

# Lifestyles

## This is Herstory

by sue girolami

Perhaps in the future, Western Tradition courses at Capitol will offer not only the 'history' of the past, but also the 'herstory.'

If the program co-ordinators needed any help in restructuring the classes, they might be able to get some ideas from a student that sits in those Western Tradition 'history' classes. The student? - Carol Eveschild.

A first term Humanities student, Eveschild recently has had published her first book, 'Our Past - Our Herstory - A Collection of Women's lives.'

Eveschild wrote the book in order to make 'herstory' more available to women. An interesting aspect of her work is that it did not originate in book form.

The collection of 40 biographies grew out of a series of 120 radio excerpts entitled "Herstories." Eveschild researched the radio biographies for WDDL in Lancaster.

The radio feature presented local and international women. In her book, Eveschild includes only biographies on international women.

Eveschild's herstory offers

a past of feminist activity and writing. She was active with the women's movement at University Park from 1973 thru 1976. During this time, she helped organize "Spirited Women," a feminist news letter.

In the fall of 1977, Eveschild had a feminist poem published in Millersville State College's literary magazine. In April 1978 she won honorable mention for her radio series, from the Central Pennsylvania Chapter of Women in Communications, of which she is a member.

Eveschild is also a stringer for KNOW, a feminist press, in Pittsburgh.

Another aspect of this feminists beliefs, is her name. The name, Eveschild, is not man made, but woman made. She wanted a woman's name, so she shortened her mother's name, Evelyn to Eve, and added child to it.

When asked what she feels a feminist is, Eveschild stated, "A feminist is a woman who lives her life as she feels good in it, not as society tells her she should."

### Her story excerpt

Margaret Fuller was the first woman editor of a large American newspaper and one of the most well-known American critics before 1850. Margaret was always surrounded by and schooled in the literary arts. By age six, she was reading Latin and translating it into English without hesitation. Her father, who was a lawyer and politician, supervised her education and encouraged her to acquire knowledge throughout her life.

While visiting Ralph Waldo Emerson, she met Bronson Alcott who invited her to be a teacher of languages at his new Temple School. From there, she became head of the new Green Street Academy in Providence, Rhode Island where she started the practice of having visiting lecturers. During one of these visiting lectures, she decided that women were handicapped by lack of formal education and of a forum for intellectual discussion. To rectify that somewhat, she began her "Conversations" where women gathered to discuss subjects from Greek mythology to moral freedom.

She then became the editor for "The Dial" which was a transcendentalist magazine. She used it as a forum for her ideas and her "Conversations." The magazine sold out when the issue that contained her article of "The Great Lawsuit: Man Versus Women - Women Versus Man" was published. That in turn, attracted Horace Greely who was editor of the New York Tribune to hire her as assistant editor. She didn't disappoint him, she became an on-the-spot reporter who visited and wrote about prisons, madhouses, and women's detentions war wards. She was also a critic of poets and authors.

In 1845, she extended her famous article of "Man Versus Women" into a book entitled *Women in the Nineteenth Century* which became a feminist literary classic. A few years later while returning from Italy as a foreign correspondent, her ship wrecked and Margaret Fuller was killed. Margaret's life was brief but she accomplished what most people want to do- she lived up to her own ideals, not society's.

"Our Past, Our Herstory" can be obtained by mail for \$4 to Eveschild, 537 Martin Ave., Mount Joy, PA, Barr Hurst Book Shop, 12 W. King, Lancaster or Giovanni's Room, 1426 Spruce St., Philadelphia.

Someone lost his cache of diamonds today.  
I know, because  
I found them.  
Sparkling and shining as if their lives depended on it.  
If someone was trying to get my attention  
He did.  
Someone told me those precious stones aren't lost at all.  
They belong to God and He's just sharing  
Some of His heaven with me.  
I guess that's true.  
Cause the truth is,  
Those diamonds, well, they aren't really diamonds,  
Even if they do hurt my eyes  
As much as the bright, shining sun this morning.  
The gems are really Just ice,  
And the white blanket they lie on is Just snow,  
And the crystal, white, and blue sparkles  
Are Just reflections from the sky.  
Just.

Loneliness seems to be a part of me.  
It follows me around like a tag-along child.  
I need to talk to someone,  
But there's no one here.  
I need to love someone,  
But everyone's gone.  
They all have someone to call their own.  
Why don't I?  
Wouldn't it end up just like the last time?  
I'm not sure I could endure hurt like that again.  
Oh, but it's been so long  
Since I felt the good feeling.  
Maybe it would be different next time.  
Patience,  
That's all I need.  
I used to be so good at being patient.

# poetry

by debbie morrow

Did you ever come to a point  
When you realize you made a mistake?  
Well, that's where I am right now.  
And there's no backing out.  
I want to start all over  
At the beginning.  
But that might take years.  
Years I don't have to waste.  
I'm almost thirty years old  
And look at me.  
A confused little girl  
With dirty hair and fingernails.  
I've lost so much the past year.  
Every New Year's Eve I say  
Things will be better this time around.  
This time I'll make things work  
And every year is the same as the one  
Before.  
Empty, broken promises and dreams out of my reach.  
But I have to keep working at it.  
If I don't,  
I'll get lost  
Somewhere in next year.

She's beautiful.  
But so am I.  
In my eyes, at least.  
Maybe I'm not a model,  
Or even a model citizen.  
But I'm happy  
with life.  
My life.  
My home, my room, my books,  
My poetry, my money,  
All six dollars worth.  
I guess that's all that counts, right?  
Only I'm missing something.  
Someone to share  
My home, my books, my music, my poetry,  
My life.  
Is anyone there?