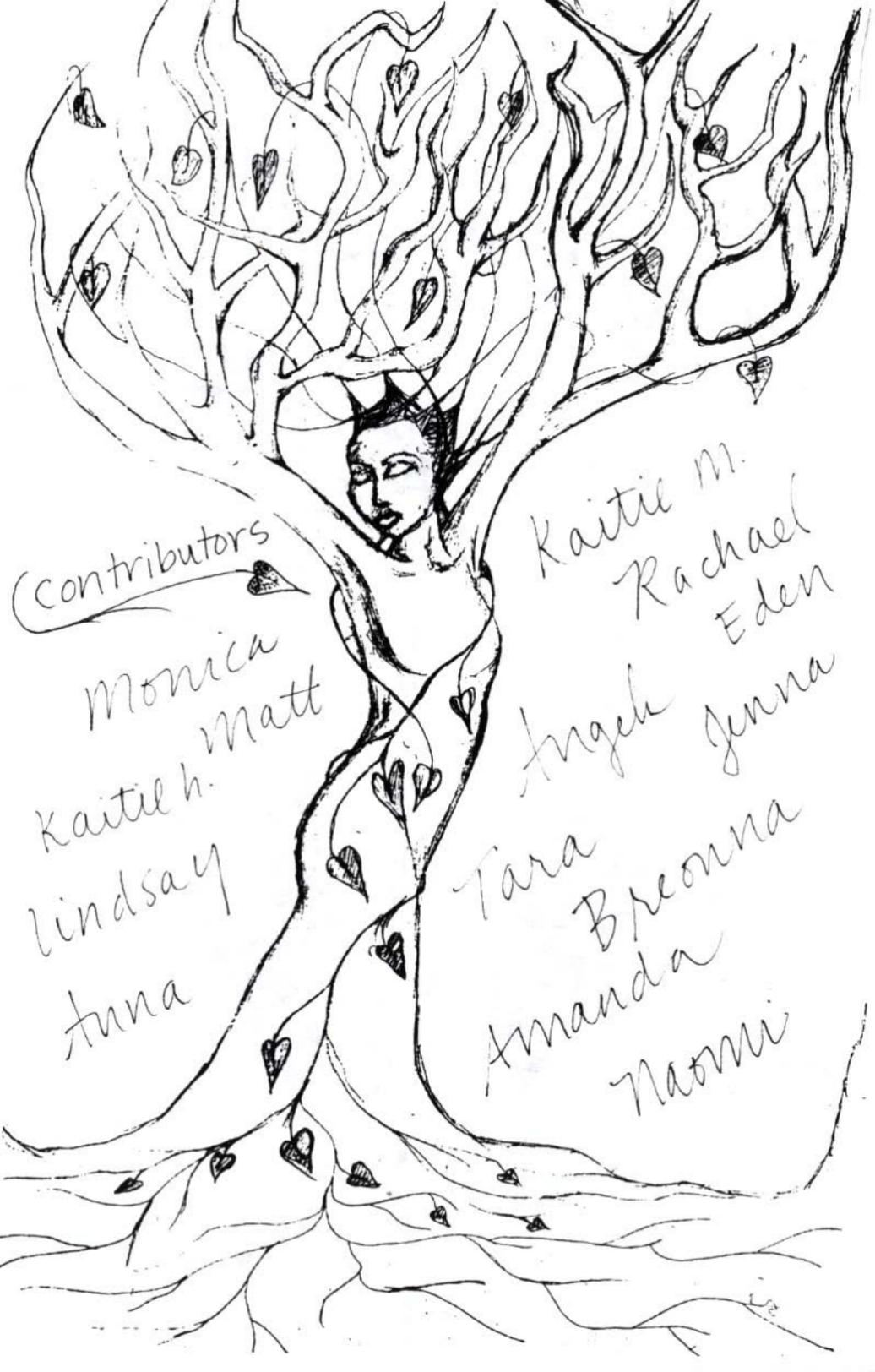


Issue
five

April '96

AF



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This 'zine is dedicated to

Breonna Cole

a woman who stands as strong and
proud as a great sequoia, a woman whose
love and respect for her community, her
people and herself radiates with unimaginable
beauty and light

Breonna, you inspire us all with your
courage perseverance and strength

Shine on Beautiful Sister

With much love and respect

~ SWAC

Ode to Bullshit

You never fail
to be right on my tail
following me from
class to class
friend to friend
Day to Day
So persistent
Making me confused
Making me think I'm the
Bullshit
Chasing my own tail
until I find I've drilled
myself into a downward
spiral
stuck in a rut
and surrounded by
Bullshit

