

# GLITTER



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Hey, cool. You're reading this. That's the goal. THANK U for at least cracking this zine open and giving it a chance. I'm assuming it was shoved in your face by one of us (the makers), or you saw it hanging in your local book/coffee co-op and were enticed by the sprawling "Clitorally" in bold letters. Clits. If you're into DIY art and/or hardcore feminist chicks that want to spur a revolution (us), keep reading. Tell yr friends. Tell yr mom. Tell yr grandma if she's progressive and tell yr dog.

We don't give a fuCk about profit, hence why this zine is free. Our one and only goal in distributing this is to put our stories in the hands of the public, stories that we are too timid to share in day to day conversation for fear of being harshly criticized or rebuked. These stories are presented through prose, poetry, illustration, song, you name it. However we feel it is best expressed is how it will be expressed.

If you're not about social justice or obnoxiously rowdy, in-your-face feminists that refuse to shut their mouths, this zine is probably not for you. SRY. :-/ But if you're a victim of this stupidly patriarchal excuse for society (who isn't???), you'll most likely relate to our entries.

Sweet. Hopefully you enjoy it, and if you do, SHARE WITH FRIENDS! OH, and if you personally have something to share with the world that is always telling you to sit down and SHUT UP and be a "lady," pls pls PLS, reach out to us!!! Submit your work! We would love to feature it; everyone deserves to be heard.

P.S. THIS IS OUR 1ST ZINE EVER, PLS LET US KNOW WHAT U THINK!

<3333333333 The Clitorally Crew

Email Gab @ gdiekho@gmail.com



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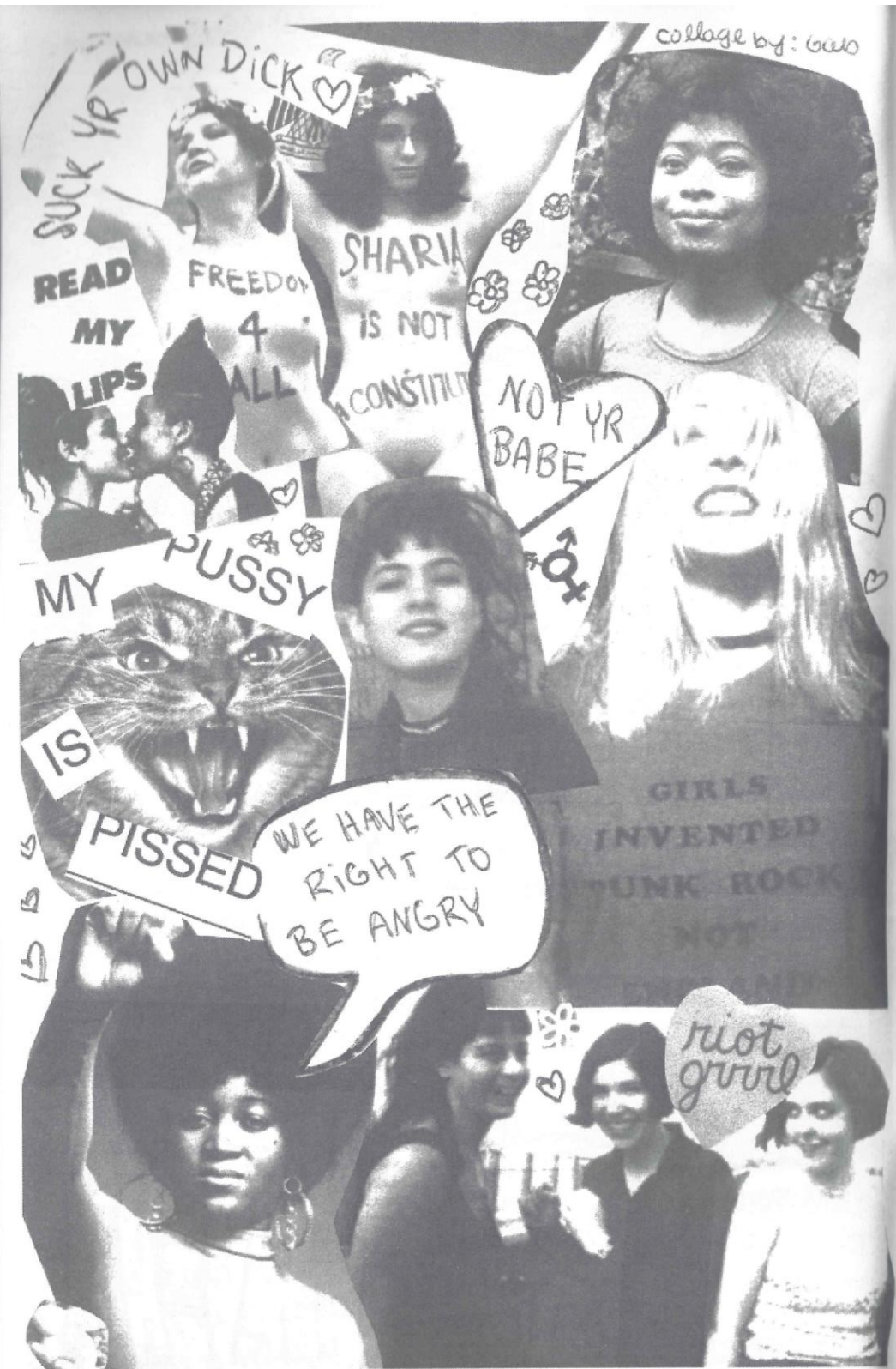
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...  
ABOUT THE WRITERS,  
FINAL PAGES ♡ :)

ALL ILLUSTRATIONS  
BY GABBY &  
CASSIINA







"Insatiable"

the woman has love in her eyes

and it frightens the boy

beyond belief.

would you taste the milk from my breast.

when they fill up like sandbags?

- no, I will not.

would you swallow a teaspoon of my cum

when my body says hello to you?

- no, I will not.

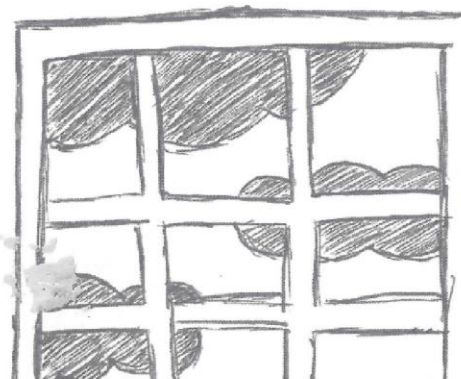
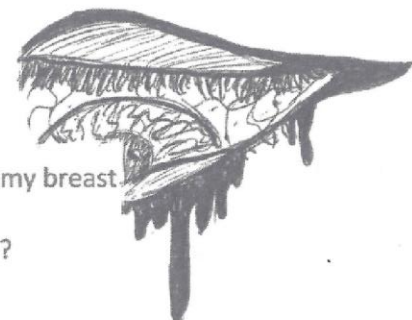
I am voracious,

give yourself to me.

- I don't know how.

so the woman sighs, walks to the window,

and stares at the world with wild love in her eyes.



