HILLARY MEETS ALFRED’S WOMEN’S STUDIES FACULTY

Thanks to the efforts of Alfred University’s College Democrats, First Lady Hillary Clinton paid a visit to Alfred at the end of last semester.

Though in the nearby town of Almond, citizens hung banners demanding that Hillary “go back to her man in Washington,” most people in the Alfred community were happy to have a chance to meet with her. “Alfred’s Democratic Women for Hillary!”

Clearly, members of the AU Women’s Studies Faculty were excited to meet her. Though this picture is worth a thousand words, we wondered what was going through their minds.

Karen Porter, Hillary Clinton, Sharon Hoover, Vickie Eaklor and Susan Morehouse
Photograph by Robyn Goodman

Signs outside of Holmes Auditorium where she spoke were more likely to read:

SEÑORITA ME: GROWING UP A GIRL IN SPANISH HARLEM

The aroma of barbecue traveled up to me from around the corner and made my mouth water. I was sitting at my grandmother’s, or as I call her, mammy’s, bedroom window gazing out into a summer day in Spanish Harlem. How I wished that I could be down in the street with everyone else. I wanted to participate in the rituals of all the other Spanish kids on “da block,” but instead, as always, I was sitting by my mammy’s side, wishing I were anywhere but.

Mammy was born in 1926 in Old San Juan, Puerto Rico. She is five-foot nothing, but has a heart bigger than the city she lives in.

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“This country hasn’t heard enough from young feminists. We’re here, and we have a lot to say about our ideas and hopes and struggles and our place within feminism.”

-Barbara Findlen
FROM THE DIRECTOR OF WOMEN'S STUDIES

This past summer as I drove my daughter to her various camps and worked quietly at home on my book, I had the great pleasure of receiving "letters from the front" from four students working on the East Coast as reproductive rights advocates and on the West Coast in environmental and animal rights. Their letters were full of insight, passion, and ambition (see p.6). These young women — Christa Nyman, Mandy Nourse, Angie Young, and Emilie Hardman — were working hard to make what they had learned in their classrooms count in the world around them. Their letters described both the policies they were determined to affect and the personal, psychic struggles they encountered in doing such work. It is hard, they said, to have people tell you you will "go to hell" for your beliefs, or threaten you for your wrongheadedness. Nevertheless, they returned to Alfred, not shaken but firm in their convictions and their dedication to feminist outreach. Together with other men and women on campus they have already been making a difference this Fall with efforts to get out the vote and with debates about the issues at stake in the vote. As I write this, on November 7, 2000, the country is on the edge of choosing a new political direction. People in Alfred have been casting votes for local, state, and national elections since 7 a.m. We know that in what may not be "the long run" issues like Roe v. Wade, the environment, our schools, and our basic rights as citizens may be up for grabs. I admit, I am anxious. But I am also proud that Alfred's Women's Studies students have been working to make a difference. It attests to the health of our program, and our campus. Also, their continued work contributes to the well being of us all. -Susan Morehouse

FROM THE ALPHADELPHIAN EDITOR

Just after the mid-semester mark, I sat with a cherished professor at lunch in Nana’s Japanese Café, discussing The Alphadelphian. At that point, I had posted flyers calling for submissions, sent several mass emails and harassed more than one of my fellow students, and yet, despite my persuasive powers, I had no finished pieces for the newsletter. None, and my deadline had been the Monday of that week.

Maybe, I thought, nobody cares about this. The thought chilled me (even though I was eating soup!) because the next logical question was: well, if no one cares, why do I? Maybe, I thought, I should forget about the newsletter.

The next day I got three pieces in my campus mailbox. I was elated, but being one who doesn’t let go of questions easily, I still pondered the issue that had come up over lunch the previous day. Having given it much more thought and having had several more bowls of Nana’s tofu udon soup as brain food, I think I may have finally figured it out.

People don’t really care about this, these pieces of paper, these deadlines for the publisher, deadlines for distribution. Why should they care about all of that? Honestly, I don’t either. What I care about, and what it is clear that the people who have put in their time and energy into writing and creating pieces for The Alphadelphian care about is the work that we’re actually doing. Whether it’s research or art or self-discovery—these are the projects that we really care about and are invested in.

The role of something like The Alphadelphian is not to create new work for people, but to provide an opportunity for us to share the work that we really care about with our community. Even though we live in a time when communication can be extraordinarily quick and easy, it is still hard to take the time out to communicate with others about the important projects in our lives.

Think about this: there are people engaged in feminist work right here in our own small community doing fabulous things that most of us might never know about! It is for them that The Alphadelphian exists, and for you, so that you have the chance to learn about their projects. So please, share it in that spirit, but let’s not forget that in order to share these important ideas there is a lot of time-consuming work that must occur. All of the undergraduate and graduate students who have contributed have my great thanks and praise for doing that work, as do Women’s Studies faculty members Karen Porter, Robyn Goodman, Susan Morehouse and Sharon Hoover.

-Emilie Hardman
IN AN EFFORT TO CONTAIN

He said she is a vessel waiting to be filled.

Is complacency a virtue?
Is she hysterical?
The ribbons and sweet things cover up the dirt
Our mantra becomes (unknowingly)
Sugar and spice and everything nice
And slowly our little girl bodies
Are no longer our own,
Until we realize that
The dirt was never ours.
-Amy Garbark

SILVER GELATIN PRINT BY AMY GARBARK

SEÑORITA ME

She has a caramel complexion with
eyes like dark chocolate and soft skin
like cotton balls. She smells like
spices and warmth. Mammy wears
batas with grease stains on them from
cooking, and old, worn out slippers.
She always wears a thin chain with a
cross around her neck.