FEMINISM



SPOKEN HERE

®  500 M

DONNELLY COLT CUSTOMSTICKERS
BOX 188, HAMPTON, CT 06247

Road trips

eleven o'clock
the smell of butter scotch
my parents level voices,
and the smooth-of-the-road
all blending into one big
soothing blur.
Skunks and Mack trucks,
Friday night.
and I have all the weeks
lost sleep
lost expectations
and the usual fuck-up's on my shoulders
but the road pulls
in a strong way that doesn't measure tiredness
except in extremes.
I hear about layoffs,
severance pay and benefits.
But I'm lost in the trance of
continual road blocks and dotted lines.



Rachel Moore



Imagine A Woman

Imagine a woman who believes it is right and good she is woman.

A woman who honors her experience and tells her stories.

Who refuses to carry the sins of others within her body and life.

Imagine a woman who believes she is good.

A woman who trusts and respects herself.

Who listens to her needs and desires, and meets them with tenderness and grace.

Imagine a woman who has acknowledged the past's influence on the present.

A woman who has walked through her past.

Who has healed into the present.

Imagine a woman who authors her own life.

A woman who exerts, initiates, and moves on her own behalf.

Who refuses to surrender except to her truest self and to her wisest voice.

Imagine a woman who names her own gods.

A woman who imagines the divine in her image and likeness.

Who designs her own spirituality and allows it to inform her daily life.

Imagine a woman in love with her own body.

A woman who believes her body is enough, just as it is.

Who celebrates her body and its rhythms and cycles as an exquisite resource.

Imagine a woman who honors the face of the Goddess in her changing face.

A woman who celebrates the accumulation of her years & her wisdom.

Who refuses to use precious energy disguising the changes in her body & life.

Imagine a woman who values the women in her life.

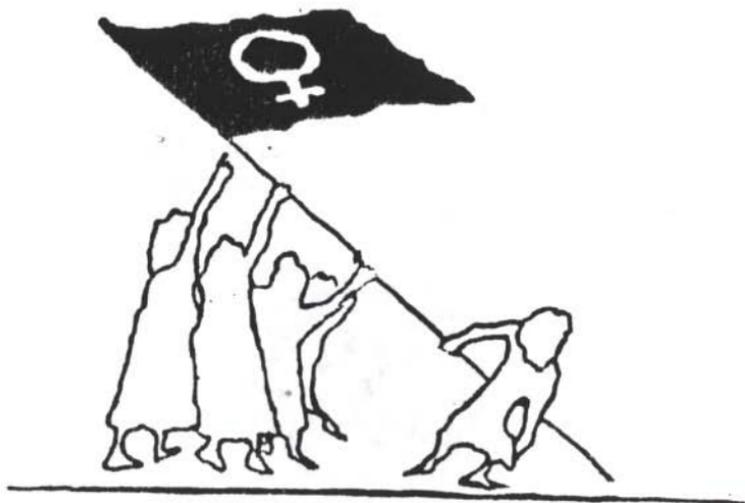
A woman who sits in circles of women.

Who is reminded of the truth about herself when she forgets.

Imagine yourself as this woman.



Because woman's work is never
done and is underpaid or unpaid or boring
or repetitious and we're the first to get
the sack and what we look like is
more important than what we do and
if we get raped it's our fault and if
we get bashed we must have provoked
it and if we raise our voices we're
nagging bitches and if we enjoy sex
we're nymphos and if we don't
we're frigid and if we love women
it's because we can't get a "real"
man and if we ask our doctor too many
questions we're neurotic and/or pushy
and if we expect community care for
children we're selfish and if we
stand up for our rights we're aggressive
and "unfeminine" and if we don't
we're typical weak females and if we
want to get married we're out to
trap a man and if we don't we're
unnatural and because we still
can't get an adequate safe
contraceptive but men can walk on
the moon and if we can't cope or
don't want a pregnancy we're made to
feel guilty about abortion and...
for lots of other
reasons we are part of the
Women's liberation movement.



Does The Word "STEREOTYPE"
Come To Mind?



Get Over It.

Take a Look Miner

At

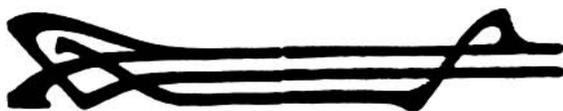


The Real World.

Never doubt that
a small group of
thoughtful,
committed citizens
can change the
world; indeed,
it's the only thing
that ever does.

