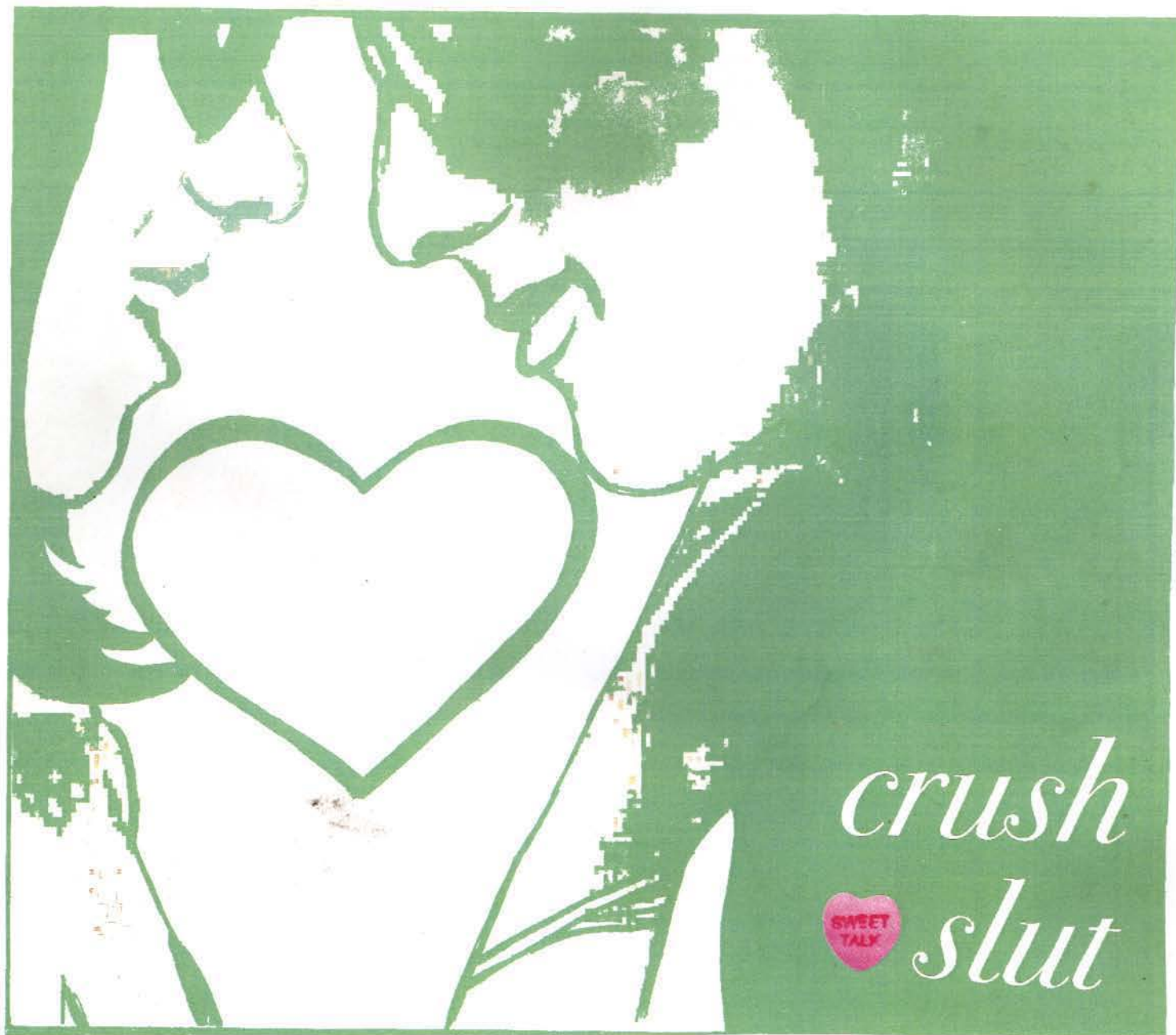


# Ms. Direction



*crush*  
 *slut*

September 9, 2004

Write a letter!

1055 Sundown Trail  
Santa Rosa, CA 95404

Dear Readers,

A lot has happened since the release of the last issue. In late June I had the pleasure of attending my very first Zine Symposium, put on by a group of students at Portland State University. It was more wonderful and amazing than I could have imagined. As you'll notice, this issue brings with it new color and ideas; a fresh pizzazz inspired by the brilliant zinesters and amazing zines I came across at the symposium. We have been getting fan mail, most notably a (submission?) letter signed affectionately, *wiv ooo*. Following its short heyday (fifteen minutes to be exact) on the racks of the local grocery store, *Ms Direction* was accused of smut peddling. That's right, smut peddling--issue Gender Bending has reached its target audience. For issue seven, *Ms Direction* has undergone a subtle shift, from smut to slut--as issue 8 documents the history of one misdirected crush slut. My secret passion, my rebellion, my joy, my destruction... crushes are gentle tickling that turn into face-heating, gut-throbbing torture. Today, as I learn to live and love more carefully-- crushes are my artistic inspiration. Sprinkled throughout the real meat of this issue are confessions, situations and love letters--some real, some fabulous, some fabricated--pieces of crush slut history, a heart re-heated, foil wrapped and skinned. For those of you wondering what *dome* means--per the found note on page 31-- *dome* is a slang term that connotes "blow job, head, sucking on dick." Go teen, go. Otherwise, I am doing beautifully, mostly writing and reading a lot, eating many bagels and listening to Little Cat on repeat always. Bagels because I feel a need to support the industry in its time of need, with all those low-carb junkies out there I honestly believe the very existence of bagels is in jeopardy. Little Cat is a Cd I bought recently here in town, produced by a lo-tech boy with brown eyes. Speaking of which, if anyone is able to locate Mr. Little Cat please let me know, and you can tell him I will have his kittens.

*Ms Direction*  
Katie Cercone

shortcakenation@aol.com

XOXO,  
Katie

ZINE  
SYMP

3rd floor - Smith Ballroom

2-AUSTIN  
D JESSICA

FOUND  
Mendocino Avenue  
Santa Rosa, Ca



# ALL YOU NEED IS LOVE

and 3.50



Dear #1 Crush,

How dare you let me get over you? It is not as if you picked a booger in front of me or took my number and never called. It's just that one time you talked to me at that party with the bad emo music and you were so f-ing self-absorbed and boring. I guess I mistook your snobbery for shyness. In the future, keep your mouth shut you dick.

Love, Kris

*Some fall in love, I shatter.*

-The Magnetic Fields, *I Shatter*



The nuclear family is the building block

of American society, and the social,

religious, educational and economic

institutions of society are designed to

maintain, support and strengthen family

ties even if the people involved can't

stand the sight of one another.

-Del Martin, Battered Wives 1977



daughters 'betrayed  
by false promises.

"it'll be okay, you'll

find a nice man, your life

will be wonderful".



FOUND

Montgomery High School

Santa Rosa, CA

Growing up, metabolizing hatred  
like daily bread. Because I am Black

because I am woman

because I am not black



enough, because I am not some particular fantasy of  
a woman, because I AM. On such a consistent diet, one can  
eventually come to value the hatred of one's enemies more than one  
values the love of friends, for that hatred becomes  
the source of anger, and anger is powerful fuel.

-Audre Lorde Eye to Eye, Sister Outsider





FOR ALL OCCASIONS

welcome TO

Hard-Tilted

Hell

Perhaps the real poster child of terrorism is the  
hyper-commodified, increasingly cosmeticized American self.

-Richard DeGrandpre, *Ad-Busters* 2004

Between 1994 and 2001 the rate of teen liposuction and breast augmentation increased by 562%. According to Mara, a dynamic teenager interviewed by Alissa Quart for her book *Branded: The Buying and Selling of Teenagers*, more and more teenagers are turning to the knife: "Plastic surgery is more and more accepted, and people do it either in fifth grade or after high school, before college." Web sites created by doctors feature ads that cater to teens, often suggesting that plastic surgery may remedy the social withdrawal brought about by *difference*. For Emily, a teen mentioned on another site, getting a nose job did wonders for her social life—so much that the same boys who had called her Pinocchio started asking her out. The article describes the procedure as (choak) a "Godsend" in Emily's life. According to an article in a recent issue of *Ad-Busters*, teens are opting for Botox pre-prom so they will sweat less.

Darrak Antell, MD, maintains that many kids opt for surgery largely due to parental pressure, "Some parents in this day and age want everything they can have for their child from a new stereo, to a new car and sometimes a new nose. This may not necessarily be appropriate." According to Quart, part of the boom for breast augmentation was spurred by Britney Spears' rumored boob job and the prevalence of MTV. Quart remarks, "Today's generation of rampant teenage consumers have lived only in an era of super-sizing. They cannot distinguish the proper size of breasts, banks accounts, or cola portions." (CONT.)



