Spare Rib

INTERSECTIONAL FEMINIST ZINE AT DARTMOUTH

VOLUME 3 | ISSUE 1

23W EDITION

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The Devotion Issue

a letter from the editors

Devotion: What is contained within the word — what lies within the boundaries its letters delineate? A love that transcends reasoning, a choice that defies whims, a passion that screams of desperation, perhaps?

Our minds turns toward a relic of a man, wrinkled and fatigued by the throes of decadent decades, who treks to the cherry tree just north of his property line every evening, towing a bucket of water to quench its arboreal thirst in case it might desire without words. We see a young girl, restless and sprightly, who forces herself each evening before collapsing into her bed to kneel, still, and pray to a God she does not know will hear, let alone answer her. A couple — nearly always near one another, but more notably, never straying far from pen and paper, cataloguing their cumulative thoughts as if they could ward off the inevitability of being lost to time — they come to us.

These pictures of immediate, imagined, imperfect devotion rush at us. We find it easy to dream up fictive characters and map devotion onto their patchwork personalities; but when asked to examine those three syllables' import for real people, for writers, for ourselves, a stubborn blankness asserts control over our minds.

We could write a list of the ideas that permeate this theme, that make it difficult for us to easily pin down those eight letters and spot them in the wild: devotion as intentional or unintentional, positive or negative, beneficial or harmful; devotion as shifting over time, influenced by us and others; devotion as an act of dedication, of self-abasement, of love, of obsession, of persistence; devotion as the harbinger of creation, of destruction, of great social change.

In fact, we could write a list of what other people have pointed to as devotion within, for, and because of this publication: meetings, lunches, dinners, arts and crafts, movie nights, tea nights, tarot cards, more meetings, initiations, retreats, educational events, protests, even more meetings, difficult conversations, heartfelt conversations, healing conversations, words, written words, spoken words, words screamed in solidarity, connections, relationships, goals.

We could even begin a list specifically of goals linked to our praxis of devotion: dismantling white-supremacist capitalist patriarchy, creating an accountable and collaborative community, filling in gaps whose emptiness sows harm...

But as becomes apparent, these lists — especially the last one — cannot fully encapsulate the nuances, the range of devotion.

We find ourselves left only with questions: What are we devoted to? How do we devote ourselves? What do the answers to these questions say about us?

All we can think to ask of you — to invite you to partake in — is to read our words, to look at our art, to venture into the products of our minds and explore a little bit. And, as you do so, in fact, as you go about your day even after leaving these pages once again to themselves, ponder these ideas, let the mysticality of devotion dance across your thoughts.

We ask of you: What are you devoted to? How do you devote yourself? What do the answers to these questions say about you?

Devotedly,

Kat Arrington '24, Serena Suson '25, and Ella Grim '25





Statement against colonial exploitation

In accordance with *Spare Rib*'s values and mission, we want to bring attention to the land on which we stand, its history, and its original peoples. More than a land acknowledgement, this is a statement against a historical injustice. This is a historical demand and a material necessity that has been brewing for over five centuries. Dartmouth College is a settler-colonial, patriarchal, bourgeois institution, founded on the eve of the American revolution. It is thus profoundly entangled with the settler-colonial project. This institution stands on unceded, continually-occupied Abenaki territory and within the wider Turtle Island, lands currently under the violent, fascistic military occupation of the Euro-American settler regime. Indigenous people, both here and throughout the Earth, have been living in a post-apocalyptic winter for 500 years. Thases lands have seen genocide, warfare, and plagues, which have decimated most of its original inhabitants. They have seen treaties ignored and broken, cultures and languages forcibly erased, and entire populations displaced. Indigenous peoples remain here, standing proud and resolute, in love, community, and joy, awaiting the new dawn to come.

Now more than ever, *Spare Rib* assumes the historical duty to stand in solidarity and dedicate ourselves to a genuine end of colonial injustice. *Spare Rib* stands for a return of the land, people's government, and Indigenous self-determination. This statement is a new beginning for our efforts for Indigenous justice and autonomy — this is not the end. As we move forward, *Spare Rib* devotes ourselves to a future of collective liberation for all oppressed peoples.

2028 space pib mission statement

The Spare Rib newspaper was first published in 1992 to highlight women's accomplishments and persisting problems in the two decades following co-education at Dartmouth. Unfortunately, the paper's editorial staff and approach represented a narrow, one-dimensional slice of feminism, and the paper went out of print after only a few years. Twenty-five years later, our goal reflects a movement that has evolved considerably since 1995. We are re-establishing Spare Rib to discuss struggles, achievements, and history of people and places beyond the center, hindered (but not constrained) by racism, classism, sexism and further means of oppression, through analysis, humor, and critique. Our struggles deserve recognition, our perspectives deserve to be voiced, and our strengths deserve to be celebrated.

the adme -spare Pib-

As written in the second chapter of Genesis, God took a rib from Adam, the first man, and from it fashioned Eve, the first woman, to serve as his companion. We propose a different origin story, in which *no one is merely a piece of flesh, secondthought, servile, or spare.*

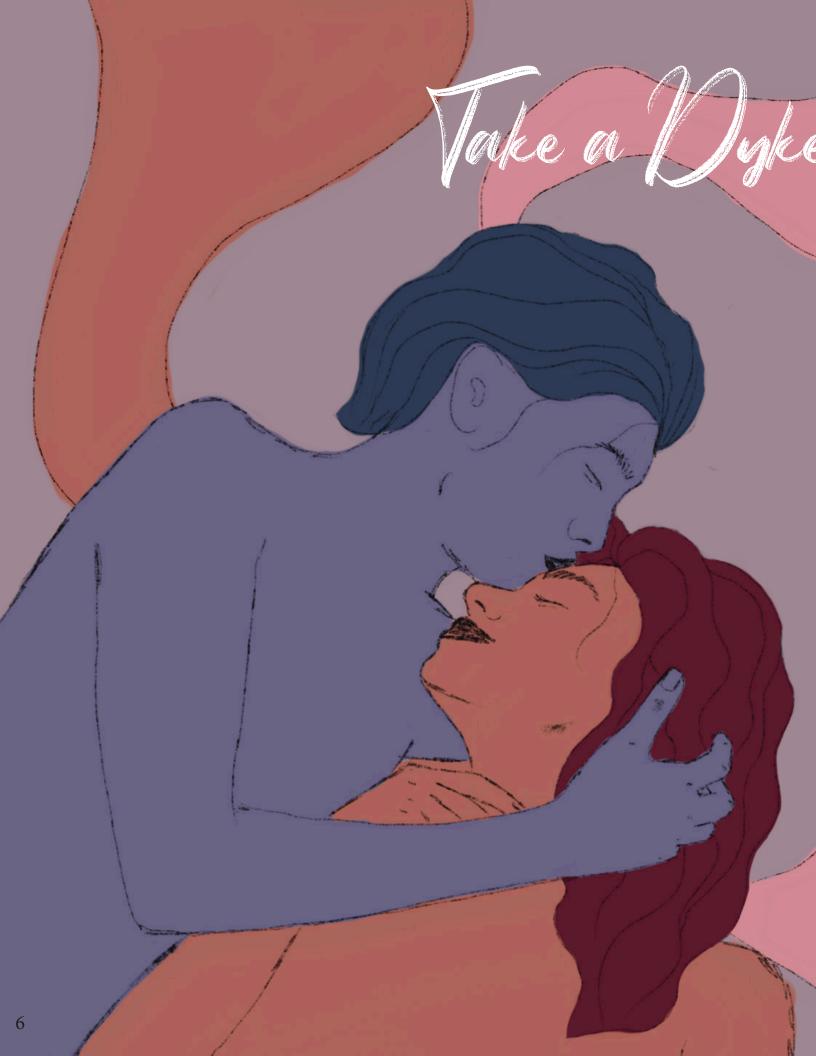
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The views and opinions expressed in *Spare Rib* are those of individual authors and not necessarily reflective of the zine, writers, or staff as a whole, nor represented as wholly complete or correct information, nor intended to disparage any group or individual.



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to Dunner!

Writing, Art, & Design by: Raegan Boettcher

'I became a Lesbian because of women, because women are beautiful, strong and compassionate. Secondarily, I became a Lesbian because the culture that I live in is violently anti-women. How could I, a woman, participate in a culture that denies me my humanity?"

— Rita Mae Brown, "Take a Lesbian to Lunch"

"What is a Lesbian? A Lesbian is the rage of all women condensed to the point of explosion."

— Radicalesbians, "The Woman-Identified Woman"

Think being a Yesbian is the most beautiful thing I have ever done.

It feels like a revolution to even utter the word.

I was not comfortable describing myself as a Lesbian until I was in college. In high school, I hesitated to call myself anything. Most of the time, I avoided the topic altogether — years wasted feeling like I could not say the word, like I could not put a name to my feelings and desires. The time that my best friend asked me to the homecoming dance, I could hardly look at her without feeling nauseous — simultaneously from the butterflies in my stomach and the fear that someone would see us dancing together.

I struggled with labels and finding out how to explain myself. Labels almost always fall short of describing real queer existence. Often, a word is simply another box to squeeze into, even if it sometimes feels better — a word to give to other people to clarify exactly what you are so they know how to deal with you. I did not need something to explain myself, but I found a lot of power in the word "Lesbian."

Because Lesbian did not feel like a box. Describing myself and my life experiences as Lesbian felt massive. It felt like a supernova that birthed possibilities I never could have imagined.

Understanding and accepting my own Lesbian existence required a confrontation with two things: 1. My internalized homophobia, and 2. My internalized misogyny. Denying my Lesbianism meant denying other women and the love that I had for them, denying the joy that grew there, and denying the pleasures of associating with other women. It meant denying myself and my desires.

Although Lesbian existence implies some relationship to womanhood, this relationship is tenuous and often contradictory in nature. When I refer to women or womanhood in relation to Lesbianism, however, what I really mean is an absence of men, though certainly not an absence of masculinity or strict adherence to societal expectations of femininity. Being a Lesbian does not necessarily mean being a woman; Lesbian existence is a way of being that resists such simple categorization. [1]

Often, Lesbians are denied the coveted status of

womanhood. Womanhood is constructed to fulfill a specific role within the patriarchy — i.e., to serve men, to embody the characteristics of the subservient class. Lesbians are oppressed both for being women and for not being women under patriarchal conditions. When you look outward from this, when you break from sexist expectations to submit to men and embrace loving other women, it is revolutionary.

Because why would I care for what a man thinks if all I desire is the love of another woman?

As Adrienne Rich explains, "Lesbian existence comprises both the breaking of a taboo and the rejection of a compulsory way of life." Lesbian existence is a continuum, it is nonessentialist, and exists outside of any bounds.

To recognize the humanity of a Lesbian is to admit that women are not passive, receptive beings; to admit the validity of Lesbian existence is to admit to radical, unconfined sexual and emotional understanding.

Popular misconceptions of Lesbians insist that we are merely bitter women who are unable to secure relationships with men; or rather, that we just have not yet met our Mr. Right. These misconceptions, at best, invite the erasure of Lesbian existence, and at worst, create the conditions for homophobic violence and sometimes corrective rape.^[3]

Denying the existence of Lesbians, and inciting fear at the mere utterance of the word, is a hidden, yet nonetheless insidious tool of the patriarchy. At its core, it is a mechanism of female control. Rita Mae Brown said the worst thing that a woman can be, for the patriarchy, is a Lesbian. [4] Audre Lorde, self-described Black Lesbian, mother, warrior, and poet, noted that "Lesbian-baiting" is used to obscure sexism, and racism in the case of Black women.

Patriarchy weaponizes the word Lesbian against women as a way of silencing rebellion against female subjugation. Men require that women eschew relationships with other women to maintain the possibility of male attention. Earning basic recognition and respect from men requires distancing from other women, in order to belong solely to men. [6] Men perpetuate anti-Lesbian hysteria because the alternative is women existing free of male control and compulsion. Heterosexuality is assumed and enforced by patriarchal and heteronormative ideals, particularly for women, forcing a male-centric conception of desire. [7] When you deny outside heterosexual compulsions — when you identify yourself

entirely with women

— men can no longer
control your desire or your
intentions.

Because why would I care for what a man thinks if all I desire is the love of another woman?

Heterosexual people are posited as the ideal and only valid romantic and sexual pairing, yet are simultaneously socialized to despise each other from their respective social positionings.

Heterosexual men and women do not really like each other; or at least, their respective positionings as the subjugator and the subjugated creates this illusion. (See: reluctant heterosexual wedding cake toppers where the wife drags back an escaping fiance, men referring to their wives as "the ol' ball-and-chain," the constant desire to be away from each other.) Marriage is a social institution and an obligation, an expectation more often accepted than enthusiastically chosen.

This paradox of misogyny requires that queer women are further subjugated to maintain heterosexual marriage as the only valid union — you might hate your husband, but at least you are not a Lesbian (or, alternatively, a man-eating Dyke).

Emotional and sexual relationships between women are not built on such a crisis or an obligation. Above all, it is a conscious choice to embrace new possibilities. Begin with a generous serving of mutual respect and end with mutual



satisfaction. Women become more than passive sexual commodities, more than meat hanging on a hook waiting to be chosen at the deli. [8]

Forever, Lesbianism has been weaponized against feminism. Male supremacy would seek to paint Lesbians as a social blight; any and all association with no regard for men is necrotic. Audre Lorde argues, "For women, the need and desire to nurture each other is not pathological but redemptive, and it is within that knowledge that our real power is rediscovered. It is this real connection which is so feared by a patriarchal world." [9]

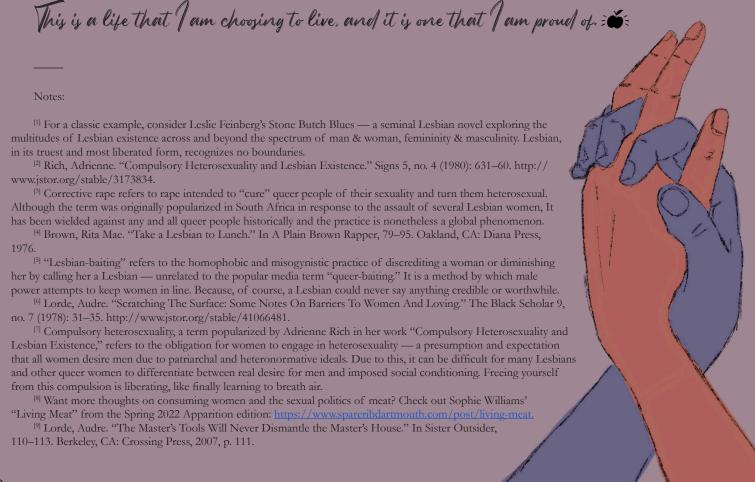
Lesbian existence is a peek into the liberated future of women — free of gendered expectations, free of subjugation. Free of compulsory relationships and instead filled with genuine devotion. We need no savior but each other.

I have danced around for months — if not years — contemplating why "Lesbian" mattered so much to me. The idea pestered me, a buzzing in my ear that finally spilled onto the page. And after all of this, the answer is simple.

Those being a Yespian. And I want to share that love and the pure joy of it.

I could write sonnets to my lover's hands and sing hymns about the way she touches me. I love the way our fingers intertwine and the dimples that press into the sides of her mouth.

More than that, I love being in love with another woman and choosing to create a life outside of what is expected of us. I love the way that our relationship is founded on mutual respect and genuine devotion, rather than an obligation to put up with each other for the rest of our lives. I am building this life with her from the ground up, giving myself a strong foundation and letting the ivy slowly creep up the walls as I settle in this place I have made.



A (white cis) BOY MEETS (white cis) BRO LOVE STORY



An Intersectional Queer Critique of Bros

By: Samrit Mathur, Art by: Jamie Liu, Design by: Lauren Kang

As queer narratives play an increasingly central role in popular film and media, it is important to pay a wary eye to how "the queer experience" is portrayed and who is portraying it. In Billy Eichner's 2022 film *Bros*, Eichner simultaneously challenges the sanitization of queer narratives in film through sex positivity and rounded characters, while also engaging in that sanitization by centerig white cisgender gay men who face a set of queer obstacles that are more relatable to popular audiences of heteronormative romantic comedy films. I seek to explore the importance of intersectionality within popular queer films and introspect on the challenges of issuing cultural criticism at a historical moment when diversity is at the forefront of media discourse.

Bros follows Bobby Leiber, a curator at an LGBTQ+ history museum, as he navigates hookup culture, conflicts at work, and falling in love with a man who is just as afraid of commitment as he is. In an interview with Buzzfeed, Eichner explains that the film's goals were to challenge the "monolithic vision" of the queer community, step away from traditional tragic depictions of queer narratives through comedy, and ultimately reach a much larger audience than previous movies starring queer couples.[1] Because Bros presents Bobby as a rounded main character with commitment issues, a somewhat arrogant flair, and a penchant for awkward gay sex, Eichner belives that the film is a breakthrough for queer cinematography.

People of
Color
Try
Polis
Pals
Pals
Bisex
Non-binary...

It is first important to acknowledge that Bros is a breakthrough film in having an all-LGBTQ+ cast and achieving a higher level of commercial success than previous films within the genre, grossing \$4.8 million at the box office.[2] The film's unfiltered presentation of the queer experience is melded beautifully with the classic elements of romantic comedy. However, Bros is both directed by and stars white cisgender gay men and therefore reflects only a very specific tranche of obstacles. In the pursuit of commercial success, Eichner chooses to place queer people with multiple marginalized identities in the periphery, rendering a reductive vision of queer obstacles to viewers. For example, in one particular scene, Bobby sits around a dinner table of his friends with a myriad of identities, from polyamorous couples to transgender people of color. These characters listen passively to Bobby complain about his challenges at work and the difficulties of dating as a white gay man. This scene stood out to me because it perfectly captures how Bros peripheralizes the struggles of people with multiple marginalized identities. Struggles with finding love on Grindr, hookup culture, and gay stereotyping are portrayed as universal queer challenges. This fails to address the physical and mental violence that queer people of color disproportionately experience. There will always be a balance between achieving mass commercial success and authentically presenting the intricacies of queer narratives.

Bros lacks intersectionality and therefore fails to critically uplift the most vulnerable members of the queer community. Eichner's unitary focus on the love and commitment struggles of white cis gay men is more palatable to a broader audience interested in romantic comedy than a more critical exploration of queer-of-color experiences. While Bros may be a breakthrough film in complexifying monolithic visions of queer identity and achieving widespread commercial success, there are many underrecognized films that center intersectionality such as Tangerine (2015) that features the experiences of a transgender woman of color or The Third Party (2016) which explores lesbianism within Filipino culture. In spotlighting the obstacles and lived realities of queer people with multiple marginalized identities, these intersectional films are just as, if not more deserving, of popular attention and project funding.

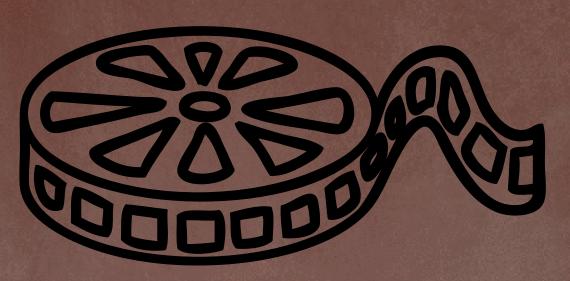
I find it guilt-inducing to issue cultural critiques on films that center marginalized identities, especially those that I belong to. While I volley against the lack of intersectionality in *Bros*, I am ultimately happy to see queerness embraced so unabashedly on screen. Eichner is right that the constant association of queer identity and tragedy is difficult to endure and that it is refreshing to see queer love, humor, and self-discovery. Growing up ashamed of my queer identity and today saddened to be a witness of perpetual anti-queer violence, I am unable to be critical of films that bring queerness

or South Asian identity to the forefront of popular media without feeling an immense wave of guilt. Shouldn't I be grateful for all the progress that has been made? Do I have a right to demand something more from these filmmakers who, perhaps blindsided by their own self-centered identities, fail to reflect intersectionality as well as I would like them to? As of today, I don't have the answers to these questions. I can only hope that our cultural critiques do not discourage marginalized filmmakers but rather encourage a collective re-centering of the people who are most oppressed by our social structures in popular media and beyond.

Citations

[1] Zack Sharf, "Why Did Billy Eichner's 'Bros' Bomb at the Box Office? Straight People Aren't Entirely to Blame," Variety, October 3, 2022, https://variety.com/2022/film/box-office/bros-box-office-bomb-why-billy-eichner-comedy-flopped-1235391341/.

[2] Keaton Bell. "How Billy Eichner Made the Best ROM-Com of the Year," Vogue, October 3, 2022. https://www.vogue.com/article/billy-eichner-bros-movie-interview.



Love Hory

By: Zeynep Bayirtepe

Design & art by: Milanne Berg

As a kid, I spent many restless nights anticipating the next day, I used to believe loving someone would seep into my nights with the same anticipation of mornings, leaving me sleepless. I used to believe, but that was way too long ago, and I can't remember what that feels like anymore.

Our culture has an unending reserve of love stories — historical or fictional, celebrated or cursed, reciprocated or half. From movies to songs or fairytales to anecdotes, our stories are also dominated by love, more specifically, the glorified odyssey to find it. This understanding of love as an end goal and something that requires toil and trouble to be cultivated reinforces the (strange and implicitly heteronormative) story from Plato's Symposium that defines individuals as halves, looking to be completed. However, many famed love stories are not stories of completion and equality, but stories of chase and worship. These tales that paint women as prey or prize and lovers as devotees evoke the many instances that love-too-easy is deemed love-not-strong-enough. If you are not on your knees begging for it, is it real love?

I used to believe love would make me feel like a child again. I felt more like a mother at the ripe age of eighteen. I find the narratives around love cruel — they punish those who refuse to shed blood or tears for love by deeming them lonely and storyless. Even when you subscribe to the narrative, and suffer for love, the journey makes Penelopes out of women rather than Odysseuses — celebrated for the wait, for their loyalty, the passive martyrdom rewarded by the gatekeepers of true love. In Turkish Divan Literature, a nightingale is typically symbolized as a masculine lover while a rose represents the object of the lover's desire; another example of this symbolic pairing is the candle and fly. The nightingale and the fly are mobile and actively pursue their desire, whereas the rose and the candle have only their visual allure as their capital and no part in the matter except for being there, wait-

ing. This reminds us of Western fairytales, in which the damsel in distress waits for a man to love her so she can be rescued from her captivity. Arguably, a woman desiring to be owned and objectified is more harmful



than her mere presence making her a target of pursuit. Yet, both lead to the idea that women are hunted for love, and celebrated as trophies. Their glorification happens through their relation and service to the men they are associated with. This not only makes women replaceable but also adds to the unequal power dynamics of love. Women's participation in the affair encompasses her surrender, her agreed submission. For the feminized subject, belonging somewhere turns into belonging to someone, and makes her labor for the love that is supposed to determine her worth. She is taught to crave approval. Now, it is her turn to suffer, pledge allegiance, give birth to her lover over and over again, and teach her lover the alphabet of how to love her, forgive, and wait.

