

UPSKIRT

dirty (un) feminist secrets

a big thank-you to all
all those whose secrets
make up this zine. xoxo.

these dirty (un)feminist
secrets aren't ironic, hip or
'post' anything. these secrets
aren't about being a white, self-
identified feminist, wearing ame-
rican apparel's newest 'afrika'
line of animal prints and knowing
that it's fucked up (but doing
it anyway). it's not about having
never lived in a ghetto or coming
from a history of being ghettoized
but throwing the word ~~XXXXXX~~
around with your other
'post-racist' friends like
you own the word.

--- why is it so stressful ---
being a feminist? why is it that
i feel like everything i say ---
and do has to be perfectly a ---
ligned with my politics? bloody
hell, i like watching normative
porno

--- but but ---
--- afterwards, i just
feel really... bad... like i've
betrayed my feminist self. even
worse, i wonder how i could call
myself a feminist when i get off
on porn that features nameless
women who probably get
treated like shit.

there is definitely an
element of stress to being a

feminist. in fear of being
judged, i become scared to talk,
afraid to ask questions,
anxious about engaging.

gotta know the right things.
gotta give the right response.
gotta keep up.

i am afraid to say

and do

the things that i know are
fucked up...even when i'm in
the process of undoing these
exact demons of internalized
racism and sexism

.

sometimes, it feels like i
haven't been the feminist that
i have set out to be.

and that feels disjointed and
shitty.

but i guess the
very thing that makes
feminism so tiring and
scary is the same thing
that makes me feel empowered
and proud to be a feminist.
maybe it works like this:

the feminism i want to be
a part of works from a place
that believes empowerment and
agency can only be achieved
through taking intersectional
identities and concerns seriously

and by placing intersectionalitie
at the forefront, nothing
i say and do slips under
the radar.

my feminism doesn't
let me slip by with
my burdens and
oppressions with-
out examining my pri-
vileges. it's scary
and anxiety-inducing
because it doesn't let
anything slide by; it covers
every aspect of my life.
so, the very thing that
makes identifying as
a feminist stressful is
the same thing that makes
me feel like feminism
is a politic that is
so real, so crucial
and so needed.

... it's so important to be reminded that our secrets aren't the be-all-end-all of our selves and the politics that are so dear to our lives.

when my thoughts or actions aren't congruent with my feminist politics i try to take a step back and remind myself of the following things:

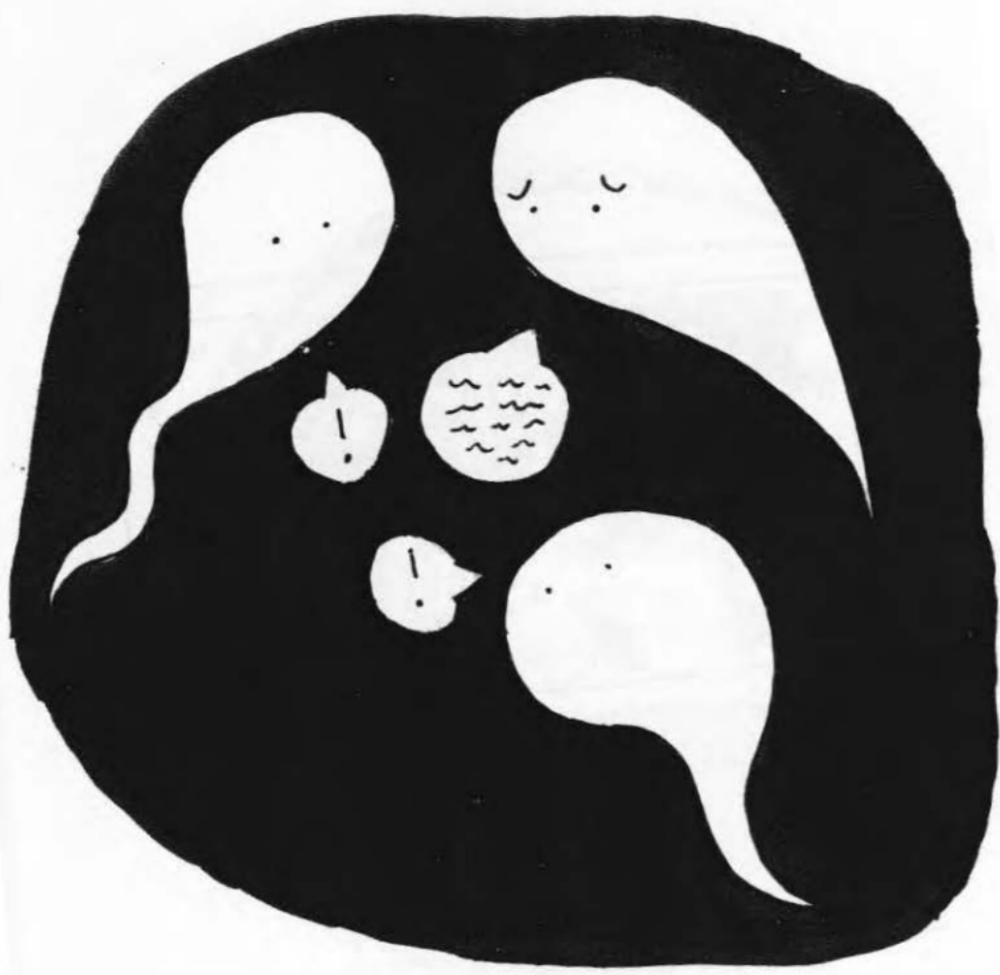
'anti-oppressive politics is tiring shit! you will burn out if you are not allowed to trip up from time to time.'

'hey, be kinder to yourself!'

funny enough, telling myself those things is exactly what gives me more energy to pick myself up and move towards a better emotional and mental place, which i believe are fundamental elements to feminist

autonomy and empowerment.

the rest of the zine is a
compilation of anonymous
secrets sent in by various
self-identified feminists,
including some of my own.





i hate it when
my body looks
feminine. it
makes me feel
weak(er).

.....
--- i get angry ---
-- towards women who
-- start off a state-
ment with 'i might
be wrong, ... but ...'

.....
or 'i'm not sure -
- but ...' even though
i know it's fueled
by deeply
engrained sexism
that is so difficult
to undo.

i shudder to think of

all the money i have wasted on

useless things to try

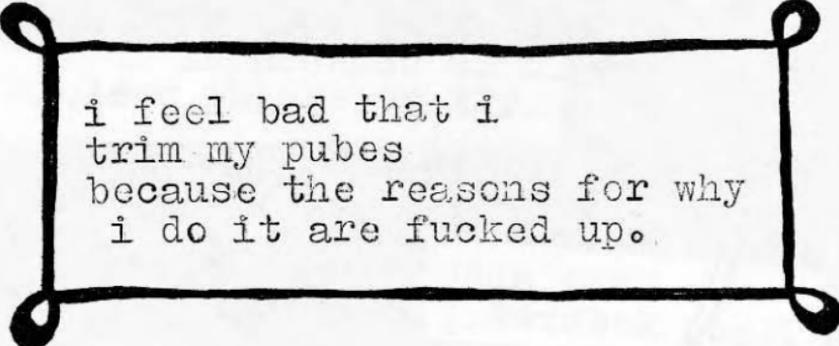
to look good.

i have a closet that has items

that still have the price tags on.



... violence.
... more specifically,
... hitting and hurting
... women. of course,
... all-violence-against
... women i take part
... in is consensual
... and sexy, but i
... doubt many
... feminists would
... feel the same
... way about it.
... for me, the bloodier,
... the better.



i feel bad that i
trim my pubes
because the reasons for why
i do it are fucked up.

