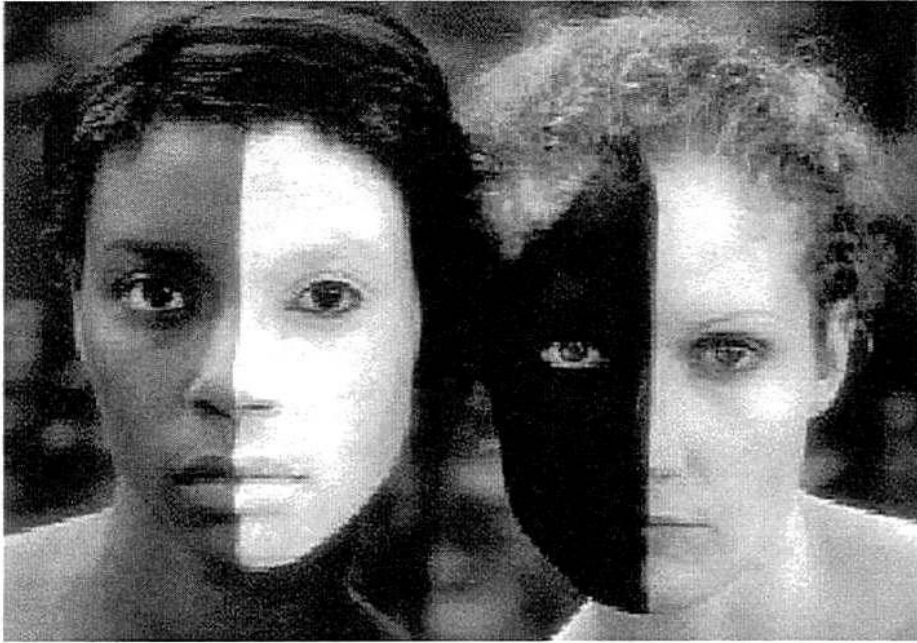


FEMINIST SCHOLARSHIP REVIEW



INTOLERANCE AND HUMANISM

WOMEN AND GENDER RESOURCE ACTION CENTER
~WGRAC~
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“This is no simple reform. It really is a revolution. Sex and race, because they are easy, visible difference have been the primary ways of organizing human beings into superior and inferior groups and into the cheap labor on which this system still depends. We are talking about a society in which there will be no roles other than those chosen or those earned. We are really talking about humanism.”

-Gloria Steinem

Speaking Out: The Majority vs. The Minority

by Elizabeth Stannard Gromisch

One year ago, Trinity College was in the local and national press, due to events involving hate speech and racial stereotyping. Racial and sexual intolerance was not something new here—we'd seen it before and it happened again. Why was that? Was there a majority of students who continued this mentality? Or, was there an outspoken minority that was seen as a majority?

My first year at Trinity, Christopher Moore wrote a response to the gay slurs shouted at the Wesleyan soccer game. That sparked discussion throughout the campus. Professor Hyland took time during my Ancient Greek Philosophy class to talk to us about how we felt about the intolerance. But, this had happened before. The year before feces were smeared on a homosexual student's door. What would it take for this stop?

Perhaps the problem is that we are hearing from two minorities: those that incite these incidents, and those that respond. However, the majority remains quiet. Only a small part of this school voices their distain for hate speech. I'll admit, I wasn't too eager to speak up as well. Before coming to Trinity, I never saw this happen to this extent in my school or community. What I had witnessed, , I was too shocked to know what to do, which is how many students probably feel. The second time it happened, I wondered whether I had a right to speak up. After all, I'm a white straight female, and I've never had anyone shout or write a slur against me. What could I say that would make an impact? But, I'm learning that every voice does matter, no matter if it's spoken or written, because it's one more voice that disapproves of the hateful treatment of other students.

Yes, the efforts of last year in response to the slurs was amazing. But was it enough to prevent this from happening again? My hope is that those who returned this fall remember what happened, and those who are new will be open and accepting of differences. Hopefully, Trinity is moving in the right direction. And, if an incident does occur this year, we will rise up against this negative behavior: to stops it here, and elsewhere throughout the country.

Glimpse Into a Women's Mind: An Opinion Piece

By Isis M. Irizarry

It started with women's rights, or, I suppose, a lack thereof. When Europeans arrived on this continent, men took ownership of the land; someone decided that theirs' were the only rights and voices that mattered. In the American colonies, women were permitted neither participation nor voice. Jumping ahead in history, following the first two waves of the women's movement, women went from the streets to the voting booth; from the home to the workplace. Slowly, we became visible, and heard. We vocalized our intelligence by resisting and redefining stereotypes, and were seen more as intelligent beings. Women became active socially and politically, holding men in power accountable for their unjust treatment of women.

