RAWRR!

MUSINGS OF A

#LonelyFeminist

ISSUE 3

feminism is for EVERYBODY
-bell hooks

JOINING FORCES

MY WORDS ARE MY ARMOR &
YOU'RE 'BOUT TO MEET YOUR KARMA

M.L.A
Letter from the editors:

Who is the lonely feminist? We are lonely feminists because we have felt like the one person in a room (or meeting, or on facebook, or in our families) who is screaming, or crying, or laughing when no one else is. We are lonely feminists because we have experienced street harassment, violence, and oppression. We at the Feminist Action Project are lonely feminists, though we have found a great community in each other. We are lonely because we have all felt isolated in our efforts to share why we think feminism is still important. And you, dear reader, might be a lonely feminist too.

This zine exists to publish our musings - the musings of the lonely feminist. It exists to create awareness of the issues that matter to us, but it also exists to start a conversation. Hopefully, after reading these pieces and viewing this artwork, you will be thinking new thoughts. Maybe you will agree with what you read here, or maybe you will disagree. But whatever you do, let this zine speak for itself. The perspectives reflected here are those of the authors themselves - but what they have in common is their feminism.

So what is feminism anyway? The word feminism means different things to different people, but the feminism represented by us here at the Feminist Action Project is a movement toward a safer and more just world for people who experience oppression. Such a brief definition can't possibly suffice though - when finished with this zine, you will have a better understanding of what we mean.

Here at the Feminist Action Project we organize for feminism at UT. We love talking about feminism to each other, but it's just as important to us to talk about feminism to you. So in a word, that's why we created this zine. If you're inclined to disagree with feminism, try to remember that we're all just people who want everyone to be treated with respect. If you're inclined to agree with us, we hope you find inspiration here. We know feminism can be a lonely quest.

xxoo,
#lonelyfeminist
A warning about triggers: This zine has a lot of topics. Happy topics. Sad topics. Angry Topics. There are also some violent words, descriptive words, and graphic words. It covers a variety of experiences that can trigger strong emotions. We encourage readers to take care of themselves and proceed with caution.

We dedicate this zine to lonely feminists everywhere who can’t be here with us tonight.

**FEMINIST IN TRAINING**

Ways to get involved:

Facebook: [https://www.facebook.com/FeministActionProject](https://www.facebook.com/FeministActionProject)

Twitter: @FeministAction

Blog: [http://feministactionproject.blogspot.com](http://feministactionproject.blogspot.com)

Tumblr: [http://feministactionproject.tumblr.com](http://feministactionproject.tumblr.com)

Come to our meetings! We meet Wednesday nights at 7:30pm in the Gender and Sexuality Center (SAC 2.112)

Come to Feminist Friday every Friday at 1pm in the GSC!

Help us plan and attend our events! Email [feministactionproject@gmail.com](mailto:feministactionproject@gmail.com) for details
Table of contents:

(the order in which these pieces appear)

2. Hallucinating Beauty -Ivan Savinon
3. Glass Coffin -Gertie Ledford
5. Pale Girl -Aza Pace
6. Frida Kahlo photoshop art- Itzel Martinez
7. How To Be Fat In A (World That Wants to Destroy You) -Caleb Luna
8. Quotes from Grannie -Karen Duke
9. rediscovering. -mlb
10. An Open Letter To (The Christian God) -Mz. Kora
11. Untitled Angel -Monica Lozano
13. Homozygous Attraction -Ivan Savinon
14. Dolores Huerta photoshop art -Itzel Martinez

On the front and back covers:

1. bell hooks photoshop art -Itzel Martinez
2. M.I.A. photoshop art -Itzel Martinez
At home my mother couldn’t hide. Hide from the clutter of her mind that was made manifest, that had taken form, that grew legs, and ran from her head into the closets, the living room, the bedrooms, the baths.

From the outside our house was like any other in our neighborhood: chipping, old, used. Inside it was a deathtrap of broken, shattered thoughts/emotions. Unspoken and unspeakable words laid like glass on the floors. You could not set your whole foot down without bleeding, without pain, without screaming, “WHY!”

As we grew up it got worse. The clutter pushed me from the house, keeps me away even now. Walking on eggshells, old clothes, books, groceries, paper, infinite papers, old toys, discarded boxes, empty cases; sharp things, soft things, squishy things, things you did not want near your feet.

There is no space to live in that kinda house. “We can’t embarrass Mom…” no friends come over, family can’t visit. My mother is ashamed. Ashamed that she too has the disease of many working class/white trash white people: hoarding. The disease her own grandmother lived in.

The crimson tears are bruised waterfalls whose bruises explode into a bruised garden made by flowery-tombs where conservative caged-heads are addicted to hatred like meth.

The fear of homozygous-attraction isn’t a virus or a bacterium or an infection of diseases, it’s just another form of love that shouldn’t be a scandal.

Yet, hatred whips and whips my limbs cutting them into distorted puzzles so I open my eyes, I am held by a dreamy-Death.

