

## **ISSUE #5 NOVEMBER 96**

### ***Statement of Purpose***

**RAW (Race and Women)** is a monthly magazine committed to an honest dialogue about race and women. We will consider submissions by Hampshire students, staff and faculty in the form of written and visual work which can include but is not limited to: articles, essays, photographs, poems, academic papers, journal entries, drawings, letters and book, art, and other reviews. We publish information about community events as well as larger events and networks. Submissions are considered on a case by case basis.

The views expressed in this magazine are the personal views of the artists and authors, and do not necessarily reflect the views of individual collective members. The magazine is called RAW because the work which appears in it is raw. There is incredible pain, anger and tension surrounding racial issues. The purpose of this magazine is for people to communicate with one another about these feelings.

***This issue was put together by Whitney Baker, Lorraine Bembry, Trinh Lê, Amanda Seigel, and Jeannie Wong. Thanks to Steve, Karen, and the Duplications staff for working with us.***

**RAW IS PUBLISHED APPROXIMATELY ONCE A MONTH DURING THE ACADEMIC YEAR.**

**PUBLICATION WILL RESUME IN THE SPRING SEMESTER.**

**THANKS TO EVERYONE WHO HAS BEEN PART OF IT THIS SEMESTER.**

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# ***Democracy You Can't Be Talkin' To Me.***

***by Nicole Brown***

**Democracy, you're talkin' to me!  
You can't be, because I Black you see.**

**America has ridden my back and repressed me for centuries  
And my people don't know Freedom!**

**My Black Race has struggled to achieve the so call "American Dream".  
But when we were denied it, we didn't cry but shouted Black Pride!**

**Pan-Africanism  
and  
"Africa for the Black Man"**

**Malcolm X. MLK, Marcus Garvey, they knew the right way!  
Nat Turner and Henry "Box" Brown were the forerunners  
in the up-liftin' of the Black Man.**

**The Harlem Renaissance and Jazz are the cornerstones of my past.  
Langston Hughes' "Crystal Stair" and Claude McKay's "America"  
speak of the prices my people had to pay.**

**So Democracy what do you have to say because I'm not free.  
Imprisoned by my own country's ignorance and hatred of me.**

**Huh, Democracy you can't be talkin' to me.**

Slightly Above A Lake  
by: Jennifer Holloway

She was in school. Sitting in a classroom, even responding to her surroundings but she wasn't really there. The desk she was sitting in, the books in front of her, even the boy sitting next to her weren't really there. She wasn't aware of any of it. Her mind was far away, on a lake. She couldn't actually see her physical body on the lake but just her mind drifting, hovering slightly above the water. It was hard really to envision this place, to build it from memory. She couldn't remember when she had actually visited the lake but it was there in her memory and it was real. She stretched her mind reaching for more details, like whether or not there were trees and what color were their leaves. But as usual her lake started off small and expanded only to contract and disappear. It was the only place she knew to go for peace but her time there was always too short. She sat up a little straighter in her chair and picked up her pencil and began writing where she left off. She looked over at Andreas sitting next to her. He was good looking, smart, the same age as her and he had asked her on a date a few days ago. He liked her, she could tell by the way he smiled at her and talked to her. But that wasn't all. That wasn't what scared her. He wanted her. She could tell by the way he looked at her, could feel it whenever he touched her. Or was that her own desire? She wasn't sure. But whatever it was it was enough to make her want to retreat to her lake. Today she had to give him an answer. She wanted to say yes and go out and do all of the things she heard everybody else was doing. To go to clubs or to see a movie with him. She wanted to

