

# New Indicator

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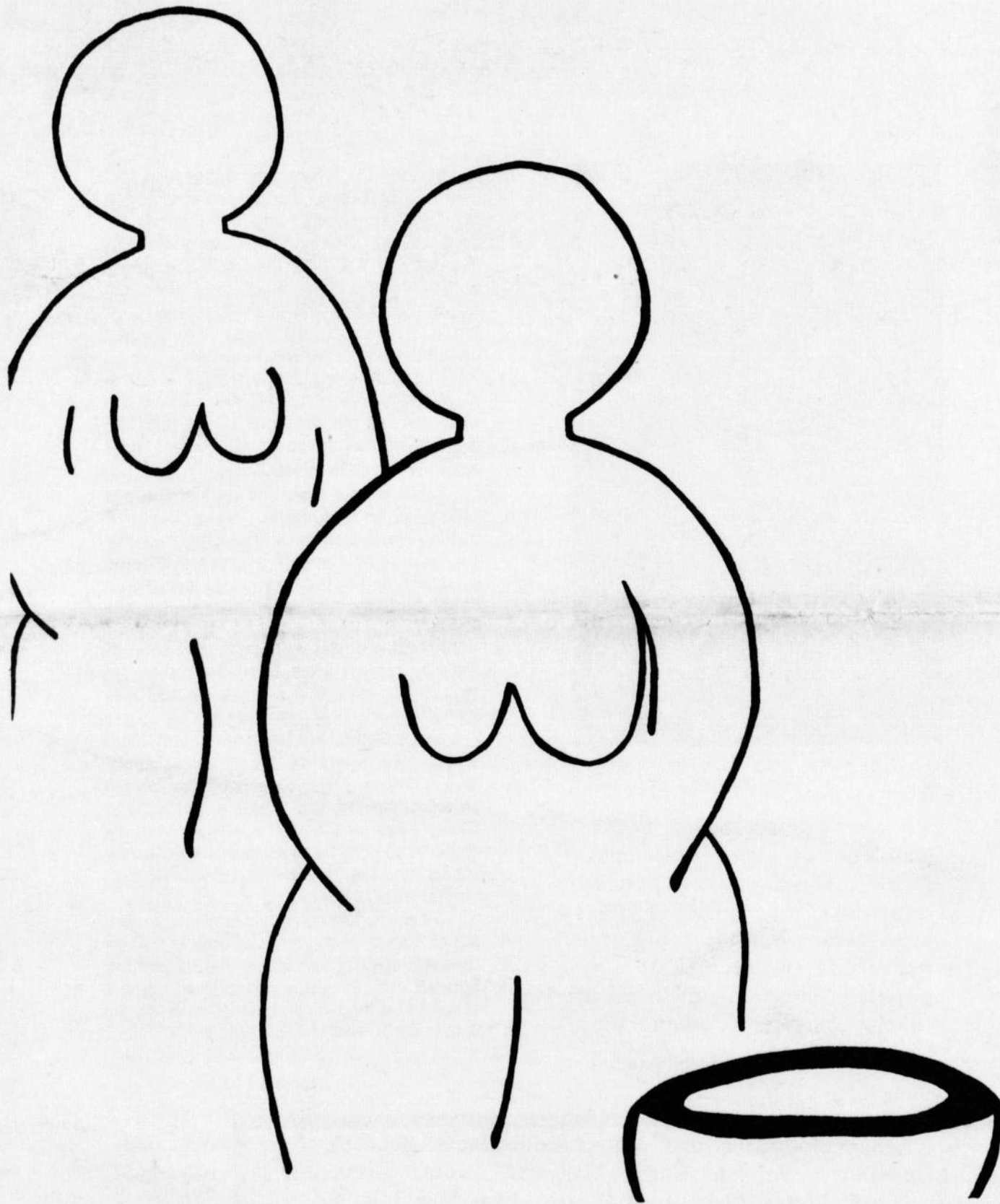
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## SPECIAL WOMEN'S ISSUE

dedicated solely to the women's movement



### *A Woman's Words*

*With a raised hand we clasp each other's and raise our voices because we are one; we are a movement of people rising in unison to be heard by those who forget we are here, we have minds, we have voices. You sing, she marches, you cry and she shouts, and we hold on, hands held firmly, heads raised, our eyes seen and when we cross the line we are all colors, sexes, sizes because we are one voice all singing for women, men, children -- those who will be liberated and stand free from inequality.*

*~Kimberly Payne*

In celebration of International Women's Week the UCSD Annex Gallery and the Ché Café hosted the third annual Women's Art Show from February 29-March 4, which consisted of art, continuous videos, speakers, performances, films and a closing reception.

This was the first year that the show had access to the Gallery. It was filled with a melange of paintings, photographs, sculpture, and a superbly decorated jacket with a matching background print which alone is worth seeing.

Over 60 artists contributed to the show, including three men - one with video and two with sculpture. Photographs were also on display in the Dean's Conference Room in Third College.

The theme of the show touches upon the question of what a woman artist can do after graduate school, what her choices are, and whether she can continue to make her

art and support herself financially.

Coordinator C. Love said, "This show really helps women because it is harder for a woman to get a show. Not so much here, but in the real world, women are discriminated against."

"The problem of discrimination stems from the fact that men have labeled women's art as 'craft,' and therefore not as worthy as male art," Love added. "That's why we called it 'Women's Work - Women's Passions.'"

A representative from Woman-care showed a video and spoke on continuous harassment, violence against women, and a woman's right to privacy. ♀

by isabelle tihanyi

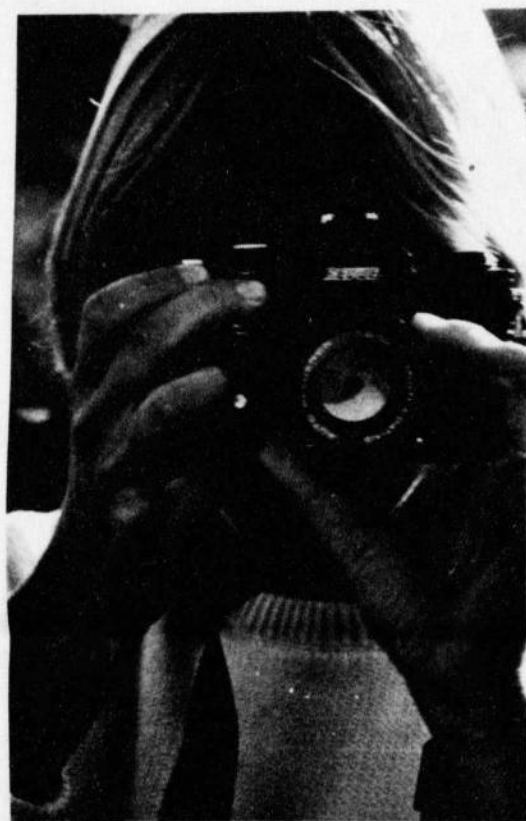
**ERE IBEJI:**  
Women's Performance Art  
by Mary MacQueen

"When you ask an African friend whether or not he 'understands' a certain type of music, he will say yes if he knows the dance that goes with it."

"A study of African music must tell you something about what it means 'to live' in Africa." John Chernoff

"African Music, which is nearly always coupled with some other art form, expresses the feelings and life of the entire community." Francis Bebey

"Africa" is a very diverse continent; within the West African country of Nigeria alone, there are between 366 and 600 distinct languages and cultures. The "Ijo Ibeji" (twin's dance) is an example of Yoruba performance art which unites sculpture, music, and dance. In a case where a



Yoruba woman bears twins and one of them dies, the Ere Ibeji sculpture represents the spirit of the dead twin. But the sculpture becomes more than a popular museum piece or tourist postcard when the

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On Saturday May 14th, OLIVIA Records celebrated their 15 year anniversary. The event took place at Royce Hall at UCLA and was high-lighted by many new Women Artists as well as OLIVIA's first recording artist, Chris Williamson. Her first album, "The Changer and the Changed", considered a classic in Women's music, was reported to have sold over 14 million copies since its release 15 years ago. Chris performed with musician Tret Fure and rocked the sold out performance. Also headlining the evenings entertainment was Deidre McCalla whose first album, "With a Little Luck" received the Best Album of The Year on an Independent Label for 1988. Other musicians included Nancy Vogl, Dianne Davidson, Lucy Blue Tremblay and comedian Robin Tyler. The director of OLIVIA records, Judy Dlugacz, acted as the M.C. and expressed thanks to all of the support given through the years but also requested that women continue to be financially active by purchasing music by women artists. She also made the point that OLIVIA is still a grassroots organization and there is still a need for investors in order to grow into the next decade of Women's Music. ♀

Lisa L. Cauble

**The Emergence of Woman: An Analysis of Betty in *Cloud Nine***  
by  
Eva Cynthia Wong

In Caryl Churchill's play, *Cloud Nine*, the character of Betty illustrates the emergence of a woman coming into her own whole separate self. Through the changes seen in the Betty of Act Two, the traditional "male dominated and firmly structured" definition of woman in Act One is shed, leading to a more open and self-developed understanding of her role in society.

The character of Betty in the first act, is played by a male. Churchill casts Betty in this manner, as the character brings forth the age-old ideal of a woman who "wants to be what men want her to be."

Later, in Act Two, the part of Betty is portrayed by a female. This juxtaposed casting is used to show how "she gradually becomes real to herself" as she strives to be independent of the traditional ideals which dominated her conception of herself in the first act.

Act One opens with the introduction of Betty by her husband, Clive. He states, "My wife is all I dreamt a wife should be, / And everything she is she owes to me."

Since Betty's existence in the first act is wholly dependent on men's expectations and definitions, she "does not value herself as a woman." As she states in her reply to Clive, "I live for Clive. The whole aim of my life / Is to be what he looks for in a wife. / I am a man's creation as you see, / And what men want is what I want to be."

