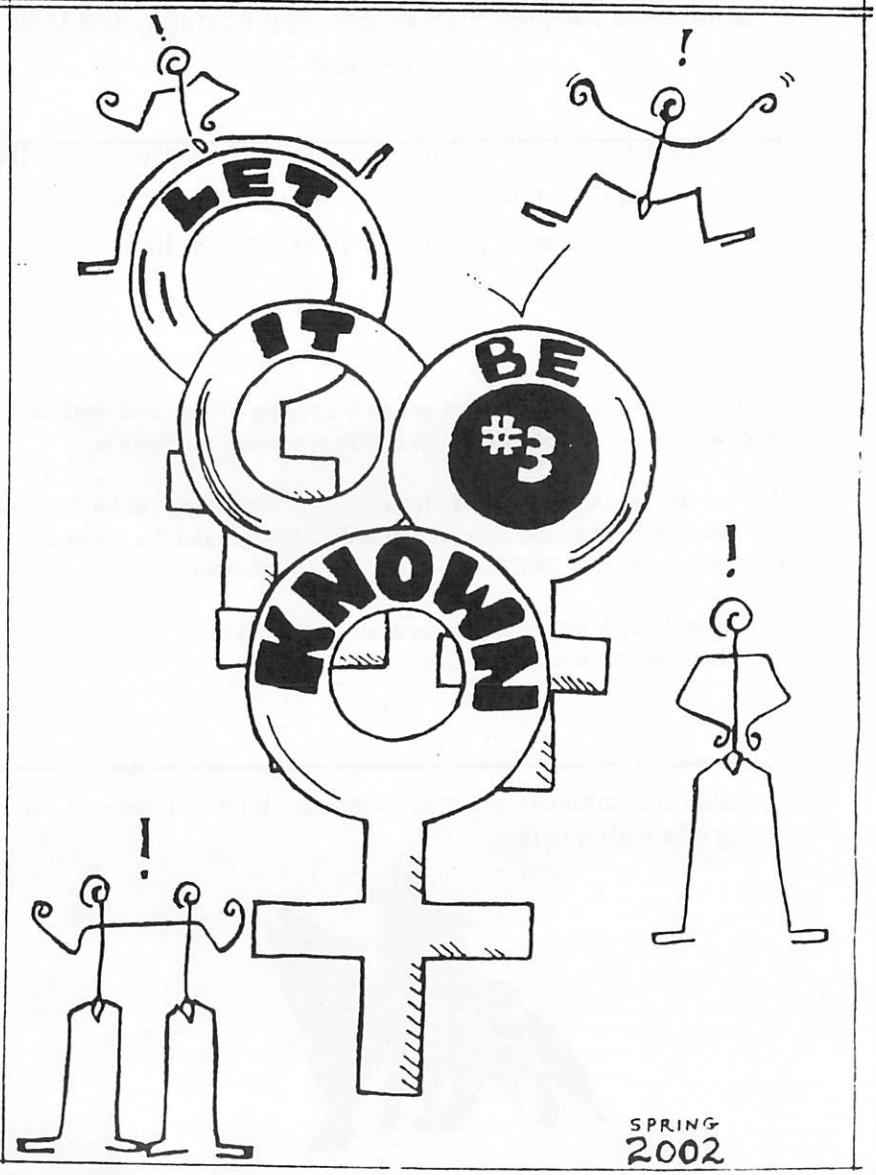
experiences of ♀ / institutionalized ♀



We acknowledge that we are on the territories of the Coast Salish Peoples—the Burrard, Musqueam and Squamish Nations.

We thank all women warriors, freedom fighters, radical anarchists for their inspiration, their courage, and their creativity.

We call on everybody to acknowledge the oppressive nature of the capitalist, patriarchal, white-supremacist systems we live in, and to actively work against them.

Thank you to all the contributors and to the people who created work so inspiring that we decided to reprint it with or without permission.

Many of the smaller visuals come from the zine *Witch Hunt*, the book *Witch: the wild ride from wicked to wicca* by Candace Savage, and the *Sheroes Calendar* a project of ORSSASM published by Autonomedia.

Thanks to Trudy O for designing the cover of this issue and to Elizabeth for technical support!

She who cannot howl cannot find her pack
- another revolutionary sister as found on a bowl painted with an image of a wolf howling.



Welcome to all of you who are interested in what women have to say about their experiences living in a still-patriarchal world as they work to stomp out patriarchy and replace it with something more compassionate. Unfortunately, many activists still adhere to patriarchal values. This calls for some activism within activism. We cannot create a better world as long as wimmin, or anybody else for that matter, are still discriminated against.

This third issue of *let it be known*...like the second issue, has taken about two years to make its way into the world. It takes only about a few days or so to put it all together, but we've been quite busy on another *let it be known* zine project about the Asia Pacific Economic Cooperation (APEC). It was really difficult to wade through all the depressing research on patriarchy and other doctrines of superiority, capitalism and political decision-making, human rights and labour abuses, police brutality, prisons...that make up the world we all live in. See last page for fuller description of that zine.

We called the last issue "experiences of ⚲/⚲ activists", and explained the intent was to be open to, and to increase, the visibility of the diversity of womyn's sexuality, and to imply the inclusion of all the dimensions of diversity among women. We suggested that in future issues we would likewise increase the visibility of other dimensions of diversity. For this issue we have chosen ⚲ /institutionalized⚲ Institutionalized womben are particularly hard hit by the oppressive system, whether they are locked up in mental institutions, prisons, or refugee centers, bureaucracies, education systems or patriarchal society in general.

We use the words womyn, wimmin, women, and womben interchangeably. We may throw some others in as the muse inspires us. One contribution in the last issue suggests that the word man is derived from woman, and not the other way round as popular rumours have it. We really don't care how it's spelled. Though the fact that many people get upset about unconventional spellings of this word might be a reason to do just that.

Many people also got upset about the frequent use of the word 'cunt' in the last issue. We therefore included a definition of that word and where

continued next page

it comes from, as well as some other words that mean the same thing.

A call for contributions was put out in four imperial languages this time, adding spanish, german and french to our list (unfortunately those are the only languages we know). We even dropped some of them off in some of the cities and countries where those languages are spoken. The hope was that we could reach out to even more womyn that way, and maybe we did, but we didn't get any submissions in those languages. Perhaps our translations were pitiful and there are women all over the place trying to figure out what the hell we were talking about. Maybe one day we will receive a submission for a French-Canadian womban, or one from Bolivia.



The contributions in this zine consist of eight that were sent to us over the past year and a half (or more), as well as some contributions that we saw in other zines that called out to us to be put on some new pages with new neighbours. We couldn't resist them. A few themes seem to have emerged: women's experiences at universities, as prisoners, assaulted by men, struggling with hurdles put in our way by strangers, family and activists alike. As usual, we only edit for length, if at all.

This zine is one forum for activist wimmin to share their experiences. The voices of the women in this zine are honest and beautiful as they write about the deceit and ugliness they encounter because they are women, as they work towards their goals of ending the many manifestations of oppression in our world. As their actions add strength to those of other activists all over the world, their voices add to the strength of all the others who make women's experiences known. Women speaking about their experiences as womyn are very powerful. Recently, the Supreme (ly arrogant) Court of Canada ruled that routine strip searches by police were unconstitutional. This bodes very well for wymyn, since strip searches have been applied disproportionately to women as a huge disincentive for women to be active. Well, now there ought to be one less thing in our way!

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Dear Let It Be Known!

thanks for sending Let It Be Known! I read all of it with great interest but especially the article by Alison Gorbould and the introductory article explaining how your zine came into being, which prompted me to send a few thoughts:

That introductory article reminded me that in the United States in the 1800's, women activists working for the abolition of slavery discovered that they were seriously impeded in their efforts by SEXISM— they weren't allowed to attend the World Anti-Slavery Convention as delegates and were made to sit in the balcony without voice. Then, during the 1960's, women involved in the Anti-War and Civil Rights Movements here found themselves relegated to the roles of dutiful listener, clean-up detail or sexual partner.

So why is it that so many women still give time and energy to so many various causes but hesitate to become activists in their own cause? Why do we feel comfortable working for economic equality, social justice, animal rights, ecology, or what have you, but don't believe our own oppression deserves our full time or efforts?

II think one reason why, aside from the fact that we've often been unaware of our own history , is that we've internalized the sexism so prevalent our society which says that we're unimportant, marginal, that the issues that effect us are trivial.