say no and hide. She wasn't sure exactly what she would say. Suddenly she became angry, almost violently so. All of her anger was directed toward herself. Why had she waited so long to go through this? She saw it coming for years and had skillfully avoided it. She had worn baggy clothes to hide her body, brushed her hair into a ponytail instead of curling it and she had religiously avoided makeup. It wasn't that she wasn't interested in boys. She was afraid of their interest in her. She didn't want to think about any of that now she wanted to block it out, to concentrate on the work before her. She didn't even want to look over at him but of course she turned her head slightly and looked at him. He really was gorgeous. She loved his chocolate skin, his mustache and beard, and most of all she loved his eyes. They were big. There was no other way to describe them. It seemed that with those eyes he could see everything at once. At times it seemed he could look straight into her soul. She loved talking to him, the way that his voice rose when he was really excited about something, the sound of his voice, the way he would patiently help her with her chemistry homework explaining each problem over and over again until she got it. It was almost time to go and soon she would have to talk to him. She silently thanked God for Mr. Coles who wouldn't allow talking of any kind in his classroom. It was fear plain and simple. Fear was the only reason that she couldn't answer him days ago. She worried about every single possibility that could occur from his asking her out. If she said no would he still talk to her? Would they still joke around in class? If she said yes would he suddenly start to treat her differently. If they went out would he call her before the

date? If he did what did that mean? What if he didn't call her? As anxiety began to build up inside of her she realized that she needed to go back to her lake. She tried to relax in the hard seat of her desk chair and let her mind wander. Her lake was still there and as beautiful as ever. The water was shimmering and she could see clear through to the bottom. This time she went deeper and deeper and as her mind hovered above the water slowly it rose, higher and higher until she could see the brightly colored leaves of autumn trees, the color of the sunset. It was enough to make her smile. And as she came out of her daydream she knew how she would answer him. She liked him and that was enough for now. She needed to believe in that and maybe to even trust him but most of all to trust herself.

Speech by Erica Sapp for National Young Women's Day Of Action,  
Oct. 24, 1996

### The Woman's Movement

The Women's' Movement/ Feminism in the U.S. began mostly as a white, middle class, middle aged movement. Weather it was intended or not, that was it's biggest flaw. Not in anyway do I mean to discredit the movement, but it's a lot easier to "fight the power when you can afford to do so; and in many ways are a part of that power.

The beloved founder of Planned Parenthood Marget Sanger had double agenda which is not as well known as her slogan "Every child, a wanted child". Her other agenda in fact was class and race control. Marget Sanger had deep Natzi ties and wanted to rid the country of the unwanted people of color and the poor. Abortion and sterilization became a form of genocide against African American, Latina, Asian, Native American and poor women. A history like this can not be erased now just because the founder of Planned Parenthood is a African American Woman.

Although the "Young Woman's Movement of today tries to be aware of these issues of race and class, so far it's been unsuccessful. The overwhelming majority of the movement is still white and middle class. All that has changed is the age. I'd like to read a poem that might help articulate what I mean. This is by Jo Carrillo called

And When You Leave, Take Your Pictures With You<sup>1</sup>

Our white sisters  
radical friends  
love to own pictures of us  
sitting at a factory machine  
wielding a machete  
in our bright bandanas  
holding brown yellow black red children  
reading books from literacy campaigns  
holding machine guns bayonets bombs knives  
Our white sisters  
radical friends  
should think  
again.

Our white sisters radical friends  
love to own pictures of us  
walking to the fields in hot sun  
with straw hat on head if brown  
bandana if black  
in bright embroidered shirts  
holding brown yellow black red children  
reading books from literacy campaigns  
smiling.

Our white sisters radical friends  
should think again.

No one smiles  
at the beginning of a day spent  
digging for souvenir chunks of uranium  
of cleaning up after  
our white sisters  
radical friends

And when our white sisters  
radical friends see us  
in the flesh  
not as a picture they own,  
they are not quite as sure  
if  
they like us as much.  
We're not as happy as we look  
on  
their  
wall.

The copy right to this book is 1983, and nothing has changed.  
In the world of activism you here words like representation,  
empowerment, and diversity. What is the difference between  
reperesantaion and tokenism? How can a movement be empowering  
to some and disempowering to others?

These are have been seen as complex questions, but we can  
start answering them now. Communication is the first answer.  
Asking a woman of color or a poor woman to join your organization,  
panel, conference, or rally doesn't mean it's diverse. Expecting  
women to be involved about a movement that excluded them is not



empowerment. Tearing down the foundation of the Woman's Movement and building a new one that is empowering for ALL women is the duty of the Young Women's Movement.