Betty is unassertive and docile in the first act of *Cloud Nine* due not only to Clive's dominating nature, but to the existing societal constructs which defined the role of woman during the time period in which Act One is set as well. cont.on p.4



**Apartheid and Beauty Contests**  
by Sharon

Imagine, if you will, a contest where black South Africans parade around stage competing in front of judges for a token prize. They are not given the prize money according to scholarship or need but by their conformity to a stereotype. The events of the contest include a personality and talent segment where the boys are encouraged to embrace the system of apartheid that oppresses them. The last category is the favorite chain competition where the boys show their physical muscle and lack of intellect by parading in front of the judges with chains of steel wrapped around their torsos and smiles plastered on their beaming faces. This is often the deciding event for it shows the true submissiveness of the participants.

To any decent person, this sort of competition would raise feelings of anger and indignation. Imagine a contest whose aim is to degrade participants by demanding a limiting stereotype. Who would sanction or allow something like this? Answer: the good ol' U.S. of A. I am referring to the degradation of women in an annual event called the "Miss America Contest".

In this contest, women, referred to as 'girls', compete against each other in an attempt to fit a stereotype of 'beauty'. Throughout the competition, the 'girls' are displayed like meat in a butcher shop. The only difference is that the 'girls' have lovely smiles lingering on their faces at all times. The answers that get the highest scores on the "World Affair" questions are those that embrace wife and motherhood. There is no independent thinking involved. The only acceptable answers are those that fit the stereotype of a good submissive woman. Those that win the swimsuit contest have the ideal slim figure in mind which often involves extreme dieting in order to obtain and maintain that weight. Bulimia and anorexia nervosa are not uncommon among the participants.

Sponsors and organizers should abolish this horrible practice of ranking women's beauty. Beauty is unique to every individual woman. Having beauty contests is a ridiculous way to judge anyone. The swimsuit competition brings the contest to the level of a slave auction. Beauty contests are deplorable and should be stopped NOW! Think of a South African in chains parading on the same stage as a woman in a bathing suit.

Not much different, eh? ♀

The clashing of metal resounds  
from the canyon,  
shuffle of feet,  
vying for a steady position -  
Rows of muscular women's bodies look on  
as the young are taught  
swing the ancient double edged ax  
with swift grace  
Not to kill -  
but to change - to bring back what has  
been forcibly taken.

Oil slickens biceps as strength is  
gained through weights,  
through study of the structure,  
The rememberings come with each push,  
with each lap comes thoughts of Amazonian sisters past.



PHOTO: BRUCE CRYER

looked scared, scarred, bitchy or beaten. Such images have an intensely profound effect on the way readers regard the position of women in our society. Ms. Simonton made it clear that she is not against nudity or sexuality and she does not advocate censorship. She does stand against the use of violent pornography, and she is out to educate people about the dangers of the attitudes and actions these images foster.

Ann Simonton and her supporters have called attention to

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Alternative Visions production and writers collective: Sharon, Suzanne, Lisa, Devra, Kristen, Chris, Margaret, Laura, Susan Lucille, Ana, Nanci, Eloise, Mary, Lisa Raeann, Eva, Sue, Micki, Kimberly, Naomi, Liz, Janet, Beth, Cathy, Freshwoman, Robin, Isabelle, Patricia, K-T, C'Love

In recognition of women organizing and empowering themselves and others to take some form of collective action against existing conditions locally and internationally, this group of women has come together to publish a special women's issue. We assume all responsibility for what is to be printed in this special women's issue of the New Indicator.

We wish to thank the New Indicator for giving us this space so that our voices may be heard. In the spring of 1985, women from the New Indicator collective came together and put out a special women's issue in celebration of International Women's Day. That special issue in '85 gave rise to a collective of women who in the fall of '85 published a women's paper called *Alternative Visions* which continued to be published for one full year.

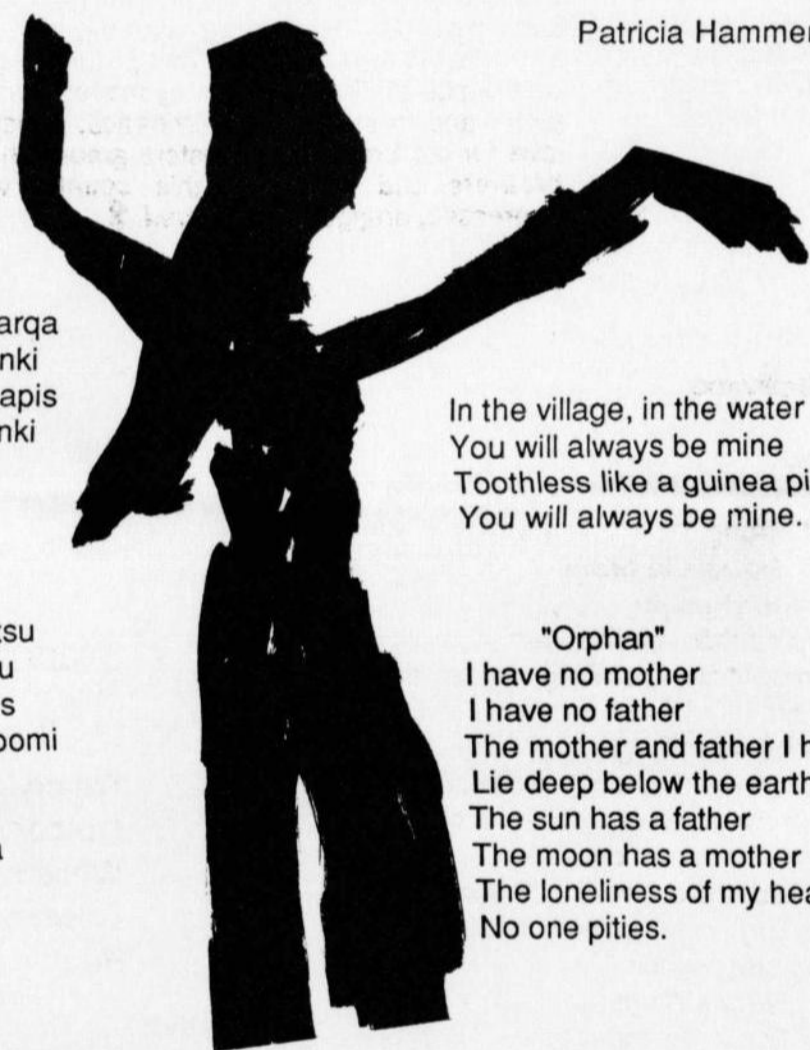
Many of the women who worked on that paper are spiritually assisting us on this special issue and we wish to thank them, especially Ruth, Ingrid and Chloe. Two years have passed since the last issue of *Alternative Visions* was published and it is our hope to continue where our sisters left off and move forward. To insure that a woman's voice is heard amidst all the jargon of the university, we would like to see more participation from interested people who want to make *Alternative Visions* a reality next fall.



Over the past several years I have had the opportunity to become familiar with an agricultural community in the Peruvian Andes. My ethnographical and language field studies lead me to a highland, Quechua-speaking pueblo at the base of Peru's highest mountain, Mt. Huascaran. Of my many experiences within the realm of daily village life, the pleasant memories of evening visits by women and children figure prominently in my reflections on the understanding of social interactions. Young girls and women with whom I had developed a certain amount of trust would sometimes come to visit me at night. Often they would offer to sing me their favorite songs. It was a special moment, the sharing of these songs. I was especially touched one evening when Dona Victoria, a highly respected elder woman of the community, came to visit me. We closed the doors of my adobe for privacy, and then she seated herself on the floor, looked upwards and sang me her song.

Dona Victoria's granddaughter, Norma, would drop by on her way homewards after a long day of pasturing animals. At these times Norma was usually caring for her infant sister, Alicia, whom she hauled around on her back, in the traditional fashion, supported by her *haku* "carrying blanket". While Norma sang, she danced-hopped around the room in the *huayno* musical style, indicative of the region. Her dance movements served to emphasize the stresses in rhythm, and also to soothe Alicia, who appeared happy to be jostled around on her sister's back.

Another neighbor whose visits I enjoyed in the cool sierran evenings was Marcelina. She seemed to have an endless repertoire of local songs. She would hesitate for just a moment after each one, placing her hand over her mouth on concentrated thought, and then she would commence with another tune. Although Marcelina spoke only Quechua, many of the songs she sang contained Spanish verses. Each of these songs invariably came to a *zapateo*, the rhythmically accelerated part of the *huayno*, which was always in Quechua. ♀



Patricia Hammer

"Zapateo"

Markacho yakucho keekarqa  
Siemprikan kikiipa keekanki  
Akapano kikiipa wishushqapisi  
Siemprikan kikiipa keekanki

In the village, in the water  
You will always be mine  
Toothless like a guinea pig  
You will always be mine.

"Waqcha"

Manam mamaa kantsu  
Manam yayaa kantsu  
Mamaa yayaa kaqpis  
Allpapa shonqunchoomi  
Intilla yayayoyq  
Killalla mamayoyq  
Qolloq shonqullaata  
Pipis ankupantsu

"Orphan"

I have no mother  
I have no father  
The mother and father I had  
Lie deep below the earth  
The sun has a father  
The moon has a mother  
The loneliness of my heart  
No one pities.



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In Act One of the play, the "society" is Victorian Africa, whereas the "society" surrounding Betty in the second act as London, 1979. Though a hundred years separate the two periods, in the play only twenty-five years have transpired between the two acts.

With this juxtaposition of time, Churchill's change of setting shows that though the definition of woman by men is deep-rooted and ancient, remnants of the value system still exist in modern society.