I used to believe, I think. Now mosques, churches, synagogues make me weep.

Sufism is rich with stories of love and devotion. Rumi says his death day will be his wedding day, as he will reunite with God — his one true love. Even in the most unconventional ways of looking for love, there is a sense of suffering and letting go of one's self. Even the phrasings themselves, falling in love or having a crush, is reminiscent of the feeling that sits in the stomach as one waits for the impending crash of a rollercoaster. Can't love and moderation coexist? Is love a jealous God, demanding all attention and overcoming all worry, giving lovers a false sense of sanctity in putting their lives on the line? Even when love happens in ways that are deviant, it is performed. Even when the beloved is not weakened, they are possessed. Basil dies for Dorian, at the hands of Dorian, but not without cursing Dorian. The fly ceases to chase the flame of the candle but ends up setting itself on fire to prove a point.

I set fire to old pictures, old shrines, and false saints to keep myself warm. I put an end to the lies and my sleepless nights. I dream of golden suns.

One God or one lover — we are taught to look down on threats to the binaries our loyalty and love operate on. We give and take ownership of those who love and those who believe. We reside in the identities they kindly grant us. We conquer our beloveds and capitalize on love. We take pride in operating on the extremes. It does not serve us. It doesn't leave a self to be loved. We drown in our lovers, get lost, and become unable to appropriately receive the love we are fit for.

From the ashes rises a golden lover who shares their sleep with me. With them, I am less made of flesh. We are two beating hearts, asleep. Love shouldn't be beyond me.

I am not a kid anymore.

ADAM LEVINE CHEATS ON PREGNANT WIFE?! ON THE UNIQUE OBJECTIFICATION OF PREGNANT WOMEN

Recently Adam Levine has become one of the most disliked people on the internet. He has been called an asshole, cheater, and Chipotle bag look-alike.[1] The anger began when Instagram model Sumner Stroh — who he admitted to "cross[ing] the line" with — made a TikTok video claiming they had an affair (although Levine refuted this). [2] Celebrity affairs are not at all uncommon, but the detail that enraged the Internet this time was the fact that Levine's wife, Behati Prinsloo, was pregnant. The only unanimous opinion regarding the drama was that Prinsloo and her children were the only real victims, an opinion shared by the five women who Levine had been "flirting" with.[3] The women who came forward were attacked, called liars, exaggerators, and attention seekers. Before I really begin, it should be noted that, because I am initially looking at this topic through the relationships between Levine, Stroh, and Prinsloo, the critiques being made are of the dynamics in monogamous cisgender heterosexual relationships, even though those are not the only types of relationships that this discussion could apply to.

Although reliable statistics regarding infidelity in marriage during pregnancy are hard to come by (perhaps because self-reporting would be unreliable), it is much more common than people might think. A Daily Mail article claimed that "one in ten husbands cheats on his pregnant wife." [4] Tristan Thomson, Kevin Hart, Future, Offset, Tom Brady, and Eddie Murphy — just to name a few — have all had stories publicized of them cheating on their pregnant wives. While consulting "women's magazines" such as Parents and The Buehler Institute, I looked at how people view this type of infidelity. The main excuses surround the husband's discomfort. He needs to avoid his negative feelings; he is feeling pushed away as the mother-child bond is being formed; he is not having his sexual needs satisfied, or he possibly does not want to hurt his wife during sex.[5] These articles encourage forgiveness from the pregnant wife, almost justifying the cheating and even

Design By: Anne Johnakin

suggesting ways it could have been prevented, one of which is to "reassure your mate that he's still a priority, too." [6] I find this all absolutely ridiculous.

While I was considering the psychological perspectives on this, Freud, unfortunately, came to mind. His perspective on successful marriage is that a husband is a child to his wife.[7] Consequently, when a woman is pregnant, that balance is disrupted, and the marriage suffers as the woman becomes more focused on her child. The husband feels neglected and has to (God forbid) do things for himself. [8] Saying that men cannot emotionally survive without feeling more special than their own in-utero child and describing them as completely incapable of communicating their feelings to the person they are about to have a child with is frankly insulting to their intelligence. Men are able to survive without sex from a person outside their marriage. Pregnancy is difficult for both people in a partnership, but cheating is a choice.



Holy fuck

Holy fucking fuck

That body of yours is absurd

Being cheated on while pregnant happens, but why does it enrage people so much more than when the victim is not pregnant? It could be because she is vulnerable and sacrificing her body to create life, but it seems to me that the main reason is that pregnant women are viewed as a communal good in society. Yes, pregnant women get doors opened for them and seats given to them, but they also lose part of their bodily autonomy. Everywhere they go they get unwelcome advice, and their stomachs are touched, something that is not socially acceptable outside pregnancy. For pregnant women, "wandering through the world 'minding one's own business' is a virtual impossibility" because of other people's obsession with their pregnant bodies. [9]

This view of pregnancy is pretty recent, as the shift from pregnancy as shameful (since it was proof of sex) to empowering occurred around the same time as the Roe v. Wade decision and the growth of the mainstream feminist movements of the 70s.[10] However, in both situations, pregnant people are still being treated as lower-class citizens and people who cannot stand up for themselves. This view of pregnant women as a "social good" that exists to make babies instead of human beings connects to the overturning of Roe v. Wade. The government feels confident in their ability to control a group that a misogynistic society does not view as deserving of making their own choices.[11] Maybe people love pregnant women because they are fulfilling the role that they have had set for them for centuries: to have kids. Or maybe they love pregnant women because they feel some subconscious level of ownership over their bodies.

This feeling of ownership is justified by the redefinition of pregnant women as pregnant before women; it is a new kind of objectification, a new way to demand access to women's bodies. People don't seem to see pregnant women as human beings; they are more and less than that at the same time. They are congratulated and treated with more respect than usual while expected to have neither boundaries nor bodily autonomy. In turn, when it comes to people outwardly hurting pregnant women, people get enraged because they do not view pregnant women as fully-functioning adults, and therefore they must be defended. This idea has been encouraged by how pregnant women are

presented in the media. They are shown as having almost no control of their emotions and needing constant support and reassurance. They are not shown as fully-functioning adults: for example, when pregnant women have to make huge, exaggerated efforts to get themselves up off the couch or when they are shown to be constantly lashing out at the people around them.[12] A specific example of this is Amy Duncan from Good Luck Charlie. When she was pregnant with her son Toby in season three she is portrayed as crazy and incapable of performing basic tasks, all for comedic effect. [13] Women's bodies and brains change during pregnancy, but in television and movies this is taken to a comedic extreme that creates an inaccurate view in the communal mind of what pregnant people are capable of. During pregnancy, women's brains change: they do experience some memory problems and mood swings, but they also get better at recognizing what other people are feeling and have enhanced caregiving behaviors. They are still fully-functioning adults.[14]

This defense of pregnant women unfortunately does not extend to all pregnant people. Individuals who are transgender, non-binary, not conventionally attractive, or teen mothers generally do not fit society's idea of what a mother should be and are less likely to be viewed positively and defended by the public. The group I will focus on as an example of this is women who do not fit society's beauty

Who Wore It Best??? ~infidelity edition~



Source: Ned Fulmer, Instagram, 2022



Source: OneCountry, 2017



MAYBE PEOPLE LOVE PREGNANT WOMEN BECAUSE THEY ARE FULFILLING THE ROLE THAT THEY HAVE HAD SET FOR THEM FOR CENTURIES: TO HAVE KIDS. OR MAYBE THEY LOVE PREGNANT WOMEN BECAUSE THEY FEEL SOME SUBCONSCIOUS LEVEL OF OWNERSHIP OVER THEIR BODIES.

standards, specifically regarding their weight. While gaining weight in pregnancy is a normal response to growing a human being inside you, there is a pressure to stay thin while pregnant. This attitude has been exacerbated by celebrities like Demi Moore, Rihanna, and Kim Kardashian who showed off their fit pregnant bodies on social media and in magazines. In 2004, a survey involving affluent Baltimore-area women found that 21% of them engaged in behaviors to restrict their weight during pregnancy, and I have no doubt that number has grown.[15] A 2020 study found that 21% of women who were surveyed indicated they had experienced weight stigma from immediate family, while 25 percent indicated they had experienced stigma from media.[16] Weight gain while pregnant is normal, and restricting food can be dangerous for the mother and baby. This is just further evidence that people do not care about pregnant women as people, just about how they fit into the idea of pregnant women that they have in their head. Because of this, the public does not come to the defense of fat pregnant women because they see them as less deserving of defense.[17] Society expects pregnant women to look and act a certain way, and the support they receive is dependent on certain standards being met.

Behati Prinsloo is a Victoria's Secret model: she fits the standards perfectly, and that is one of the reasons that people were so quick to come to her defense. She is the "right" kind of pregnant woman: a beautiful helpless object in need of protection. That is why people got so interested, she was the kind of woman that they wanted to protect. Levine and Prinsloo are still going strong, and although she was upset that he was flirting with several younger girls, she has begun forgiving him and she plans to stay with him for now.[18] It should be noted, however, that the outrage that the internet showed was short-lived because, a few days after, the Try Guys/Ned Fulmer cheating situation took the center of the internet's attention. The fact that people moved on so fast suggests that it was not actually about Prinsloo being hurt because almost everyone stopped caring when something more interesting happened. It was not about Prinsloo as a person: it was about her as a pregnant woman whom people did not want to see wronged.

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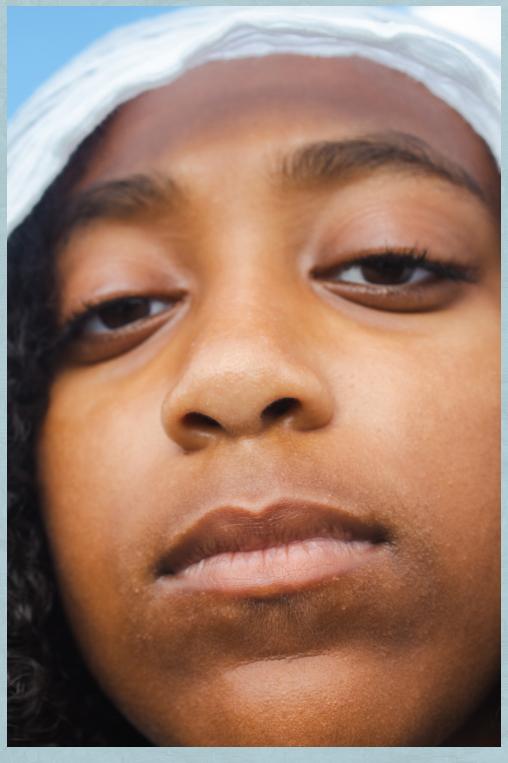
I may need to see the booty

Ashenda

A Holiday of Rebirth and Rejoice

BY: HOSAENA TILAHUN

A P H O T O



I am my mother's daughter and my grandmother's embodied dreams.

We're connected, beyond DNA, through our unconditional love for one another. Every August, we, among many Ethiopian mothers, daughters, and sisters, commemorate this love through Ashenda.

Originating in the highlands of Ethiopia, Ashenda is a weeklong celebration where girls and women of all ages bond over the beauty and burden of the female experience.

The holiday (Aug. 16–21) marks the end of a two-week long fast called Filseta commemorating the ascension of the Virgin Mary, the biblical matriarch. Although Coptic Christianity inspired Ashenda, it has transformed into a holiday melding rituals of beauty, dance, and music in honor of the feminine form.

Young girls dress up in their best traditional attire: in long, white linen dresses decorated by tilf — a geometric pattern that lines the collar and length of the skirt. Women freshly braid their hair in traditional albaso style: raised cornrows with hair hanging loose in the back. Young girls form musical troupes with their friends and parade down city streets in celebration of sisterhood. Traditional dishes, presented with a spongy bread called injera, are prepared as girls and women travel door to door, singing for community members in exchange for gifts and birr notes.

Since November 2020, the first attack on the Tigray people has intensified into a civil war; and as a result, Ashenda has carried a heavier weight these past two years. In the words of historian Francesca Baldwin.

"This year's Ashenda sought to celebrate community, creativity, self-love, and female resilience. It was explicitly a recognition of the communal trauma facing Tigrayan women and a promise that this would not define their story."[1]

Ethiopian Prime Minister Abiy Ahmed and Eritrean dictator Isaias Afwerki have barred much of the Tigray region from humanitarian aid. As a result of



the Tigray war, rape, abduction, and sexual violence have been weaponized against Ethiopian girls and women by multiple state and regional militias. [2] Amnesty International's Secretary General Agnès Callamard reports,

"The severity and scale of the sexual crimes committed are particularly shocking, amounting to war crimes and possible crimes against humanity. It makes a mockery of the central tenets of humanity. It must stop."[3]

In inspiration of Tigray women's use of "Joy as Gendered Resistance," I captured close-ups of my younger sister, Lula, to represent the political necessity of Ashenda.

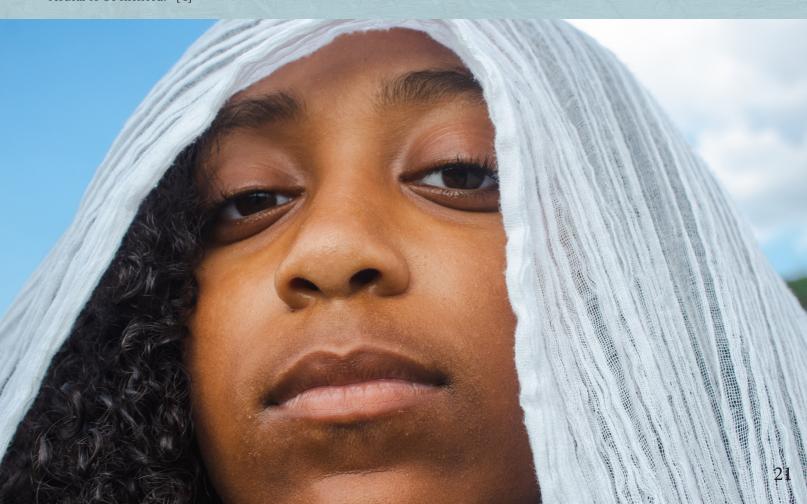
Who is her anger, frustration, and apathy directed towards? What are her eyes communicating?

Francesca Baldwin offers an answer, "[This year's Ashenda] refused the narrative of women as unfortunate victims of a man's war and recognized the ways that they define an identity for themselves through love, support, owning their freedom, and a refusal to be silenced." [4]

Lula's eyes directly confront the viewer. The blurred background brings Lula into focus, and we are forced to match, rather than avoid her glare. A netella, a thin piece of cloth traditionally worn to religious ceremonies, delicately frames her face.

Yearly, from the refugee camps of Um Rakuba Sudan to diaspora hubs around the world, Ethiopian girls and women participate in Ashenda as a form of protest and radical self and communal care. At home in Virginia, Ashenda carried a quieter celebratory tone. As a result of the vulnerable air, we practiced the holiday by brewing cups of love. From our kitchen table, my mother and I indulged in coffee house discussions — sharing stories of Ethiopian change-makers like Freweini Mebrahtu advocating for women's rights. Watching my mother roast, grind, and funnel coffee beans into the long neck of our jebena, a more ancient (and stylish) coffee pot, I shared my own stories of the sisterhood I discovered at Dartmouth.

The essentials of Ashenda remain: devoting time to reflection and the habitual practice of love.



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AIDING & ABETTING ABORTION



I REMEMBER TUGGING ON MY
MOM'S JACKET, IMPATIENTLY ASKING
WHEN WE WERE GOING HOME AS WE
STOOD AMONGST A MASS OF PEOPLE
COLLECTED ALONG THE SIDEWALK
NEXT TO A BUSY HIGHWAY. Some were
gathered in circles, bent over rosary beads, praying
for "the children who were being murdered inside
the building right across the street." Others were
shouting at the women, condemning them as mur-

derers. I held signs I couldn't yet read.

I remember sitting in a large dining hall, trying to stay as still as possible as religious leaders gave speech after speech telling us we were doing God's work. I remember silver key chains with blue lace ribbons being given to all the kids as an older woman explained to us that they were replicas of what the unborn looked like. Older people would pass us, smile at my parents, and congratulate them for having such well-behaved children. Then they would look over at us and exclaim, "You girls are going to be such great mothers someday!"

I was named after Mary's cousin Elizabeth, whose only role within the Bible was having a child at an old age. My sister was named after Mary, whose main role was giving birth as a virgin. My brother on the other hand was named after Daniel, a biblical figure so brave he survived spending an entire night trapped alone with lions. From the very beginning, even our names imposed oppressive gender roles on us; clearly, my parents had very different aspirations for my sister and me than they did for my brother.

art by Sabine Spier designed by Sanjana Raj My house was filled with signs, cheaply made plastic models of fetuses, and an assortment of key chains designed to look like life-sized replicas of "the unborn." Our dining room table and kitchen counters were littered with stacks of cardboard signs, religious pamphlets, and "pro-life" propaganda. My dad plastered bumper stickers with anti-abortion slogans in all caps across the back of our car, and when those wore off he resorted to taping sheets of paper preaching God's message to the back window.

Cracks began to form in the worldview I had been indoctrinated with in middle school. As I poured more and more of my time into academics, I began realizing things didn't add up. Although my personal research helped me realize the world wasn't the way my parents believed it was, I owe everything to a particularly progressive friend group who called me out on my bullshit. Whether it was lectures during homeroom about recent political events, taking the time to explain why I was wrong in a nonjudgemental way, or just prodding me to question my own beliefs the friends I surrounded myself with helped me realize the flaws in what I had been raised to believe long before I ever would have been able to discover on my own.

It began with subtle acts of defiance. Less enthusiastically contributing to our nightly prayers, zoning out in church, and occasionally arguing on behalf of science at the dinner table. Academics became my primary form of rebellion. I would joke with my friends that I had become the black sheep of my

family by getting straight As. My desire to break free from the ideology held by my family became obsessive, to the point that I broke down over any grade below 95 and then below 98 until even 99s became unacceptable. I poured everything I had into my studies; every meal was accompanied by a textbook; every car ride was spent buried deep within a book or stack of homework; every night became a late night spent obsessing over homework assignments my peers finished minutes before class.

It started with climate science. I remember watching a clip of the news online and realizing it didn't align with what my parents had told me. So I watched another, and read another article, spiraling down a rabbit hole of credible news until I realized that climate change was real. As my blind faith in religion eroded away, it was replaced by a newly developed understanding of science. Eventually, this trust in science led me to question the idea my parents enforced the most: that abortion, regardless of the circumstances, was murder.

I tried rationalizing with them. I tried suggesting the most extreme scenario I could think of to find some common ground. What if a 12-year-old girl was raped by her father and if she didn't get an abortion she would die? All they responded with was that if God wanted her to be saved, he would save her, but she should still be forced to give birth. I remember staring at them, not being able to come up with a response. I couldn't use logic or even empathy against such blind faith.





I wish I could tell you that in elementary school, or even middle school, I knew instinctively that women had the right to control their own bodies. If I'm being honest though, I didn't. I had no idea that the ideology I was supporting caused harm. Had I not had access to the resources I did, had I not had people around me outside of my family unit who took the time to explain how the ideology I held was bullshit, I wouldn't be the person I am today. Often trying to rationalize or debate people who hold views counter to your own can feel like a waste of time, and often it is, but sometimes you might just be able to hammer cracks into the flawed ideologies people hold. While there's a chance you could be the person who triggers a shift in mindset or even radicalizes someone, this isn't your responsibility. No woman or person with a uterus should ever be in a position where they have to defend their humanity or rationalize why they should be the only one who controls their body.

After realizing the ideology I held for most of my life was completely wrong, I felt the need to scream from the rooftops the new truths I had discovered. Activism became the tipping point that shattered the hold my parent's worldview had on me. I was no longer a prop holding hateful signs I had no way to comprehend at rallies opposing my own self-interests, instead, I made my own signs and organized my own protests fighting on behalf of what I had discovered to be true. Activism allowed me to reclaim my purpose, it allowed me to escape the one prescribed to me by the archaic ideology held by the church and carve out a future for myself beyond what I once thought was possible.

The overturn of Roe was devastating, but not surprising in the slightest. As someone who has spent the majority of my life on the side fighting for its overturn, I saw firsthand the amount of effort and mobilization that went into removing the right to bodily autonomy for millions of women. As devastating as the loss of Roe is, it is far from the last of our fundamental rights that are threatened. We need to use this as a wake-up call to mobilize everyday people concerned about marginalized and oppressed communities to secure our rights while we still can.

Voting is important, but the fight for abortion rights happens every day of the year, not just on election day. When the government fails to protect our basic rights, working-class people need to pull together to form the coalitions and networks needed to provide for each other.

My experience joining activist groups has been empowering to say the least, and to call it life-changing would be an understatement. One of the fundamental challenges of activism is that we're always understaffed and in need of more support. If you're not sure if you're cut out for activist spaces yet, take the jump and just join. I promise other activists will be thrilled to have more hands helping to get our work done! For me everything started by just attending my first Sunrise meeting on Zoom, a summer spent doing voter outreach, and a few all-nighters making signs and planning protests later and I was already leading a chapter of the Sunrise Movement in my hometown. A couple of good places to start taking action if you are interested in defending abortion rights and reproductive healthcare on campus are Sunrise Dartmouth and Planned Parenthood Generation Action. For information on how to attend our weekly meetings dm us on Instagram @ sunrise.dartmouth and we'll let you know how you can attend.

I think it's safe to say that I've come a long way from the little girl protesting outside abortion clinics. Although the transition from the ideology held by my parents to the one I hold today took me longer than I'd honestly like to admit, the process of critiquing everything I believed and dismantling my worldview was a valuable experience that left me confident in what I believe today. The future of reproductive rights remains uncertain, but regardless of what the courts say, I'm confident that through unwavering dissent and mutual aid we will find a way to protect access to our fundamental rights. If any part of you is scared by the fact that our basic rights to bodily autonomy are being violated, join us and take direct action now, we need your help.

In solidarity, GH'25



Although Dartmouth is an incredibly wealthy institution, the growing working-class movement on campus shines a light on the college's failure to meet all of our needs. As further archaic legislation continues to strip us of our rights to reproductive healthcare, our need to rely on mutual aid networks to provide us with the resources we need will only continue to grow. Sunrise Dartmouth as well as a coalition of other student organizations are working to form a mutual aid network to disturb resources across campus, we're always looking for more help, so if you or your organization is interested in helping we would love your support!

As part of the Upper Valley for Abortion Rights coalition, Sunrise Dartmouth is distributing Plan B and other reproductive health resources for free as part of our mutual aid network. No one should ever experience any difficulty accessing emergency contraceptives, so if you or someone you know finds yourself in need of Plan B, dm us @sunrise.dartmouth on Instagram and we'll deliver it anywhere on campus that is most convenient for you.