Desirae Cole



"Damn Girl" FUCK YOU

I left the apartment in search of the nearest bus stop. My phone told me to walk straight for 2 blocks. I did, and sure enough, there was the bus stop, in all of its glory. 9 minutes, my transportation app alerted me, until my bus would arrive and deliver me back to my campus in Oakland. Easy enough. Nine minutes came and went and, no bus. I shrugged it off, "no big deal, Port Authority is always late they *love* to be late," and I waited. And waited. And waited.

"DAMN." A man's voice. And goddamn it, if he was talking to me – "DAMN, girl! Where you from? You looking like Hollywood!" Definitely directed at me. No one else was even around. I rolled my eyes, looked at my feet and then my phone, and he crossed the street, continuing on his way. *Damn you, cockwad.*

I waited. 20 minutes, still busless, on the verge of mild annoyance but it was sunny and warm, a fresh, late-March morning and I could hear birds humming to themselves and I felt the sun on my face and I had had a blast of a night; I didn't want to let myself be annoyed quite so easily or for my day to be ruined at 8:00am. I hear shuffling feet approach, definitely wearing tennis shoes, I thought, and I was right when they appeared in my peripheral vision, and naturally my eyes trailed beyond the feet and up the pant leg of the worn jeans with a blown-out knee and to the face of a man who was, incidentally, staring directly at me. Before I could break eye contact (more than half a second couldn't have possibly passed) he mumbled something. "What?" It escaped my mouth before I had time to shut it; something (my gut?) told me I didn't really want to know what he had said.

"Aren't your legs cold?"

Uh??? "No. I'm fine." A short response on my part, obviously unimpressed and disinterested.

"Mine would be, in those tights..." His eyes burnt a hole through them. I shuddered despite the sunshine. "They sure do look nice, though." I turned my head and as I did, the walk sign appeared, and he crossed the street, leaving my legs and me behind. Two for two, I thought. I'd only encountered two so far, but 100% of the men that had been within the vicinity had been total asshats. Solid ratio.

I waited. Only 5 minutes passed this time before I was the recipient of a "complimentary" whistle, a whoop and a honk from a passing car, a sinister glower accompanied by a vulgar hand gesture, as well as a lingering, "You sure are looking *beautiful* this morning..." I tapped my foot, crossed my arms. To say I was growing impatient would be a gross understatement, at that point. I wanted my goddamn coffee and I wanted the goddamn privacy of my own room, away from all the soaking street rats (commonly classified as "men") scuttling out of the sewers to gnaw at my feet, wishing to take me and taste me and devour me as vile garbage, I'm a woman, that's what I am, right? *Garbage*, and nothing more.

I waited. 35 minutes and 7 catcalls later, and still, no bus. There were, however, two women, a few years older than me (if I had to guess) that were jogging together only a few yards from me. One was white and one was black. I was relieved, at first, to be in the company of other women, however briefly. After all, *I've always sworn the world would be a welcoming place if women were the only humans to inhabit it.* Fairy tales don't really exist, though. Fuck your happy endings, your comfort. "SHIT. Hoooooooly shit...DO you SEE that ass?" (Ass was being used as a plural, here, FYI). "Mmm, yeah..." (Insert slobbery lick-smacking audio here), "Chocolate AND vanilla. That's what I like to see." I felt a gaze on me; I didn't look but I could feel it and I just knew and then, "Oooh DAMN, and strawberry..." My sweater was pink and my hair was pink and I'm (fairly) fair skinned... "I like strawberry, too. I would lick that all day long..." And I didn't look, I couldn't look, my eyes were suddenly stung with tears and I could see my wrists trying to steady themselves but they were shaking nonetheless, *don't look...don't look... Bile* was rising in my throat and I thought that maybe if he approached me, I would be armed with my own vomit, ready to fire at will, or maybe I would choke on it and I would die and then I would wake, *it's only a bad dream, a nightmare*, switch off my bedside lamp and fall back asleep... He continued on his way, miraculously.

I unlocked my phone and texted Tammi, *she's probably still zonked.* "I'm scared. I've been waiting for 40 minutes now and I'm scared, Tay. Where is this *bus*???" It was delivered but unread, *she's still ut.* Well, fuck.



"Why, hello there..." Gravelly, a voice that obviously belonged to a man that was well beyond his 50's and perhaps had lost a lung to cancer or some shit, and at this point my anger had had time to boil and swell and I had lost it and I was enraged and *I swear to god if this FUCKER is talking to me...* "Hey, I'm talking to you." I feel him move closer. He's close enough now that I can't possibly ignore him, he could reach out and...*did he just TOUCH me?* His finger, crusted with dirt, was

brushing a strand of my hair that had fallen loose from my pigtails and *I AM GOING TO SCREAM I AM GOING TO - what am I going to do? My fists in tight balls, my nails digging into my sweaty palms but I don't want them there, I see them, they're clawing at your eyes, scooping them out of their sallow sockets but I don't want your blood, not on my hands, not because I'm pure but because you're not; your blood is impure and I can smell it, laced with venomous poison that drips from your lips when you speak to me, "baby girl..." like I am NOTHING. Am I NOTHING? This world has taught me...nothing...I...I am nothing, to this scraggly creature I am NOTHING to this world...*

"Do not touch me." And I step away, but not far, I'm at the bus stop and the bus only stops at the bus stop, I can't leave, downtown is unfamiliar territory and so far I am not a fan... He follows me, a shadow, more hunched and bearded, his toothless grin close to my face and I can smell the stench of his being, alcohol radiates from his breath and filth from his skin and what remains of his greasy grey hair...

"What's wrong, sexy?" *Is this happening? Is this real? It can't be fucking real, people like this don't actually exist, people don't treat women like this but oh yes they do, we are nothing.* Little fuck toys that somehow learned to breathe. "Where are you headed?"

**FUCK YOU!!!** Veins burst from my neck and I'm plunging a knife into his chest and it feels so good, his heart slows and he gasps and he's there, reduced to a pool of crimson on the sidewalk, he won't be missed, he's impossible to love, no one. can love. a monster. like. this.

But instead, "Please leave me alone," because I'm too scared. I, the raging feminist that supposedly takes shit from nobody especially no MISOGINYST MAN, is too scared to respond how I wish, too scared to curse this man, to tell him to go fuck himself until he's raw or to throw him into oncoming traffic, ridding the world of such scum, surely providing the world with a favor that needn't be repaid. *What if he's armed? He's psychotic he could kill me he could rape me he could rape me here in broad daylight he wouldn't have anything to lose.* And he knows he holds this dominion over me and he chuckles and I hear his breath catch in his shit lungs and he turns slowly to me leave to thoughts that I do not wish to address, thoughts I wish I could run from but that are now burning behind my eyes. I'm enraged and I hold back a sob, *don't be weak, don't look back, you're OK...Where is this bus? It's not coming it was never coming it's been 45 minutes.* A pickup truck rattles past and a man whistles to me, his dog his bitch his property, I raise my middle finger and he laughs, *I'm just a joke, I'm a woman I am garbage I am a joke.*