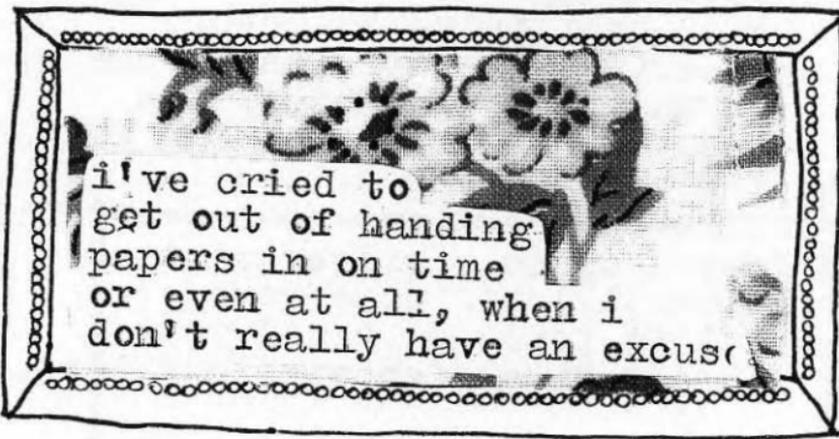


i cannot cum unless i'm picturing
a stereotypically hot woman
being humiliated by hetero-
partner(s). the more she looks
like an anime character, the
better. tentacle sex, being fucked
up the ass and vag by two
different partners at once, being
offered up on a silver platter
(literally) for some roman
general to feast on...not your
stereotypical feminist sex fare.

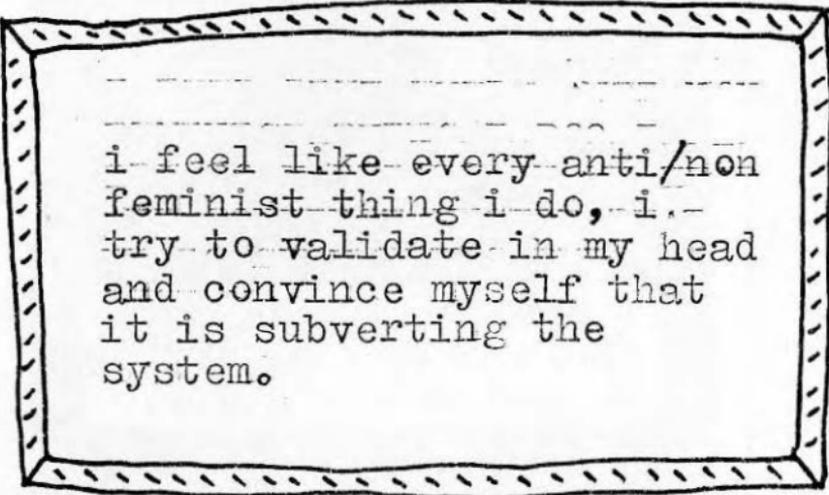
why not because the chick has
no agency. she is a total
piece-of-ass sex object.

and that's hot.