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<sup>1</sup> Carillo, Jo. "And When You Leave, Take Your Pictures With You," in *This Bridge Called My Back: Writings by Radical Women of Color*, edited by Cherrie Moraga and Gloria Anzaldua, Kitchen Table: Women of Color Press, New York, 1981.

# I AM

Christian H O'Callaghan

I don't wanna make the turkey on Thanksgiving  
and miss the parade  
'cause I'm a girl  
I don't wanna wear a dress  
with frilly additions  
'cause I'm a girl  
I don't wanna do the laundry  
instead of mown the lawn  
'cause I'm a girl  
I don't wanna be left out  
of the jokes  
'cause I'm a girl  
I don't wanna have perfect hair  
in perfect curls  
'cause I'm a girl  
I don't wanna be  
alone, left behind  
'cause I'm a girl  
I don't want to be afraid  
to walk alone  
'cause I'm a girl  
I do not want to fear  
a man  
'cause I'm a girl  
I do not want to worry  
about becoming pregnant  
because I'm a girl  
I do not want you  
to order for me  
because I am a girl  
I want to do everything  
by my own voice, in my own time,  
in my own way, with my own style  
because I am a woman

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You are not invisible to me  
Dark skin like cool water  
You are not foreign to me  
We do not belong here  
You are no stranger to me  
Though you refuse my eye

mdw

i could never tell you  
how hard it is  
these words are useless  
especially for me  
these screams have deafened me  
sealed lips and all  
this silence is your ease  
like acid rain in the amazon

mdw

# **“I Am Fucking Palestine!”**

*Grapes and Figs are in Season, A Performance by Emily Shihadeh*

Reveiwed by Amanda Miriam Chaya Seigel

On Tuesday, November 13, I went to see a one-woman show called *Grapes and Figs are in Season: A Palestinian Woman's Story* at U-Mass. The show was written and performed by Emily Shihadeh, a Palestinian Quaker/American. The intent behind the play was to "give a human face to those who remain caught in this [Israeli/Palestinian] conflict". Emily Shihadeh was born in Jerusalem in 1941, and in 1948, at the age of seven, she and her family were forced to flee the city to Ramallah, Jordan, which is now part of the Israeli-occupied West Bank. As an adult, she emigrated to the U.S. Her show has been performed throughout the U.S. and in Palestine/Israel, as Victoria Rue, the director, called it.

I went to the show because I wanted to learn more about the Palestinian/Israeli conflict. I grew up with a very filtered view of Israel. Although none of my close relatives have ever been there, and I have not been there myself, I still grew up with the feeling that as a Jew, I should uncritically support its position. I was never educated in the Jewish community about the conflicts and wars or taught to see multiple sides of the story. It is only recently that I have begun to educate myself about the complex politics of Israel/Palestine, and questioned my relationship and loyalty to the actions of the Israeli government, because although I do not live there, many of my friends have been there or lived there, and I realize that just by keeping silent I may be supporting injustice there.

I have to admit that I was scared to go to the show because I was afraid that I would be condemned as Jew, that it would be assumed that I support the actions of the Israeli government and do not support the Palestinian struggle. I was scared that my ignorance would show. In order to work for peace, I feel that I (and anyone involved in the process) needs to be educated. So even if I felt scared to go, I know that this education is an important step in coming to terms with my relationship to my Jewishness, Israel and the formation of an actively anti-racist, pro-justice identity.

I think that the story performed by Emily Shihadeh is an effective educational tool because it is about her life as an individual, her childhood and her roots. Reading statistics and dates is also important, but hearing about her life made me care about her as a person and care about the struggles of

individual Palestinian people for justice. The play incorporates music, both songs performed on the guitar by Claude Palmer, and Emily's singing of traditional songs or songs made up by her family members.