I rarely enjoyed being kept
inside with my mammy and her
friends. I would have to watch the viejas
play cards and dominoes and listen
to them talk about who was pregnant
in the neighborhood. I hated hearing them pray for the pregnant girl's mothers,
as if they really cared. They loved bochinche. What these viejas would
do with themselves if they couldn't talk about other people, I don't know.

I didn't want to be with the viejas. I wanted to be with the rest of the kids and my brother playing in the
open fire hydrant down on the street, 
orching one another in the school-
yard across from my building. I
wanted to sit on the stoop of the build-
ing and wait for Mister Softie to come.
I wanted to get ice cream and let it drip
down my wrist and lick it off when I noticed. I wanted to be with the kids, not with mammy. I wished I were my brother, or any boy for that matter.
In my grandmother's home, a girl was
not the thing to be.

As a girl, being raised by my
mammy, I sometimes felt like I was being raised in a detention center. I
couldn't even look out the window because mammy said there was nothing
good out there for a senorita to learn, especially not in the summer when all the boys were outside. “Nena, salga de esa viento ahora,” she would say.

Mammy wouldn't let me eat
candies that turned my lips red, and
forget red lipstick! Red lipstick was
for putas, mammy would say. I couldn't even wear lip-gloss. As a girl, I wasn't even allowed to throw out the
garbage, spend the night at my friend's house, or go on overnight trips with my school.

Mammy kept me at home all
through my childhood and teen years. She meant for our time together to be a
chance for me to learn things that
would benefit my marriage in the fu-
ture. One of the most important les-
sions that she wanted me to learn was about virginity. Mammy said, “A senorita should have respect for herself and her family. My mother was married a virgin. I was married a virgin.
Your mother was married a virgin, and
you will marry a virgin!”

In Old San Juan when a girl
was married and went home with her
husband, she had better be a virgin or the groom would “return” her to her father. She would then be disowned for humiliating her family.

One time I said to mammy,
“It's the ‘90s now and women marry
much later in life and they don't always marry as virgins anymore.”

She was so angry. She
pointed her index finger at me and
said, “Only blancos do that and you are Spanish. Spanish men want virgins. They don't want something that has already been in use. That is why you don’t leave this house without me. I have to protect you.”

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WOMEN’S STUDIES COURSES SPRING, 2001

Course Descriptions for the Spring 2001 Women’s Studies Course offerings at Alfred University:

WST 105 — Women in Society
This interdisciplinary course is the foundation of Women’s Studies at Alfred. It examines the relationship of women worldwide to institutions and developments in the social, political and economic spheres. Topics include biological issues, women and work, women as family members, media portrayal of women, and the origins and development of modern feminism.

WST 120 — Non-Violent Crisis Intervention
Non-violent crisis intervention is a behavior management system. We demonstrate techniques useful for prevention of action out behavior, personal safety techniques, which avoid injury during confrontation, and non-violent physical control and restraint. Also, covered are techniques for crisis management.

WST 206 — Poetry Workshop
A beginning writing course in poetry with an emphasis on originality and freshness of language. Required work includes extensive reading of contemporary poets, writing with an eye toward understanding basic poetic forms, peer reviews and preparing a final portfolio of revised poems.

WST 254 — Women Writers
This course examines issues of language, gender, and culture portrayed through the lens of the woman writer. Texts include novels, stories, autobiographies, essays, letters, and poetry.

WST 346 — Sociology of Sex and Gender
This course examines the concepts of sex and gender as they are defined in sociological literature, focusing on how social contexts (i.e., education, employment, family, sexuality and reproduction, etc.) construct gender which, in turn, shapes future opportunities for individuals in society.

WST 414 — Women in Medieval and Early Modern Europe
This is a survey course of women in the ancient Near East Greece and Rome. Discussions focus on images of women in law, literature and art and the roles of women in the family, work, religion and politics. Concentration on primary sources with supplemental historical reading.

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Course Code</th>
<th>Course Title</th>
<th>Instructor</th>
<th>Time</th>
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<tr>
<td>WST 105 001</td>
<td>Women in Society</td>
<td>Porter, K</td>
<td>1:20-3:10 MW</td>
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<td>Women in Medieval and Early Modern Europe</td>
<td>Mitchell, L</td>
<td>7:20-9:10 TTh</td>
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SEÑORITA ME
continued from pg. 3
Mammy “protected” me as long as she could, but the time came ultimately when I wanted to leave home and go to college. That was probably mammy’s biggest fear: my going away to school.

She thought that at college I would either have sex on my own accord or get raped. More specifically, she thought I was going to be raped in the woods and found dead. Mammy told me, “The woods are no place for a girl!” She said that if I was raped and murdered in the woods she would bring me back from the dead, ask me what business I had being there in the woods, and then kill me herself.

I know that mammy would have preferred me to stay in the city, live at home and study, but in her heart she knows that going away to school in Alfred was the best thing for me to do. It was the safest decision I could make. On “da block” no one goes to college, most people don’t even finish high school. I don’t want that to be my life.

Mammy knows college is important for me and she has been strong through the experience. Mammy is the strongest person I know and I can only hope that one day I am as strong as she is.

My intention with writing this piece is not to hurt or to make fun of mammy, but simply to share my experiences. Mammy raised me the only way she knew how and I wouldn’t be the person I am today if she had done it another way. I am proud of myself and I am proud of my grandmother.