You may have already seen some of the work we've been doing. If you've been in a women's or gender-inclusive bathroom on campus, you might have seen the stickers we've been distributing that read "Need to be unpregnant?" These stickers have a QR code on them that links to a website called plancpills.org which provides extensive information about the safety and efficacy of medication abortion and directs you to where you can purchase abortion pills online. One site we personally recommend is AidAccess.org, which provides medication abortion at a sliding scale cost, so you only have to pay what you can afford. When buying pills from some online sources, you don't have to prove that you are pregnant at the time of their purchase, so you can purchase abortion pills for immediate emergency use in the event you face an unwanted pregnancy in the future. Plan C regularly tests pills from the online sources they recommend, so you can be confident in the safety of the pills you purchase.

Sunrise Dartmouth and the chapter of Planned Parenthood Generation Action on Dartmouth's campus have also been distributing stickers that link to a comprehensive list of reproductive and sexual health resources available on campus. If you are interested in getting a couple of these stickers so that you can have the information on hand if you ever find yourself in a situation in need of support, dm Sunrise Dartmouth on Instagram @sunrise.dartmouth and we can find a way to get you a few.



CHRISTIAN

by Tiffany Chang

Art by Maanasi Shyno Design By Cara Lewis



CONTENT WARNING

This piece contains acknowledgments of the femicide, rape, and sexual assault of late Korean-American artist Theresa Hak Kyung Cha.

TWENTY EIGHT black and white photographs document the late artist Theresa Hak Kyung Cha's A BLE WAIL, a ritual performance staged at a 1975 exhibition of her early work at U.C. Berkeley's Worth Rider Gallery. One of these images illuminates her kneeling robed figure with her arms clasped in prayer. From the slight overexposure of the image, a halo of light emerges around her head. She looks like a saint or a prophet receiving the words of God.

The religious resonance of Theresa's pose invites associations with her most famous written work Dictee, which interrogates the image of a good Korean Christian constructed by the joint forces of French Catholic missionaries and American colonization.

I can even imagine her voice narrating her performance with the passages she wrote in her book. I envision her speaking directly to the White missionaries, who expected obedience from the Korean Christians kneeling at the Masses they held in Seoul.

Theresa has even eaten the body of Christ, made her body a willing receptacle for his sacrifice, saying, "Black ash from the Palm Hosannah. Ash. Kneel down on the marble the cold beneath rising through the bent knees. Close eyes and as the lids flutter, push out the tongue." [1]

Within her image, Theresa carries the tripartite weight of a Judeo-Christian prophet, a Korean shaman, and a Joseon-era kisaeng. In unpacking the religious histories embedded in this image, the audience of this fragmentary record may pay homage to the groundbreaking Korean artist, whose violent death was eerily foreshadowed by her work's devotion to martyred women. Her performance creates a work of beauty from Korea's religious colonization.

It invites us to reflect on how we might engage in worship while refusing to stay obedient to the legacies of white supremacy. For if Theresa's refusal to equate her performance of religious rituals to rituals of obedience to the West can be found anywhere, it is in the secret histories she imparts to her audience.

Flooding Korea with missionaries from the early 20th century, French Catholics wove themselves into Korean studies before they did its culture. While most of Korea's Confucian scholars had only a passing interest in Jesuit literature, some were taken in by its charms. Shunned by the Vatican for practicing jesa, the traditional Korean rites for the dead, and feeling increasingly alienated from the continuing evolution of Korea's spiritual traditions, Korean Catholics trod a controversial and persecuted path. And yet when the Japanese colonized Korea, half of the signatories to Korea's new Declaration of Independence in 1919 were Christians. They gave even the most French Catholic of the Koreans something new to kneel for in secret.

In the *A BLE WAIL* photographs, Thereşa's hands are clasped in prayer, but she is not an obedient Christian. Reverent Christians illuminate their faces with the light which emanates from their holy altars. They don't obscure themselves in shadow and hide the piety of their expressions from the Lord. "True" Christians (or Catholics, with all their love of ritual), pray to actual relics, or saints, if not directly to God himself. They don't pray to white walls in a cold and sterile room, lit only by the capricious flares of candlelight.

John the Apostle warns us, "Beloved, do not believe every spirit, but test the spirits to see whether they are from God, for many false prophets have gone out into the world" (John 4:1). Theresa's mysterious persona, wreathed in priestly white robes and a gauzy head sash which trails alongside her hair to touch the floor, challenges her audience to beware this false prophet. Would you follow a prophet who prays to nothing? If her image of a good Christian takes you in, Theresa's performance successfully replicates Koreans' hoodwinking of the French Catholic missionaries, who unwittingly sowed the seeds of hope in Korea's future independence fighters.

Today, critical reception of her work still seizes upon metaphors of shamanism — that mystical word of the Orient that's the closest thing existing in English to calling these Asian women witches. Martin Patrick of the Krannert Art Museum in Illinois says that "[t]he quasi-mystical procedures of Cha's performances recall certain aspects of traditional Korean Shamanism, which features women priests (mudang) conducting rituals incorporating trance possession" (Patrick). Cha, a perpetual American outsider to the Korean heritage she spent her brief yet brilliant artistic life honoring, would

"BLACK ASH FROM THE PALM HOSANNAH. ASH. KNEEL DOWN ON THE MARBLE THE COLD BE NEATH RISING THROUGH THE BENT KNEES. CLOSE EYES AND AS THE LIDS UTTER PUSH OUT THE TONGUE."

probably not have resented such a comparison.

But as a Korean American daughter who, like Theresa, grew up in California, I see something else. When I see her frozen stills of prayer in this unrecorded performance, all I see is the tentative way my younger self fell into Sunday school church rituals at the bequest of my Christian Korean grandparents. Seeing her, my body is instantly reminded of how I got abruptly pulled out of my Christian future of kneeling when my distinctly un-Christian Korean mother learned that the stories of Jesus' bloody sacrifice gave me nightmares that I too would one day be called upon to sacrifice my body for a God whose love I never learned how to feel.

Theresa's performance is a Rorschach test. Whether you see it as a failed experiment in Korean American Christianity or the legacy of shamanist folk tradition, the ambivalence of its interpretations is an apt metaphor for diaspora artists tasked with creating culture from cobbled-together historical motifs.

Like Theresa, I've inherited an attraction to aesthetic spiritual muddling from those Korean Catholics who refused to give up jesa even at the cost of acceptance by the Vatican. So let us return to this false prophet, this woman who stays out of place even in this heroic story of proud Catholics. A self-proclaimed artist, filmmaker, and author in California before the new Millennium, she is no daughter to those French Catholic Koreans, although her name is both French (Theresa) and Korean (Hak



Kyung). Although she is long since gone, she is what they call avant-garde, an artist of her time. So what is she kneeling for here? Still, after all these years? Unlike art critics like Martin Patrick, I'm completely fine with the reality that Theresa doesn't have to be a shaman or an obedient Christian to be a damn good performer. We even have a traditional role for female performers of ritual dance and song who kept Korean indigenous traditions alive despite increasing pressures to assimilate their art into the dominant aesthetics of a more powerful culture (in this instance, the Tang Dynasty rather than the European West): the kisaeng.

Kisaeng were female performers of a "lowborn class" who served in the King's Court Entertainment Bureau to entertain government officials and visiting ambassadors with the arts of song and dance. [vi] Kisaengs are often sensationalized in Korean dramas as seductresses or prostitutes, making their contributions to traditional Korean literature and ritual performances largely overlooked. But one needs only to peruse the story of the kisaeng Hongdo (Lustrous Peach), whose composition of a poem about her life as a caged parrot so moved her employer that he allowed her to recuse herself from her duties to the palace, to sense the raw strength

of their literary prowess. [vii] Kisaengs were freedom fighters because their performances of beauty were inextricably intertwined with their fundamentally political livelihoods. Nongae, a kisaeng serving the palace during the Hideyoshi Invasion, even killed an inebriated Japanese general on one of her nights of employment - further evidencing that the kisaengs' politics were ever-present in the palace intrigue that governed the conditions of their art. [viii]

Unlike the solitary figure that Theresa cuts against the darkness, kisaengs exist as a multitude. With "lemon-colored jackets and crimson skirts," they give off "clouds of perfumed hair" in their "beautiful silks" as they enchant audiences with harmonies on their zithers and panpipes. There's the performance of the Drum Dance, in which two kisaeng circle each other to the steady yet quickening pace of a drum. We yearn for them to touch even as they deftly avoid each other in their endless circling. [ix] There's also the Dance of the Nine Weavings, in which 12 kisaeng line up in flowing red robes and play a Ball-Throwing game in which they launch projectiles, with streamers streaking behind them like a comet's celestial journey, towards a small, netted goal.[x]

Had Theresa been able to fully embrace the ghostly company of her kisaeng brethren, perhaps she would not be so lonely performing and writing for audiences who interpreted her work through a binary of Orientalist tropes or heavily Westernized references. In Dictee, Theresa's most famous written work, she rewrites the Western canon by retelling the story of the Nine Muses of art and literature. Recasting herself, her mother, and iconic female martyrs such as Joanne D'Arc in the place of the Muses, Theresa allows her body to become a receptacle for Western histories in a desperate bid for the West to finally hear the voices of the marginalized.



When Theresa wrote in Dictee that "[s] he allows others. In place of her. Admits others to make full. Make swarm. All barren cavities to make swollen. The others each occupying her. When the amplification stops there might be an echo," there is also room for a different interpretation. Rather than expanding the Western canon so that it may be allowed to greedily swallow stories from outside its geographic sphere, reading Theresa's work through the history of the kisaengs allows her to become the vessel for a different type of history. Perhaps now, Theresa may reach out to the kisaengs preceding her whose stories live on through the Korean diaspora she's created for the Korean American artists who follow her. [xi]

If I had to choose the ritual role that Theresa seeks to revive in this performance, it would be the role of the kisaeng and not the Judeo-Christian prophet. Not just for her freedom fighting spirit, but also for her acute sense that the horizons of her artistic freedom exist within a state of entrapment. Hongdo's parrot poem illustrates the cost of beauty in a world destined to appropriate it for the ends of the powerful:

"Around its collar it wears indigo and green, and its beak is cinnabar red. All because it knew how to talk it got caught up in the net...

Words long used to hearing it can repeat with skill, but newly acquired palace language it pronounces wrong. Imprisoned in a jade cage, no way to escape." [xii]

Words are too powerful for such living vessels of beauty to contain — or so the kisaengs' powerful overlords say. Our imperial officials told the kisaengs to shut it down, telling them not to boast of their jewels and silks lest they tempt the masculine propriety of the scholars who safeguard the future of the Korean nation. [xiii] So they packed it up and went home, leaving us haunted by what their art could have done to transform the *palaces churches cathedrals museums schools* we learn from these days. And now Theresa, the last of them, is relegated to going through the motions of a dance which perpetually reproduces a culture stripped of its history, frozen in time through a fading set of photographs.

Father, forgive me for I have sinned. Our final act of penitence to the lost arts of these kisaeng comes only in the truth. And what a haunting truth

it is. Theresa was raped and murdered right before the publication date of the book which made her famous in America. To call her death violent seems an understatement, to mention it at all an act of blasphemy, to omit it altogether a historical erasure. There is no artistic solace for the continued violation of women like Theresa in this world. There is only the cold reality of her loss.

Apart from the words of her family and friends, her art persists in little fragments that people like me scavenge for clues about her art. Her friend Sandy says, "Her voice was like breath... You had to get close. That's how she drew you in." [xiv] Pulitzer Prize finalist Cathy Park Hong says that her voice is "both fragile and chilling, tranquil and eerie – like wetting the rim of a water glass and rubbing the rim until you hear the glass sing." [xv] National Book Award finalist Minjin Lee says "my admiration for her is her sense of entitlement." [xvi]

If I'm being honest, my admiration for Theresa Hak Kyung Cha is not so different from the admiration these other prominent Asian women have felt for her throughout the generations. Perhaps we want to manipulate her image and project our desires onto her because we need a savior. I want to make a living through my art but I don't want to die like her. I don't want to die at the hands of a white man whose violence will always overshadow every history I excavate and every meaning I revive from

the dead. I don't want to kneel, even if kneeling doesn't have to be a display of obedience to a God I don't believe in. I refuse to be an obedient subject, even if my body bears the cost of disobedience. I want nothing more than to be a bad Christian.

- [i] Cha, Theresa Hak Kyung, Dictee, (Univ of Cali fornia Press, 2001), 13.
- [ii] Chambers, Evan, RE-OPENING 'DICTÉE': INTERPRETING THE VOID IN THERESA CHA'S REPRESENTATIONS OF CHRISTI-ANITY, (Religion & Literature, 2012), 129.
- [iii] Ibid.
- [iv] Chambers, REOPENING DICTEE, 130.
- [v] XXX
- [vi] McCarthy, Kathleen Louise, Kisaeng in the Koryo period, (Harvard University, 1991), 12.
- [vii] Ibid., 26.
- [viii] Ibid., 17.
- [ix] Ibid., 16.
- [x] Ibid., 12.
- [xi] Cha, Dictee.
- [xii] Hongdo in McCarthy, Kisaeng, 37.
- [xiii] Ibid.
- [xiv] Saltzstein, Dan, Overlooked No More: Theresa Hak Kyung Cha, Artist and Author Who Explored Identity, (The New York Times, 7 Jan. 2022).
- [xv] Hong, Cathy Park, Minor Feelings: An Asian American Reckoning, (One World, 2020), 118.[xvi] Salzstein, 2022.

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Tenzi Denzi Denzi

By: Migwi Mwangi Art by: Sophia Gregorace Design by: Asya Ulger

There was also that extra-ordinary Saturday. Caught in a downpour by the creek, Handathaa covered little Munyakei in a sisal sack, carried him on her back all the way up the small hill. As she readied herself in her kitchen to fetch them, Nyina wa Kabiru heard Handathaa's voice, bright as a mugithi singer, fighting the sky, "Rain rain go away, mabrigan mabrigan, number twenty-eight, I went for a walk under brake." Mounting the sooty sufuria of chai back onto the fireplace, she blessed the rain for listening to Handathaa, for refusing to touch her grandchildren.





Handathaa, wet to the skin in her navy blue Detroit t-shirt, entered the muddy kitchen floor breaking into a decent rage about the worn treads in Munyakei's Bata shoes. Easy as she had sat him, she lifted Munyakei off the log of wood, wheeled him round the smoky warmth of the rekindled fire like a little oar. Declaring that he would slip many more times in less slippery creeks when nobody, nobody at all would be watching; that many would love him but only she would wipe his dusts because they were tied together at their navels. Her granddaughter's words, the authority of that register stopped her heart—a desperate primrose ache clutching her chest, pressing it down like a disorder of veins. Handathaa Wahu, who rarely said anything of any length, like Hadassah the queen, standing before her people with nothing to give but the promise of safety. Wordlessly, Nyina wa Kabiru rose from her three-legged stool. She slowly engulfed Handathaa with the green cardigan she unhung from her shoulders. She tightened her blue headwrap, faced the dim lit corner of her smoky kitchen. She bent forward, squinted her eyes, feeling for Arimis milking jelly. When she found the small container, she reached for the milk bucket on the floor, swung it over her shoulders.

Sometimes, for the people and things they connect us to, children name themselves. A single word from a child's open mouth plucking the past from its grainy reservoir, reciting it huge as life. If possible, this is the miracle: identity and consciousness becoming winnowed preludes, sprouting from time's tectonic plates, perching with the steadiness of cauliflower to thread an ordinary life, an ordinary name into something astounding.

Rounding the corner of her kitchen in the rain, away from any eyes, Nyina wa Kabiru began to weep. It was tactile, abiding, and without restraint; voice shattering into song:

Mūirītu ūyū uiguaga atīa kuuma waiga mīrigo thī, Thayū mūingī, Riri mūingī, kuuma waiga mīrigo thī.

Years from now, when little Munyakei was no longer at ease so mobile in the air, before his chest was hairy as Nebuchadnezzar's, he would roll pages of his exercise books into thin flutes, chew tinier pieces of paper, and with a

mischievous back tilt of the head, hurl spit balls through the vacuum. Rooted at that very spot, Nyina wa Kabiru would see him running away in bigger russet shorts, joyous and mighty as a chief, before suddenly pausing to marvel at a shape in the clouds with such deep tenderness;

Mwanake ūyū uiguaga atīa kuuma waiga mīrigo thī, Thayū mūingī, Riri mūingī, kuuma waiga mīrigo thī.

Handathaa too. They were often too lost in another world to be helpful. Pressing charcoal on doors marking math formulas, illegible polymorphs of "usikojoe hapa." Trying to crack macadamias on each other's skulls. Flattening weeds and topsoil chasing each other around the farmlands. Twisting left and right, water pumps strapped to their backs. Sparking firestones to find their next projects. Was there so very much in Laikipia to get to? When she found the weathered sisal rope she used to fetch water from the well hanging from the mukinduri tree, her one nice sofa pillow braided into its thin biting edges softening it into a seated swing, it surprised her how dizzyingly fast



her hot humid anger fizzed into a fuzziness and slipped away. In their newfound powers of mischief, an elusive something pleased her. Munyakei licking his wrists to dam the flow of soup lines down his arm, Handathaa scattering the burn pile to throw an aerosol can directly into the fire pit. Her calm retreat back into the house after confirming her grandchildren, the village, and the world were all still standing after the explosion.

Grandparenthood, Nyina wa Kabiru had come to learn, was a series of deeper baptisms of her co-authored organizing principles, probing her depths with stranger and more intimate questions that demanded silence as much as response. There were no big arrows hanging like grapes pointing to the direction of her grandchildren's lives. Certainly not in the city where she feared most for their survival, praying for their faded lives to steer clear of the spotlight where the old gods were dead and evil invaded in boots of lead. There were moments, however, when Handathaa's and Munyakei's safety, necessary as it was, did not register as full victory. She wanted more for them that she couldn't name. Perhaps she wanted for them the sweet caress of Fanta Citrus bought without haggles, tins of jasmine tea tinged with that Jevanjee aftertaste of hard-earned copper pennies. To walk their dog Bosco, who they sometimes called Gerald, melted chocobars in hand around the estate, without losing their legs. Perhaps she desired that Nairobi, the city that barely looked at her, only in passing and always below eye-level, would look upon them and their reckless rebellions as deserving equal peers.



What happened to her could not happen to them. And what did not happen for her would happen for them in spaces where they could breathe this amphibious surreal possibility of risk and untrapping respect for quiet safe lives. Wherever the city, the country was, they would meet the arena, all of it. This was what she knew for them. This was their heir of blood, sawdust to gather and scatter across their paths as needed. Nyina wa Kabiru needed time, more time to teach them the ways of the world before her own failing body was grounded, for when she held her cheeks to her palms and measured the fidelity in her bones, the scales shivered, the sugar burned, the moon entered. Dagitari had assured her that her heart was fine, but what she knew true for her body bit at her pillows, flashed hollow indigo triangles in her bones.

In her younger years of golden age, when she had detested being referred to as "Mukuru," voicing her disapproval at each mention of the elders title, she had sought to untangle their adventures. But every time she made to trim their horns—that they might have needed in the city—a voice in her head said, "Thiī, niwirereire." This voice, such a demand, filled her pockets with restraint and with it, questions of complicity. She had dealt with their Kabiru in his youth with a stern clarity that had fogged out over the years. Was it because Kabiru was an only child that she had often been beige and abrupt with him in childhood? Munyakei and Handathaa's was a long navel marriage where they had become part of each other's breathing, part of each other's chamber music. If this was a product of Kabiru's parenting, surely it was her pre-parenting that deserved praise. Was he capable of seeing this through the damp veil of his sobbing school? How he rarely came home from the city save for trips to drop off her grandchildren on the holidays. Always with numerous instructions through his crooked teeth. To feed them the dust of Weetabix and Cornflakes cereals, not pounded yam and sweet potato,

"Ngai, asha Mami, ihi, no one uses nappies anymore. Use these Pampers diapers."

Was it not those cotton nappies that held him before he got his fancy corporate cubicle at PricewaterhouseCoopers? Didn't pounded yam strengthen him to randaranda all of Laikipia before he became well-wheeled in his green Pajero that now made him restless at the first sign of rain? Was it not her doing of everything she thought reasonable to her at the time that led him straight to those bright new-age postpartum masterclasses? Was it not mercy? There were moments in the briefness of their interactions, however, when she physically felt her presence offended him. Was it in fact so? She had watched how difficult it was for her close grandchildren, yodeling language, to stitch together:

"Ngai, I'm sorry. I- - I didn't mean kukuumiza. I am really sorry, sawa? Pole."

For their numerous squabbles, that often started as reminding the other what they forgot, Nyina wa Kabiru felt those apologies thin and impossible as tropical tenerifes. How they believed that if they just explained, if they just told the truth, the other was going to understand. Perhaps there was something wholesale in the anger of a child to learn from, something wise beyond the present to lead her, shovel by shovel, into the courage of doubt.

None of that resistance held now. The brushwork of time had visited her with geriatric cruelties that crushed her with kindness. Landscaped her ears to hard of hearing so that she saw Handathaa's marvels of her grey hairs, her laments of how brittle her njwiri ya kimira was, to be love. Tangled her back that she was no longer able to give chase to mischief, head start or ironed words to disobedience. Flooded her eyes with cataracts that she chose to hear Munyakei's passioned requests to use eye pencil on her head, strand by strand, until her curls were again a rich black as a child's blessing for a long colourful life.

All of these, like the sugarwork of wet wild gooseberries, were fantastic engulfing arguments for living through the wet sand, for the next verse, kept like a staying thing, for the waiting ones;

Mutumia uyu uiguiga ati kuma waiga mirigo thi, thayumuingi, riri muingi, kuuma waiga mirigo thi



THE FEMINIST MONOLITH:

By Serena Suson



I was capable of love

before I ever was conscious of it. I used to be the kind of kid who approached others at the hotel pool while on vacation, who was so outgoing she secured her first — and for nineteen years after, only — boy-friend during pre-school recess. All my stuffed animals, whether they were valiant wizards, accidental oligarchs, or recurrent jesters, found some type of enduring partnership through the stories I used to tell. My imagination, even then, found clarity in one certain telos: I would not let anyone be left behind.

Around the time I began to write, I grew reclusive. With age came knowledge; with knowledge came awareness; with awareness came embarrassment. Adopting a verdant shyness, I no longer bombarded kids on the playground or on vacation: I tended to be a bystander, hoping people would instead come to me. My extroversion languishing, I occupied my time contriving idealistic fairy tales where people mimicked the way I used to and still wanted to be. Casts of stuffed creatures no longer sufficed for my play. On one day I can no longer remember, I put down my toys for good. Newly adolescent, I picked

ON PURPOSE AND IDENTITY

Art and Design by Shena Han

up a pen and began constructing human beings. I had them act out the fantasies in my head, the love stories I no longer lived, the chance meetings I no longer realized. I grew older, but that unspoken mission of mine still whispered through my missive. A singular "I" manifested as the subject of my work, and how desperately "I" feared to be left behind!