5 minutes later he came back, that bearded toothless fucker, that audacious asshole, *he's back.* "Are you still waiting for a bus or...are you waiting for me?" A flash of rotted gums and that scent, *oh god that scent...* And I ran. I ran to the nearest shuttle in tears and I didn't care that I wasn't a student at this school that I lacked the proper I.D. required to board, *no fuck that.* I was on this shuttle and I was safe, *maybe?* I couldn't feel safe anywhere anymore, everyone was the enemy, men were dangerous and that was a fact and I couldn't be within 12 feet of them *I wanted to bleed and I wanted to vomit I wanted to purge myself I am DIRTY I am tainted.* I arrived in my room and fell onto my bed and I sobbed, I heaved and I sobbed, I was alive but *jesus christ...* I call my mom in tears, "what's wrong?" she's panic-stricken and I can't control my tongue, it can't yet form words and when it finally does she says, *"What were you wearing?"*

BY: GAB I



# HANDS 2 YRSELF

## © How to Handle Street Harassment (Without Committing Murder)

Ok, if you actually read my lengthy narrative on street harassment, or you're just a girl that knows what it's like to live in world surrounded by unfiltered pigs (we all know the feeling) that can't keep their perverted remarks to themselves, this is something u probablyYy want to read!

Often times, when we are confronted with such degrading experiences, our first response is, "I am going to rip yr throat out and feed it raw and bloody to my grrrl gang," however, this is not a comment that would often be well-received and may lead to unwanted consequences. Because I mean, if the scumbag has the nerve to talk to you like you're a lifeless object, he probably wouldn't hesitate to physically treat you like one. Sucks.

By all means, if you have the guts to respond aggressively and that's how you want to respond, go for it. I just know that I, personally, am a bit of a !!!wiener!!! in that respect, and I don't want the dude to whip out A.) a knife or B.) his dick. Jah feel?

That being said, if you're like me, sometimes a simple flip of the bird will suffice, and sometimes not reacting at all is best. And it's infuriating, shit, girl, I KNOW it is. The world we live in has a tendency to be a prick...but if you want some satisfaction without fearing for your life, I recommend...

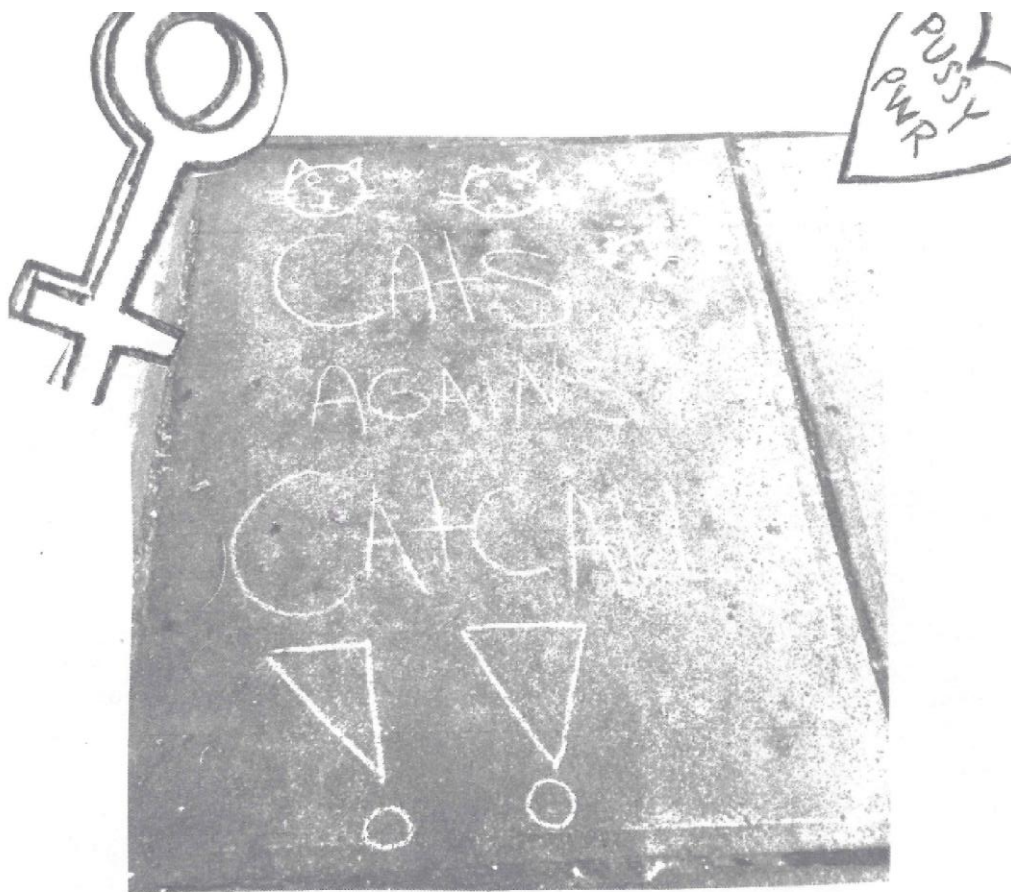
\*\*\*SiDeWaLk cHaLk\*\*\*

It's simple, it's cheap, and surprisingly effective, and it's how I decided to peacefully retaliate after that miserable experience in Pittsburgh. See crappy i-Phone quality picture

HERE DOWN HERE →

DO NOT APOLOGIZE

I HAVE MORE TO CONTRIBUTE TO THIS WORLD THAN MY VAGINA



Basically, just graffiti the fuck out of the town with grrrl power catch-phrases, and U R good 2 go. <3 - Coco



NOT ASKING 4 it

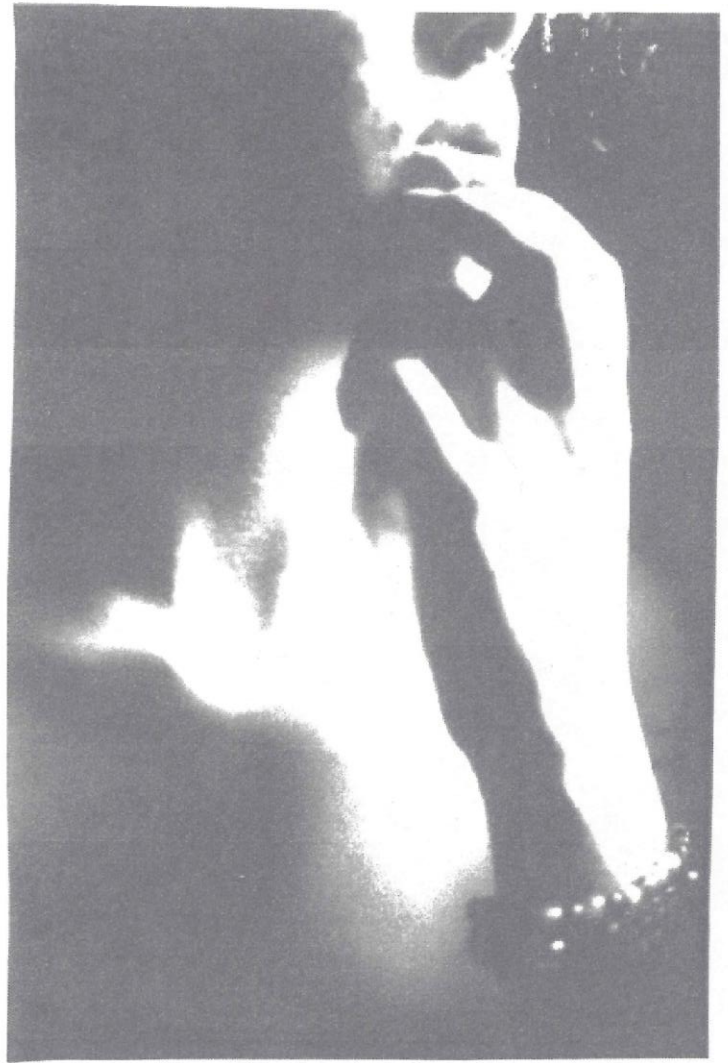






photos:

taken by: Kevin Carpio  
of: Erin Jordan







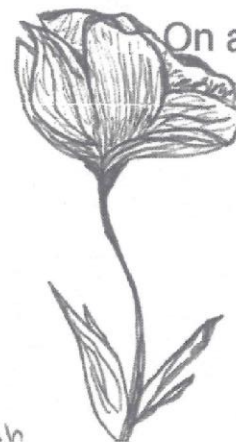
Dead Flower

by Erin Jordan

I am awfully envious  
Of those people who  
Lost  
Their virginity to someone  
That they love  
And not someone who  
Stole

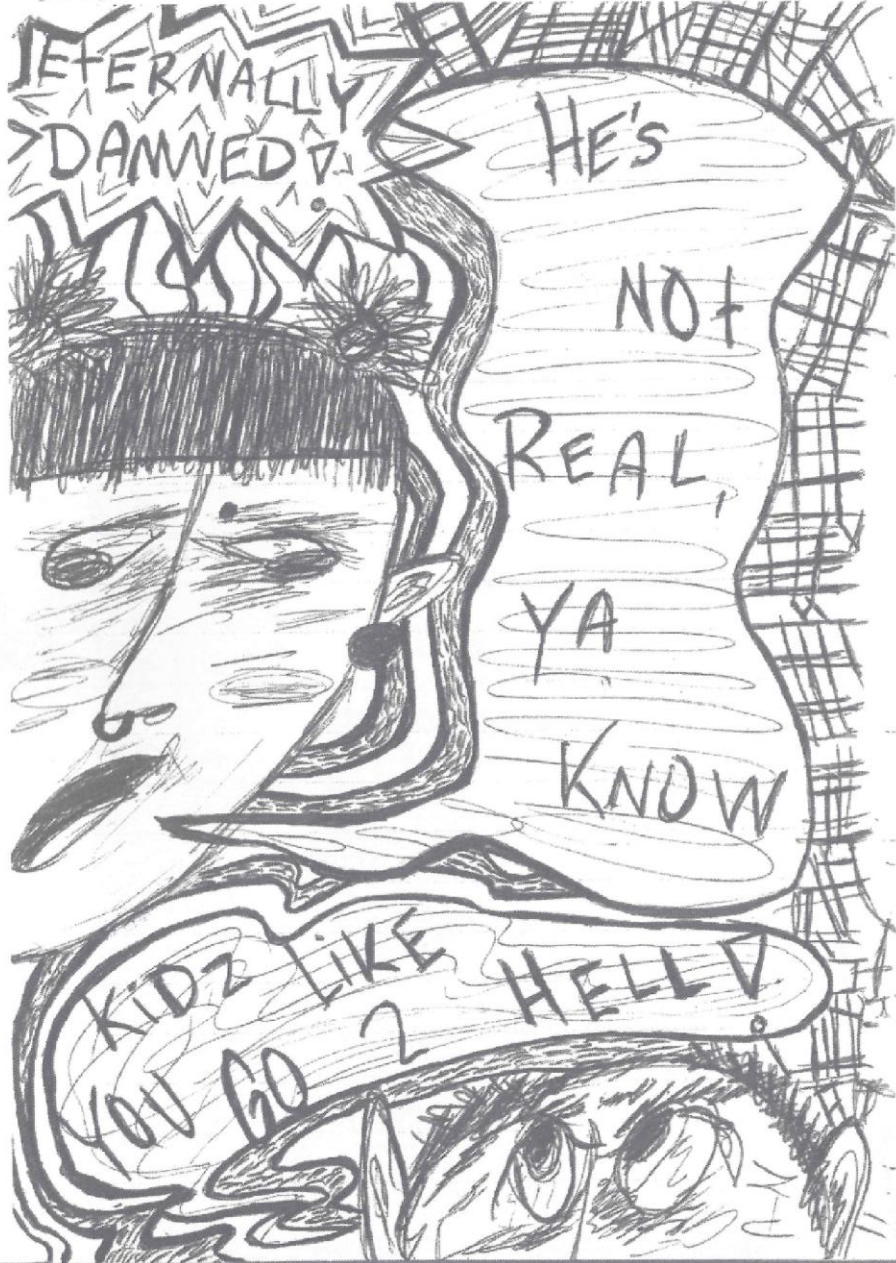
It from them  
In a cold shower  
At  
1 PM

On a Tuesday.



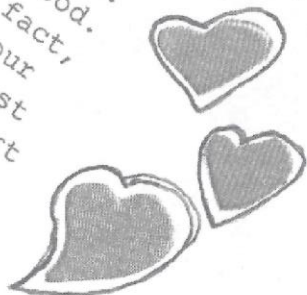
illustrations by Ash





# !!!16 Junk Foods U Didn't Know Were Vegan!!!

A lot of ppl respond to veganism with, "Oh my god, what do you eat? I couldn't do that!" If you're one of those people, this is a PSA: we vegans do eat a lot of junk food. In fact, we vegans really eat that stuff too. In fact, you can stock up on vegan items at your local Dollar Tree if you want to, it just takes a little more effort; but that effort pays off in the long run, I promise. Yr animal friends, yr bod, and the environment will all thank u!



- **Oreos** - They're SO processed that the "cream" in the middle actually contains no cream at all. Not a drop.
- **Cool Whip** - Basically, same as Oreos.
- **Sweet Spicy Chile Doritos** - This is actually the only Dorito flavor (currently) that is vegan, but that's totally fine because these kick so much ass.
- **Ghiradelli Double Chocolate Premium Hot Cocoa Mix**

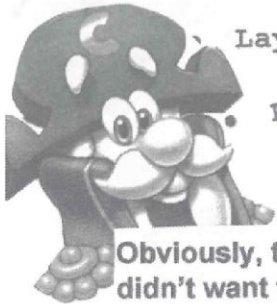


↓ continued



# Vegan Yummies

- Nutter Butter Cookies
- Captain Crunch
- Hershey's Chocolate Syrup
- Airheads
- Fruit by the Foot
- Sour Patch Kids
- Unfrosted Pop-Tarts
- Fritos
- Lay's Potato Chips
- Swedish Fish
- Pringles
- Bomb Pops



Obviously, there are more than 16 of them that exist, but I didn't want this to be an encyclopedia. If you want a longer list, I suggest checking out Peta's website, they've listed all the accidental vegan foods u could fathom. Happy Vegan Snacking!!! <3

Vegans  
are  
Sexy



Little Babiez

BY: GAB ♡



Babies. Let's talk about those things. Just briefly.