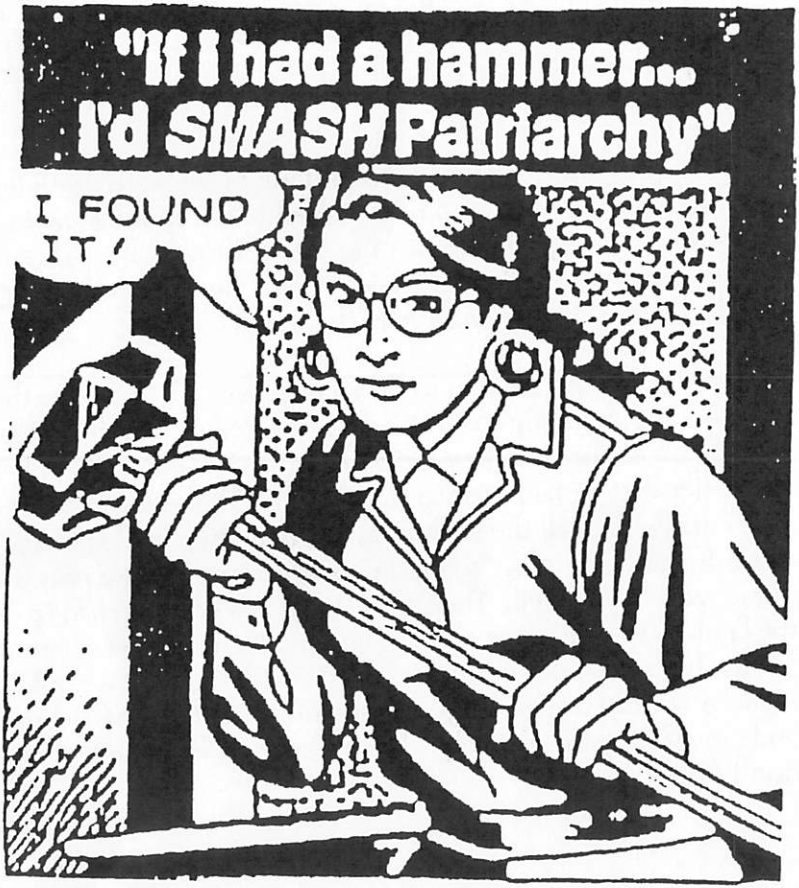
But they aren't trivial. Rape murders, rapes, wife beatings and murders occur every DAY. Sexual harassment on the streets, at work and at school denies us real freedom of movement, and the erosion of abortion rights is curtailing our freedom of choice. Women are targeted by a vast advertising system that degrades us and portrays violence against women as the norm, by music lyrics that promote rape and violence. There is genital mutilation, forced marriage, forced sterilization, forced prostitution and a great many more abuses against women out there. There's a relentless daily dose of sexism—everything from economic inequality to being talked over or ignored when contributing a point at a political meeting.



And there is the parallel violence ot our environment and to animals, racism and class privilege, all of which have the same origin as the oppression of women: PATRIARCHY, which is simply "male supremacy backed by force" (Marilyn French).

So your zine is of great importance. The dialogue among women that is a prerequisite to any action to address not only the crimes against women, but all other social issues as well.

In Sisterhood,
Elizabeth Natale



EXAMPLES IN THE LIFE OF EVERYWOMAN

by Mary Sparrow

AGE 7-9

Men in a doorway or in a parked car had exposed themselves to my sister and I. We knew it was some kind of threat but never knew what to do about it; never heard anything about such a thing. Once, coming toward a parked car, we could see that the man had exposed himself. We memorized and wrote down his license plate number and told mom about it. She called the police who interviewed the man. They told us he denied it and that we must have made some mistake.

AGE 10-12

We went to a music teacher every Sunday. I don't know when it started but this monster would stand behind one of us as we played the violin. He would press and rub himself against the victim while feeling her developing breasts. We felt helpless to a stop him. Finally, after mom took piano lessons from him, she dropped us from his classes saying he had put his hand on her knee.

AGE 12-13

When I got my first period, I thought I was bleeding to death until I realized it was that thing mom had talked to me about a few days earlier. But the real hurt was wearing one of those bulky pads and having a fellow grade-school student taunt me over and over with "Whda'ya have between your legs, the Grand Canyon?"

My sister and I were playing in the foundation of the safeway that was to be built, pretending to cross deep ravines while we walked across the main beam of the foundation. Some boys came along and pulled up the ladder that we had used to climb down. There was no other way out! Finally after all the screaming and hollering, I called them cowards, scared of girls, "come on down and see how we beat the crap out of you." It worked. They came down and doing so had to replace the ladder. We were successful in fighting them off and where able to get to the ladder and out of the hole. I felt proud that we got ourselves out of a very dangerous situation. Our parents did not. Our pride in escape was rewarded with smacks and the advice that girls don't fight.

AGE 13-18

Boys played all kinds of sports. The school only allowed girls to play softball or volley ball. On the few occasions that we did play, we were divided into teams and played each other, never another class or school. The girls displayed a helplessness that was condoned by the teachers. I felt it was supposed to be considered sexy. The boys watched us play and laughed. I loved sports and wondered why we couldn't play to win.

ADULTHOOD

NYU night college: I sat in the front of the class. I loved philosophy. The professor stated in his welcoming speech, "I see we have some girls in the class this term. I can't imagine what good it would do for a girl to major in philosophy but it's nice to have pretty girls in the class". I then switched to cinematography. The class was predominantly male. They insisted I should always be the "actress" even though I had signed up for a film-directing course. Our final exam was to direct a 100 foot roll of film. No instructor was present during the test. I cooperated with the other students, acting out the parts they directed. When it came my turn to direct my film, one student, over my objections, loaded the camera; the rest of them cut-up or ignored my instructions. The camera had been loaded incorrectly and the film was blank. I was the director so I got the failing mark.

The auto insurance salesman said I could not use my maiden name on my in insurance policy, I had to use my husband's last name. I complained to the main office and was told there was no such requirement.

My husband could not bear to see me win against him in any sport be it golf, swimming, tennis, baseball, anything. If I came close to beating him he would try to make me laugh or divert me someway so I would loose my concentration.

After my divorce, I was refused a job I was qualified for and desperately needed because the employer thought I would not be able to get a babysitter if my 13 year old daughter became ill.

contitued next page

I was working as a private investigator. I applied for a job with an agency in Virginia. The owner interviewed me. He was an ex-cop. He hired me but when he walked over to me and put his hand on my back and told me I wasn't wearing a bra, I no longer wanted the job. Then, I had my own agency and hired a guy to work for me. He represented himself to clients and others, as the owner of the company. He even tried to negotiate contracts for security work without my approval saying that was the kind of work we should get into.

While walking down Constitution Avenue with my daughter, a young man grabbed my backside and squeezed it. I only remember my daughter telling me to let go of him. We were in the gutter and I was shaking him telling him "you better never do that to another woman."

Recently, at an auction, I was trying to examine a chair that was at the top of a pile of furniture. A man pushed me aside to get the chair down for me. (I really did not need the help.) Then he said, "you should be at home making babies!" What I told him is not printable.

The women's movement has opened our eyes to the sexism and assaults in our daily lives, and offered encouragement and support in challenging abuse. I have noticed that the assaults against me have diminished over the years and my responses to them become more militant but they have not disappeared. What woman or girl has not suffered some kind of harassment or sexual abuse, some insult because she is a woman? No one I know.



11 - **WHITE BUFFALO** Woman Mythological spirit who brought secret knowledge to the Oglala Sioux of sacred objects and rituals. A young man who rushed towards her in lust was reduced to a skeleton. She reminded the Sioux to worship Mother Earth and the white buffalo.

Hothead Paisan is one of the best comics ever. Check it out, you'll fall in love with it



From Hothead Paisan by Diane DiMassa

City Lore on From Feminist Perspective nominated for five awards

Program aims at involving women in creating streetscapes

By Sandra Thomas
Staff writer

RETIRED WOMEN'S studies professor Dr. Hinda Avery used to worry about how little women have to do with designing and building the world they live in. Six years ago, she decided to do something about it. She gathered together a team of local women engineers, architects, planners and others to create a high school program that encourages young women to pursue jobs in engineering and architecture. Ultimately, Avery said, the goal is to create streets that promote a better sense of community where women and children can feel safe.

The result, Environments For Girls: City Design From a Feminist Perspective, is now available through the B.C. Teachers Federation for teachers to add to their curriculum. It offers teaching plans that include subjects like safety audits—which look at problems like dark corners and parks—and issues such as

from the Vancouver Courier
Sunday, Jan. 6, 2002

what the fuck?!

School board trustee Ted Hunt said he's not familiar with the program, but encourages well-rounded opportunities for all young women and men.

"I was unhappy with the male domination of the 1950s, but now I'm concerned the pendulum must not swing too far back the other way. There must be a balance to ensure we don't emasculate some of our little boys."

Mom, why couldn't Ann come swimming with us today??

Well, she started her period.