—Erica Mercado
Purveyors of fashion shows and freak shows have used Sadomasochistic (S&M) imagery. I decided to create a photography and video documentary *Hide and Seek* that deals with the subject from a humanistic point of view.

I have been involved in the S&M scene since 1992 and continue to be impressed with the abundance of intellect, caring and open communication in the community. "Safe, sane and consensual" is the S&M creed - a reality quite different from most outsiders' portrayals.

The S&M community is comprised of individuals with myriad interests - many of which have nothing to do with giving or receiving pain. Practitioners come from a variety of socioeconomic and philosophical backgrounds. I chose to photograph and interview a group of people who represent this diversity.

In spite of their differences, all the people I questioned remember having had a fascination with aspects of S&M since they were young children. Many resisted and repressed these impulses for years, fearing the very real possibility of reprisals in their personal and professional lives, before eventually finding some degree of self-acceptance.

I photographed people in their homes and dungeons. I also videotaped them talking about everything from their families to their favorite perversions and participating in S&M activities.

I am digitally combining my images and interviews with personal photographs furnished by the participants.

*Hide and Seek* will cover such topics as gender identity, role-playing, coming out and misconceptions about the community, and will include accounts of S&M experiences. The end result will be an intimate and realistic look at an often misunderstood, and even feared, minority.

*Hide and Seek* is a work in progress, scheduled for completion in 2001.

- Debora Brown
  naiad9@hotmail.com

Debora is a first year graduate student in Alfred University's Electronic Integrated Arts Program.
Margaret Sanger had a vision. She wanted to give women the right to control their own bodies, all other rights are meaningless.

Margaret Sanger had a vision. She wanted to give women the right to control their own bodies... I share this vision.

Perhaps the beginning of my political activism started when I attended a conference called "The Fight for Abortion Rights and Reproductive Freedom," at Hampshire College in Amherst, MA, last school year.

I attended the conference with two other Alfred University students and I had one of the most eye-opening and inspiring experiences of my brief twenty-two years. Those two days of intense reproductive rights information cleared up a lot of confusion in my mind. I laughed, I cried, and more importantly, I was pissed off. By listening to women tell their stories, I came to a deeper understanding about reproductive rights. It was so empowering that I knew I needed to do something to get involved in the struggle for reproductive rights.

I wanted to fight for all the women who have died from botched illegal abortions, all the women who are trapped in relationships with too many children, all the women who want a different future than what they have been dealt, and all the women who need to overcome adversity simply to utilize their reproductive rights, as well as those doctors and employees who risk their lives everyday to provide women with these services.

At that time, though, like many people, I thought "What can I do? I am only one person, one small voice, how could I possibly fight?" After some thought, I contacted Randi Hewitt who spoke at Alfred last spring, and who works for Planned Parenthood. She sent my name on to my hometown of Albany and they mailed me all the paper work. When I returned home for the summer, I interviewed at Upper Hudson Planned Parenthood (UHPP) and secured an internship.

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On October 19, 1999, President Clinton took a laudable step toward protecting our Heritage Forests. He proposed that the Forest Service develop a long-term forest protection policy after a temporary time-out on road building was called by White House officials earlier that year.

In response to this initiative, the Forest Service released its first Draft Environmental Impact Statement (DEIS) on May 10, 2000, which contained several potential ways to manage our forest lands. The Forest Service then released the DEIS to the public for a public comment period that lasted through July 17, 2000. During this time, over three hundred meetings were held nationwide, where the Forest Service recorded public testimony regarding opinions of the DEIS.

The majority of my summer was devoted to working with the Oregon State Public Interest Research Group in Portland (OSPIRG), urging the Forest Service to adopt the strictest policy possible for protecting these forestlands.

Through OSPIRG, an advocacy group for the public interest that works in the watchdog tradition of Ralph Nader, I was able to experience politics at the grassroots level. A few of the activities I engaged in through OSPIRG to bring the forest protection issues to the people were door-to-door canvassing, postcard campaigning, letter-writing, and rallying.

The most exciting part of my experience with OSPIRG this summer was giving recorded testimony at the Forest Service Public Hearing. Clad in my green clothing and "save our heritage forests" pins, I stepped up to the podium, and, with CNN and local news cameras recording me, proceeded to deliver the first testimony in Portland. It was thrilling to know that my voice was actually making a difference for this issue. It was also a thrill to see all the timber people grimace as I detailed my pro-tree opinion.

My experience working in Portland this summer with OSPIRG was rich. I learned how powerful and exciting politics can be at the grassroots level, as well as how hectic, yet vital, non-profit activism is.

Working with OSPIRG also forced me to overcome any shyness that I had hitherto possessed in order to knock on the doors of total strangers and speak intelligently about the DEIS and the importance of being involved in what happens to our environment. In the future, I hope to continue being involved with activism. I will take what I learned this summer and apply it to other causes that need attention in this world.

-Angela Young

WORKING FOR REPRODUCTIVE RIGHTS
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Going into the experience, I knew that people, "pro-lifers," or anti-abortionists, often attacked abortion clinics. However, I don't think that I fully understood how scary it is to work at a place that could be bombed, shot at, or attacked in various other ways. It was hard for me at first to work at a place where I had to wear a name tag, punch in a door code to enter the office and talk to people behind bulletproof glass. Although I was scared at first, I thought about how much I was helping, and I decided not to be afraid.

I did a number of things at UHPP including lobbying, petitioning, escorting patients, registering clients to vote, distributing information at events in the Albany area, working on a turnover of Planned Parenthood across the country and reading MANY newspapers. Working at UHPP gave me the chance to fight for things I believe are very important.

