

THE SIREN

FEMINIST MAGAZINE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OREGON





THE SIREN

AUTUMN 2010

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OFFICIAL BUSINESS

The Siren is published and produced by the ASUO Women's Center. We are the only student-led feminist publication on campus. It is our mission to cover contemporary feminist issues and act as an outlet for the creative and intellectual development of women. Our staff consists of an editorial board of Women's Center staff who solicit contributions from volunteer writers and artists.

PUMPKINS CARVED BY LAURA TRAN,
ANDREA VALDERRAMA, BRENDA OLMOS AND
BRIA BJORN. PHOTO BY JENNIFER BUSBY.

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Women's Center staff get ready for a privilege walk at the 2010 fall retreat in Yachats.

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***I WILL NOT HAVE MY LIFE NARROWED DOWN. I WILL NOT BOW
DOWN TO SOMEBODY ELSE'S WHIM OR TO SOMEONE ELSE'S
IGNORANCE.***

--bell hooks

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MICHELLE LEWIS

Hello, I'm Michelle! I am a senior at the University majoring in Linguistics and Ethnic Studies. I currently work as an office assistant in the Women's Center. I spend the majority of my campus time building bridges for and with the women that work here as well as those who enter our space for assistance and support.

In my free time I enjoy a large variety of things, such as cycling, weight training, practicing/listening to music, dancing, writing, learning and practicing new languages, creating digital art and photography, as well as socializing around campus.



STEFANIE LOH

Stef Loh is a Women's Center alum and a proud graduate of the University of Oregon's School of Journalism and Communication (Class of 2007). She's currently a sports reporter at The Patriot-News (Harrisburg, Pa.). When she's not watching sports, she's training for a marathon, working out in the weight room, and playing as much tennis as is physically possible. (You get the picture). She goes by "Stef" instead of "Stefanie" but decided to stick with "Stefanie" in her byline because "Stef Loh" is just too short to look serious and official. In her spare time, Stef is working on a master's in creative nonfiction and attempting to write the book on gay marriage. Literally.



BRITTANY MCGINNIS

Brittany McGinnis is a junior Psychology student at the U of O. She has lived in Los Angeles, California and Bend, Oregon. Brit makes a mean batch of brownies, is a ballroom dancer, and loves radio and learning new languages. She introduces us to her boss Holly Lynn, the Biology Teaching Laboratory Preprator and an Officer of Administration for the Biology department here at the U of O.

WRITE IT DOWN

YOU REPORT, WE DECIDE IF YOU'RE GOOD ENOUGH

EMAIL SIRENWC AT GMAIL DOT COM

Reframing our oppressions: a call to action

Autumn brings the first days of school and a new mix of people to the Women's Center. This year's staff piled into cars and set off for the coast to draw up a battle plan for the year.

At our retreat, we learned each other's names and favorite fruits. We danced to songs we knew the lyrics to by heart. We felt alien when asked to arrange ourselves from most feminine to least feminine. We split into teams and competed for bragging rights and decided that, even though making up cheers in honor of wet pussies and mystical sharks is entertaining, we'd all rather work together, as Laura Castleman puts it, as one team against patriarchy.

The weekend gave us a chance to laugh, let our breath whoosh out. How long had we been holding our lungs tight with all the things we couldn't say before? We tracked the courses of our own lives and their relationship to our belief in equality.

Our activism is not founded in the abstract. Each discrimination we face is an act that builds upon the slights of yesterday and the day before; we forget what it was like to be unrestrained individuals. I've stopped wearing dresses because of the things that men have yelled at me as they pass.

All of us have come to the Women's Center from different places. I wish I could tell you the stories, but they're not mine to tell. I can't tell you about the hurt and the self-doubt. I can't tell you about the ways we've fought to find ourselves. I can't tell you how we've turned our circumstances and our experiences into chisels to chip away at our traumas. Most of us aren't at that point of triumph, but we're getting there with help from our sisters-in-arms.

We are not victims. We are survivors in a system that works to stifle our voices by telling us that women don't matter. We are told that our minds don't matter when our ideas are brushed off. We are told that our bodies don't matter when we receive constant pressure to become smaller people. We are told that our desire doesn't matter when we say no and it happens anyway.

Many of us have come to the Women's Center with fists clenched, arms swinging. By trying to defeat us with violence, the racist, sexist, imperialist, homophobic, ableist, classist systems that oppress us have succeeded only in galvanizing us toward a common purpose. We fight for others like us. We fight so they may also be free.

We have stories, but they do not define us. Like many others, I am a survivor of sexual assault; that is not all I am. I am also sex positive. I care about carving out a place for our authentic voices in media. Our stories need to be told, and we are the only ones who can tell them. I invite you to think about your personal herstories: write them down and, if you want, send them to me. I would be honored to help you share your struggles and your triumphs through the pages of this magazine.

This issue, we're focused on feminist action. Activism can manifest itself in a range of ways and we're exploring quieter ways to better the world, like pumpkin pie that doesn't call for the exploitation of hens and dairy cows (*The Great Pumpkin*, page 10).



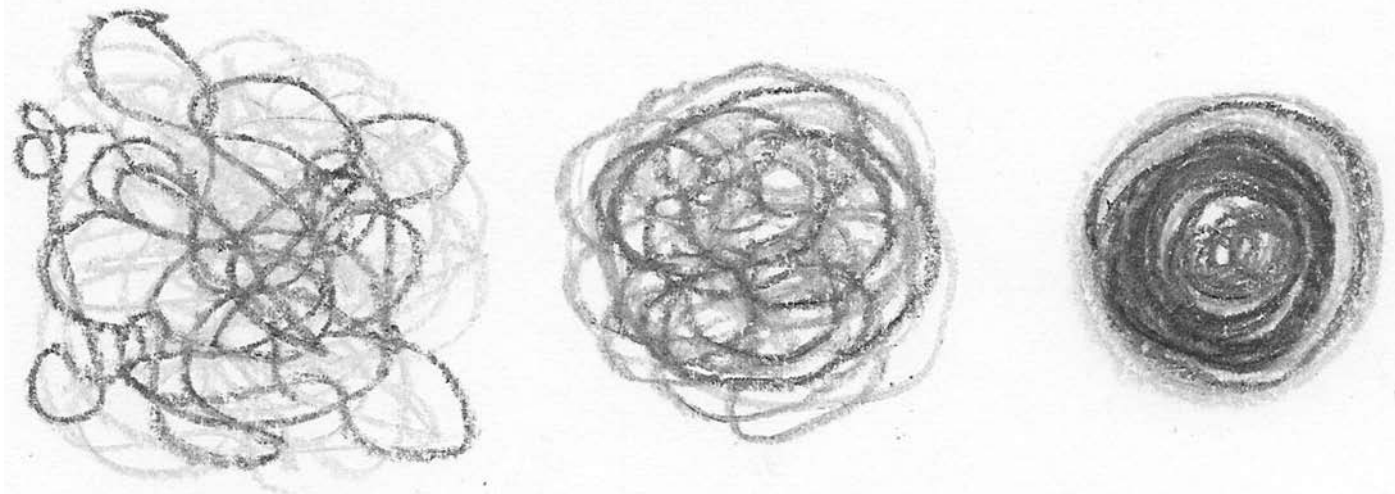
Editors Laura Castleman and yours truly hug it out at the 2010 fall retreat.