Between the ages of seven and eleven, I labeled myself a hopeless romantic. Sweet scenarios from books and movies suckled my writing style while simultaneously sustaining my faith in reality. I fended off the uncertainty of my real-life prospects by dreaming of a far-off future in which I was the object of one undisclosed person's unremitting affection. I dreamed of dedicating myself to someone; by first demonstrating my devotion to someone else, I figured I could lead someone to be devoted to me. At the time, though I could not muster up the courage to speak to anyone, I dreamed of being in the kind of relationship that bespoke harmony and reciprocity. I dreamed of manifesting the kind of partner whose fictionalization had surrounded me throughout my childhood. I dreamed that I was Elizabeth Bennett, whom Mr. Darcy silently admired for her self-righteousness and wit; I dreamed that I was Usagi Tsukino, whom Mamoru Chiba loved in every lifetime, whether she was a coward or a hero; I dreamed that I was Rapunzel who, while waiting anxiously for her own life to begin, had become Eugene's new dream. Rather than living, I dreamed it all. I dreamed to have someone, to hold someone. At the time, sex had nothing to do with it.

At the age of nineteen, I fully fashioned myself into a feminist. I conceived myself a fierce agent in an oppressed body, devoting myself relentlessly to the cause of liberation. I thought little of the normative ideas of freedom pioneered by Western, particularly American, feminism — for, how could I, when the term "intersectional" foreclosed all fear of self-identical exclusion? I reified myself as the ultimate feminist

subject, self-identifying through resistance. By simply declaring myself averse to all forms of oppression, I ensured that I maintained a comprehensive vision of progress. As a queer woman of color, I waged an ideological war against race, class, gender, sex, and sexuality and declared that I, personally, would dismantle hierarchy and contribute to the discursive reconstruction of society. I pledged vigilance, vowing to do everything I could not to perpetuate the marginalization of myself or others.

Though I continued to entertain the idea of a romantic partner for some time after my feminist debut, I had an inkling that the fairy tale imaginings of my youth were simply that: fairy tales. A little voice in the back of my head, some feminist daemon perhaps, told me that I could dream as long as I liked but, at the end of the day, my purpose was best served for revolution. Artists are not remembered for their partners, she reminded me; martyrs hardly burn for "soulmates." If I wanted to extend my life's meaning beyond the eighty-some years I might have, I had to come to terms with that. I had to come to terms with the fact that I was simply better off alone. It was with genuine volition then that, at nineteen, I gave my body up to war. I stripped my body of its material worth and clothed it in the common cause, my mor-

"I dreamed of dedicating myself to someone;
by first demonstrating
my devotion to someone
else, I figured I could
lead someone to be devoted to me."

als strapped across my back like ethic camouflage. I planted my stake on the front lines and in solitude refined my ammunition.

Eventually, something shot me in the back. Whenever I stepped back from the fray, momentarily catching my breath to observe the Western front, I could not fathom the fact that I was exhausted. I could not fathom the fact that I was fighting two battles — if not several — at once. I was fighting as a double — perhaps multi-faceted — consciousness, who very clearly, on one hand, wanted to dismantle all forms of oppression in her life and who more vaguely, on another, just wanted to be happy. It took all I could not to direct my weapons on myself, my feminist transcendent half furious every time some



other selfish part of me cried out for love. Ducking down below the line of fire, I pressed my hands over my ears. I rocked back and forth in the dirt, whispering words of resistance that kept me from losing my mind. I steeled my senses to renew combat, hoping one day I would be able to consolidate all my desires into one feminist consciousness.

A feminist subjectivity which reconciled my liberatory goals with my own personal inclinations would never fully arrive. If anything had, it would have been pure Americana: it would have aligned with some Western corollary of my ideals but never my entire self. It would have shirked personal gratification for social responsibility, aligning all it could with a freedom-fighter philosophy and leaving the rest to fester. I would have felt ashamed when any remnant of my individual desire continued to persist, to gnaw at my spirit like an unrelenting dog. At the same time, my attitude would have constituted the perfect condition for my desire: only in the displacement of my longing would I have found myself longing at all. Here, the seed of my struggle began to germinate, though I could barely understand it at the time. As long as I maintained my current view of feminism, down to the way I conceived my own agency, I would remain trapped within a cycle that perpetually dispossessed some aspect of life I desperately wished to experience. I could not see a way out of that cycle without rejecting feminism altogether. For a while I ached.

For much of my feminist career, I have required clear categoricals to conceptualize politics. My mindset is scarcely unique: our epistemology as humans seems inevitably to revert to binaries. We prefer to typify cause and effect, to measure pros and cons, to compare and contrast. Even when we consider intersectionality, as it has been institutionalized, we so often conflate overlap with two-dimensional Cartesian coordinates, only ever able to make sense of an identity that is informed by two exclusive categories. Though theoretically accounting for intersectionality, we internally view the ways in which identities coincide as their own separate classifications, which from there constitute their own distinct dichotomies. Jennifer Nash, for example, in her analysis of intersectional theory, remarks how black women often come to symbolize a social category that amounts solely to

"Artists are not remembered for their partners, she reminded me; martyrs hardly burn for "soulmates.""

"black" + "woman," a tightly-bound, gendered and racialized circle that opposes both "white" and "black men." [1] Feminist analysts, Western feminist analysts in particular, often form broad assumptions of people in order to issue a socially progressive prognosis. It is a prime fault of theory. Conceptually we struggle to visualize what is contingent; we prefer what is cumulative in order to sum up space and time.

I favored a lot of fixed categories in the formation of my own identity. I saw myself as brown, opposed to white; woman, opposed to man; queer, opposed to straight; feminist, opposed to — I could never quite discern. There I faltered. I was "queer" + "brown" + "woman" on an upward track towards self-realization, and somewhere along or parallel to or in and of the track itself I believed to factor in my feminism. At the same time, I viewed myself mainly as the sum of





my oppression, which, through feminism, I wished to obliterate. Even in articulating it now, I struggle to depict how static I considered feminism, how perfectly it appeared to coalesce my entire psychological landscape. For me, it presented no political contradiction. It was a hardened identity, one that I could throw over my others like body armor. It encompassed everything. It shielded me from everything. I perceived the world through feminism, and it painted me a battlefield of black and white.

The part of me that loved was what threw me out of formation. Love had always confounded me. Love flowed in and out of me, a rogue agent that never fell into line with the rest of my conceptualized being. While feminism preferred a portrait of realism to partition the world, love, in the palette of politics, portrayed everything a perfect grey. Still, I recognized the two were not diametrically opposed. I just felt like there was something wrong with the way I loved: feminism, overall, seemed much more informed to me. I wondered whether I was oppressing

myself

for wanting love. I wondered how to forge ahead. I wondered how I would live without ideology barking canonical orders in my ear. At times, I wondered how the little girl I used to be could have wandered into a war-worn wasteland like this one.

I don't think my partner expected love to be the thing that kept me up at night. I fell apart when someone held me in their arms for the first time, and I crumbled when we were never able to have sex. For nineteen and a half years, I had had my guard up; and when I finally wanted to lower it, I found my hands still balled into fists. Amidst shame of having deserted the front lines, I could not even physically commit to a form of licentiousness that would have at least let me feel normal. My body heaved with exhaustion, and I hated how powerless I felt to condition it to heal. wondered, lying in my own bed, why I could not devote my body to someone as much as I could some impersonal cause. I wondered how I could have parsed myself so thinly that, by the time I had fired off a score of artillery, there was nothing left but ash for me.

I have always seen my body as a vessel, something to give either physically or metaphorically, never something in which to be embodied, in which to relish. I have spent my whole life lending it to others, reemerging just long enough from dissociation to move my lips and limbs into place. In pursuit of transcending and advancing present politics, I have inevitably prepped my parts for prostitution. Discreetly did I formulate an expectation that I would have to barter my body for love, informed not only by a heterosexist conception of relationships but also by proponents of Western feminism themselves. They seduced me with enlistment; and, once they had me, they requisitioned my body for perennial combat. Protest prepared me for packets of birth control, which I swallowed dutifully in case I would ever find purpose in them. Still I take those pills, for I do not know who I am if I am not down on my knees, begging to be reified. I do not know who I am if I am not devoted to something.

My partner has stood for none of it. While I take those pills in case — wretchedly, always in case — I contest with the knowledge that they have looked at me the way a child looks at snow. They have "kissed me just to kiss me," "sucked the rot right out of my bloodstream," softened every part of me, made love indubitably easy.[2] Sometimes, when I look at them, they grow anxious at my silence, and I must stumble then for some sentimental explanation of my staring. I keep it concise. I am too embarrassed to recount how I melted in their gaze the first time our eyes met, how sure I was in that moment I could take them in for eternity. No identity has ever screamed to me such certainty.

The first time I realized how deeply I was entrenched within a Western feminist identitarian mindset occurred when Saba Mahmood, from the required readings of my WGSS 12 syllabus, put into perspective positive and negative freedom.[3] The West, after all these years, still yearns so desperate-

ly to pioneer that it has glorified emancipation in the deconstructivism associated with negative freedom. True liberation, in Western feminist theory, represents a destruction of all oppressive structures. Mahmood, however, recaptured the significance of personal desire for me not in her advocacy of greater positive freedom, defined as the "capacity to realize an autonomous will," but rather in her rejection of it.[4] She disassociates self-realization and agency from the goals of liberatory politics, recognizing that the "secular reason and morality" that Western feminism exalts does not "exhaust the forms of valuable human flourishings."[5] She recognizes a value of life that political self-crucifixion cannot fully encompass. That value requires a repurposing of flesh, an embodiment of desire that evades exact categories of what oppresses and what liberates. Wherever that desire falls, I can see how it contributes to the completion of my happiness, and therefore I wish to tend to it. Wherever

"Discreetly did I formulate an expectation that I would have to barter my body for love."

that desire falls, I cannot be certain I will know its underpinnings, but I care for it tenderly because I am certain I have seen it before. Certainly I have: I see it in my partner every day.

Now twenty, I still feel like I'm fighting. I will wake up from a sleepless night and imagine my bed as a barricade, the whole morning recoiling from the person I love. I will look over at my partner, occasionally speculating when they will leave me behind, the feminist daemon inside of me feeding off of every insecurity I have. Some days my daemon will convince



me that the only way to be free is to be alone.

On those days, my partner will drag me out of bed for a walk. They will hand me an earbud and put on Taylor Swift as we wander farther and farther away from my room. They will look at me, their eyes passing over where the lamplight illuminates my skin, and I will look back only when I am convinced they are no longer looking. They will talk of twenty years from now like it is a certainty, and I will find myself dreaming, hoping, and praying beside them like I am eleven all over again. On days like those, I can see it all: Rome, the pyramids, the movies, maybe a small apartment overlooking the city, and a cat with a very silly name. On days like those, I feel free to imagine

a future I do not yet fully know. On days like those, I tug my partner closer. On days like those, I remember how wonderful it is that I have never been alone.

I do what I can to remember what a pair entails. I try to stay conscious of it. I find meaning in every single "I love you"; I profess to prove everything that "I love you more" promises. I am still writing, now the love stories I live, the chance meetings I have realized. My mission is for "us," but I can no longer distinguish us as love's subjects or objects, as readers or audience. We are much too intertwined for that. All I know is my gaze, and then my body will know something before my mind ever does. I concede. What kind of teleology could I possibly have for that?



[2] Leith Ross, "We'll Never Have Sex," Republic Records, released March 25, 2022, Spotify, https://open.spotify.com/track/4zXuYQNDmw3dlauyc8q3Kd?si=f62e0d8ec8804d6b.

[3] Saba Mahmood, "Feminist Theory, Embodiment, and the Docile Agent: Some Reflections on the Egyptian Islamic Revival," Cultural Anthropology 16, no. 2 (2001): 207.

[4] Saba Mahmood, "Feminist Theory, Embodiment, and the Docile Agent: Some Reflections on the Egyptian Islamic Revival," Cultural Anthropology 16, no. 2 (2001): 207.

[5] Saba Mahmood, "Feminist Theory, Embodiment, and the Docile Agent: Some Reflections on the Egyptian Islamic Revival," Cultural Anthropology 16, no. 2 (2001): 225.

I GN T IT

BY EMILY CHANG



TIME

SNT ME for

something new?

You think you can't let yourself spring free

But you can

Something primal thrums within you

Words tug at your synapses, skimming the tips of your tongue

Not scalded like black
bitter coffee
Soured into the languor
of August afternoons,
But something feather-

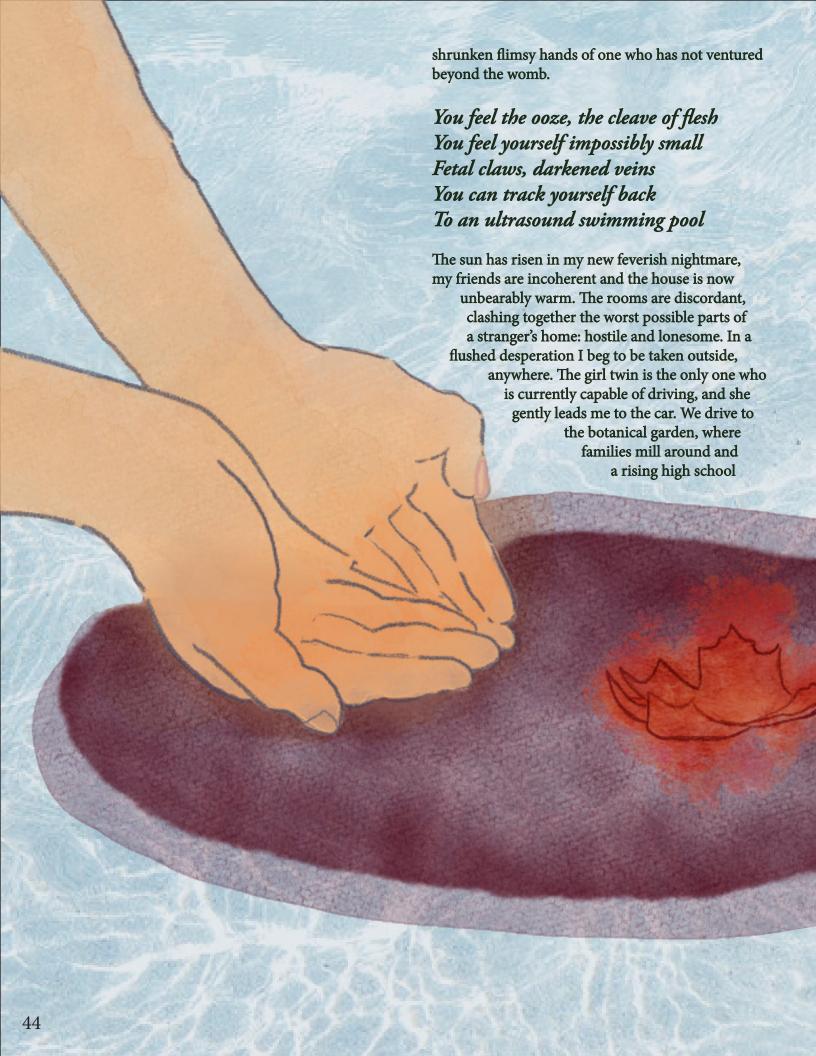
light and fizzing

I lay staring at the faint outlines of my band poster splayed across the ceiling, thinking about the day that seemed now like some prophetic dream.

My friends and I had been trying to paint,

mixing scorched tangerines with bottle greens on makeshift cardboard palettes. I felt ill, like I was slipping into some warped underwater version of the house, and could barely register that I was starting to jab the poor tufts of my brush into the canvas. Frenzied, frustrated, I nearly smothered my face into the freshly ridged paint. I stumbled into the bathroom, hovered over the toilet bowl, sank to my knees then down on my back. Hugged my bent knees then let my head rest on the soft rug as I grasped at the icy linoleum. I had recently gotten a hideous haircut and had been attempting to disguise it in wings twisted into place by a claw clip. As I rocked my head back and forth, my short shock of hair pried loose. In the dimming light I stared at my hands,

now the



All I had to do was eat thoroughly and not make a mess

senior is getting her photograph taken amidst the trees

and manmade waterfall.

"I'm thirsty, I'm so thirsty," I bleat, my face feeling like a tomato parched in the heat. The water fountain is dry and the girl twin murmurs that she'll go buy some water, she'll be right back. The half hour feels like an entire afternoon. I am helpless, I am stranded and abandoned and I lay back on the shaded stone floor, withdrawing into a corner. The girl twin returns, hands me a plastic Arrowhead water bottle, clear and cool. The refreshing green pervading the treetops is now faintly tipped with gold. The girl twin sits down beside me and blinks and I see that her lashes, the corners of her face, have a pearly glow, too vivid to be a trick of the light.

Remember longing for the sensation of a burnished gold maple leaf

Honeyed as it glides to ripple and rest in a clear cold pool Remember the pale violet

The dragonfruit pinks

Flickers of neon cyan

In the brow of the girl who sits with you as you lie back

We're in a pizza parlor, MOD SuperFast, where clubs at my old high school have held fundraisers and I had a birthday party when I was seventeen. Beaming faces of children line the walls, baby's breath and loose teeth, photo collages of my school and the football team, all bathed in a somber red-brick glow. The usual panic of deciding what crust, sauce and toppings I want as the line flows forward has glazed over. If I don't like what pizza I choose in a myriad moment, how was I supposed to know it was a poor decision beforehand? I must continue to resist the urge to stand paralyzed as conflations of

Rest
certain in
the beat
of your
own heart
Before
turning
forward
to all the
world has
to offer

thoughts surge and tangle within my being.

Suddenly I recall chilly dark evenings, legs dangling over a big wooden chair, steaming bowls of rice and soup that my parents placed before me. All I had to do was eat thoroughly and not make a mess.

Pizza was a treat to savor, to sink my teeth into crust brimming with good things. I feel a pang as I realize I will never enjoy pizza the same way as after a grubby day of play when food was simply there to nourish, how there was no pervading guilty pleasure attached to anything greasy or sweet.

I yearn for that simplicity, but maybe that state of mind isn't as far away as it seems. For as I pick up a slice of my oddly topped pizza, oozing with chickpeas and roasted broccoli and bursting with red sauce, the wonder and awe and amusement of eating something tasty returns like the prospect of exploring a landscape's beauty.

Remember the reds

Coca-Cola sad

Remember the fermenting

The walls that breathed, spores and Swiss cheese And the pesto swamp as you ate volcano crusts bubbly in a garlicked boil

Remember all the bubbles in the tea canister like honeycomb

Like spools of gumdrop pearls ever-multiplying
The child the muppets the school
The smiling faces, wan mockery of what you thought

this life would be when you were three!

We finish our pizza and drive away, returning to the dimness of the twins' house. I stand transfixed by the arrays of childhood portraits, before the boy twin transitioned. Before their onceradical older brother proceeded to meet and marry a nun, to antagonize and refuse to acknowledge that one of his siblings was a sister no longer. The twins have not seen their brother in years. And yet there he is in adolescence cheekily grinning up on the wall, alongside younger versions of my friends with teeth clad in braces and hair so long they resemble oversized wigs. We don't talk anymore, not after he wouldn't gender me correctly, the boy twin remarks softly. Maybe he forgot that I transitioned. Better he forget than refuse to acknowledge the change. The twins' vividly colored fringe cuts that they don today are a stark departure from the curtainlike hair in their photographs. Their hair is reminiscent of the twins' art projects displayed in every spare corner of the wall, their families tenderly crayoned in smiling stick figures and flower blooms.

Remember the pooled hands
Parents stringing lights and beads and photographs
Finger paint and jagged letters
Parents trying their best to preserve the murmurs
Of raising a three who fractured
The absurdity of how his hair hangs long and limp
A little girl giggle and a corduroy dress
Lined across the walls are sisters
Before one of them cut his plait

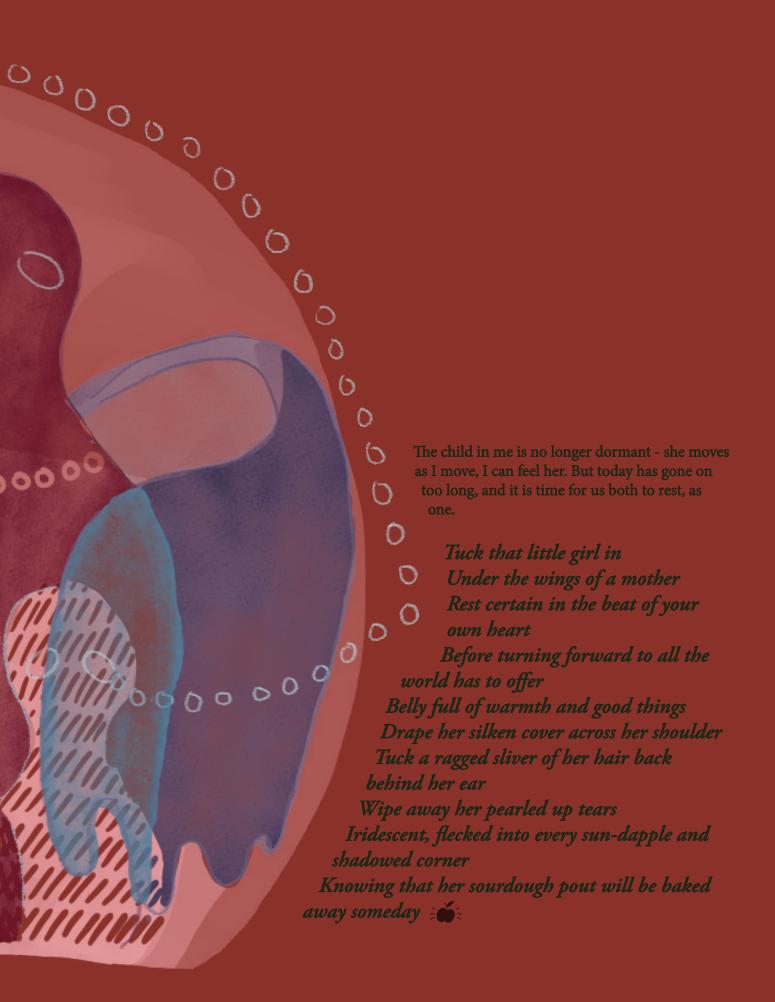
Their faces dim, flaked and dry against the plaster Ill-applied paint, loose coatings of dead skin That once glowed from a mother's touch Hold fast to your suburban adolescence Before you relinquish it

The boy twin recounts how a few short months ago their mother had lamented his deadname in a moment of resentment.