— Margaret Mead





ENDLESS

Under the tall black sky you look out of your body
 lit by a white flare of the time between us
 your body with its touch its weight smelling of new wood
 as on the day the news of battle reached us
 falls beside the endless river
 flowing to the endless sea
 whose waves come to this shore a world away.

Your body of new wood your eyes alive barkbrown of tree trunks
 the leaves and flowers of trees stars all caught in crowns of trees
 your life gone down, broken into endless earth
 no longer a world away but under my feet and everywhere
 I look down at the one earth under me,
 through to you and all the fallen
 the broken and their children born and unborn
 of the endless war.

—MURIEL RUKEYSER

**THE
AIDS
CRISIS
IS NOT
OVER
ACT UP**

JOIN US NOW. CALL: 212-989-1114



**Young.
queer.
need to
TALK?**

415/863-3636

1-800-246-PRIDE
outside the 415 area
code
TDD#: 415/431-8812

The LYRIC Youth
Talkline is a peer
support and
information line for
gay, lesbian,
bisexual,
transgender and
questioning youth
under 24.

FAKE

I don't know where you are
At the bottom of a pit
A pit of hell
Did I put you there?
I watch and I wonder why you hate me.
I cry selfish tears
The only one who truly cares doesn't
It is my fault
I damn myself
I curse myself
I give myself the gift of self-hatred
An eternity of restless souls.
My tears are still selfish
Selfish tears drown my soul
My mind
My heart
I am the mighty zombie that awakens
Each morning to a sun of blood
I lift the mask to my face and
I pretend that I am alive
I am lost.
I fall into a pit
A pit of hell
You pushed me
You watch and wonder
I hate you
Now you cry selfish tears.

-W.V.M.





HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS

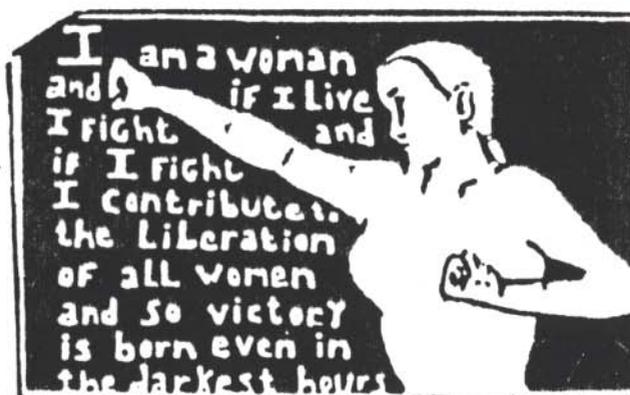
UNITE!

Discover
Columbus'
Legacy: 500
years of racism
oppression &
stolen land



© 2014 by the author

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**Fuck
White Supremacy**

AM I BLUE?
A PASSAGE

"Do you know the three great gay fantasies?" He asked

"I don't think so," I said nervously. He looked at me.

"How old are you?"

"Sixteen."

"Skip the first two. You're too young. It was number three that I wanted to tell you about. Anyway we used to imagine what it would be like if every gay person in the country turned blue for a day."

My eyes went wide. "Why?"

"So all the straights would have to stop imagining that they didn't know any gay people. They would find out that they had been surrounded by gays all the time, and survived the experience just fine, thank you. They'd have to face the fact that there are gay cops and gay farmers, gay teachers and gay soldier parents and gay kids. The hiding would finally have to stop."

He looked at me for a moment. "How would you like to have the sight?" he asked.

"What?"

"How would you like to have gaydar for awhile? You might find it interesting."

"Does this count as a wish?" I asked suspiciously.

"No, its education, comes under a different category."

"All right," I said, feeling a little nervous.

"Close your eyes," said Melvin.

After I did as he requested, I felt him touch each of my eyelids lightly. My cheeks began to burn as I wondered if anyone else had seen.

"Okay" he said "open up and see what the world is really like..."

I opened my eyes.
and gasped...

THINGS YOU NEED TO KNOW

- Use a new condom for each act of intercourse.
- Put on the condom as soon as erection occurs and before any sexual contact (vaginal, anal, or oral).
- Hold the tip of the condom and unroll it onto the erect penis, leaving space at the tip of the condom, yet ensuring that no air is trapped in the condom's tip.
- Adequate lubrication is important, but use only water-based lubricants, such as glycerine or lubricating jellies (which can be purchased at any pharmacy). Oil-based lubricants, such as petroleum jelly, cold cream, hand lotion, or baby oil, can weaken the condom.
- Withdraw from the partner immediately after ejaculation, holding the condom firmly to keep it from slipping off.