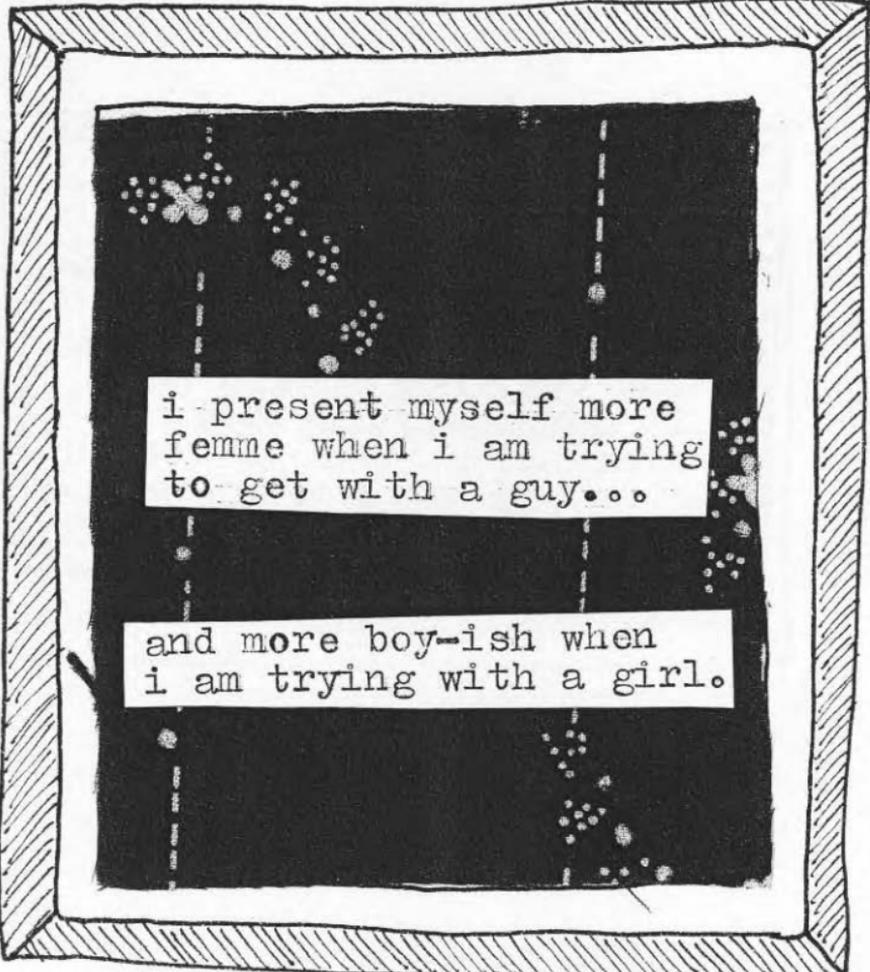
i haven't told a partner this yet.
it doesn't matter how tender or
loving our sex is...this is what
i'm thinkin' about.

A rectangular decorative frame with a double-line border of small circles. Inside the frame, there is a floral illustration of several flowers with dark centers and light petals. Overlaid on the flowers is a block of text in a typewriter-style font.

i've cried to
get out of handing
papers in on time
or even at all, when i
don't really have an excuse