She was upset that I never apologized for 'taking her away from me.' For all this time since I transitioned, she had seemed cool with it. Even if she definitely seemed surprised to suddenly have a queer person as part of her family; she's from Hong Kong and hadn't interacted with many of us before. I won't apologize, though, not for a change so important to myself.

Smeared on the walls are the dashed dreams of a mother
Grayed photographs of the land she misses most
As she looks forth at the new life she has released into a world unfamiliar Plastered everywhere is the pearly haze of reminiscing your womb







polyamony:

in my *ethical* slut era

By: Julie Gnany

Art by: Asya Ulger

Design by: Milanne Berg

Earlier this year, my lovely boyfriend Alok and I transitioned to a polyamorous relationship structure. Struggling with distance, I felt so much guilt that despite being full of love for him, there were important needs of mine that couldn't be met. I grew very bitter watching the people around me experience moments of intimacy and love. I ached

for the little things I once took for granted, like impromptu nose kisses and hand holding. I grew scared of the little voice in my head, wondering whether it was Alok that I missed or affection itself. I felt selfish and ungrateful for wanting more than what this beautiful, loving boy could possibly give me.

The two greatest feelings in history really resonated with me. the world are to love and to be loved. But must that love be limited to one person?

After tearing myself up with guilt, I mustered up the courage to bring these feelings up to Alok. Being the understanding person that he is, he validated my feelings and reassured me that I was in fact not a horrible person for wanting more. (Isn't it surprising everytime a man ends up not gaslighting you, or is that just me?) I felt like I had an impossible choice to make: give up the loveliest boy I've ever met or resign myself to months of solitude and loneliness until I could see him again. But then it struck me: Why did I have to make this choice at all? Why were arbitrary social rules dictating the terms of my relationship? When I broached these questions and my possible interest in opening our relationship with Alok, I was met with a surprising amount of curiosity.

Being the overachievers that we are, we decided that the next logical step for exploration was assigned reading. After turning to Alok's polyamourous friend Aaron for recommendations, we began to tear through Dossie Easton and Janet Hardy's The Ethical Slut: A Practical Guide to Polyamory, Open Relationships & Other Adventures.

At the core of their proposed framework is the notion that love is abundant. The entire concept of monogamy stems from the assumption that love, sex, and intimacy are finite resources; giving more to one person requires giving less to another. Interestingly, this idea is limited to romantic love — no one questions a parent's ability to love all their children, or a person's capacity to cherish all their friends. The authors describe this perception of romantic love as a "starvation economy," a term which made me reflect on monogamy's roots in capitalism. In The Origin of the Family, Private Property and State, socialist baddie Friedrich Engels traces the connection between private property and our current conceptions of the nuclear family, describing monogamy as, "the first form of the family not founded on natural, but on economic conditions, [...]: the victory of private property over primitive and natural collectivism." Countering this limited view, polyamory refuses to see love as a scarce resource. Loving a new person does not mean sacrificing your love for another; these two things have nothing to do with

As someone who likes to (justifiably) blame all her problems on some combination of capitalism, patriarchy, and

white supremacy, this reading of But dismantling a system so ingrained in society is far from easy; a shift to polyamory required a full reconceptualization, not just of our relationship, but how we viewed the world. Alok shared that he struggled with reconciling the recognition of

my autonomy with the patriarchal ideals reinforced by language. Possession is intrinsic to terms of endearment like "my girlfriend" or "my love" and to declarations of love like "I'm yours." Unlearning the insidious idea that the ultimate proof of devotion is linked to total submission and ownership became imperative.

"Ethical slutdom," as described by Easton and Hardy, is based on the values of consent, honesty with ourselves and others, the recognition of the ramifications of sexual choices, respect for others' feelings, and owning our own feelings. Regardless of your views on monogamy, these are all important values to have. Polyamory, when done right, seeks to make everyone feel treated fairly — a somewhat radical concept in the age of hookup culture and situationships. Beyond the bare minimum of explaining our somewhat unconventional relationship structure to any new partners, we make it a point to clearly communicate our expectations for our relationships and give new partners room to process this new situation. This does not require perfection (*I have made my fair share of mistakes throughout this journey*), but just a conscious effort to treat people with respect.

Polyamory has made us critically examine what makes our relationship function.

Despite common misconceptions that polyamory is just "allowing your partner to cheat," I view it as reshaping the agreements that you believe are key to your relationship. Rather than blindly following whatever relationship formula we've picked up from the media or (god forbid) our parents' relationships, polyamory has made us critically examine what makes our relationship function. For us, it is reconnecting after experiences with other people, remaining present in each other's lives, a weekly virtual date, and a daily Face Time and game of Wordle (we can sleep with other people but under no circumstances Wordle with anyone else). An important thing to consider when making these agreements is that while love is not a scarce resource, time very much is. It takes a conscious effort to juggle a college workload, a healthy relationship hindered by a six-hour time difference, and the time needed to make new connections (I'm not saying to plan out your sex life on Google Calendar but I'm also not NOT saying that).

It would be disingenuous to claim that restructuring a year and a half long relationship was a smooth transition. Alok and I did our fair share of crying on the phone, venting to our best friends, inadvertently hurting each other and regretting it. Like in all relationships, monogamous or not, communication and trust were the only way to get through the transition. In this vein, resorting to polyamory is not a last ditch effort to save your relationship! Opening your relationship will only exacerbate existing flaws, particularly when it comes to miscommunication and insecurity. Trust becomes more important than ever before, and rushing into polyamory without these foundations is bound to end in regret. Polyamory requires you to be in touch and honest with your emotions — even the negative ones! Jealousy and negativity are not to be pushed away or bottled up, but worked through and communicated — a hard enough task before adding other partners into the mix!

With all these bumps in the road, you may question how the hell this transition could have been worth it. Firstly, it has allowed me to explore my bisexuality without guilt. Coming from a conservative country, I hadn't been in a space where I felt comfortable or safe enough to express interest in women until coming to college. Polyamory meant I would no longer have to choose between familiar love and (much needed) sexual exploration. I have also really appreciated how polyamory brought Alok and I even closer — we get to be each others' best friends! Alok is the first person I want to call to laugh about finding out the boy I was talking to has an American flag and Star Wars sheets, or that I accidentally bled on a hookup's bed. We've made our Tinders together, given each other relationship advice, and cheered the other on to shoot their shot. It's also been interesting (and at times surprising) to discover each other's taste in men and women. Most of all, I've noticed an absence of resentment or fear of being held back; we know that we're together because we want to be rather than out of obligation. We're secure that we actively choose each other everyday, that despite meeting and forming connections with new people,

we will always find our way back to each other.

A New Dann

By: Diana Tapia-Rodriguez Art & Design by: Raegan Boettcher

Content warnings: Implied self-harm, sexual assault, domestic violence

Entering her dorm room, she lets out

a shaky breath as the door closes behind her. Her shoulders relax as she takes the weight of the world off them. Across the room, the open window lets in a flood of chilly air. The night sky is brimming with stars and a full moon. Suddenly, a bright streak of light flashes through the sky. It disappears into the darkness long before she realizes her wish, but she says it anyway.

She locks her gaze on a spot in the starry night sky and pretends that it is God himself.

"I wish the world was a better place," she deadpans.

She stands at her window, ignoring how the bushes rustle with the autumn wind and the couples drunkenly

look for a place to fuck after a night out. She waits there until the night is silent, with nothing but the quiet howls of the wind filling her ears.

Then, she shrinks with the realization that perhaps nobody is listening to her. It is then that she wills herself to take off her shoes and plop onto her bed, letting sleep engulf her through quiet sobs.

There are fresh bruises on her arms and neck, yet they don't ache quite as bad as her heart does.

They watch her for a while before nodding silently to each other. No one would miss her, they think.



"You know, creating a world is very hard. If you think it's so easy why don't you do it?" says the voice, bold and loud and disembodied.

The voice is neither feminine nor masculine. It is a strange cocktail of all there was and all there will be.

Her first instinct is to scream. A loud, ear-piercing scream. Confusion and panic cloud her mind, and then she starts to beg.

"Who are you?"

Nothing.

"Where am I?"

Nothing.

"What have you done to me?"

Nothing.

"Let me go, plense... plense?"

But the voice is gone and all that's left is her, alone and scared in a blank emptiness that seems to drag on in every direction.

"Fnck!"

"Fuck!

Fuck!

Fnck!"

Scenes of the night flash in her mind. The screaming. The crying. The pleading. The silence.

She closes her eyes and sinks to the ground, making herself smaller and smaller as the memory engulfs her. She presses her nails deep into her arms, forming new bruises on her already-bruised skin. She grips her arms around her knees so tightly that it gets harder and harder for her to breathe.

When she finds herself taking strained gasping breaths, she realizes that in this infinitely spacious world, she has used up all the air. Like a fire in a vacuum, she ceases to burn.



She grabs at her throat and looks around frantically, expectantly. Surely the Gods of this world will help her, no? They won't let her just... die, surely not after they had just pulled her from her world and inserted her into this never-ending white abyss.

The edges of her vision fade to black, and she begins to resign herself to her fate. She recalls the voice, what it had told her just before she had woken up in this empty world: "If you think it's so ensy why don't you do it?"

Again.

If you think it's so easy, why don't you do it?

And again.

Why don't you do it?

Just as her consciousness wanes, it clicks. And she feels stupid for not realizing it sooner.

She fills her lungs with a series of short, loud gasps, as a child does when she has woken up from a terrifying nightmare.

The air tastes like comfort. It is sweet and serene and everything that air should smell like. For a while, she basks in it. And for the first time in days, all she wants to do is breathe. She doesn't wonder where the air has come from because she knows. It is the air of her childhood, its freshness and child-like purity give it away. It is the air of her dreams, safe and welcoming. She willed it so, and the world filled itself with it.

She opens her eyes, which have been glued shut, and is met with the same milky white nothingness as before, yet she is much calmer now.

She presses her hands to the floor and slowly peels herself from the hard nothingness of the ground. It is only then that she notices she is barefoot, dressed only in a loose t-shirt and a pair of baggy sweatpants she had worn to sleep the night before. She feels neither cold nor hot. Instead, she feels the absence of both, as if it doesn't exist in this world.

They watch her with a curious wonder as she steps into the nothingness.

She can hear only the soft tapping of her bare feet hitting the ground as she follows the summer scent to where it is strongest.

Then, a wooden door appears in front of her. Her eyes widen as she recognizes the blue and pink flower pattern from her childhood bedroom door. She traces her fingertips on the worn-out wood and rests her palm on it, feeling its natural vibration. She takes a deep breath before reaching her free hand to the diamond knob.

She lies in a field of blue hyacinths, exactly like she had always dreamed the Garden of Eden to be like. Her breathing is steady as she stares up at the bright blue sky. The sun feels like heaven on her skin. A playful breeze almost lulls her to sleep and the memories of her rocky entrance into the world seem to fade away.

"This isn't so bad," she breathes out, shutting her eyes and letting the wet earth press against her.

She feels confident that she wouldn't mind staying there forever.

"Write that down," he says, motioning to the other.

It must be a few hours before she realizes that the sun never sets, she has been too entranced in the bliss of her imagination. She had willed this world with her mind and it had come to fruition.

And what could be better than playing god if not being god?

She grows tired of the lone rustling of the wind and decides that there should be birds and honeybees and butterflies and all the creatures that had made up her previous world. One by one, she wills them and they appear. They scatter with their mates, filling her world with their innocent joy.

A blue swallow takes a special liking to her. It swoops playfully around her and refuses to leave her side, even as she prepares to create her.

They watch with astonished eyes as her fingers mold the clay into the shape of a little girl.

When the figure is done, she closes her eyes and takes a deep breath, hoping. And when she opens them, she is face-to-face with a copy of her younger self.

"Hey there, little me," she smiles at the girl. The girl smiles back shyly before running happily through the flower field, the blue swallow watches the girl as it rests upon the woman's left shoulder.

"I promise you that nothing."
She whispers.

no one will hart you here,"

The thought invades her mind. For a while, she decides against it, satisfied with her current company. But then she notices how sad the little girl gets when the butterflies fly away and the other critters run from her, too. She cringes when the girl deflates into the flower field, holding in tears as she tries to hide her



boredom and loneliness.

She walks up to the girl, and with the swallow perched gently on her hand, she offers the bird to her. When the girl's eyes light up, she knows what she has to do.

"Dann," she says, "Our name is Dann."

Names are important when there are other people around.

One by one, Dawn wills them and they appear. Little. Big. Young. Old. Short. Tall.

All different. All beautiful. All women.

She decides that there will never be men in her world, refusing to bring in the very creature that hurt her in ways that no one should ever have to face.

Everything is fine. Only, the freshly molded robots waiting for commands. They all wear white that expands as far as the eye can see. a tight squeeze for courage. Even if Dawn had she was just one person.

She closes her eyes and imagines that she is on her eyes, she is. She turns to Little Dawn and bends Dawn is nestled tightly on her right hip, Dawn addresses

"I am your creator, I am not very important, but see this girl on my live as you please, in harmony with each other. But Dawn will be the most live in perfect bliss. You will never be without anything. shells look to her for orders, like a factory matching white gowns, creating a sea of She holds Little Dawn's hand and gives it created them, they were still a crowd and

a large platform, and when she opens over to pick her up. Once Little the crowd of women.

hip? She's Dawn. You all are free to important person in your lives. You will

"All I ask of you is for you all to leave this world better than you found it." she says.

One by one, she sees each woman slowly acquire their soul, their conscience, their purpose,

"Now be free, all of you. And remember that I will watch over you all, so long as you keep your promise to protect her," and with that, she lowered Little Dawn to the ground and willed herself to a seat in the clouds.

And Darn is happy.

"A world full of women? Fascinating! Let's see what happens when we add another variable," says the man on the left to the man on the right.

"What did you have in mind?" says the man on the right.



The years fly by, always the same. The women grow old, and new ones replace them. They build civilizations. They burn them down. They form governments. They usurp them. They pray to their creator. They sin. They make peace. They go to war. And like a sponge, Little Dawn soaks it all up. Dawn is aware of the unstable state of her world, but Little Dawn is happy, and that is all that matters.

When he appears, Dann feels his presence immediately.

She rushes down from the clouds and enters into the nothingness. When she sees the tall, brunet man, who looked to be about the same age Dawn had been before arriving in this world, she wants nothing more than for him to disappear.

"Where am I?!" the man cries in panic, just as Dawn had once done.

"Who are you?!" Dawn demands as she appears in front of him, angry that the unwelcome presence had invaded her world.

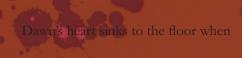
"Who are you?" he counters, frightened by her sudden materialization. Dawn notices the way his heartbeat relaxes at the realization that he is no longer alone, but she does not like it. Not one bit. She feels her heart pounding in her chest, a flurry of anger and fear igniting in her chest.

"I don't really care who you are, but you are not welcome here. Please see yourself out," she says, using every bit of self control she can muster to not lose her composure. Without waiting for his reply, she hurries away.

"H-Hey! Don't leave me here, please!" he begs when she disappears.

She reappears in front of Little Dawn, grabbing her little hand suddenly and asking her if she's okay. Little Dawn nods concernedly. Dawn looked down at her creation's body, which had grown taller and wider with age. She had remained innocent if only because the women of the world had done everything they could to shield her from the poison of their worldly pursuits. Still, Dawn feels uneasy seeing the way Little Dawn looks at the world with a longing for more.

"Bring him in," he says, leaning in closer to the screen as he motions for the other man to press the hutton





he appears, gripping Little Dawn's hand so tight she squeals

"Before you say anything. I tried to leave, but something kept dragging me back here. That's got to mean something, you know, so I ain't leaving!" he says to Dawn before turning curiously towards Little Dawn, who is as shocked as Dawn is. He holds his arms in his chest, the tail of his snake tattoo peeking through his sleeve.

"Woah! Does everyone in this world look like you? Yikes," he questions, jutting out his bottom lip and forming a long scowl on his face.

Silence

"Hey, why won't anyone talk to me? Hello? You? Will you tell me where I am?" and he reaches past Dawn faster than she can react and taps Little Dawn's shoulder.

Suddenly, Little Dawn yelps loudly. She begins to cough, hard. In the distance, a snake slithers away with the blue bird Dawn had given her in its mouth. Where had it come from? Dawn watches in horror as a line of purple patches appear on the girl's arms and down her legs. She coughs and coughs, until spatters of wet clay escape her lips, looking up at Dawn as if begging for help. But Dawn is silent. And she can only watch as her purpose reverts into a mound of crumbly clay.

ake

"You ruined everything," she says to him; there is nothing but despair in her voice.

The man is a mixture of confusion and horror as he runs off in the direction of a nearby city.

Dawn feels the edges of her psyche begin to collapse. She feels it in the way her world begins to unwind itself like a web of lies. The birds in the air drop dead and land with a series of loud and unsettling thumps before fading away into the clumps of clay they had come from. The clouds wither away into the air, which smells like fiery wrath. And for the first time, the sun sets and the world is enveloped into a deep darkness. The screams of women fill the air as their friends and partners turn to clay.

No one is safe. Not even Dann.

'We better put an end to this before she hurts herself," the man says to the other

"You think so? It's fine. She can be replaced. Onto the next one, then." the other man replies, shooing away his underling as he scribbles senselessly on his notepad.

STORY & ART BY: JESSI CALIDONIO



Let me tell you how My college shenanigans started. I was at McDonowids with my silly little friends when I opened Instagram by saw someone proudly posting their friend because she got into DARTMOUTH. I also had applied there but did not know when decisions came out.

I went home & sat on my bed while my great grandma watened Brazilian soap operas or telenovelas. I swore I was getting rejected Just like when the auestbridge Match rejected me.

l opened my email de it said :



I cried I screamed. I literally sobbed. This is so big so much bigger than myself my parents don't fully understand the excitement. They did not go to college. No one in my family ever did.

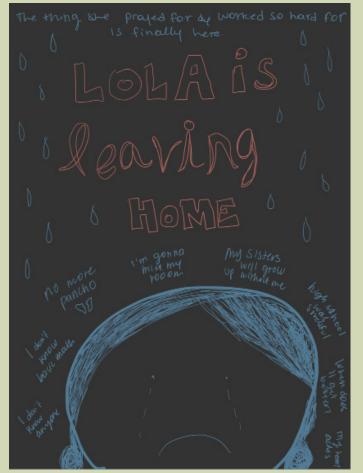


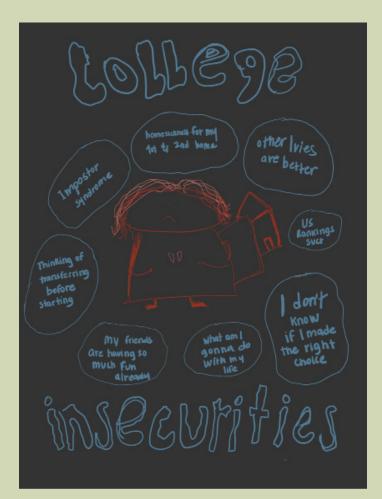




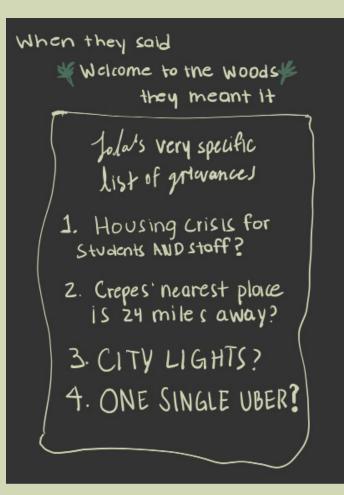






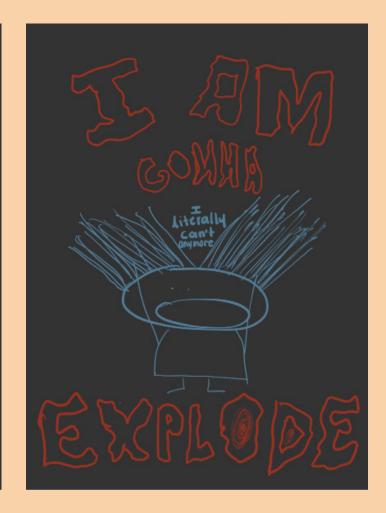


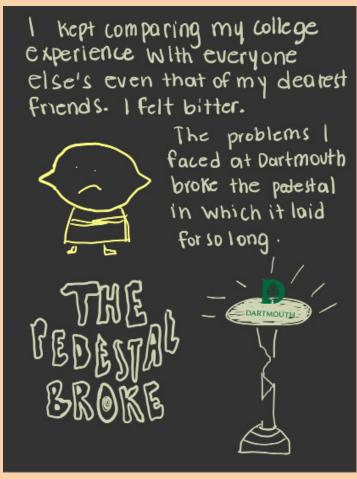






Dear Reader, As a college student, you are supposed to be proud of your school - Go eig Green! - You worked so hard for this so every little or big complaint, you howe about your school You must shot it down this is the best time of your life, ACT LIKE IT 15 because on Instagram everyone certainly is doing just that So just like that, lkept idealizing Dartmouth for as long as I could. Until I couldn't anymore

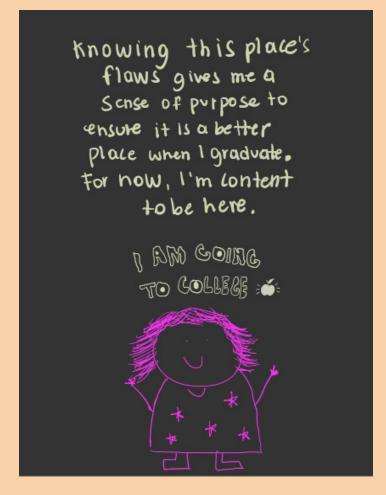








COLLEGE
15 NOT SUPPOSED
TO BE A GODLY
ENTITY THAT
CANNOT BE CRITICIZED
4 THIS 15 TRUE
FOR EVERY OTHER
PLACE.
1DON'T NEED TO GO TO
EVERY SCHOOL
RIGHT NOW



Godforsaken

I wonder if Eve would smile if she saw me nowbroken down, battered, no knowledge for the better, unable to save myself.

What was it about that snake?
Glinting eyes filled with hunger,
thirst for a better life,
an echo of inferiority?

God, I wish that apple would've told her to wake up and stop her pursuit
Of something bigger than the garden.
This madness that she consumes will bite, batter, break her in the end.

I wish Eve would've told me to stop clinging to something greater than a little girl can handle.

I am consumed and bitten and battered

broken and because of something about

that damned snake.

By: Sally Young
Art By: Cara Lewis
Design by: Ana Lucía Noriega



By: k.m.a.