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474 So. Arroyo Parkway • Pasadena, Calif. 91101

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Add 50c to your order for postage & handling.

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Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

Zip \_\_\_\_\_

As teenagers follow in the footsteps of their parents and silver-screen idols with breast augmentation and nose alteration, super-human cosmetic surgery trailblazers are guinea-pigging the latest trends. Remember Barbie's weird fucked up feet, impossible to stand on but just right for stiletto heels? Today, the trendiest fashionistas are having their feet surgically altered—toes shortened, bridge of foot narrowed and heel collagen-injected—in order to better fit into high-heels. On the sexual front, a new procedure called hymenoplasty is becoming popularized, a procedure that restores the hymen to its virginal state. One San Antonio doctor maintains at this point the surgery is primarily used by women for cultural and religious reasons, but plastic surgery was developed for accident victims. Today "accident" has extended to mean social, psychological or emotional accident, for instance, watching reality TV.

While female teenagers are having plastic surgery, adolescent males are turning to performance enhancers, sport supplements and steroids, pressured by what the media terms *bigorexia*, to be muscular and toned. In the late 90s a newly marketable genre of the performance aids hit the market, targeting a frighteningly young age bracket. One such product, Teen Advantage Creatine Serum, made appearances in vitamin stores with the label, "especially for young aspiring athletes 8-19 years of age." Another drug, "andro," an over-the-counter alternative to anabolic steroids, quickly gained popularity with 10-year-olds. According to experts these products are often dangerous and always questionable, sometimes deadly. According to Charles Yesalis, author of *The Steroids Game*, they are only called supplements because of legal loopholes that allow them to exist unregulated by the FDA. As boys get older, many turn to steroids themselves, causing stunted bone growth, liver damage and shrunken testicles. Is that why Arnold hates women so much?

In the words of *Ad-Buster's* Jim McClellan, we have entered the post-human phase. "Post-humanism is a real-world, billion-dollar business, selling brands like Zyprexa and Paxil, Viagra and Botox to ordinary individuals who don't dream Superman so much as keeping up with everyone else." Junior high school becomes unbearable without a good anti-depressant; Ritalin is bought and sold during under the bleachers, Oxycontin and Meth rival coffee as study drug of choice for the collegiate group. In the current Vanity Fair, James Wolcott comments on surgically homogenized celebrity culture, "They're everywhere. Pulled back faces that resemble latex masks. Trapped eyes that seem to be crying for help. Chimp lips. Acrylic hair." Wolcott asks, "Who needs a mad scientist to assemble a bevy of fembots? The fembots have assembled themselves." Today liking yourself, putting your best foot forward, feeling like yourself... means constructing a half synthetic Prozac popping hard-titted superhuman, ready to compete for self-actualization and material success. What emerges is frightening, science-fiction appropriate eugenics, a vicious cycle of competition and conformity that is fighting natural beauty for its last breathe. I mean really, who says beauty and brains can't go together, right?

Sources: 1) *Is Plastic Surgery A Teen Thing?* By Dennis Mann WebMD.com 2) *Branded: The Buying and Selling of Teenagers* Alissa Quart 3) *TECHNO* by Nick Rockel *Ad-Busters*, July/August 2004 4) *The Drive to Mastery* by Jim McClellan *Ad-Busters* July/August 2004 5) *We, Robots* Ruth La Ferla *The Press Democrat* August 3, 2004

## A Man is a Good Ally When

He listens to women, but doesn't try to "fix" the problem by himself.

He does not try to confine the women he is supporting or define the problems that they share with him.

He understands that women's need to be empowered is not a threat to his strength as a man, but rather an additional strength.

He is willing to take a stand on the issue of sexism by being vocal about it.

He understands that women who stay in abusive relationships with men are not stupid.

He helps other men in positions of authority to realize that when children of single mothers have behavioral problems, it doesn't mean that they "need a man in the house." This type of thinking is often encountered in male school principles, and pressures women and children to stay with an abuser.

He helps models behavior for his friends and other men so they can learn by example and move away from identities marked by sexism and misogyny.

He works to unburden other men of the misconception that women who speak honestly about sexism are "attacking men."

He is willing to hear women's reality in full, realizing there are aspects of this reality he will not know about.

He is not struggling with his own manhood, and does not need to prove that he's a man.

He is a non-judgmental partner, which implies equality and respect.

He understands that women know that all men are not intentionally sexist.

He doesn't assume that another man can't be sexist because of his high position in a church, school, government, liberal organization etc.

He has done his personal work to become aware of his own issues relating to issues of sexism,

He listens, but doesn't try to "fix" the problem by himself.

Source: Handout for PDX zine symposium 2004, provided by Symponistas For Safer Spaces.

*The men changed by feminism are represented as a wimp, as overcooked broccoli dominated by powerful females who were secretly longing for his macho counterpart.*

-bell hooks, *The Will To Change: Men Masculinity and Love*



...and she looks *amazing*! When the rumors began to fly that Anna Nicole lost an incredible amount of weight on a diet pill, the public was skeptical. We all watched her battle her weight in the past—without long-term success. But when her amazing “Before” and “After” pictures were released, we found ourselves embracing a new THIN Anna Nicole. Looking more beautiful than she ever has. Guess what? It only took her weeks to get back to her DREAM BODY modeling days! This blonde bombshell vows this is the *real* Anna Nicole. She found something that finally worked when nothing else did.

FOUND Cosmopolitan  
Magazine April 2004

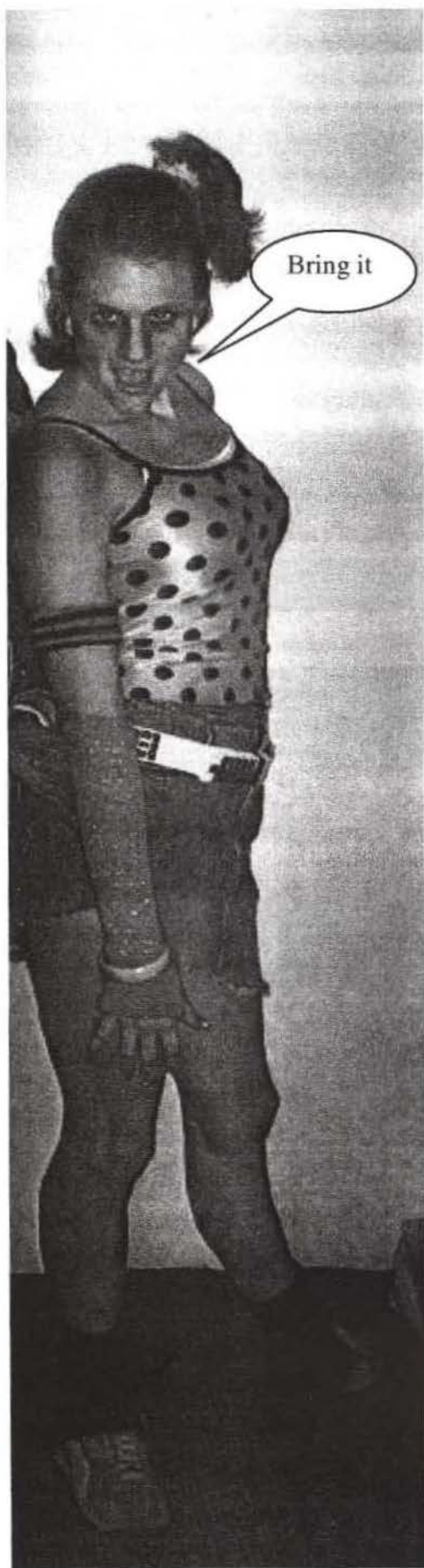
I AM  
STILL ~~HUN~~  
GRY!

FOUND  
La Vera Pizza  
Santa Rosa CA

I AM A FAT WOMEN.  
SOME PEOPLE THINK I AM TOO FAT  
I DONT DISAGRE  
I AM AFRAID TO GET FATER  
I SIT AT HOME AND GROW  
IM SO FAT, I DONT HAVE A BOYFRIEND  
I FEEL ENORMAS  
IM SO FAT, I LOOK LIKE I HAVE A  
BABY  
I FEEL HUGE  
I AM HUGE

FOUND  
Santa Rosa  
High School





## The Mannequin vs. The Real Woman

Sleeker, sexier, skinnier--the mannequin was invented by clothing manufacturers to showcase clothes and make women and men feel bad about their bodies. Research done by investigators in Helsinki Finland has concluded that the bodies of mannequins from the 1950's on contain shapes requiring a percentage of body fat that would likely cause lack of menstruation in women. In order for a woman to menstruate regularly, on average she must have a percentage of body fat of 22% or higher. Calculating the percentages for mannequins from the 1920's on as if they had been real women, only those manufactured before 1950 had percentages that would make regular menstruation possible. In other words, not only are mannequins unfeeling, hard-titted bitches of *perfection*, they can't even bare children! Please, let us all stop lusting after them.