To counter women's rise in power, men sought varied means to exert their dominance. They found a solution in the visual media. This technological development helped men perpetuate the negative stereotyping of women. I am not sure whether it was this "solution" that made the visual media popular, or the other way around but, in my opinion, there is an undeniable relationship between the two.

Because men felt threatened by women's growing social and economic strength, they compensated for their perceived loss of power by visually recreating themselves in the media as 'bigger, stronger, and better.' The new definition of 'a good man' became this: a tough, masked, emotionless womanizer who got what he wanted whenever he pleased, responding with physical strength whenever met with resistance.¹ Men used the media to convince the public that this was the accepted norm for male appearance and behavior.

Conversely, the women in this male-controlled media world were visually portrayed as unrealistically skinny yet shapely; hypersexual yet submissive. This served to diminish the power women had fought so hard and long to achieve. As a result, women's campaigns were thwarted.

When it comes to women's images in much pornography, film, and magazines, contradictions abound. Women portrayed as sexual, or enjoying sex, are labeled "whores." Women who are submissive receive the "good girl" label, and called a "virgin," or "prude." (These latter terms carry different meanings culturally, but both can carry a negative stigma in this society.)

These contrasting images create a schism in living femininity and the roles women adopt. Many women feel they are forced to choose a side in this *Madonna v whore* binary. Feeling coerced, women rebel, trying to reach a balance between sexuality and respectability.² It appears there is no option to be simply a sexual woman.

There is an additional complication: society deems that sexuality and intelligence seem to be mutually exclusive. This serves to uphold the previously mentioned idea that women's voices are invalid. Women's opinions are—at the very least—equal to those of men, but we must realize that we are living in a time when many United States voters wonder if we are “ready” for a female president.

Perhaps I seem cynical, but this is what I see. Growing up, I learned that women's suffrage, and a plethora of other gains, assured me a certain lifestyle. I was told, for example, that if I wanted to be sexually active, to whatever extent I desired, I could do so—especially in college, a place where minds meet to grow—and still maintain my intellectual reputation. But, I guess I misinterpreted the message. Or maybe I really *am* a whore.

1. For a more in-depth look at the new definition of “good men,” I would recommend *Tough Guise*, a documentary written by Jackson Katz and Jeremy Earp.
2. I say this with no desire to create negative implications about prostitution; this form of employment is part of a different conversation.

My Skin
By Dulce Amor Imbo

I hide in my skin
And my skin hides in
Cheap fabric.
It fears their skin,
Mine so
Olive-brown-yellowish
Feeling so inferior to
The porcelain-almost-man-made-to-look-perfect
Type of skin.
Not my skin.
Sometimes shamefully
Wanting to molt and shed
Like a snake trying to get
Rid of its sins.
My skin
Says too much sometimes
Never discreet,
Failing
To somehow fade into the crowd.
It is paranoid, but never fails to capture attention,
Eyes scrutinizing with a certain suspicion
Mouths turned into insincere smiles.
Sometimes
My skin
Hates itself.
Sometimes
I hate it too.

More or Less
By Dulce Amor Imbo

Here
I am more Filipino
I am more brown
I am more woman
I am poorer
I am bigger
I am quieter
I am shorter
My eyes are smaller
My nose is flatter
My skin is browner
My hair is browner
It's even curlier
It's messier
I have more to defend
I have more to lose
But here I found
I am also
Less
me.

Walking Alone
By Elizabeth Stannard Gromisch

I'm a woman.
Yet I can't walk alone,
Or so the e-mails tell me.
I used to be okay,
Though a little on the unsafe side
With music blasting in my ears.
Now I watch the shadows behind me
And the people in front of me.
I probably look suspicious
But they say that women shouldn't walk alone
Not men
Or, that students shouldn't attack other students.
It's only women who should be careful,
Though lately we haven't been hurt
Just afraid.

Scared
By Dulce Amor Imbo

I'm scared as shit
That I emanate fear
Like granny perfume
Spilled on your clothes
Paranoid if people can smell it.
I'm scared to guide them,
Help them even
Because if one question goes unanswered
My whole country
Will be labeled dumb,
And a race would be shamed
As thoughtless.
I am scared.
I hate this constant anxiety
Of what *they're* going to think
Of me.
I have to start thinking like
I don't give a fuck
While my hands tremble
Clenched in fists behind me.
I may be scared
But I guess I'll play it off,
Act brave and proud
For the sake of my people.