% of the violated children know their perpetrators

Step daughters are 6 times more likely to be sexually abused by friends of their parents

The violated often become the criminals

31% of women in prison state they were abused as children

95% of teenage prostitutes have been sexually abused at home

The violated often become the promiscuous and the addicts

Beginning voluntary sexual activity very young, and having many partners

Begin drinking and doing drugs at a very young age, often becoming drug or alcohol dependent before age 18

The violated often become the physically abused

Much more likely to partner with an abusive mate

More than half of the children of abused mothers are also physically abused, and 20% are also sexually abused.

The violated often become the suicides

The long term effects of child abuse include fear, anxiety, depression, anger, hostility, inappropriate sexual behavior, poor self esteem, substance abuse, difficulty with close relationships, and suicidal behavior.

The children blame themselves for the abuse

It is estimated that there are 60 million survivors of childhood sexual abuse. My little sister is not one of them. She was preceded in death by the 3000 women killed last year by domestic violence. Preceded in death by the 1200 children killed by abuse or neglect, preceded in death by others who could not carry

the weight of it any longer. She is survived by all of us.

I would like you now to try to find your own answer to my question: who killed my little sister? The grandfather who violated the little boy, the grown-up boy who violated my little sister, the school teachers who ignored all of the classic symptom, agencies who put her in jail for running away from the abuse, the counselors who believed that her violator was cured and released him for good behavior, her lovers who thought, "Now she has me, and so all of it will go away; she does not need counseling.", the big sister who did not listen when she whispered, just one time, "There's something strange about him.", the friends who believed that they had talked her out of killing herself in a 2 hour long conversation, all of us who said, "It has been 20 years. It is time that you are over it," and did not help her find a way to that.

I believe that our secrets killed her, the secrets that we must not keep, the secrets that we all know.

I believe that secrets killed her, that these very same secrets will kill others, will warp and twist souls, will leave other children bereft of mothers and fathers. I believe that these secrets live in us all: that we know, and that we do not act upon that knowledge.

I believe that secrets killed her, shoved the bullet into her brain as surely as her children will never hear her voice again. Secrets moved the hammer back, secrets held her hand. As she held her life so lightly, secrets squeezed the trigger.

Begin with your own soul, and reach out to the secrets around you, coax them from their hiding places, and let them heal in the light of day.

Take action, & seek out the secrets around you...

La Maja Desnuda

Anne M. Candelaria

Do not mistake my plainness
for lack of passion.
I look at Southern women
sway and display
their sexuality
And want to make myself over
Put on false eyelashes
and long fingernails
Bleach my hair
pluck a thin line of eyebrow
Leave my cleavage exposed
But I feel silly doing this
Like dressing up
in costume.
Come feel my thighs
so dimpled and lush,
Notice my breasts
pointed classically outward,
My cheeks rosy with health,
My eyes brown with intelligence.
Am I not more
like Goya's women
than those practiced sirens?
Grab my unpainted hand,
kiss my modestly
rouged mouth
Press me to you.
You will find fire there,
Stoked by pages of poetry,
literary lunges, much praying.

ANAD, INC.

Eating Issues Support Group

Join us for a free weekly support group
which seeks to understand and to alleviate
the problems associated with eating
disorders. Experience the friendship and
support of others who share your struggle
with food and/or body image.

Meetings: Wednesdays at 6pm

Location: Behavior Management Systems

Address: 350 Elk Street (Near Hospital)

Advisor: Bonnie Rigenbach, MSW

Cost: FREE

For more information please call Shawna
at 343-2775

Figure Problems

Allison Joseph

Our eyes are trained to search
for flaws, to see our bodies
as problems that must be solved—

thighs too heavy, ankles too weak,
hips too wide to suit an ideal
we did not create—trained to see

each body part as fundamentally
troubled, astray. We learn to
conceal, not reveal, not to show

the weaknesses each magazine cover
prompts us to hide, shrouding
or starving ourselves submissive.