**So even if I felt scared to go, I know that this education is an important step in coming to terms with my relationship to my Jewishness, Israel and the formation of an actively anti-racist, pro-justice identity.**

I think that Emily Shihadeh has a very dynamic, warm presence. From the moment the play began and she made her way up to the stage, clapping and singing, the room was filled with her personality. Her acting style is not somber and judgemental, but humorous, intelligent, and full of complex feelings. She talked about her childhood in Ramallah (a word meaning "hill of God" in Arabic) and her relationships with her family- several sisters, her father and her mother- enacting scenes between family members and friends.

I have heard about the emotional climate of occupied countries and the struggle to act "normal" on the surface, the casual way in which war, intimidation and death are sometimes described, and some things she talked about really hit home for me. One striking part in the play was an account of her relationship with a soldier who was friends with her family, who she had a girlhood crush on. She talked about how much she admired him and how there was "something about his uniform". When she was a teenager, a jeep he was driving was bombed by Israeli soldiers and "exploded into a thousand pieces". She really drew the audience in when she talked about her interactions with him, and so I think it was really shocking to hear about his death.

She also described the terrifying flight from Jerusalem when she was a young child. Her family had to leave their house and drive under fire to Ramallah, where her father's parents lived, and establish a new life there. Years later, when she was visiting from the United States, she went to Jerusalem and found her old house, where an Israeli couple was living. However, rather than demonizing Israelis as a group, she expresses the message that everyone needs to work together. Her willingness to explore the oppression that both peoples have suffered and how they act that out against each other was clear and compassionate.

He looked at a map and said "It's not  
on the map. There is no fucking Palestine."  
She answered, "I am fucking Palestine!"

She talked about her experiences in the U.S., her divorce and her experiences with anti-Arab, anti-Palestinian stereotypes. She acted out the stereotypes mockingly, and shattered them when she described an incident that occurred when she was talking to an American about her heritage. He asked "Where are you from?", and she told him to guess. "Lebanon?" he asked. She responded "I'm from Palestine". He looked at a map and said "It's not on the map. There is no fucking Palestine." She answered, "I am fucking Palestine!" and her sister, who was present at the time and never swore, said "Thank you, Emily."

This part of the play was very evocative to me. It meant to me that the struggle lives in people, and that where we come from has to do not only with land but how we feel about our roots and who we identify with. Ironically, this is something I can relate to deeply as a Jew. My immigrant great-grandparents came here mainly from Lithuania and the former Soviet Union during a time of increasing anti-Semitic oppression there. If those countries were not home, and America is not home, that means to me that my identity is a state of mind, and culture is people, food, music, dance and group survival. To me, Palestine and Israel live in some people's souls as the vision for a world where there is justice and where home to one people does not mean displacement of another- a world where people of different cultures and nationalities can co-exist peacefully, a world where people are not oppressed economically and socially because of their skin color, a world where women and men can pursue the occupations they choose, and love people of any gender without fear, a world in which it is safe to raise children.

In a time of turmoil, the play made me feel sad and hopeful. I applaud Shihadeh for her courage and warmth in sharing her life with so many people, and I hope that her work will inspire many others to see the Israeli/Palestinian situation as something which is ultimately about people and cultural survival. Her performance left me with the hope that if people learn to see one another as individuals, and appreciate one another's struggles, all human beings will no longer accept an unjust world.

To Omolara Who Doesn't Know What Beauty Is

The wonder comes from the small things,  
green grass glistening in the rain,  
a rose in a field full of dandelions  
a smile through tears.

The beauty is in everything  
the air around you  
the people around you  
the beauty is inside of you.

You could see if you would  
only open your eyes  
wide enough to see for yourself  
and stop accepting other  
peoples truth and reality  
as your own.

All people are not the same  
we weren't designed that way  
we cannot all wear the same clothes  
and have the same hairstyles and...  
meld into one  
What about you?  
You lose yourself when you  
try to be like someone else.  
So, BE DIFFERENT!

