

N.Y.B.



NUMBR



Not Your



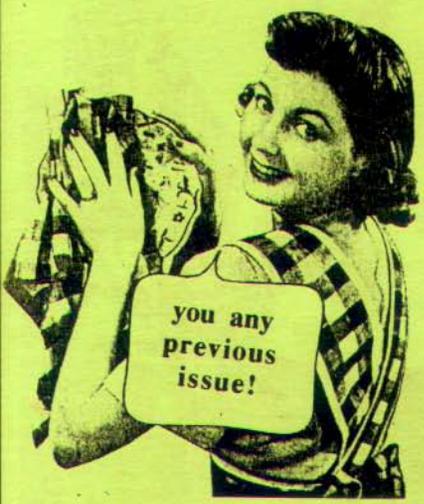
Bitch!

ISSUE #5 SUMMER 1995

Not Your BITCH!



P.O. BOX 2984 DENVER, CO. 80201



KEEP YER EYES PEELED FOR "TWAT!" A GRRRL ZINE CATALOG I PUT TOGETHER. ALSO, LOOK FOR NYB SHIRTS THAT I WILL HOPEFULLY BE GETTING MADE UP DURING THE FIRST FEW MONTHS OF '96.

As I pass under the phallic buildings that rape the sky, I imagine their destruction. How much longer till our earth is covered in concrete? The business men plan and plan, playing their patriarchal game, as we let ourselves get tangled in the oppressive web they call life. How can we live as the life around us dies?

This issue of NYB is dedicated to the women at Fw³,* who clapped at my first reading and helped me realize my voice is not a bad noise. I would like to especially thank Paula Paradise, who helped "break the silence"; Zelda Lockhart, who reminded me that there exists a forest, where water runs, and fires burn, in my dancing soul; and Debra Rikken Waugh, who inspired me with laughter. -Christine E. Johnston. Creator, Writer, Layout, & Publisher of NYB.

*Feminist Woman's Writing Workshop.

Menstrual Blood Madness

The full moon has passed, and the warm blood flows out of my lips between my legs. Like an artist dabs paint onto a brush, I reach down and wet my fingers with my menstrual blood. Taking this blood from the heart of my womanhood, I adorn my body with symbols and streaks of my blood. Having painted my body, I begin to dance around my apartment like a wild banshee--an amazon.

Could I fill an ink well with my menses, I would dip my quill in the blood and write poetry. Had I girlfriend, I would paint her as I paint myself--together we would dance by candle light, only to end up in a refreshing shower. These are the things I would do, and do do, with my menstrual blood.

Worse yet, when I find myself in some scary establishment, I like to graffiti the stalls with my menstrual blood. Does this offend you? Have you ever seen my graffiti? Have you ever thought of doing these same things? Perhaps the real question is this: why the hell do I do these things? Well, I'll tell you why.

I am reclaiming my strength. When I got my first period, I felt ashamed. I'm probably not alone in this feeling. I'm sure many girls felt ashamed, and tried to hide their periods. I'm sure, even though other girls the same age were experiencing the same cycle, it was still seen as "gross," and wasn't talked about. I'm sure boys ridiculed girls for this natural occurrence, and would taunt angry girls by saying "What? Are you on the rag?" In this white man's world, we are conditioned to believe that this "period" in our lives is unclean, and that during this time we are irrational, and "bitchy." Is it unclean? Are we really irrational-bitchy? Or are we in fact cleansing ourselves, and full of power at this time?

At one point in history, before electricity, women would bleed in very similar cycles--with the moon. In some tribes, women would go off into the woods together to celebrate their power, and share in the strength of their womanhood. At this time I doubt they had pads or tampons, and I like to think that they just bled. Perhaps they even bled on plants to nourish them, and maybe they even pranced around like I do, adorning themselves with their menstrual blood.

It is my belief that we have been led to believe our menstrual cycle is a burden, when in fact it is a great gift of power, and insight into this world. Might I even go so far as to say that men fear our strength at this time, so much so, that they have tricked us into ignoring our power? Whatever the case may be, I am not ashamed of my menstrual blood, and I can feel the power I possess at this time. I only hope more women realize this, and teach the younger generations to be proud.