What if we were to disregard
the slogans that keep us indoors,
to shun the shame that marks us

imperfect, using our bodies
as we please, pleasure more
important now, more necessary

than perfection, our senses
stirred as we walk outside,
moving thighs and hips however

we want, moving forward in
steady rhythmic motion,
feeling power deep in

calves, knees, arms,
pushing as if against
current, yet still mobile,

aware of the air we breathe,
the persistent throb of our
heart, pulse. What if our bodies

were ours to master,
not the province of pills
or diet shakes, our own machines

to use however we wanted,
with variations here and there
room for the slim and the curved

the angular and the heavy,
each one of us pushing the other
on, not holding anyone back.

A Place to Rest

Chris Mandell

Then, she could stomach anything:
endless binges,
day and night,
anything sugary, or whatever,
anything at all to stretch
her stomach to the limit,
that limit

at the end of emptiness
that place (her own place) of
absolutely NO
more.

It was like a wall
she could rest against a moment
(she lived for this moment)
before heaving it all up
and starting again.

Then, the hunger was a terror in her gut.

Now, the hunger is an anger
compacted in the small squares
of her teeth,

fierce and specific:

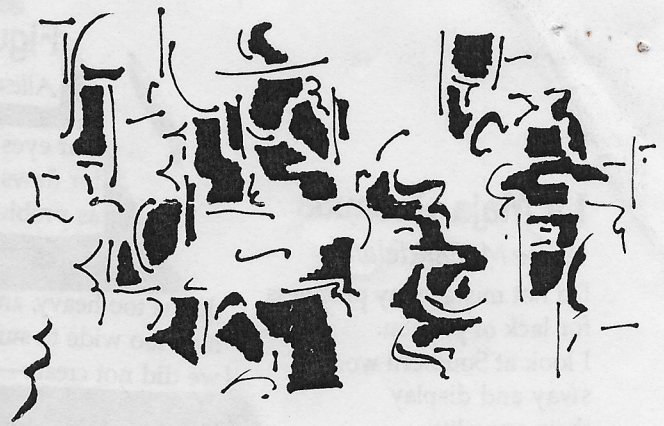
thick marrow of crunched chicken bones,
white protective pulp of orange,
woody core of pineapple,
canned salmon vertebrae.

For a treat, she buys five cans of salmon,
eats five sets of vertebrae,
and leaves the meat.

These foods puzzle others,
but not her,

since she feels definitely,
day and night,

the lines of her body thicken,
embracing the precise shape
she now rests in.



"There are a lot of qualities women assume they can get only from men that they can get from a woman too, if they just tried it."

A note on statistics

Eleven percent of the women in this study have love relationships only with other women. An additional 7 percent sometimes have relationships with women. One of the most surprising findings is the number of women over forty, most of whom were in heterosexual marriages earlier in their lives, now in love relationships with women for the first time. Sixteen percent of women over forty have love relationships only with other women, and 61 percent of women over forty now living with another woman, as lovers, were previously married. Of the total "gay" population, 31 percent are in relationships, 52 percent are living together, and 17 percent are single.