Art by: Emily McInnis

Design by: Lauren Kang

You wake up later than you wanted to. Pulling yourself out of the grogginess that comes with getting up when you have not yet slept enough, you put on your clothes (black pants, black shirt, black coat, black Doc Martens, probably), try for a solid minute and a half to stop your hair from sticking up in strange places, give up, and rush out the door. That minute and a half ensures that you are late.

You go to class: You talk about Elizabeth Gaskell and how North and South introduces a new type of female protagonist into the canon of Victorian literature, even though you haven't read as far in her novel as you were supposed to, as you had hoped to. You debate the merits of varying types of sampling methodologies, discuss how integral not only what you research is, but how you research it. You immerse yourself in the craft of a plethora of fiction writers, enveloping yourself in phrases like This shift in point of view marks the internal change taking hold within the character and Speculative fiction allows us to make reality both less and more real.

While studying in the library in the evening, you order a chai latte with almond milk and a lemon poppyseed muffin. You talk to your friends and you say *How is it week __already?* and you get invited to grab a meal or play pong or watch a movie and sometimes you go, but other times you pretend you are sick or have an impending deadline because the only thing you feel capable of doing at that moment is taking a purple pilule of melatonin and knocking out. You always regret it, but that less conscious, less social, less dreamy part of your mind is a powerful quarreler.

You dream about far-away places and nearby stories and wish upon a star when you chance to see one falling from its celestial throne. It is always the same wish.

This is the pattern you find yourself in, day after day. These are the ways that the weeks splinter into days and hours and minutes and seconds, until something shifts and you find



new ways to sew yourself into the fabric of time; time chips away at old versions of you yet allows you, simultaneously, to grasp onto little bits and pieces of the whirling tangle of people, places, things that surround you until you and time

have collaborated in creating the endeavor that is me.

These shifts are few and far between.

This is one of them.

That feeling hits: You cannot quite drift away into sleep, yet you don't feel fully conscious either.

Maybe it was brought on by a phone call with your mother, tears silently streaming down your face as you focus all the energy you can control on breathing in and out, trying not to let her hear the heaving of your chest. Perhaps you just finished a novel that gutted you, that made you want to dash and bellow and sob because you have just learned the words that go with feelings you had not even yet acknowl-



edged, let alone confronted. Possibly you gave into a burst of impulse and now you are reeling from the inevitable down that follows that thrilling adrenergic high: You called — one after another after another — friends you fell out of touch with and asked them how their lives turned out, you drove (twice) to the beach at 3 o'clock in the morning, you dallied in a graveyard at night, you dyed your hair, you cut your hair, you shaved your head, you walked into the woods alone in the darkness and counted your paces until you were too afraid to go on, measuring, pointlessly quantifying your cowardice, you baked pumpkin muffins that did not quite solidify in the middle, you wrote a list whose every bullet point coincided with a pang in the chest.

Does cause really matter if the effect has nonetheless melded itself to your body, attaching its shape to yours?

Sitting still is an exercise in patience that you do not possess. You borrow your friend's car and you drive, letting pure intuition dictate the turns you make, the roads you travel. You drive for what could be anything between eight minutes and half as many hours; you don't know how to distinguish the threads of time anymore.



Somewhere a clock says 3:22 a.m. The colon blinks. Blink, blink, blink. A magic act, of disappearance and reappearance — then, a transmutation: 3:23 a.m.

The trance has ended or maybe just shifted, moved around and adjusted itself, and your hands turn the steering wheel: Left, then straighten out. Something had caught your eye. A neon green sign, cursive script fashioning itself into words: Green Temporalities. You find yourself in its parking lot.

Green. That is the only word your mind finds itself able to formulate, and it is everywhere. Through the tall, curved windows, square myrtle tiles meet emerald walls. Verdant plants find homes for themselves in nooks and crannies, corners and vertices; photographs and paintings adorn the walls; books rest on nearly every horizontal surface in varying quantities. The furniture is mismatched, no table or chair alike: evergreen, mint, honeydew, even Kelly green. The dishware follows suit: china, porcelain, glass, even some stoneware — all green.

These are the shades of growth and decay, you think at last. You open your car door and walk toward the viridian light.



I offer you your choice of seating, tell you your tea will be right out. I am tall, you think, perhaps more in demeanor than in stature. My long, curly brown hair is pulled back from my face, my piercings exposed. Lines in my face map the strengths and frequencies of my feelings. I, too, am clad monochromatically in green, as if I am of this place—or it is of me. It is only after I leave that you realize you never ordered.

Letting your gaze envelop the establishment more leisurely now, you spot an armchair you feel inclined to claim. There are no other patrons at this hour, save a girl in a corner, dressed in worn black sweatpants and a faded, oversized tee, bent over a book, whom you must pass to cross the vestibule of the teahouse, to enter the penetralia of the space.

As you move behind her, you realize she is writing, ink bending itself into letters on the page. Words catch your attention; you recognize them. Pause, turn, stare.

Dear God,

Why do you feel so far away when you are supposed to be the



one I am closest to? Why do I feel sad and stressed and anxious when all I want is to rest in your comfort? Where are you? Where is your peace?

Is it me? Am I the problem, the reason I seem to be held back by the weight of this life while others seem to have no qualms about their purpose in this world? What am I doing wrong?

I don't want... I don't want all the choices and all the pain and all the heartbreak and all the monotony and all the fatigue. I want you. Yet I cannot seem to find you.

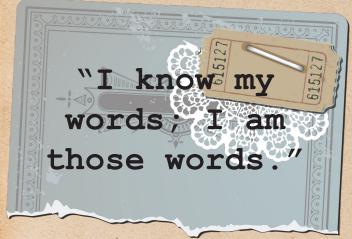
"These are my words."

You speak as the realization breaches your mind, the two actions indistinguishable. And of course, prone to anger at

what you do not understand, you argue.

"How the hell did you get your hands on my journal? The fact that you would not only steal my intellectual property, but deface it with what I am sure are haphazard half-baked morphemes that you have the audacity to call ideas?"

The girl turns, shoulder-length light brown hair finally moving out of her face. She cannot be more than sixteen, the bones in her face still shifting from child to adult. Brown



eyes meet brown eyes: A flash of recognition sparks behind the fire that fuels this verbal spat.

She retorts: "Listen, I have no idea who you are, or what you think you know, but this is and always has been my journal, and I would appreciate it if you would go find someone else to display your delusions to."

You're gentler now, though still vexed, indignant, but adjusting for your opponent's youth. "I know my words; I am those words. And looking into someone's thoughts, really? This is an invasion of privacy, an infringement of creativity, an instance of depravity —"

"Tea." That is the only word I offer, the only one I need to deflate the already fading argument. I pass a china cup of mint to her, set down a large stone mug of lemon and ginger in front of you, and arrange a steel tumbler of Earl Grey in front of myself.

These mingling aromas of herbs and leaves are the scent of the realization. I know what you now know, what she will know soon.

A peace offering: "I used to list the things that were wrong with me on sticky notes, to write out where God had made His mistakes. Looking back, I think I wanted to divine some explanation for the fact that when everyone else in church spoke with marvelous wonder of the great love that was God — the joy of having a personal relationship with

Him — I could never feel Him. As if, maybe if I could outline what was wrong with me, I could rectify my faults, and then I could be saved the way everybody else seemed to so easily have been."

As the syllables emitting from some lightless place within you deepen and trail off, the girl looks up, and she knows then too what we already do.

I am you; you are her; she is us.

You reach your hand across the table inquisitively, waiting for approval from a shyer, younger you before sliding the beryl book across the table. You are hungry now for more words, fragments, scraps; I know the feeling.

And soon all this will be lost in the throng of my emotions—how they pound inside my skull without a sound. I wince as I am confronted again and I realize it's myself causing my pain... So here I don't know what to say.

"I always did have a flair for the melodramatic, at least in putting pen to paper, huh?" Four eyes narrow in mirth, four corners of the mouth stretch outward, four nostrils exhale in accord. This is how I have always laughed, I suppose.

"That day felt so dismal, and looking back, it really did not need to be," you grin.

"Intensity is relative, is it not?" A quiet retort, but a fair one.



She looks at each of us as she makes her point.

Your fingers are still idly flipping through the book, stopping finally on another page.

Why do I wake up every day and choose to go on? I used to think I knew the answer. At first, it was other people, the ones I knew and the ones I did not, I lived for them, to make the world happier for its inhabitants. Then I thought that perhaps I lived for myself, to make decisions that sparked joy in that in-

explicable place inside of me, inviting in a warmth that so often my soul trudged on without. For a while, I thought perhaps I lived because it was the default... Now, I suppose, I do not really know why I keep on for turns upon turns of the earth, for circles around the sun. All I know is that I do.

It hurts, even now, to hear these words — to remember sitting on a floor in the dark typing with my eyes closed, as if to see the letters would be to give them more power than they ought to possess.

You change a lot, but never enough to get entirely away from the feelings that weave through your worst memories. You know this; you hate it; it's still true.

"I live—" you start, pause, start again. "I live because I believe that what I do not know is more, I don't know, dynamic than what I do. Or, maybe that does not make sense. I suppose I am trying to say that the experiences I have yet to live through outnumber those I already have, and I have hope that enough of them will turn into memories that I want." You look at me.



"I believe in something. I am still figuring out what that something is." My younger selves stare at me; you sip your tea and she tucks her hair behind her ear, covering in disparate ways for the fact that you are both perplexed, but will not call me on it.

I move us along; time may be malleable, but it is not infinite. Reaching over, I part the pages of the journal at random, letting them fall apart.

Boxes. People love them. And they make so many of them—there are boxes for every conceivable trait—hell, even your personality.

I hate boxes.

I know they serve a purpose, at least to some extent. But, I cannot help thinking that I do not even know who I am... so why should other people label me while I am still figuring myself

out. Why should -

If it was not bitterly tragic, the fear that you and I both notice in her would almost be comic. I take a gulp of my tea, letting the hot liquid's flavor and heat bloom across my tongue.

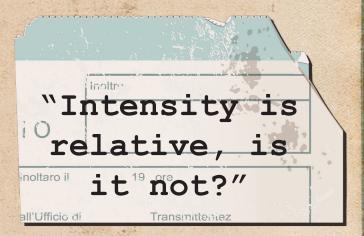
"I am tired." I could not say who spoke; I doubt it matters. What could I, what could any of us say to each other, that time will not one day tell better than we ever could? We have not said everything, we have not said enough — how could we?

These are the patterns of your mind, the trails you trudge along over and over again. You have walked some steps that she has not, will walk some that I already have. This fact cannot negate that every step gets walked. It is cruel to seek resolution where there can only be protracted action.

It is her time to go, first, not so much due to the placement of the hands of a clock as to the thoughtful consideration of the poet's eye. Just because your past, present, and future selves have come together, defying the order of the Universe, does not mean that order has ceased to exist.

When she is gone, back to her section of the elongated string that is time, you look at me, at who you will become.

"You still believe it. Not in the sense of truth, I mean. All the soliloquizing that the world has time for cannot make you stop believing that you are these words, that the steps that separate them and you do not matter. And you are. But they do. There are more steps to take, and there are more words to write. That is the crux of it."



I do not know that you hear me, but you hand me a slip of paper. It has the kind of etching on it of a desperate grip, a straining to excise thoughts before time banishes them into oblivion. The ink could be verdigris.

Don't you hate it? This feeling: not quite boredom, but not interest or passion either, like you are moving through the world and things are happening yet somehow you are not quite... connected.

This is the state of being that I am perpetually inhabiting. I want to feel joy when I wake up; yet instead, excitement, thrill, and great emotion all elude me. I am left hollowed out, filled only with the potential of the person that I could be, some other place, some other time, some other people.

There is so much happening in the world, so much to see and hear and touch and taste and smell. Yet here, in my mind, it feels like all that could happen never will, that I will never be the person that I wish I was, or reach that highness in spirits that would carry me over the cavernous, gaping pit of the mundane, the lonely, the disconnect.

I just want to feel something. And maybe by feeling nothing, I am. But it isn't enough! Will anything ever be enough?

Maybe all I really need is a distraction, but what I would like is a purpose.

Perhaps we don't all get what we want.

Perhaps life is only this, and the spirit inhabiting my mortal flesh fights the existence it knows is all it has.

So it is the same questions, just as it is always the same unsaid wish; she and you and I never quite escape them. We just learn to live with them under our skin, to conceal them a little better, to care a little less about the answers, even. I see the contours of her, your, our sadness, how they have shifted and reformed. You will go back to your time inspired to return in some senses, to stay gone in others, as will she, as will I. We are the green, the growing, the going.

We lock russet eyes, and I know I do not need to say anything. You have inquiries, curious queries, but you let them disintegrate, dissipating into the realm of the forgotten.

Is that not our fate as well?







The Untouched

A fairytale for my grandma, who remained a free woman until the end.

By: Eda Naz Gokdemir Art by: Izzy Lust Design by: Ella Grim

On the twelfth full moon of her eighteenth year, she considered walking into fire. She knew she could not emerge from the flames untouched; she was long past the age when she believed in the myths of her ancestors. Yet she still refused to walk into the waterfall and let the water wash away the pieces of earth on her body: sequoias on her back, ladybirds on her arms, thundercloud tears on her hands, sunshine on her chest, fallen leaves on her feet, the grass on her legs, kisses of her sisters on her cheeks ... What would remain of her if she surrendered all that she had once touched? Who would she become if she let go of all that once belonged to her?

"A woman loved you will be," her elders kept repeating, their skin as clear as the sea at dawn, only their eyes reflecting the depths of age. *Traitors*, she would hiss in her head. *You betrayed us and yourself; you betrayed your skin.*

"Don't be ridiculous," her siblings kept saying. "Who wouldn't want to be loved?"

But I already love you, she insisted.

"You love us like you love the sky, the earth, the fire."

What was wrong with that? She loved them as they were, with the traces of breeze on their faces, tear streaks underneath their eyes, and echoes of laughter around their lips. She learned to recognize the unique pattern of rain and sunshine on their limbs. She loved their freedom, their unbelonging, and their ever-changing nature. They would have to wash away all of that as if it never happened. And for what?

"The warmth of a fireplace in winter, the security of a home, the love of a man."

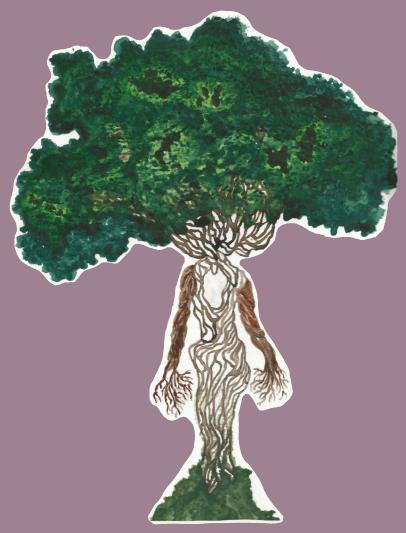
An unfair exchange, she said. No man will ever love you the way I do; they will only see your body as an empty field to conquer.

"Your love is not the same," they said, "because it does not belong to us only."

As if love is that scarce.

"What do you want from us?" one of the girls complained. "To go mad in the woods with you?"

The myths warned of women who retreated into the forest, who became so tainted by earth that they started to believe they had become trees themselves, the moonlight dancing on the pond, and the wolves running wild in the



Every now and then, someone would catch a glimpse of the women of the wild.

night. Every now and then, someone would catch a glimpse of the women of the wild.

"Their skin was of tree barks, their faces wrinkled as dry earth, their hair white as pale moonlight."

What happens to them later, she used to ask.

"They become one with the earth," was the usual reply.

Isn't that what we all become, she kept thinking, we all go back to where we came from.

"You will keep growing even after your death because your children are your seeds."

She had found it silly. I will keep growing after my death even if I don't have kids, because my body will belong to earth from which new sprouts will flourish.

"You already sound mad," some had laughed.

She did not think she was losing her mind. She knew that others did not truly believe that either because she caught glimpses of a longing in their eyes when they looked at their own bodies and each other's, already missing the traces of a lifetime lived together. Would you keep your skin as it is if a man would accept you as you are? The little girls had shouted yes when she asked; her peers had sighed; the old women had merely smiled.

"What makes you think I haven't kept it?" her grandma had replied.

She had looked at her grandma's pale white skin with nothing but white reflecting off its surface, no fingerprints of the earth.

"Just because you cannot see it does not mean it is not still there," her grandma had said.

She had heard the stories of the women of the old, their mythical ancestors, a thousand times, but when her grandmother told it, the words crackled like fire in her ears. She heard the fury of their ancestors in her grandmother's voice, women who refused to marry the men of their warring tribes who were bickering over pieces of land. "Silly how men need to own the land to feel safe," her grandma would laugh. We change, we grow, we adapt, was their mantra. When the men of the warring tribes threatened to use force, their ancestors did not hesitate to step into the fire and emerged from the flames unburnt with their tattoos ablaze with vibrant colors. The men's fingertips caught fire when they tried to touch their

skin; her ancestors vowed to remain untouchable until men stopped laying claim over the land and their bodies. Only then did her ancestors step into the water and extinguish the flames on their skin.

"We love because we choose to do so."

She knew that she no longer believed in those myths; life was never as simple as the stories made it out to be. For one thing, there was more to people than simply being men or women. Many of her siblings refused to fit into either title. The elders granted them their freedom to leave and live as they liked, but there was rejection in their tolerance. "You can exist," she imagined them saying, "but you do not have a place in our stories." Like women born in a man's body, or men born in a woman's body. You tell me my body is not everything, but you act like it defines us, she thought. Who dictates what is natural?

Who says I should only fall in love with men?

But no one talked about loving, at the end of the day. *To be loved* was all that mattered. Yet she could not blame them. After all, she was also afraid of being unloved, of being left behind by her siblings for the affection of a man, sitting lonely in the shades of trees that they once shared. She had come here every summer with the women of her tribe: celebrating the siblings who got their first tattoos, who bled for the first time, who nurtured another human life inside of them, who were passing into old age,

who were welcoming death, and who were now

of age like her. To pass through the waterfall was the tradition, a way of honoring their ancestors and their sisterhood. To stay in the forest would be to watch all the women she cared for leave without her. What would remain of her if she abandoned the ones she loved?

On the twelfth full moon of her eighteenth year, she followed her sisters to the waterfall. The moonlight reflected off their skins, their scraped knees, sunburnt cheeks, calloused hands, and cracks of old wounds. She watched as her sisters stepped into the waterfall, their skins playing briefly.

fall, their skin glowing briefly before they disappeared into the curtain of water.

"I love because I choose to do so," she mumbled as she followed. And she emerged from the water with her tattoos bright with colors: untouched.



ew: solcide, morder, honicidal intentions, human renains

STORY BY JULIA KING

OVR BONES



DESIGN BY JESSI CALIDONIO

Recently I have felt like I'm in some kind of spinning tunnel, where I might think I'm on my feet one second, but in the next moment I'm completely upside down. In the course of a few weeks, my friend committed suicide, a classmate from high school was murdered by his college roommate, and a student brought a knife to my brother's high school with a list of people he was going to stab. In a time like this, I desperately want something that can truly ground me, stop me from tumbling around.

I wish I could go back to the bones.

I've always had a hard time with faith, in the religious sense. I was raised Lutheran Christian, but I could never bring myself to believe in heaven, or in lots of other things the pastor said. I don't know why — I think I would have liked to believe in these things so I could take some comfort that when my friends or family died, I would see them again in a better place. Since I couldn't fully believe in any of that, I began to think that maybe I couldn't have faith. Faith: something I could believe in without seeing it, without feeling it.

But then I worked for the anthropology department my sophomore summer cataloging the collection of human remains in Silsby. I'd taken a class on human osteology my freshman year, so I'd already had some experience handling and identifying bones. Spending so many hours alone that summer in the small osteology lab, though, examining element after element, was a completely different experience. Even though I was alone in the lab I didn't feel that I was alone, especially knowing that there were hundreds of human beings scattered in boxes and drawers around the room. But as creepy as that sounds, it didn't feel creepy to me. That summer did have a big impact on how I thought about death, though. I wouldn't call Silsby Hall heaven, but the thousands of remains in the anthropology department do go to show that there is existence after death. They contain both the history of a person's life —from where they were born to what injuries and illnesses they suffered to how they died — and the DNA that determined their genetic heritage. It's not a novel thought that bones are spiritually special — in fact, I think Western scientists are the outliers in treating human remains as mundane scientific objects. In the lab, bones are a collection of measurements, qualitative descriptions, and accession numbers. In my experience, many remains lack associated documentation, making it even easier to divest the remains from the humans.

Along with my solemn fascination with the remains, I began to feel a sort of deep anger. The fact that the catalog needed to be done at all was because of the complete lack of prior documentation of the collection. In the hours I spent in the lab, I had plenty of time to wonder who these people were, where their families were, and what they would want to happen to their bodies. Some of the shameful history behind the creation of human remains collections is fairly well known; the Morton collection of stolen skulls at the Penn Museum, for example, or Carolina Biological, who used to dredge the Ganges for skeletons that were to stand in elementary classrooms. I looked at the Carolina skeleton in the corner of the Silsby lab, a woman of small stature, and imagined she may have once been at rest in a holy river.

There's also the likelihood that some of these remains have never been buried. Centuries ago, when people died who couldn't afford to be buried or were never claimed by their families, their remains were subsumed into the university system and used in cadaver labs and studies. Dartmouth probably did the same; on record, they did take in the remains of soldiers who died in US Marine and Military hospitals in the 19th century. Many institutions, like Harvard, the University of Pennsylvania, and the Smithsonian, have begun to face deserved backlash for maintaining these collections. The Native American Graves Protection and Repatriation Act declared that there are Native remains in institutions that were stolen and must be returned. But will this promise be fulfilled? And what about everyone else? What about the homeless, the enslaved, the unknown who were taken into university collections andhad their remaining identities erased? Academics may not be digging people up and stealing their bodies for anthropology collections anymore, but there are still so many people's bodies left above the ground. Collections of human remains, including those at Dartmouth, represent an abuse of power that has not stopped disrespecting the dead and their descendants.

Every time I finished working with the remains for the day, I would carefully place them back in their boxes, wrap the elements that had foam fitted to them, and cover them. Doing so felt like burying them, if only just temporarily. I'm not hesitant to say that I do want these remains to be buried. I know that my feelings are based on things that I cannot quantify or see, like dignity, peace, respect. But I also know that I would want my family's remains to be at rest, and I would be distraught to know that someone I loved was being held in a cold metal cabinet for the rest of time.



Working with human remains gave me a new sense of purpose and a drive to raise the discussion about what we owe to the remains of human beings. I owe a lot to these remains — they gave me cataloging experience, a role in the anthropology department, and knowledge that guides my thesis work in my senior year. But it's more than all that because of them, I believe in the spirit and the humanity that can never be removed from the bodies they left behind. When the world starts spinning too fast and I can't tell up from down, I press on my arms, my hands, and feel the bones that link me to those many people who have come before me. We are lasting, meaningful bodies that deserve reverence. These bones have given me my faith.