CDC National AIDS Hotline: 1-800-342-AIDS
Spanish: 1-800-342-SIDA
Deaf: 1-800-324-7889

WOMEN UNITE AND RESIST

ELLA, IN A SQUARE APRON, ALONG HIGHWAY 80

• WOMEN UNITE AND RESIST

She's a copperheaded waitress,
tired and sharp-worded, she hides
her bad brown tooth behind a wicked
smile, and flicks her ass
out of habit, to fend off the pass
that passes for affection.
She keeps her mind the way men
keep a knife -- keen to strip the game
down to her size. She has a thin spine,
swallows her eggs cold, and tells lies.
She slaps a wet rag at the truck drivers
if they should complain. She understands
the necessity for pain, turns away
the smaller tips, out of pride, and
keeps a flask under the counter. Once,
she shot a lover who misused her child.
Before she got out of jail, the courts had pounced
and given the child away. Like some isolated lake,
her flat blue eyes take care of their own stark
bottoms. Her hands are nervous, curled, ready
to scrape.
The common woman is as common
as a rattlesnake.

--Judy Grahn
from *The Common Woman*, 1970

WOMEN UNITE AND RESIST

WOMEN UNITE AND RESIST

A piece of My Mind by Tara Taylor

Some times I think of the choices we have today . Compared to our parents we have many choices , school , jobs , life styles , ect . I believe that there is one major choice that we all make in our lives and that choice is if you want to live or die . What I 'm talking about is sex . Sex is a major part of most young people's lives today and sooner or later you are going to know some one close to you who will be infected with the HIV virus . The HIV virus is sexually transmitted disease that effects everyone , homosexuals and heterosexuals . The virus is spread through the exchange of bodily fluids , which means you can receive it through unprotected sex .

I am not trying to make people scared of sex , I just want you to know the risk you are taking . Sex should be fun and safe . I know that most of you have heard this speech some time in your life and never really took it seriously . Well now is the time to ! We , the younger generation are the fastest growing group of people infected with this virus . Which I believe shouldn't be happening . We have been educated through schools and the media about this virus , and what the effects of it are .

If you don't know the effects of this virus I will tell you ; what it does is shut down you immune system (that is the system that fights off infection) so that you can catch illnesses much easier . But these illnesses come on twice as strong because your body can't fight it off like it could when you

didn't have HIV . The virus kills off your t-cells those are the cells that fight off bacteria . The final step in this story is that because your immune system is shut down you die because your body no longer can fight off infections .

Does that sound pleasing to you ? I didn't think that it would , but there are many steps you can take to avoid this fate .

- 1) Just don't have sex
- 2) Use a condom every time you have sex , and don't put it on like a ski cap . Put it on the proper way , by gently squeezing the tip and rolling it down .
- 3) Get tested before and after each partner , and wait for the results . Don't think that just because you had your blood drawn it's okay .
- 4) Taking extra precautions by using non-oxinol-9 foam or any other water based lubricant that contains non-oxinol-9 .
- 5) Don't save getting tested till the last minute, the longer you wait the more pressure on your mind . Take a friend with you to get tested it is a lot of support .
- 6) Keep a list of all your partners

Remember you do not have to be one of the millions who die each year of AIDS .

A Myth - by Breonna Cole

Before there was time and space, an entire void covered everything. The whole universe was still and quiet, empty except for a volcano that lay still and unmoved. The volcano shook and from it emerged a beautiful goddess. Her hair was black, thick and flowed past her shoulders; her eyes were a bright brown, shining with life. Her skin was a dark, smooth brown, her skin was so smooth and dark it looked like it would rub off on your fingers if you touched it. She had very large breasts that shone on her chest like two brilliant suns. Her hands were the tender hands of a mother; her hips and shoulders were large. She donned a long lappa that tied at her belly and many beautiful beaded and gold necklaces. She had four arms for enclosing the world, five eyes in order to enable her to see all that required her attention. Her name was Jahateha and she was the mother of all civilization; she represented knowledge, power, beauty, motherhood, strength, virtue, and truth.

For quite some time she was content to live alone. After ten thousand years she decided it was time to bring life into the universe, and so she created the first man. Jahateha took the lava from the volcano and from it she created the first woman; she breathed life into the first woman and brought forth life into the universe. The woman's name was Umi and from Umi's breast Jahateha created a companion for Umi, his name was Umu.