THE ULTIMATE BISEXUAL T-SHIRT / POSTER / COMEBACK

DOUBLE YOUR PLEASURE, DOUBLE YOUR FUN * IT'S NOT MY FAULT THAT YOU CAN ONLY THINK IN ONE DIRECTION * WHO SAYS I CAN'T? * I LOVE MEN AS MUCH AS I HATE PATRIARCHY * 100% BISEXUAL, 100% QUEER * HOW LONG CAN I STAY IN THIS PHASE? * EVERYBODY THINKS I'M A LESBIAN * KINSEY 2.1 AND OPEN TO SUGGESTIONS * YOU CAN HAVE IT BOTH WAYS * FOLLOW YOUR NATURE * I AM OUT, THANK YOU * POLITICAL LESBIANISM -- NOT MY IDEA OF A GOOD TIME ON SATURDAY NIGHT * COMPLEXITY IS THE SPICE OF LIFE * AC / DC * YES, I LIKE GIRLS * HE'S THE FEMME * WELL, I DON'T THINK YOU EXIST EITHER * MCKINNON DOES IT * BEWARE: NON MONOGAMOUS BISEXUAL APPROACHING! * I THRIVE ON CONFUSION * NO FATS, FEMMES, BUTCHES OR BI'S -- I WANT HER THIN AND BORING * I'M BISEXUAL AND I'M NOT ATTRACTED TO YOU * KY-KY * IF IT FEELS GOOD, YOU MUST HAVE FALSE CONSCIOUSNESS * BISEXUAL BY LUCK, QUEER BY CHOICE * IF I WANTED A MAN, I'D HAVE ONE * IT'S NOT MY FAULT YOU CAN'T PICK A GIRLFRIEND * DWORKIN'S WRONG -- TRUST ME * CROSS BOUNDARIES * KINSEY HAD A LIMITED IMAGINATION * SWITCH-HITTER * I LIKE BOYS, TOO * WHAT MAKES YOU SO SURE YOU'RE STRAIGHT? * I RESPECT DYKE-ONLY SPACE * REAL FEMINISTS CLAIM THEIR OWN DESIRE * I'M NOT CONFUSED -- YOU ARE * GET WITH THE 90'S * IF YOU THINK MY ROOM IS A MESS, WAIT TILL YOU SEE MY SEX LIFE * I WAS A LESBIAN ONCE TOO * DID I ASK YOUR OPINION? * I PREFER ANARCHISTS, ACTUALLY * NO, YOU CAN'T WATCH * COMMITMENT IS MY MIDDLE NAME * I'M NOT A LESBIAN, BUT MY BOYFRIEND'S A NONOPERATIVE TRANSSEXUAL * DON'T TELL ME HOW TO FUCK * PC SEX IS AN OXYMORON * IT'S MY REVOLUTION, AND I INTEND TO ENJOY MYSELF * EQUAL OPPORTUNITY LOVER * I DATE MEN OR WOMEN, NOT BOTH AT THE SAME TIME * WE DON'T LIKE YOU EITHER * HASBIAN, SHMASBIAN * AND WHAT'S WRONG WITH A LITTLE PROMISCUITY? * HAVE YOUR CAKE AND EAT IT TOO * I JUST DO THIS TO SEDUCE GAY MEN * SCHLAFFLEY'S A WOMAN AND IT DOESN'T SEEM TO HELP * I MADE UP MY MIND A LONG TIME AGO * GET CURIOUS * KINSEY 3.5 AND COUNTING * I LIKE PEOPLE * ASK ME IF I CARE * IF YOU POKE ME, I DON'T MAKE SPORES * YOU CAN HAVE IT ALL * A WOMAN WHO CAN LEAVE YOU FOR A MAN COULD ALSO LEAVE YOU FOR A WOMAN * MMMM... THIS FENCE FEELS GOOD * DON'T TELL ME YOU'VE NEVER THOUGHT ABOUT IT * MY GIRLFRIEND WANTS TO KNOW WHO HAS MORE STRAIGHT PRIVILEGE * BE CAREFUL, YOU COULD BE NEXT * WE'RE HERE

*** BI PRIDE * BI PRIDE * BI PRIDE * BI PRIDE ***

CREATED BY SUSAN KANE, ANN ARBOR

The Hite Report

DEEROTIZED BEHAVIOR

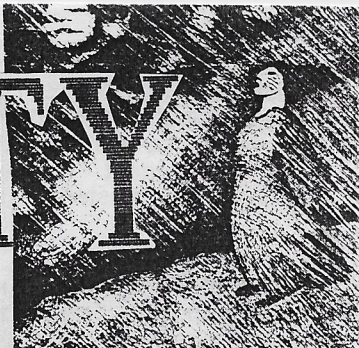
when touch is deemed as biology and not a social construction we formulate excuses for behavior denying the emotional essence by covering our lives in consumption and the actions seem so typical but we laugh and call it pleasure