My brother's girlfriend recently gave birth to a son, making the young couple parents and making me an aunt. I guess I'm supposed to be uncontrollably excited about the gurgling thing, like all of the other females in my family and/or all of my mom's Facebook friends that comment on EVERY single (identical) picture she posts of him, but I'm not. I just can't myself to be excited about a wrinkly, red-faced, screaming poop machine. And instead of accepting that, my entire family continues to give me shit for it.



For example, the kid was at our house yesterday, crying and sleeping and farting and burping and participating in other infant activities. He was also being passed from hand to hand like a fucking Communion tray. When it came to be my turn, I declined. "No thanks," I said curtly and continued cuddling my dog on the carpet.






"Why? What is WRONG with you?" That would be my mom, who constantly accused me of being "strange" when it came to children and my (rather strong) distaste for them.

"Because, I just don't want to. That's why."

"I can't wait until you have kids someday. God, you are SO weird."

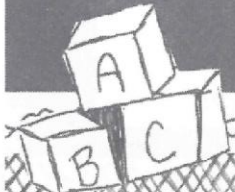
Ok, well, I've learned to accept the "weird" label, but am I really...? Am I that weird for being disinterested in children? And how many freaking times did I have to

I DONTOWE  
U ANYTHING



say, "I. Don't. Want. Kids. EVER." for that to register with her (or anyone)???

No. I disagree. I'm not weird for not liking/wanting children. It's not "weird" when a guy says he doesn't want them, so why me?

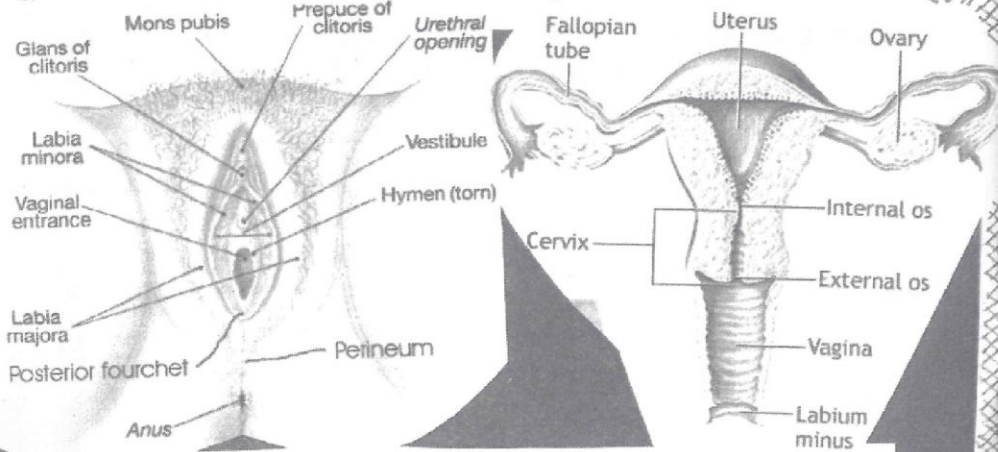


Because my life choices are predetermined based on my anatomy, that's why. AKA, I don't have a penis. Because I have a uterus that has the ability to carry a child, that means that I inevitably will, right? \*frowny face\* Look, a uterus does not implant a loving, motherly gene into one's body. A vagina does not always have to squeeze a baby through it in order to BE a vagina. A woman does not have to have children in order to BE a woman. In fact, some women, whether they are Cis or Trans, are not even physically capable of bearing children, and that should not and absolutely DOES NOT make them any less of a woman; nor does MY decision to live child-free.

In essence, the statement, "you'll change your mind," is a simple reinforcement of the patriarchal idea that women are here for nothing more than procreation and male satisfaction. I can see how drawing that conclusion may sound extreme, especially if anyone reading this doesn't consider themselves to be a feminist, but I challenge you consider it critically. Why are my decisions, decisions that I have thought long and hard about and are set on, being doubted, shrugged off or undermined based on my reproductive capabilities? I've nannied for 3 years, I've played my fair share of "mommy roles" with babies, toddlers, kids of all ages, and I know for a goddamn fact that I do not want any of my own. And that's just the most disgusting thing some people have ever heard.







Illustrations: Christina Goworek

Why is it a crime for women to want other experiences from life? I want to lead a successful career, I want to travel, I want to read and write and spend time on myself and with my partner; I want to be happy. Children wouldn't give me the free time I need to focus on my work life, my writing; they most certainly wouldn't free up my schedule so that I could see the world. In all honesty, children wouldn't bring me happiness. This *myth* that women are incapable of living full, fruitful lives if they never have children is outlandish. This isn't the 1950's.

So, PLS, for the love of...whatever you love most...STOP telling me I'll change my mind!!! I'm on the verge of attacking the next person that says that to me. You've been warned.

DISCLAIMER: I am not, by any means, saying that women who want or like children are wrong. To each their own. I think they're a little gross and annoying, but if you think they're cute and cuddly and you want an army of them, pop em out, girlfriend. You do you! But let me do me, too. In peace. <3

WAAAAAH!





Sandstorm Sunburst by Erin Jordan

Permanently plastered of papercuts, when things just don't add up, she was the black beauty of the Mojave.

The sun burst in bits, slowly waning and waxing over the crest of the horizon and the crescent of the moon. The sands were dusty, a ballad of the bowl for which everyone wants to escape.

"This sounds so romantic!" she thought.

The idea of a sun trickling into the sky instead of in one large burst suddenly felt so good.

"That way, your favorite hour of the day could be eleven o'clock, just when the midway of the sun has blossomed into heaven and the color of Earth is bound to a promising orange but not too orange and butter yellow!"

"And during the eleven o'clock hour, all the freckles will come out and play and the frogs will fall from forest to boat and the nonexistent, nonlinear wind will blow abracadabra sand into my copper brick hair and poof!"

My dust, the ash of my forever, will rise with the breeze and float up and into the sun, growing as a part of the dawn.

I am now a flourscent sunburst."

Illustrations: Christina Cowieck

Cat Call-

Well I could have been

The girl with the white dress

Well I could have been

The girl with the short skirt

But I'll still walk down the street just the same

But I'll still walk down the street

Well I could have been

The girl with the cut top

Well I could have been

The girl who smiled

But I'll still have the same boring fears

But I'll still have the same boring fears

Well I live in a land, where I can't show my skin

Well I live in a land, where all my motives are sins.