I got to work with many supportive people, but also had to face a number of people who challenged my beliefs, something I found to be the greatest challenge to my activism. One day, an anti-choice woman challenged me outside the clinic. She told me flat out that I was going to hell. While I was listening to this woman, I thought to myself, "I can either be silent, let her say her piece and leave, or I can speak out and defend my beliefs."

At that moment I decided that nobody will ever be able to challenge me like that and walk away without hearing me. "Honey," I said, "I was going to hell long before I started working here; I already have my bags packed."

Activism isn't for everyone, but for those of you who want to make a difference I can't encourage you enough to get involved. No change is too small and together, through activism, we can make a real difference. Volunteers are always needed and the rewards are amazing. As Sanger said, "Women should look the world in the face with a go-to-hell look in the eyes: have an idea, speak and act in defiance of convention."

-Mandy Nourse
I am a Hispanic woman, born and raised in Costa Rica. I came to the United States to attend college and I graduated with a BFA from Georgia State University in the fall of 1999 with a major in film and videotape production and a minor in photography. I worked at the High Museum of Art as assistant to the Curator of Media Arts (August 1999 – August 2000). I am currently pursuing an MFA in Electronic Integrated Arts at Alfred University.

"The Calessi Line" is a photographic-based body of work that questions, and in a way mocks, advertisements in our society. The models used in advertisements intrigue me. I see these models as factitious. In a way, their bodies become more doll-like each day, with no such natural things as hairs, scars or other things that would be considered defects.

Another thing that interests me is how adolescent these models look, and generally are. Sometimes it is not even possible to distinguish between a male and a female model.

I am also interested in how sexuality is used to sell products.

The reality is that the way models are shown in advertisements is not the way humans look by nature. These are some of the issues that I deal with in this body of work.

-Natasha Pachano
nacha76@mindspring.com
GET INVOLVED IN ACTIVISM, BE A FEMINIST INTERN

Non-profit, activist groups depend on the help of interns. There are many organizations that need help, but here are a few suggestions for this summer:

**Center for Policy Alternatives**

The Center for Policy Alternatives’ Women’s Policy and Programs coordinates the Women’s Economy Campaign. This program is dedicated to advancing a women-led economic agenda for America based on women’s economic strength and potential. The priorities defined by American women, address policies that impact economic self-sufficiency, entrepreneurship, health and security, family and work. Interns will work with the program staff on research in the above areas. To apply send a resume and cover memo to: Nora O’Connell, Coordinator, Women’s Policy and Programs/ Center for Policy Alternatives/ 1875 Connecticut Avenue, NW, Suite 710/ Washington, DC 20009 or e-mail: noconnell@ctpa.org.

**EMILY's List**

This organization is a political network that seeks to raise money for Democratic pro-choice women candidates and mobilize female voter turnout. Internships are available in the areas of communications, development, election law compliance, events, and research. Stipend is $500/month. To apply, contact: EMILY's List Internship Program/ Attn: Internship Coordinator/ 805 15th Street, NW/ Suite 400/ Washington, DC 20005.

**The Empower Program**

The Empower Program is a non-profit educational organization that works with youth to end gender-based violence. It seeks to improve young women’s health and safety and to reduce the incidence of sexual violence. Internships are available on a flexible basis, with both duration of internship and hours worked per week open for discussion. To apply contact: The Empower Program/ 1312 8th Street NW/ Washington, DC 20001.

**Gay and Lesbian Victory Fund**

The Gay and Lesbian Victory Fund is the only national organization whose central mission is to increase the number of qualified openly gay and lesbian public officials. The Fund takes communications interns for both the summer and fall semesters. Positions can be full or part time, and will entail supporting a wide range of the organization’s communications efforts, including such duties as monitoring media coverage, drafting selected internal documents, maintaining media database, and proof-reading selected written materials, etc. Commitment to securing lesbian and gay equality required. To request an application, contact: Sloan C. Wiesen, Gay and Lesbian Victory Fund/ 1012 14th Street, NW Suite 1000/ Washington, DC 20005.

**Off Our Backs**

*Off Our Backs* is a feminist women’s news journal that looks for “radical women” to be interns. Hours are flexible and the work environment is relaxed and casual. *Off Our Backs* has been in existence since 1970 and is a collectively run publication. Interns at *Off Our Backs* take part in collective meetings, review and analyze mainstream and special-interest publications for information, assist with layout & design, have the opportunity to write articles for the publication, and assist with general office duties. For more information contact Jenn at offourbacks@compuserve.com or send cover letter and resume to: Attn: Jenn Smith/ c/o Off Our Backs/ 2337B 18th St. NW/ Washington, DC 20009.

**National Coalition Against Domestic Violence**

The National Coalition Against Domestic Violence (NCADV) is a national grassroots advocacy organization representing battered women, domestic violence programs and state coalitions. Interns at NCADV participate in lobby visits and strategy sessions with national advocates, draft letters and alerts, attend hearings and press conferences, and monitor and analyze legislation. To apply send a cover letter, resume, brief writing sample and two references to: Marlo Cohen, Assistant Director of Public Policy/ 1532 16th Street, NW/ Washington, DC 20036.