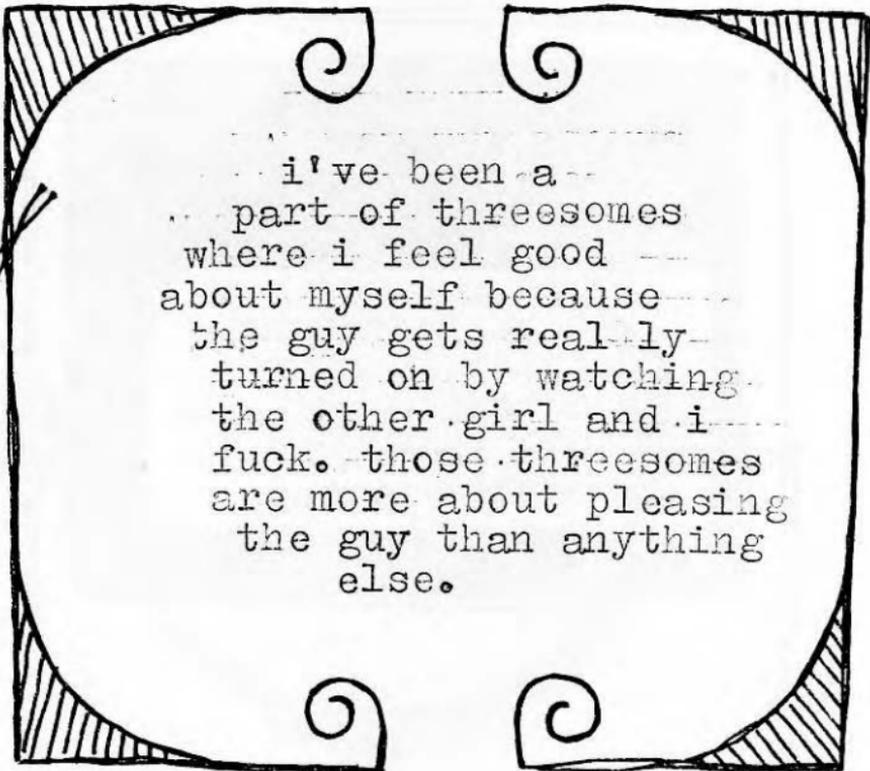


i feel like every anti/non
feminist thing i do, i
try to validate in my head
and convince myself that
it is subverting the
system.

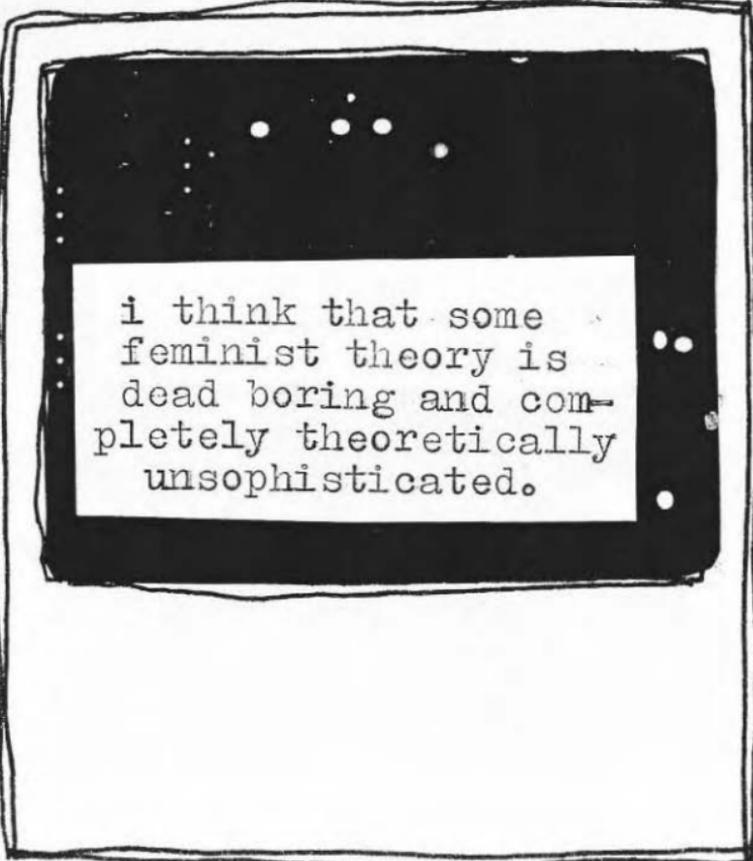


i present myself more
femme when i am trying
to get with a guy...

and more boy-ish when
i am trying with a girl.



i've been a
part of threesomes
where i feel good
about myself because
the guy gets really
turned on by watching
the other girl and i
fuck. those threesomes
are more about pleasing
the guy than anything
else.



i think that some
feminist theory is
dead boring and com-
pletely theoretically
unsophisticated.

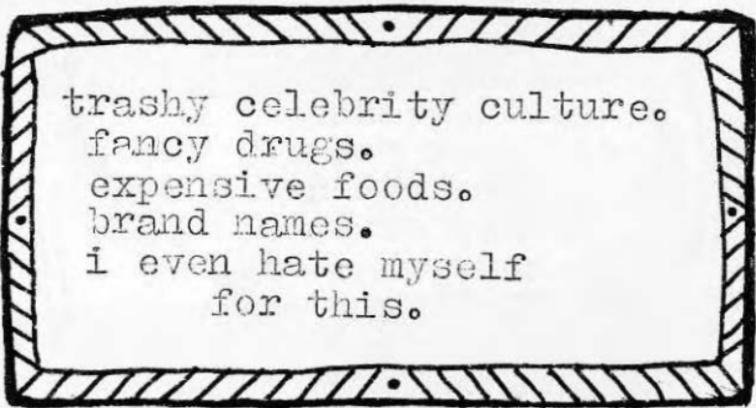


i feel
intense
validation
from men
who cat call,
whistle or
ogle me in
the streets.