brett clark



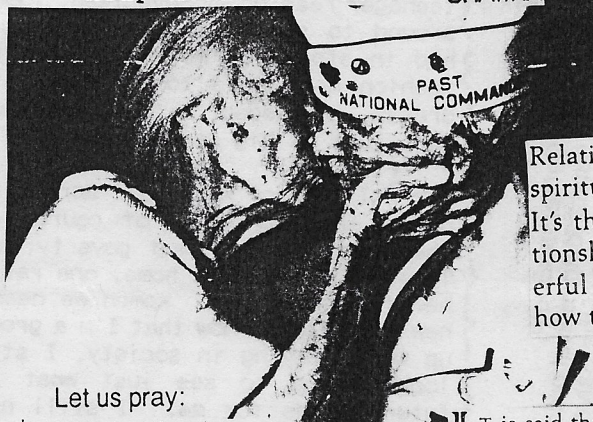


SPIRITUALITY



The last few years have been a conscience spiritual journey for me. Conscience being the key word. I have always had bad feelings regarding religion and as a child was exposed to many different types of religions. I've since realized that there is a difference between spirituality and religion. What I found with many organized religious groups is hypocrisy and lack of integrity. I have reacted strongly to this lack of consistent spirituality. I also have to remind myself that spirituality and religion don't mean the same thing. To me spirituality has to do with the quality of our relationship to whatever is most important in our life. The things in life which make our eyes light up and our stomach jump are part of spirituality. My spiritual relationship has evolved from how I had experienced life and now how I deal with life situations. We all believe what we believe. What we believe is usually a result of our experiences, things we know about other's experiences, and what we were taught. The key to shifting spiritual focus is to have an open mind, and to allow ourselves to experience something different. One way I have been doing this is going to "CIRCLES". These are hard to explain but they are spiritual retreats where we spend several days doing breath work, meditating, channeling energy, and much more. At the last Circle we all made commitments to Mother, Father, God, the Universe, whatever. Mine was: "I commit to help heal the world; one person, one

moment at a time, through love, beginning with myself." It has been amazing what has been happening since this, especially in regard to an Eating Issues Group I have been doing. I told my mentor the other day about being inundated with calls from women suffering from eating disorders and how shocked I was that there were so many people reaching out for help. She said; "Of course they are calling you, Shawna. Remember your commitment to help heal the world." SHAWNA



Let us pray:

We give thanks
that we are all part
of the family circle of God,
forgiving one another,
loving one another
because God has first loved us,
that God's Spirit
has banished distinctions
between Jew and Greek,
between slave and free,
between female and male,
between those who are in power
and those who are powerless.
We give thanks
that we are one
in the love of the One
who loves in us,
forever and ever.

Amen.

Relationship is probably the most powerful spiritual path that exists in the world today. It's the greatest tool that we have. Our relationships can be the fastest and the most powerful route to the deepest truth, if we know how to use them.

SHAKTI GAWAIN

It is said that soon after his enlightenment the Buddha passed a man on the road who was struck by the Buddha's extraordinary radiance and peaceful presence. The man stopped and asked, "My friend, what are you? Are you a celestial being or a god?"

"No," said the Buddha.

"Well, then, are you some kind of magician or wizard?"

Again the Buddha answered, "No."

"Are you a man?"

"No."

"Well, my friend, then what are you?" The Buddha replied, "I am awake."



It is only pride and selfishness and coldness that keep us from having compassion. When we ultimately go home to God, we are going to be judged on what we were to each other, what we did for each other, and, especially, how much love we put in that. It's not how much we give, but how much love we put in the doing—that's compassion in action.

MOTHER TERESA



Kasturba,
wife of Mahatma Gandhi,
from whom he learned
the basic concept
of nonviolent resistance

INSPIRE ME

Mary Baker Eddy,
founder and leader
of Christian Science
until her death in 1910

Here are some strong, brave, valiant
women who are inspiring:

The madres and abuelas,
mothers and grandmothers
of Argentina.

who have kept vigil
in the Plaza de Mayo
since March 1977
in order to protest
the torture and disappearance
of their children
and other loved ones

Marie Curie,
Nobel prize in physics,
Nobel prize in chemistry
first woman to receive
a full professorship,
in 1906, in France,
at the Sorbonne

Phillis Wheatley,
who was purchased as a slave
at the age of eight,
became the first black poet
in America,
died in poverty
at the age of thirty-one
in 1784

Emma Lazarus,
Jewish poet,
whose words are inscribed
on the Statue of Liberty,
whose poem was chosen
from among submissions by
Longfellow, Whitman, and Twain

Susan B. Anthony,
who led the women's liberation
revolution
and pushed for women's right
to vote:

Harriet Tubman,
born into slavery,
escaped to the North
in 1849,
her Underground Railroad
led more than 300 people
from slavery to freedom,
her people called her "Moses,"
for her capture
they offered
a \$40,000 reward