VISIT THE WOMEN’S STUDIES BULLETIN BOARD ON THE TOP FLOOR OF SEIDLIN HALL, ACROSS FROM OUR DIRECTOR, SUSAN MOREHOUSE’S OFFICE. THE BOARD HAS CURRENT SEX AND GENDER ISSUES IN THE NEWS, JOB, INTERNSHIP AND FELLOWSHIP NOTICES, INFORMATION ON OTHER WOMEN’S STUDIES PROGRAMS, CONFERENCES AND LOCAL ACTIVISM UPDATES. WE WELCOME ANY APPROPRIATE ADDITIONS.
MAKING A TRUE CHOICE:
OUR OWN SEXUAL DECISIONS FOR OUR OWN REASONS

"I believe it is a strawberry seed in your appendix that is causing you pain. Come back if it gets worse," said the emergency room doctor.

"The pain seems to be cyclical," said my pediatrician.

"Everything looks all right down there," said the nurse practitioner.

"Well, it could be a thickened hymen," said my gynecologist.

"I think you are going to need a hysterectomy," said the first specialist.

These are the things that I was told in the first year that I began to have pains. In the end, we discovered that I had a septum in my vagina. Actually, I had two septums, which is uncommon for a lady to have.

Two septums were blocking my vaginal opening. I had many experimental surgeries done. It was all quite confusing for a girl in her early teens.

When I met with the first specialist, he had to touch me down there and I felt exposed.

He determined what the problem with my body was and then everyone knew about me. Everyone heard about what was "wrong" with me. I was even in books I was so "special." My private parts became public knowledge overnight in Atlanta.

The specialist gave me a contraption that my mom liked to call "my very own chastity belt." Although not as crude as the real thing, this contraption still made me "not normal." I had to grow up with this contraption inside of my body holding me open.

Part of the very particular problem I encountered because of all of this was the knowledge that I could not have sex if I ever wanted to. As a matter of fact, if I ever wanted to have sex, I would need more surgery. When I was ready to have sex for the first time, everyone would know because I would have to request the additional surgery.

Slowly but surely, the magical idea of making love became purely technical to me. The decision to have sex for the first time would be embedded in part of another medical procedure for me. So, for a while, I simply avoided the situation.

Even though I became more open with talking about sexual topics than most kids my age, I also never got to say "no" or "yes" to sex for me. I always said "no" as a way to hide my "problem."

I met a boy here at college.

"I never got to say 'no' or 'yes' to sex for me. I always said 'no' as a way to hide my 'problem.'"

who told me how I was beautiful and "more womanly than most for being able to go through all of this." Eventually, I wanted to try sleeping with him. I knew sex wasn't supposed to work because of all the vaginal scars from my surgeries, but I wanted to go as far as I could. It almost worked. I was almost "normal" sexually.

I dated a different guy over the summer and in the heat of the moment thought it would be exciting to try sex with him. In the back of my head I wondered though, "What has become of me? I have only known him for two weeks! Where did my dreams of waiting until I was married go?"

My body overruled those thoughts, however, and I did it. This time it worked! For some reason, it worked. I wasn't going to need surgery to have sex after all. I was mad and happy all at the same time.

I was "normal" sexually, but then I also felt that I was a "slut." I was lost in confusion. I had no idea who I was or what my values were anymore. I felt dirty. I fell into a dark hole of confusion and shame. Finally, I began to see light again when I went to see a sex therapist in Buffalo who was trained to deal with these issues.

With the therapist, I learned that virginity is a choice. A girl has to give it away, it should never be taken. In my case, I wasn't giving it away. I was like a sports player who had an injured knee: he had sat out on the bench a few games and then finally went out on the field to test his knee to see if it was back to normal. At the age of twenty, I was finally "back to normal."

Now that I knew I was "normal," I could get to the real issue, which turned out to have hardly anything to do with my surgery. My problem was that I didn't know what my values were since I never had to think about them.

Since I didn't have my reason of having physical barriers to sex, I had no idea how to say "no" anymore. I found out, though, that I am not alone. Many girls say "no" to sex for many different reasons. Some say "no" for their religion, some say it because of their family, others say it so they don't get pregnant or get a disease and some even say it so they are not labeled a "slut" by society.

My reason was so that people wouldn't find out about my "problem." All of these reasons are excuses that prevent us from exploring our sexual selves and learning to respect them as a great part of who we are. We shouldn't ignore that part of us or feel that it is something to be ashamed of.

With my therapist I finally began to recognize that I had desires and that they were not dirty. I also learned something most people don't get to learn.
MAKING A TRUE CHOICE
continued from page 10

—that there are different ways of being sexual without having sex, but that is a whole other subject.

So I ask all the girls who say no to sex because of their religion, society, their parents, or to prevent pregnancy or because they fear of disease: would you be able to say "no" if your reason was taken away from you?

What would happen if all religions declared sex to be acceptable? What if society did not view sleeping around as a "slutty" thing to do? What if if your parents said, "Well we weren't really virgins when we got married"? What if we could prevent all diseases and pregnancies? What would be your reason for saying "no" then?

When I didn't have to worry about my physical "problem" anymore, I had no reason to say "no" until I was lucky enough to realize that my reasons when deciding about sexual activity should be for my sexual self. It is a slight distinction in thought, but it makes all the difference in the world when you have no reason other than your reason was taken away from you.

It is not our true choice until we stop making it our religion's choice, our parent's choice, safety's choice, or society's choice, and in my case, shame's choice. When we finally learn to say "no" for our very own beautiful, unique sexual selves, then it is our true choice.

-Amanda Miller

WST SPRING ROUNDTABLES
All roundtables are open to the public and everyone is encouraged to attend. Roundtables are held from 12:20 until 1:10 p.m. in the Knight Club, located on the third floor of Powell Campus Center.