Source: Rintala M. P. Could Mannequins Menstruate? *British medical Journal* 1992

## Generation Web ONLY YOU Cam

Aided by the latest digital technology, clever, attention hungry teens are selling their bodies online. Recognizing the high consumer value of the teenage body, *webcam girls* create personal internet sites in which largely older male audiences can watch them hang out and comb their hair, sometimes half-dressed, and follow their web diaries.

Lana, an eighteen year old webcam girl, exhorts users to stalk and love her. Her life history begins, "My parents had sex back on March 7<sup>th</sup>, 1982 and 9 short months later i hatched from my little egg...I was just a quiet gal, fast forward a decade later and a half later and i am the exact same person...just with bigger boobs." Lana's site has brought her relative celebrity and even a talk show appearance. Many of the diaries also feature wish lists, a primary incentive of webcam girls being the gifts they receive from fans.

Source: *Branded: The Buying and Selling of Teenagers* by Alissa Quart

## The Ultimate Birthday Party

Forget Mom's brownies and Mad Libs, today's most wealthy teens are planning birthday parties with consumer class. For a whopping \$17,500 a pop, F.A.O Schwartz in New York City will host the Birthday child and fourteen of his or her closest friends. The theme? *Buying*. For fifteen hours, these children may rifle through the upscale overpriced toy store—scarf unlimited sweets at the candy store, watch a movie, create their own cosmetics and go for a dream shopping spree. What's next?

-*Branded: The Buying and Selling of Teenagers* by Alissa Quart



# BOY TRAP

WHAT  
EVER

## #39

We, as an industry, must recognize

that adbashing is a threat to capitalism,

to free press, to our basic

forms of entertainment, and to

the future of our children.

-Jack Myers, *Adbashing: Surviving*

*the Attacks on Advertising*

### #39

#### THE WONDER HERO

Try this on your hero. Start with two slices of fresh, fragrant Wonder—the bread boys love. In between put thin slices of spicy Italian salami.

provolone  
cheese,  
slices of  
fresh tomato,  
green pepper,  
onion rings,

and hot peppers. And  
you've done it. You've  
built yourself a  
great boy trap. The  
rest is up to you.





# Punk GRRLS

"From the realization of one's own nonconformity comes the realization that society was not set up to accommodate a civilization of individuals. 'Instead it is designed to accommodate some non-existent *normal* individual and force others to fit into that mold with the end result being institutionalized dehumanization.'"

— Craig O'Hara / Mark Anderson

From its inception in the 1970s, punk has been a resistance movement that aims to redefine cultural symbols, and to transcend the status quo through mockery, parody and reappropriation. Centered around the philosophies of anarchy, rebellion, anti-consumerism, anti-capitalism, anti-racism, anti-sexism, and anti-classicism, punk is a powerful refusal of conventional norms. Through the creation of a unique aesthetic, punks have adopted objects typically associated with low status (dog collars), sexual perversion (bondage gear), or degeneracy (rubber clothes). They subvert culturally significant uniforms—those connoting authority (police and trooper uniforms), tradition (tartan kilt) or conformity (the school jacket and tie). They embrace a do-it-yourself philosophy—sewing, safety-pinning, painting/piercing and scarring to denounce the cult of consumerism and reclaim the body as the artistic material of the autonomous individual. Through the creation of individual identities that exist beyond the boundaries of *normal*, punks reclaim subjectivity. Rather than simply rejecting societal norms punks slice apart meanings, challenging the validity of our cultural roots.

In her book Pretty in Punk: Girl's Gender Resistance in a Boy's Subculture, Lauraine LeBlanc examines the way punk girls use their subculture to construct strategies of resistance to the mainstream and subcultural norms of femininity. She pinpoints that many punk girls decide to go punk in early adolescence; a time when girls typically undergo a serious decline in self-esteem very likely associated with the process of feminine socialization and the conscious or unconscious internalization of their inferior status to males. LeBlanc argues that the timing of most girls' entry into punk is an indication of a resistance to female gender roles, entrance into a typically male identified subculture is one way to shunt the process of feminization.


The emergence of punk in the 1970s is generally considered a liberatory time for women. Led by hard-ass punk women like Debbie Harry (Blondie) and Patti Smith, women began to experiment openly with various forms of gender play. Patti Smith constructed an androgynous image with ripped jeans, raggedy t-shirts and a boyish figure. In turn, Debbie Harry personified the blonde sex goddess sporting micro-dresses and bleached-blond hair—reclaiming sexuality in an attempt to liberate women from the cult of female domesticity and shatter the Madonna-whore dichotomy.

One punk girl said of her first impression of the punk scene, "To see a girl look like a guy... They don't have dresses on and makeup and pretty nails and pretty hair. I like the way their attitude is about a lot of stuff. Kind of just like, 'Fuck you!'" Punk girls adopt a number of behaviors and personality traits associated with males and/or traits generally regarded as "defects" among greater society. Aggression, hyper-rebelliousness, anti-social behavior—punk girls seek out others with the same qualities and redefine them as positive character traits.

No only do punk girls reject the usually feminine quality of submissiveness and vanity, they also denounce the norms that subscribe an intense preoccupation with boys and relationship as that which should be the focal point of girls' lives. One of LeBlanc's subjects remarked, "It doesn't matter how attractive you are to the boy next door, if you don't like yourself, nobody else [is going to]." Some of the girls LeBlanc interviewed also described how they have used femininity to their advantage: "Sometimes I can be [feminine]. Like when I'm schmoozing. I schmooze off guys. I get all sweet and stupid and cross my legs." In general, through the creation of androgynous, tomboyish or unisex styles, punk girls adopt more masculine appearance and attitude, adopting the traditional qualities of femininity only when it is advantageous.

In terms of dress, punk girls have challenged the status quo in a number of important, creative ways. While many reject femininity all together through the construction of an androgynous image, even more have used socially significant aspects of femininity or overt sexuality to subvert the intended meaning. LeBlanc maintains, "To juxtapose full geisha-style makeup and a mini skirt with combat boots and a green Mohawk is to create a statement of dissidence against traditional forms of beauty." Punk girls re-inscribe the dictates of fashion and beauty, putting them on display to mock the very notion of a 'beauty standard.' Instead of mutilating their bodies to achieve a societal standard of beauty, they create an appearance to satisfy their personal aesthetic. As well, many punk girls frequently wear bondage or fetishized sexual gear, torn fishnets, short skirts or lingerie over clothing—all symbols of availability in women—expressing an extreme dissatisfaction with the current system of gender expression and inequality.





What is  
Punk?

Punk looks homeless and smells funny.  
Punk is not cute. Punk doesn't age  
well; in fact, it doesn't age at all.  
Like every other insulatory concept of  
revolution, Punk died when its  
forefathers did, cracked out and  
scarfaced in some filthy apartment. No  
one thought of the absence until the  
stench of rot and decay saturated the  
upholstery of the upstairs neighbors.

white trash  
is the  
new punk

I was watching Eminem's  
"8 Mile" the other day and  
realized that white  
trash was rising to  
power from its  
once lowly ashes.  
White trash is

getting white hot-like Brittany Murphy  
in a pleather miniskirt hot screaming  
*semper fi* to a studio audience hot.

But, like many things white trash,  
hotness lies in the eye of the  
beholder. White trash is the new punk:

it's loud, dirty, satisfying, self-  
destructive, and claws its dirty  
fingernails into the fabric of the  
ruling class.

And it's still white trash.