Oh. Does that mean she could drown?!



.(based on a true story)

One Way to Look at It

World Economics

- Women comprise 70% of the world's poorest citizens.
- Women represent about 60% of the billion people earning $1 or less a day.
- Women's yearly unwaged economic contribution comes to atleast $11 trillion. This unpaid labor is done in the home, on the land, in family businesses, in places of worship, in neighborhoods, villages, towns, and cities.
- Eighty percent of Third World workers who manufacture products for exports are women. They work up to 80 hours a week for as little as 18 cents an hour.
- In Africa, women and girls grow 80% of the food consumed on that continent.
- Two-thirds of all part time workers and 60% of all temporary workers are women.
- Women hold less than 5% of positions of power in determining global economic policy.
- Women own an estimated 1% of global property.
- Each day, some 34,000 children die for want of food and medical care.

THE ACTIVIST SCHOLAR: CONTRADICTIONS AND CHALLENGES

by Mary Valentich

My career has been a long and happy one. After taking early "retirement" in 1998 at age 56, I busied myself with research and service activities, but no teaching or committee work that lasted the entire term, except for the Faculty of Social Work's Diversity Group that I helped found and the University of Calgary's new Stop Racism group. Occasionally I take on interesting projects in the university or community. Two years ago I became a board member of the Women's Centre in Calgary. I continue writing, presenting at women's conferences and doing occasional radio and television interviews. I sign petitions, write letters, march when there is cause, and mentor younger women faculty and students.

My full-time career began in 1965 when I was employed as a social worker at the Lakeshore Psychiatric Hospital in Toronto. In 1968 I joined the faculty of the School of Social Work at Carleton University and in 1976, the Faculty of Social Work at the University of Calgary. I've experienced roles as educator, administrator, advocate and scholar. From 1992 to 1995, I was the third Advisor to the President on Women's Issues at the University of Calgary. Since 1973, I've maintained a part-time private practice in social work, focusing on relationship and sexual issues. In 1975-76 in Ottawa and in 1976-77 in Calgary, I was a founding member of two rape crisis centres, as they were then known; I remained a board member for seven years. In 1984 when our son needed an after-school program, I called together three sets of parents and with the assistance of a community centre, we founded an after-school program that continues as an out-of-school program. I mention these as indicators of activism in which I have engaged. There were other activities of which I am proud: initiating the Faculty's first Feminist Practice course, chairing the Board of Accreditation of the Canadian Association of Schools of Social Work, revising the Board's manual and including guidelines regarding the inclusion of women's issues in social work curricula, and writing chapters on Feminist Theory in two editions of Turner's theory book (1986, 1996).

Please join me as I explore social work as a professional foundation for a change agent, the university as a site for feminist and other equity struggles, and the contradictions and challenges of the activist scholar role.

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Social Work as a Foundation

I'm never surprised to hear of sexual harassment advisors or equity officers who have social work backgrounds. Feminist and social work values of respect for the individual, recognition of a person's uniqueness, and a commitment to justice for all, regardless of class, sexual orientation, ethnic background, age or any other characteristic, are very congruent. Further, social work has a history of pursuing both individual and social change. In Reeser's (1988) study of over 682 social workers in the United States, there was little overall gender difference in degree of activism; however, men tended to be involved in lobbying for legislative changes, for example, relating to licensing of social workers, whereas women tended to be involved as citizens in action groups on civil rights or poverty. Generally, social workers are taught to help individuals take charge of their lives and to work toward institutional change.

Social work knowledge about individuals and groups was very relevant in my role as Advisor. In one day, I might counsel an individual woman regarding a problematic educational situation, foster the growth of several women's groups on campus, and work with a committee on revising a policy. Or I might assist with planning the Dec. 6 Memorial or our first Violence Awareness Week. Sometimes I engaged in organizational development, for example, when there was a request to assist a unit with leadership or staff interaction difficulties.

As a professional social worker, I tried to maintain a level of self-awareness, but nonetheless, found I could be blind to my own biases. I did, however, uphold individual and group rights to make choices. As a social worker, I knew that individual and collective change proceeded slowly and often made people anxious. Overall, my social work background fostered a supportive stance but kept me focused on the importance of making changes.

The University as a Setting for Activism

In my experience, the university is more democratically oriented than many other work organizations. But the democratic orientation is sometimes a facade for a traditionally oriented, hierarchically organized institution that embraces new ideas slowly, and where women's voices are often silenced. Yet it remains an institution committed to seeking "truths" and over time has accepted an increasing range of research methodologies. From student days until the present, some of my ideas have been at odds with conventional wisdom and practices. I have,

however, experienced the university as a place for debate and resolution of numerous problems best summed up by the phrase "chilly climate."

Any activist within the university faces, however, the question of how much change is needed if the university is to become an inclusive institution, truly committed to collaboration. Bannerji, Carty, Dehli, Heald & McKenna (1991, p.8) state that "we need to recognize that this is a racist, classist and heterosexist society and that the university is structured to perpetuate those relations." Some find this statement obvious; others see an accusing finger and disagree. If the statement is somewhat accurate, then an overnight transformation of the university will not occur. Change will be gradual. Further, as the authors note, one's own position in the system is critical. Thus, white, middle class, heterosexual women in positions of relative power in the university will likely have a different and more positive view of the university than women with other characteristics.

As a social worker, I believe that institutional change is possible. For example, I worked on a graduate parental leave policy that the University of Calgary initiated in the early 1990s and as Advisor to the President on Women's Issues I pursued the implementation of 122 recommendations for change in the Women in the Nineties: Recommendations (President's Advisory Committee, 1991). Some find such change modest. I recall one student asking me why I bothered when the institution was so flawed. I could understand his cynicism, but still believe that the university can become more inclusive.

Most university activists will, however, likely discover that their path is not always smooth. For example, during my first year as Advisor, my performance review was reasonable; but in the two subsequent years, it was decided that my position was not really half-time and my scholarship and service should be evaluated as that of a full-time faculty member. I appealed my lowered ratings and lost. Who knows if I was being "punished?" Perhaps I was seen as a threat to the established order. Despite costs to my career, I proceeded with colleagues in my unit to pursue major organizational change.

Overall, I am satisfied that I chose the right course for me, but the contradictions and challenges pertaining to the activist scholar role are important to consider:

1. *The time demands*. University faculty and staff know that the pace has quickened in the past decade, especially with cut backs in funding and

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the increased demands of technology. One can no longer keep up with email, take time for contemplative moments or listen empathically to an individual's complex problems. There is a frenzied pace of interaction and one's professional life seems increasingly fragmented, leaving less time for sustained scholarly work.

2. *Being able to say "No."* The more successful one is in an activist role, the greater the number of requests to participate in various endeavours. If one refuses, there is puzzlement. Why would one risk upsetting those whose support may be vital in future change efforts? There just may not be enough hours. It's important to know how to refuse and still stay supportive of the person making the request.

3. *Being silenced.* If one rises up the elusive career ladder as an activist scholar, it's possible to risk losing one's voice. Burman (Ed., 1990, p. 193) asks: "At what point is working within the system selling out on our politics?" She states that feminists "who rise to relatively powerful positions need to be accountable, both in their relations with their students and to the wider community of feminist activists" (pp. 193-194). The contemporary university expects all to speak freely, but there are constraints on individuals who seem too radical or too often in disagreement with colleagues.

4. *The expert role.* Another dilemma arises when the media calls often and one becomes an instant expert on any aspect of women's issues. Media people love availability and a readiness to comment. Professors usually like to be asked their opinions. If one does respond to most requests, undoubtedly some topics will be less familiar and one risks credibility. If one doesn't respond, access to an audience is lost.

5. *Coming to terms with power.* At some point, activists become aware of their personal power. People have heard your comment on the radio or they recall seeing you on television. You can be an influence, even a role model. This is an awesome responsibility when there are so many demands on one's time and resources.

6. *Caring for self.* For any change agent, there can be tense moments that drain l energy. Where to seek support when confidentiality must be respected? Friends beyond the university may be able to listen and laugh with you, but there are still limits on what one can say.

7. *Action or more study.* Activists, of course, are committed to action to alleviate stress or to eliminate barriers to women's progress. As a scholar, however, one is expected to study and not necessarily act. Perhaps one can make recommendations. With the development of action-oriented and participatory research models, some strain related to this dilemma

has been alleviated. The activist scholar may, however, be penalized at performance evaluation time for conducting research into areas that don't "count" or for publishing in the journals that aren't "reputable."

8. *The generic woman.* Another dilemma for the activist scholar is that she is expected to represent all women, an impossible task as women don't speak with one voice. If feminists disagree openly, some suggest that women can't work together. The activist scholar needs to be able to recognize diverse views and to take criticism when she moves in a direction not favoured by some. She cannot satisfy all women, speak for all women, or answer to all women, but she can respect the right of all persons to speak and to be heard.