January 26
Parenting Tips and Strategies: How to Increase your Chances of Raising Terrific Kids
Presented by Lou Lichtman

February 23
Female Relationships in Moravian Missions to Native Americans in the Eighteenth Century
Presented by Amy Schutt (Colgate)

March 23
Performance Art as Expression of Issues
Presented by Rie Hachiyanagi

April 20
Minor's Capstone Projects
Presented by the Graduating Women's Studies Minors

ALFRED'S WOMEN'S ISSUES COALITION
MEETS EVERY TUESDAY AT 5:20 P.M.
IN THE MULTICULTURAL SUITE ON THE FIRST FLOOR OF POWELL CAMPUS CENTER.
EVERYONE IS WELCOME TO ATTEND.
AU WOMEN'S STUDIES TAKES ITS SHOW ON THE ROAD

On October 13 and 14, I had the pleasure of traveling with Emilie Hardman and Mandy Nourse, two of our senior women's studies minors, to SUNY Potsdam for the New York State Sociological Association's annual meeting. Nourse, a sociology major, and Hardman, an English and communication studies major (with an honorary major in sociology!), presented papers at the conference, as did I.

Hardman's presentation was based in part on her ongoing research involving the Punk subculture. Her paper, "Denied and Rerouted: Women's Political Anger," which she describes in greater detail in an article on page 14, explores features of Punk styles of communication that encourage and nurture women's anger. And that's a good thing, she explains.

Mainstream culture thwarts women's anger when it admonishes us for being "overly aggressive" or tells us to "calm down." Shouting isn't ladylike, we've been told. Well, in Punk subculture, shouting, no, make that screeching, is a style of communicating political messages that women may choose without risking any type of backlash from other members of the subculture.

Hardman suggests in her paper that mainstream culture could learn some lessons from the feminist Punk subculture. Hardman's research, which I have been fortunate enough to supervise, is funded by an AU Undergraduate Research grant.

Nourse's presentation was based on a research project completed last semester for a class she took with Dr. Alison Carey, a former member of the AU faculty, now at Temple University.

Nourse performed an experiment with 20 AU women undergraduates in which she asked them to respond to a series of images she had assembled in a binder. Half of the women were asked to look at a binder with magazine advertisements containing images of women with "fashion model" bodies. The other half looked at a binder containing magazine advertisements picturing women with "more realistic" bodies. Nourse's results are quite interesting. She found that all the women in her study reviewing the "fashion model" images were able to articulate a "feminist critique" of these images. They recognized how these images are "killing us softly," to borrow Jean Kilbourne's phrase, yet, at the same time, the majority expressed some form of self-loathing ("my thighs are too fat," for example).

In addition, the women viewing the "more realistic" images applauded advertisers' attempts to use images that most women can relate to, yet when asked about their own bodies, some still expressed a desire to achieve the fashion model look. Nourse plans to explore this further in an expanded version of her paper.

I am so proud of our students. continued on page 13

At this year's New York State Sociological Association meeting, Dr. Karen Porter was able to remind two of her students that she is committed to feminist research, not just in the classroom, but in her own life with her research on domestic violence.

Porter presented a paper titled, "Rethinking the Rules: The Political History of a Domestic Violence Collaboration Project in a Rural, Upstate New York County" at the conference.

"Rethinking the Rules," is a paper that stems from several years of research involving participation in the collaboration project, interviews and data analysis. In the paper Porter points to the complications that come up when trying to re-work systems for dealing effectively with domestic violence cases in a rural community. From the length of response time to domestic violence incidents to the patriarchal attitudes that inform the bulk of law enforcement's actions, the rural setting poses particular problems, she asserts.

Bravely defending both feminist research methods and feminist interpretations of domestic violence in her session, Porter showed her students a passion for research that extends far beyond the classroom.
FROM DOLL DRESS TO DIPPING Digits:
THE EVOLUTION OF JENNIFER PEPPER'S ART WORK

For two years, Jennifer Pepper has been teaching in the Division of Human Studies BAFA program at Alfred University. Before moving to the Southern Tier area, Pepper lived in Brooklyn, NY for 10 years. During that period, she produced many sculptures and drawings that focus on an exploration of the body.

The underlying concepts in the work she has carried out in her studio were, and remain to be, discovering the intrinsic connections between the self and others, unveiling the layers of personal and collective histories, while establishing connections between the past and present.

Many of the concepts have an anthropological element, reflecting Pepper's upbringing and continual interest in the subject of culture. Growing up surrounded by a family of artisans and writers, Pepper visited many museums of art, natural history and anthropology. These interests can be seen in the ways she creates her work through use of various forms and juxtapositions of materials.

Pepper uses materials such as hydrostone, plaster, resin, rubber, cement, wax, fiber, and leather. Due to the sheer numbers of pieces she uses in works, each time a work is installed it changes, supporting her belief that art is a living force in our world.

Pepper's work of the early 1990s focused on the female body. The sculpture, Fiat Lux (1994), questions the definitions of beauty in Western Civilization. "Forty doll dresses are made from stitched cotton organdy. The bodices of the dresses fit a Barbie doll while the skirts are elongated, 60 inches. Initially the dresses appear light, perhaps angelic, as they are moved by the air currents. This playfulness, though, is undermined by the stiffness of the starched objects. The dresses hover like garments in a wardrobe. In contrast to the figures which remain static on the wall, the dresses are moved by external forces." (1)

Further progression in her work with the body found Pepper excavating it instead of dressing it. Using plaster, cement, and some pigment, Line Up (1996), serves to commemorate the Native American women unearthed at the Cahokia burial grounds at Monks Mound in Illinois.