Well I hope that my daughter can walk down the street

Wearing what she wants so freely

Well I still don't want to be a man



LYRICS/PHOTO BY:  
SARAH IVANOVIC



Just Grow- LYRICS / PHOTO: SARAH IVANOVIC

Well Children don't grow, they just morph

Well Children don't grow, they just morph

Well Children don't grow, they just morph into their parent's molds

Well Children don't grow they just morph

Well there's no difference between my fourth grade class and my sophomore year

In some sense the girls are there, but the boy's screams will always prevail

Don't have your eyes glaze as I tell you me how to integrate

I still don't understand what makes you think you are so great

Oh wait, recorded years of history

Oh wait, recorded years of history

Well Children don't grow, they just morph

Well Children don't grow, they just morph

Well Children don't grow, they just morph into their parent's molds

Well Children don't grow they just morph

Well there's no difference between seven years old and thirty five sitting at a cubicle

We all just sit and wait for rules, and I'm pretty sure I'm just as good

And I'll only get Seventy-seven for a man's dollar bill

And I'm proud to say that some change has been made

But please, it's not time to be complacent

But please, it's not time to be complacent

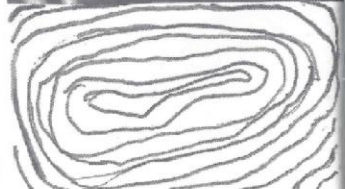
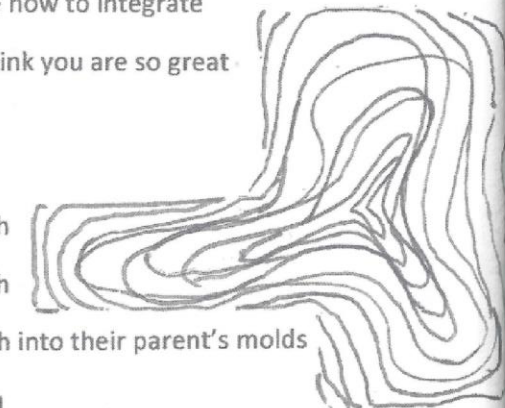


Well Children don't grow, they just morph

Well Children don't grow, they just morph into monsters

Well Children don't grow, they just morph

Well Children don't grow, they just morph into monsters





## Just like when Alice fell down the hole.

You had been there for three days now. You laid on the bed, the linens in ruins in color and fold, staring glazed at text messages you refused to answer. There were text messages from your roommates, a missed call from your manager, and a mean voicemail from your father. When you heard the toilet flush you put your phone under your butt and grabbed the book you'd found.

"going through my shit," he asked.

"this is the only book you have in this entire apartment," you smiled. Luke crawled onto the bed and sat between your legs. You sat up and tossed the book aside. He was not your boyfriend.

"have you ever been in a fight before?" Luke asked.

"I'm pretty notorious that way, sure."

"I mean a real fight, physical, smart ass."

"No, never."

"You've never been in a fight before?"

"no! I've never had to. Why would I have to fight someone? why have you had to fight someone?"

"You've never had to defend yourself?"

"I'm generally very polite. Why do you fight? Are you an angry drunk?"

"You know the scar on my stomach?" Luke grabbed your fingers and placed them on the scar. It was soft, puffy, and a lighter hue of brown.

"Well I was stabbed. I would've been butchered if I didn't know how to fight. I mean it, I woulda been dead."

"did you kill him?" you asked. Luke laughed at you, shook his head no, grabbed your skull and ran his fingers through your hair.

"so you don't know what - okay, punch me in the face." You laughed a wild laugh at him.

"no fucking way, shut up."

"I'm serious. Sit on my lap, come here," Luke pulled you onto his lap, securing you in a straddle.

"Omg! I can't do that to you."

"sure you can. Do it, you really gotta. You've never done it before of course you gotta."

"when, how, I won't do it hard."

"For Christ's sake, show me your fist," he cupped your fist in his hand, hiding the cracks of your flesh with his own fingers, "I'm not worried, do it for real. As hard as you can." You shook your head like a little girl, let out a torrid scream, punched him in the jaw, and rolled off of the bed in guttural laughter.

"That was really good. that fucking hurt." He said, rubbing his jaw. You tried asking if he was in pain but couldn't control your laughter enough to utter. You knew he was fine. Luke hopped off the bed and helped you up as you began to calm down.

"you hungry?"

"no, not yet"

"you like red wine?" you nodded. Luke ran over and picked you up shin first.

"Come with me then," he said while throwing you over his shoulders.

Luke's kitchen was always watched by Lavender, the black fat cat who sat on the dining table eternally. You had tried and failed for two full nights and two full mornings to charm the puss, but he always raised a paw in warning whenever you neared.

"how come Lavender hates me?"

"he hates me too."

"Sangria!"

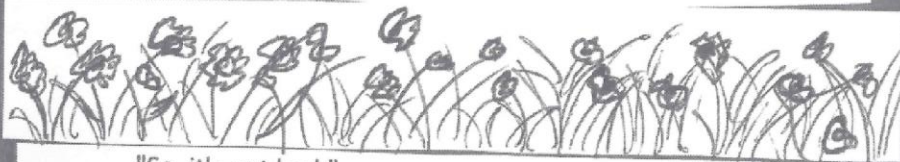
"are you hating?" He laughed. "This stuff is eight bucks a jug. Have you had it it's seriously good. Try it."



"I haven't had their Sangria no," You smiled, "you really are a connoisseur."

"You'll like it, I know. Come here." He grabbed you and set you on the counter top. Then handed you a mug of wine.

"So?"



"So, it's not bad."

"Not bad?!"

"it's pretty good," you indulged, "it's goddam good, you win."

"You see, have a little faith." You two stayed in the kitchen for hours, talking, touching, licking, and laughing, Luke, standing in the gap between your legs while you cradled his head with your fingers.

You did not leave for another two days and even called in sick three times and ignored most of your roommates' texts. Life did not exist outside those walls, and yet it could not exist within.

On the third day, Luke drove you home.

It was 3 am, and he was taking you back to your apartment so that you could shower and dress in time for the green line trolley traveling toward your work. The residencies in North Park looked smaller and gruffer under the absence of natural light. Night brought out the grit in thoughts composed while walking and thinking while neighbors slept dreamlessly.

"What's your sexual fantasy?" he asked with out hands on the wheel. You giggled of course and said, "hmmmm, to be fondled during a doctor visit."

"what else?" he asked, grinning. You mistook his excitement for sexual voracity and answered again with a lie to appease what you thought was his own fantasy.



"I want to fuck a rando a girl in the bathroom of a bar." He was silent for a what felt like an entire minute. Then, he laughed a little and told you, "most women have a rape fantasy."

"What?!"


"Not like a fucking death wish. Nothing like that. But think about it. Someone pinning you down, taking you from uncontrollable desire. It's a domination thing. Most women are embarrassed or ashamed to admit it. I know that you do, but I won't make you say it." A very large smile ruined your attempt at mystery - mostly because Luke was eight years older than you and it was too painfully intimidating to formulate an opinion around him. You let him fuck you one more time in the car before finally returning to your own apartment.

You didn't know then that you'd absorb every moment you spent with Luke in that apartment like the nineteen year old sponge you were.

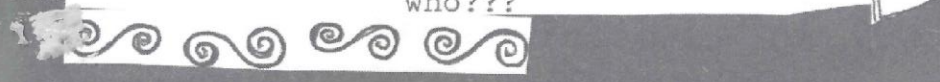
By: Desirae Cole 

## Body Hair, and Stuff.

By: Gab

 Body hair. That shit is everywhere. And a cool fact is, we're all born with it. Believe it or not, it's natural. ☺ "W0oOow"  
- Scott Pilgrim.