We're also proud to be loud in our defiance (*Mud Pies & Mugshots*, page 8).

This issue, we're honoring women who have forged ahead in fields traditionally hostile to women. Holly Lynn (*Mother of Invention*, page 16), proves that science isn't just for boys who grew up playing with chemistry sets and Billie Jean King (page 14) reminds us how far we've come in the sporting world.

At the end of the day, when you're smeared with mud and your arm hurts from holding a picket sign, don't forget to take care of yourself. The breathing exercises on page 6 will help you center yourself so you can wake up the next morning and keep at it!

JENNIFER BUSBY, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



STAYING CENTERED

SOMETIMES, BEING AN EFFECTIVE ADVOCATE MEANS TAKING TIME TO BREATHE

WORDS BY MEGAN KELLY

Most college students are too familiar with the day after pulling an all-nighter to finish a paper or plan an event: feeling like we need an entire pot of coffee just to make it through the day with our eyes open.

Sleep deprivation inhibits the ability to function well and makes it difficult to do our best work in any arena, be it at school, at work, or during a march.

The American lifestyle seems focused around productivity over well being, and often leaves us feeling drained and unmotivated to do anything more than is absolutely necessary.

Taking care of ourselves is often the most easily overlooked way to take action. This can mean eating in a more healthy way, getting a full night of sleep, or taking time every day to do exercise or unwind with a good book. One of the easiest and most basic ways to rejuvenate yourself is through your breathing. Yoga, which focuses on overall well being, stresses the importance of breath as a form of relaxation.

Need a few minutes to relax? Follow this basic breath series to get a quick lift in energy, increased clarity, and give yourself a sense of balance in life.

Close your eyes and focus on the point at the top of your nose where the eyebrows meet.

Sit cross legged with your spine straight. Bring your left arm down to your side. Hold your left hand so that the tip of your thumb is touching the tip of your index finger. Raise your right hand in front of your face, with your palm flat and facing to the left. Hold your right fingers together and pointed straight up.

Press the side of your thumb on your right nostril to gently cover it and inhale and exhale slowly and deeply through the left nostril. Inhale and hold for 10-30 seconds, no more than is comfortable, and exhale. Continue this for three minutes.

Reverse the motion, with your right arm at your side and your left hand covering your left nostril. Inhale, hold for 10-30 seconds, exhale, and relax. Continue for three minutes.

Now sit cross legged with

your spine straight and relaxed. Hold your left hand so that the tip of your thumb is touching the tip of your index finger. Rest your left hand over your left knee. Block the right nostril with your right thumb, just hard enough to cover the nostril.

Keep the rest of your fingers straight up. After one complete inhale, bend your right hand into a “U” and use your index finger or pinky to close the left nostril while opening the right nostril and exhale. Continue this rotation for three minutes.

Reverse the motion so that you are using your left hand. Inhale through the right nostril and exhale through the left.

Next place both hands over your knees, with your index fingers and thumbs touching. Begin breathing powerfully and regularly. Continue this breathing for seven minutes, then inhale and hold your breath for 10-60 seconds.

Imagine your energy circulating through your entire body. Relax and breathe naturally for three minutes, concentrating on this natural flow and the shift in your mind and emotions.

This form of conscious breathing helps you to release habitual patterns of behavior and emotion, which can help you gain a new sense of ability to direct your mind rather than being directed by it.

The following meditation is good at times when you are worried and upset or don't know what to do or feel like screaming.

By paying attention to our water balance and our breathing, we are able to maintain a calm mind no matter what else is going on.

Before beginning this meditation, drink a glass of water.

Close your eyes and sit with your legs crossed and your spine straight and relaxed. Place your arms across your chest and hold your hands under your armpits as if you are hugging yourself.

Raise your shoulders up tightly toward your ears. Hold your neck in line above your spine.

Allow your breath to become slow, to 4 breaths per minute.

Focus on your breathing for three minutes, and gradually increase to 11 minutes.

I'M GONNA WASH THAT MAN RIGHT OUTTA MY HAIR

TEAM UP WITH THE WOMEN'S CENTER TO SUPPORT WOMEN IN TRANSITION

WORDS BY NINA NOLEN

October is here and with it comes familiar traditions: carved pumpkins, ghosts, ghouls, and purple bins. These bins collect toiletries for survivors of domestic violence in honor of Domestic Violence Awareness Month.

The ASUO Women's Center is partnering with Womenspace, The First Place Family Center, and the Women's Law Forum to increase awareness of domestic violence and provide more support for survivors of this abuse who live in our community.

The drive will benefit Womenspace and the First Place Family Center. Womenspace is a nonprofit organization in Lane County that works with and empowers survivors of abuse. Their mission is "to end domestic violence by empowering adults and their children and changing community standards. We believe that each person has the right to lead a life free from violence and fear of abuse. All people have the desire and capacity to control their own lives."

More than 50 percent of women will experience some type of violence from an intimate partner, according to the National Coalition against Domestic Violence. The PRIDE Foundation also has found that between 25 and 33 percent of LGBT relationships include abuse, a rate equal to that of heterosexual relationships.

NCADV defines domestic violence as "a pattern of abusive

behaviors -- including physical, sexual, and psychological attacks as well as economic coercion -- used by one intimate partner against another (adult or adolescent) to gain, maintain, or regain power and control in the relationship."

Domestic violence can come disguised as closeness -- keeping constant tabs on a partner, controlling whom they see -- or can be clearly abusive. Putting a partner down in front of their friends is one of the more common examples.

Domestic Violence Awareness Month focuses on supporting all survivors, no matter their situation, gender, or sexual orientation.

Domestic Violence Awareness Month evolved from the Day of Unity which began in October of 1981. According to NCADV, "The intent was to connect advocates across the nation who were working to end violence against women and their children." Soon after, the event was extended to a week.

In 1987 the first Domestic Violence Awareness Month was observed. Two years later, the U.S. Congress designated October as National Domestic Violence Awareness Month, codifying the annual tradition.

Once again, the ASUO Women's Center is holding a toiletry drive in honor of Domestic Violence Awareness Month.

When a survivor flees from their abusive situation, buying shampoo, toothpaste, or toilet

paper may be the last thing on their mind. Items collected this month will give survivors one less thing to worry about.

The Women's Center has partnered with organizations that work to support survivors.

Womenspace provides an emergency shelter, a 24-hour helpline, support groups, transitional programs, community education, and legal and rural advocacy.

Domestic violence is the number one cause of homelessness for women and children. First Place Family Center is a nonprofit that provides families with a variety of services. They can shower, cook a meal in the kitchen, or simply relax. For children ages three through five they provide a preschool.

First Place also provides a night shuttle that transports families to local churches that provide families with a warm meal and a place to stay for the night.

They also provide an overnight parking lot for families living in their cars. The families can pull in and stay for an extended period of time.

In 2009, the Women's Center collected approximately \$4500 worth of toiletries that were then donated to Womenspace.

This year the bins should be filled with full sized and new toiletries; such as shampoo, conditioner, toothpaste, lotion, deodorant, pads, tampons, and diapers. Toilet paper is especially appreciated.