LOVE AT FIRST BITE

It all started with the first bite. We were laying together and telling one another about the night before. He had hung out with his skinhead buddy, and I had hung out with this Rasta guy; whom was a very close friend of mine. I don't know how it happened, but all of a sudden he was pinning me down, and restraining me--I do not like to be restrained.

In trying to get him off me, I dug my fingernails into the back of his neck, and with that, he lunged down and bit ferociously into my breast. I think I screamed louder than I ever have. His parents heard, and came down to see what was going on. Then ensued the battle between him and his dad; his stepmother took me upstairs to check out my wound.

Though I had had a shirt on, he penetrated my flesh, and blood seeped out of a small bite mark. She cleaned me up, and sent me on my way. As I drove down familiar roads, I felt had no where to go. Because I spent most of my time with him, I had lost contact with many of my friends--even my family. So I went back to him, and we made up.

The next week at school, I showed a girlfriend the bruise, and she was horrified. Even after her reaction I did not connect the act with domestic violence. As a result I found myself in an abusive relationship for about 4-5 years. I wonder now, how many other young girls are found in the same situation? But most importantly, why do young women find themselves in such situations?

I will never understand why his parents never got involved, why they let the abuse go on in their house, why they welcomed me back. I will never understand why the abuse was swept under the carpet, why I felt it was my fault, why they would kick me out in the middle of a fight, but let him follow me to my car--unprotected--knowing he would force his way into the car. Why didn't they let me escape just once?

This is just one short story, it's real shit that made me who I am. I share it so others like me don't feel alone, to get it out of me, to end my silence. Many teenage women experience domestic violence, and in order for it to ever end, we need to educate even younger girls, as a preventive measure. If young women were raised to take no shit, they would take no shit. Think about it.

How do we expect to change anything, when the future is still force fed bullshit? I hear teens and adults screaming, but why should we be heard when children's cries are silenced? Are we all so self righteous that we have forgotten our childhood?

Think of all the lies you were told and taught. Why? Think of all the rights you were awaiting to receive with your all important adulthood. Why don't we have rights as children? We are told to make something of ourselves in the future, why not just be something as a youth?

It is time to take the school back. If we ever want to see change, we have to change the children--only certain old dogs are willing to learn new tricks. Any one who has entered the 'adult world' knows that most of what we are taught in school is a whole-lot-a-crap, and so why are we wasting our time with each other? Our lives are under way and close to over, but the children still have a chance.

ANARCHY UNDER 3

Take sexism for example: as long as kids are raised to believe that we're all straight, boys are stronger by nature, girls are sweet and submissive, and these two are supposed to unite in marriage and continue the process, then wouldn't one conclude that the process will continue? And of course the right knows this, and that's why dykes-n-fags had better stay in the closet if they are teachers, and always teach that bullshit they call education if they want to keep their jobs.

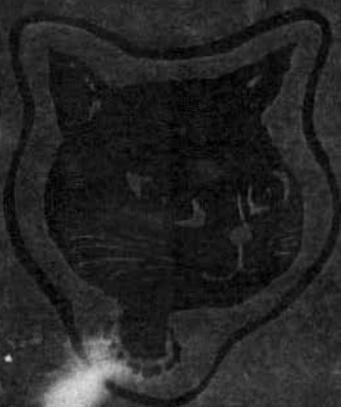
RANT, RANT, RANT, RANT, RANT, RANT, RANT!!!
So how do I suppose we liberate the children? How do you think, silly? We storm the schools with semi automatic weapons, take the lame teachers hostage (not the cool ones, cause believe it or not they let a few slip in there--even dykes fags, marihuana smokers...sneaky huh?), and demand good education for the future generations. (continued...)

Demand environmentalism; gender equal history; the history and tolerance of lesbians and gays; self study to explore a subject that might not be offered, but interesting none the less to a child; honest classes about mind altering substances...the list goes on...

Okay, maybe we should skip the guns, but I don't think it's too far out on a limb to storm the schools and ask for early justice. We are never going to see sufficient change as long as the lies are taught, as long as girls voices are silenced by the boys, as long as teachers have to lie about who they are.