9. *Whose success?* When a goal is achieved, the instigator of the action may be forgotten. If the action fails, then the activist scholar may be remembered as unrealistic in her expectations or unskilled in her tactics. Activist scholars seeking structural change need to be ready for the long haul.

I doubt that the contradictions within the activist scholar role are resolvable. There will be frustration and satisfaction with respect to fulfilment of this role. Knowing that one has done the best one can to create a just environment is substantial reward and sufficient to enable one to persist. Patience and persistence - indispensable attributes of both the scholar and the activist!

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The Invisible Apartheid of Kent State University

by Lorie Fuller

That the poor are invisible is one of the most important things about them. They are not simply neglected and forgotten as in the old rhetoric of reform; what is worse, they are not seen.

–Michael Harrington, civil rights leader and author of the landmark "The Other America"

Last spring, (1999) Daily Kent Stater columnist Tim Mason (in "Making a Stand for the Working Americans") addressed something that most of KSU's activist students seem to be willfully ignoring. By giving an account of anonymous people in a store ("One woman was buying enough dog food to relieve world hunger," and, observing that the store clerk looked "years tired"), he accomplished something that the very loud yet blinkered political fundamentalists of Kent State haven't thought about doing - taking a stand for those working Americans right under their noses.

"People should not have to struggle to keep out of poverty, no matter what job they do," Mason wrote, but KSU administrators with their bloated salaries obviously do not ascribe to that belief. Like at most universities these days, there's an invisible apartheid, which can be seen, *if you know what you're looking at*. The Student Center bus stop at quitting time looks a bit like Johannesburg; some workers can't afford to own cars, and some are eligible for food stamps. They are private contract workers, half of whom are African-American, who do the same jobs that "KSU employees" do, but at part time and dollars less an hour.

Which brings us to President Cartwright, of course. What kind of moral midget could accept compensation of over $233,000 plus bonuses, while scores of employees and their children live on sub-poverty wages without even so much as cost-of-living increases? Cartwright received another raise over the summer, $13,000 - which is more than a housekeeper at

some halls takes home in a year. To put this into perspective, consider what a KSU supervisor told me not long ago - that a housekeeper was fired when he was discovered one night sleeping in a mop closet in the building where he worked during the day. Kent State is the largest employer in Portage County, and it raises a scandalous question - does the University itself contribute to problems in the local community, like homelessness, by suppressing wages of everyone but top management?

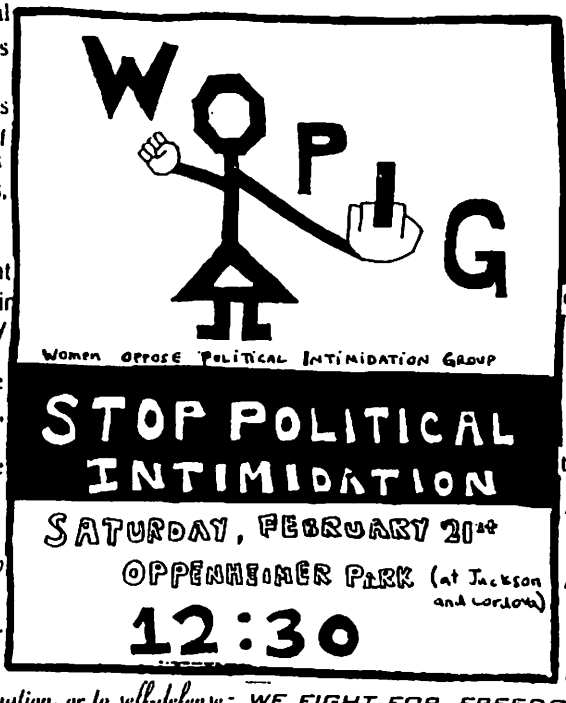


I'll make my own statement of solidarity with those who make $6.00 an hour scraping pizza off the walls of the residence halls, and with everyone else putting up with similar indignities. I say to them: *You are not irrelevant. Your labor is the fuel that keeps this heartless machine going, and I know how exhausting and thankless your days are.* They need more than words, however. They need the direct action of many advocates before their exploitation becomes even *visible*. The Cartwright regime doesn't care to see it, but do the bullhorn-toting campus activists who oppose many of her policies, either? I wonder. And yet, I keep remembering some very kind advice that a participant at the National Student Labor Conference (held at Kent State last year) gave me about dealing with this kind of frustration - "It's okay that sometimes all you can do is plant seeds". He was right! So, in solidarity, grab a shovel. This gardening club is open to all.

Notes: This "guest column" to the Daily Kent Stater (unpublished) speaks to the problem of trying to persuade comfortably middle-class activist students to care about the people who clean their toilets. This is a common dilemma at many universities. Housekeeping staffs are hyper-exploited, but because of the class divisions between those privileged enough to attend college, and the myriad of contradictions to "progressive" politics, (such as how male-dominated leftist groups tend to not see the importance of advocacy for the working poor, etc.) they are virtually a non-issue. I was a contract housekeeper for five years, so please pardon the resentful tone of my article! It's truly insulting that activists are fully aware of the situation for over two years but refuse to say two words about it.

Thanks, L. Fuller

FOR ALL WHO HAVE BEEN beaten, knocked down, RAPED, put in a choke hold, pepper-sprayed, physically abused, tortured, murdered, strip-searched, handcuffed, verbally abused, INCARCERATED, polluted, drugged, gentrified, silenced, laughed at, followed, brainwashed, spied on, infiltrated, provoked, discriminated against, humiliated, or violated. FOR ALL WHO BECAUSE OF THEIR POLITICAL BELIEFS HAVE SUFFERED ABUSES AT THE HANDS OF POLICE, WARDENS, POLITICIANS, AUTHORITIES, THE ARMY OR THE JUSTICE SYSTEM. For all who because of their political beliefs have suffered abuses for the economic interest of bosses, bankers, landlords, CEOs or corporations. For all who because of their political beliefs have suffered abuses justified and supported by teachers, proffessors, social workers, religious leaders, psychiartists, and the media. For all who have been denied the right to healthcare, to a clean environment, and to live in harmony with the earth- ***we fight for health***. For all who have been denied the right to education, to safety, to choose how they want to use their bodies and to have their love respected ***we fight for equality***. For all who have been denied the *right to freedom of movement, to freedom of thought, to free speech, to assemble, to peaceful protest, to self-determination, or to self-defense* - ***WE FIGHT FOR FREEDOM***.



We stand together in solidarity to cultivate vital communities. We stand together in solidarity to speak out against injustices, to take action and show our opposition. We work for change to achieve health, equality, and freedom, and we will continue to do so until our rights are upheld indiscriminately of gender, race, age, class, sexual orientation, origin, ability, or beliefs.

ABUSE OF WOMEN IN U.S. PRISONS

People are beginning to officially uncover and document the widespread abuse of women in American prisons. Sexual assault and other abuses are rampant in both men's and women's prisons but, according to Michel Forst, who heads Amnesty International in France, female inmates are in even greater jeopardy of being handed a "double sentence," being "punished both through their court-ordered sentences and 'specific humiliation because they are women.'"[1,2]

Top U.N. official Radhika Coomaraswamy is calling for "stronger monitoring to control widespread 'sexual misconduct' in women's prisons in the United States"[3] Coomaraswamy visited the U.S. last June to investigate human rights violations and sexual misconduct in women's prisons, and presented her findings to the U.N. Human Rights Commission in March 1999. She reported that "contrary to U.N. regulations on prisoners, the United States allows men to guard female prisons, leading to wide scale abuses."