FIND A BIN:

TOILETRIES MAY BE DONATED AT ANY OF THE FOLLOWING LOCATIONS THROUGH THE END OF OCTOBER.

ASUO Office
Biology Department
Career Center
Club Sports
Counseling and Testing Center
Craft Center
Cultural Forum
Dance Department
Dean of Students
English Department
Health Center
Holden Center
International Affairs
Law School
M.C.C.
MEchA
Men's Center/Nontrad.
Student Union
Mills International Center
O.M.A.S.
Outdoor Program
Philosophy Department
Planning Office
The Duck Store
The Learning Center
The Rec Center
Theater Department
University Housing
UO Bookstore
Wesley Center
Women & Gender Studies

MUD PIES & MUGSHOTS!

A BEGINNER'S GUIDE TO FEMINIST TROUBLEMAKING

Patriarchy got you down? Yeah, us too. Follow these sixteen simple steps for a foolproof way to hit hegemony where it hurts: in the jock box.

WORDS BY MARY SHERMAN

STEP 1: While hanging out with an intimate group of friends, decide to challenge your good friend to a bike race.

STEP 2: Choose your route carefully. Preferably, select a student populated route, like down 13th Avenue from Kincaid to Agate. Do not bring any identification.

STEP 3: Ask drunk bros outside of Taylor's to shout, "Ready, set, go!" When they don't understand, do it yourself.

STEP 4: When your friend suffers a humiliating loss, stand next to your bike—victorious, winded, and grinning—and wait for your friend to approach

STEP 5: Always say "yes!" with enthusiasm when your friend asks you if you would like to throw mud at the Jaqua Center as an act of protest.

Note on the evil of the Jaqua Center: If you are unfamiliar with it, it is the \$41.7 million glass building surrounded by a moat (yes, I did get my terminology correct, a moat) across from the Hamilton dormitory. I would hazard that their landscaping costs per month are more than an entire year of my rent. It is for athletes only, and seems to be made of marble and Italian leather everywhere that it is not made of glass. Coincidentally, Jaqua's son, Nate Jaqua (a PSU soccer star), is about to go to trial for sexually assaulting a female soccer player of the UO. As reported in the *Register Guard*,

he is accusing her of "falsely and maliciously" accusing him of sexual assault in order to "defame" him. This incident is just the latest in a long string of violence perpetrated by male athletes against female students at the University.

STEP 6: Look for mud. If there isn't any, make your own!

How to make your own mud: grab handfuls of dirt from the nicely landscaped surroundings, and hold your dirt laden hands in the moat until the dirt is sodden, gelatinous, and perfect for a messy throw.

STEP 7: Ease your way into the mud throwing process. Begin by slapping your muddy palm against the glass side. End by slinging mud up past the second story and shouting righteous curses at the building.

STEP 8: Remain calm while DPS sirens blaze around you, and their cop-car look-alikes attempt to intimidate you by driving up onto the curb. Do not attempt to bike away, but a sturdy mounting of your valiant steed (firmly clutching the handlebars) will further exemplify your commitment to trouble-making with the newly—and hastily—arrived law enforcement.

STEP 9: Make sure you do not remove your bike helmet while you sit down and talk to the two DPS officers (it's that commitment thing and it'll help if they decide to take a swing at you with their flashlights).

Misspell your first and last names when asked who you are—just for fun.

STEP 10: While the DPS officers mutter to each other and check to see if you "damaged the building", keep your serious face on. Do not giggle.

STEP 11: While being read your Miranda rights, do not assume the DPS officer doesn't know what the hell he is doing. Even without the cuffs, you are in fact under arrest.

STEP 12: During the unofficial interrogation, make sure to drop in lots of radical phrases such as "I was smashing patriarchy," "Why do you want to know who I am?" and "This building is a travesty and the ultimate gesture to the University's commitment to athletics over education." Don't forget to remind them that the building is a \$41.7 million pat on the back for rapists.

STEP 13: While Officer One is looking up your info, do not get too friendly with Officer Two, who is pretending to be nice. They are both douchebags and on the side of The Man (or patriarchy, depending on your perspective). Learn our lesson for us: schmoozing is not encouraged.

STEP 14: When asked if you would like your picture taken, refuse. Remember, they are only asking so that that picture can be used against you in a court of law.

Notes on your photogenicity:

It does not matter how pretty you are, how much you want to gloat about your recent victory, or how much you would like a hard copy souvenir of this radical event—getting the photo taken will ultimately lead to your smiling/gloating face as the background of some officer's computer for endless laughs from the squad. We, also, learned this one the hard way.

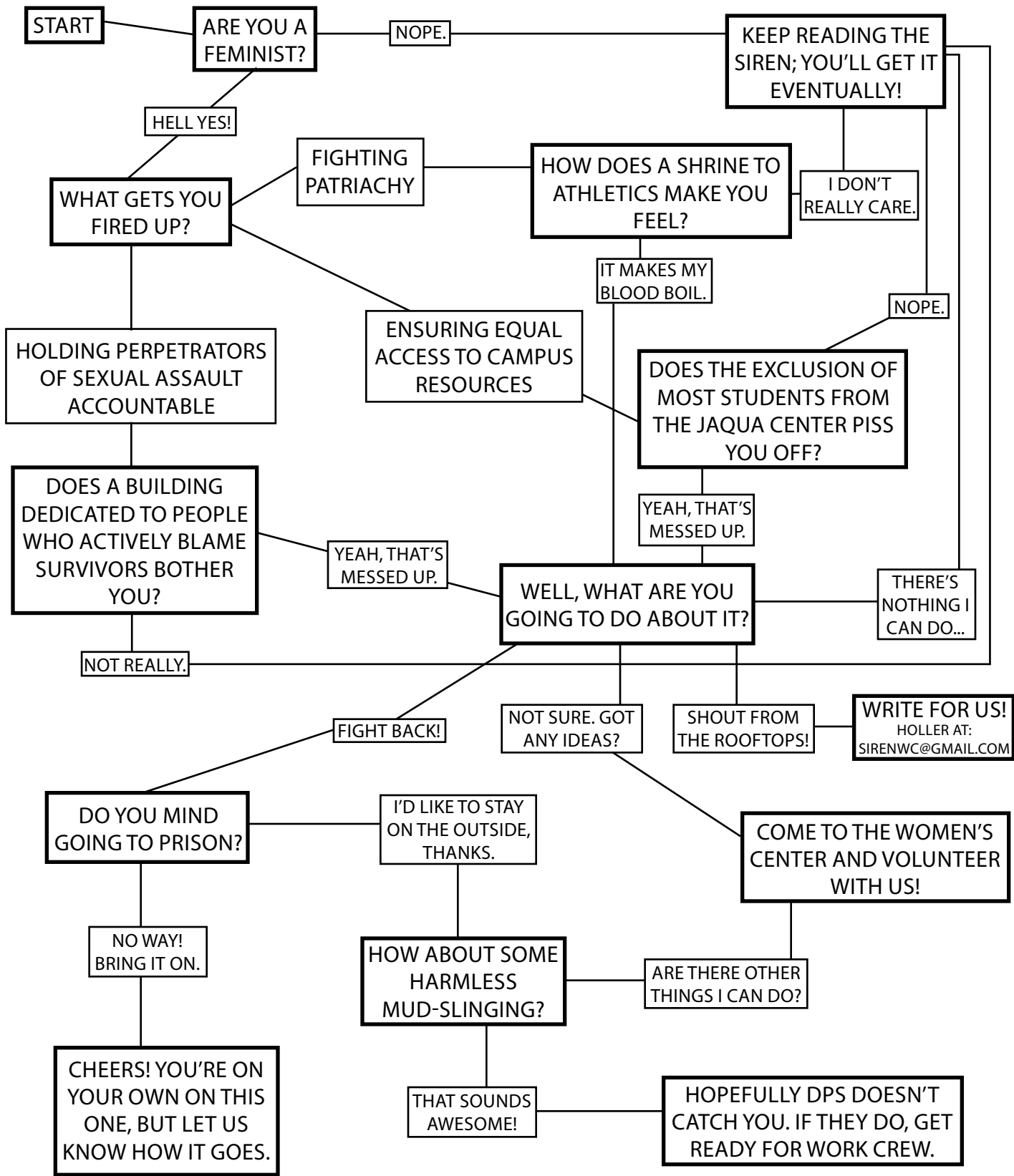
STEP 15: Do not ask the DPS Officer if he is overreacting when he hands you your Misdemeanor for Criminal Mischief 3. DPS Officers take minor pranks seriously, and you will not be met with the reaction you were expecting.