Everyone won't marvel at the sunset  
or be filled with joy  
because of a smile from a stranger.  
So, walk around and  
Speak loud in your accented voice  
wear your British Knights and Kross Color jeans.  
Twist your hair, braid it  
get an afro, dred it, cut it all off!  
Do whatever you want  
because its you and  
when you know who you are  
what everyone else thinks  
doesn't really matter at all.

Jennifer Holloway



## *The perishing days*

*Today is today*

*Tomorrow will be tomorrow*

*But I shall never know the difference for I am not alive*

*As I sit on the corner daily, pondering my nonexistence*

*I have yet to realize the cause of perishing days.*

*I use to be lively, strong, vibrant, and full*

*Now I just sit wondering what happened to the perished days*

*I cannot remember yesterday, for I did not live then either*

*I was feeding on the lives of those who lived.*

*It was I who waited and watched as she left her home and got in her car*

*It was I who put the gun in her mouth and demanded her life.*

*I do not have one of my own, so I must take hers.*

*It was me who asked him out, knowing full well that he belonged to her.*

*I did not care. I had no true love, so I needed anothers.*

*I did not appreciate her life, after all it wasn't mine.*

*I simply used it to try to find one of my own.*

*All of my yesterdays were filled with someone else's love, life, dreams, wishes, demands.*

*I was ruled in life by the world, and those in it*

*The baby on the hip, the man sitting on high, the man with the power, the man paying the bills.*

*I lived their lives, not my own.*

*It was when I realized this that I died.*

*My hunger for success lay dead years before, my love had deadened even before that.*

*But it is as I said,*

*Today is today, and tomorrow is tomorrow,*

*But I will never know the difference for I am not alive.*

*Lamaretta Simmons*

# ***Confessions of a White Woman***

*By Naomi Skoglund*

I have a confession.

I am a Racist.

I was taught racism. I was not born with this disease. Only recently have I acknowledged this fact. I was a PC, peace-loving, liberal white woman from suburbia. Like so many other liberal, white suburbanites, I hid from my racism. I hid beyond my liberal ideology. Hiding from something as insidious as racism only produces guilt. Don't you know, the truth can set you free?

Through a series of circumstances, my eyes were opened to the systems of oppression in this country. I just spend six month in Tanzania, a country in East Africa. In Tanzania, not only did I gain perspective on U.S. society, but I also met many Tanzanians who had attended universities here. Two of these people, during their entire four years here, had not befriended one black American. In fact, both of these men still considered most black Americans to be dangerous, most likely armed or on drugs.

What does that say about the ignorance that pervades our society?

When I returned home, I realized that the same racism that was now so obvious to me in our society was also obvious in myself and my thoughts. So I confronted that, wrestled with it, and pinned it down. Racism is not an inherent part of my being. I learned it and now I'm learning to separate it from myself and break it down.

What does it take to have an honest dialogue? It takes people being honest with themselves. It takes people accepting that they have been taught to be a part of this racist society, and that by doing nothing, they perpetuate the oppression. It takes people confronting their fears and saying "No- I have the power to change."

**You** have the power to change.

Do you accept the challenge?

## **Agony**

by Lamaretta Simmons

She awoke in the fiery sunlight, it was almost too bright for her to bear. She tried to keep her eyes shielded. It didn't work. Her head hurt like hell, and she smelled even worse. Why was she lying next to a stream, in blouse and jeans? Who was she with? How had she gotten there? Not knowing the answers to these questions quickly, she felt frightened and guilty. She looked to her right and saw her purse, empty. She looked to her left and saw her ten year old boots, she imagined that they looked a lot better than she did. Her night, she remembered, had been long, full of smoke and hard liquor. Nothing else in sight except the stream and a few trees. How far was she from a main road or highway? It was horrible not knowing where she was, or how in God's name she got there. She managed to stumble over to her purse and to put on her boots. As she sat down again, her mind wandered to the beginning.