"'The U S has its own interpretation of equality in their statute which allows men to guard women and women can guard men, so you have a situation where male guards are running in and out of female prisons,' Coomaraswamy said "[3]

Coomaraswamy said some prisons had taken steps to deal with the problem; there is diversity among different prisons taking different actions, but much more improvement is needed. "Georgia has sexual misconduct but has set up a very strong scheme to deal with it," stated Coomaraswamy. "In California and Michigan nothing has been done and the issue is very prevalent."[3]

In addition to allegations of racial discrimination, with Black and Latina women being incarcerated at several times the rate of white women, "Amnesty International furthers alleges that pregnant women are subjected to 'cruel, inhuman and degrading treatment' both during and after labor."[1,2] On top of physical/verbal abuse throughout pregnancy, "Prison inmates are shackled at the arms and legs while they give birth. The report cites Dr Patricia Garcia of Northwestern University as saying 'Having the woman in shackles compromises the ability to manipulate her legs into the proper position for the necessary treatment,' noting that incapacitating the women is dangerous for both mothers and newborns."[1,2] After a grueling labor and delivery, women are subjected to further suffering. "In at least 40 states, babies are taken from their imprisoned mothers almost immediately after birth or at the time the mother is discharged from hospital "[1,2]

[1] AFP - March 3, 1999

[2] Feminist Majority Foundation online: www.feminist.org

[3] Yahoo! Reuters - December 18, 3:30 AM ET

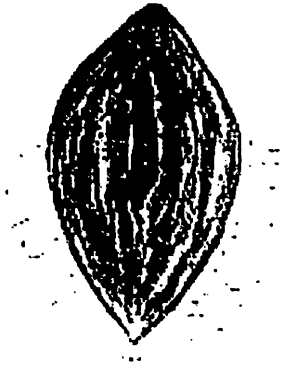
CUNT

Derivative of the Oriental Great Goddess as Cunti, or Kunda, the Yoni of the Uni-verse.[1] From the same root came county, kin, and kind (Old English *cyn*, Gothic *kuni*). Related forms were Latin *cunnus*, Middle English *cunte*, Old Norse and Frisian *kunta*, Basque *cuna*. Other cognates are "cunabula," a cradle, or earliest abode; "Cunina," a Roman Goddess who protected children in the cradle; "cunctipotent," all-powerful (i.e., having cunt-magic); "cunicle," a hole or passage; "cuniculate," penetrated by a passage; "cundy," a coverted culvert; also cunning, kenning, and ken: knowledge, learning, insight, remembrance, wisdom. Cunt is "not slang, dialect or any marginal form, but a true language word, and of the oldest stock."[2]

"Kin" meant not only matrilineal blood relations, but also a cleft or crevice, the Goddess's genital opening. A Saharan tribe called Kuntahs traced their descent from this holy place.[3] Indian "kundas" were their mothers' natural children, begotten out of wedlock as gifts of the Goddess Kunda.[4] Of old the name applied to girls, as in China where girls were once considered children of their mothers only, having no natural connection with fathers.[5]

In ancient writings, the word for "cunt" was synonymous with "woman," though not in the insulting modern sense. An Egyptologist was shocked to find the maxims of Ptah-Hotep "used for 'woman' a term that was more than blunt," though its indelicacy was not in the eye of the ancient beholder, only in that of the modern scholar.[6]

Medieval clergymen similarly perceived obscenity in female-genital shrines of the pagans: holy caves, wells, groves. Any such place was called *cunnus diaboli*, "devilish cunt." Witches who worshipped there sometimes assumed the name of the place, like the male witch Johannes Cuntius mentioned by Thomas More.[7] "Under painful circumstances" this witch died at the hands of witch hunters, but it was said he was resurrected, and came back to earth as a lecherous incubus.[8]



from:

THE WOMAN'S ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MYTHS AND SECRETS

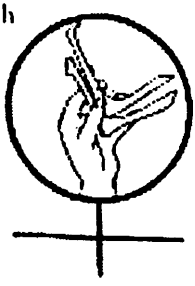
by:

Yoni Language: An Alphabetical Listing

Ace: Nineteenth-century England
Alembic: L: alchemist's code for uterus
Alley: Slang for vagina
Alpha and omega: G: "from beginning to end," "most important"

Beaver: Early twentieth-century United States
Bell: Since the 1940s, African-American slang for clitoris
Bhaga: S: "womb" or "vulva"
Black hole: Twentieth century, based on the black holes in physics
Blackness: Shakespeare, *Othello*
Boat: Shakespeare, *King Lear*
Bottomless pit: England
Box: Early twentieth-century United States
Boy in the boat: Lesbian slang for clitoris
Bread: Chaucer, *Canterbury Tales*
Bun: Seventeenth century England
Bunny: Eighteenth-century England

Cabbage: Nineteenth-century England
Cake: Early twentieth-century England
Carnal trap: Seventeenth-century England
Cat: United States; see chat, pussy
Cave: Ancient China, eighteenth-century England
Cellar: England
Center of attraction: Eighteenth-century England, used by John Cleland in Fanny Hill
Center of bliss: Eighteenth-century England, used by John Cleland in Fanny Hill
Center of desire: Eighteenth-century England, used by John Cleland in Fanny Hill
Chalice: Code in Western esoteric schools
Chat: "Cat" (French); slang, like pussy
Chink: Nineteenth-century England
Chu-bin: J: middle vulva
Cinnabar cleft: Chinese/Taoist
Cinnabar hole: Chinese
Civet: From A: *zabad* (civet perfume)
Cleft: Seventeenth-century England
Con: French
Concha: L: for conch
Conno: Italian



to be continued in the next issue.....

Sexual Assaults and Other Forms of Violence at Music Concerts and Festivals

Some things I can't let go of seeing. My best friend tumbled over the crowd in an attempt to crowd surf. The crowd's intensity rising with the music, and her skinny body being groped by young and old concert attendees alike. They begin to take it a little too far -her dress is lifted above her waist, ripped up the middle and wrapped around her neck. It was then tightened around her throat as these men yanked her to the ground. She was ushered away by two male friends and Mushroomhead affiliates then provided her with clothing. Bruised neck, shaken up, and humiliated she is able to walk away relatively unharmed. Or the time when I attempted to crowd surf at a Mushroomhead show and made it as far as the edge of the stage when several arms were hooked around my legs, rendering me stationary. I was then fondled, grabbed and fingered through the bottom of my shorts.

Or another episode that occurred while I was on the stage at the Phantasy after a Mushroomhead show. A man, who I believe may have been close to the band at the time, inserted ice into my body while I was interlocked in a kiss with a former love interest. Shocked by his audacity, and a little frightened by what had happened, I didn't tell anybody about this incident because I was embarrassed. I realize now that I am not the one who should feel shame. And this is why I speak out. Most people experience mild forms of aggression during any "rock" event. Violence is prevalent on the scene where the Mosh Pit has become a guaranteed sanctioned zone for venting anger and frustration by beating the shit out of each other. It has also become a form of Art appreciation. The pit is a beautiful entity, manifested through excitement and emotions and running off of primal energy. It is chaos within the unity of the experience and it is something that our generation has spawned. Rage is accepted and encouraged in that specific setting. When all parties understand the risks of participation and accept the consequences of their actions, the experience is unlike any other, and some men and women thrive on it. When the violence is taken out of this context and innocent bystanders are injured or sexually assaulted, we need to examine the causes and correct the problem. Why is it becoming increasingly dangerous to attend concerts and festivals? Although this essay will mainly focus on the sexual abuse that some females experience while attending such events, I would also like to address the fact that violence is not only directed towards females. There is a definite threat to everyone but men do not have to worry about being sexually assaulted.

During last summer's Woodstock event, there were numerous rapes, out

of control violence and property damage. Obviously our generation hasn't been clued in to the real meaning of Woodstock.

New York, NY; Fanne, 19, attended the Puerto Rican Day parade and regretted her choice of attire; "I probably shouldn't have worn my outfit -a long skirt with two long slits up the sides and a T-shirt. I had guys trying to pull up my skirt from behind me. The police were even making sexual comments to me about the way I was dressed. I WOULD NEVER go like that again."

Also in NY, at the 2000 MTV awards, 5 men and 2 teenage boys were arrested for sexually abusing young women crammed on the sidewalk outside of Radio City Music Hall. The suspects were accused of rubbing against the women. No victims were groped.

As these attacks continue to occur across the country, I would like to focus on the Cleveland scene. Supporting local music is what the fans in Cleveland do. We are blessed with many talented acts and breeds of music. Many of the individuals who perform for us are friends, peers and family and many people look forward to attending these events. Due to the threat of violence and sexual abuse, many people (both male and female) feel intimidated and no longer attend. It's unjust for a fan to forgo the right to attend and participate in enjoying and supporting any artist or act. We should not have to be frightened, yet with what we've seen, it's impossible not to be.

Sam Tylicki accounts for what he personally witnessed in Geneva, Ohio on Halloween in 1997; "I was standing behind a female friend of mine who was wearing a short skirt. I was watching the show and not paying attention to what was going on around me. There was a guy behind me who kept pushing into me. I turned around to see what was going on and noticed that he had his arm going past my side and under my friend's skirt. She was trying to get away from his reach but was trapped because of the crowd. I moved to the side so he couldn't reach her anymore and as soon as the song ended I confronted him. I said something along the lines of, "Did she ask you to do that?! Don't ever fucking touch her again!" The guy proceeded to yell at me and ask me if I wanted to take this outside. I said sure and started to follow him. The crowd split us apart, so I said fuck it, and let him go outside while I went back to check if my friend was OK."