FREE THE CHILDREN

School is like a programming institution, and we need to change the program if we want to see a different show. I know all this is just rants, and I know I don't really have any viable solutions--yet. But I think we need to think about this more seriously. Kids aren't stupid, were you a stupid kid? So lets quit lying to them like we were lied too.



**a t-shirt mailorder catalog
of girl powered designs
for an alien girl revolution.**

**send two stamps to
alien girls
1215 e. 4th ave box 16
seattle, wa 98122**

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PRE R/EVOLUTION QUESTIONNAIRE:

- Do you really believe in REVOLUTION? Or do you think you are going to go untouched as privileged American citizen?
- What do you know about the UN New World order?
- What significance do you see behind the gun laws?
- When in fact the shit goes down, will you be one of the millions of defenseless, brainwashed, lamb like citizens led to the slaughter, or prisons?
- Have you heard about the possible "private prison" underneath DIA?
- If Taco Bell were no longer accessible, nor the grocery store, what would you eat--do you know, as an animal on this earth, how to find your own food?
- As I rattle off these questions, do you perhaps see how defenseless the American public is w/out the system?
- If, and when, the system collapses, what the hell are you going to do?

YOU MIGHT WANT TO TRY AND CRAWL OUT OF YOUR PROTECTIVE SHELL AND LOOK AT THE *WORLD*. WE AMERICANS MIGHT JUST SEE THE COLLAPSE OF OUR FAVORITE GAME SHOW, AND YOU ARE AN ANIMAL THAT CAN NO LONGER SURVIVE IN YOUR NATURAL SURROUNDINGS--QUITE SIMPLY, YOU ARE FUCKED!

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New Hours: Tu-Th 8am-10pm, Fri-Sat 8am-Midnight, Sun 9am-9pm



START A FUCKIN' RIOT!



I'm really not a violent person, I just happen to live in a violent world. Add to this my upbringing--raised as a potential West Point cadet--and what do you expect from me? Lately I've been looking back at my childhood, and have realized that I was a revolutionary long before I ever identified myself as one.

For Christmas I got G.I. Joe's, ammunition boxes, and M.A.S.H. Shirts. On vacations I got sling shots, coon skin caps, and hand cuffs. Shit, I was such a deranged little girl, that me and my pal actually kidnapped this kid on our block cause he was of Russian ancestry, and put him in our prison! (If only I could find him and apologize).

Once during soccer practice, after that confusion with the Korean plane being shot down by the Russians, I actually convinced this girl that there was some conspiracy, and that shit was gonna go down; and as I told her the story, a plane flew over our heads, and I said "see?" I wonder if she remembers me as some crazed kid, or if she really believed me?

And when Khadafi (sp?) was doing all that crazy shit over in the Middle East, I began plotting a way over there so I could kill him. Me and my pal (same one who helped me kidnap that poor friend of ours) would sit in my parents garage and plan to stowaway on a plane, get in the country, find his ass, shoot him, and then either escape, or die martyrs.

Most intense I think, would be my dreams. I dunno what most young girls have dreams or nightmares about, but I had a few real vivid dreams about "the Russian Invasion." (See what the American cold war propaganda did to this girl--shit)! See, me an my pal (that one guy), we would venture into the sewers around our neighborhood, and catch salamanders. So one night I have this dream: The Russians have invaded and we're blocked in our neighborhood, so me an my pal flee to the sewers to make hide outs for our families and friends. When I woke up I was scared as hell. I tell ya, I was pretty damn fearful of the Russians. Now days of course, things are much different. It's weird cause when I think about it, I never really thought I was going to go to West Point--even when my parents took me to the doctor to make sure I would be tall enough, and weigh enough. But at the same time I was really into this revolutionary thinking.

Hmmm...so we've taken a quick glimpse into my childhood, and now lets look at the present: Arms owning feminist-dyke, with purple and green fins, boots, and a grin that could melt yer heart. Ha, ha! I sure pulled one over on them! All those years planning and plotting for my government, gaining insight and strategy from my imagination and war movies--the boys on my block--and then BAM! Fuck you, fuck yer government, fuck your church, fuck eating meat, fuck conformity..FUCK OFF! (It's so amazing that my parents still speak to me, let alone love me--wow--thanks mom and dad)!