STEP 16: Do not refuse to take the ticket from him. For (a close and personal) example: let's just say you are wearing a dress and have no pockets, therefore cannot possibly be burdened with the extended citation—it doesn't matter, sister. Stick it in your bra and call it a night. With helmet already sturdily attached to your noggin, turn on your bike lights and get the hell out of there.

Good luck comrades. May the force of all radical mischief be with you forever and always. And know that the above situation will make for great ice-breakers and stories for the grandkids.

Stay tuned for "Radical Feminists Take it To the Streets: Tales from the Sheriff's Road Crew."

A FLOWCHART FOR FEMINIST ACTIVISM



THE GREAT PUMPKIN

Modernizing a holiday staple

WORDS BY JENNIFER BUSBY

Pumpkin pie has been a staple at every winter holiday gathering in my family since childhood. I remember digging into a slice when I was still short enough for the kids' table, and another later in the day standing in the kitchen with my brother. We'd cleaned the turkey and mashed potatoes from our plates, so why couldn't we spend the rest of the day on dessert?

I abandoned the meat in my diet after starting college. While my family feasted on roast bird and thick gravy, I ate mounds of baked yams, vegetarian stuffing, and fluffy potatoes. Dessert was still fair game. When the dairy disappeared from my diet two months ago, I had some thinking to do. Could I celebrate with my family without relegating myself to a different table?

The squat can of pumpkin that was an essential part of the pie filling needed reassessment, too. I wanted the same velvety pie I remembered filling my belly as a kid without the pesticides and industrial processing.

I've heard horror stories of truly homemade pumpkin pies. I've watched friends decimate their kitchens gutting, separating, and blending squashes. Made with jack-o-lantern pumpkins, their filling was stringy and watery, studded with bits of tough pumpkin skin. Showing your affection shouldn't mean forcing your loved ones to choke down watery filling with the consistency of raw eggs.

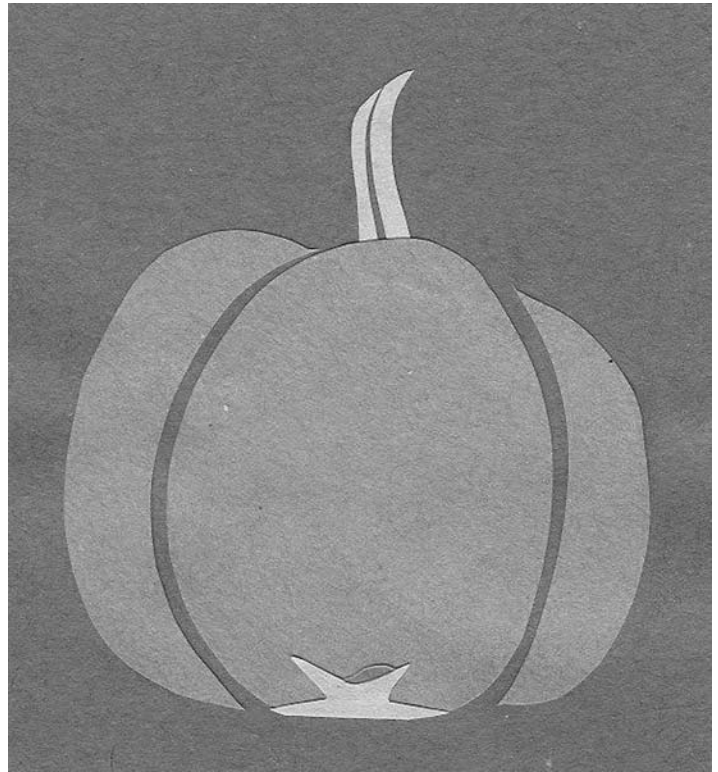
Simply put, avoid using carving pumpkins for pie-

making. They've been bred for looks, not for taste. Choose a smaller, fleshier pumpkin instead. Good varieties to look for are sugar pumpkins or Japanese pumpkins. Some stores label such squashes as pie pumpkins. If you can't find one, opt for a butternut squash. Their flavor is nearly identical.

To prepare puree for use in your autumn recipes, cut the pumpkin in quarters. Remove the guts and seeds. (You can save the seeds to either roast or plant.) Roast the quartered squash cut side down on an oiled baking sheet at 400 degrees for 30-40 minutes. When ready, the flesh should pierce easily with a fork. Once the squash is cool enough to handle, scoop it into a blender or food processor and puree until velvety smooth. If the puree is watery, drain it in a fine-mesh strainer lined with a paper towel. This recipe calls for about one cup of puree, so use any leftovers for other baked goods. They freeze well if not being used immediately.

The following crust recipe comes from Julia Child, and it's the one my mother has sworn by for years. I've substituted non-hydrogenated margarine for the butter in this recipe. Use whichever brand you find most flavorful. This crust is flaky and bakes to a crisp golden brown in the oven.

Plan ahead when making this pie recipe: it needs an overnight stay in the fridge to set properly. Do a trial run before you commit to baking a pie for a gathering. Depending on which kind of pumpkin you use, you may need to reduce the liquid in the recipe.



Flaky Crust

- 2 cups flour
- 1/2 cup stick margarine
- 3 Tb. margarine
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 pinches sugar
- 5 Tb. ice water

Blend flour and salt with non-hydrogenated margarine until mixture resembles coarse corn meal. Immediately add ice water and quickly incorporate to form a ball. Do not overmix.

Turn onto a lightly floured breadboard or pastry cloth. Knead 1-2 minutes to incorporate any remaining margarine.

This crust can be split in two to make either two pumpkin pies or one double-crust pie.

Roll out the crust on a lightly floured surface. Gently fold it in half twice and lay it in the pie pan. Unfold the crust and smooth into the pan, being careful to avoid ripping.

Trim the excess crust and crimp the edges under with your fingers.