That night, several other people (fans and members of the band) were injured, some severely. Bear bottles and broken pieces of the metal fence that surrounded the stage were being hurled at band members, fans were knifed and beaten and women in the audience were experiencing sexual abuse. The band was forced to leave the stage early. One member was taken to the hospital in an ambulance. At another show in Cleveland, earlier this year, I witnessed an angry,

continued next page

pit-going male punch two bystanders square in the nose for no apparent reason. The two teens did nothing to deserve the abuse and did nothing about it. And Pete Restivo personally shares his experience on August 4th, @ The World Series of Metal; "Headlining was Mushroomhead accompanied by Cold Hand of Christ. Both hoping for the day for World Wide Fame. The evening was set for some World Class Metal but was to be stained by some World Class Assholes. The crowd at the World Series of Metal was shitty. In the course of the evening I witnessed 3 fights and I didn't show up till 11:00. I am sure I missed many more fights while I was there, especially during Mushroomhead's set. I saw at least half-a-dozen bloody people, probably all drunk, stumble out of the Theatre. The fights I saw were not isolated scuffles but all and out brawls. One fight sickened me. There was no purpose, no battle it was just beating and several other people got caught up in it.

You can always tell when a fight starts, the crowd surges toward the violence like a wave. A space that occupied 20 people standing "peacefully" becomes a space that 50 braying jackals die for a glimpse of suffering. When the crowd closed in security was cut off and that prolonged the fight to an agonizing end. It wasn't just one fight it was 2 and it wasn't fighting it was a beating. One poor bastard was curled up with his back to the wall covering his face down on the floor while some asshole kicked him. Meanwhile a big burley baldie was hammering a guy much smaller than him. The smaller guy didn't have a chance in hell to fight back. The fight broke for a second while security arrived but the mob was interfering inadvertently because of sheer numbers. The interference allowed the big baldie to charge the smaller guy. He hit this guy so hard the human now turned projectile slammed into an onlooker, female. The girl never knew what hit her. Knocked out cold. As security dragged the limp girl by her arm out of harm's way the attackers seemed to vanish. I have no idea what happened to them. I assume 2 things. 1. they got away 2. they were kicked out. Either way it doesn't matter, damage was done. I watched in brief disbelief as security and Agora personal attended to the wounded.

Then next fight I saw during Mushroomhead's set was in a way, very absurd. I was out in the "lobby" of the Theatre with Beck, Dudley, and Jim waiting for Mushroomhead's set to be over. There was an individualstanding at the bar probably getting a drink. He had obliviously been in the pit as he was covered in sweat and make-up smears. Suddenly a stout burly and very pissed individual burst out of the theater with a group of people following him. The stout guy started yelling something about his ruined dental work and then began to beat the other guy senseless. Jim rushed to the rescue and the burly guy backed off in quite a hurry. If you have never seen Jim, he is about 6'4" and I am guessing easy 450+ (I am a bad guess at weight) but he is fucking huge. I guess when someone

much larger than you comes charging at you telling you to stop whatever the fuck you are doing you do it in a big goddamn hurry. Why? Because the stout guy much like most of the people doing the fighting were cowards and assholes."

Not all men (not even a majority) who attend these social events partake in these depraved acts of molestation, nor condone it. Most are angry that it continues, and fear for the safety of their female companions. The following questions and answers were compiled through a survey of random young men with similar profiles (mainly music lovers, musicians, concert goers, artists). Out of about 20-25 surveys sent out, I received only 6 responses, 5 from friends and one family member, all positive. One unknown asked me to not send anymore "femm nazi e-mails." The rest never replied to my questions.

Most have experienced first hand the type of assaults that I am concerned with and most have and would try to intercede and assist the female if at all possible, although it is difficult in some situations, due to capacity.

Jim Sayers had this to say in response to the question <Have you ever witnessed a female being groped, smacked, grabbed, fondled, humiliated or even raped by male spectators at a concert or an all day event?> "I've seen all of the above except rape. I've heard about rapes at shows+ though. I've actually experienced it a couple of times, crowd surfing while in drag. Hands all over me until they went between my legs...they were a little more than surprised...ha."

When asked <What do you think should be done to stop it?>, most believe we should unify ourselves and realize that this is a legit problem. We need to let perpetrators know that their actions are wrong and will not be tolerated. Most want to see security get involved (yet some have seen security participating in this sort of assault), and most believe that if the band says a few words at the beginning of the show, the fans may cooperate.

In response to the question <What is your opinion of violence against women who attend concerts?>, Jim S. also had this to say; "I think it is a major problem. I couldn't imagine going to a show and fearing violence just because of my sex."

Some may believe that by not physically taking part in the abuse that they've done no wrong. It is not okay to stand by and watch. Others may fear getting involved, and simply turn their head. If nothing is done to correct the negative, the ones who allow it to continue are just as guilty as the ones who instigate the violence.

The fact that the event is sexual in nature does not justify sexual aggression towards female spectators. Neither will the clothing that the female wears whether it be a slinky red thing or thongs and nipple tape. Neither does any conscious or unconscious act committed by her, whether it be dancing, crowd

surfing or just being there. Women are not objects to be groped at will. No matter what the offender may think she is suggesting, if it is not asked for or if there is not an explicit understanding between both parties, it is unwanted. If you are not granted permission, it is a crime.

This problem needs to be recognized and dealt with, and we can work together to correct it.

1. Get house security involved. Tell a guard that there is a problem. Encourage them to keep their eyes open and to eject perpetrators

2. Get the band or acts involved. If the band mentions it before the show, the crowd will more than likely cooperate

3. Crowd patrol. Be aware of what is happening around you. Take action when possible, whether it be attracting security or letting the violator know that his actions will not be tolerated.

4. Strive to be human. Promote self-development, intelligence, and sex, race and human unification. In other words, treat others with respect.

5. Do not let sexual assault go unreported. Fight for your rights by seeking help. Involve police if necessary. Press charges. We can't let this continue, it's been going on for too long already.

Cleveland Rape Crisis Center 216-619-6192

Cleveland Center for Prevention of Domestic Violence 216-391-HELP




NO
MEANS
NO
one step closer
i'll blow your
balls off
fear as
instinct is one
of our weapons
but i don't
want to
own it
anymore.
let's
give
it
to
men.
64

WHAT THE FUCK!?

Warning to women

Vancouver police are warning women not to walk alone at night after a 23-year-old woman was sexually assaulted while walking in a park in the 900-block of West 71st Avenue late Wednesday. Police said a man grabbed her from behind, forced her to the ground and assaulted her. He is described as being short to medium in height, weighing 180 to 200 pounds, and wore a nylon-type jacket and blue jeans.

OBVIOUSLY THE POLICE ARE NOT PROTECTING US

Consent

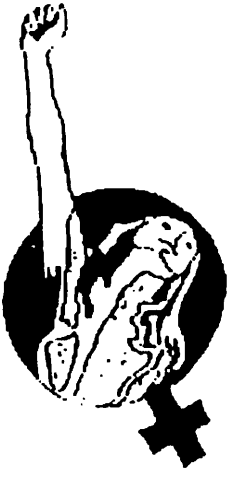
A recent focus group conducted by Women Against Violence Against Women (WAVAW) in Vancouver, B. C., Canada, found that approximately 85% of its participants did not know what CONSENT is... do you?

WHAT IS CONSENT AND WHAT IS IT NOT?

Consent is "an active collaboration for the benefit, well-being and pleasure of all persons concerned". Consent is both having the ability to communicate and the act of communicating your pleasure and displeasure in an activity before, during or after it takes place. Consent can be withdrawn and modified!

Consent is "not about the absence of a 'No'...but rather, the presence of a 'YES!'"

* Explicit Verbal Consent: **'Yes!', 'I want to (fill in the blank!) with you'**
* Implied Verbal Consent: **'I like that', 'This is great'**
* Nonverbal Consent: **Actively initiating contact, Actively responding to contact**



Giving/getting consent before sexual contact occurs keeps everyone safe and respected. If a partner reacts negatively because you initiate a conversation about what you think, feel, have done or are doing... they neither respect you as a person nor care about your safety and well-being. Not getting/giving consent leaves the situation open to being considered RAPE or ASSAULT.

continued next page

* Verbal Refusal: **'No!', 'Don't do that', 'Stop'**
* Implied Verbal Refusal: **'Not right now', 'I'm tired', 'This is going too fast', 'I'm not sure', 'I'm not ready', 'Maybe later'**

Any verbal or nonverbal attempts by a woman to stop or prevent sexual activity should leave no doubt that what is happening is wrong and illegal.

* Physical Resistance: **Trying to get away, Trying to leave, Rolling over, Rolling away, Moving hands away, Trying to keep clothes on, Putting clothes back on**

A woman may 'freeze' due to fear, stress, trauma, disbelief, confusion. This 'seeming' passivity does NOT indicate that she is a willing participant or giving consent. The lack of 'fighting back' does not constitute consent.