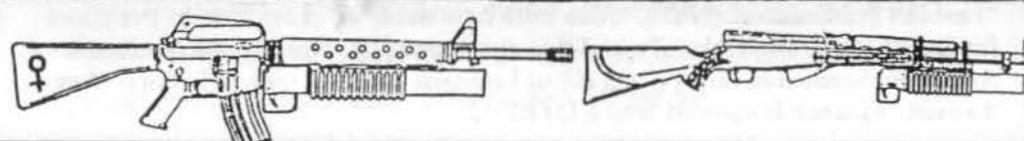
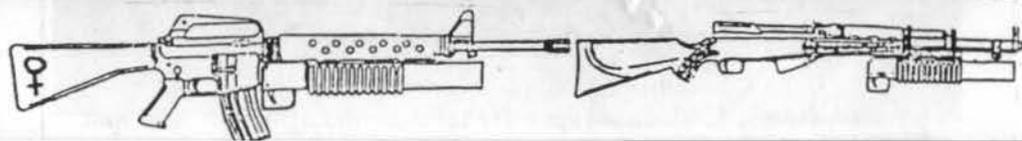
So, back to the R/evolution, guns and gore. I meant it when I said I'm not a violent person--I do believe in peace. To be quite honest with you I wish guns, bombs, cars, factories, and the destruction of the earth didn't exist. But it definitely does, and don't think for a minute that I'm not going to fight fire with fire. They got guns, and the gun laws are growing tighter, and tighter for citizens. Govt.+guns; citizens-guns=very easy oppression.

More importantly: men+guns; women-guns=verrry easy oppression. Think about it. Think about the percentage of men to women in government, and the percentage of men to women in the armed forces. Tsk, tsk.

War and revolution; blood and death; fear and strength--these are all very intense things, and as history shows us: they happen. So, maybe you are not a violent person, maybe you think t.v. is real, and you want to choose to ignore what goes on behind the scenes, but if the shit *did* go down, what would you do?

I'm not a very religious woman, but I do feel that there is a power out of our control, and I myself, along with others I know, feel the wind blow through my bones, see the wild flowers wilt, and smell the scent in the air--all we know might just collapse, the system could fail, and Taco Bell could close--forever. What has happened to us that we, as being on this earth, don't know how to survive in our natural surroundings? How is it that we watch our earth being destroyed daily, and do nothing?

How is this done? Too much testosterone and not enough estrogen. We are out of balance. And one way or another, the balance must be restored. Maybe it will be a peaceful R/evolution, but it might not be--that's all I'm saying.



***FORT SMITH PUBLIC SCHOOLS**
Fort Smith, Arkansas

Date: 4-3-95

Dear Mike [redacted]

The Fort Smith School District has written Discipline Policies that apply to all pupils. Parents and students have been provided copies of the policies. These Policies were adopted to ensure a positive learning environment for all students in Fort Smith.

In accordance with the above mentioned policies, I must inform you of our decision to suspend

Eileen [redacted] for 3 days.

This suspension will begin at 8:10 on 4-95

The student may return to school on 4-7-95 at 8:10

Prior to reinstatement, a parent conference must be held with Mr. Johnson

at Southside High School, phone 646 7371

This suspension is for the following reasons:

Having literature not suitable for Southside High School
Lesbian publication

If the student returns to school for any reason during the suspension, he/she must be accompanied by a parent or guardian. While on suspension, a student must not attend any school activity.

I have explained the reason for this suspension and have reviewed all the facts available. For a review or appeal of the suspension, you may contact the Director of Pupil Services at 785-2501.

Sincerely,

Mickey Johnson

Principal/Assistant Principal

Received Eileen [redacted]
Student's Signature

White copy to Parent/Guardian

Pink copy to Superintendent

Yellow copy to Pupil Services

Blue copy for School File

Green copy to Student

PF07200 (6-93)A-17

FOR SCHOOL PURPOSES ONLY

School Southside
Pupil Eileen [redacted] Sex F
Social Security No. [redacted]
D.O.B. 11-1-78 Age 16 Grade 10
Telephone [redacted]
Number of prior suspensions 0

1, 2, 3, 4, 5

Note here that this young woman was suspended from school, thus lessening her education (which actually ain't saying much, considering the education system continues to teach lies, and excludes women from history...), for having a "Lesbian Publication" (NYB). Also note how many teachers hide in the closet for fear of losing their jobs. To end this discrimination, begin to ask questions. Ask about women in history, ask about Lesbians and Gay men in history--they do exist. Eleanor Roosevelt was a DYKE!