- Jenny





Unfortunately, like most of the behaviors of punks, the intent behind these acts of resistance is often misconstrued or ignored all together by the mainstream. Parents, teachers, police officers and the public fail to recognize the mockery, parody and subversion behind the push-up bras, gutter-punk grunge, shaved heads and body alteration. In general, punk girls face a great deal of public scorn, harassment and alienation. At the extreme level, research by Rosenbaum and Prinsky revealed that some psychiatric hospitals view the construction of punk identities as a form of mental illness treatable by institutionalization. In addition, mainstream fashion's current preoccupation with punk culture has resulted in a number of corporate clothing lines/stores that provide less than authentic 'punk' gear at exorbitant prices to moneyed, fashion-savvy young shoppers—a fun trend that effectively undermines the intended significance of punk. In a society where dewey-eyed preteens flood Britney Spears concerts in bondage-gear inspired 'punk' belts, silver studded Old Navy t-shirts and spanking new converse sneakers (now owned by NIKE), the lines between punk subculture and the mainstream have grown fuzzy. Even the authenticity of "punk" music has in some senses suffered, a fair amount of old school punk rock bands having now emerged from the underground to accept lucrative contracts from big name labels, while corporate-machine pop stars like Avril Lavigne wear "punk" like a cheap cologne.

Where has corporate reappropriation put 'punk' today? Are *true* punk girls still dressing in the traditional 'punk' way, or has the uniform changed to differentiate themselves from Hot Topic kids? Has 'punk' become an outdated term—how do we know if a girl is punk today—do punks still exist? Are they hippies? Valedictorians? Pregnant? Dead? The woman's quote about her first exposure to punk is especially significant because the things she mentioned have all returned as part of the present-day 'pretty' punk scene: today *pretty in punk* is less of a play on words and more of a reality. Avril fans ARE painting their fingernails again, girls are most definitely wearing more makeup than 10 years ago when Seattle grunge was big (Avril won't let fans take her picture unless her makeup artist is with her), straightening their hair every morning...mainstream culture has reappropriated the reappropriation! There's a societal subconscious that's saying "Ha you rebels, two can play this game." This is evident in pop music and the way it takes influence from other genres, as pop fashions borrow from the fringe and runways. Punk, like anything else, is not protected from the greedy hands of capitalism, and subsequently one might argue the integrity of the movement suffers.

Fortunately, amidst the fickle fashion and pop culture industry the blatant consumer piracy of punk is fleeting. Real punks will prevail, and do. For every 100 butterflies tattooed on the small of some underage hussy's back there is a girl punk out there with real integrity. Let this article honor those women, and recognize the significance of punk in its truest forms as a powerful resistance movement.

Article by Katie Cercone and Jennifer Osborn

SOURCES: 1) *Pretty in Punk: Girl's Gender Resistance in a Boy's Subculture*, by Lauraine LeBlance 2) New Brunswick: Rutgers University Press, 1999. 3) "Sex Violence and Rock 'n' Roll: Youths' Perceptions of Popular Music," *Popular Music and Society* 11:79-90 by Jill Rosenbaum and Lorraine Prinsky 4) *Philosophy of Punk*, by Craig O'Hara. London: AK Press, 1999. 5) Positive Force handout, Mark Anderson 1985.

In the late 1890's John Harvey Kellogg introduced a breakfast cereal that was supposed to inhibit masturbation and extinguish sexual desire. He called it Kellogg's Cornflakes. Oh, and he also suggested that women who masturbate should have their clit burned out with acid.

-*Solving America's Sexual Crisis*, Ira L. Reiss



# Destroy Metro- sexual Nation!



**Metrosexual adj.**

Ripping off homo chic in an attempt to attract women by wearing tight t-shirts.

**Metrosexual n.**

Male overly preoccupied with appearance. Have a reputation for being public transportation junkies, crooks and sleutns. See criminal profile.



# Metrosexual Nation Conspiracy Theory

Metrosexuals aren't just pawns of the fashion industry, they are its latest corporate ploy. Remember those pretty boys sitting coyly on the metro in tight clothing? Yep, you heard it here first, hired by the corporate fashion and beauty industry to perpetuate consumer dependence and normalize the pathologies of materialism and vanity. In a modern world where feminists continue to make leaps and bounds smashing the beauty myth and challenging the corporate demigods--a system that aims to make us all frightened self-loathing consumers--corporate CEO's have turned to their last hope [desperate straight men] to keep fashion en vogue.

## Metrosexual Criminal Profile:

Theft, mockery, sexploitation. The metrosexual makes a career of ripping off the stereotypically [negative] characteristics of the socially constructed female iconograph --rip-roaring consumerism, over-preoccupation with appearance and binge shopping in an effort to seduce women. The main goal of any self-respecting metrosexual is to have sex as much as possibly on public transportation. Yes, these stone-washed jean wearers are romping around the metro deflowering young women at every turn, attempting to perpetuate their existence through the production of metrosexual offspring. If one is not fully convinced of the truth of this matter based on the overt reference to said criminal behavior in their subcultural title, then one need only to take for instance the infamous shoulder bag as evidence. Not only are shoulder bags treasure chests of sickening MS propaganda--most notably GQ--their main purpose is to contain mass quantities of condoms and sexual lubricant needed for safe public sexual gratification. A large section of the bag is also dedicated to the MS's pathological beauty needs, i.e. MS waxing kits, hair products, emergency zit cream and travel size CKone. The design of the shoulder bag clearly indicates a bag which provides the female victim easy access to crotch of MS. Needless to say, the egregious behaviors of these derelicts presents a problem for the greater community, particularly women.

# Guerrilla Warfare Tips for MS Nation Destruction

## #1 The Crotch Punch: Stop Species Proliferation!

Whenever possible and primarily in crowded public places, deal a swift hard blow to the crotch of the metrosexual. Chances are they won't be able to identify you as you run away because they all fricking wear glasses!

## #2 Educate, Educate, Educate.

Through the form of teach-ins, zines, fliers, resistance art etc., do what you can to get the word out to at-risk females. At risk females tend to be women in highly urban areas, those that are heavy users of public transportation and/or have a soft-spot for men in tight clothing. Use a sharpie and redesign every copy of GQ at your local bookstore.

## #3 Infiltrate at the Epicenter

After finding a cushy job at an over-priced institute of male retail and snobbery, proceed to change the tags of MS appropriate clothing until it gives the appearance that the store only carries XL. Where there is no tight clothing there is no metrosexual nation.

# Legal Action

I am proposing--for the safety of all--a complete ban of metrosexual individuals from public transportation. This means no copies of GQ (or similar publications), silver messenger bags or Diesel shoes shall be allowed under any circumstances. Men suspected of being MS identified shall be subject to extra security screenings and high fines placed on those charged with MS related criminal behaviors. If any regular passenger feels another rider might be an MS attempting to pass as a normal city-dweller he or she may have them kicked off the vehicle before departure.



# Co-ed

FEBRUARY 1969 • VOLUME 14 • NUMBER 6 • PUBLISHED BY SCHOLASTIC MAGAZINES • SINGLE COPY 35¢

Women have gained the right to be patriarchal men in drag.

—bell hooks, *The Will To Change: Men Masculinity and Love*

## VALENTINE ISSUE

It's All Heart!

Fall-in-Love  
Fashions  
Everything  
Under \$22

Boy-Girl  
Fragrance  
Offer

First Time Ever

Boys Tell It  
Straight—  
What's Wrong  
with Girls

The Drug  
Why It's  
a Nightmare

Maybe  
he thinks  
I'm fat.





Izodia's imaginary  
friend, for  
Article

Article by Izodia  
Picture by Elfowl

# The Importance of Imaginary Friends

I never had an Imaginary friend when I was little; no fluffy tiger, or magic octopus, just me. Now I happen to find Imaginary friends very important and personally feel slighted for never having had one. That is why I chose to make myself one. Now many people would find it odd that a 15-year-old girl would willingly split her personality to make an invisible companion, but hell! Where ELSE am I going to get one?!

Imaginary friends are most commonly companions to young children. I believe this is because, as my friend Elfowl puts it, "When you're little, all your friends are people your parents pick for you." That is why I think imaginary friends are important. Your imaginary friend is someone YOU want to talk to and play with. Imaginary friends are chosen companions. They are perfect for young children and angst ridden teenagers alike.

I started construction on my imaginary friend one year ago. Since then all I have done is talk to myself enough to make a bunch of other people think I am sufficiently crazy. When they catch me they ask:

"What are you doing?" or "Who are you talking to?"

Every time I smile and say:

"Oh nothing..."

My invisible friend is my best friend. He's always there to talk to me and make me feel better. He offers interesting conversation and listens to my jokes when no one else is around. He always knows what I'm thinking, and what I'm going to think of next.

By now you must think me completely crazy, part of the local color; But I hold to this:

Everybody needs an imaginary friend.