Women have been taught that it is unfeminine to say 'no' directly... but hinting is ineffectual! Practice saying 'NO!' You are not required to produce an excuse or reason.

Similarly, women who say 'yes' are considered amoral, promiscuous, sinful, addicted, easy. This is false! Women have a right to equal consideration, to choice, to know their bodies and what they enjoy and to be able to say what they want, in no uncertain terms, to whomever they choose. Practice saying 'YES! YES! YES!'

~ Information compiled by Trudy Oh-Yes!



When it happens to someone you care about . . .

More than anyone else, it is those closest to the victim who influence how she will deal with the attack. If she turns to you for love, care, and understanding in helping her deal with the trauma of what she has been through, here are some important ideas about how you can help her through the ordeal:

1. DO be supportive. Really listen about her and her feelings.

2. DON'T pry and DON'T ask for details and specifics. Give her the opportunity to express and talk about her feelings, fears, and reactions as she chooses.

3. DON'T tell her what she must and must not do. It's her decision to report or not report the rape. If she does decide to report the rape to the police, help her remember not to destroy necessary evidence: don't bathe, douche, change clothes, or apply medication. If she is bruised or cut or her clothing is torn, insist that the authorities take photographs. It will help in prosecuting the rapist.

4. DO see to it that she gets sensitive, concerned, and competent medical attention if needed. If you know a good doctor, call her or him or find medical personnel who have been trained to deal with rape victims. Even better, call the nearest Rape Crisis Center or Rape Hotline--these people will know where the most competent medical help can be obtained.

DO recognize your own limitations in dealing with her and DON'T project your feelings onto her. If the victim is someone you care about, you will probably experience a wide range of feelings--from outrage and helplessness to real emotional pain. Try to remember that her feelings and need are most important right now, not yours. So, resist the urge to express your feelings right now, especially in thos silent periods when she may be crying or finding it difficult to talk.

6

6. DO suggest that she talk with someone trained to help rape victims deal with the ordeal of rape. Once again, the nearest Rape Crisis Center, Rape Counseling Service, or Rap Hotline would be able to provide the best help. Seeking help from these people does not mean filing a police report or pressing charges. What it does mean is being able to talk with someone who cares, understands, and knows how to help, and what information a victim needs in dealing with issues of pregnancy, VD, medical care, and legal alternatives.

7. DO seek professional help for yourself--someone you can talk with. Your feelings matter, too, and by talking through all of your feelings about the rape, you may be better able to provide the continuing help she may need.

8. DO put your anger and frustration where it belongs a not on her. She is not your damaged property; she is a person who has been violently attacked. Your personal revenge against the rapist won't help her and may make matters worse.

9. DO be gentle, patient, and sensitive to her needs. She may want affection and may want you to be close, or she may have generalized fears of all men, including you. If you'r not sure what her needs are, ask before you reach out.

"When you get raped, it's almost as bad as murder but only you don't die."
--a Rape Victim

e been raped on the way home from a bar, drunk, helpless, alone, in a short tight dress you me for my birthday that makes everyone want to fuck me cause my tits and ass are so nice of the boys can help themselves. He leaves me laying face down in an alley when he is ugh, bleeding, my dress torn to shreds, my face bruised and swollen. Somehow I manage to e it to your house, to stumble into your living room, shaking, fragile, weak . . . Your jaw drops, eel my pain, my terror. "help me," I stammer . . . "What happened, baby?" You love me so n at that instant, more than you have ever loved anything before. Overwhelmed by the beauty I ay in my pain and vulnerability . . . you undress me, you wash away the blood with your soft

** Peruvian and Chilean women surrounded a batterer's house, banging pots and pans, while he attacked, until he was shamed into stopping.
** 15 women entered a store and another 15 waited outside while one woman told the owner how it felt to be raped by him.
** One man, repeatedly accused of rape by various women but never punished by the courts, was surrounded by a band of women who broke into his house and stood there for six hours until he fell to the floor twitching with terror.
** One group routinely caught rapists, shaved them, and dyed their heads bright colors.
** In England, a man who was discovered by his peers to be raping and abusing his partner was drugged, driven to the countryside, and gagged and tied to a tree, while his assailants returned to his home, sold his furniture (giving proceeds to a rape crisis center) and postered his neighborhood identifying him as a woman-abuser.
** University women posted an "official notice" of a 10 p.m. curfew of men living in residence after a spate of attacks on campus.

Excerpted from Ecomedia, P.O. Box 915, Stn. F Toronto, Ontario, Canada M4Y 2N9



PRINCESSES AGAINST PLUTONIUM, Nuclear Test Site, Nevada, 1988

IN APRIL OF 1988, NINE WOMEN CALLING THEMSELVES THE PRINCESSES OF PLUTONIUM HIKED UNDETECTED ACROSS THE DESERT INTO THE NATION'S NUCLEAR TESTING GROUNDS. AT DAWN, DRESSED IN RADIATION SUITS AND DEATH MASKS, THE PRINCESSES HANDED OUT FLIERS TO THE INCOMING WORKERS STATING THAT "THE AREA IS CONTAMINATED, EVACUATE IMMEDIATELY." THE WOMEN WERE ARRESTED AND FACED A POSSIBLE SIX-MONTH JAIL SENTENCE. THEIR PERFORMANCE, HOWEVER, INSPIRED HUNDREDS OF "COPYCAT" INVASIONS AND ARRESTS, WHICH JAMMED THE COURTS AND ULTIMATELY RESULTED IN THE CHARGES AGAINST THE PRINCESSES BEING DISMISSED.



23 - LILITH ("The Dawn of Time"—Judeo-Christian chronology) First wife of Adam who was created simultaneously with him from a single androgynous creature rather than sequentially from his rib as was the case with the later-Eve. Lilith, unlike Eve, refused to be dominated by Adam and demanded equality. When she found she could not attain equal status, she pronounced the name of God and flew through the air out of the Garden of Eden to a cave by the Red Sea. Since then, she has been demonized by patriarchal Judaism as a seductive figure with long hair who flies like a night owl to attack those who sleep alone, to have demon children from man through nocturnal emissions, to steal children and to harm new born infants as a succubus and child-killing vampire, and has even been said to eat her own demon progeny. In Jewish patriarchal lore, Lilith, as an archetype, is assertive, seductive and ultimately destructive, while Eve is passive, faithful and supportive.

An Eyewitness Account – Police Brutality and the G-20 Meeting in Montreal, October 23, 2000

On October 23, 2000, a bunch of us concerned citizens here in Montreal got together to protest the meeting of the G-20 at the Sheraton Hotel. Students from the University of Quebec at Montreal, Concordia and McGill universities and some students from CEGEP (Quebec high school) marched through the streets of downtown Montreal, with placards, posters and musical instruments. I started out with the McGill contingent and it was good fun. There were kids in amazing costumes, decked out in fatigues and face paint. People were singing and playing bongo drums. We marched through the streets towards Concordia University, through the heart of downtown Montreal, stopping traffic and making noise. It was a beautiful sunny day, the perfect day for a street party.

At Concordia we met up with an even larger ensemble of kids, and organizers with a truck and loudspeakers. We continued to make our way through the streets of the city, blasting Beastie Boys, Rage Against the Machine and shouting slogans in French, English and Spanish like "the people united will never be defeated!" "G20, capitalisme, Ya Basta!" and "non, non! G20 est patron! Oui, oui! Oui à la révolution!" Most of us were quite young, in our late teens or early twenties. Most of us were taking time out between classes to be present at the demonstration.

We joined an even larger group outside the Sheraton Hotel at rue Drummond and Rene Levesque, smack in the middle of downtown Montreal. Our group numbered in the hundreds, with students of all economic and ethnic backgrounds, and from both the Francophone and Anglophone communities of the city. This was one of the rare instances that both the French-speaking community and the English-speaking community in Montreal overcame their tensions and united in protest. Looking around me, I noticed a lot of different kinds of kids, hippies, punks, street kids, some more studious-looking youth and more militant-looking people dressed in black, their faces hidden by scarves or bandannas. Usually this mix of backgrounds, languages and lifestyles would not be so easily realized in a divided city like Montreal – however, anything seemed possible that day. There was

continued next page

also a healthy presence of riot police, armed with helmets, bulletproof vests, clubs and shields. They hung back along the sidewalks and behind barricades set up to block off the smaller cross streets emptying onto Rene Levesque.

The first strikes out towards the Sheraton itself began quickly – balloons filled with paint exploded against the huge picture windows, shocking the suit-clad stiffs inside watching with bemused expressions that quickly darkened as the paint splattered against the glass. Someone threw a rock and broke a second story window, behind which it appeared that a conference room had been set up. I saw a few suits behind the glass filming the commotion with a camcorder on a tripod. Their shadowy figures loomed from inside the rooms, safely concealed in the ugly 1970's-era structure.