Umu and Umi lived in peace and happiness for many moons. One day Umu complained to Umi that he wanted a land to live in where there were green valleys, trees and animals. He insisted upon it until finally Umi, who was fed up with his whining, went to see Jahateha.

"Mother Goddess, the man Umu whines day and night for a land green and rich with treasures in which to live. If only for my peace please grant him this wish so that he may leave me alone."

"Dearest Umi, the man is naive and vain, but in time you will come to love him, for he is good in his own way. I will make the world as he wishes; now go home and sleep. You must cut his hair and bring it to me before he awakes, now go." Umi returned to Umu, and while he slept she cut a lock from his hair and took it to Jahateha.

Jahateha took the hair and from it she created the earth, trees, valleys and mountains. She made the oceans from her tears, created the animals from her eyelashes and from her breasts she created the moon and sun. When she was done she lay down and slept for one thousand years.

While she slept Umu and Umi made love, and when she woke they had given birth to 10,500 children who had roamed the earth, settled and created villages all over the earth. The children of Umu and Umi lived for many years happily and content.

One day while Umi was out walking with Mother Jahateha, Umu decided to go and visit the houses of his children. He arrived at the house of a rich woman who had built a house of marble. She had many husbands and many, many children; the halls of her palace were laid with gold and diamonds that glittered and shone. When Umu arrived at the gates, he was ushered in and welcome to the table of the lordess of the house. They feasted on humus, fowl, fruits, pastries and elaborate dishes and soups. The party lasted all night and when midnight came the lordess of the house took Umu to her bed.

While Umu was enjoying the party, Umi, who had separated from Jahateha, had chanced upon a peasant boy (Sani) who was herding sheep at twilight. She approached him in the guise of a peasant woman, and she lay him down on the mother earth, and he made love to her slowly, whispering praise of her body. The earth shook and so taken by his complete worship and adoration of her, that she took Sani to the heavens where she anointed him and placed him in the sacred hall.

The sacred hall was a place where all the priestesses along with Mother Jahateha and Umi resided. No men, unless they had been anointed by Umi, could be brought there, and those who were served Jahateha, Umi and the priestesses. Their lives were full of bliss and sexual ecstasy while the men's duties were to care for the children of the world.

When Umi and Umu returned home they each found that the other had spent the day and night elsewhere. Umu became very jealous and decided to go to the sacred hall and kidnap Sani and kill him. Umu stole away in the night, and while Sani slept, he took him to the river, tied and gagged Sani and threw him in the river. Satisfied, Umu went home and slept.

When Umi realized what had happened, she banished Umu for ever to walk the earth never sleeping, never resting, and set out to find Sani. For 10,000 years she searched the earth until one day when she met an old woman sitting under a tree.

"Crone Mother," she said, "My heartaches for my Sani, for he is the moon of my night and my soul rests not while he is gone."

The old woman said, "Mother Umi, 10,000 miles away where the great sea whale sleeps, you will find your Sani. Go look there."

Umi thanked the woman and left, her heart filled with joy. She found Sani in the depths of the ocean and brought him home. She lay him on the bed naked and lay her warm body on his cold one. As she rose tears fell from her eyes restoring Sani's life.

From that day to this, Sani and Umi ruled the land together. Sani became Umi's eternal consort in the heavens as she ruled with Mother Jahateha.



As a woman I have no country
As a woman I want no country
As a woman my country is the world.
-Virginia Woolf

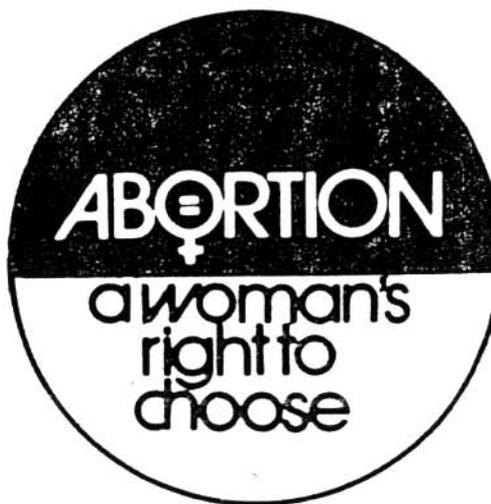
• WOMEN UNITE AND RESIST





When a woman artist positively identifies herself to us through her work, she commits a courageous and daring act of self exposure, because her contribution has neither spoken to nor been understood by the mainstream of the culture, and the content of her art has been bypassed by interpretations which could not reveal it. Thus a woman's saying, 'I am, I know myself, and I feel a fundamental optimism - a grasp upon my own survival as a model for human survival', is saying something which challenges the prevailing world view. If consciousness is the content of feminist art, this level of human responsibility and hope is the content of consciousness.