Her life had not been long, but it had been full. Not full of pleasures, and accomplishments, but questions and pain. Orphaned at fifteen, she lived most of her life in search of love. Often times, she lived in an imaginary world of her own. This world, this life she imagined had everything she could ever want in it. Only when pain re-entered her life did she come back to reality. In this reality she wondered about things she never knew. There were many things she never knew, like who her father was, and why her mother had never smiled. Even in the countless pictures she had of her mother there was not a smile, or even a hint of one. She was constantly affected by headaches. She tried so hard to recall her mother's smile, that she would get headaches. No matter how hard she pushed to locate this memory, she couldn't. So she invented it; she invented her mother's love and affection for her too. At school when she was young, she'd brag to the other children about all of the things she and her mother did together. But there were only the beatings and the screaming. She would forever lie to cover up her hurt.

Finding out only some years later, that she was an unwanted daughter of two confused people, she quickly settled upon lies about that too. Dealing with her past was always difficult. She had no truly vivid memories that she cared to recall. She had only her pain and her questions. Somehow, she had managed to numb herself to the pain. She no longer wept for the pain. She just tucked it away one day. After hours of non-stop crying, she folded her pain, tied it up in memories, and sealed it shut in the back of her mind. In the need of answers, she created her own. She answered her longing for a father by creating a perfect dad. The real one was unknown to her. Her mother had never mentioned him. She wondered if her father had been strong, tall, and gentle. Would he play with her? Give her piggy-back rides? Why did her mother hate her questions about her father? She recalled the incident that made her stop asking about the man she would never know.

When she was eight, she came across a faded picture of her mother and a man, while playing in her mother's room. In the picture, her mother was scantily dressed, wearing skin-tight leggings and a blouse hanging off the right shoulder. She looked sleepy. Although her mother

did not look happy, the man's face looked full of joy. She guessed that they had been at a party. The man wore bell-bottom pants and lots of jewelry. She remembered him especially well because she liked his necklace. It was a gold chain with two gold dice as a charm. She always wanted a necklace like that.

When she asked her mother why the man had his hand down her blouse in the picture her mother became infuriated. So infuriated that she ripped up that picture. Suddenly, Wham! Another beating. Once it was over, her mother cried heavily and told her to never mention the man again. Her mother only said, "that man ruined my life. He made me do unspeakable things. Things that no woman should ever do." That was the only picture she ever saw of her mother and a man. She had failed to realize it back then, but now she assumed that in the picture they were drunk. Now that she thought back on it, she wondered if that man had been her father, her mother's lover, or maybe her mother's pimp.

She hadn't been home in weeks. The more she thought about what she had left there, the more depressed she became. Not only was she a pitiful sight, but a confused soul. Dazed and half dead, she approached the edge of the stream where she decided to rest. Then the voices came. She thought that the liquor had killed the voices, but she was wrong. The voices were alive and stronger now than they had been before. One began to speak to her. It was the voice of Agony.

"Why did you leave me?"

"Stop it, damn it!", was all she could muster. Her voice was raspy and breathy.

"Why have you tried to disown me? Don't you know that I am yours, and you are mine? I am the one who spoke to you when no one else would. I am the one who has never been late. I am always there when it is my time. When you call me up I never forsake you. I am the undying friend."

Tears streamed her face, and frowns joined her brow. She had been fearful of Agony's return. No matter where she went or how hard she tried to rid herself of Agony, she couldn't. She had left her home in flight from Agony. Joy and Happiness had remained at home, but Agony had followed, clinging to her like a suckling to a breast. She had left Success at a door and Love at a street lamp. They had not bothered to follow, but Agony wouldn't be abandoned. Agony had been her sidekick since childhood, since her imaginary years. Fearing that Agony had left her side she spoke to her, "Why have you followed me here? You knew I didn't want you here. Leave me alone!! Why do you nag me?"

"I do not nag you, I love you. After everything we have been through together you would accuse me of evil. The more I love you, the more you wish to get rid of me. Why?"

"You don't love me! You have only brought me displeasure and pain. You have only pampered my hurt. I do not love you. It is you that has kept life away from me. It is because of you that I can not picture Success, or recognize the bright eyes of Love. It is because of you that my life has been so empty. You took hope and gave me despair. You took parents and gave me

hell. When they left me you showed up, holding dark years in your palm. This is why I don't love you. I can't love you."