Betty's actions in Act Two is at first centered around nurturing her family and others, but then, in a long speech, she states in a roundabout way that, "I'm going to leave your father and I think I might need to get a job..." Initially, she is unsure of being alone, without a male to define her role as a woman. Betty's outlook is still very much constructed around the ideals she has been accustomed to in Act One. She states in a conversation with Lin,

BETTY: I find when I'm making tea I put out two cups. It's strange not having a man in the house. You don't know who to do things for.

LIN: Yourself.

BETTY: Oh, that's very selfish.

LIN: Have you any women friends?

BETTY: I've never been so short of men's company that I've had to bother with women.

LIN: Don't you like women?

BETTY: They don't have such interesting conversations as men. There has never been a woman composer of genius. They don't have a sense of humour. They spoil things for themselves with their emotions. I can't say I do like women very much, no.

LIN: But you're a woman.

BETTY: There's nothing says you have to like yourself.

Through the interactions Betty has with her children, their children, their friends, husbands, and lovers, and various "ghosts" from the past, along with having a job, she does come into her own as a woman with feelings, hopes and aspirations. In a monologue, Betty states, "I felt myself gathering together more and more and I felt angry with Clive and angry with my mother and I went on defying them, and there was this vast feeling growing in me and no one could stop me and I was there and coming and coming."

Afterwards I thought I'd betrayed Clive. My mother would kill me. But I felt triumphant because I was a separate person from them."

Betty becomes "real to herself," in this scene, but it isn't until the end of *Cloud Nine* that she emerges as a whole woman. In the last scene, the character of Betty is seen separately and wholly in that the Betty from Act One appears and embraces the Betty of Act Two, which signifies that though she is separate because of her past, she is also whole and one, as she reconciles her past with her present state of being.

Act One of *Cloud Nine* will be presented as part of a compilation of feminist works by the Feminist Theater Workshop class (Comm/ Culture 116) on Monday, June 6 and Wednesday, June 8 at 8 p.m. in MCC 140. Admission is free. ♀



An entry from a Woman's Journal by Naomi

So, I'm a strong woman. A woman of the 80's, trying to do it all before I leave. Greenpeace, Amnesty, Move, law school. All or none. Democracy in the united states? Oh, I hardly think so. Anywhere else in the world? Possible, yet dubious. Perhaps only where our government isn't dealing drugs, selling arms to fascists, or staging fraudulent elections and implementing puppet governments.. What if they no longer desire to be "on our side?" Stage a coup, what the hell, the people are starving anyways so that 70% of the worlds income is in the hands of 10% of the u.s. population. And the newspapers denounce Nicaragua and Cuba. I know we're awaking from our political slumber of blind faith in capital hill, but when will the nightmare stop recurring? When is everyone finally going to receive their share of justice? When is our sense of the "right" going to take over this senseless imperialism? When will justice be pumped into the veins and blood of the people who are currently being pumped full of cocaine and heroin? When will the government stop using the 12 yr olds, the 14-17 yr olds to push their drugs so that their wives can have a diamond from South Africa. When is the press going to report accurate descriptions of what is going on in the world? How much longer do we need to hear the lies? Thank the Chrisc Institute for the work that they are doing, uncovering the scandals that have created the worst image the u.s. has had in our 200 years of existence. Of course those at Big Mt. and all the "sacred lands of the American Indian people have known for precisely 200 years what thieves and liars those who hold and endorse the Euro-expansionist vision are. Isn't the time now to get back to basics, to ensure human and political rights to everyone on the planet. To stop making money our sole motivating factor and to start living with peace, equality, justice and love for our brothers and sisters around the world and our brothers and sisters in this country who are being oppressed, drugged and starved. ♀

Liz Gallivano

A Day

I feel strong  
From bowels to brain  
There is strength  
Pumping through the vein.  
Strength from spending the day alone  
Silent.  
Meeting myself again.  
Joining thoughts and actions  
Within the endless span of a day.  
A day of rain and car roar.  
Huddled in the womb of the cinema,  
Laughing, crying, drawing strength.  
Being stopped for 10p  
And giving willingly, unthinkingly.  
Revelling in the loneliness of a crowd  
The business of my unpeopled room.  
Delight in the strength of my body,  
Dancing at every step.

Feeling primeval.



Tears of a Future Time

I'm crying for the future,  
I'm completely inconsolable.  
While somewhere  
Down a corridor,  
Beauty flows from violin bow  
and strings  
Something sad from history.

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their struggle by publically protesting the Miss California Pageant in Santa Cruz, California for the past seven years. She has dressed in (and been arrested in) an outfit constructed entirely of all-white lunch meat, sometimes wearing banners like, "Miss Behavin" or "Miss Informed". The purpose of the protests are to demonstrate that "winners of the pageant must conform to the white 'Barbie doll' standard of beauty". Ms. Simonton points out that the money in scholarship awards given to winners is a tiny sum compared to the profit the pageant generates. She challenges the Miss California franchise to offer real scholarships based on "need and ability, not on whether or not our bodies fit the corporate mold."

Ann Simonton is spreading the message that we don't have to stand for the racism and sexism that surrounds us in the media. By being aware of it we can educate people about the violence and oppression it condones. She asks us to join her in protesting this year's Miss California Pageant to be held on Monday, June 13, 1988 at 7:30 pm at San Diego's Civic Auditorium. By refusing to be silent or passive about such an important force in our culture we can celebrate the individuality, diversity and strength of women everywhere! ♀



GET UP - STAND UP  
by Lisa Askins

"The University of California is committed to creating and maintaining a community in which students, faculty, administrative and academic staff can work together in an atmosphere free of all forms of harassment, exploitation, or intimidation, including sexual. Specifically, every member of the University community should be aware that the University is strongly opposed to sexual harassment and that such behavior is prohibited both by the law and by University policy. It is the intention of the University to take whatever action may be needed to prevent, correct and if necessary, discipline behavior which violates this policy." UCSD Policy and Procedure Manual Section 200-10 Page 1

*Sexual harassment was never the word I used until I recently learned the actual meaning of the words. As a woman, you are always watched or checked over by men. These men are sometimes friends, but most often, strangers.*

Sexual Harassment is not so much about "sex" than it is about power relations. The term may be defined as the "unwanted imposition of sexual attention usually in the context of a relationship of unequal power, rank, or status."<sup>1</sup> Behavior that falls under the above description is illegal, and in fact, the University may be held liable if such behavior occurs.

*I have one specific example that I would like to share on harassment. I have a friend who is in a professional position, and I often talk to him about personal problems as well as general problems. I was having a hard day and I poured out a lot of emotional stress. Once I felt better, I thanked him and began to leave. He kissed me on the lips.*

Some examples of behavior which may constitute sexual harassment are:  
-unwanted touching  
-the display of sexually offensive photographs, drawings or graffiti  
-subtle pressure for sexual activity

-sexual remarks about someone's body or clothing  
-the telling of sexually-oriented jokes or stories  
-demands for sexual favors accompanied by implied or overt threats concerning work, grades, promotions or tenure.<sup>2</sup>

As noted, most often sexual harassment is not overt and can operate on a more subtle level. Again, even subtle behavior constituting sexual harassment is ILLEGAL. Discrimination on

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Dear Koala #2

Is rape my fault?  
Why do I get blamed for how I appear?  
or

Can't you men control your sacred thrust?  
(Oh, but that's right! You men have uncontrollable URGES and what I WEAR weakens your restraint.....)

When you say that I can't dress the way I want to, a way that makes me feel confident as an individual

and a woman,  
Simply because you are unable to control your aggression,

I say it's a convenient excuse.  
This is how you justify the rape of my body, and the image of WOMAN.

Do you really think you decide how I may appear or not appear?

Do you really think you own me?  
My body is my own.....  
Men treat me like a sex object because they objectify me.

And I will wear what I .....damn....PLEASE!

Lisa Askins

Our boots covered with dust, with mud, our legs heavy with fatigue, we sat upon a beaten log that had stretched itself across the trail; the log having acknowledged that the beauty of age and death still demanded the gift of giving.

He left me briefly to look around the bend. Whereupon, the red ants, moving from log to trail to tree, presumably became my companions. And just as the companionship of nature was not new, neither was my fear...

Blowing my name in and out of the trees, the wind forced the trees to cry out with piercing shrieks. The grass below and the shrubs beyond began to rustle. Sticks began to break unable to bear the heavy weight. Breathing, once faint, became indefinitely more clear - as did my fate. The presence came upon me. It was then that I felt a hand violate my body from behind me...

Running back towards me, mouth agape, my friend cried,

"I heard footsteps and when I moved out from behind the tree, they were waiting, two men stood waiting... waiting having thought I was a woman."

A look passed between us. I knew. For no matter how beautiful the mountains, trails, and water, for a woman, being alone often means fearing that you're not.

~6~

Raeann Rivera

From the Koala, May 1988



A Woman Warrior

My body crippled  
My head unbowed  
I strive to be the woman who puts such things as  
Accidents, Deaths and Disease behind her.

Trying to emerge from the ashes like the  
PHOENIX

born to become A WOMAN WARRIOR  
an Urban Warrior, fighting racism, class and gender  
discrimination against inappropriate odds, institutions,  
corporate heads and social systems that don't work.

These obstacles have been placed in my path on more than one  
occasion.

To be the kind of Warrior to fight in this urban war YOU have to  
keep your guard up. The minute you slip, YOU'RE WOUNDED! If  
you slip too many times YOU'RE DEAD!

What keeps me on the path?

What determines my road?

What price is not too much?

C'Love 4/88

The Navy repair ship USS Acadia returned from the Persian Gulf this year. It was the first ship to return to San Diego from the Persian Gulf with women stationed on board. Since 1978 women have been assigned to non-combat ships, of which the repair ship Acadia is one.

Some women at that time ('78) argued that we should be allowed on ships, we should be allowed to fly, fight, be members of the elite SEAL team, go to the Persian Gulf just like the men. Is that what the 60's fight for equality was about? Did our sisters and brothers fight for justice in the 60's so that women could fight in the U. S. governments unjust wars? So that we could, just like men, be blown up in military research space shuttles?

Women were in Vietnam. Eight women that we know of died in Vietnam and have their names inscribed on the Vietnam Memorial wall in Washington D.C. With the return of women from the Persian Gulf women have been placed once again in a combat situation. Since 1948 the military law concerning women's relationship to combat has been that women were barred from military positions that would bring them into direct combat with an enemy. Military officials are reconsidering the 1948 law barring women from direct combat with an enemy. Will they decide "for the sake of equality" to allow women in combat situations? Will the military officials redefine what a combat situation is so that women can fill the roles/ranks that the military wants us to fill and to use us where they need us. Will Equality be the reason used to allow women to fight in the United States government's wars?



What is this word Equality? In the 60's, we need to talk about the 60's, people fought for self determination and equality. What has this word equality come to mean for women in the 80's? Equality now defined by the status quo seems to mean that a woman can be equal if she wants to be like a man. Equality means that we as women can easily join the military and move up in the ranks. Being equal means I can be blown up in a military research space shuttle. Being EQUAL means I CANNOT walk down the street-or university path-way without the threat of being harassed or even raped. Being equal means I CANNOT get adequate pre-natal health care if I have little money. Being equal in the 80's means that I CANNOT work collectively with my sisters without being thought of as weak because I didn't do it "all by myself." We need

to reexamine the 60's fight for JUSTICE-not 80's equality-and move forward. We need to move beyond the co-opted notion of equality.

Rather than eliminate our HERstory, we should expand and move forward to a better more personal definition of our continuing struggles that will take us to a place other than Vietnam and the Persian Gulf. A place where our young sisters and their sisters won't have to fight men's unjust wars.

\*Note:I did not address economic reasons for people entering the military. I will continue in the next issue.  
margaret difani

Friendly Fire

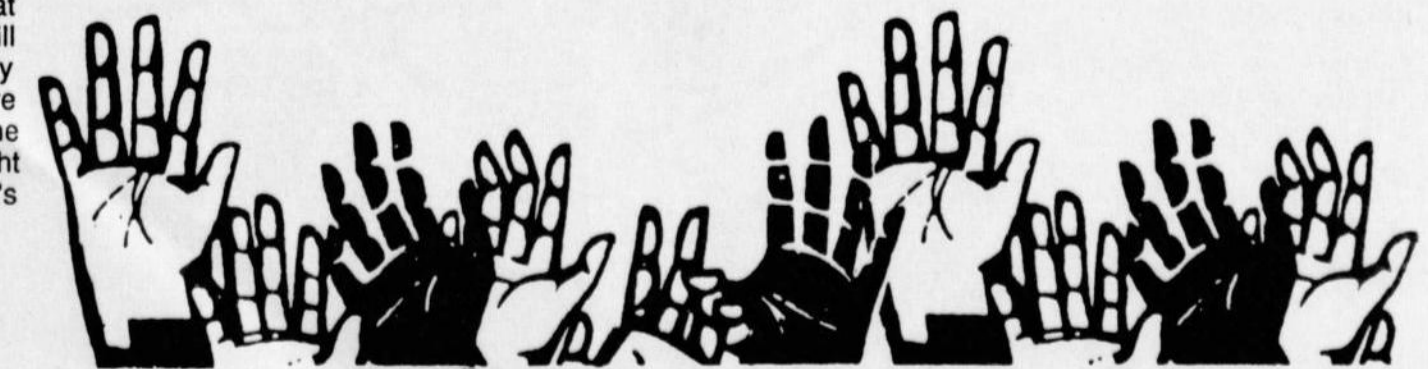
"Friendly Fire" is a term used to refer to operations carried out by the military during peace times which result in violence against the citizens they are to supposedly protect. May 13, 1988 was the third anniversary of the Move Bombing/Massacre in Philadelphia. It is an example of one such military operation. However, this brutal seize of a Move residence and the consequent fire that city agencies allowed to burn an entire, all-Black neighborhood to the ground, can hardly be defined as friendly.

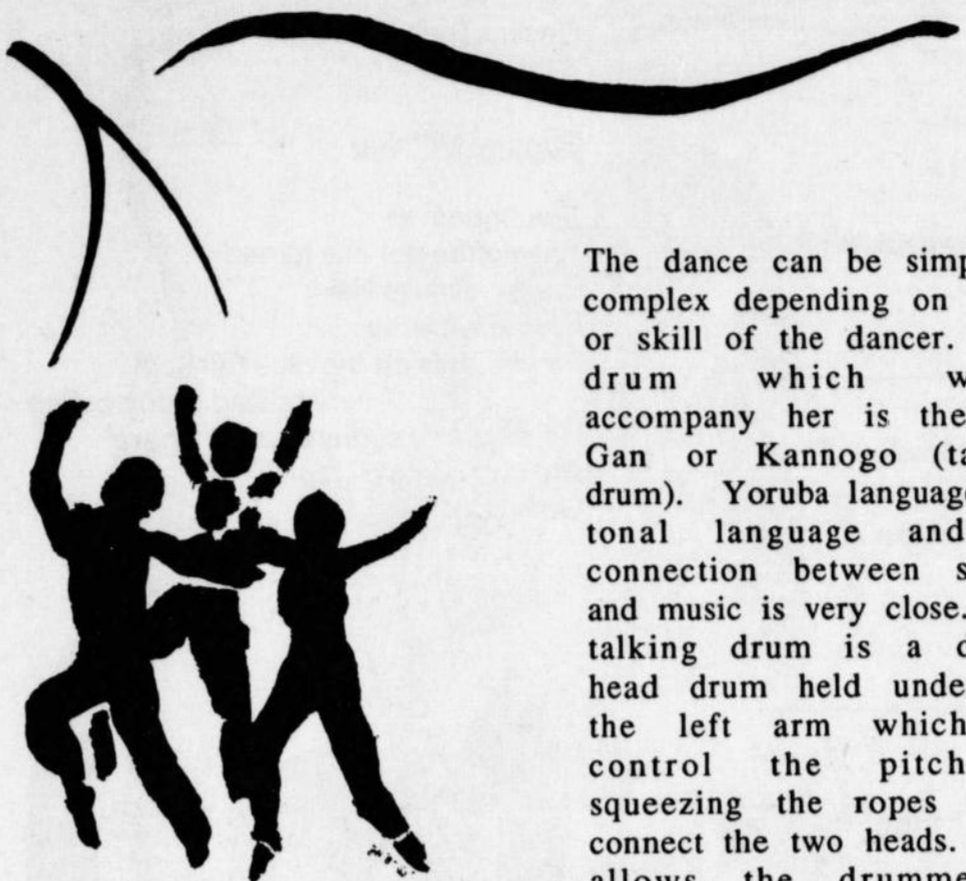
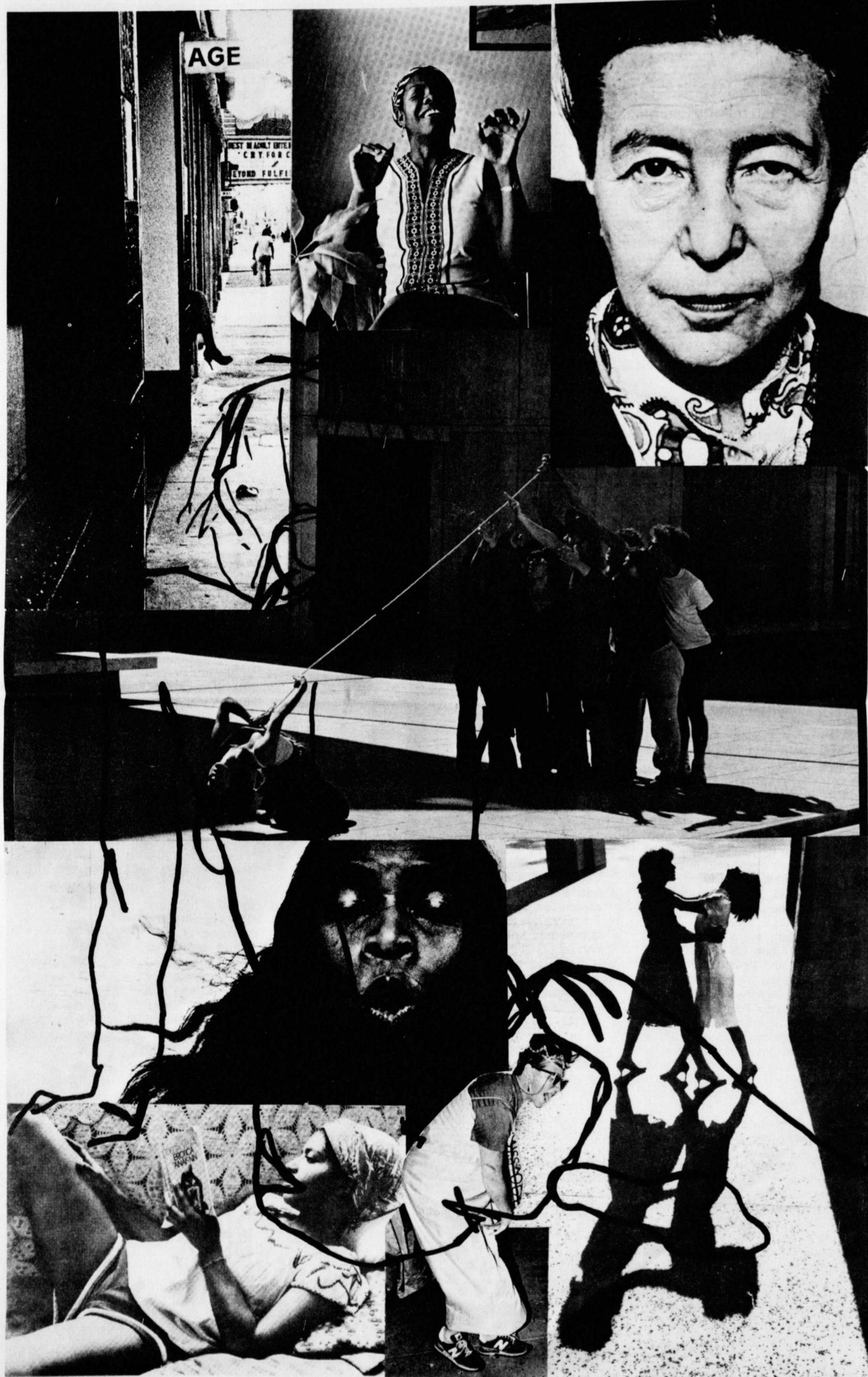
The Che Cafe and local women's support group, "R. Women's Front" are committed to revolutionizing the social organization of this country so that massacres such as that of Move will be prevented in the future. Our job at the Che Cafe is to promote public investigation and critical analysis of historical events with the magnitude of the Move Massacre.

The establishment press gave little attention to the attacks on Move and has instead limited their coverage to representing members of Move as being involved in a barbaric cult. The Move members are portrayed as being guilty for the murders of their own children. No resolutions or punishments have been directed to the men who carried out this crime. Instead Move has been informally found guilty for the murders of their own children.

Questions, rarely generated in the press, and issues, which are hushed up or glossed over in the glory of the politics in power, must be made political. Seeing as so many members of the family Africa (members of Move) were murdered by the police, and the rest imprisoned, we are left in a handicapped position to examine the social contradictions: How is it that in the United States of Freedom a

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mother herself dances and sings her passion, comforting her live child that he may not be lonely during these first precious months after so long with his/her brother/sister in the womb. This action reaffirms the esthetic value called ephibism which the sculpture itself dicourses upon. The Ibeji doll has a large head and smooth body. According to Nigerian Master drummer Najite Agindotan, this song and dance is performed daily for many months after the death of a twin. (7-9 mos.). The mother goes around the market areas performing. It is the custom to give her some money or something of value. If the woman can afford it, she might hire drummers to accompany her (or perhaps family would accompany her), but they must play every day with her for the many months. The woman is free to sing and dance as her heart desires an example of what she might sing is as follows:

Iya beji nki yin (mother of twins greetings to all of you)  
 Oni e lowo e lowo (says you have money and money)  
 Oni e jere e jere o (says you gain and gain)  
 Alafia fun gbo gbo yin (good health to all of you)

The dance can be simple to complex depending on mood or skill of the dancer. The drum which would accompany her is the Gan Gan or Kannogo (talking drum). Yoruba language is a tonal language and the connection between speech and music is very close. The talking drum is a double head drum held underneath the left arm which can control the pitch by squeezing the ropes which connect the two heads. This allows the drummer to speak, using the tonal language and proverbs which are known to the people.

As a woman and mother I feel an unspoken participation with all women. (Perhaps this is a dangerous generalization, none-the-less at this time in my life, it is the way I feel). Although I am not a drummer or dancer by profession, I find validity in the study of rhythm as well as women's (and children's) music by virtue of the fact that I am a woman. Who is more rhythmic than a woman? The rhythmic quality of a woman is expressed in her labor, her monthly cycle, and in childbirth. It is a discourse in her art which is crossculturally traditionally rhythmical. Examples of art which has rhythm as it's discourse can be found in many traditional cultures and it is the woman who creates this art. Hoopa and Yurok hats (northwest California Native Americans) are woven by women. My own feeling is that this art is sacred and sacrificial, not at all mundane. The Ere Ibeji is just one example of women's performance art which is rhythmic in quality and expresses our connection with the earth and eternity.♀



Eloise DeLeon  
Midwifery

Midwifery in America today is a complex subject. Although most of the infants in the world are delivered by midwives, there continues in the United States to be an attempt to nullify the profession of midwifery through overt and covert means. Licensing varies from state to state, and in California it is legal to practice as a Certified Nurse Midwife (CNM) but there are many more midwives that practice by other means. There are currently 547 CNM's in California but less than 200 practice full time, and they tend to work with physicians rather than in an independent practice. There are an estimated 300 to 500 lay midwives in California and many of them work underground due to the constant threat of arrest. Why does lay midwifery persist against such odds? Why would anyone choose a lay midwife? And what does the future hold for lay midwives? Read on...

The lay midwifery movement came out of the 1960's at a time when political forces were coming together giving way to people demanding rights on several key issues. The Women's Liberation movement was a part of this struggle for self-determination and women in the birthplace began to want more control over how they labored and gave birth. It happened to them not through them. Raven Lang was at the vanguard of lay midwifery as she authored Birth in 1971. Her account of the Santa Cruz Birth Center's formation gives a good description of the energy that was catalyst for the new lay midwives of that time. "People from all over come to observe, teach, learn and exchange ideas. All this increases our strength. We have built a sisterhood and brotherhood that is real and powerful, along with children who are strong and free. We began the center because we as women understood it to be a necessary and a good step in the liberation of women. None of this would have happened if we had waited for organized medicine to come around, or if we had been scared of the laws we break, or if we had waited for money. I want now to say POWER TO THE PEOPLE, AND YOU CAN DO IT IF YOU

cont.on p.17

In tiresome toil  
toward  
a  
timid end.

Or  
blank thought.

As Those,  
never lowly wanting.

Never.

Never, Those.

It matters not.  
I too, never chose,  
never choose,...

Fingertip caress.  
Moving.  
...slowly...  
...lightly...  
...over you...  
...and...

-I tremble.

Micki Archuleta

Poems by Sharon

Quiet dreams of passion  
emerge slowly from my  
fingertips to your skin.  
Your embrace is understanding.  
Your caress is love.

A wanderer roams restlessly  
among the weeds—  
picks up a golden dandelion  
and crumples it  
in his heated grasp.

A handful of sand  
thrown onto the restful lake  
creates small circles  
that eventually merge  
with the shore.

SAPPHO

I Could not hope  
to touch the sky  
with my two arms.

Like a mountain whirlwind  
punishing the oak trees,  
love shattered my heart.

The glow and beauty of the stars  
are nothing near the splendid moon  
when in her roundness she burns silver  
about the world.

Devora Beth Polack

Sunday Morning

The bottom of  
The coffee pot has turned  
Black. Smells like it  
Died a while ago  
As she puts on the blue raincoat  
-she had it long before

He says "it's sunny outside where  
Are you going?" "I am  
Going out."



Liz Galivano

when i am hungry  
i am the drum  
on which to beat out  
the hollow-hand-slapping  
of noise that goes unnoticed.  
when my children hunger  
i lay on my side  
in the straw to  
grunt and snort the sharp  
smell of straw that  
pricks my eyes.  
while my legs shake  
in reply to the pulse  
of their sucking.



~raean.rivera~

She is joyous to be alone  
and she is also lonely.

And so it is with passionate women.  
It is a blessing and a curse.

To eat lustily, drink gustily, rock back and forth  
in someone's arms is a blessing.  
But to have the skin enflame, the eyes dull over,  
the mouth dry in longing is a curse.

To laugh noisily, to dance, to sing, that is a blessing,  
but to have dull stomach pains from lack of love,  
to weep for no reason, to bite one's nails,  
knuckles, pinch one's wrists is a curse,

To love easily is a blessing.  
To be easily hurt is a curse.

And so it is with a passionate woman.

-A WEAVE OF WOMEN

Freedom

so many women  
marching

their bodies walking  
forward

towards a future  
freedom

Kimberly Payne

Exploring  
by Lisa L. Cauble

Where to from here  
Shall I hike to  
Camping  
Mapping my land.  
Stream veins of your nipped hill  
Flow  
Pulsing  
Under my touch.  
Stake claim  
Build fire ring  
Your soft curved belly ground  
Houses my tent  
Where I  
Ever so gentle  
Lay my head.

Bowls of Clay and Water Sing

Clay of the Earth  
Bodies of Land

You have given birth  
I am part of your clay  
You have given life  
I am part of this earth

From the clay of your earth  
A body, I am

You have given life

Kimberly Payne

What keeps me on the path?  
What determines my road?  
What price is not too much?

These are the questions I pose continuously.  
Always seeking the right answer or at least the  
answer that I can live with. When these issues  
are so monumental and I can find no way out for  
whatever delima or crisis I find myself in, I begin  
to question my LIFE, DREAMS, GOALS and finally  
MYSELF. Sometimes finding myself lacking in self  
confidence, self-esteem and self-worth. How do  
I bring out the warrior in me! What paths do I  
follow! What women warriors are my role  
models! What strenghts I gather from these  
women of power!

C'Love 4/88

Intense moon beams fall  
shadowy, gracefully  
over your strong face.  
I drink of your presence  
wanting to be drunk  
Indulgent to the fullest...

Finger tips trace the unseen path of tears that,  
past,  
fell like rain  
slowly trickling down windowpanes.  
My blue eyes  
say more than spoken words as you touch my cheek...  
I die short deaths when physically away from you.

Personal Responsibility vs. Hysteria  
by Janet Beach

You want to live. You want to live on the earth--to feel well and whole and free, to do everything other persons do, to love. But to think that to love someone might kill them, or that to let yourself be loved might kill you: what can you do?

You can take responsibility.

- Get an AIDS test.
- Have your partner get a test (Go with him or her.)
- Have any new partner(s) get a test.
- Practice "safe"sex.

Just as when (no more than 10 years ago) women were insisting that men make an effort to take a more equal responsibility for birth control, suggestions today to practice "safe" sex are often met with ridicule and sometimes rejection from persons who think "it can't happen" to them. But unlike pregnancy, AIDS knows no gender. AIDS can affect everyone. AIDS is fatal. And officials from the CDC have said, "As the prevalence of infection in the general population increases, the likelihood of infection in a random partner also increases."

This means that every day your risk, everyone's risk, becomes greater.

For whatever reason(s) women seem to take more interest in issues concerning health and supports for life; already mentioned was birth control, but also legal abortion, adequate child care, peace/disarmament and others. Women must lead the fight against AIDS, on the home front and in the public arena, to prevent the spread and to find a cure. Take responsibility. Protect yourself.

Protect the people you love. And urge them (and others) to protect themselves. ♀

AIDS tests are available FREE from the county Health Department. For more information contact Student Health Services, 534-3300, or see the San Diego Department of Health Services, 1700 Pacific Highway, 236-2264.



WHAT HAPPENED?

The Women's Leadership Conference has been the topic of several articles in The UCSD Guardian and Women's Caucus newsletter. This letter serves as an update on the 1988 conference.

Due to the lack of funding and organizational support, this year's Women's Leadership Conference has been cancelled. Of the original event budget of \$12,000, only \$3,500 was received, which scarcely covers the cost of presenting one keynote speaker (not to mention conference costs above speakers' fees).

In addition to financial problems, we have suffered a severe lack of Woman Power this year in the Women's Resource Center. Since student volunteers run and staff the WRC, there has been a cycle of ups and downs associated with programming events and this year's conference fell at a time of little energy and low morale.

Once again, the Women's Resource Center is a victim of the system. Without an administratively run and funded Women's Center, or even a genuine Women's Studies Department, such events as a Women's Leadership Conference fall to the shoulders of unrewarded and unpaid students who see such presentations as essential and necessary to the continued personal and educational growth of women and men students at UCSD.

We urge all disappointed staff, faculty, and students to write letters to Chancellor Atkinson, Vice Chancellor Watson (Undergraduate Affairs), Vice Chancellor Ticho (Academic Affairs), Dr. Pat Kitcher (Chair, The Committee on the Status of Women), and The UCSD Guardian. ♀

Lisa Cauble  
Volunteer Staff, Women's Resource Center

continued from page 7

black mayor has jurisdiction to give the go-ahead on a military engineered bombing of a privately owned black residence? How is it that this operation was in the works for a full year prior to its execution by city administration and U.S. military experts, and still they were not prepared to prevent a whole neighborhood from being destroyed? What does it mean for black-Africans, for the viability of black american political power, or american politics in general, when a black mayor named Goode-orders a bomb to be dropped on his city and proceeds to justify the murder of a family and the property destruction of a whole community of his brothers and sisters on national television the next day. Live and in color.

On Thursday May 19th The R. Women's Front held a fundraising dinner for a local Chicano Community Center Centro Aztlan followed by a political awareness program that focused on a discussion about the Move confrontation. The confrontation was between Move and the Philadelphia (military) police department. Karen Palmer brought her film which traces the confrontations with city officials and Philadelphia police that led up to the '85 bombing. Her footage mainly emphasizes the free voices of the family Africa, who at the time of the taping were imprisoned by a police blockade that was erected to deny this family access to food or water. It was an attempt to starve them out of their residence on the charges of contempt of court. Her film questions the media's role in this 1978 seizure of a Move house after which 11 Move members were sentenced to several life sentences--each for the murder of a police officer who was killed by police raids which were carried out in that neighborhood and legitimized on badges that read, "to protect and serve."

Karen brought with her two Move supporters who she met while

filming. These two sisters provided us with information about Move and the strategy of John Africa that has been unheard of in this town up until now. They presented Move as a nonviolent group who, prior to confrontations with police, often spoke out against acts of police brutality and against the racist policies of Mayor Rizzo and his administration. Move was committed to living the way of rightness (instead of living by a lifestyle), and committed to living and being revolution.

Representatives of Union del Barrio (San Diego) and members of the African Peoples Socialist Party and the African Peoples Solidarity Committee from Oakland each gave presentations at the event. Each speaker addressed the necessity for white people, in this case university educated white students, to recognize the social and political repression of third world people within the borders of this country, and to organize themselves in providing political and material solidarity for the movements of oppressed people here. Several differing agendas were offered to the (white) organizers at this event as to what is principled work for solidarity organizations to take on during this period of post-cointelpro.

We give thanks for all those involved and who donated time and energy. Please join us for our next event. For information about our women's support group, R. Women's Front, contact Sue or Ana at the Che Cafe. ♀

Sue, R. Women's Front, ucscd



Confessions of a Sexist  
by Cathy O.

"Girls shouldn't surf. They make fools out of themselves."  
Nat Young 1967

Big waves separates the men from the boys...and the men from the women?  
"You're pretty good for a girl..." and I say thanks. Inside I agree. Here comes a wave...I paddle, paddle...it's kind of big...I let it go. I rationalize it's ok I'm a girl.

ok--I'm a girl.  
Not bad for a girl...FOR A GIRL...FOR A GIRL...  
There are few expectations for a young girl surfer. If you're in the water, then that's enough--for a girl.  
The young girl idolizes those handsome men in magazines. Riding atop Mother Nature's ferocity. Brave men, risking their life for that One Wave. Girls fit into those teeny-weeny-beekenees, bend over for the camera. Role Models?

The summer I learned to surf I shared the white-water with another girl my age. Naturally I thought surfing was for everyone.  
I bought my first surfboard at Escondido Surf. "That's great to see a girl getting into it...there's not too many girls that surf" I was told. I didn't believe that.  
I wore glasses so I couldn't see in the water too well. But then I started squinting. I started noticing. Wow--I was the only girl out there! I couldn't figure it out! Where were they?

The girl friends I had would say "Teach me how to surf." So I would take them, flop them on a board and push. Always hoping at last I'd have another girl to surf with. It never worked. They'd go one or three times. Until the water got cold. So I figured girls were lame.

It's not hard to have a belief like that reinforced in high school. Girls suck. They take forever to get ready, can't break their nails! Girls are a drag.

The boys I knew agreed. Girls are nice in bikinis. They serve their purpose. But you don't call a girl when you want to have fun--you call a girl when you want to HAVE FUN.

No matter what I did I was still a girl. I may have been "pretty good for a girl" but the boys that called me called me for FUN, not fun. I learned that boys and girls don't have friendships based on fun, they have friendships if they can't have FUN.

I thought if I liked a boy, he would like me back if I surfed well enough. It took me a while to understand why that would always backfire. Always let the man win, right. I seldom dated surfers.

When I came to college I met women. Strong women. Women that surfed. Women that are fun. These women give me strength.

"When I see a girl who's surfing really good, doing hot cutbacks, I think, 'if she can do it, I can,' and that pushes me the most."  
Jodie Cooper, 1984

I'm not a girl anymore. I'm a woMAN, a WOman, And surfing is no longer a man's sport.

Down the street  
I would walk.  
Voices passing by  
would cry-  
"nice tits!"  
"shake 'em baby!"  
"ooooohhhh!!!"  
So I learned to hate my breasts.



Through the crowd  
I would walk.  
persons  
stopping by  
would pinch,  
touch,  
feel.  
So I learned to hate my "ass".

In the room  
voices  
talking  
but not listening  
to me  
I was not there.  
So I learned to hate my mind.

As time continued on,  
the voices called out,  
the people passed by  
and the others ignored  
her and her and her

And I grew to hate them,  
not me.

Raeann Rivera

## Peace?

## Whose Piece?



Smart Bugs

Watching knots fuck. How amazing  
The male is being dragged around half dead.....poor foolish males-take so much abuse.

The female is not giving up, she keeps on moving around. OH! she finally stopped after all this time; god what endurance. (just from watching them creates a craving for a fag)

Geez, she's moving again with the male still inside her, but dead and shriveled. Will this hell here end? NAW-Evolution doesn't change the basics of life. Not too much is different, only the setting but safe motivations. Well, on that bitter-sweet note I'm going to say goodbye; flick the knots of my Japanese literature novel and being the "important" studies. Hmmmmm.....took off before I could interrupt-smart bugs

Freshwoman spring 88

## In Control

The light here is so goddam blunt. It glares and makes everything look lukewarm, stale-- like the air that I can hardly breathe. I hate cold oatmeal. I told them so, but do you think they care when they don't believe that shadows exist even, with their fluorescent light and that rancid perfume they soak themselves in so they can forget what we smell like? I know the shadows are around my eyes now, and I'm starting to smell bad like the rest of them and like the air that sticks to you and gets in you through every little pore like dust. But one day I'll get rid of it all, I'll just open my eyes and--

nothing  
--because when I wash the blood off my hands again, the stain that always never comes out--

gone  
What? None of your beeswax. Go away. You smell bad.  
There'll be nothing because the real people will look at me then say Hey, you're a hero for what you did you're not so bad. That's the problem, see, that's why I'm here now no matter what they say you can't listen to them you can't believe a word they say.

Hey, you yes you do you want to see something? Look at this. It won't wash off. My hands stupid look at the blood that dried on my hands and won't come off are you blind? Oh you're crazy you belong here. Too you smell bad just go away.

So anyway, that's why I'm still here I guess because I can't get the blood off my hands and they don't like seeing it they think I'm bad for having it so they tell me--

I DID do it I killed him I stabbed him again and again it felt so good Thrust Thrust into him.

And they want me to stop thinking about it pretend it never happened, that's why they all say they don't see it they never saw it-- on my hands-- at all, they're all in this together to make me forget--

But I remember it like it was yesterday, like I was still fifteen-- yesterday. Because it felt so damn good to get him back, I can see it feel it so clearly every detail.

The dark, the rain, the shadows...dripping. Skip over the first part, I don't think about it forget it! I hate it it's too real it scares me it hurts-- now we get to where I remember where I know what's going to happen because I'm in control here not him.

I can smell him, that cheap cologne on his neck where he's sweating grunting I can't breath, get off of me I can't breath! Where he stabbed me he's still thrusting I feel blood trickling down my leg I hear grunting and rain dripping pelting wood my right hand moves touches dirt then cold...metal--

--don't think about how you first saw it, just take it--  
fingers follow metal to wood, round wood, close around it and lift it it's heavy now shift weight so it's in fist not palm--wood brushes fingers as it falls Thud! He still grunts thrusts does not hear. Gasp air I can't breath--Quick-- hand touches dirt where is it? There--cold metal round wood in palm now in fist and

Thrust! I feel it crunch into something in his back he shudders Thrust Thrust I'm breathing free now

Rain dripping pelting skin  
And blood won't ever-- ever-- come off hands  
I want it there to prove I did it I did it!  
Every detail so clear, so easy to imagine  
I'm in control. ♀

cont.from p.6

the basis of sex is prohibited by Title VII of the Civil Rights Act by Title IX of the Education Act. Harassment on the basis of gender is a violation of section 703 of Title VII.<sup>3</sup> Any person harassing someone on the basis of her/his sex is violating Federal Law.

I was so stunned I didn't even know what to say. I never thought of him in that context and that is why it bothered me so much.

According to Section 703 of Title VII circumstances which constitute sexual harassment are as follows:

- (1) submission to conduct is made either explicitly or implicitly a term or condition of an individual's employment or classroom participation.
- (2) submission to or rejection of such conduct by an individual is used as the basis of employment or classroom decisions affecting such individuals.
- (3) Such conduct has the purpose or effect of substantially interfering with an individual's work or classroom performance, or of creating an intimidating, hostile, or offensive environment.<sup>4</sup>

Such actions create a learning environment where the victim may feel frustrated and

intimidated, interfering with that individual's right to an environment free of such pressures. There are various ways of resolving a situation where one is confronted with harassment. Most often, the victim simply wants the behavior to stop. To accomplish this, there are effective informal methods. One method is to tell the harasser directly that the attention is unwanted. If this is difficult for the victim, or if the behavior persists, then there is the option of writing an informal letter. A copy is kept by the victim and one is sent to the offender. Included in this letter would be the date that the offense occurred (or as close as possible to that date), the specific offense, and how this action emotionally or physically affected the victim. This method has been found to be influential in stopping harassment. However, any individual considering this option should consult Mary Virga at Special Services, #534-5793, for consultation on the structure of such a letter. Informal assistance may be found at information centers listed below: Psychological and Counseling Services  
Student Affirmation Action Office  
Student Legal Services  
College Deans  
Associate Dean for Student Affairs, SOM  
Office of Graduate Studies and Res.  
Assoc. Director for Academic Affairs, SIO  
Resident Deans  
Student Safety Awareness Program cont.on p.16





White Males Need Not Apply

Dear Koala,

It is completely beyond my understanding how you can print this image and "regard racism and sexism as issues that should not be taken lightly,"

and yet, you are making "light" of sexism by choosing this image.

Women are viewed in terms of their interchangeable parts...

Not only do I find this image offensive, but I do not understand the humor in any context.

Women are viewed as interchangeable parts...

Was this image an attempt to make some correlation between women's breasts being "stacked" and the number of poker chips "stacked" in a poker game?

An estimated 1 in 10 women will have some form of Breast Cancer in their lifetime...

Or was this image making "light" that Dolly Parton has large breasts and that Nancy Reagan has had a mastectomy?

Of the estimated 135,000 new cases in 1988 42,000 women will die.

So now Nancy Reagan isn't worth much because she doesn't "stack" up?

Am I correct in this assumption?

Women: Worthy as breasts, calves and buttocks- Subject to male approval.

Dear Editor,

I think you are sexist and racist, but you disguise your sickening tendencies behind a weak veil of humor. The only way you "will not try to let it happen again" is to realize you are not competent to make "light" of these issues. No one is.

Lisa Askins

NEW THEORY: AIDES and WOMEN

by Ann Hornaday

from Ms. November 1986

The spread of Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome (AIDS) in Africa may be connected to the practice of female genital mutilation, according to an anthropologist with the University of California.

Uli Linke, a doctoral candidate at the University of California at Berkeley, has been struck by the fact that the epidemiological pattern of AIDS in Africa, where the disease strikes men and women equally, differs from that in the United States, where it has predominantly affected intravenous drug users and homosexual men.

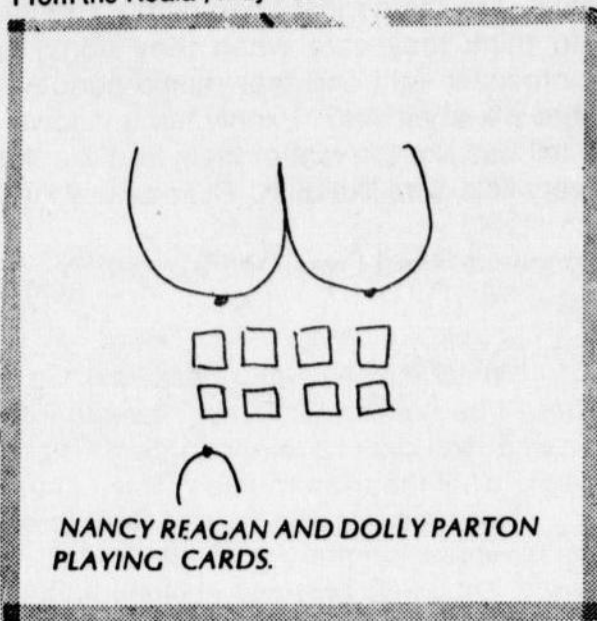
As she read the research literature on AIDS, Linke noticed a "prevailing assumption that the same cultural factors were at work in the transmission of AIDS in Africa as those in Europe and the United States- namely, sexual promiscuity,

[the use of unclean ] hypodermic needles and homosexuality. None of these points explain the equal ratio of men and women contracting the disease in Central Africa."

The bottom line in the transmission of AIDS is the exchange of body fluids particularly blood, "which gave me the idea that it might be related to female circumcision," Linke says.

The most extreme form of female circumcision, infibulation, is the complete removal of the vulva tissue, including the clitoris and the labia. After the tissue has been removed, the sides of the wound are sewn together leaving a minuscule opening, perhaps the size of a matchstick. "Essentially, sexual intercourse is then impossible unless, in some form or another, the vagina is reopened." This is usually accomplished through forcible entry by the husband, which often leads to hemorrhaging. "In women," says Linke, "infibulation is associated not only with chronic pain, but with

From the Koala, May 1988



EDITORS NOTE

In the last issue of the Koala, we had a party review of the APSA dance in which we stereotyped those attending the dance as being short. We did not intend to offend any of our readers by this comment. We hope that all of our readers are able to see the humor in our paper. We regard racism and sexism as issues that should not be taken lightly. Unfortunately, we sometimes miss the mark. Therefore, we apologize to anyone we offended, and will not try to let it happen again.

cont.from p.15

However, students may also file a formal complaint, and this process includes contacting the appropriate Complaint Resolution Officer at the Provost Office of the respective college. If the victim is unhappy with the outcome of this procedure, she/he should take the complaint to courts outside the University. The abuse of power to call unwanted attention to one's sex is discrimination. The right of an individual to work in an environment free of discrimination is protected by federal law. If any faculty, staff, or student is engaging in behavior constituting sexual harassment, they are committing an ILLEGAL act. According to the University and Federal Law, such behavior will not be tolerated.

NOTES

1. Sexual Harassment-pamphlet from UCSD
2. same as above
3. SDSU Sexual Harassment and Discrimination Resource handbook
4. same as above

Author's note: The name of the individual who wrote the personal text has asked that their name be withheld. ♀

Devra Beth Polack

The Language

"U," they said-- for they called her U even though they were told that Y was her name--"Come here."

"Y," she corrected.

"Because," they flung back at her. She came forward.

"U-- no...Q," they called to the other woman.

"No I don't," she dared to assert.

"Eh?"

"I don't know A either," she said.

"What?"

"I don't know either Q or A," she blurted out.

"Oh..."

"Or her either."

"What? Never mind. So your name is not Q. But do you know what the names of the traitors is?"

"Are," she corrected. One of the interrogators scribbled in his book.

"And how do you know this?"

"Grammar class."

"I see..." he scribbled some more.

"No. I'm not thirsty." She stared at the old-fashioned white wall that she found so offensive. Her comrade tittered.

"You-- keep quiet!" spat the older man.

"Y!" she declared with pride.

"I'll tell you why!" he responded as he lunged toward her. The man with the notebook held him back, saying,

"Not now-- we've got to get some answers!" Trembling with frustration, he resumed questioning the woman whose name-- real or false--he did not know. He spoke slowly, as he suspected her to be rather stupid.

"Now...I'm going to continue...Just answer yes...or no after each name. Okay...?"

"Neither." At which point the young man threw his notebook down and screamed.

"Frustrating, isn't it?" hurled the Comrade as she began pacing around the young interrogator, who was reduced to a pathetic twit. The other woman had only to stare down the vacant gaze of the older man, who was too stubborn to see.

"Perhaps now you'll reconsider?" sneered the comrade whose name they didn't learn. "You failed the test."

The other Comrade, whose name they thought was U, added, "With flying colors. Your whole system calls for reevaluation. It won't hold up any longer. Understand, now?" The two men only whimpered.