Julia Child

Pumpkin Pie Filling

- 2 cups pumpkin puree
- 1 cup non-dairy milk
- 3/4 cup organic granulated sugar
- 1/4 cup cornstarch
- 1/2 Tb. dark molasses
- 1 tsp. vanilla extract
- 1 tsp. ground cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. ground ginger
- 1/4 tsp. ground nutmeg
- 1/4 tsp. ground allspice

Preheat oven to 425 F

In a large bowl, mix all ingredients until smooth and blended. Pour into prepared crust and smooth top. Bake.

After 10 minutes, reduce oven to 350 F; bake until set, about 50 minutes. Set on wire rack to cool, then refrigerate overnight.

Vegetarian Times, 1997



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Getting up isn't just for boys. Female street artists have, historically, dealt with sexism from being accused of sleeping around for cred to having their boyfriends put up pieces for them. Fact is, the boys are just jealous. Women have made their mark on urban landscapes despite pressure to stay in at night. Take a lesson from these nightcrawlers and learn how to put up your own pieces.

Wheatpaste is stronger than undiluted white glue. It's inexpensive and easy to make—all you need is a pot and a way to heat it. You can even use a hot pot if you don't have access to a stove. Pasting up flyers is a fast way to make your mark, whether you're getting up with art or political slogans. Once dry, pasted posters have to be peeled off by hand—painting over, or buffing, them doesn't do the trick.

Begin heating 1 cup water. While the water is heating, mix just enough cold water with the flour to make a pourable mixture. Stir the flour mixture into the hot water. Bring to a boil. Once it thickens, remove from heat and allow to cool. For better strength, add 1 tablespoon of sugar after the glue thickens. Keep your paste in the refrigerator and beware, it won't last forever.

Put your paste in a container that makes using it easy. Some people like to cut a hole in the top of a plastic juice container and tape a brush inside for one-step pasting. Others fill an empty dish soap squeeze bottle with paste so they can squirt it onto a wall, brush, or flyer.

Label 228, Jan

Label 228, January 2008





FOR EVERY GIRL WHO IS TIRED OF ACTING WEAK WHEN SHE IS STRONG, THERE IS A BOY TIRED OF APPEARING STRONG WHEN HE FEELS VULNERABLE. FOR EVERY BOY WHO IS BURDENED WITH THE CONSTANT EXPECTATION OF KNOWING EVERYTHING, THERE IS A GIRL TIRED OF PEOPLE NOT TRUSTING HER INTELLIGENCE. FOR EVERY GIRL WHO IS TIRED OF BEING CALLED OVER-SENSITIVE, THERE IS

**A BOY WHO FEARS TO BE GENTLE, TO WEEP.
FOR EVERY BOY FOR WHOM COMPETITION IS
THE ONLY WAY TO PROVE HIS MASCULINITY,
THERE IS A GIRL WHO IS CALLED UNFEMININE
WHEN SHE COMPETES. FOR EVERY GIRL WHO
THROWS OUT HER E-Z-BAKE OVEN, THERE IS
A BOY WHO WISHES TO FIND ONE. FOR EVERY
BOY STRUGGLING NOT TO LET ADVERTISING
DICTATE HIS DESIRES, THERE IS A GIRL FACING
THE AD INDUSTRY'S ATTACKS ON HER SELF-
ESTEEM. FOR EVERY GIRL WHO TAKES A STEP
TOWARD HER LIBERATION, THERE IS A BOY WHO
FINDS THE WAY TO FREEDOM A LITTLE EASIER.**



Adapted from a poem by Nancy R. Smith. CrimethInc. Gender Subversion Kit #69-B. Copies of this poster are available individually and in bulk quantities from CrimethInc. Genders Anonymous / PO Box 1963 / Olympia WA 98507 or if waiting ain't your thing, go to www.crimethinc.com.



BILLIE JEAN KING AND BOBBY RIGGS FACED OFF IN 1973. RIGGS THOUGHT HE COULD TAKE THE YOUNG TENNIS STAR—HE WAS WRONG.

RAISING A RACKET

MEET BILLIE JEAN KING AND HER PARTNER ILANA KLOSS, A POWER COUPLE WHO HAVE BEEN MAKING STRIDES FOR WOMEN'S AND LGBT RIGHTS BOTH ON AND OFF THE TENNIS COURT.

WORDS BY STEFANIE LOH

You've heard of Ellen and Portia – no last names necessary.

Then, there's been Melissa and Tammy. Etheridge, of course.

They're entertainment industry power couples who've also lent their star power to the gay rights movement over the last two decades.

Switch gears. Swing over to the sports world and meet Billie Jean King and Ilana Kloss, a bona fide power couple in their own right.

The couple has been together for more than 20 years, and they also work together. Kloss is the commissioner of the World Team Tennis – a professional summer tennis league that King conceptualized and helped to found in 1974.

Ever since she beat Bobby Riggs in the highly publicized "Battle of the Sexes" at the

Houston Astrodome in 1973, King has become synonymous with the women's rights movement.

It's undisputed fact that King helped to create equality for women in tennis, and in doing so, helped to set the stage for the women's sports movement that began with the introduction of Title IX in 1972.

She agreed to play Riggs in 1973 knowing full well that losing could adversely affect the burgeoning women's sports movement.

But even today, King admits that she wasn't impervious to the pressure.

"I had to win. I still get very nervous just thinking about it, 'cause it was a one-time deal," King said, in an interview this summer. "It wasn't gonna ever happen again."

Losing would have meant that "every day I walk out the door, I would have lost to Bobby Riggs the rest of my life" King said.

Losing "would have given people a chance to weaken Title IX because people have tried to weaken it throughout the years."

Losing was not an option, and King won understood that better than anyone at the time. So she won. In style, beating Riggs 6-4, 6-3, 6-3.

The win was monumental, and King went on to help found the Women's Tennis Association (WTA) – currently the governing body of women's tennis – and to start the professional women's tennis tournament circuit.

Her professional life took off, but King's personal life was soon dragged into the public spotlight in May 1981, when

her former secretary Marilyn Barnett announced that she and King had been romantically involved, and filed a palimony suit.

At the time, King was still married to Larry King. As a result of the fracas Barnett's announcement created, King came out of the closet, and she and her husband eventually divorced on amiable terms.

These days, life is good for Billie Jean King.

She remains one of the most recognizable figures in the world, and has stayed involved in tennis decades after her retirement. She recently received the Presidential Medal of Freedom – the highest civilian honor in the United States.

She and Kloss have devoted themselves to helping World Team Tennis growth, and it's easy to see that the two work

“Yes, you think about all the incredible things that she has accomplished. But she really is very basic and to her everybody is equal.”

Ilana Kloss, on King

very well together, with Kloss’ calm steadiness complementing King’s effervescent personality.

“I think we balance each other. We complete each other, which is good,” said Kloss, herself a former professional tennis player who first met King as a kid growing up in South Africa.

Actually, Kloss, 52, credits King with inspiring her to go pro.

“I was a ball girl at the South African Open. I was 11 years old, and I was hitting with my dad on the court. Billie Jean walked by the court, and she stopped and said to me day, ‘I recognize your daughter. She’s been beating up balls. Can I hit with her?’” Kloss recalls.

Ten minutes on the court with Kloss was enough to convince King that the young South African had the makings of a fine tennis player.