## Ms.Direction Turns Down Lucrative Advertising Contract with De Beers

De Beers is a well-established jewelry company leading the world in diamond exploration, mining, recovery, marketing, human exploitation and rights violation. Those individuals familiar with issue six of *Ms.Direction* may recall a short piece we did on De Beer's latest *Fuck Marriage Consumer Treat*, the right-handed diamond. Thrilled with the creative feminist slant we took in our article and having caught wind of our interest in doing a "Crush" theme, De Beers contacted *Ms.Direction* to set up an extensive advertising contract. As it turns out, we were unable to comply with the multi-million dollar proposal, as De Beer's company policy insists that their ads be far from any "hard news or anti/love-romance theme editorial."<sup>1</sup> We gave them the contact info for *Seventeen*, rumor has it they are coming out with a "Finding a Boyfriend Saved My Life" issue this coming December.

<sup>1</sup> -Gloria Steinem, *Sex, Lies & Advertising Ms.* July/Aug. 1990

*Cameras keep honest people honest.*

-Leo Myers, safety and security engineer for Mattel, 1990



-Sylvia Plath Munich  
Mannequins



# Child Prostitution in Sonoma County

## Rooting Out Institutionalized Violence



Each year some 300,000 children are part of a system of commercial sexual exploitation and trafficking in the United States that remains largely hidden from public view.<sup>1</sup> Activists and police teams in Sonoma County have only become aware of the child prostitution problem recently. For years, perpetrators have achieved near invisibility. In reality, child prostitution has not left Sonoma County's peaceful suburban community unscathed.

In April 2003 a 41-year-old Santa Rosa man was arrested and charged with 19 felony accounts ranging from pimping minors to child sexual assault. According to press accounts, this man ran a well-established business pimping underage girls out of Julliard Park in downtown Santa Rosa unimpeded for upwards of 10 years. His criminal activity was brought to police attention only after a 14-year-old girl

reported him in a frantic attempt to rescue her twin sister and friend from his operation. In addition to this case, there have been four similar arrests made involving charges for the pimping of underage girls in Santa Rosa in the past four years. As expressed in a July 2003 *Press Democrat* article, only when law enforcement has "stumbled on" these cases has the issue been addressed.

In an interview with Stephenie Serra of the Women's Justice Center/ Centro de Justicia para Mujeres of Santa Rosa, she related her experience advocating for the twins in the trial. In what she describes as "grueling" experience, she learned of what led up to the 14-year-old twins' experience. When the sisters played hookie from school one day, they met a strange man at the Santa Rosa bus depot who took them to Julliard Park where he loaded them with methamphetamines (crank). When the twins requested more of the drug, the man made a phone call. Within an hour he had them transported to a Santa Rosa motel room where a john was ready to rape them. Both of the twins had never used drugs or had sex in the past. According to Serra, an alcohol and drug rehab counselor, these two innocent 14 year olds fell prey to a viscusly addictive drug and an awful man.

According to the Women's Justice Center, which has done extensive research on the issue, child prostitution remains a serious, yet hidden problem in Sonoma County for a number of reasons. Prostitution in Sonoma County is being addressed primarily through frequent street stings and sweeps that focus on the arrest of prostitutes and johns for misdemeanor offenses. This largely ignores the more violent criminal activity of the pimps, and especially the pimping of underage girls, which happens behind the closed doors of hotel rooms. Minors are rarely pimped out on the streets. Not only is pimping (a felony) much more worthy of police attention compared to prostitution and its purchase (misdemeanors), the present direction of law enforcement energies help to conceal the brutal violence, harassment and abuse faced by prostitutes in our community.

In a system governed by a white heterosexual patriarchy, prostitutes are seen as a necessary sexual outlet and used as a cultural trash receptacle. By demonizing prostitutes and accepting the Madonna/whore dichotomy, our culture is able to overlook the systematic social and economic inequality of women as well as turn a blind eye to the sheer violence exercised against prostitutes, who become *unworthy* of public concern. One clear example of this is a case involving the murder of 45 prostitutes in San Diego in the early nineties. A police officer working on the murders was quoted in *The Sacramento Bee* saying, "These were misdemeanor murders, biker women and hookers, we'd call them NHI's-No Humans Involved."

Seventy-one percent of prostitutes are raped, 95% are assaulted and 53% are kid-napped.<sup>2</sup> The average prostitute enters the business at 14 years of age<sup>3</sup> and dies eight years later from sexually transmitted disease, suicide or murder.<sup>4</sup> According to Marie DeSantis, director of the Women's Justice Center, prostitutes are usually lured into the business by pimps and remain trapped there in cycles of violence, abuse and drugs. Ninety-four percent of prostitutes desire to leave the trade. Girls likely to become involved in prostitution are often victims of childhood incest and runaways, and are not necessarily more likely to be from one particular racial or class group.

Angela, who walked Santa Rosa streets as a prostitute for five years, wrote in her narrative: *When I came to Santa Rosa, I had never*

<sup>2</sup> *Prostitution Study of 800 Prostitutes* Council for Prostitution Alternatives 1991 Portland, Oregon

<sup>3</sup> 1985 Study of Adolescent Prostitution, Lexington Mass.

<sup>4</sup> *Teenage Prostitution: The Real Story*, Calgary Police Service April 2004 <http://www.gov.ab.ca/police/interpretive/prostitution.html>

<sup>1</sup> Rachel Lloyd, Executive Director of New York City's Girls Education Mentoring Service.



before thought much about prostitution, let alone considered doing it. She recounts how after initial resistance, she was eventually pressured into the trade through the violence of her boyfriend Duffy: *But this time when I said "No Way!" out of nowhere, Duffy slammed his fist into my face as hard as he could. He broke my nose and there was blood everywhere... That violence, on top of my emotional state, on top of drugs, on top of need for money, and I began turning tricks.*

Angela and a number of other Sonoma County prostitutes agreed that the general sentiment regarding SRPD officers is one of fear and avoidance. Angela remarked, *there was no sense from any of the cops that I might have been a victim of anything. I was just a fucking ho...* In the past both local press and police have emphasized the fact that many of the arrests made along Santa Rosa Avenue are for prostitutes who have come from other towns. This helps to paint a picture of a quiet, virginal Santa Rosa, victimized by *bad* women from big cities. In truth, half of the prostitutes in Sonoma County are local women and girls, the local market driving and supporting their prostitution. Prostitutes do not exist without a good-sized local clientele, and within our local system where teenage girls are pimped for anywhere from \$200-1000 a job, it is not just low-lives and bums that are buying.

Since 2003, the Women's Justice Center has been working with the SRPD and the sheriff's department to better address the issue. In 2003 the sex crime units of both departments made and began dispersing handouts to prostitutes encouraging them to look out for their own safety and report cases of physical or sexual violence. The handout includes resources and safety tips for prostitutes. With the guidance of the Women's Justice Center, a voice mail system has been created to maintain two-way contact between prostitute crime victims and law enforcement. This year, following a series of meetings, the SRPD and sheriff's department have each agreed to send a detective for a week-long training in protecting child prostitutes and prosecuting their pimps.

Despite these important steps in the right direction, the problem of horrific sexual and physical violence exercised against prostitutes—both women and children—in Sonoma County remains. At this point creating awareness about the issue is key, so that police funding can be funneled in the appropriate direction: away from prostitutes and towards prosecuting pimps. As a community, it is time to address the sexism, classism and privilege that allows the institutionalized violence against prostitutes to go on unchecked.

SOURCES: 1. Lobe, Jim. *Exploited Girls in U.S. Seek Same Protection Afforded Foreign Women* 2. OneWorld.Net March 5, 2004. 3. De Santis, Marie and Serra, Stephenie. *Prostitution Crossroads on Santa Rosa Avenue* 4. Women's Justice Center/ Centro de Justicia para Mujeres. Copyright January 2004. 5. Personal interview with Marie DeSantis. July 6, 2004. 6. Phone interview with Stephenie Serra. July 9, 2004. 7. "RE: Prostitution Crossroads on Santa Rosa Avenue" Letter to DA Stephen Passalacqua, SRPD Chief Michael Dunbaugh and Sheriff William Cogbill from Marie DeSantis and Stephanie Serra. April 15, 2003.