"Separated by gender, the bodies were laid side by side. While the male corpses were intact, the female bodies had been dismembered. Truncated heads and arms have never been located. Pepper has created a memorial for these women. This commemoration serves both to remember and to re-inscribe history." (1)

Mid-decade, Pepper began to reevaluate her work. Coming to a crossroads, she decided to shift her focus from the representative nature of the female body and investigate how

WITH AN EAR TO THE GROUND, JENNIFER PEPPER

...with faculty members and graduate students.

Several attendees provided them with useful feedback on their papers. And more than a few remarked that Nourse's and Hardman's participation in the conference reflects favorably upon Alfred University. I wished you all could have been there with us.

-Dr. Karen L. Porter

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DENIED AND REROUTED: 
WOMEN'S POLITICAL ANGER

Sometimes our research interests give some insight into who we are. Certainly, in my case, this is true. I am interested in women’s political anger in part because I am a politically angry woman.

I became interested in this topic as I began, almost two years ago, to study Punk culture with an eye particularly toward the ways in which women participate in that culture. My research in this area has been focused on analyzing vinyl record albums produced within the Punk community. In these cultural artifacts one of the things I have sought to find is a way to understand women’s roles in Punk. Punk has traditionally been framed as a culture of male aggression although researchers such as Lucy O’Brien, Louraine LeBlanc and Craig O’Hara have recognized that Punk is a culture that has provided opportunities to women beyond those that mainstream society tends to make available and comfortable for them.

One of these opportunities is the chance for women to fully embody and enact political anger, and not only that, but to have this anger be recognized and respected where dominant culture has tended to deny and reroute. I use political as a qualifier for anger not just because I believe, and I do, that the personal is political, but mostly because anger is the quintessential political emotion and the suppression of the anger is the suppression of political expression.

What I mean by asserting women’s anger has been “denied” them should be quite clear. As researcher Elizabeth Spelman points out, while women “are expected to be emotional, indeed even to have their emotions run their lives, their anger will not be tolerated.” Emotions that have been feminized, like fear and sadness, are seen as emotional states in which a woman can be controlled. Her propensity for freely expressing these emotions frames her as a subordinate. Anger on the other hand is threatening because it is in fact an act of insubordination. Women’s anger is a threat to patriarchy, and so it has actively been denied them.

My claim that women’s anger has been “rerouted” may be less clear, though it is certainly a connected issue. I see the first step in this process of rerouting anger as renaming. What do the words, “whining,” or, specifically, “bitching,” say to us? What is continued on page 18
WOMEN'S POLITICAL ANGER

continued from page 14

"the cult of victimization" or "culture of complaint?" These are the words and phrases that have contained women's anger.

It has been established that women have a difficult time feeling that they can express their anger. Lyn Brown suggests in Raising their Voices: The Politics of Girls' Anger that "anger is more culturally acceptable for white working class women and certain women of color than it is for the white middle and upper-class women, but that doesn't translate into constructive action or effective social change." This is a way into what I am specifically interested in, which is the Punk culture where women's anger has been accepted and has translated to constructive action and effective cultural change, albeit on a small and rather separatist scale.

I understand the skepticism, or even nervousness that may be prompted by my suggestion that elements of Punk culture could be a model for positive social change. However, examining a culture that resides firmly outside of dominant society allows us a chance to really develop different ways of looking at the choices that are available to us. Looking at Punk culture is a way into examining the different roles that women have embodied by their participation in a politically minded culture.

Punk's anger, as heard in vocal and musical presentations and as seen in the styles adopted by participants, is something that has distanced the mainstream. But in fact, Punk itself is based on the rejection of society and mainstream values or politics. Punk researcher, Lauraine Leblanc explains her own participation in Punk by saying, "becoming Punk was, for me, the ultimate in self-empowerment. I had moved from a position of victimization, as the smartest, dorkiest, most persecuted girl in school, to one of agency, as a person in charge of my self-presentation... It was no longer the case that the world was against me, but rather that I was against the world.

continued on page 18
continued from page 13

we process the nature of language as a flowing and ever changing system. Though others might have disagreed, Pepper did not feel that her choice was an abandonment of feminism. Feminism, to her, had always been a way in which "one lives a life and continues to re-focus," she says.

Language interests Pepper because "it is always changing and dependent upon the context and cultural group. Language is fluid." One of her sculptures that can be associated with this new direction is With an Ear to the Ground.

Pepper describes With an Ear to the Ground by saying, "head-like rocks are set on a field of undulating fabric. Small green iridescent ears hover above these heads on quirky bent wire lengths to further make concrete the concept of the earth uttering sound. Ear reflects my interest in sound as a connector between interior and exterior worlds. The body serves as a 'window' through which bits of sensory data pass, creating a link to the outside. The work presents a visualization of sound, an invisible source made physical." (2)

In Pepper's current work she is using flexible materials such as crocheted nylons, leathers and rubber to further explore her studio directions. In October of last year, she installed a work in show entitled "Quirk Work" in Brooklyn, NY, at Feed Gallery where she created a site specific work crocheting the edges of a room.

Professor Pepper shared her ideas of binary systems and its roots in the early Jacquard weaving looms at the November Women's Studies Roundtable with a talk titled "Dipping Digits: Imagining and Imaging in Zeros & Ones."

-Annette Richards


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'01 RILEY LECTURE IN WOMEN'S STUDIES

Virginia Rasmussen will present the 6th annual Elizabeth Hallenbeck Riley and Charles P. Riley Lecture in Women's Studies on Monday, April 2, at 4 p.m. in Howell Hall.