Still, a lot of people, women, more specifically, remove the body hair the covers their legs, armpits, vulvas, U name it!!! Because EW, hairy girls??? Women shouldn't have hair ANYWHERE! Right? ...Says  
who???





Let me say this: nothing pisses me off more than abandoning personal preference in order to please another person. If you want to shave, because you like having dolphin-smooth legs or whatever, do that! Shave to your heart's content or your razor is too clogged to continue!

But...If you don't want to, DON'T. Throw that razor in the trash, girlfriend!!! It's YOUR BOD! Dare to do with it what you want!

OK, so I'm a hairy chick, and I will say, yeah, I get a TON of shit for it. It's inevitable and annoying as hell, but, you get used to it. In order to make your transition into hairy life a little smoother (ignore that, that is not a pun), here are some inarguable responses for that pesky question, "Why don't you shave???"

1. "I don't want to."

a. Pretty straight forward. I wish I didn't have to make the list any longer, because this, in of itself, should be a perfectly legitimate reason. It's yr body. U do with it WHAT. U. PLEASE. However, society tends to do this thing where it ignores women's **personal preferences**. If they say, "that's gross," or "you're a girl," well, try one of the

2. "It's expensive." responses below.

a. This is a fact. Ya gotta buy a razor: \$\$\$, ya gotta buy shaving cream: \$\$\$\$. The razors will dull, the can of shaving cream will run empty, and ya gotta drop some more \$\$\$\$. :-/ Take those extra \$6 a month and treat yrself to a nice cup of coffee, instead.

MY BODY IS NOT YRS TO COMMENT ON



ILLUSTRATIONS  
BY GAO

Feminist  
AS FUCK

4. "It hurtz."

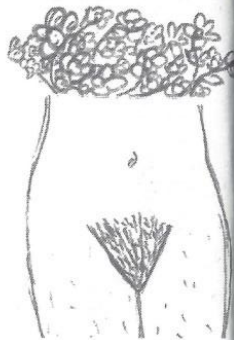
a. We all know that razor cuts NEVER. STOP. BLEEDING.

b. Razor burn is the worst, OK.

5. \*\*\*This last one is kinda cool and may not apply to everyone\*\*\*

a. So, if you're ever being stared down by some creepy dude on the street, cat-called, what have you, body hair can serve as a MARVELOUS deterrent. I know from personal experience.

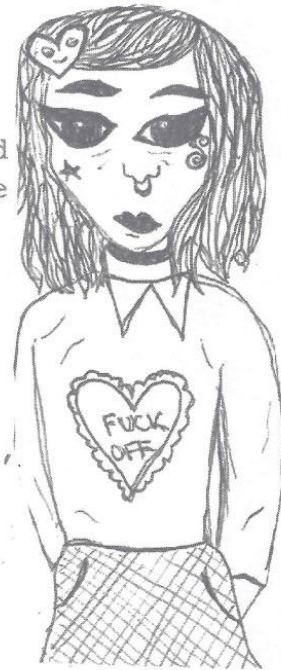
b. If you're wearing a tank top, casually lift your arm to "scratch your head," meanwhile, exposing the jungle raging under your arms. Trust me, he'll look/walk away and it is SO empowering.



3. "It's time consuming."

a. Also a fact. Holy shit, when I did shave, it would take me an extra ten minutes for legs alone, and then add armpits to that. And don't even get me started on pubic hair. That can take an entire millennium.

b. FUN FACT: If u spend 10 minutes shaving every day for the next 40 years, that's 2,433 hour of your life. Spend that time writing a bestseller or cuddling your dog or, IDK, spurring a revolution.



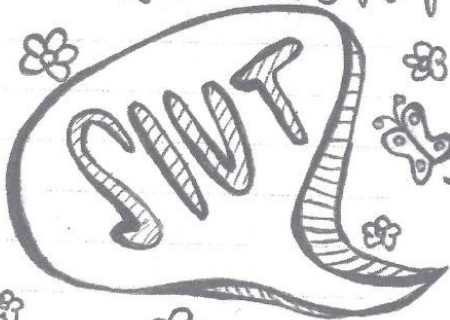
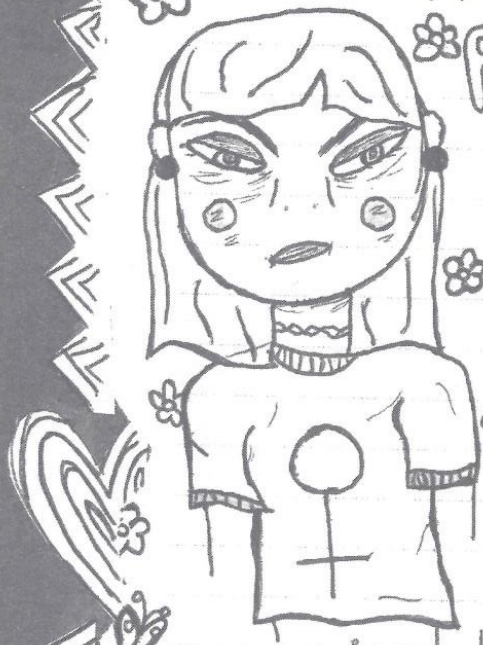
<3 P.S. If you have a BF or a partner that tells you your body hair is gross or shames your bod in anyway...DUMP THEIR ASS.<3



Women  
ARE  
POWERFUL  
and  
DANGEROUS

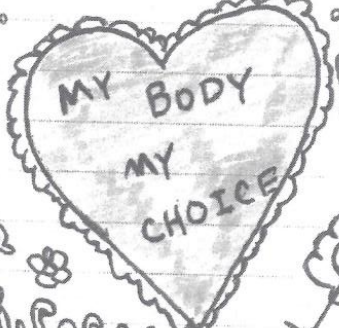


PIZZA NOT  
PATRIARCHY

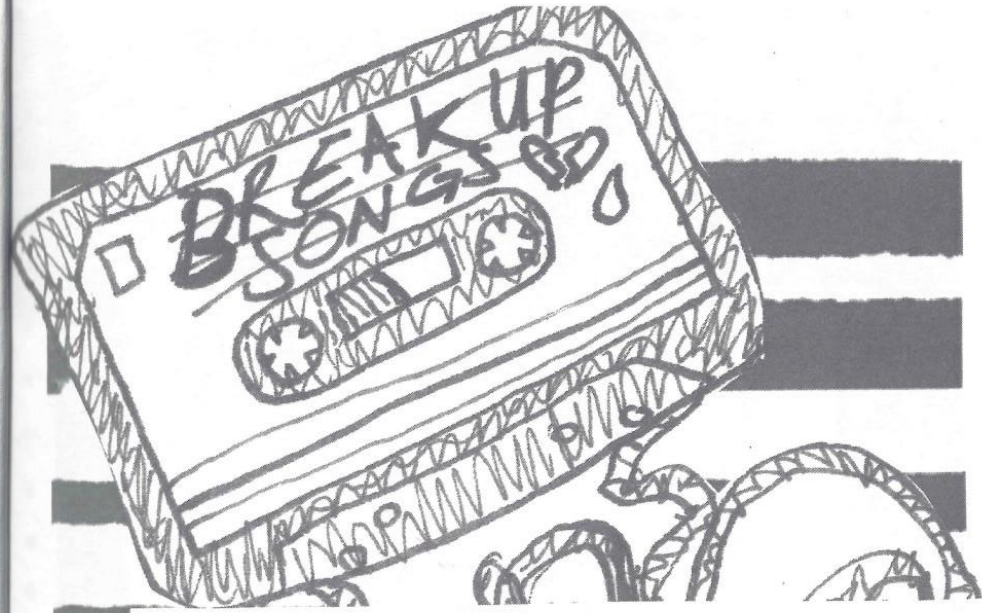


Proud to be a  
Bitch, Proud  
to be a strongheaded  
woman who knows

what she wants and will demand  
what she wants as a social justice  
warrior.