## FOUND

UC Davis

Dumpster

# Suzie's Adult SuperStores

5000 Orchard Park Cir, Davis, CA 95616-5142 US -

916-332-1051

END 5138 Auburn Blvd, Sacramento, CA 95841-2705 US -

- |  |             |
|--|-------------|
| 1: Start out going North on ORCHARD PARK CIR toward ORCHARD PARK DR. | 0.1 miles   |
| 2: Turn LEFT onto ORCHARD PARK DR.                                   | <0.1 miles> |
| 3: Turn RIGHT onto RUSSELL BLVD.                                     | 1.0 miles   |
| 4: Stay straight to go onto 5TH ST.                                  | 0.1 miles   |
| 5: Turn RIGHT onto E ST.   | 0.3 miles   |
| 6: E ST becomes RICHARDS BLVD.                                       | 0.4 miles   |
| 7: Merge onto I-80 E via the ramp- on the left- toward SACRAMENTO.   | 23.1 miles  |
| 8: Take the MADISON AVE exit.  | 0.4 miles   |
| 9: Turn SLIGHT RIGHT onto MADISON AVE.                               | 0.5 miles   |
| 10: Turn SLIGHT LEFT onto AUBURN BLVD.                               | 0.1 miles   |
| 11: End at 5138 AUBURN BLVD SACRAMENTO CA                            |             |

**Total Est. Time:** 30 minutes

**Total Est. Distance:** 26.52 miles



*Do your politics fit between the headlines? Are they written in newsprint, are they distant? Mine are crossing an empty parking lot, they are a woman walking home, at night alone. They are six strings that sing and wood that hums against my hip bone.*

-Ani DiFranco, *Looking for the Holes*



*The*

# BRING

Story by Lisa Jorgensen

Edited by Katie Cercone



Wagner wrote the Ring Cycle...serial OPERA. Hours of greed, lust, murder, lying, incest, sacrifice, betrayal, magic, redemption. About mortals, gods, and giants all vying for possession of the RING. Made of gold stolen from the Rhine maidens in the river, the ring bestows magic power upon its wearer. But to possess the ring means you give up LOVE. The world is restored at the end of the cycle only when the ring is returned to the river...by a former Valkyrie goddess, Brunhilde, who immolates herself while wearing the ring...she does this out of Love. In the end, after sitting through four operas, each many hours long, over the course of a few days...your butt is numb...but your ears have gloried in some of the most beloved music in the world. I have a t-shirt from SF Opera that says: I SURVIVED THE RING CYCLE.

Tolkien wrote THE LORD OF THE RINGS. The beloved book series was made into those OSCAR winning movies...full of mortals, gods, creatures...all trying to possess the Ring of Power that controls all the other rings and their wearers. We witness glorious, expensive scenes showing us greed, lust, murder, betrayal. The lure of the ring is so powerful, even the pure and innocent of heart cannot resist when they have it too long. Love withers in the presence of the all-powerful Ring. Order in the world is restored when the ring is returned to the molten river of lava in the mountain from which it was created... requiring Gollum to be burnt alive along with it.

When people get married, they exchange rings as tokens of love and fidelity. A huge industry has grown around this tradition: diamonds. Mining, selling, cutting, fashioning into jewelry. So much money is spent on advertising diamonds, we actually believe they are scarce and valuable...but does anything scarce and valuable end up at Costco and Wal-Mart in the jewelry case? The history of the diamond industry is full of greed, lust, murder, betrayal...sound familiar? Not to mention gold mining...for every gold wedding ring, another hole the size of a limousine has been ripped into the planet. But the RING, symbolizing the CIRCLE OF LIFE...is what we give as tokens of Love.

Rings and circles are ancient symbols, used by cultures all over our planet. Whether a poor tribal woman or an American Trophy Wife, the size and quality of your RINGS can denote economic level, social status, fashion sense.

Fairy rings. Ringleader. Ringside. Ringmaster. Ringworm. Ring around the collar.

Ring: v. to give forth a resonant sound. to seem: to ring true. to summon / stir memory: to ring a bell. to resound: to ring with laughter. n. a characteristic quality: the ring of truth. a group of people or things in a circle Ringer: what you want in a game of horseshoes. AN ORNAMENTAL CIRCULAR BAND WORN ON A FINGER.

There was a lovely ring whispering to me in the Silverton jewelry store these past few months. I closed my ears. Another ring hummed to me from Mother Goose art store in Portland. I refused to listen. I've survived Der Ringen Des Niebelungen....I've read the books and seen the movies of the One Ring...I even witnessed my older sister pick out her wedding ring BEFORE she had a boyfriend/fiance. I know what happens to people who succumb to the RING. My needlework, garden-stained hands don't need a fancy ring.

Yesterday I had to order some parts from a sewing machine repair place in Salem. I found some hard to match thread color there! As I left, I saw a bakery I'd heard about. I went in and got some wonderful nine grain and olive/parmesan breads. Across the street was store I'd learned about only the day before: Glance. I went in and found the PERFECT pair of designer frames for my reading glasses. I ordered it in my prescription. Wow. I walked around the block, feeling some kind of magical shopping karma happening. Went into a store selling Goddess/Wiccan/nature stuff. Got a book for one of my sisters there. Found a bead store, thank goodness it was closed because I could see goodies in the window that would have overcome my wallet. Felt a real sense of spending euphoria. Then....

I saw a tiny window display of jewelry. Each piece was unusual, one of a kind, finely made and beautifully designed. Oh, why not go inside and look at the beauty wrought by some artisan's hands...a last blast of beauty before I head home for the weekend. Inside, only four small glass cases...ahhhhh... each contained some of the loveliest, most creative stuff I've seen in quite a while. And then.... My eyes went past it at first...(don't look there! my inner voice whispered...remember Brunhilde! Gollum!) Like iron filings crawling to a child's magnet...My body pulled over to the case...my eyes refused to obey my cognitive commands...they LOOKED at the RING.

OH....it's too big, cheap cocktail ring, not my style, would never wear it..

SEE ME, it whispered. I am gold. Warm, precious gold born in the deep earth where men die to bring me to light...they burn me and mold me to their will...so I will gleam like the sun...for YOU. SEE ME, it laughed. I am diamonds. Men die to find me, and with great labor they cut me and shape me, so when the light touches me, I am like stars pulled from heaven sparkling...for YOU. SEE ME, it sang. I am sunstone. Only in Oregon and India do men find me... I am like crystal flames, I am the life-giving sun resting on your finger...only for YOU.

Somebody said, "Let me try that one on..."

Brain: ah, good, it's a size too small, now take it off and get OUT of here.

Soul: I am beauty, I am light, I am wondrous with you on my finger.

Brain: Too expensive! What are you thinking! You have bills and...

Soul: I am worthy. With you on my finger, life is worth living. I could do anything with you. You make me see life is more than suffering...

Brain: You have ugly, dirt-stained fingernails and calluses that this gem will only snag on

Soul: You are fire and light, to possess you I would

Brain: You don't need another bauble that will only give a few weeks pleasure and then you'll regret the money you needed for

Soul: Give me a minute while I beat the shit out of my Cognitive Reasoning....

I barely remember removing the all-powerful ring and leaving the store. It has been 14 hours since I last saw the ring. I dreamed about it. It was the first thing I thought of this morning. How can I arbitrate between myself? I know I don't need it. Remember Spock saying: 'having a thing is not so good as desiring a thing.' Like a pint of Ben and Jerry's, the ring will provide pleasure for a while, and then what?

Every day I get further from that amazing feeling of the 'need to possess'...but intellectually, I still would like to have it, to admire its design and beauty...ha. What is it that lets us pass by most material goods...and then suddenly grips us in an emotional, compulsive, addict-like rush of NEED. ??? What psychological button is being pushed? What little pigeon hole in the roltop desk of LIFE do we think it is going to fill??? Magnified to a horrible degree, I think it is this feeling that drives people like Bush/Cheney to suck up everything they want from the world, leaving it a dry husk like a vampire victim. It's what made Clinton play with Monica, risking losing all he had. It's what makes the lifelong dieter eat that bag of cookies late at night. There is a moment when your brain says THAT is what will COMPLETE me...

I am still finding the RING is like background music to my life. Will it make me healthier, younger, happier, sexier, or get me more chocolate? Just because it is beautiful, doesn't mean it will make me beautiful. Sob.

I have asked friends and family member for advice, and received varying opinions. The responses I got for YES votes were beautiful. Each woman had experienced this phenomenon. (The only Male who responded, said 'get help') One said she had purchased the ring that sang to her, and she takes daily (CONT.)



## Girls going steady?



CHANGE HIS  
RING SIZE  
TO YOURS  
QUICK—  
EASY

This easily installed RING-ADAPTER WILL NOT DAMAGE his ring and carries a Money Back Guarantee if not satisfied.