She told Kloss’ father, “Your daughter is extremely talented. Make sure — if she wants to — that you allow her to pursue a career.”

King subsequently got Kloss in touch with her sponsor, Wilson, and helped the young player in any way she could.

Kloss went on to become the youngest No. 1 in South African tennis history at age 17, and eventually became the top-ranked doubles player in the world.

“That’s why every day that I am out in the field, I just know how important that one minute you give a kid is, or the time you give young people,” Kloss

says. “We didn’t get together until many, many, many years later. But what she did for me, I have seen her do for hundreds of kids, or writers, or anybody.

“She gets from giving. It completes her.”

So what’s it like being with one of the most famous women in the world?

“I look at her, and, yes, you think about all the incredible things that she has accomplished. But she really is very basic and to her everybody is equal,” Kloss says. “It doesn’t matter whether you are the president, the doorman or the driver.

“Billie Jean is an incredible human being, and every day that I’m around her, I learn from her and it’s really phenomenal to see how much she gives.”

King has changed lives and transformed mindsets over the years, but ask her what she’s proudest of in her life and she doesn’t have an answer.

“I’m not finished yet, so I don’t know what I’m going to be most proud of,” King says.

World Team Tennis is up there, she says, because of how there aren’t too many coed pro sports in the world, and King loves coed sports.

Otherwise, as far as King is concerned, the story isn’t over. And she’s far from done. But she’s already made a difference, and she stands as a paradigm worthy of emulation for female athletes and members of the LGBT community all over the world.



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MOTHER OF



"GO MAKE SOME COFFEE AND LEAVE ME ALONE, CREEP!"

INVENTION

WORDS BY BRIT MCGINNIS

Housewife, mother, caretaker. Historically, these roles have been associated with women. Women have been thought of as emotional creatures, whereas men have been seen as scientific, rational beings. Today, we know these ideas are false. Society, however, is slow to catch up. As a feminist publication advocating for the intellectual development of women, the Siren is proud to highlight one of many women interested in science who have successfully followed their passions. Holly Lynn is the Biology Teaching Laboratory Preparator at the University of Oregon. She also serves as an Officer of Administration for the Biology Department. Britt McGinnis, one of her students, talked to her about her job, her family, and her take on women in science.

SIREN: First, tell me about your family.

LYNN: I live in Eugene with my husband Tim O'Malley, who is a student at Lane Community College. I also have my 19-month-old daughter, Jessica.

S: What do you all like to do together?

L: Oh, anything. We take walks all the time now that it's sunny out. We also love going to the Saturday Market. But even if we're just hanging out, trying not to eat too many crayons, we just love being together.

S: When did you realize that you wanted to work in science?

L: I never wanted to not work in science. I was always obsessed with it, relating everything I did to it. My family saw this and encouraged this greatly.

S: Have you found any glass ceilings or discrimination toward women in your area of work?

L: Surprisingly, no. The University's an amazing place for women to work, mainly because it hires based on competency as opposed to gender. If you're the most qualified or accomplished candidate in your field, you'll likely be the one hired for the job. I've been amazingly lucky in my path; even when I was pregnant and nursing I received a lot of support from the Biology community. I feel like in a lot of ways, the U of O's an exception to the norm.

S: I remember coming in to work and finding your door closed, "Pumping Milk" stenciled on your board.

L: Oh yeah, and that was completely allowed! The University is amazingly accommodating for nursing women. You can rent a special refrigerator for breastmilk through the University, and there are even specific areas for nursing on campus. The resources are there if people are willing to look for them. I felt no resistance from the faculty coming right back into the workplace after I had Jessica, even though I initially came back as a part-time employee.

S: Any role models for how you balance your life?

L: My mom. She was the only high-level engineer down at General Electric [in her home state of Michigan] for many years. She was the only female student in her Bachelor's program for metallurgy—I don't even think they give out those degrees anymore. And she was a single mom working all the time. She made dinner most nights. I've had to tell myself all the time that I can't be that 1980s Supermom all the time, that she did what she had to do in her own situation.

S: Some women say that it's hard to achieve balance between being a mom and a working woman. Have you found that to be true?

L: Oh yes, every day. You have to make a decision about where your priorities are. There's constant scheduling and adjustments. I'm so lucky to have Tim in my life; I receive so much support from him. And I think once women start supporting each other in deciding to work, things will get a lot better. I feel like some women look down upon working mothers,

saying they don't love their children enough to stay home with them, or they value their career above raising their children. We need to evolve

our own attitudes toward working moms, with no judgment on choices. We need to stop cutting each other down.

S: What do you think will happen in the future for women in science?

L: There's going to be more! We have six male professors retiring this year from the University, and all those positions are going to be vacant. I predict that in the next twenty years, there are going to be a lot more women professors in science. There's a huge wave of baby boomer retirements coming. We already have more women than usual working here at the U of O, which is great. In about ten to fifteen years, it's going to be even better. But it's a slow process. If you want real lasting change, you're going to have to change people's core values, which takes time. You've got to change the ideas that women have to hide things away, like breastmilk and sexual assertion, in order to get ahead. I've been in places where if women wear tops that show cleavage just for their own reasons, they get criticized for not maintaining professionalism by the other women. We feel like we have to hide away the "feminine" aspects of ourselves. That needs to change if things are going to get better in the future.

S: Any advice for anyone desiring both to work and have a family in life?

L: I love my family more than anything else, but I need to work in order to balance me, myself. And I think things will be better for women in the workplace once women aren't afraid to say that. Once they feel okay saying that they want to work and have a family equally, and they don't feel like they have to squash that part of themselves to get ahead in the workplace, then things will get better. It's okay to feel that and want that.

You've got to change the ideas that women have to hide things away, like breastmilk and sexual assertion, in order to get ahead.

YES, NO, MAYBE YES, NO, MAYBE YES, NO, MAYBE

EXPRESSING YOUR PREFERENCES JUST GOT EASIER.

WORDS BY LAURA CASTLEMAN

Negotiating sexual and sensual experiences can be complicated, so we've printed up a Yes/No/Maybe list to help you and potential partner(s) get on the same page. Reading through the list is a simple way to put lots of activities on the table that you might otherwise find difficult to bring up. So go through, look up the terms you don't know, and make some choices. Mark things you definitely want to do with a 'yes,' things you are certainly not interested in with a 'no,' and "maybe" is for things you are interested in but want more time, discussion or information before trying. (Going through this list with a partner can also be a great form of textual foreplay.) Ask first, enjoy, and be safe!

Some of the following terms may be unfamiliar to you. To find out more about them or to keep exploring, please check out the following websites or check out the Women's Center Library:

<http://deafqueer.org/> - The Deaf Queer Resource Center (DQRC) is a nonprofit online resource with comprehensive information by, for and about the Deaf Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, Transsexual, Transgender, Intersex and Queer Communities.

<http://toysforxxboys.blogspot.com/> - This blog reviews sex toys from a Female to Male (FTM) perspective.

<http://www.shoutouthealth.com/> - The Gay Health Blog provides an anonymous forum for LGBT-related health and sex questions, answered by LGBT-friendly health care professionals.

<http://www.sexuality.org/> - An enormous online guide to all things sex.