FUR  
UR  
MISOGYNY



### Desi's Break up Playlist ☺

You have just been dumped. Or maybe you did the dumping, but either way it goes, you are free of something that probably felt very heavy (I promise I am not trying to pun on dump, BUT IS IT WORKING?) While it may not feel like you've gained any inkling of freedom from this experience, the rot will soon eat itself and you will be liberated. Until that happens, feel free to cry, curse, and dance to all of these songs.

1. "You" - Delta 5
2. "You Were In Love" - Maston
3. "Naked Kids" - The Growlers
4. "Don't See the Sorrow" - Au Revoir Simone
5. "Sugar" - April March
6. "Tears in the typing pool" - Broadcast
7. "Without You" - Tobias Jesso Jr.
8. "What's wrong" - Grizzly Bear
9. "Lady Grinning Soul" - David Bowie
10. "It's Not Meant to Be" - Tame Impala
11. "Young Bride" - Midlake
12. "Il y a" - Martina Topley Bird
13. "Inflation" - Whitest Boy Alive
14. "Life Is Sin" - Carmen Villain









About Gab: Star Sign: Aquarius



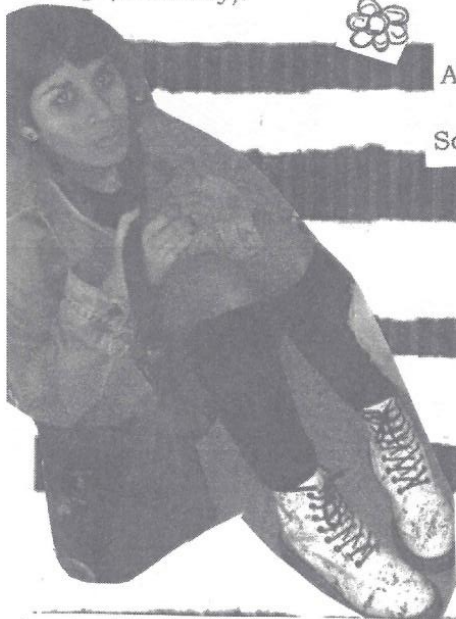
School: University of Wisconsin - Madison

Major: Creative Writing // Gender, Women's, and Sexuality Studies

Fave Bands: Sleater-Kinney, Bratmobile, The Julie Ruin, Sonic Youth, Bikini Kill, Courtney Barnett, Third Eye Blind, Ex Hex, etc. etc.

Flaws: horribly @addicted@ to coffee, also I laugh when I fart and snort when I laugh. Just girly thingz. Also I only ever want to eat candy/dessert.

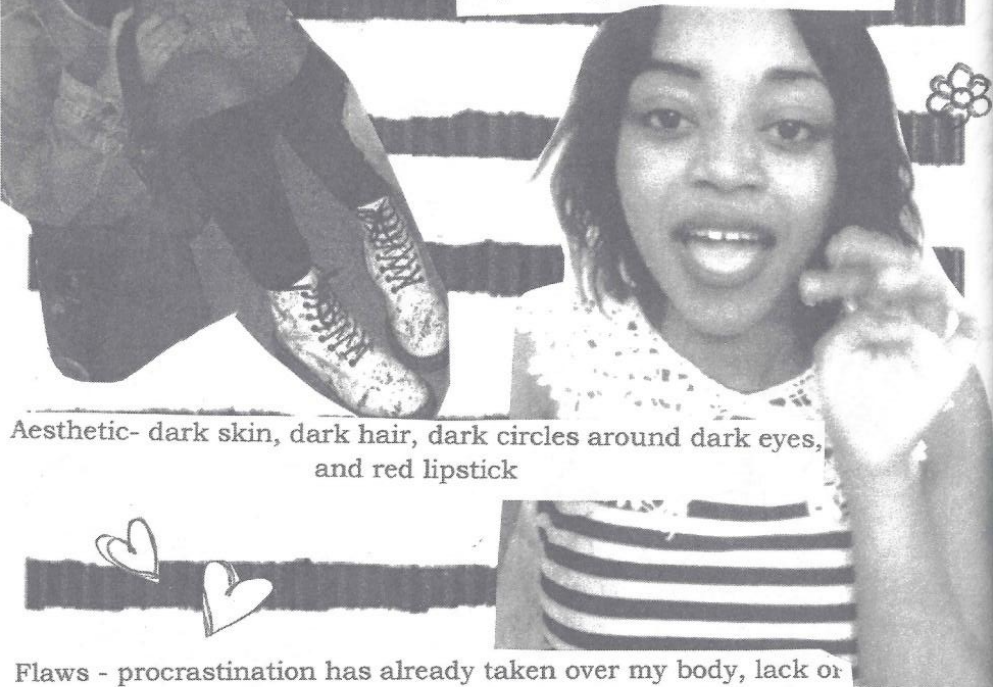
Life Goal: to make a living doing what I love (writing/activism) AND to be surrounded by ALL of the dogs (in the world). Also to maybe be in a cool band, if anyone wants to start one please hit me up (seriously).



About Desi C... Star Sign- Taurus

School- San Diego State University ('14)

Major- English/Creative Writing



Aesthetic- dark skin, dark hair, dark circles around dark eyes, and red lipstick



Flaws - procrastination has already taken over my body, lack of control when near yummy things, and daydreaming.

Life Goal- Write something that a sad fourteen-nineteen year old discovers and savors.

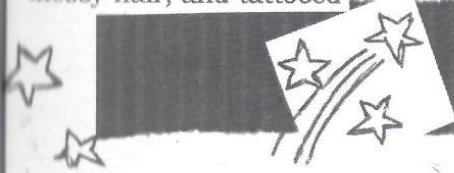
About Erin Jordan... Star Sign- Cancer

School- Sacramento City Community College

Major- English/Creative Writing



Aesthetic- Able-bodied shy girl, always smelling like coffee, 24/7 messy hair, and tattooed



Flaws- Far too infatuated with my boyfriend (but this is a good thing!), WAY TOO NICE, I'm not good at doing my make up, and I usually always get too anxious at the last moment and cancel plans @.



Life Goal- Be surrounded by plants and have an endless supply of good friends because there is never enough of them!!!

P.S. LYRICS ON COVER FROM SLEATER-KINNEY

Thanks so much

for reading! If you have any ?'s, comments, or you wish to contribute to our zine, plz email Gab,

gdiekho@gmail.com



SHARE W/ FRIENDS!