As she cried tears of pain and confusion, she remembered why she had left home. The things that had been there had gone away. After all the trouble and all the pain, only Agony and the memories, of what once was remained. The love of her life had gone in the night. He had vowed to never return. She had held him for years, five futile years. Under a street lamp, in the rain, on 142nd street, he had denounced his love for her, and called her crazy. She had needed him, then, he filled her up for the time. He had been there as the real aspect of her imaginary life. She had held onto him like life itself. When he left, a hole appeared, much like the one before he came into her life.

Soon after him Success left her too. Slid from her hands as smooth as silk. She never had a warning or a hint of friction. The boss at her accounting firm simply said, "Your services are no longer needed." It seemed to her like no one needed her, no one ever did. After, Joy and Happiness followed respectively, or so she thought. They had crawled into a box and sealed themselves off. No more smiles, parties, or silly conversations. No more love, no more life. The day her luck ran dry was the day her glass started to remain full.

She had met Tyre on a breezy day in May, standing under a Fig tree in Lawrence Park. She always went there to eat her lunch and ponder her rapidly changing life. He was a shining star to behold. His very presence warmed her. She couldn't explain it, but she felt drawn to him. He had walked up to her and introduced himself, very gentleman-like. He was handsome, and blessed with a brilliant smile. Short hair, dimples, and big, rounded eyes, all gave him a certain deep look. He charmed her with a line about her beauty, and instantaneously sparks arose. She felt close to him. He made her laugh, something unusual to her. Her life had required a seriousness. Tyre lifted the fog and made the smile she lacked appear.

After three months, Tyre moved in with her. At that time he loved her unconditionally. Their life was almost perfect. They were both successful, educated, and young. Even sex was great. Tyre was a successful art broker, and independent photographer. He made a wonderful living. He took care of her. She didn't even have to ask him too. This surprised her. No one had ever taken such an interest in her before. He listened to her, caressed her, and made her feel needed. She needed this.

These things were consistent in their lives until he could no longer deal with the bursts of emotion. She would not help him understand. For her, life was about convenience. Tyre was convenient. He conveniently gave her everything she thought she needed. She could prod him into what ever she wanted. She used him. He had appeared when she needed something. She longed for him physically. Love was not part of the bargain for her. She did not truly love him; she loved his presence. He helped her steady herself. For her, Tyre represented the love she had always longed for. She could not return it, nor did she feel the need to. She used him, used him like a fountain from which to drink. She drank until her thirst for attention and love was alleviated. Once she was done, she withdrew from him. She would not need him again until her

thirst returned. Tyre simply filled a void. There was a space, an empty space, he was a perfect filler. All he did was fill up the space.

She had sealed a portion of her life off to him, and there was no way in. The more he thought about it he realized that he had never met a cousin, or seen an aunt. She told him that her parents were both dead, but gave no reference to siblings or other family. There were no pictures, or letters, or childhood toys in her closet. Hell, he didn't even know how her childhood had been. If she had any boyfriends in high-school, attended the prom, fucked in the back of a car. He realized that he didn't really know her at all.

Normally she was caring and fun, but as time progressed, she became frustrated and more secluded from him. Their days of leisure became days of separation. She did not want to be close to him anymore. At first he thought that it was him, but no, it wasn't. The things he did could not possibly cause such strong hatred and bursts of emotion. He would send her little gifts at work, or leave little chocolates in her purse just to cheer her up. She loved those things, in the beginning. She didn't love them now. Now she would keep them until evening, and throw them back at him with spite. Like a child. Nothing he did was good enough, nothing he said was comforting enough. She just shouted, "get the hell out!!" Sometimes it was, "leave me alone damn it!" On her birthday, their third year together, he asked her about her childhood. He wanted to know if she had birthday parties, with cake fights, and homemade punch. Jokingly, he asked, "Was the sweet sixteen really sweet? I bet you had it all." She gave him an empty, teary look. He thought he saw her soul. Knowing he had made a mistake, he said he was sorry. She only replied, "Just like the rest of the world, sorry."