- WEAR EVERYWHERE—EVEN SWIMMING
- COMFORTABLE • CLEAN • NEAT
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ORDER NOW—SEND \$1.00 (plus tax)—  
Send Both Yours and His Exact Ring Size.  
PERFECT LINE PRODUCTS, DEPT. 32  
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delight in the beauty on her finger, and the emotions/memories associated with it. Another said she herself had been looking for a diamond ring to buy, had been searching high and low and not yet found THE ONE, and was kind of surprised at herself that this seemed so important. A poignant reply told of not buying her RING, and regretting it ever since, and that I should not let this happen to me. Last, a very amusing reply from a lovely gal who said she would never buy it, but that she liked to live vicariously through me, so I should go get it!

The NO votes were based on practicality, reasonableness, need, etc...There was one No that sparkled like a jewel, from a niece who said, 'aunt, you don't need that ring. You could buy a ticket and come visit me with that money!' Now that was the best suggestion for how I should spend my money! I have not purchased the ring. I have been back to that street twice for other errands, and have AVOIDED the siren song of the jewelry store. The one piece of information I deliberately left out was the price, because I felt that money alone should not decide things. Dreams are not to have price tags!!! The cost: \$3,300. Yes, I have that money in the bank, inherited from my MOM. But as my friend Carolyn said: "that would buy a lot of flooring!" Yes, I still am living on subfloor in my house, I haven't gotten new flooring yet. To buy the RING means not doing other projects around my home...all of which are necessary and important. The RING is not necessary.

Oh, I have not stopped thinking about it. Its impression was so powerful, even without buying it, it has changed me in little ways.

I find that by denying myself this extravagance, my inner self is finding ways to try and fill the void the absence of the RING has uncovered in my psyche...I have been doing my jewelry/beading quite a bit. Allowing myself to make "reasonable purchases" from lovely bead stores to do so. I find myself

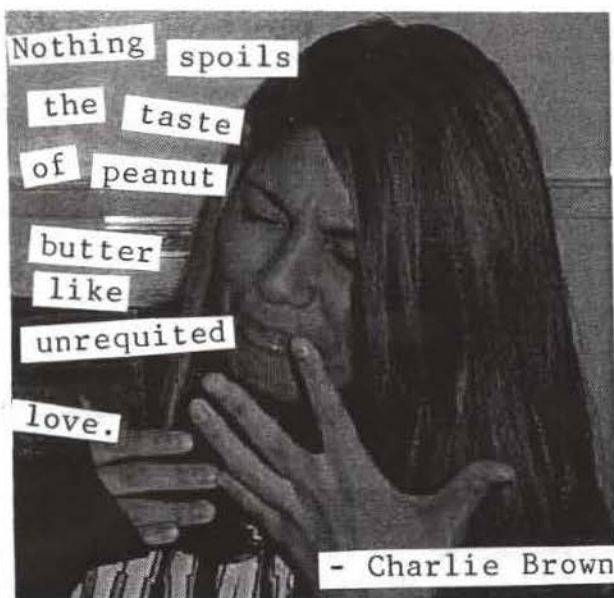
calculated the percentages, the ratios, of my spending against the price of the RING. Since I saw it, I have spent over \$3,300 on all the things we HAVE to pay for: mortgage, utilities, gasoline, food, clothing, pet care, landscaping costs, and a slight increase in quantity of ice cream due to the very hot weather we've been having.

I feel a bit disappointed in myself that I don't make so much money that I could give myself this present. But then I look at what I have in my life, and realize how blessed I am...a ring cannot compare to the beauty I experience here in Oregon.

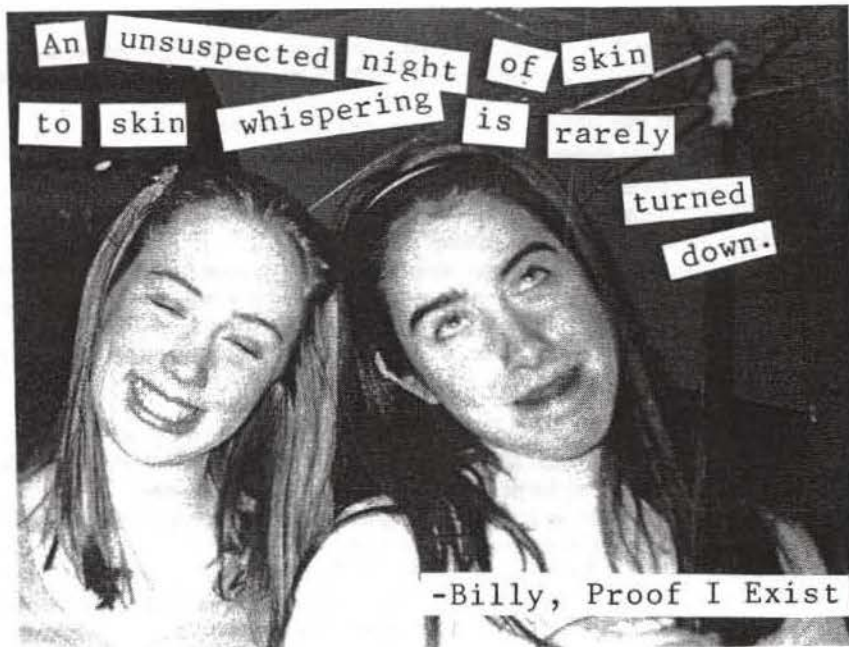
In a tiny, remote corner of my mind...there is a whisper...you could win the lottery! Come and get me now, then buy the winning ticket! You could get a rich sugar daddy, make him come and get me! You can walk on subfloor forever and you won't notice if I'm there on your finger! You could have me now, the future will take care of itself! Maybe, in a few months, I will go see if THE RING is still there. I mean, things could change financially...who knows what the future holds? Sob.

I got a call from my doctor today. I did not 'pass' my cancer scan. I have to go back to the hospital next month for another radioactive iodine treatment. This means I will be too weak to work for about two months...lost wages, lost garden time! When I told my good friend Therese, we both paused then said at the same time: IF IT'S REALLY BAD, GO BACK AND GET THE RING!!!! YES, facing DEATH, I deserve my RING.

Well, ok, it isn't death, just a tiresome procedure in the nuclear med facility. I fully expect to be myself again in a few months. But you know...wouldn't it be nice to have that sparkling thing on my finger to look at, when I am so exhausted I can't even read or watch TV?? Except that my share of medical bills will cost...uh oh...you guessed it!!! ★



- Charlie Brown

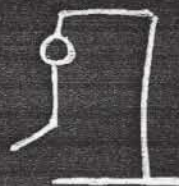


-Billy, Proof I Exist

"Look I don't have time to be some kind of major political activist every time I go to the mall..Just tell me what kind of shoes are okay to buy, okay?"



I LOVE YOV



A  
S  
R

FOUND

La Vera Pizza

table#31,

Santa Rosa

R E A L L Y?



B  
C  
W  
M

FURNACE ROOM  
KEEP CLOSED



# Beneath the Hijab: Women finding Liberation in Islam

Mid "Operation Enduring Freedom," (2001 post 9-11 invasion of Afghanistan,) I received a forwarded email from my right-wing conservative uncle. Part of an ongoing online political debate between family members, this particular piece provided proof of the importance of the military intervention in the Middle East for the purpose of universal "women's liberation." According to the email, *Eastern women are victims of highly oppressive fundamentalist religions, particularly Islam, governed by fascist, patriarchal males. Our country was bombing the heck out of Afghani soil in order to "liberate" their women-- and oh yeah, they bombed us first.*

Historically, western imperialism has engaged in the victimization of third world women. Western feminisms have rejected Islamic religion and culture in the name of "global sisterhood"—a rhetoric of western feminism that disregards the heterogeneities of women around the world, universalizing the position of the white, western heterosexual upper middle class female. One example of the veil, which western feminism has sensationalized and identified as emblematic of Muslim women's seclusion and linked to the harem. This analysis overlooks the way in which the veil is used differently within different Muslim communities and countries, as well as more subversive uses of the veil by contemporary Muslim women. For some, wearing a veil symbolizes the rejection of Western imperialism—an embrace of cultural and religious identity that defies North American warmongers and liberated western feminists.

Today, conservatives and neo-cons alike have jumped on the party bus, packaging mass murder with quasi-feminist rhetoric and selling it to the good intentioned American public. Weeding out heavily biased right-wing propaganda via the internet may seem simple enough, but all too often even the most "objective" news outlets offer stereotypical images, appropriations of the *other* in a way that conflates Islam and the Middle East with terror and oppression. Presented with images of isolated, veiled, stoned and economically socially and politically limited Muslim women, one might ask, is Islam compatible with feminism? What is most important is to recognize that just like Christianity, Islam is a huge religion that is practiced in a number of diverse geographic and political regions. Laws considered Muslim often vary significantly from one region to the next. A lot of times class determines whether or not a woman is subject to oppressive laws. Islamic women are physically, politically and ideologically diverse; they live real lives that involve agency and choice.