-Arlene Raven



Ida B. Wells

"I'D RATHER GO DOWN IN HISTORY AS ONE LONE NEGRO WHO DARED TO TELL THE GOVERNMENT THAT IT HAD DONE A DASTARDLY THING THAN TO SAVE MY SKIN BY TAKING BACK WHAT I HAVE SAID" -1917

SISTERHOOD IS BLOOMING



SPRINGTIME WILL
NEVER BE THE SAME

Chart for Dark Hours ☾^{*}

Some men, Some men
Cannot pass a,
Book shop.

(Lady, make your mind up, and wait your life away)

Some men, Some men
Cannot pass a
Crap Game.

(He said he'd come at moonrise, and here's
another day!)

Some men, Some men
Cannot pass a
Bar-room.

(Wait about, and hang about, and that's the
way it goes.)

Some men, Some men
Cannot pass a
woman.

(Heaven never send me another one of those!)

Some men, Some men
Cannot pass a
Golf course.

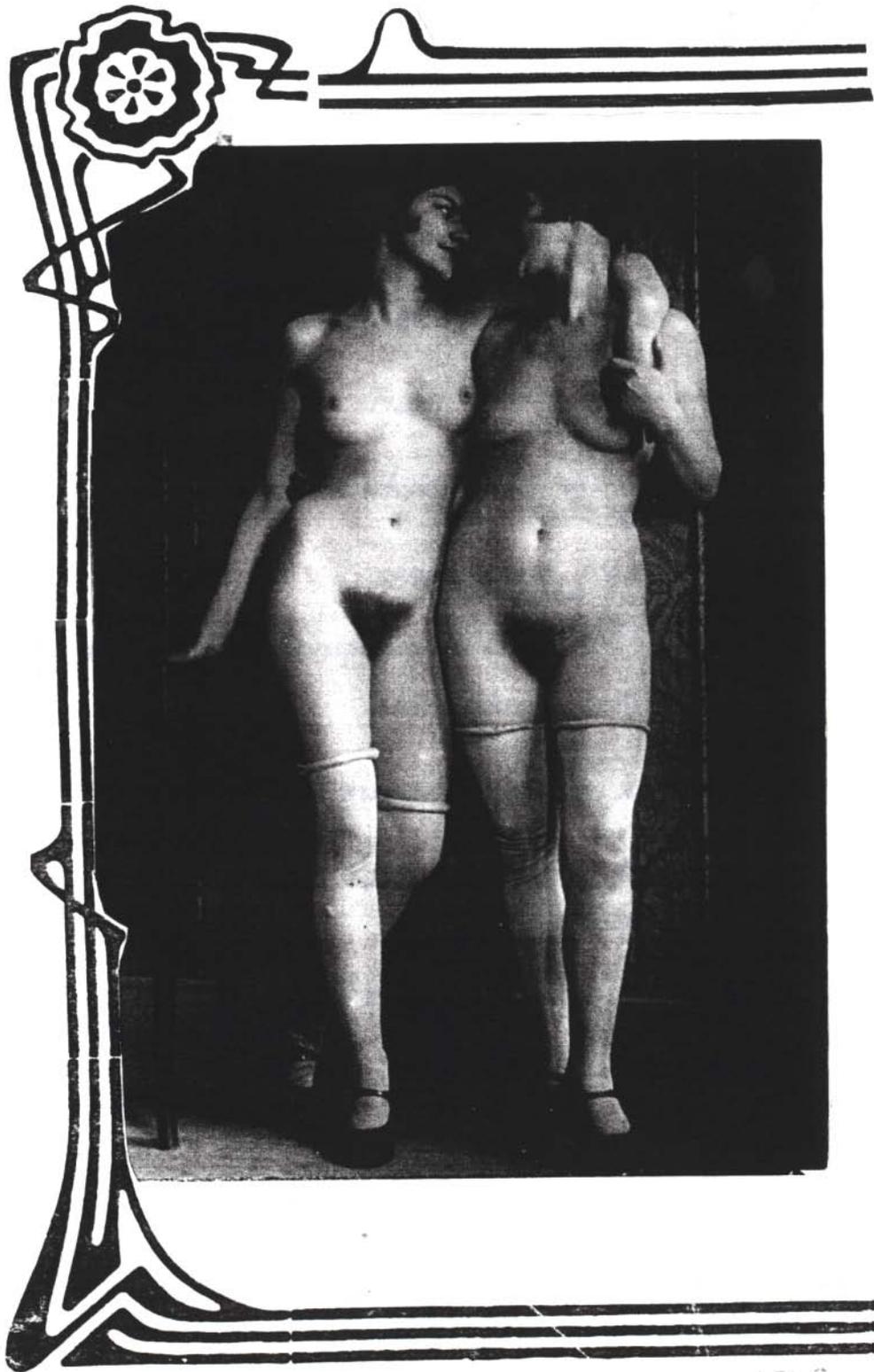
(Read a book, and sew a seam, and slumber if
you can.)