The talk's tentative title is: "An Environmentalist Comes of Age: The Patriarchal Corporation's Assault on Every Good Thing Under the Sun." Rasmussen's presentation will relate to her particular and continuing journey of awakening at Alfred and beyond.

Rasmussen is presently one of 12 principals and co-administrator of the Program on Corporations, Law and Democracy (POCLAD), a project which is examining the fundamental relationship between a self-governing people and the corporate bodies we create. The objective of this work is to provoke the learning and debate essential in this country and around the world that can lead to removing from the corporate form its illegitimate authority to govern and, in time, make corporations subordinate to the people.

Rasmussen also edits POCLAD's periodical, By What Authority, and she speaks and writes on issues related to this work.

Rasmussen has quite a history with Alfred. She helped develop the environmental studies program at Alfred University and served as mayor in the early 1980s.
Get out and walk I told him. There hadn't been an argument. I mean, we didn't air grievances. It was the way he sat on his side of the car. Everything was contained, his ankles crossed, his hands in his lap as though the gear shift was a "No Trespassing" sign, as if I was just the driver and always would be. You know the old fifties joke where the husband, the comedian, calls his wife The Driver, she doesn't even have a name? Anyway, I didn't know what I was going to say until I said it. We were on a flat road with a wide berm. The pavement was fight gray and the telephone poles ticked by at sixty miles an hour until we slowed down. I braked pretty hard, as if my foot had a mind of its own. It was quiet in the car; his breath was soundless, I could feel the pulse at my wrist without touching it. There was a blemish on the windshield as though it had been struck by something hard and sharp. And then I said, Get out and walk.

I don't know what I expelled after that. But do you know - he reached over and unbuckled the seatbelt, not looking at me. There was something about his hand, the way the knuckles were reddish and the skin puffed out around his wedding ring. He never could take it off - by the time our honeymoon was over it was stuck there for good, or at least until someone cut it off. I almost laughed and said, Just kidding, Just wanted to see; Did you know my Mom did that to me? I don't know why I said that, It must have come from some place deep in my sub-conscious. But then he sighed, and it was such a hopeless sound - so deflated - so without energy - a kind of so-it's-come-to-this-and-why-not sigh, that instead of saying anything I just braked harder and turned on the blinkers and pulled over into that nice wide bicycle lane they have on 66. You know, it's wide enough really for two bicycles side by side even with the cars whizzing past at sixty or seventy on the regular part of the road.

He didn't say anything. I thought he might, but he didn't; he just climbed out. He made sure the seatbelt end was tucked back inside the car, and he zipped his jacket, (it's a leather jacket, dark brown), before he shut the door. He walked with his hands in his pockets. And he stood up straight. I mean, he looked fine - but hunched, somehow. I can't describe it. He was holding something inside. Not like inside the jacket, but something that his chest was closed around. I don't know, I can't explain. I did follow him -- for a long time. I can't say exactly how long because I wasn't paying attention to the clock and the radio wasn't on. So I couldn't, for instance, say, I followed him for five top 40's, then changed stations and heard the end of a concerto. I don't know. The light changed though. I mean the sunlight. It was sort of a grey-ish afternoon when he got out, his hair seemed like pewter. Then later there were some streaks of light on that slant that lets you know it's late afternoon. The air smelled like rain. The hillsides were dotted occasionally with small white churches, and spotted cows grazed in wired pastures. Regular fences contained the land. I'd let him get pretty far ahead, then follow really slowly until I was close to him, then stop and wait until he was ahead again. He never turned around. He never turned off.

And finally I just didn't know what to do. I mean, I couldn't just keep following. And by then he didn't really even look like anyone I know. Just a man, really. With greying hair, and a leather jacket, and jeans. A man walking.

-Prof. Susan Morehouse
WU QING VISITS ALFRED UNIVERSITY

Alfred University was pleasantly surprised by a guest in mid-October. All the way from China, People's Deputy Wu Qing visited our campus thanks to the efforts of Dr. Robyn Goodman, who met the activist when she taught journalism in China.

Speaking on women's and constituents rights, Wu Qing explored the nature of Chinese politics. Wu Qing's speech was both poetic and inspiring. The integration of metaphor in her address was especially powerful.

The most striking of her metaphors was that of the blooming flower, which represented the position of women in China. Wu Qing said that one blooming flower in a field does not mean spring. Spring does not come until the entire field is full of blooming flowers. It is "not enough" that a few women are successful in China, she said. She wants many more successful, confident Chinese women to join her and fight for human rights in their country.

Wu Qing’s strength and courage as a People’s Deputy in China is admirable. She works quite hard on behalf of her constituents and is not afraid to disagree when policies are being implemented in government that do not represent the people’s best interests.

Wu Qing said that the best way to make changes to act locally, to break down barriers and to work together.

"...denying female agency implicitly disallows our capacity to rebel, to resist, to act in a revolutionary way. A despairing vision, it acts to reinforce patriarchal power; it does not subvert or undermine it."

- bell hooks
One of the Possibilities

Stunned by her creation, the fragile
Perfection she has achieved, she squats
Above the newborn. “Heavens,”
She mutters, touching sore nipples
Gingerly, “all those eons ahead
Listening to it squall; worrying;
Being consumed by its demands:
No time for myself...” Like fine rain
Her milk drips on the face of the world.

- Carol Burdick

BABY, ARE YOU BLUE?

MATCH DRESS BY T.O.M. McCabe
FROM THE WOMEN’S ISSUES COALITION ART EXHIBITION, 1999 IN THE STUDENT GALLERY, SCHOOL OF ART AND DESIGN, “PISS ON THE PATRIARCHY.”