<https://ncsfreedom.org/resources/kink-aware-professionals.html> - A resource list for help in finding medical, dental, therapeutical, & etc. professionals with an understanding of a wide variety of expressions of sexuality.

| | |
|--|--|
| anal play | making videos |
| anal rimming | massage |
| ball stretching | medical play |
| blindfolds | multiple penetration |
| bondage (hands, feet, or both; rope, leather, nylon) | nibbling ears and/or neck |
| caning | nipple clamps |
| cock rings | oils and/or lotions |
| cock sucking | outdoor sex |
| consensual humiliation | paying for sex |
| cross dressing | pegging |
| cuddling | phone sex |
| cunnilingus | pinching |
| cyber sex | public sex |
| dominance/submission | reading erotica |
| dripping hot wax | renting porn |
| electro play | paddling |
| enemas | role playing (boss, daddy/mommy, cowboy/girl, slut, police) |
| eroticising latex (latex gloves, dams) | sensation play |
| exhibitionism | sex toys (butt plugs, vibrator...) |
| fantasizing | shaving |
| finger fucking | strap on sex |
| flogging | stripping |
| foot worship | spanking |
| gags | sucking on nipples |
| gender play | talking dirty |
| golden showers | threesome |
| group sex | tickling (with hand, feathers...) |
| hair pulling | tribadism |
| ice play | vaginal fisting |
| kissing | etc... |
| lap dancing | |

REVIEWS



REPORTER'S ALBERTA POON SURFS ON THE PDX POP! NOW CROWD DURING A SET IN THE BASEMENT OF ROTTURE IN PORTLAND, ORE.

THE DIRTY, SEXY...MCCAIN FAMILY.

Hey Meghan, your privilege is showing!

WORDS BY LAURA CASTLEMAN

Meghan McCain wants us to like her. She wants to paint herself as a genuinely good, but still young and sexy woman. McCain came into the national eye when her father, Senator John McCain, ran for president on the Republican nomination in 2008. McCain created a blog, McCain Blochette, about her time on the campaign trail with her dad.

Her book, *Dirty, Sexy Politics*, reflects on her experience and attempts to paint a portrait of herself as a woman and a political thinker. What she ends up with is a confusing book that constantly leaves you wondering what she's trying to say. Personal musings interrupt storylines, repetition of politically insignificant facts is irritating, and everything feels as though she is speaking to you through a thin layer of political curtain—certainly not showing her true face.

McCain is tormented by the clash between her love for her father and her dislike of some of his policies. However, instead of just saying outright that her love for him as a person doesn't

affect her political leanings, she just confuses her readers. McCain has a consistent stream of consciousness about how she and her siblings were raised “normally” (her perception of wealth as normal is telling) and have no sense of entitlement—then dives into a story about how she refuses to wear the pins that the Secret Service uses to recognize candidates' family members. “Forget the pin, remember my face,” she complains.

McCain's editors must have been lacking, as well. She uses expressions like “The Bus Roster Nazi” to refer to a campaign manager and tastelessly jokes that she has Stockholm Syndrome from being on the campaign trail. While she may manage to come off as a passionate humanitarian about marriage equality (“I regard marriage equality as this generation's civil rights call to arms.”), her ability to be politically equitable apparently ends there.

I really wanted to like this book. I was excited to read it and write a glowing review.

I wanted to have Meghan McCain as an example of a smart, liberated Republican woman whom I could point to when others made generalized statements about Republicans. I thought McCain could represent the Republican working hard to reinvent the party as socially progressive with fiscally conservative leanings and a desire for smaller, more privatized government. The book, however, ended up being just too confused, too short, and too unfocused to be anything other than light entertainment.

McCain has interesting political points, especially about the current Republican party's sense of exclusivity and religious conservatism. She talks about feeling alienated from the party, and the party's need to get up to speed and include the younger generations—something she says the Democratic party has successfully done. Sadly, McCain's legitimate points are few and far between. Perhaps if she writes a second book it will be more worthwhile to read, but this one screams, “I've never done this before.”

LOOKING FOR MORE?

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Read more about Reporter and listen to the first track off their new album, *Time Incredible*.
<http://sirenmag.tumblr.com/post/1306800198/reporter>

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Watch an interview with Bobby Riggs, a man who aimed to make easy bets, but miscalculated when he challenged this issue's Wonder Woman, Billie Jean King, to a faceoff in 1973.
<http://sirenmag.tumblr.com/post/1308618367/battleofthesexes>



TENDING THE GRASSROOTS

WORDS BY MEGAN KELLY

Remember all of the times that you've been sitting around watching the news, reading a book, or flipping through a magazine and found something that struck a chord? Maybe it made you mad, or inspired you in some way. The next time one of these moments comes along, don't let it fall by the wayside—take action instead. And if you need a little direction on how to get started, read Jennifer Baumgardner and Amy Richards' book *Grassroots: A Field Guide For Feminist Activism*.

Baumgardner and Richards deliver an easy to read book intended to answer women who are wondering what they can do to make a difference in the world. The authors present numerous examples of ordinary people putting energy into their passions and creating change. The book aims to highlight how simple activism can be as a part of responsible living, and that anyone can be an activist. It reads as a source of inspiration from women around the world and a guide to resources for women looking to get involved. The authors focus primarily on helping women identify the resources around them, especially for women who don't already work in an activist community. They point out our often overlooked resources, like the office copier, the meeting space of an apartment, or a favorite coffee shop.

The book encourages the idea that you don't need to fit into
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a specific "feminist" ideal or even consider yourself feminist to be an activist. Baumgardner and Richards take the liberal feminist stance that it is okay to work a corporate job, watch *Sex and the City*, or buy Starbucks coffee and still be an agent for change.

Baumgardner and Richards present an accessible and inspiring view of what it means to be an activist on a daily basis, breaking down wide-scale projects into small and specific goals. The book discusses the importance of connecting with the community around you and making use of everybody's passions to accomplish a clear goal by connecting with people who may not immediately come to mind. It relies heavily on the authors' experiences, which is helpful for concrete examples of how to begin a project. This approach is, at times, difficult to relate to. The authors write from a place of privilege, tending to assume a readership with a college education, family friends with money to donate, and a strong support system. Their assumption of this advantage is evident in their writing.

The book isn't a great read for experienced activists, and definitely tailors itself to a more privileged readership. It is intended to be a book for feminists just starting out in their activism and unsure of where to turn, but the longest lasting value of the book lies in its several appendices filled with resources and organizations of interest to any feminist.

IN FOR THE KILL

Elly Jackson has harsh words for her female fans: if you're a survivor of violence, it's your own fault

WORDS BY NATALIE WARNER

La Roux's debut album is bold, edgy, and emotional with highly danceable electronic pop beats. La Roux is a duo of front-woman Elly Jackson and Ben Langmaid. Jackson's uniquely soulful voice belts out a heart's longing and tells of the push and pull of lovers' games. Thoughtful lyrics tell of universal and complex dissonance of the true inner self and the outer social realm and sit on top of fun and melodic beats. They reference the sounds of the 1980s but at the same time push into the up-and-coming 21st century electro-pop revolution.