Some men, Some men
Cannot pass a
Haberdashers.

**ALL YOUR LIFE YOU WAIT
AROUND FOR SOME DAMN MAN !!**

- Dorothy Parker





Billie Jean King, Emily Dickinson, Margarethe Cammermeyer
Josephine Baker, Janis Joplin, Sandra Bernhard, k d lang
Eleanor Roosevelt, Gertrude Stein, Katherine the Great
Melissa Etheridge, Amanda Bearse, Jane Rule, Audre Lorde
Tallulah Bankhead, The Indigo Girls, Susan B. Anthony
Bessie Smith, Willa Cather, Virginia Woolf, Lillian Hellman
Florence Nightingale. *I'm in good company.* Rita Mae Brown
Greta Garbo, Anna Freud, Anais Nin, Martina Navratilova
Amelia Earhart, Janis Ian, Fran Liebowitz, Patricia Ireland
Edna St. Vincent Millay, Lily Tomlin, Roberta Achtenberg
Jeanette Winterson, Alice B. Toklas, Madonna, Edith Head
Sappho, Colette, Camille Paglia, Chasity Bono, Kate Clinton
Marlene Dietrich, Agnes Moorehead, Barbara Stanwyck & Mei

© GOOD CATCH: 1995

I sit in my room and cut off the nation,
board up the walls and form my own station
of inner confiding and rules of my own
I breathe out the fumes of white washed wall tone
dirt is the ground and sky is the ceiling
suffice it to say that with whom we are dealing
are not stiff home owners with locks on their doors
but inner relations who tied to their chores
fight off attacks of eminent praise
that make us lose weight and boys get their ways.

Kirsten deirup



FREE WISE

FREE YOUR MIND FROM THE PREJUDICES AND
THE BIASES OF THE MODERN WORLD. FREE YOUR
MIND FROM THE BIND, THOUGHTLESS VIEWS
THAT KEEP YOU DOWN. DON'T REMAIN TRAPPED
IN YOUR WORLD OF IGNORANCE. OPEN YOUR
MIND TO ALL POSSIBILITIES AND LET YOUR
SOUL GUIDE YOU.

- M.W



Being Brave

I'm dancing on my grave,
being brave to be saved,
challenging that weak
finality.

I'm playing in my time,
Planin' on dying,
Hoping that something
will be saving me.



Mary Crow Dog

You are a woman warrior
you have endured the sting
from the whip of Racism
And you have the scars
to prove it.

You have witnessed the killing
of your brothers
and the raping of your sisters
And you have never let your
heart hit the ground
You have fought for the land
the herb the medicine
and the traditions that are rightfully
yours

And you have been put in jail
by the criminals who validate themselves
with a badge or a robe.

You have Suffered,
and you have Survived

Mary Crow Dog,

You are a Woman Warrior.

- Angela

Inspired by the
autobiography of Mary Crow Dog:

Lakota Woman

Women
constitute **half** the world's
population,
perform nearly **two-thirds**
of its work hours,
receive **one-tenth** of the world's income
and own less than **one-hundredth**
of the world's property.

United Nations Report, 1980

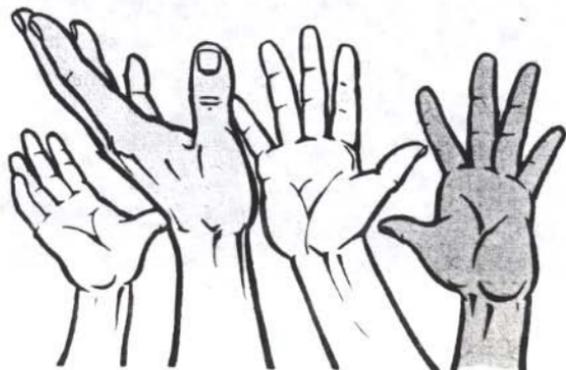




homage to my hips

these hips are big hips
they need space to
move around in.
they don't fit into little
petty places. these hips
are free hips.

they don't like to be held back.
these hips have never been enslaved,
they go where they want to go
they do what they want to do.
these hips are mighty hips.
these hips are magic hips.
i have known them
to put a spell on a man and
spin him like a top!