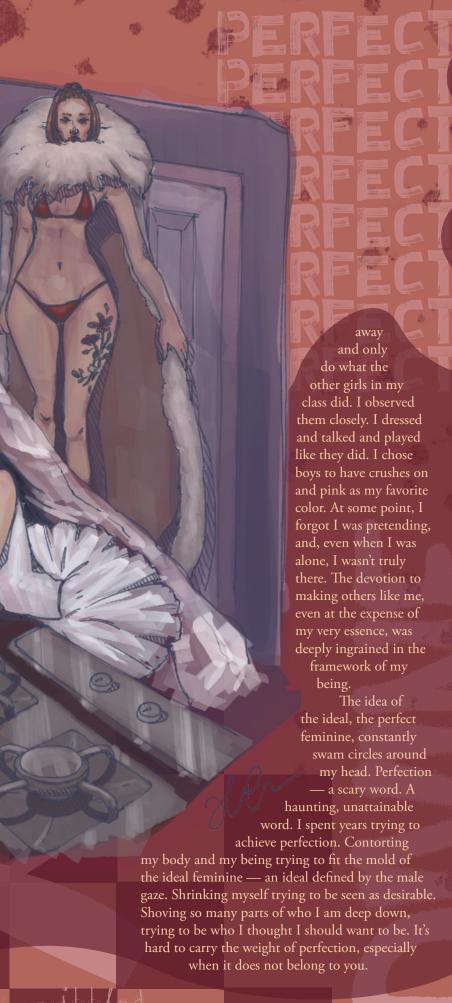


Recently, I've been trying to sit in my divine feminine. Which seems strange to me because I've never really felt connected to my femininity. Always a distant figment that it seemed like every other woman around me could reach but I could never quite take hold of. But sitting in my divine feminine feels different — more free, more like me. It encapsulates the idea that there is inherent power in femininity and that there is not one way to be feminine. I define it for myself. There is not a mold I must fit into perfectly or a standard I will never attain. There is just me and the femininity I embrace. The femininity I create. A bubble of safety that is fluid and forgiving.

It feels almost as if I am returning to who I always was. When I was very little, I

couldn't understand playing with other kids.
When I was alone, I could be anyone I wanted. I could be a princess ... or a prince.
I could stay up late and eat only cake. I could stand up to kids who teased me, and I could hold hands with pretty girls in silk dresses. I could be me. I didn't have to be a little girl or someone's younger sister; I was just Wynn.

That didn't remain the case. In second grade, I picked up a roly-poly, and a boy in my class told me that girls shouldn't like bugs. Now, mind you, I didn't like bugs. I just had a soft spot for roly-polies. Still, his eight-year-old comment struck somewhere deep inside me. I decided being myself wasn't good enough. I tried to hide



I recently spent
a morning wandering between
two exhibits in the Hood Museum: Femme is
Fierce[1] and Embodied.[2] I vigorously
scribbled in my journal trying to capture
every thought and feeling racing through
my muddled mind. I stared at pictures of
people who grasped and captured femininity
in their own way — people who may not have
ever fit the expectations of society, but yet still
found their power and joy in embracing femininity.
They were fighting against gender binaries not
by rejecting them but by redefining what

femininity could mean.

On the wall above me, a glittering description of the exhibit defined femininity as "an embodiment of a person's right to use signs of the

feminine to their own ends."[3] It dawned on me that I may not fit the perfect mold of a woman or a man's definition of what it means to be feminine, but that doesn't mean I need to reject femininity — it means that I can reclaim and redefine it for myself. I am allowed to not know the answers and keep questioning my relationship with womanhood and femininity. I am allowed to be open and ever-changing because maybe that is what it means to be feminine. It means finding power in the corners that seem too dark and hopeless to ever escape. It means jumping over the binaries of categorization, and finding myself without rigid dichotomies.

- [1] Femme is Fierce: Femme Queer Gender Performance in Photography, Curated by Alisa Swindell, 01 Oct. 17 Dec. 2022, Hood Museum of Art, Hanover, New Hampshire. https://hoodmuseum.dartmouth.edu/explore/exhibitions/femme-fierce
- [2] Embodied: Artist as Medium, Curated by Isadora Italia, 01 Oct. – 17 Dec. 2022, Hood Museum of Art, Hanover, New Hampshire. https:// hoodmuseum.dartmouth.edu/explore/exhibitions/ embodied
- [3] Femme is Fierce, Hood Museum of Art.

MOMMY AND ME: A BLACK MOTHER'S REFLECTION ON

SO YEARS OF COEDUCATION

BY: DYLAN DUNSON

DESIGN BY: CATY BROWN

ART BY: HANNAH HUANG

A NOTE FROM THE AUTHOR:

Devotion can be described as love, loyalty, or enthusiasm for a cause. I know without a shadow of a doubt the alumnus Nicole Haynes has been a devoted member of the Dartmouth community since her Freshman Fall in 1989. Nicole Haynes, like many women before and after her, played an active role in shifting the culture of Dartmouth's campus. As a member of the group that was a predecessor to a newspaper that would later be known as Spare Rib,Nicole Haynes was a part of the early discussions about a paper to express the narratives of women that often went unheard on the campus. Although Nicole Haynes never officially wrote for the paper because she was not confident in her writing ability,the women she was surrounded with became the group founders of a liberating newspaper that inspires women to this day. I know these facts to be true because Nicole Haynes is my mother.

I am currently a freshman at Dartmouth, and I see myself walking the steps that my mother walked thirty years before me. Although my mother and I attended the same college, we are very different people. I am a rugby player while my mom was, as many would say today, a NARP (non athletic regular person). My mother was a nerdy biochemistry major while I am into the humanities and avoid STEM like the plague. In honor of the 50th year of coeducation at Dartmouth, I decided to interview my mom to see first hand how the campus has evolved. I decided on six questions for both of us to discuss: **me in red** and **my mother in green** (our favorite colors).

WHAT WORDS WOULD YOU UTILIZE TO ENCOMPASS YOUR EXPERIENCES AS A BLACK WOMAN ON CAMPUS?

"Loyalty." Dartmouth taught me the necessary skills to be loyal to my fellow Black women. I was surrounded by women who did not take anything from anyone. I still to this day use these skills in my professional life and as a mother. I am loyal to my family and will always speak up for myself as well as others."

"Adventurous" Upon arrival at Dartmouth, I was thrown into the woods to sleep outside with strangers. When I came back to campus, I was thrusted into the fast pace academic world. While managing academics, I was exposed to the social scene at Dartmouth. The phrases, the culture, and the dos and don'ts of campus life.

DID ANY EVENT OCCUR TO YOU OR SOMEONE NEAR TO YOU THAT TARGETED THE FOUNDATION OF YOUR IDENTITY AS A BLACK WOMAN WHILE ON CAMPUS?

"There was not one big moment, but I do remember one specific event because I was a biochemistry major. My major was seldom pursued, at the time, by a lot of 1) Women or 2) Black people in my classes. My professor during one of my labs came up to me randomly and asked "how does it feel to be the first person in your family to go to college?" I am not the first person in my family to go to college and I never said this. I did not realize it till later that he was stereotyping me. I thought he meant that I was the first of my siblings because I was the oldest sibling. I even made the remark that my brother was merely two, but that is not what my professor meant. There was never one big event, but there were almost daily little instances of discrimination especially since my major lacked women, and especially Black women, I was exposed more to Dartmouth discrimination despite that there was a balance with my biology professor and students that would step in immediately before I could utter a word to explain to the person that their words were unacceptable."

I have only been on campus for a short eight weeks, so I have not had any major instances of racism on campus. However, the campus as well as the town of Hanover is predominately white. With this being said, there's a lack of proper accommodations for people of color because a large majority of the population is white and does not have to worry about those problems. Despite this demographic issue, I have not personally had a devastating experience.

• WAS THERE A DIVIDE BETWEEN RACE AND GENDER THAT WAS POLARIZING DURING YOUR TIME ON CAMPUS?

"That did not really happen as much. My experience is that this did not really happen. There was even a white person in the Black sorority. We were in it together. I think it is because we [women] had a shared struggle for value on campus. We did not just want to be an add on to Dartmouth but an integral part to the campus. I had two engineering friends and we would walk to the lab with them to support and encourage them in a male dominated space."

In my opinion, there is a clear distinction between race and gender on this campus. I think gender based issues on this campus are not driven by a large fighting force that was so prevalent in the past. I believe that as time has passed the discrimination has become less overt, so less women are involved in the fight. The discrimantion's evolution into subtle rather than blatant has allowed for many individuals to overlook its presence within campus life. I think this population lacks as much diversity as I would assume. I think racial issues are addressed separately from gender with a united front from minority men and women.

WHAT WAS THE GENDER AND RACIAL CLIMATE ON CAMPUS AND AROUND THE NATION DURING YOUR TIME ON CAMPUS?

"The big racial issues were the fact that MLK day was not recognized in Hanover or Dartmouth. Dartmouth refused to recognize MLK day as a holiday. Another issue was the South African aperthaid issues and Dartmouth had some kind of investments or link to a company out of South Africa. There were some Black South Africans on campus so students wanted the college to sever ties with South Africa. The Dartmouth Review was super racist at this point. Dartmouth refused to address that with protests about the newspaper."

"...THE ISSUE OF RACIAL INEQUALITY
IS MORE PREVALENT NOW THAN EVER
ON DARTMOUTH'S CAMPUS AS WELL
AS AROUND THE WORLD."

A pressing issue discussed amongst students and faculty on campus is the June 24, 2022 decision by the Supreme Court to overturn Roe v Wade. This decision has been a rampant topic of discourse amongst students especially since New Hampshire is in the midst of Election season. With campaigns and politicians all across the campus over the past couple of weeks, it is hard to ignore the pressing issues that are affecting the state we reside in for school as well as my home state of Georgia. As far as pressing racial issues, the issue of racial inequality is more prevalent now than ever on Dartmouth's campus as well as around the world. A pressing issue on campus, for me, currently is the tension between the Graduate Laborers at Dartmouth, which is a group of graduate students that are advocating for a dependable living wage, and the college. This group of graduate students publicly announced their concerns on the Green which allowed for the students at Dartmouth to grasp the negative relationship between these workers and the college.

DID YOUR EXPERIENCE AT DARTMOUTH AS A BLACK WOMAN EMPOWER OR BELITTLE YOU?

Empower. My classes have played a key role in this empowerment. I have the privilege to dig deeper in the nation's history to discover not only the facts but the rationale behind the facts. I think the deeper analysis within class time has expanded my understanding of the progress that has been made but also the various issues still at hand. I also have a voice on this campus. I have learned the power in my voice. My teammates and undergraduate advisor have instilled in me the power I truly have.

"Empower. It allowed me to recognize racism and sexism immediately and gave me the power to address racism and sexism head on. I have no problem telling people to their face that what they did was racist or sexist. I owe that in part to Dartmouth."

"I HAVE NO PROBLEM TELLING PEOPLE TO THEIR FACE THAT WHAT THEY DID WAS RACIST OR SEXIST. I OWE THAT IN PART TO DARTMOUTH." AS A MOTHER TO A BLACK WOMAN CURRENTLY ON CAMPUS, DO YOU SEE PARALLELS TO YOUR EXPERIENCES ON CAMPUS IN THE 90S THAT REMAIN STAGNANT IN DARTMOUTH CULTURE? OR HAVE YOU SEEN A DRAMATIC SHIFT IN DARTMOUTH CULTURE TO THE POINT OF UNRECOGNITION?

"The vibe is different. It seems like you are included more. It's not like having women on campus is an afterthought — like where are we going to house them. I think Dartmouth is less empowering than before. The women around me seemed to be protesting all the time with a lack of tolerance for anything. You guys aren't like that but maybe you guys do not have to be. And maybe that is a good thing. It seems like there used to be more Black only things— more Black sorority and fraternities, more Black activities. There is more of a blend. There is less self segregation. These spaces were empowering for us at the time with "big brothers and big sisters" now there's more of a push to integrate."

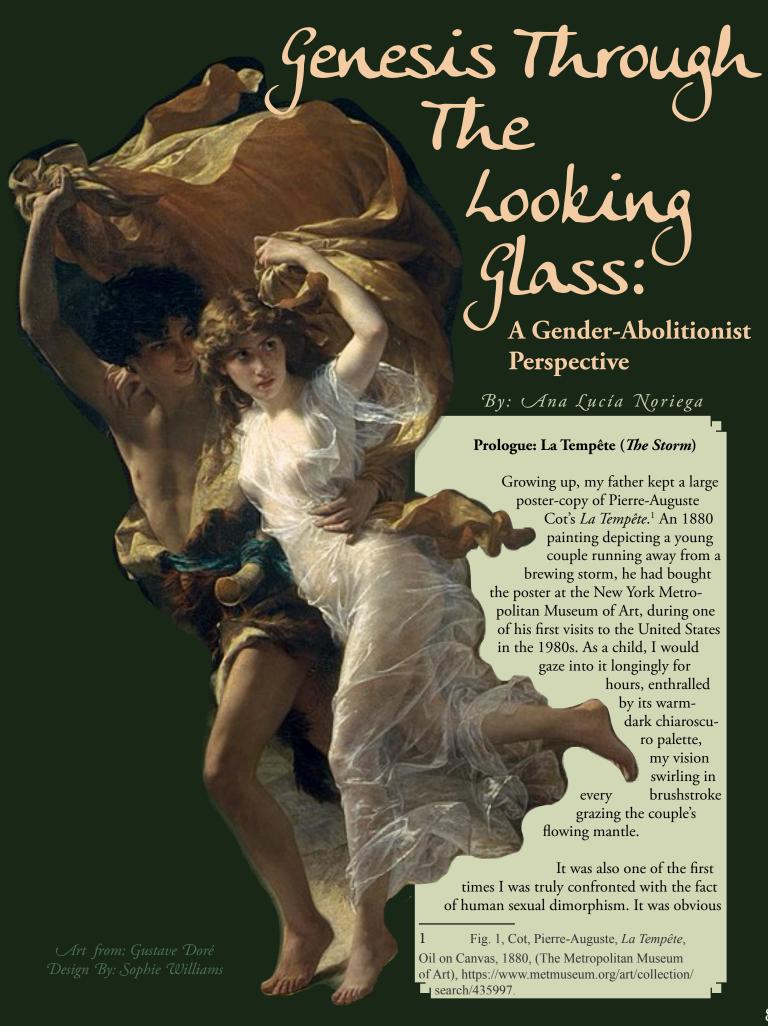
"IT'S NOT LIKE HAVING WOMEN ON CAMPUS IS AN AFTERTHOUGHT"

AFTER SPEAKING WITH MY MOM, I THINK THAT DARTMOUTH STILL HAS A LONG WAY TO GO.

After talking with my mother, I am shocked to see the regression of racial unity on this campus. It is rather disheartening. I came on campus with this impression that my mother had given me beforehand that Shabazz would be a perfect place of refuge. Unfortunately, I have not had similar experiences with Shabazz of liberating events with this sense of Black unity. I do see the beauty in the diversifying spaces which the campus is doing more now than in the past. After speaking with my mom, I think that Dartmouth still has a long way to go. The phrase, "Somethings may never change" sadly applies to the Dartmouth Review, which finds its way to my front door biweekly. The newspaper's racist and sexist past still prevails into the current newspaper that we see today.



THESE SIX QUESTIONS ARE JUST THE SURFACE OF THE EVOLUTION OF DARTMOUTH. The past allows for Dartmouth to understand its present and its future. As a piece of Dartmouth's present and future, I am truly honored to navigate the evolution of Dartmouth with my mother by my side. My mother has instilled in me the foundational skills to succeed as a Black woman from the women before her. I hope that I can provide the future women of Dartmouth the same flourishing wisdom as women before me. The devoted women of Dartmouth such as my mother laid the foundation for women like me. Two Black women that are devoted to Dartmouth and each other.



— the woman's breasts against the man's lack thereof, her shorter stature, her exposed, accentuated hips. Absolute difference plastered on a canvas, covered up with clothes and stylings made proper to each type of person, turning something that is in itself relatively mild into a wide, unbreachable gulf. Coverings which give *meaning* to said difference — give *Gender*.

Whenever he saw me staring at the painting, my father would tell me the couple depicted were Adam and Eve, and that the naturalistic setting was the Garden of Eden. My upbringing, at least in the home, was not particularly religious. Nevertheless, one of the staples of my childhood was an abridged version of the Bible, containing dramatic, striking reproductions of wood carvings by Gustave Doré that, to this day, remain etched into my deepest memories. So, I knew of Adam and Eve quite well. And thus, an association was immediately made in my mind: the painting was a depiction of the fall of man. The storm brewing in the background became God's wrath against his disobedient creations — the couple's implied running motion became a desperate act of pure shame.

This is the moment of *sublation*² away from classless society³, towards a class-based ancient society. It represents the abandonment of old ways of life, in favor of the accumulation of private property at the hands of new, emergent dominant classes. It represents the creation of states and institutions, through which social divisions could be systemically enforced. As such, it is intimately connected to **the birth of gender.**



I. Lilith (The Female In-The-Abstract)

FAUST. Now who is that? MEPHISTOPHELES. Take a good look! That's Lilith. FAUST. Who?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Adam's first wife. Be on your guard against her lovely tresses, the only ornament she wears! When she has caught a young man with them, it's quite a while until she lets him go.

— J.W.V. Goethe, Faust.4

Although only mentioned once in the Christian

From the German original 'Aufheben,' a word and concept crucial to Marxist theory, it has several contradictory meanings. Among them are: 'to transcend,' 'to contradict,' 'to suspend,' 'to abolish,' etc.

Traditional Marxist analysis uses the term "Primitive Communism" to refer to this stage of human development. This is never meant in a despective way, but rather, is merely a way to refer to early societies where social classes, as well as private property, were absent.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Faust I & II, Volume 2: Goethe's Collected Works - Updated Edition*. Ed. Stuart Atkins. REV-Revised. Volume #2. (Princeton University Press, 1984.) http://www.jstor.org/stable/j.ctt6wpz53.



bible,⁵ *Lilith* is a figure that has been incredibly influential in world culture as a whole. She was, as per the Jewish myths in which she originates, the world's first female human being, made from the same clay which formed her husband, Adam — rather than his rib, as Eve was.

There are multiple interpretations of Lilith as a character, going from antiquity all the way to the modern day. In the *Alphabet of Ben Sira*, an anonymous Hebrew text, Lilith's portrayal is itself written to be expressly misogynistic.⁶ Realizing that sex forces her in a "submissive" position by virtue of being penetrated by the male,⁷ Lilith demands that Adam accept giving her an "equal" position during intercourse — that is, interestingly, one in which Lilith takes on the penetrative role — since both

she and Adam "are equal... [and] both from the earth." Being rebuked, she utters the name of God — one of Judaism's highest religious taboos — and flees across the Red Sea. In response, God sends three Angels to find her and deliver the warning: "If she wants to return, well and good. And if not, she must accept that a hundred of her children will die every day." As part of this punishment, Lilith herself has to carry out the murder of said children.

As seen above: "Popular Medieval Amulet to Protect the Mother and Child Against Attack by Lilit During Childbirth. — From Sefer Raziel, Amsterdam, 1701."

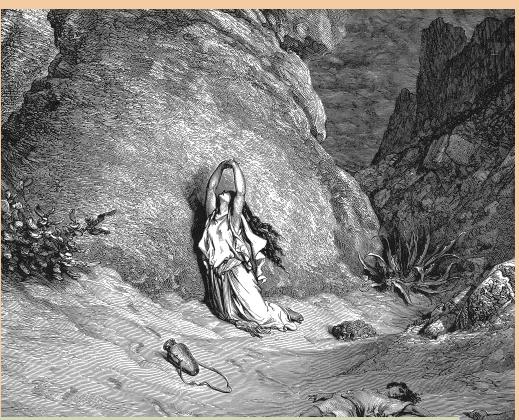
Lilith accepts the punishment, and offers the Angels a condition: if the children she is to kill are wearing an amulet for protection, then she shall cause them no harm. This story was the formal birth

⁵ The verses in Isaiah 34:14, which speak of a water spirit, are thought to refer to her.

^{6 &}quot;Alphabet of Ben Sira 78: Lilith," Jewish Women's Archive, Accessed November 8, 2022, https://jwa.org/node/23210.

Here, it must be noted that penetration — as an action, in this specific circumstance — is only seen as "submissive" because of the way in which submission is itself culturally associated with the realm of the female sex in the epoch of class societies. In reality, there are many arguments that could be made for why this is not the case. For example, in reproductive terms, the egg choses the sperm that it will allow to fertilize it and rejects the rest, rather than the other way around. This is a fact of human biology in which female anatomy is indisputably taking a so-called "dominant" role. Nevertheless, the real challenge is to decouple *neutral* biological processes from human class-systems — that is, realizing that to be female is not to be inferior.

[&]quot;Alphabet of Ben Sira." Jewish Women's Archive.



of the myth of Lilith — and with it, her historic association with hell, demons, and witchcraft. The Lilith in the *Alphabet of Ben Sira* is weaponized by the authors of said text — who almost certainly were all male, and certainly were all sexist — to convey what they believe to be an essential truth: female inferiority, in contrast with male superiority, is an obvious, natural, transhistorical⁹ state of affairs. Thus, Lilith's resistance to this "natural truth," by seeking fluid equality with Adam, is not only moot, but *evil*.¹⁰

From the original story in the *Alphabet of Ben Sira*, translated into cultural canon, new renditions of Lilith sprung from the ground. For example, in Goethe's crowning literary achievement, *Faust*, Lilith is portrayed as a mischievous, sexually-promiscous demoness, whose narrative purpose is trying to seduce the titular main character. It is likely that this portrayal originates in the Kabbalah texts — particularly The Zohar — where Lilith is portrayed as a succubus, the evil side of Adam, and the wife of Satan, whose sole life purpose is seduc-

ing and murdering unsuspecting men. In Greek culture, this version of Lilith became the Lamia — a half-serpent, half-woman hybrid creature with an insatiable sexual appetite, who enjoys devouring the young men she has intercourse with.

It is especially interesting to examine the underlying psychological underpinnings of the latter depiction, and how it relates back to the topic at hand: gender as a class-system. For example, in the third act of the avant-garde, surreal progressive rock opera *The Lamb Lies Down on Broadway*, written by the aptly-titled band "Genesis," the male protagonist (Rael) eventually

finds himself in a shallow misty pool, surrounded by three Lamia. The creatures seduce him, and proceed to eat him — a process which causes him no physical pain, but rather, is intensely pleasurable, "a magic that a name would stain." However, because Rael is no longer 'immature,' — calling back to the original child-eating Lilith myth — the Lamia cannot properly digest his flesh, and thus begin to convulse, dying in his arms. See-

A material reality that is independent of social structures — that is, of the dominant mode of production. Many things in the present — for instance, gender — are merely the temporal, era-dependent form of an essence (sex) that has existed throughout all human societies, and will continue to exist unchanged in the future.