The duo's unique and forward-thinking sound is composed of simplistic beats using cheap equipment—complexity is not their aim. "In For The Kill" is direct, self-assured, and powerful with, at times, shamelessly angsty vocals. The funky breakdown and bubbly synths in "Bulletproof" make for a killer track that oozes confidence—sitting still is no option here. "I'm Not Your Toy" is assertive and no-nonsense complete with heartfelt honesty and a melodic and fun electronic beat that just makes you want to play it one more time.

Jackson's lyrics suggest a don't-mess-with-this-woman power that speaks directly to the feminist soul. Coupled with

this, Jackson, in interviews, expresses overall discontentment with the portrayal of women in the modern pop scene.

It is puzzling that in her interview with *Quietus's* Luke Turner the singer would misplace the blame of sexual violence on survivors. "Women wonder why they get beaten up, or having relationships with asshole men. Because you attracted one, you twat," she said. Her claim has been pounced on by feminist bloggers for placing the blame not on perpetrators of relationship and dating violence but on the women that, she said, may deserve it. Some have blamed her comments on inexperience. Now would be the time for Jackson to speak up.

Jackson's own dynamic appearance has come up in many interviews with the artist. She expresses a desire to resist the modern pop diva persona. Her words aim to create distance between her and what she sees as "patronizing" sexuality designed for men. At the same time she equates femininity "when you've got the sex eyes." Clearly, sex has something to do with the pop image she has in the works. It will be fascinating to watch Jackson attempt to divorce herself, as a modern female pop icon, from traditional sex appeal.

Obon in Oregon

is not the same. In Japan,
the orioles imitate flame. Dragons
dance in the gardens. In rivers,
paper candles float ghosts home.

No one
can travel outward endlessly.
Even the oriole
carves an aria around the sun
and descends again.

Yet, Obaachan is from
Hiroshima: Her brother's body was
an oriole, a paper ship in flames.
We ask, at what point did he stop
being a person?

Mom, tired of stammering her dislocation,
unbuilds her own ship.
She says, here I have had to choose
between holding my tongue
and fighting my friends.
An isolate flame is not a life.

But neither is love a compromise.
We are an endless outward river,
a paper ships on water,
a yellow-feathered dragon.

-Anna Nakano-Baker

YOUR EYES

They look through me
Around me
At the back of me...
Looking down...upon me

Never stopping to see me
For more than what they see
Only seeing what they have been taught to see

The darkness of my skin
The pout of my lips
The perceived attitude in MY eyes
Which only wish to connect with yours

My value constantly questioned by them
Constantly forced to prove
A worth THEY find acceptable

-Michelle Lewis

**WRITE
FICTION.**

**WRITE
POETRY.**

**GET YOUR
WORD OUT.**

**SUBMIT TO
SIRENWC
AT GMAIL
DOT COM**

DON'T CRY OVER SPILLED

TYPE

WORDS BY JENNIFER BUSBY

Before Hewlett Packard and desktop publishing, there was Johannes Gutenberg and his printing press. Gutenberg printed the Bible with moveable type in the 1400s before his method fell out of fashion 500 years later. Computers came along and replaced his steadfast, ancient machines, but printing presses are making a comeback.

The presses, rescued from barns and backyards, have found their way into art and English departments at colleges across the nation. New enthusiasts treasure their heavy wooden drawers of type and their whirring presses. They call what they do letterpress. Tons of lead, cast lovingly into metal letters called sorts, must be arranged into heavy, puzzle-like blocks before they can be used to print. The painstaking work of composition means arranging each letter individually—one poem can take six hours of constant work before it is complete.

This composed type, set into neat rectangles, is bound around the edges with twine. These blocks must slide like tetris pieces into a flimsy metal tray. When you get lazy and try to lift the type instead, letters vanish from words as sorts rain down and chink across the concrete floor. It takes two hands and steady feet to guide a loaded tray across the type lab to the press.

Even Rebecca, the sure-

fingered voice of reason in the lab at the University of Oregon, takes shallower breaths when letters tip, skate close to falling. These sorts came to this hidden corner of our art building when newspaper printers upgraded to offset and digital printing and defunct print shops that used to pump out posters and flyers gave way to FedEx Office.

Instead of being melted down and recycled into car batteries, these letters had a second chance in our type lab.

The clock was creeping past midnight and I was working to print the text for my final project. I had set five of my poems for what would become a hard-cover collection of poetry. Five copies of the hand-bound book were due in less than a week's time.

My type tray, open at one edge to allow type to slide in and out, was loaded with two complete poems. I hefted it to my press and set it at the edge of the printing surface. Hips angled upward, I leaned into the tray to balance it between my body and the machine and nudged the first poem onto the printing press.

As I navigated the heavy block of type onto the hulking form of the press, I lost track of my hands. The type tray seesawed against my body and pitched down. A pile of lead bloomed at my feet. The ivory twine that had cinched the type together was snaked, useless, through the wreckage.

Shit. I stared down at my shoes, lost beneath a mountain

of metal. I said nothing.

Well? came the softly accented response in my head. I imagined Rebecca shrugging at me, probably wiping some bit of lead clean on her printing apron.

Spencer, the only other person foolhardy enough to be working at this hour, paused. He watched me as I shuffled backwards, dragging my feet from beneath the pile of sorts. The lead chimed dully on the dusty concrete floor as they fell from my shoes.

"It's not letterpress unless something goes wrong," he said from his place at the Universal One. The press hummed as the rollers spun. He fed another sheet of paper through the machine.

I scooped the spilled type back into the tray and set to work. It was two hours before the tall mound of metal shrank to nothing. As I separated the letters and returned them to their assigned slots, Spencer would look up from his press periodically and express his disbelief. He told me he would have thrown something.

Shouted. Cursed. Why hadn't I? Why was I quietly restocking the wooden drawer?

When something goes wrong and hard work vanishes, I usually pull back my hands and quit. With anything else, I'd drop the pen, shut my laptop, walk away.

But working in the type lab does something to my brain. It might just be the lead residue, but I slow down. Sorting hundreds of characters and composing that poem again wasn't the struggle my second attempts frequently are. The rhythmic click of letters falling into their proper places seduces. Even when the joint of my left thumb screamed at me to stop, sip my cooling coffee, step outside, I couldn't.

I feel a focus with letterpress that some people find tying flies or playing guitar. The work I do matters because it matters to me. When my fingers are too arthritic to sort and set type, my hard-bound book will remain, black letters crisp and paper the same cream as the day I ran it through the press.

Dave Zirin

Author of "Bad Sports: How Owners are Ruining the Games We Love"

Tuesday, October 19, 2010

7:00 P.M.

Lillis 182



Dave Zirin was named one of the "50 Visionaries Who Are Changing Our World" by *Utne Magazine*. He writes about the politics of sports for the *Nation* magazine, and is their first sports writer in 150 years of existence. Zirin is also the host of Sirius XM satellite's popular weekly show, "Edge of Sports Radio," as well as a columnist for *SLAM Magazine*, the *Progressive*, and a regular op-ed writer for the *Los Angeles Times*. Zirin's previous books are *What's My Name, Fool? Sports and Resistance in the United States*; *Welcome to the Terrordome: The Pain, Politics, and Promise of Sports*; *The Muhammad Ali Handbook*; and *A People's History of Sports in the United States*.

Accommodations for people with disabilities will be provided if requested in advance by calling 541-346-4095.

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MONDAY 5PM

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