He could not reach her, and she would not reach inside him. Afraid of what he may find, he settled for never trying. Realizing that he could no longer be with her, and feeling his love unreturned, he left. He knew that he loved her, but what she needed was far more than he could give. After a nice Italian dinner, and a night of silence he told her goodbye.

Unable to shake her longing for him she dove her face into the stream, hoping to wash Agony away. After clearing the water from her eyes, she looked into the stream. She was amazed and frightened by what she saw. Amazed that she could actually focus the image into her eye, but frightened at the image there. She was not there. The woman she had known before had been her. Her previous self had been erased. She wondered if it had left with the others. Maybe it too, had crept away from her in the dark of night. Her previous self had been younger, with tighter skin, and poutier lips, and thicker cheeks. Cheeks with color and life. Lips full and smooth. Now she looked cracked and ragged, and unhealthy. She looked different. Then again maybe she had imagined herself as she had the others. Maybe what was before her was new, but not new. It was new to her eye, but not to her mind. Agony was before her, or rather agony was her. She had become agony. She could not believe it, she did not know what to say, so Agony said it for her.

"I will ask you again do you love me? Do you love my hideousness? Do you love my embrace? Answer me."

After watching her own lips move as Agony spoke through her, she realized that she must answer.

"Yes. I suppose I do love you. I guess I have always loved you. I have always known you, and desired you. It was you who took care of me when they all abandoned me. When my parents left, you held me. When Tyre left, you loved me. When all the others left, you stayed. I guess I do love you."

"I am you. I am what you have longed for. I am what you have always missed. I am you. The things you lacked in life and love were you. I ask you again do you love me."

"I love you. I love you. I love me. I love me. I love me !!"

She had never known self love until now. She had never even thought of herself until now. Her individual being had never been an issue. It was refreshing. Refreshing to know that the circle was almost full. Maybe she was coming full circle. Maybe it was time to rejuvenate herself. Start a new life. Enjoy life. Get to know what it is to truly live. She would have to start over. Make everything new. Do it all differently. Just then she saw a gun lying at the edge of the bank of the stream. She remembered she had carried it with her last night. It must have fallen out of her purse earlier. She grabbed the gun, smile to herself. Knowing that she was about to begin a new life, she decided that first she would have to forget her past. Expunge her mind. She put the gun to her head, ready to shoot the memories dead, pulled the trigger. Dead.

## **Did you know?**

\* Hampshire alum Le Thi Diem Thuy performs her one-woman show, *Red Fiery Summer*, a story about Vietnam that explores memory, personal and political violence and dislocation, Friday, Dec. 6- Sat. Dec. 7. Umass, Hampden Theatre, 8 pm. \$5/ students.

*\*Hampshire is up for accreditation, a thorough review of school facilities and quality. Please contact Nancy Kelly at x5521 to make suggestions.*

*\* The position of Hampshire's Affirmative Action officer is still on shaky ground.*

*\* Many hiring committees for new faculty members need students to be part of hiring decisions. To get involved, call the CCS, HA, NS or SS offices.*

*\* Hampshire student Kevin Morrison will be interviewing Dr. Bob Sandborn for one hour about the restructuring process. The tape will be available soon.*

*\* If you want more information about the history of Hampshire politics and the restructuring process, check out the folder on reserve in the library.*

**To get involved in the student steering committees who are addressing the restructuring process and the future of student services, please contact committee members:**

Kevin Morrison- kmorrison@hamp

Jennifer Donovan- jdonovan@hamp

Aaron Skolnick -askolnick@hamp

**\*MEETINGS ARE EVERY WED. NIGHT AT 9 IN GREENWICH DONUT 1 AND ARE OPEN TO THE COMMUNITY.**

**The restructuring process affects the Counselor Advocate program, SOURCE organizations, the Women's Center, and Affirmative Action. They affect the future of community life on this campus. They affect ALL OF US!!**

**\*\*\*\*\*RAW WILL RETURN IN THE SPRING.\*\*\*\*\***