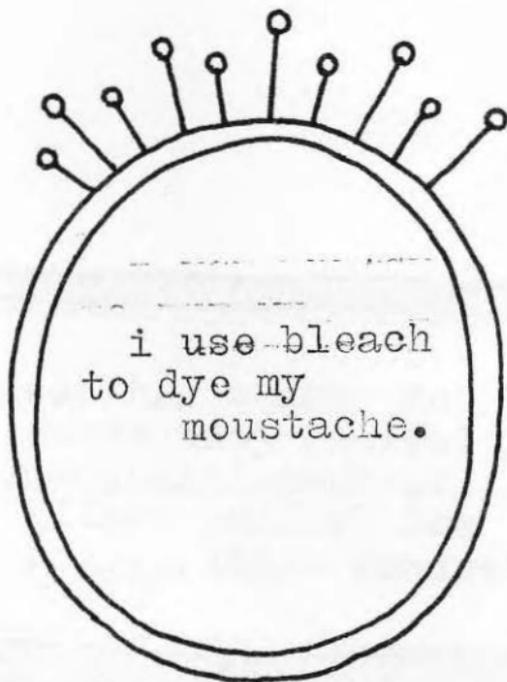
i still obsess about
my weight and appearance.



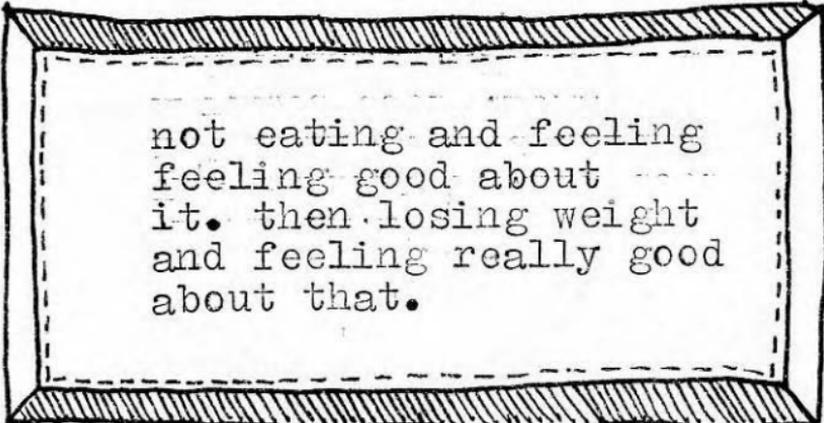
some of my
best friends
are punk rock
boys who don't
know or care
about what
riot grrl
is.



trashy celebrity culture.
fancy drugs.
expensive foods.
brand names.
i even hate myself
for this.