I am staked by societal-fears who freeze me like a fiery snow; the fear hates and loves and hates wedded-difference that it can’t handle.

In this polluted-world, my heart scratches through my spinal-chest where I’ve opened my eyes and lost my ancient-breath.
I was inorganically mutated at birth, in the hypotonic-womb, homozygous-attraction dislocated a heterozygous-gene.

Therefore, I smear my nucleic-heart unto my sexual homozygous-den.

Religious-anger dissolve me like fire where people see my demonic-heart become staked into wooden-ash; it wasn't religiously-clean.

If the love to love a spiritual-God is eternal love, then why does the hate to hate homozygous attraction gain amen?

I dislocate my nitrogenous bases floating in my cellular-cabinet as a way to become sexually heterozygous to the eyes, the eyes of the conservative-scene.

I am and they are flowery-sins who bloom at birth homozygous-buds times ten.

Societal-hands conservatively-squeeze unto the brainy-difference who's trashily-unclean.

I cannot fancy ladylike shadows, therefore I homozygously fancy men and I only eat men.

Prisoned-minds ignite the fire inside Death's smile like and icy-candle.
SURRENDER

I fall in a black spotted red jellyfish ball
I remember, I felt like a floral bomb

My tongue tasted the woody-knives
that licked my heart like an angelic-snake.

Lithium bombs fall inside me:
they eat their way out of my heart.

Tick, Tick. Thick red rubies pour
out of my stomach like a watery-vortex.

I can see assorted velvet ghouls walk around me;
they want my heart.

He sleeps on my palm like sleeping beauty.
Bliss? by Aza Pace

Tonight we lounge at opposite ends of the sofa—
Just an over-large loveseat, really—
While the TV topping a tower of books
Reels out Some Like It Hot, then The Seven Year Itch.

He starts to doze off, chin seeking collarbone,
And I see no reason to shatter his sleep.
Looking at him in the mottled TV glare,
I wonder if he will be this calm,
This obliviously detached, on The Big Day.

Statistics argue that, barring accidents,
He will die before I do. I don’t like to think about it.

I wonder if the...you know...baby...will have
His eyes—yes, that would be nice,
His nose—I think I prefer mine.

I wonder, is it wrong, tempting disaster
Or irony maybe, to name a child after
A woman who committed suicide?
I do like the name Sylvia.

Glass Coffin
By: Gertie Ledford

please don’t try to wake me
from never-ending slumber

_i never asked for you to come and kiss me while

i never requested a
bold knight in shining armor
to disturb me while i lie
and finally rest my poor feet

so please don’t be offended
if i don’t find you charming

happily ever after
means not waking to your lips
Ever since I started watching Breaking Bad, I have been bombarded by harsh and oftentimes violent opinions about Skyler White (Anna Gunn). These opinions are harmful and send a message about how society feels about strong women, especially in the media. Even if you don’t watch the show, I highly recommend Anna Gunn’s editorial in the New York Times that she wrote about this issue.

Other characters who have experienced the "Skyler White Effect": Megan Draper (Mad Men) and Carmela Soprano (The Sopranos)

- Katie Fernandez

I Hate Skyler White

I’m A Feminist Because...

Of the Public’s Reaction to a Non-Submissive Woman

93 Reasons Why We Won’t Miss That Bitch, Skyler White

TICKET

MMF INDUSTRIES

508537
WHAT FEMINISTS LOOK LIKE...

LOOK KITTEN, I DON'T GIVE A DAMN WHAT YOU THINK. IF I SAY I'M A FEMINIST THEN BY GOD I AM ONE!

COALITION INDOOR PICNIC!
TUESDAY, 5/6 12 PM - 2 PM
THE POWERHOUSE SSB C1.400

THAT AWKWARD MOMENT AT A FEMINIST PICNIC WHEN THEY REALIZE NO ONE HAS MADE ANY SANDWICHES.

you are invited!
Pale Girl by Aza Pace

Pale and little, not quite a woman yet, though
Also not a girl-child with shoulders pinched to
Muffle new and worrisome breasts, you sit, an
Outwardly doll-like

Nymph beside the heavier women, broad-hipped,
Hale, and confident in a way you haven’t
Learned to be, whose coterie turns away the
Young accidentally.

You are childless, wedding-less. You are “Not Yet,”
“Someday.” Eyes that haven’t yet witnessed rites of
Womanhood are wide in your watchful fox face—
have been watching.

Really, you are only a doll-like child in
Superficial looks, and the keen observer
Notes your quiet gravity. You are molten,
Roiling rebellion.

You did not answer my prayers. I have been a
good girl and yet I wander daily as a man. I’m still
waiting God...though it kills me. How long must I
wait? Why do You make me wait?

I can’t wait anymore for You...I can’t wait for
You to catch up. I have to pave my own trail,
blaze my own way. No more waiting. No more
sorrys.

Let the cycle begin again...from Darkness to light
and back again.