The mountain-moving day is coming,
I say so, yet others doubt
Only a while the mountain sleeps.
In the past
All mountains moved in fire,
yet you may not believe it,
Oh man, this alone believe,
All sleeping women
Now will awake and move

-Yosano Akiko



WAITING

I never believed in time -
not math
not the way that they say it is
slow death
You're born and you die and
Your life's not a line -
I've been here before
or it's all in my mind
returning forever
the threads of a screen
hold my faces together
my slow motion dream

AL

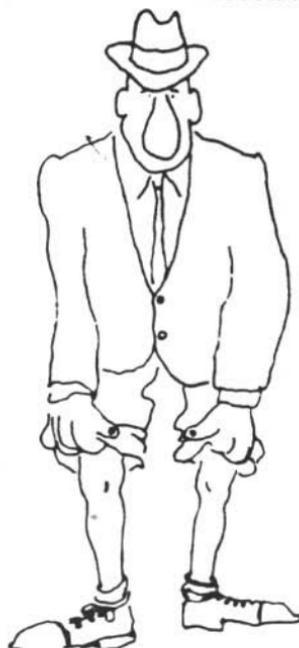


She dove into the pool. Head first, fully clothed, right into the water. Cold reached her skin, but as the water slid under her clothes, it began to caress her, sliding flowing tendrils over her skin, running fingers across her scalp, sliding his hand around her waist, she could hear his breath in her earlobe. She leaned into him and felt the pressure of his body against her back. Tingles spread through her body and she felt warm, as if she were floating through water. She felt light and so she closed her eyes. He continued to rub her back and arms and her stomach, her thighs and her toes, whispering in her ear all along. She relaxed into him, and it was beautiful. As she climaxed, he wrapped himself tightly around her and held her close. As she drifted off to sleep in his arms, feeling safe and secure, her body floated to the top of the pool.

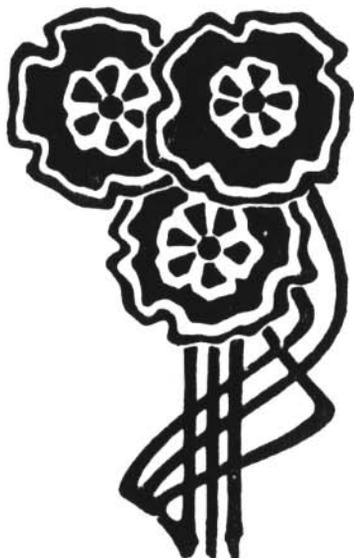
* * *

This just popped into my head one day in English class; inspired by a pool I walked by one night. I would be honored if you would put it in the 'Zine. I am so proud of all of the women of SWAC for carrying on the tradition of pride, unity and love. I can't describe how it feels to get the 'Zine here in Davis and know that you are all so close, and know that we are still connected. If not physically, we are connected by our ideals and values. (I was especially pleased with Maddy's piece; please let her know that.)

-Naomi Kalman (much loved and missed member of SWAC in Davis)



"Hire him, he's got great legs"



FEMINISM LIVES!



Once again...

Hot Line Numbers:

- Berkeley Free Clinic: ⁽⁵¹⁰⁾ 548-2570
- Planned Parenthood:
 - Walnut Creek 935-3010
 - Eastmont Mall 613-8085
- Lyric Gay Youth Hotline:
1-800-246-PRIDE
- Suicide Prevention: ⁽⁵¹⁰⁾ 849-2212
- Youth Crisis Line:
1-800-201-FRND
- Alcoholics Anonymous: ⁽⁵¹⁰⁾ 886-2123
- AIDS Hotline: 1-800-FOR-AIDS
- STD Hotline:
1-800-227-8922



The Student Women's Action Coalition:

This 'zine is a tribute to the beauty & brilliance of Womanhood, which has been patriarchally oppressed for hundreds and hundreds of years. Each expression is unique in itself, we hope these images both shock and inspire you.

If you would like to help create the next SWAC 'zine, or would like to submit an article and/or art work please feel free to stop by our meetings Wednesdays at lunch in room 114 (Albany High), or send materials to the address below...

SWAC c/o Mac Donald
P.O. Box # 7064
Berkeley, CA 94707

Viva la Mujer!