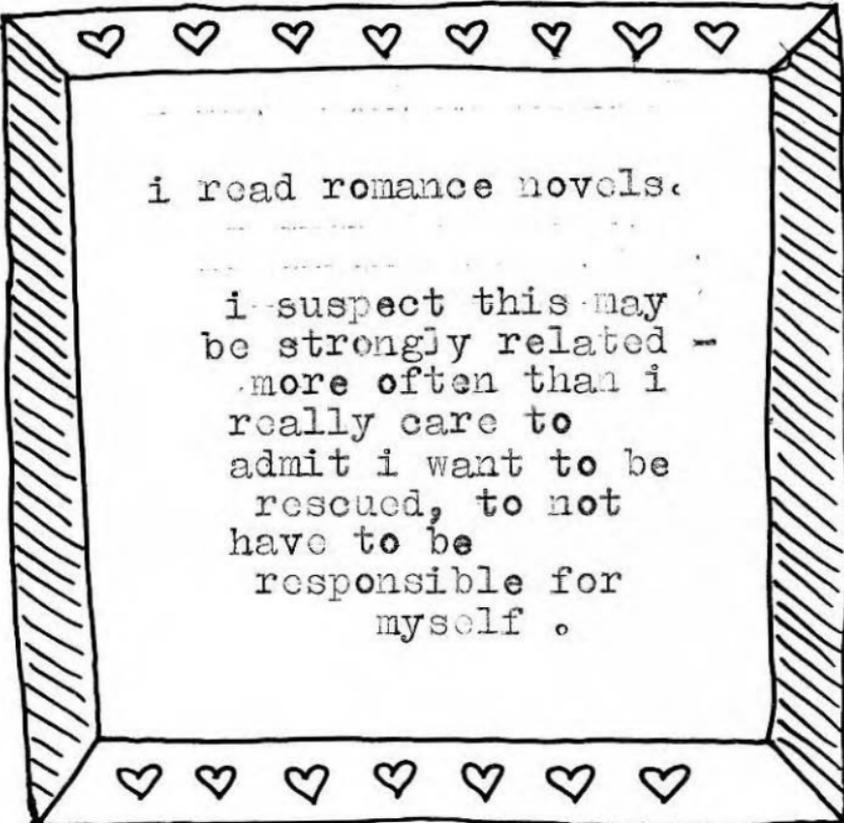
i use bleach
to dye my
moustache.



not eating and feeling
feeling good about
it. then losing weight
and feeling really good
about that.

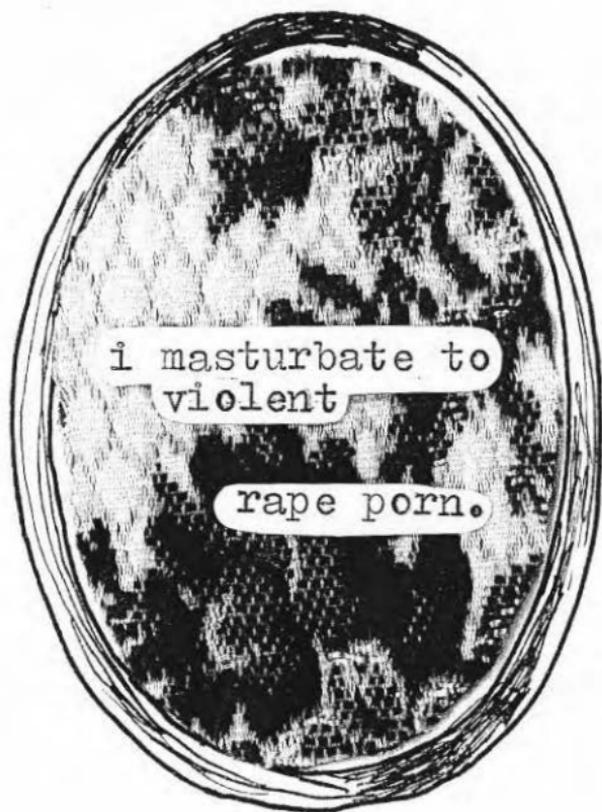
i can't stop saying . . .

'crazy' and 'insane'.



i read romance novels.

i suspect this may
be strongly related -
more often than i
really care to
admit i want to be
rescued, to not
have to be
responsible for
myself .



i masturbate to
violent

rape porn.

when i listen to hip-hop
songs where the guy sings
about giving his girl bling
and rides in his sweet car, i
want to be that girl. i
really want a man to buy me a
diamond rock to wear on my fin-
ger. i don't want it to mean
anything in particular. i
don't want fancy clothes or
to be girly. i want to
keep wearing my scummy
clothes, be smelly and
boyish...but i want a fucking
rock on my finger.