I’m going Home, a place of sexual, gender, racial,
ethnic, material, embodied, spiritual interlace-
ence. A place where I am everything-that-is and I
am/is that Everything.

Signed Kora, the long lost daughter You never
knew You had.
An Open Letter To (The Christian) God

Dear God,

Why!? Why do I ask You!?

All day I hurt. Everyday I hurt. Every moment of/in my life I hurt. And I hate it! I have so much to say I want to scream it out: throw a fit and banshee-scream until the Dead answer back.

All of it must go! All of it! The hurt, the anger, the hate, the shiny bits and sparkles, the love, the darkness, the ugly bits, the human bits, the divine. EVERYTHING!!!

I want to sing a song and be moved by the sounds I make. To sing and weep for the beauty and truth I have captured and that has captured me.

I want to break free/break-through/break true to my Otherside. The side of me so lost, so suppressed/repressed/oppressed/depressed. So pressed from every corner.

FRIDA KAHLO

LO QUE NO ME MATA, ME ALIMENTA
How to Be Fat (In a World That Wants to Destroy You)

By Caleb Luna

Writers note: these are some things I have learned after living for more than two and a half decades as a fat person. This list isn't, by any means, comprehensive or relevant to every fat person. Some things might be relevant to people who aren't fat. That's great. But don't forget that this is by and for fat folks. Some things I am still trying to learn. Some things you probably already know but it just helps to have someone else say them. I hope you find use in some of these things. I hope you can teach me more.

1) Never justify your body to anyone ever again. You have a right to exist. Period. Your humanity needs no qualifiers.

2) Being fat in this world is difficult. Sometimes it can be sad. It will make you strong. But let yourself feel your feelings. When you are sad or happy or hungry or angry or full or exhausted or frustrated or exhilarated or loved or in love. Feel them. They are all valid. You are not a burden.

3) Look at yourself. Make eye contact with you in the mirror. Look at yourself. From the side. From the back. Naked. Sitting down. Standing up. Lying down. Legs over your head. Know yourself from all sides and try to remember they're all valid. All your stretch marks and scars and cellulite and acne and moles, the discoloring and the rough skin.

FLAWLESS

4) Re-learn how to take up space. Fat people—especially fat women—are taught to be ashamed and embarrassed of the space we take up. Fuck. That. Don't be afraid to assert your needs. If the booth at that restaurant is too small your abundance, ask for a table. If that chair breaks under your brilliance... well, fuck that chair. That chair sucked.

rediscovering.

with great difficulty, i am trying to rediscover femininity in white lace socks, curly locks, girl scout etiquette lessons, books from my mother titled “how to behave like a lady” i have forever rejected these ideals that are somehow connected to my body.

now that i have built a life around queerness, a space where my masculinity is celebrated fauxhawk hairdo, closet bursting with button downs and assorted ties, teenage boy-band heartthrob wannabe.

i have arrived at a place within myself full of hunger to discover the relationship between my queer identity and this beautiful “somewhere” that holds all that i love about what it means to be a woman.

i hope to find it soon.

i desire a body & life free from assumptions and expectations full of power, beauty, potential, grace, choice, confidence, guiltless desire, joy, celebration, self-love, self-love.
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VoicesAgainstViolenceUTAustin UTAustinVAV

Together > Alone

UT Counseling and Mental Health Center

5) Make fat friends. Stop hanging out with people who make you feel bad about yourself, either intentionally or not. Don’t hang out with people who shame you for eating what you treat your fatness and your beauty as if they are mutually exclusive. Who take you to bars the fedicked up asshole cashier just did some fereckled up subtle microaggressive fat hating bullshit and try to make you think it was about something else. Spoiler alert: It wasn’t.

6) Listen to your body. Be aware of its limits and don’t be ashamed of them. Just because your body works differently than others doesn’t mean it’s wrong. Stairs are bullshit. Everyone knows it and if they don’t they’re lying to themselves. It’s ok to take the elevator. Unbutton your pants when you need to. Even in public. Pants are a social construct.

7) Walk with your head high. Feast on the insecurities of those who would hate you for it.

8) If you’re into sex and/or dating: have sex with and/or date other fat folks. Find beauty and eroticism in another fat body. Find beauty attention of thin folks as a higher form of validation than attention from fat people. Plus, fat


10) Rethink anything negative anyone ever told you about your body. Know that problems with your body are not inherent to your body but a result of a world that wasn’t built for you. Know that this isn’t your fault. Your body is exactly how it was meant to be. Humannade structures weren’t meant to contain natural beauty.
Quotes from Grannie

"On the hog ranch we didn't have no bathroom."

"Bobby, yer missin' Wyatt Earp!"

"Alright now don't get in here and then start dilly dallying around."

"She turned on me like a rattlesnake."

"You can't never please 'em."

"I thought I was in loooove." - on why she married so young.

"A man can do twice as much and ain't no one gonna say a word about it, but if a woman does it, she's the talk of the town. She's a cheap whore."

"You didn't feel me. You ain't got my feelin's."

"I'm the strong one. I've gotta do it all."