REVIEWS OF STUFF:

Listen Up: Voices From the Next Feminist Generation edited by Barbra Findlen- This book, quite simply, should be a required text in all High Schools. There are close to 30 different essays in this anthology, ranging from topics of abuse, rape, classism, sizeism, aids, spirituality, abortion, sexism, homophobia, and many more topics of importance to the younger generation--this book is a must read! Because we might not see it in High Schools quite yet, get yourself a copy--educate yourself if you must. (And it's not just for High School students, many of the essays are written by women in their 20's).

Sister Safety Pin Lorrie Sprecher- Finally the novel I have been searching for! In short, this is the story of a punk girl in the 80's, who listens to Crass, X-Ray Spex, and other great early punk music. And that's it--just kidding. It's a punk coming out story full of laughter, and really touching moments. If you're a punk dyke, this book is a must read, and if you're not, it's a good book anyway--lets you know what you're missing!

Dirty Plotte by Julie Doucet- This comic is so wonderful, that I have read through each issue twice, if not more. It's hard to describe this comic, but I'll do my best. Twisted, hilarious, warm and fuzzy feeling, yet down right trashy at the same time? I dunno, it's really great. If you haven't checked it out already, I highly suggest you do--no, I demand that you do (grin).

Not A Pretty Girl Ani DiFranco- Oh, just another grrreat album by that wonderful woman who is capturing the hearts of many. The song "the million you never made," shows her unwillingness to buy into the greedy corporate record companies that would love to see her succumb to their bribes, but she ain't gonna play that game, and that's all the more reason you should support her on her own Righteous Babe Records. All the other songs on this album are equally terrific, so sneak into that college fund and indulge.

Elixir 1721 South V. St., Fort Smith, AR 72901-6036 by Aillen- This is a great zine by the girl who got suspended from school for having a copy of NYB. She talks about animal rights, crying, dreams, sexism within the hardcore scene, and the competition between punk girls be to the coolest, and the stupid division this creates. Her sister Kim does a really cool zine called Elastic, so send them both stamps, and stuff to trade to get copies of both zines.

I'm So Fuckin' Beautiful 120 State NE #1510, Olympia, WA 98501 by Nomy Lamm- This is a ground breaking zine on fat oppression, an issue too many of us ignore. Because our white male society depicts all 'desirable' woman as 'thin', I believe that such a zine as this will help end that stereotypical myth, and wake up the minds of grrrrl/women who worry about their weight, diet, etc. Fat is beautiful, and it's a part of women's natural shape. Definitely check this zine out!

Friends can cuddle, cry, and shoot promise keepers with water guns. Friends can

drive across the midwest drinking too much mtn dew, eating can after can of pringles,

Friends can break into frat houses and steal their fire extinguisher, and then spray the

frat boys with it. Friends can swing topless in a suburban neighborhood, and scare boys.

Friends can drink koolaid and splash in puddles

Friends can hike through the woods together, and play swords. Friends can slam dance in

the local dyke bar to Melissa Etheridge, and eat fire on the capital steps. Friends can write

long letters to one another over the distance--years--and still remain spirit sisters. Friends

can search for the sun. Friends can act together in a Unity of Total Defiance. Friends can sit

up late at night and smoke bowl after bowl, talking about nothing. Friends can write each

other weekly, and never have met. Friends can cast lover's dssension spells. Friends can

kiss each other in a drunken stupor, and forget about it in the morning. Friends can sit on

a quartz quarry in the mtn's and discuss ther/evolution, spirituality and children, while

drinking cold beer on a hot day. Friends can over dose on her oh, becoming completely

brain dead, put in a nursing home, and still loved by her long dstance pal,

STONED FEMINISTS?

Okay, I admit it: I'm a stoned feminist! As a matter of fact, hold on...cough, cough... Now I'm a truly 'stoned' feminist!

You know, I was at this battered women's rally last fall, and I saw a group of guys who truly enraged me. They had signs that said "stop the arrests" and "legalize marihuana." So here we have this group of survivors from domestic violence and rape, and then a group of pro hemp boys...However, after talking with a friend, I realized a few things.

These men were out of place, but had a good point: a lot of violence is the result of heavy drinking, and maybe if pot were legal, we'd see a decline in alcohol abuse. At the same time, maybe we'd just see a bunch of stoned alcoholics, but they *would* be more mellow.

I'm not going to throw a bunch of pro hemp facts into this article, but I think it should be stated that smoking pot is a hell of a lot better than drinking, and that hemp products are much more environmentally sound than tree products. So I think its a conspiracy really. Just another way for the aliens in control of our government to fuck us.

[Did I say aliens? Well that's another theory entirely.] What I want them to justify though, is this: how can you tell me a plant grown on this earth is illegal? And why am I bombarded with alcohol and cigarette ads all day long? It makes no sense, and yet it does.

Those of us who smoke, know that being high opens up your mind. Alcohol, on the other hand, pretty much shuts down your mind--perfect! Alcohol is okay cause it doesn't make you think, and is addictive (thus controls you). They don't want us to think, so they make natural mind altering substances such as herb, shrooms, peyote, and the like, illegal. Damn the government is smart!

At this point I would say this: the decriminalization of marihuana should be on the feminist agenda. Some may disagree with me, but until we start building coalitions with other organizations that want a better world as well, we will continue to be divided and conquered.



DYKES DOIN' THE DENTAL DAM THANG!!!

Have you heard the latest? Lesbians are the lowest risk for the HIV virus, so we don't need to worry about safe sex. Can you believe it--do you believe it? Circle one

(A) you believe it?

(B) you don't

If you answered (A), you are like too many dykes in this community. If you answered (B)...{theme music} raise yer dental dams in the air, and clap yer hands...clap, clap.....

It's true that Lesbians are at lesser of a risk, but that doesn't mean we *are not at risk*. Here's an example: two dykes are drunk, one is a junkie. During oral sex the one is down on the junkie, only to discover afterwards that the junkies clit ring cut her, and was bleeding. See? Of course this is worse case scenario, but the point is this: shit can happen, and just cause we're low risk, doesn't mean you don't have to worry about it.

DYKES GET AIDS--WE ARE NOT IMMUNE

I tell ya, it scares me that so many women I know just get down with each other like it's no big deal. Granted if you are in a monogamous relationship, and both HIV negative, you don't need to worry about safe sex, but for those who are dating, or maybe just simply 'casually fucking' then the world of gloves, and dental dams--lolly's--needs to be explored.

Today I decided to call around Denver to find out where I could get safe sex stuff. I found out that a few places have the tools needed to have a romantic latex evening...I know, I know, it's just not the same, and why did our generation get dicked over by aids...sucks don't it?

So here is where you can get the dressing for dessert:

- 1) **The Book Garden-** has dental dams and gloves (see ad in back for location).
- 2) **Empowerment Program-** has lolly's (dental dams specifically for oral sex--custom made for the occasion!) Call 863-7819 for more info.
- 3) **CAP (CO. Aids Project)-** I actually didn't get a hold of these people, but was told they probably have stuff. 837-0166.

NO MORE EXCUSES, YOU KNOW WHERE TO GET THE GEAR--USE IT!

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GRRRL QUIZ #1

Ani DiFranco is:

- a) every dyke's dream lover.
- b) a tasty pasta salad.
- c) a postmodern cultural icon.
- d) one of the decade's best songwriters.

don't fail the test - get Ani's new release, **NOT A PRETTY GIRL.**

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Sometimes things just don't happen by themselves; they need a little push in the right direction. We're not trying to be mysterious—just talking about getting that stronger, and shier, sex to step right up and ask the lassies to dance.

MAIL ME TO:



She sure couldn't run far in these Bill.

Hey, hey, I know what you mean Frank.