i hate it when qpoos
(queers of colour) make me
feel bad for dating
white people. i never
confront them about it
b/c i don't want to be
cast out from these
communities.

never fought
back or
reported
the man

who
sexually
assaulted

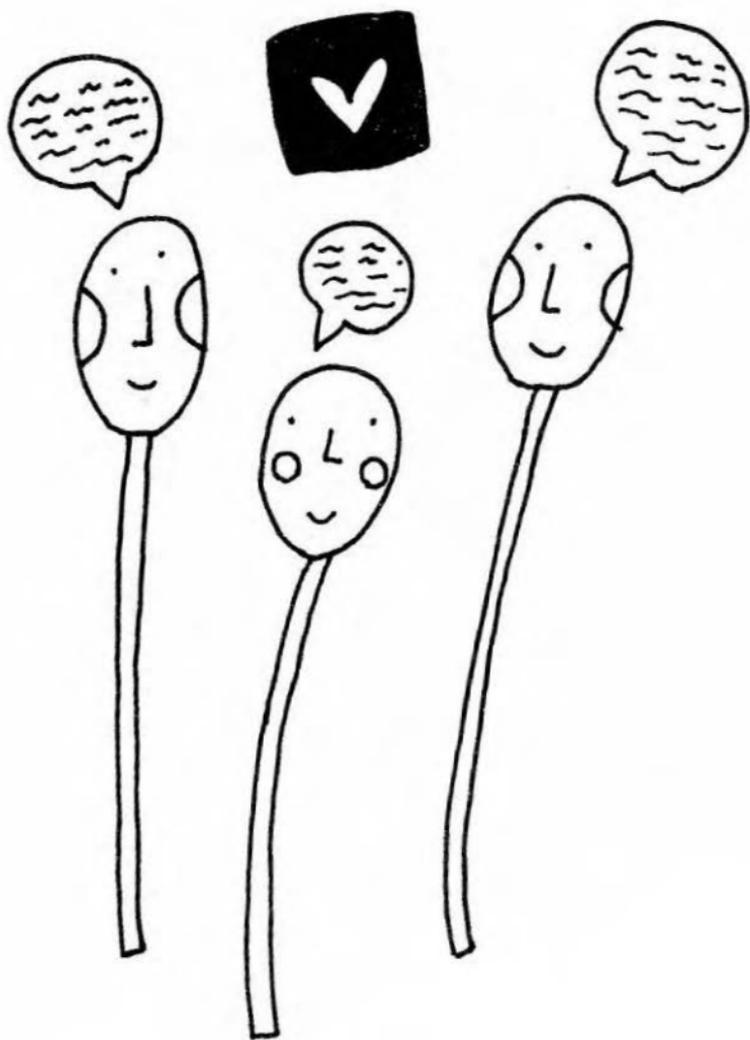
me.

i had unprotected sex with
this guy several times, even
when we had condoms at hand.
i just never spoke up once
we started doing it. i am
perpetuating, in him, the
idea that it's okay for
guys to have unprotected sex
because there aren't
consequences for him.

i find myself being
attracted to people

with really shitty
politics. sometimes,

i put my politics aside
if it means getting ass.



~~xxx~~

~~xx~~ the secrets in this zine
are anything but 'post'.
there are some of us who keep these
secrets to ourselves and it makes us

feel alone and like we are
going to lose our minds.
feminists are expected to be

tough and strong (whatever that
is supposed to mean...), but this is
is so not the case. so many
feminists are fucked up and
are trying so hard to unlearn,
undo and heal. our secrets
force us to find ways to cope, to
make it through each day. and
this collection of dirty
(un)feminist secrets is only a
small, small sample of all the ~~secrets~~
secrets feminists keep to themselves

keep ~~fx~~ fighting.

keep living.

peterborough & toronto, ontario
january 2009

please send comments, questions,
love/hate mail, your stories to
teresa at poopytoothpaste@gmail
.com

the cover image was
hand-drawn, one cover
at a time.



hey,
me
too!