Throughout history, genuine liberation movements have always been labeled either as 'terrorists,' or, if in power, as 'brutal, authoritarian, and despotic regimes.' The same principles apply here.

Goethe, Faust I & II.

Genesis, *The Lamia*, "The Lamb Lies Down on Broadway," by Tony Banks, Phil Collins, Peter Gabriel, Steve Hackett. and Mike Rutherford. Charisma Records. 1974. vinvl record.

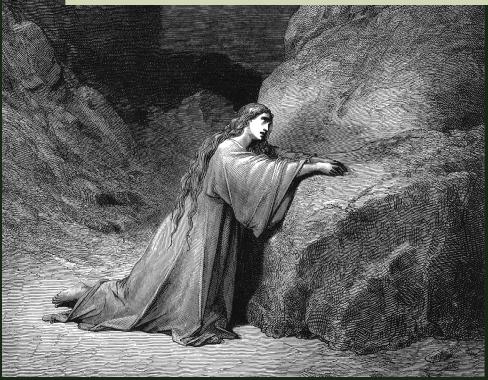
ing this, Rael proceeds to devour the Lamia amidst a haunting piano passage, before resuming his journey. Soon thereafter, he finds himself in a colony populated by "Slippermen": green, deformed creatures with slimy, lump-covered skin. In reality, the Slippermen are just men who had the same encounter with the Lamia. Rael thus realizes that he, himself, has also become a Slipperman, and he is given one sole solution to reverse his predicament: surgical castration.¹³

It is clear that, in the aforementioned depiction, the Lamia — and thus, Lilith — represents an unbearable fear of several things: of male impotence on the face of female capacity, of the loss of masculinity, and thus, of the loss of sex itself . In other words, Lilith's capacity to completely overpower the male on a psychological (and sexual) level threatens the myth of male superiority, and with it, **manhood** itself. Why? Because manhood is merely the *occupying of a dominant position in a gender class-system*.

In other words: Lilith is the female in-the-abstract, the female in nature, the female as-is, without any kind of social imposition laid upon her (that is, **the female without womanhood**). And, without womanhood, the female is equal to the male-without-manhood — a position which also implies the loss of male superiority. This is why Lilith, in pop-culture, became a monstrous demoness to be feared. What she represents to the ruling classes of her times, as well as that of our times, is the most terrifying proposition of all: *female emancipation and freedom*.

Regardless of whether one consciously subscribes to the Abrahamic creation stories or not, the Lilith myth in particular provides a worthwhile framework from which to understand both the root and the function of gender

Because in our era, gender (as a social imposition) is derived from physical sex, it is impossible to truly think of them separately, given that all of us have always lived in a gender class-system. Thus, to imagine the end of gender inevitably (and incorrectly!) prompts people to imagine the end of sex differences themselves. In reality, physical sex is a transhistorical reality that is devoid of any innate social significance.



This point (that is, the connection between the Lilith myth, female liberation, and anxiety over the loss of manhood — a version of Freud's notion of castration anxiety as the universal male anxiety, the ultimate act of emasculation, related to loss of ego and thus, loss of self) is re-emphasized especially in the 1974 staging of the album, where Genesis frontman Peter Gabriel would emerge onto the stage dressed as a slipperman, crawling out of a large, red inflatable penis. The costume itself also contained inflatable male genitalia, which was meant to be deflated during the "castration" scene.



— and thus, the *necessity for its abolition*. Below, I offer an alternative Lilith story: one that, rather than serving cultural taboos, obscurantist backwardness, and counterrevolutionary reaction, serves the historical mission of our times: the overthrow of all existing social conditions, and the creation of a new world.

Firstly, it must be noted that the desire for female submission did not, and, logically, *could not have*, emerged naturally from Adam himself. How would he, as a brand-new creation, unbound by social phenomena and without any kind of societal structure around him, have known *of* submission in the first place — much less who to dish it out to? The argument that female inferiority justifies itself in women's generally smaller, physically weaker bodies is simply not convincing — female bodies are also generally more flexible, less prone to certain diseases, better at enduring pain and discomfort, and on the average, achieve greater longevity than males. It is a transhistorical truth that males are, generalizing across the entire sex, better at certain tasks by virtue of

their specific biology — and, following that logic, that females also excel above males in other tasks by virtue of their specific biology. This physical difference *does not presuppose any superiority or inferiority*. It only suggests that dividing tasks in a hunter-gatherer, classless society, where technological advances have not yet closed the gaps between what is possible for both sexes *in both directions* — as they largely have now — might generally be intuitive and advantageous.

So, taking humanity's comparatively mild sexual dimorphism — again, on a general, yet not strictly individual basis — into consideration, why would the physical advantages of having a female body *inherently* weigh less in human society? The answer is because of the **historical emergence of class** — and with it, **gender.**¹⁵

It is only through *social institutions* — primarily organized under *states* — that class systems are sustained. ¹⁶ And class systems themselves arise out of the material,

For more on this, *see* "The Principles of Feminism," published in our Summer edition, as well as Beauvoir's *The Second Sex*; particularly Part II, which deals with the history of the female sex and its oppression. *See* Simmone de Beauvoir, "Part II: History" in *The Second Sex*, trans. H. M. Parshley, (London: Jonathan Cape, 1956), 87-159.

Theorizing on the birth of the first Greek states out of primitive-communist tribal societies, Engels states: "Only one thing was wanting: an institution which not only secured the newly acquired riches of individuals against the communistic traditions of the gentile order, which not only sanctified the private property formerly so little valued, and declared this sanctification to be the highest purpose of all human society; but an institution which set the seal of general social recognition on each new method of acquiring property and thus amassing wealth at continually increasing speed; an institution which perpetuated, not only this growing cleavage of society into classes, but also the right of the possessing class to exploit the non-possessing, and the rule of the former over the latter... And this institution came. The *state* was invented." *See* Friedrich Engels, "IV. The Greek Gens" in *The Origin of the Family, Private Property, and the State*. (Zurich: 1884). https://www.marxists.org/archive/marx/works/1884/origin-family/ch04.htm

social relations between people and their means to production. In this scenario, before any organized production is taking place, there cannot be a class-system, nor a subsequent ruling state, arising out of a pre-destined nothingness — to say otherwise would be thoroughly unscientific and historically ignorant. Furthermore, in the context of the biblical creation myth, there are no pre-existing social institutions to sustain this non-existent class society. As such, the exploitation of man by man has not begun, and thereby, there is *no* material *need* for female oppression.

The question, however, remains: where is the impulse to subjugate females coming from? As per the religious stories hereby explored, it is coming from "God" himself, from divine mandate. That is, *the divine mandate of ruling-class men*, living in the earliest class-societies, crafting the stories that would dictate the faith, beliefs, and lives of millions. Remember Marx's thesis: "As individuals express their life, so they are. What they are, therefore, coincides with their production, both with what they produce and with how they produce.

The nature of individuals thus depends on the material conditions determining their production."¹⁷ In short: if, in the time of Lilith, there was no organized, generally-dominant mode of production other than agriculture, hunting, construction, and so on for subsistence, then there could be no political positions to be taken, for there was no social force predisposing man's class-based position. Even more so, there was no state of any kind. As Lenin described it, a state is "an organ of class rule, an organ for the oppression of one class by another," an organ with the function of "the creation of 'order', which legalizes and perpetuates this oppression by moderating the conflict between classes."¹⁸ There were no institutions from which one class could oppress another; in this case, from which males could oppress females.

Once again, if we take the Lilith myth as a piece of literature worth analyzing, any form of female subjugation in the Garden of Eden would have to be coming from 'God.' In the literal sense, this means it is coming from those writing Him to suit their class interests. Even if one does have belief in the Abrahamic God, to



accept the Genesis story at face-value would be to accept that God willed women to be inferior — and certainly, many fundamentalist Christians would make said argument! Nevertheless, there is only one objective, transhistorical truth: female subordination, inferiority, or even "natural difference in heavenly-mandated roles," as modern American Protestants tend to put it, is not natural, obvious, or self-fulfilling. Rather, it is merely the heavenly mandate of the dominant classes. It is man-made.

II. **Eve (The Female Constructed)**

As per the Abrahamic creation myth, following the banishment of Lilith — that is, the female in nature, as is, as transhistorical, equal, and neutral — from the Garden of Eden, God decided to bestow a second wife upon Adam. This time, he would make sure that she remained a 'faithfull,' 'submissive' wife. Making her from Adam's rib, she was branded from birth as derived, secondary, and thus, inferior. 19 It was previously said that the fall of man represented the birth of gender. Nevertheless, it was Eve's creation itself that represents its conception and in-utero growth. In this way, an emboldened Adam, drunk on male-supremacist chauvinism, reminisces down upon his new companion: looking

> is now bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh: she shall be

she was taken out of Man."20

Nevertheless, just as Lilith before her, not even Eve's stamping as man's inferior could prevent the inevitable — the reigning principle of all social transformation in the era of class society: "It is Right to Rebel!" In other words, the actualization of Sartre's prophecy of an inevitable apocalypse for the ruling-class: the moment of the boomerang, 21 where all oppressed classes complete their historical mission of liberation. For Eve, this moment — forever branded in the Christian pantheon as the 'original sin' — was knowledge.

But what kind of knowledge? Put simply: class consciousness. In Eve's case, consciousness of her belonging — as the sole, originating member — of the female sex-class. A desire not merely to be equal to Adam, but to be above God himself — a desire most immediately realized with an acquired awareness and shame of her own nakedness; that is, awareness of her physical sex,²² the source of her oppression.

Opening her eyes upon consuming the apple, the world became radically altered: it was no longer a monotonous, solipsistic 'paradise' where her very existence was defined by her precedence from Adam. Rather, the world became real. And thus, for the first time, she could see things as they were. Juggling knowledge on

As Milton, poet of female-hatred, describes her from Adam's perspective, she is both intellectually and physically his lesser, and most importantly, does not resemble the figure of God as much as Adam, who was made in his image:

"For well I understand in the prime end Of nature her th'inferior, in the mind And inward faculties, which most excel, In outward also her resembling less His image who made both, and less expressing The character of that dominion giv'n"

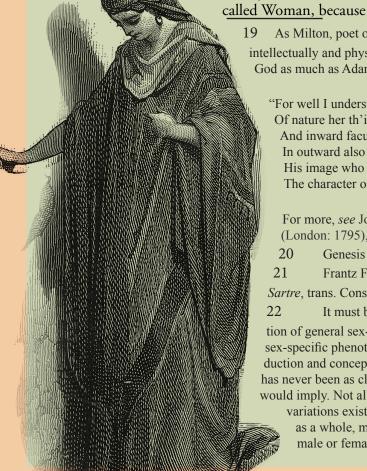
For more, see John Milton, "Book VIII" in Paradise Lost, ed. Thomas Newton, vol. II, (London: 1795), 73.

20 Genesis 2:23, KJV.

Frantz Fanon, "Preface" in The Wretched of the Earth, Pref. By Jean Paul Sartre, trans. Constance Farrington, (New York: Grove Press, 1968), 20.

It must be remarked that by 'physical sex', what is referred to are the collection of general sex-specific phenotypes characterized as "female," in contrast to "male" sex-specific phenotypes. These are humanly-understood categories, and while the reproduction and conception of humans does operate on a sex-binary by design, nature itself has never been as clean-cut and well-defined in practice as two simple, rigid categories would imply. Not all women share the exact same sex-specific phenotypes — individually,

variations exist and are common. Nevertheless, when these phenotypes are considered as a whole, most people can be — and are, socially-speaking — qualified as either male or female, and thereby either become oppressors or oppressed respectively.



"This

92

her fingertips, she saw the luminous path — for a few seconds, minutes, or days — towards equality with both Adam and God.

Thus, God, full of ruling-class wrath, appeared before both Adam and Eve, and dished out a punishment which would go on to be cited for millennia as justification for the enslavement, oppression, and humiliation of women. First, inventing physical misery: "I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy conception; in sorrow thou shalt bring forth children," and then, inventing her enslavement to man — or rather, merely codifying it, as her very conception contained within it the presumption of submission: "and thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee." ²³And thus begins the fall of man, where woman's condition fully crystallizes into an *oppressed social class*. In short, **the birth of gender**.

With this, what Engels termed "the world-historical defeat of the female sex" 24 became reality. In concrete terms, this was the defeat of matriarchal social relations

in favor of patriarchal ones, as sectors of humanity ascended first from nomadic social forms into agricultural, tribal ones, and then, into organized slave-states in the era of antiquity. As the history of class struggle begins, so does the history of sex-class struggle. While classes may shift and change throughout history depending on the dominant mode of production, and so may the cultural conception of "man" and "woman," one thing is certain: so long as female people exist under class society, they will remain an oppressed sex-class. And, so long as we remain an oppressed sex-class, the dream of liberation will continue to shine high above the storm.

Engels, The Origin of the Family.



²³ Genesis 3:16

Engels, The Origin of the Family.

THE BUAL RHYTHM OF REBOLUTION

In Dialogue With "Genesis Through the Looking Glass"

By: Norah Valderrama

Design by: Sophie Williams & Norah Valderrama
Art by: Gustave Doré & Alfredo Márquez

Rhythm I: Destruction (Judith Shows the Head of Holofernes)

All of humanity are descendants of Eve. And all females, just as her, are stamped from the moment of birth, their eyes awakening in a world where inferiority holds the status of a natural, eternal truth. Nevertheless, thanks to Eve, we are gifted with the original sin: knowledge (*or*, her unknowing desire for it!). In our current era, with technological advances, the possibility of acquiring consciousness of our true reality is more achievable, concrete, and accessible than ever. What is that reality? That we are a sex-class, oppressed and exploited for the benefit of another sex-class — the male sex-class.

With that in consideration, the obvious question arises: what is to be done? Eve responds by grasping on to her original rebellion: **to rebel is justified**. After all, every one of God's children is a sinner — and, in our current epoch, we are **rebels**.

As the history of every liberatory movement shows us, "the success of a revolution depends on how much women take part in it." Judith's triumphant showing of Holofernes' head before her oppressed people did not arise out of prayer, reform, nor ballots. Wielded by a woman of determination, courage, and vitality, led by a specific, intransigent guiding-thought and ideology, it arose through the red sword of justice — that is, through violence with a class-stamp.

This is the process of class war, of People's War led victoriously by a truly revolutionary organization of the new type — led by the masses with and through their party, the **Communist Party**, reconstituted and tempered in struggle, crushing revisionism, opportunism, and reformism. Nevertheless, the violent, destructive process of class war is fundamentally inseparable from the process which occurs in conjunction with, and as a logical reaction to, it: the process of creative construction.

Vladimir Lenin, "Speech at the First All-Russia Congress of Working Women" in *Lenin's Collected Works*, Vol. 28, (Moscow: Progress Publishers, 1974), 180-182, https://www.marxists.org/archive/lenin/works/1918/nov/19.htm

Rhythm II: Construction

The day after the conquest of power by the oppressed classes, the new democratic government will begin the greatest task to face humanity — sweeping aside the vestiges and birthmarks of capitalism to begin the construction of a new world. Although arduous, it is a task that *billions* across the world will partake in (Just as billions have been forced to participate in the construction and maintenance of capitalism, with far less to no say in it). Each small step will build, brick by brick, a new type of society, where there is no exploitation of man by man, and where the highest scientific, cultural, and artistic advances imaginable — the blossoming fruits of an emancipated humankind and her labor — are for all to produce and enjoy. From the tallest peak of the Himalayas, to the prairies of Europe, passing

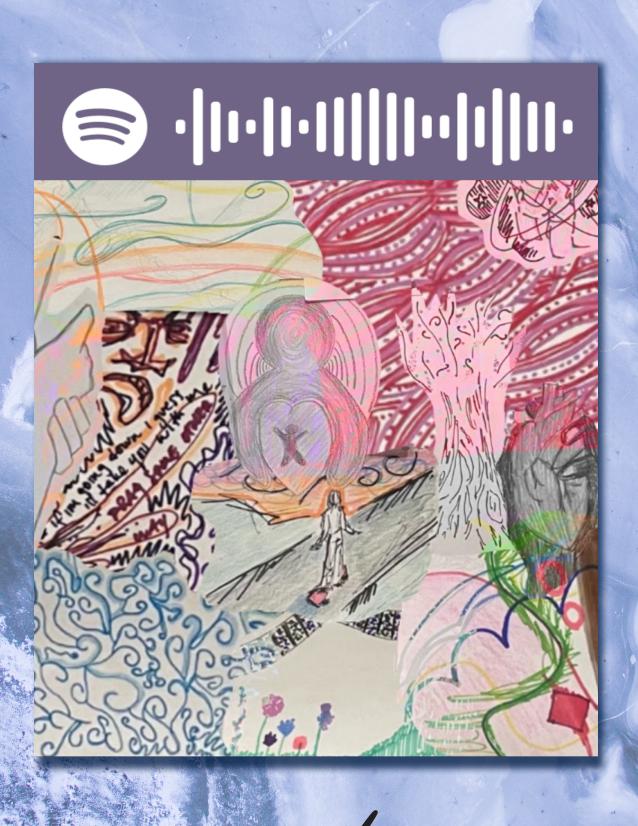


by the African savannah and the American Andes, the world will overflow with joy, love, and community. The people — workers, women, and all oppressed peoples of the world — will build a paradise.

This is the construction of the new world. It is a task that will remain stamped on the soul of humankind, for a million generations to bask in. Eternal trumpets of the future will resound in the now, slowly birthing humanity's glorious, luminous destiny. In the new world, there will be no man or woman, no Black or white²⁷, no worker or owner — there will only be free *human beings*, reaching for a distant galaxy that draws nearer each day. This is what we struggle for, and this is what we die for. Even if barbaric tempests thunder over us, or savage hurricanes tear apart our mast, we will, with herculean valor, take upon the violent, raging seas. And no matter who or what tries to stop us, we will triumph. We are condemned to win.

While physical phenotypes, such a skin color, will continue to exist, as will cultures, common geographies, and shared histories amongst groups of people, both the concept of "race" (as a way to categorize different 'types' of human beings, which has its origins in pseudo-science used to justify colonial conquests and has now been thoroughly debunked) and "nationality" alike will crumble away in the socialist future. This is not to say that questions of race or nationality are unimportant in the present. Since we live in a bourgeois society, and both oppression on the basis of race and nationality are issues belonging to the bourgeois epoch, they will both remain pertinent in any social revolution that seeks to abolish the present state of things.





the classical playlist

Our Staff

de·vo·tion /de'vōSH(e)n/

"love, loyalty, or enthusiasm for a person, activity, or cause"

When we first chose Devotion, most of our thoughts went straight to red tones and themes of passion—a zine that was centered on love. But "devotion" itself has facets that go beyond romantic and platonic love, and we found ourselves compiling color schemes based on experiences rather than emotions. Devotion permeates all parts of our lives, from fears of vulnerability to misplaced loyalty, familial trust to unknown paths.

We may not always understand, but devotion does not require understanding.

During a brainstorm meeting, members took time to think about what devotion meant to them. In discussion, everyone explained their own thoughts on the word, and often wove in stories from their pasts that had influenced their perspective. The meaning of devotion is not singular, and we hope that this edition allows readers to further explore their own relationships with devotion, to themselves and to the world around them.

Thank you to our staff for your devotion.

Love, Lauren and Milanne, 23W Design Leads

Note:

Content: Article authors

Editing: Editors who gave peer writing feedback and reviewed final

articles

Page Design: Designers who created each article layout

Art: Artists of various artworks

Cover Art: Artist responsible for illustrating the cover

Layout Review: The "final eyes" on the design of each article and

compilers of the magazine

Cover Design: Cover formatting and layout

- Ana Lucía Noriega '24 Content, Page Design
- Anna Valdez '26 Content
- Anne Johnakin '23 Editing, Page Design
- Aryma Moore '25 Page Design
- Asya Ulger '26 Art, Page Design
- Cara Lewis '26 Art, Page Design
- Caty Brown '23 Page Design
- Dhaiana Tapia Rodriguez '25 Content
- Dylan Dunson '26 Content
- Eda Naz Gokdemir '25 Content,
 Editing
- Ella Grim '25 Editing, Page Design
- Emily Chang '25 Content
- Emily McInnis '25 Art
- Grace Hillery '25 Content
- Hannah Huang '26 Art
- Hayden Elrafei '24 Editing
- Hosaena Tilahun '25 Content
- Isabelle Lust '25 Art
- Jamie Liu '25 Art, Cover Art
- Jessi Calidonio '26 Art, Content,
 Page Design

- Julia King '23 Content
- Julie Gnany '25 Content
- Katherine Arrington '24 Content, Editing
- Lauren Kang '25 Layout Review, Page Design
- Maanasi Shyno '23 Art, Editing
- Migwi Mwangi '23 Content, Editing
- Milanne Berg '24 Art, Cover Design, Layout Review, Page Design
- Raegan Boettcher '24 Art, Content, Editing, Page Design
- Sabine Spier '26 Art
- Sally Young '26 Content
- Samrit Mathur '23 Content
- Sanjana Raj '25 Page Design
- Sara Kohler '25 Art
- Serena Suson '25 Content, Editing
- Shena Han '25 Art, Page Design
- Sophia Gregorace '24 Art
- Sophie Williams '24 Editing, Page Design
- Tiffany Chang '23 Content
- Wynn Johnson '26 Content

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Like what you're reading? Intrigued by the art and design work you've seen? Interested in joining a group who is passionate about intersectional feminism? *Join the Spare Rib family!*

There are many ways you can get involved:

- Writing an article
- Creating a personality quiz or a crossword puzzle
- Creating art to accompany an article
- Creating standalone pieces of art (digital, photography, traditional, etc.)
- Working with Adobe InDesign to create the layout for an article
- Creating art for the cover
- Working on our social media
- Working on meeting logistics and planning events
- Developing our community and presence on campus
- Working on special projects of your choosing
- Helping to guide future interest in Spare Rib
- Or just coming to meetings to make new friends!

We create a magazine each term, focused on a theme (like this edition's theme, Devotion!). You can be as involved as you like each term. Our space is always open to all! Slack is our most used form of communication, and we use it both as a workspace and social space. If you're interested in joining, contact us at <a href="mailto:space:space-in-edu-space-

We'd love to have you!

Our Socials



Website: <u>spareribdartmouth.com</u>



Instagram: @sparerib.dartmouth



Twitter: @SpareRibZine



Spotify: Spare Rib Dartmouth

* Thanks to our wonderful Marketing Team! *





INTERSECTIONAL FEMINIST ZINE AT DARTMOUTH



VOLUME 3 | ISSUE 1

23W EDITION

The Devotion Issue



Thank you for reading.

INTERESTED?

JOIN US!