To my surprise, despite the numerous riot cops, no one took action against us. Kids were getting up on the truck and speaking through loudspeakers that alternatively blasted politically-motivated rock and hip hop. We heard a lot about the evils of capitalism and the tide of globalization that is being strengthened by meetings such as this one. We shouted more slogans. Then I noticed a movement of the crowd around the corner, up Drummond Street. I followed and found a group of militant kids – some members of a "black bloc", an anti-capitalist movement open to more violent means of protest. There were kids taunting a group of riot police behind a barricade at the driveway behind the hotel, around the corner from the main entrance. Protesters started crowding around and a few more rocks were thrown. A group of kids clad in black with goggles and black hats and bandannas over their faces were pouring lighter fluid into a bottle and stuffing a rag into the mouth. Moving up more along Drummond, the atmosphere had become much more serious. In short, the hippie kids playing the bongo drums were nowhere to be found. A group of people set fire to a trash can and knocked it over into the middle of the street. Suddenly people started running back down Drummond, with panicked expressions. That was when I spotted the line of riot police advancing down the street toward us.

There was no escape. I was packed in with a crowd of kids and we stood our ground. The crowd seemed uncertain – it seemed few protesters expected it to get this serious. The cops marched toward us. They were wearing helmets, bulletproof vests and brandished shields and clubs. They had boots on and protection on their legs. We were wearing thrift-store jeans, combat boots, hooded sweatshirts and old

Converse sneakers, tank tops and T-shirts. The sound of their boots against the asphalt was audible as they marched in formation. *Stomp. Stomp.* It was the first time I had heard that sound in real life, the sound of an army advancing on the enemy. Only this time the enemy was a group of students all at least 5 years younger than their youngest cop. The enemy was unarmed, except for the occasional pebble or bottle. The enemy was young, idealistic. The enemy of the state was its very own citizens.

We stood our ground. What else could we do? The line marched straight up to us and I found myself face-to-face with an officer in his 40's or 50's. He was decked out as the others. I looked into his face. He was a middle aged white male, wearing a pair of glasses. We stood in silence for a moment, no one sure what would happen next. All of a sudden, the police, as if triggered by some silent command only audible to them, marched forward a step, smacked their shields with their clubs in unison and shouted "move"! We took a step backward, many trying to talk sense into the robot-like police, or simply shouting obscenities.

People were waving black flags and screaming in the faces of the cops. Again, all was still for a second. Then the cops repeated their move. We again stepped back. Tension had escalated at an incredible rate. I was just staring at the cop in front of me, in disbelief at the situation. How had all this happened so fast? Why was the police response so oppressive in the face of a few stones and a burning trash can? Suddenly I was flying back into the crowd behind me. The cop in my face had hit me in my jaw with his club. The kids behind me helped me up. I looked into his eyes. "Why are you doing this?" I shouted. "I bet you have a daughter my age. Would you hit her? What the fuck do you think you're doing?" We made eye contact and he looked down, away from my demanding stare. Then I flew back again as he hit me in the exact same place. Suddenly I was blinded and only heard the shouts and screams of the kids around me. We had been pepper sprayed at close range. For what? For not moving fast enough? For not being afraid, even though they had the weapons, they had the shields; they had the nod from the elected officials?

Everything fell apart. While I was down in the street, trying to regain my vision, I heard shouting and screaming all around me as kids were running and being chased by cops waving their clubs and shooting pepper spray. Out of nowhere, mounted police came galloping on armored horses, brandishing their clubs and charging at

unarmed kids down in the intersection. Some people were running, panicked in the confusion. Others were helping their peers down in the street. Some kids had holed up behind a dilapidated wooden fence across the street where once there was a parking lot. They were throwing rocks and lobbing chunks of asphalt at the police filling the intersection of Drummond and Rene Levesque. For a few minutes there, it was all out war in the streets of downtown Montreal. As I recovered from the burning shock of the pepper spray I took refuge back in front of the hotel where there was still a sizeable group of kids, watching in amazement and anger as their fellow students and protesters were rushed and rounded up by the cops.

About 25 kids caught on the wrong side of the intersection had sat down in a group. Later I found out that this was to protest the brutal beating of a student by a cop on horseback, who clubbed him in the head for absolutely no reason. They refused to move and finally the police brought a bus and arrested them all. The kids forced onto the bus, clad in hooded sweatshirts, in dreadlocks and jeans, were all accused of participation in a riot or acts of vandalism. The cops picked up some skateboards they were forced to leave on the street. "Liberez nos camarades!" we shouted over and over from behind the barricades across the street.

Soon the cops began trying to drive us out too. What was left of the group made their way down Rene Levesque, stopping ensuing traffic and hopping up on cars, shouting. The police chased us into the street on horseback and on foot. We were in the middle of Rene Levesque, surrounded by cars. The sun had gone down and to the north and south lay Dominion Square, a small park in the middle of downtown Montreal. I saw close to a hundred riot police running in formation through the park, their shadowy silhouettes barely visible in the streetlight. I saw mounted police galloping through the park with abandon. With their huge shields, clubs, and visored helmets, they looked like storm troopers gearing up for attack. They chased kids into the darkness of the park and rounded up a few more. All of this was in plain view of the civilians in their cars trapped in the street in the midst of the commotion. I felt like I was in a country torn by conflict, where it is a daily occurrence for such relatively minor (and mostly non-violent) rebellions to be put down so ruthlessly. But this was in Montreal, Canada, supposedly one of the most enlightened and developed countries in the world.

A month later, no one seems to remember what happened at

the corner of Drummond and Rene Levesque, or the methodical onslaught against and round up of unarmed students at Dominion Square. The hustle and bustle of the city goes on as usual downtown. But my jaw still hurts. I cannot forget. Neither can the numbers of students unafraid to face the repressive violence and brutality of the Montreal police. If globalization means the ruthless attack of unarmed kids in their own city, if this is how developed countries treat the citizenry, I want no part of it.

By Caroline Brennan Caroloona@hotmail.com
Caroline is a 19-year old student. She was born and raised in New York City and spent most of her young years wandering around the Lower East Side with friends, hanging out and making trouble. She is now an undergraduate student at McGill University in Montreal, Quebec.



ANNE BONNY

10 - **ANNE BONNY** (b. 1700 d. ?) Hours prior to the hanging of her husband, Anne said to him: "If you had fought like a man, you need not have been hanged like a dog!" Pirate. Anne was born an "illegitimate" child of an Irish lawyer. Even as a child she was known to have a fierce and courageous temper. When a man tried to rape her, she attacked him and beat him up, with injuries that took weeks to heal. She abandoned her first husband for a pirate named Calico Jack. Dressed as a man, Anne helped him seize one of the fastest sloops in the harbor which they used to sail to Cuba and Jamaica. After seizing a Dutch ship, Anne met Mary Read, another womyn pirate dressed as a man. When the British captured their ship in 1720 and the men were too drunk to fight, the womyn stood up and fought alone until surrender was inevitable.

FROM: Lisa Valencia-Svensson, half-breed Filipina-Canadian dyke, currently healing her soul in Vancouver



MOVEMENT

We move
From sleepless night to demo
From demo to meeting strategy-planning
On to dance and talk and listen and support
And back to sleepless night

The spectrum
Of one life reflected
In the places we go in alliances formed
In the groups we must join for support

We move
From tossing and turning screaming and burning
From anguish and exile and tears of rage
To loving and laughing holding tight
And back again to sleepless night

We move
Along on our own
Slipping past others unknown sisters and brothers
Should I put signs on my head so you know who I am
That I could be there for you too?

We move
The movements are many the ripples are wide
The waves of seduction are also of strife
And the swirling waters lull us back in
To the nights we begin not to fight



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Women: if you are inspired to share your stories of activism, we'd love to include them in our fourth issue.

We're looking forward to getting your writings and drawings or cartoons about what you've done, what you've experienced (good and bad) and what you've learned.

Sharing these experiences is one way for both women and men to change their perceptions and treatment of women activists and women in general. We hope that these stories also inspire women to continue their work, share their knowledge and support and talk to each other.

There is no deadline for contributions, because we don't stick to them anyway. When we have enough contributions and time to do the next issue, that's when it will be. The average so far has been a year and a half, but we're striving for a year this time.



MARY FIELDS



The Order of the Holy and Undivided Trinity of Castle Rising, in Norfolk, England, was founded in 1610 as a refuge for impoverished old women. They look like witches to us because the witch figure had been made over to look like an old fashioned country woman. From the book *Witch*, by Candace Savage.

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