Valentina Tereshkova,
of Russia,
who became the first woman cosmonaut
in space
in 1963:

Betty Williams and Mairead Corrigan,
who organized the people's movement
for peace
in Northern Ireland
in 1976
and were awarded the Nobel prize

Junko Tabei,
of Japan,
the first woman
to scale Mount Everest,
1975

Simone de Beauvoir,
whose feminist manifesto
has had a liberating effect
on us all:

Indira Gandhi,
prime minister of India,
who was elected twice
to that position
and assassinated
while in office

Catherine Booth,
outstanding revival preacher,
co-founder of the Salvation Army
in 1878

Winnie Mandela,
anti-apartheid champion,
symbol of hope
and bravery
and dedication to a cause

Okuni,
a priestess
in Japan
in the seventeenth century,
who developed ceremonial dance forms
into Kabuki,
traditional Japanese drama,
in which women, not men,
played both male and female roles:

Everybody needs someone to show
them what is possible. Everybody
needs someone to go as far as she can
see. I need to stand upon the
shoulders of giants, I need a woman
who's as big as me. When I was a
little bitty baby sitting on my
mamma's knee, I looked around to see
just what the future had in store for
me. I needed to see women who were
living with out limits, I needed to
see women making history.

CHORUS

Give me Amelia who went soaring
across the ocean, Winnie Mandela
who's gonna set her people free, Judy
Chicago who breaks all artistic
silences; these women leave a
precious legacy. When I was a young
teenager reading my Seventeen, looked
around to see just what the future
had in store for me. Women in the
fashion mags were too small for my
dreams, I needed to see women who
were just as big as me.

CHORUS

I know of women all across the
nation leading lives of courage in
the face of fear and poverty; one
lives in as abusive home, one raises
her five children. Women we need a
new mythology. Now that I'm a grown-
up woman living in society, I still
look around to see just what the
future holds for me. I still need
women who are shooting like a comet
so I can leave my own starlight in
this galaxy.

CHORUS: So I say give me a

woman who can climb the tallest
mountain, give me a woman who can
swim across the widest sea. Women
need women who lead lives of boldest
daring! Tell me their stories they
inspire me. Tell me your story you
inspire me. by Libby Roderick

Emily Dickinson,
American poet,
who was able to transform
personal pain
into strong, sensitive verse
that continues to inspire.

Erin Pizzey,
a housewife
who formed Women's Aid,
the first shelter
for battered women
in Great Britain

Rosana Chouteau,
North American Indian,
elected chief of the Osage Beaver Band
in 1875,
the first female chief
in that patriarchal tribe

Florence Nightingale,
who raised the menial role
of nurse
to the level of a profession
in nineteenth-century England
and laid the foundation
for nursing as we know it now

Jiu Jin,
revolutionary feminist,
poet, teacher
in China,
executed in 1908
for refusing to compromise
her beliefs:

Mary Jones,
Mother Jones,
a major organizer
in the labor movement,
devoted to fostering the dignity
of the worker,
who died in 1930
at 100 years of age

Clara Barton,
who served as a nurse
in the Civil War
and founded the American Red Cross
for emergency relief
in 1881.

All women of accomplishment,
who achieved
despite the odds,
in science, the arts,
religion, health,
education, economics,
athletics, and the
sociopolitical fields

Elizabeth Blackwell,
first woman in America
to graduate from medical school
and become a licensed physician,
who founded a medical school for women
in 1865:

Helen Keller,
born without sight or hearing,
graduated from Radcliffe with honors,
mastered several languages,
published a series of books

Lucretia Mott,
preacher, reformer, feminist,
who launched the movement
for women's rights
at Seneca Falls, New York,
in 1848

Hosa Parks,
Montgomery, Alabama,
whose refusal to give up
her seat on a bus
in 1955
launched the U.S. civil rights movement
for all black women and men:

Rosana Chouteau,
North American Indian,
elected chief of the Osage Beaver Band
in 1875,
the first female chief
in that patriarchal tribe

Wilma Rudolph,
who became known as
"the world's fastest woman"
after the 1960 Olympics
in Rome,
where she became the first American woman
to win three gold medals: