



WOMEN'S CENTER

208-885-6616

Corner of Idaho and Line Streets

Vol. 26, No. 4

January-February 1998

25th Anniversary Banquet Address

by Melynda Huskey

They say scent is the strongest memory. For me, the scent of 1972 is patchouli. Everyone in my mother's consciousness-raising group wore it when they came and sat in our living room, plotting to overthrow the patriarchy. It's a heavy, cloying scent, like sweat and cloves; it's sweet and at the same time sharp, a lot like the women who wear it. Oddly enough, it's also been making a comeback in the past couple of years. I look around me at the U of I and at WSU, and it's like stepping into a time capsule. Once again, young women are wearing their hair long and straight, and I suspect some of them are even ironing it. I walk into rooms full of women and I again smell the patchouli. I wonder, is this the fourth wave of feminism, or have we been swirled by a cosmic undertow back into the second?

In 1972, the year the Women's Center was founded, I was an eight-year-old feminist. I was not a girl, I was a woman. Maybe even a womyn. I was definitely Ms., with a letter from the Rose Bowman Campaign Fund to prove it. (Ms. Bowman's campaign marked my first political contribution. I'd sent her 85 cents with a letter saying I wanted my donation to be used to help end bigotry. She sent me a thank-you letter addressed to Ms. Huskey. I thought Gloria Steinem had better watch out.) It's also true that in 1972, Richard Nixon was beginning his second term and Jesse Helms his first, but we had Barbara Jordan and Patsy Mink, who were more than a match for Tricky Dick. We were doing pretty well in the media, too—on television, we had "Maude," and in print, we had *Ms. Magazine*, with its awe-inspiring "No Comment," and the catch phrase of the moment, "Click." Change was in the air, and Wordsworth had it right: "Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive, / But to be young was very heaven."

Both of my parents were ardent feminists. Although my mother never wore patchouli, our house bore all the other visible signs of grooviness: Boston ferns, bead curtains, and fabulous

posters with messages like, "Women Hold Up Half the Sky," or "War Is Not Healthy for Children and Other Living Things," and, of course my favorite, "Feminism Spoken Here." We had the first edition of *Our Bodies, Ourselves*, which was better than the *National Geographic* because it had both nudity and diagrams. There were six women in my mother's consciousness-raising group. They met on Wednesday nights. None of us kids (there were five of us then) could come in. We watched t.v. with Daddy, took our baths, and got ready for an early bed. I could hear bits of the meeting through my bedroom walls—women shrieking with laughter, sometimes shouting angrily, sometimes crying. I didn't know what they were doing in there, but it sounded like they were storming the Winter Palace.

I usually contrived to be hanging around the kitchen when the meeting was over. When those women came out, they looked beatified. The air was thick with cigarette smoke, there were coffee cups and used-up herbal tea bags everywhere, and the floor was littered with piles of crumpled Kleenex. It was all very mysterious, and I couldn't wait until I was old enough to have my own CR group.

Unfortunately, my chance never came. After a while, my mom was purged from her group for "sleeping with the enemy." She thought it was immensely funny, and called my dad "The Enemy" for a long time after that. I didn't get it, of course, although I was struggling doggedly through *Sisterhood is Powerful*. I'd given up on *Sappho Was a Right-On Woman*, despite its great title. Strangely enough, I didn't get that, either—at least not for awhile.

Luckily, not too long after her CR group disintegrated, my mother and her "Uppity Women Unite" button found another place to hang out. With the introduction of the E.R.A., the meetings started up again. New people, new noises, new swirling masses of petitions and letters. Still some patchouli, but also some Chanel No. 5, and, for the ultra chic, Charlie! There were picket signs, clipboards, and buttons. There were also potlucks featuring minefields of tofu and sunflower seed casserole, and bricklike

loaves of homemade wheat bread made out of the whole plant—wheat, chaff, roots, and dirt. We also ate way too many of those little balls made out of peanut butter, powdered milk, and honey, sometimes rolled in coconut, sometimes dipped in carob. They were horrible, but formed a complete protein, and back then, *Diet for a Small Planet* prevailed. I tried to get my dad to use *Laurel's Kitchen*, or *The Enchanted Broccoli Forest*, but they weren't scientific enough.

Anyway, we weren't supposed to be thinking about what we were eating; we had a battle to fight, state by state. In the campaign for the ERA, it was the talking that got me, again, and the look of beatification. The passionate arguments about unisex bathrooms, equal pay for equal work, gender equity in education. (I was a one-woman textbook review panel, and I know my fifth grade teacher appreciated my insights on sexism in the classroom). I was struggling with new books now—Mary Daly's *Beyond God the Father* stymied me, but I did all right with "And Jill Came Tumbling After." I learned the phrase "second wave feminism." I worshipped Susan B. Anthony—a true radical—and scorned Elizabeth Cady Stanton as an accommodationist. My dad gave me *Feminism: The Essential Writings* for my eleventh birthday. . . . I still have it, although we both know now that feminism didn't actually start with Abigail Adams, and that the essential writings fill more than a hundred page paperback.

Although I didn't know it, feminism was about to fall on pretty hard times. The defeat of the ERA, over which I wept bitterly, was the beginning of the slide into backlash. At home we were pretty well-insulated from those changes: we continued to follow the trajectory of the decade by moving to a ramshackle old farm to "get back to the land." Like the Thoreau/Alcott/Emerson crowd, we thought the best way to be highminded was to be uncomfortable—a way of thinking that I still fall into sometimes.

Self-sufficiency was at that time the most feminist of virtues, and while the Lesbian Nation would not have taken us on a silver platter (aside from that sleeping with the enemy thing, my four

No Rest for the Wicked

Dear Sisters,

This column is a joint effort. On the premise that two disgruntled academics are better than one with schizophrenia, I've invited my bosom companion, Auntie Quarian, to join me in a holiday rant. Our target: cheesy sentimentality. Our weapon: the tree (fashioned into a baseball bat) of knowledge.

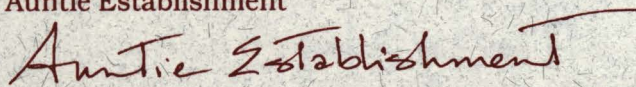
Batter up! We realize that Advent (which might henceforth be known as Advert) is a time when the sentimental feel free to drip sweetly on the more sour among us, and we grudgingly accept this if for no other reason than that we have little choice in the matter. There will be endless saccharine remakes of A Christmas Carol no matter how many bomb threats we send. This morning, however, the ghost of Christmas presents went too far. When Auntie Quarian and I opened our e-mail we discovered what is without question one of the most egregious e-mail homilies we have ever seen. Complete with what is known as ASCII Art (i.e., those ;-) which are tacked onto mails to alert the humor-deprived that something funny has been said), this monstrous abuse of bandwidth featured a very depressed Santa explaining that children have lost the true spirit of Christmas. Reaching into his voluminous bag, he pulls out a Christmas tree, a red ornament, a candle, a candy cane, and a fragrant evergreen wreath. These, he explains, weeping copious tears, are symbols of the very heart and soul of Christianity.

Sisters, Auntie Quarian and I are all for religion. (Like work, I could watch it for hours, and Auntie Q is herself a devout Congregationalist, and they have just as many Christmas trees as the next denomination.) No, our quibble with this bit of sentimental claptrap is not theological but historical and folklorical, and so, in the name of hearty cynicism and Ebenezer Scrooge, we offer the following revised version:

Santa reached into his bag and pulled out a tree, the very kind to which his Teutonic acolytes once sacrificed animals. He dressed it in sparkling accoutrements, not unlike those in which the tree bride of many fertility rituals used to be decked. Then he took out a candle, symbolizing the return of the sun, placated by blood and revived through sacrifice on the 25th of December, the Dies Natalis Invicti Solis (Birthday of the Unconquered Sun). From the bottom of his bag, Santa pulled candy of various shapes, which reminded him of the Sigillaria, the Roman Feast of Dolls at which toys were given to children. He smiled happily at his holly and evergreen wreath, which reminded him of spring, good luck, and solemn processions to the temple of Saturn. Later, the Druids would view evergreens as sacred, though not quite as sacred as mistletoe, which was believed to keep one's house safe from ghosts. Munching on bit of peppermint, Santa's fat stomach shook like a bowl full of jelly as he recalled his own origins in those medieval stories of the Green Man, who was not such a pleasant character to find at one's Christmas feast—just ask Sir Gawain.

Now you see why we were banned from children's story time at the public library. They were afraid we might tell the kiddies what's really in fruitcakes.

To the Who's down in Whoville, a hearty ho from,
Auntie Establishment



and her chum, Auntie Quarian.



brothers were past the separatist-appointed expiration date of five), we were still living the dream: Equality Now!

Fast forward to 1981, the year I started college here at University of Idaho. It was the beginning of the Big Eighties. Miami Vice had replaced Maude, and Ms. was advertising Scarlett O'Hara dolls. Imagine my delight when I walked into the Women's Center.

Patchouli. A tattered, yellowed, and still proud "Women Hold Up Half the Sky" poster. Cigarette smoke (that's right—we still smoked in public). Coffee. Herb tea. And the same intense, passionate, eager conversation I'd coveted as an eight-year-old. Only now I was old enough to get in on it. It was heaven! I attended brown-bag programs, joined a committee or two. I checked out the Center's library books eight and nine at a time. It was in the Center that I first encountered French feminism, which I found as heady and disorienting as a double espresso. Back then, I was sternly opposed to it: it was too ambiguous, too frivolous, too damned European! I was focused on getting out of college, out of Idaho, and into what I thought

of as the real world of graduate school, where I'd learn the magic passwords to high seriousness.

If anyone had told me then that in twelve short years I'd be back here, happily married to a brilliant Southern writer (the Women's Center's own Auntie Establishment), mother to the most perfect 2 year old in the world, and teaching not just French feminist thought, but queer theory, I would have been nonplussed. Of course, knowing that I'd be asked to give this speech would have helped.

Surprise! Almost as soon as I found myself back on the Palouse, I found myself back at the Women's Center, rejoicing in its placid continuity. It's a natural constant. It holds steady, through redecoration and new administrations, through all kinds of changes on campus. Sometimes the storm rages, sometimes it's so quiet we can almost hear each other thinking. No matter what, though, you'll find the really important things there. Books. Boston ferns. Coffee (or herbal tea). Passionate conversation. Great company. And someone is always wearing patchouli.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS AND BROWN-BAG LUNCH PROGRAMS
WOMEN'S CENTER

Free! Public Welcome 12:30 p.m. Women's Center Lounge January-February 1998 885-6616

Jan 20
Tuesday

Welcoming Reception for Dona Walker Thompson DONA THOMPSON joined the University of Idaho in mid-November as the new Director of Multicultural Affairs. With 20 years experience as a multicultural affairs professional, Thompson has been associate director in the Office of Multicultural Student Services at Washington State University since 1991, including two years as interim director from 1993 to 1995. From 1986 to 1991, she served as a counselor at the WSU Center for Native American Students. Thompson earned her master's degree in guidance and counseling from the University of Oklahoma at Norman. She is an enrolled member of the Delaware Tribe of Western Oklahoma, and is also from the Wichita and Caddo tribes. Dona is a welcome addition to the UI community! Please join us for this reception to become acquainted with Dona.

Jan 21
Wednesday

Milking the Financial Aid Cow JAMA SEBALD, Financial Aid Office, will help you mooooooove through the financial aid process by examining the "dos and don'ts" of completing the FAFSA (free application for federal student aid) form. She will review common mistakes to avoid to ensure the smooth processing of your form. No udder office can make financial aid udderly understandable and help you like her office can. Financial aid staff will remain at the Women's Center for one hour after the program for students with unique situations. No student or parent should miss this!

Jan 24-25
Sat-Sun

14th Annual Women's Center Cross-Country Ski Weekend Think snow! This year we will be staying at Elk River's Huckleberry Heaven. Our \$38 package includes 4 meals and cabin accommodations. You simply bring warm clothes, ski equipment, bedding or sleeping bag, towels and personal items. Advance paid registration is required (see registration form in this newsletter) by Friday, January 16. Space is limited. For more information about joining us for this fun-filled adventure, call 885-6616.

Jan 30-31
Fri-Sat

YWCA of WSU Racial Justice Conference "Racism in Our Community: A Blueprint for Action" ROBBY FERRON will deliver the keynote address at this conference sponsored by the YWCA of WSU. Ferron is a regionally-recognized specialist in conflict resolution and issues of organizational and institutional oppression—specifically racism. The conference will also feature concurrent sessions concerning educational strategies to enhance multiculturalism and diversity, the roles white allies can play, family and community issues, and more. Although there is a registration fee, this conference is open to the community. For more information about registering for this racial justice conference, call 509-335-3916.

Feb 10
Tuesday
afternoon

Bellwood Lecture: Supreme Court Justice Sandra Day O'Connor SANDRA DAY O'CONNOR, the first woman to serve on the United States Supreme Court, will speak at 4:30 p.m., in the *Student Union Ballroom*. O'Connor will deliver the College of Law's second Bellwood Lecture. Justice O'Connor was nominated to the U. S. Supreme Court by former President Ronald Reagan on July 7, 1981, and was confirmed by the U.S. Senate on September 22 of that year. Prior to her nomination O'Connor served on the Arizona Court of Appeals. O'Connor's presentation is free and open to the public. A public reception will be held immediately following her lecture.

Feb 18
Wednesday

Sinning in Italy JOY PASSANANTE—local poet, writer, and teacher—explores family connections and intimacy against a backdrop of sites and works of art (historical and contemporary) in Italy and Sicily, in her collection of poems, *Sinning in Italy*. This collection augments Passanante's thematic explorations in her earlier fiction and essays, emphasizing the complexity of family relationships, the connections between people and art, and the nature and parameters of intimacy. Drawing from her own Italian/Sicilian heritage, Passanante collected material for her poetry on a trip to Italy in 1995, returning across the Atlantic with rich images of landscape, art, ethnicity, and sensuality. Hear Joy read her poetry in the warm and intimate setting of the Women's Center. You may want to arrive early for the choice seats.

Feb 25-28

1998 Lionel Hampton/University of Idaho Jazz Festival The Women's Center has not scheduled any programs to compete with the jazz festival. We hope that you, like us, will relish jazz artists such as DIANA KRALL, vocalist and pianist; ABBIE LINCOLN, vocalist; EVELYN WHITE, vocalist and pianist; ETHEL ENNIS, vocalist; MARIAN MCPARTLAND, pianist; JANE JARVIS, pianist; ANGELA DENIRO, vocalist; and countless others including the many talented young, regional, national, and international aspiring jazz artists! For ticket information, call the UI Ticket Office at 885-7212, or visit them at the North Campus Center.

New Memorial Fund

Dear Friends,

I invite you to join me in supporting the University of Idaho Women's Center Burlison Memorial Special Events fund. Through the Women's Center and University of Idaho Foundation, this special fund has been established in memory of my late father, Vernon H. Burlison, Associate Professor, Emeritus, College of Forestry and Range Sciences.

In cooperation with the Women's Center, I established this fund in July by challenging the Center to match, with private donations, my contribution of \$1,200 for special programs and events that could not or should not be funded by regular university money. The spirit of the Burlison Memorial fund is that these programs and events should serve to empower otherwise underrepresented communities, such as ethnic, sexual identity or religious minorities. Although not exclusively, some of the programming would highlight salient issues in the lesbian, gay, bisexual or transgender experience. The selected programs might also present unpopular or controversial ideas, reaching out to college students and the university community, to promote liberal education.

I believe establishing this fund is a fitting tribute to my father who passed away in February. Vernon Burlison was a devoted Christian concerned with issues of peace and justice who practiced goodwill in all aspects of his life.

You may support these special events by sending your check (made out to the *Women's Center Burlison Memorial Special Events*) to the *University of Idaho Foundation, Moscow, Idaho 83844-3201*. If you know of others who may be interested, please share this letter with them.

Cordially,

John Burlison

UI Alumnus, Communications 1976

Justice Sandra Day O'Connor

Sandra Day O'Connor, the first woman to serve on the United States Supreme Court, will speak at 4:30 p.m., in the Student Union Ballroom at the University of Idaho on February 10, 1998. O'Connor will deliver the College of Law's second Bellwood Lecture.

The Bellwood lecture was funded by the largest endowed lectureship at the University of Idaho. It is named for Sherman J. Bellwood a 1939 UI graduate who received his law degree from the University of Michigan in 1941. A former judge, Bellwood endowed the lectureship "to enable the College of Law to invite and present persons learned in the law to lecture on legal subjects from time to time."

Justice O'Connor was nominated to the U. S. Supreme Court by former President Ronald Reagan on July 7, 1981, and was confirmed by the U.S. Senate on September 22 of that year. Prior to her nomination O'Connor served on the Arizona Court of Appeals. "Justice O'Connor is widely regarded as the swing vote on many crucial issues, such as affirmative action and abortion, now coming before the Supreme Court," stated College of Law Dean John A. Miller. "She is a central figure in modern American jurisprudence. Her presence on our campus is a great teaching opportunity."

O'Connor's presentation is free and open to the public. A public reception will be held immediately following her lecture.

Scholarships Available for Single Parents and Children of Single Parents

Applications for scholarships for single parents and children of single parents are currently available at the Women's Center.

The *Shirley Grossman Caldwell Memorial Scholarship* is available for an undergraduate or graduate single mother, demonstrating academic potential and financial need, who is the primary caretaker of her children. This year, the scholarship is valued at eight-hundred dollars.

The *Agnes Eikum Chase Memorial Scholarship* is earmarked for a full-time undergraduate single parent, or child of a single parent, with demonstrated academic merit. This year, the scholarship is valued at eight-hundred-and-fifty dollars.

For the latter scholarship continuing students must have a GPA of 3.2 or greater. Entering or returning students must have graduated in the top 10 percent of her or his class, or have an ACT score of at least 23, or a combined SAT score of at least 1110.

The deadline for filing applications at the Women's Center is *Friday, March 13, 1998*. The awards are for the 1998-99 academic year. Recipients will be notified by mid-April.

Savory Moments with Auntie Pasto

Greetings My Culinary Cousins,

I hope this new year finds you all well and ready for a fun-filled semester. I modified this quick-and-easy recipe from *Cee Dub's Dutch Oven and Other Camp Cookin' Cookbook*. Trish (see below) is a counselor who makes this recipe for her Women in the Wilderness Retreat. It can be made in a stock pot on the stovetop. Enjoy...it is tasty.

To share your family recipes with Auntie Pasto, write to: *Auntie Pasto, c/o Women's Center, University of Idaho, Moscow, Idaho 83844-1064*. You can find Auntie Pasto's recipe box on the web. Surf to the UI Women's Center Home Page <<http://www.uidaho.edu/~wcenter/>>.

TRISH'S FIRST NIGHT AT TALMAK'S SOUP

3 cans, 10 ¾ oz. chicken broth	1 can, 10 ¾ oz. cream of chicken soup
2 cups cubed precooked chicken	1 cup chopped onions
Baby carrots-small package, sliced	2 cloves garlic, minced
½ T. basil	½ T. oregano
1 package, 7 oz. cheese tortellini	Grated parmesan cheese
9 oz. pkg. Green Giant Harvest Fresh Frozen Cut Broccoli, thawed before preparation	
½ cup of dry vermouth or white wine (optional)	

Add water for desired consistency. Bring all ingredients, except tortellini and broccoli, to boil. Add tortellini and simmer uncovered for 30 minutes. Add broccoli and simmer an additional 10 minutes. Serve with parmesan cheese to taste.



14TH ANNUAL WOMEN'S CENTER CROSS-COUNTRY SKI WEEKEND
WOMEN'S CENTER

Includes overnight accommodations + 4 meals! Enjoy skiing, good company, solitude; hot tub, and fun!

SATURDAY & SUNDAY

JANUARY 24-25

ELK RIVER

Huckleberry Heaven

RSVP by Friday, January 16.

**ANNUAL UI WOMEN'S CENTER
CROSS-COUNTRY SKI WEEKEND**

Weekend Registration (\$38 per person)

Check Room Choice

4-PERSON 6-PERSON 8-PERSON

Name _____

Address _____

City, State Zip _____

Phone _____

E-mail _____

Although we cannot guarantee room choice, we will assign room requests on a first-come, first-served basis until those selections are no longer available.

Others in party:

Name _____

Name _____

Name _____

WILL DRIVE

NEED RIDE

_____ registrants @ \$38/person = \$ _____ **TOTAL ENCLOSED**

No refunds after January 16, substitutions accepted.

Make checks payable to: *University of Idaho Women's Center.*

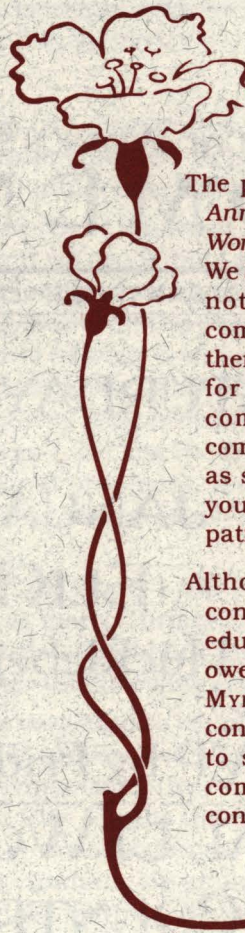
Mail registration and payment to: *Women's Center, University of Idaho, Moscow, Idaho 83844-1064*

The Women's Center Newsletter is published six times during the academic year. It includes announcements and information about the many services and programs offered by the center to the university and regional communities. There are also items of general interest about women's and men's issues. If you have announcements or information to include in subsequent issues, please let us know. Suggestions for changes, improvements, or additional items are always welcome. Disability access is on the north end of the building through the TAAC. A taped copy of the newsletter is available on request for the visually impaired.

Women's Center

JILL ANDERSON Office Coordinator
SUSAN PALMER Women's Resource Specialist
for Education Outreach, Gender Equity, and Research
VALERIE RUSSO Women's Resource Specialist
for Sexual Assault Prevention Education, and Crisis Services

Telephone 1-208-885-6616
Fax 1-208-885-6285
E-mail wcenter@uidaho.edu
Home Page <http://www.uidaho.edu/~wcenter/>
Office Hours 8:00 a.m.-5:00 p.m., Monday-Friday



The production of *Auntie Pasto's 25th Anniversary Favorite Recipes of the Women's Center Cookbook* is delayed. We apologize. The Women's Center has not had adequate staff time for completing the layout to date, and there is a minor shortfall in our budget for this project. However, we are committed to its successful completion, and you will be notified as soon as it is available. Thanks for your recipe contributions and your patience!

Although our website is still under construction, <http://www.uidaho.edu/~wcenter>, the Women's Center owes a hearty thank you to TERESA MYERS who has volunteered considerable time to bring us back up to speed on our home page. Your comments and suggestions on its content and appearance are welcome.

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