Her friend laid a consoling hand on the shoulder of each. "It'll be alright... You'll find that our way of life is much more practical. Beautiful, really."

"Hold off, Neone," her counterpart, who had pulled her aside, spoke in Unisex. "You're going too fast. In the hours we've spent with them so far, we've only touched on their dehumanizing syntax and name system; they're not ready to be consoled by the future we offer until they see the full stupidity of their whole way of life."

"You're right. And we haven't even gotten to role-reversal yet. I'll go and get the exploitation suits."

And while Bryn explained her new, real name to the two bewildered patients, her sister left the Philogy Lab to find supplies among the Archives.



WANT. cont.from p.9

Lay midwifery flourished until 1978 when the California Supreme Court determined it to be illegal. Lay midwives continue to practice underground, serving the communities need for holistic health care.

Lay midwives differ from their counterparts (Certified NM.) in two essential ways; first lay midwives are not nurses and secondly they have no formalized training, points which need to be differentiated. While it is true that lay midwives lack formal training, it is also true that they have, as an organized group (California Association of Midwives), attempted to lobby for legislation for Direct Entry Midwifery which would provide formal training and testing for certification. Lay midwives have seen the need for developing adequate standards of care and have worked vigorously towards this end. The second point is that lay midwives are not nurses and do not see that as a necessary part of midwifery training. Rather it has served as a hindrance to becoming a midwife. If you were to decide to become a Certified Nurse Midwife, you would first have to become a nurse, then spend time working in labor and delivery, and then attend an accredited school of nurse midwifery. It is not uncommon for the whole process to take up to ten years--certainly a deterrent to the numbers of midwives in the field. Also, once licensed, CNM's are often denied hospital privileges and may have problems finding adequate physician back-up. It is not then surprising that the number of CNM's who graduate and go on to private practice is very low.

Now that California is experiencing a crisis in women unable to obtain low cost prenatal care, women are showing up in emergency wards with no previous care and at a higher risk for complications because of it. The time is ripe for Direct Entry Midwifery to gain legal acceptance and begin meeting the needs of the community and the state. The physicians who have so successfully lobbied against midwifery legislation, trying to safeguard their territory, now have no more excuse. The number of obstetricians delivering babies is dwindling and the number of those accepting medi-cal is extremely low. New bills addressing this issue should also begin looking at how to increase midwifery care. What is needed is for consumers to become a potent lobbying group. Midwives themselves cannot be a viable force alone. It is up to women of childbearing age to think about their options and what they would want for their own birth experience. And it is up to their partners to support them in their choice. Midwives are a manifest need of the community--support your local midwife! ♀

REFLECTIONS ON FEMININITY

Have you ever engaged in sexual activity because you thought you had to... because it was expected of you... because it was your "duty"... because you were afraid that you would lose him if you didn't ... or have you ever been forced against you will?

Did your self-esteem plummet when you lost your virginity? Did you feel dirty? Bad? Guilty? Ashamed? Damaged?

Are you ever hesitant about taking a shower because you're afraid that the maintenance man will knock on your front door, and assume that you're not home and let himself in with the pass key?

Do you ever lie alone in bed at night wrought with fear? ... Not quite sure what you are afraid of, but your heart is racing and your bodies trembling? You get up three or four times to double check that all of the doors and windows are locked, and race back to hide under the bed covers. You leave the lights on in the livingroom, just in case... And you think to yourself "If I can just fall asleep, everything will be O.K. in the morning."

Are you ever embarrassed, ashamed or humiliated to stand in line at the grocery store with a box of tampons in your hand?

Are you reluctant to go out in public when you know you look great or are all dressed up? Do stars and comments from men on the street or in the restaurant make you uncomfortable?

Do you lie on the beach feeling the scrutiny of others judging your body?...thinking that your thighs are too fat or your stomach isn't firm enough, or that your breasts are too big or too small? Do you feel like you're on public display? Do you prefer to sunbathe with your clothes on to avoid public inspection? (Well at least this way you'll avoid the harmful U.V. rays...)

Do you get the feeling when you take your car to the garage that the mechanic is ripping you off because he's sure that you're too ignorant to know the difference?

Did you ever want to dye your hair black to be sure that men won't think you're a "dumb blonde"?

Do men ignore your advice and disregard your opinions, simply because you're female? How many times have you been the passenger of a guy who drives around lost, because he won't follow your directions?

When applying for a job, have you ever been asked whether or not you're pregnant... because the company doesn't want to waste money training an employee who won't stick around?

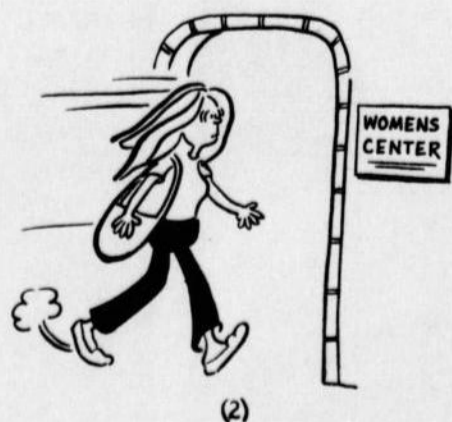
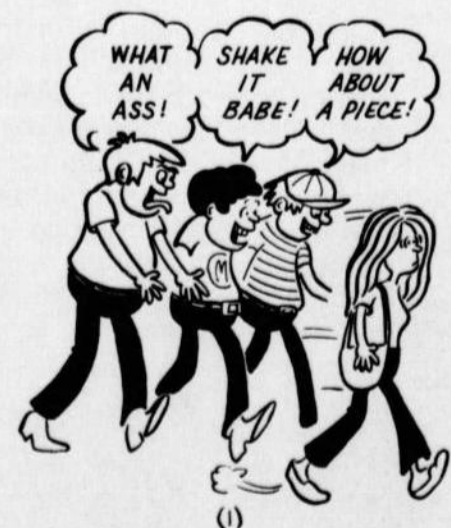
Are you insulted when guys dismiss your justified anger, asking you if it's "that time of the month"?

Have you ever been dissuaded by others from doing something that you really wanted to because it wasn't "lady-like"?

Do you ever wonder if you have PENIS ENVY? I don't have penis envy, but I do envy the privilege and perogatives enjoyed by those who have a penis.

An after thought : Did you ever contemplate the similarities between the words "fallacy" and "phallus"?

Robin Wolf-Park



continued from page 16

lesions in the vaginal tissue and bleeding - leading to the presence of blood during sexual intercourse." In some cases, full penetration can take up to nine months, during which time anal intercourse is a common alternative.

Another form of circumcision involves the removal of the clitoris and the labia minora, a practice that has similar gynecological repercussions. According to recent estimates, upward of 80 million women in some 30 countries in Africa are affected by female genital mutilation. In a letter to the professional journal *Science* last January, Linke stressed that "it is noteworthy that the recent outbreaks of AIDS in Africa ... correspond geographically to those regions in which female mutilation is still practiced."

She also points to one study in Central Africa that found that 43 percent of the women contracting AIDS were prostitutes. "But even prostitutes are frequently infibulated and reinfibulated."

Linke is surprised that anthropologists have not been consulted about any epidemiological theories on AIDS, especially regarding its transmission, "which enters the field of cultural practices, the field that anthropologists are trained to evaluate."

Linke also cites the work of Robert Manners, an anthropologist at Brandies University, who discovered that in those regions in Africa where AIDS is prevalent, intercourse between men and prepubescent girls is also common, "which would lead to similar bleeding problems as those caused by female circumcision."

Although here comments are purely speculative, based on her own reading of the separate literatures on AIDS and female circumcision, Linke sees a huge need for more comprehensive research.

Uli Linke has accepted a position as assistant professor of anthropology at the University of Toronto. She recently completed her dissertation on the concept of blood as a predominant theme and metaphor in European culture, especially its emergence (in relation to "racial purity") as a political ideology in the Nazi era. ♀



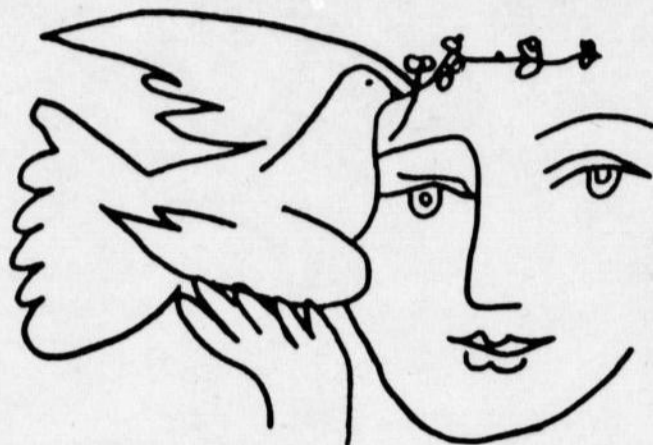


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Safe activities-- Hand holding  
Romantic talk  
Caressing  
Hugging  
Massage  
Social kissing (dry)  
Mutual masturbation  
Fantasy

### Probably safe activities--

Deep kissing (wet)  
Vaginal intercourse using a condom  
Anal intercourse using a condom  
Fellatio (penis to mouth contact) using a condom  
Cunnilingus (vaginal area to mouth) using a latex square that covers the vaginal area

### Unsafe

ACTIVITIES- Any body fluids (blood, semen, vaginal secretion, urine, fecal matter) in an open cut, vaginal area, tip of penis, urethra, mouth or rectum  
Vaginal intercourse without a condom  
Anal intercourse without a condom  
Fellatio without a condom  
Cunnilingus without a latex square  
Sharing of needles (during drug use or body piercing)  
Sexual activity while under the influence of recreational drugs (including alcohol, cocaine, speed, marijuana or any mind altering substance that can impair judgement)

from the Partners Study 1987

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