According to Paul Alexander, a practicing Muslim immigrant to the United States now living in San Diego California, western stereotypes of Islamic women are unrealistic. According to Alexander, while the Muslim world is not exempt from debilitating gender issues, Muslim men and women are working to challenge oppressive laws. What's more, Paul sees variations in Muslim male identity that challenge the absurdity of the West's masculinity cult—namely the affection Muslim males are able to express to each other through words and touch—something that is not acceptable in the United States. Paul acknowledges while there are not yet politically active groups of males within Islam challenging gender based oppression within the religion, there are communities of males who challenge the laws by renegotiating gender roles within their own households.

A good example of Muslim feminist agency and the deconstruction of Western notions of Islam as a monolithic category are an international organization called Women Living Under Muslim Law (WLUML). Started in 1984 by a handful of Muslim women from several different countries, WLUML is a political project that moves away from

experiencing unity in one common identity. Through the interaction of women from different Muslim societies, the WLUML helps women redefine the parameters of their current reference groups. Through the reflection and analysis of current Muslim laws cross-culturally, Muslim women learn how to develop a new definition of female Muslim identity that allows for autonomy and equality, taking greater control of their lives. They determine the sources of law and customary practices, and begin to illuminate the political and social forces behind the current Muslim female reality. Just after the September 11<sup>th</sup> terrorist acts, WLUML was part of collaborate effort with several other women's groups to put on a teach-in on anti-millennarianism, fundamentalisms, secularities, civil liberties and anti-terrorism legislation.

In addition to the work of the WLUML, female Arab leaders have organized and begun to gather regularly to work for the implementation of the Beijing Platform for Action—a UN document adopted in 1995 that promulgates women's rights as human rights—within the Arab world. At the most recent conference, held in Beirut in late July, female Arab leaders gathered amidst spreading violence within there communities in agreement that, in the words of Mahnaz Afkhami, an Iranian Attendee at the meeting, "The connection has been made. The indispensable participation of women is needed for society and the world to function properly." Morocco's Secretary of State at the Minister of Social Development came to remark on the progress her country has made since it set aside thirty seats for women in the representation of parliament. Earlier this year Morocco passed the Family Code Law, which promotes equality of the sexes, raises the legal marriage age and takes the supervision of divorce away from religious authorities. In addition to political activism, the forums provide a space for politically minded artists to showcase documentary films, books, painting and other art work which address a wide range of socio-political issues.

Both the existence of WLUML and the ongoing Beirut conferences demonstrate how coalitions of Muslim female solidarity offer ways for women to mobilize politically while taking into account the intersection of nation, culture, religion and sex. As Audre Lorde commented, "It was a while before we came to realize that our place was the very house of difference rather than the security of any one difference". Today Muslim women are coming together, using their difference as a tool of a resistance. In turn, by acknowledging the existence of Muslim feminist groups, one begins to dismantle popular conceptions that associate Islam and the Middle East with the oppression of helpless female victims, and reveal that there is no one homogenous Muslim world. As well, one recognizes the importance of the work of the WLUML, both in terms of reconfiguring female Muslim identity in relationship to the U.S. democratic "free-world" and Islamic fundamentalist states and groups. In terms of my Uncle's bigoted email and the present situation in Iraq, a quote from the Iraqi Women's League best sums up the state of "liberation" the United States military has brought to the women of their country: *We fear the fundamentalist religious movements, which an occupying army inspires... The Iraqi people have not been liberated by the U.S. We have been subjected to barbaric attack... "Reconstruction of Iraq" is now euphemism for the daylight robbery of our resources.* Girls, I will see you at the polling place in November.

SOURCES: 1. *Controlled or Autonomous: Identity and the Experience of the Network, Women Living Under Laws*, Farida Shaheed, in *Signs: Journal of Women in Culture and Society* (1994) 2. *Competing Agenda: feminists, Islam and the State in Nineteenth and Twentieth Century Egypt*, Margot Badran, in *Women Islam and the State*, ed. Deniz Kandiyoti (1991) 3. *Transnational Feminist Practices and Questions of Modernity, Scattered Hegemonies* Inderpal Grewal and Caren Kaplan (1994) 4. WLUML.org 5. *Exploring Twenty-First Century Masculinities*, presentation by Paul Alexander, San Diego State University. PSWSA Spring Conference 2004 6. *Invest in Caring Not Killing Global Women's Strike* No. 2 November 2003 7. *Arab Women Savor Patches of Political Progress* by May Farah, WeNews. "Women's Voices" August 2004



# How come all non-conformists look alike?

Maybe it's because the people who select the fashions you'll be wearing think all people who want to be different are the same.

We know better. So we offer you an opportunity to select what you want, not what someone else thinks you want.

And chances are what you select will be different, because it can't be bought in the stores. It can only be sewn.

Every month Simplicity puts out a catalog. The big Simplicity Catalog. It's full of new and newer-than-new fashions.

And if you like, you can make something no one can ever have, except you. Because you choose the patterns and colors and fabrics and trimming. As far-in or as far-out as you like.

We'll be as different as you make us. Which is what makes us different from everyone else.

**Simplicity**  
Sew your own thing

*At the intersection between the conventional feminine and the evolving Girl, what's springing up is not a revolution but a mall... Thus, a genuine movement devolves into a giant shopping spree, where girls are encouraged to purchase whatever identity fits them best off the rack.*

*-Ann Powers, Everything and the Girl*

REACTION: What do you think of the article? How do you feel about it? (at least one paragraph)

I think this is cool but weird, then again everything in the world seems weird to me except for the fact that I can stay @ the mall all day.

FOUND Montgomery High Dumpster

Ad taken from Co-ed February 1969

Simplicity Pattern Co. Inc.  
200 Madison Avenue • New York, N.Y. 10016





You're never a whole person if you remain silent.  
 There's always that one little piece inside you that  
 wants to be spoken out, and if you keep ignoring it,  
 it gets madder and madder and hotter and hotter,  
 and if you don't speak it out  
 one day it will just up  
 and punch you in  
 the mouth from  
 the inside.



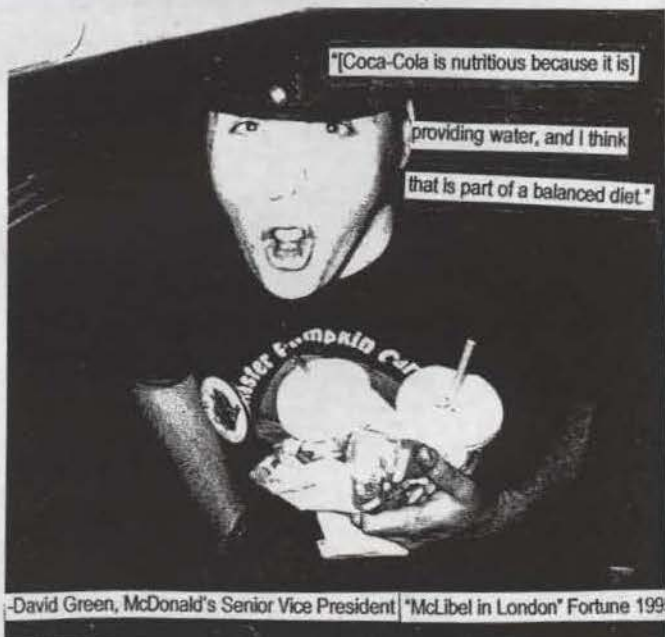
-Transformation of Silence Sister Outsider by Audre Lorde

## Guilt-Free Consumer Holiday

June 18th is National Splurge Day. U-TURN magazine—a publication printed by USAA that pushes its military minded, consumer oriented republican agenda upon America's impressionable youth-recommends. "[Proceeding] directly to the nearest mall. No guilt." So in other words, if you still feel guilty about being a mindless consumer, letting your soul be raked over the coals by corporations that tell you aren't good enough/thin enough/rich enough; that happiness is just five easy payments of \$29.99 away, you really shouldn't. At least not on June 18th. Relax, treat yourself, and please, go to the mall. ★

A Money tree. It had twenty dollar bills for leaves. Its flowers were government bonds. Its fruit was diamonds. It attracted human beings who killed each other around the roots and made good fertilizer.

Slaughterhouse Five, Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.



-David Green, McDonald's Senior Vice President "McLibel in London" Fortune 1995



Standard

# Hold Me

THE EVENING WILL

BRING ROMANCE

Soulmate:

The stripping away of life's layered crust  
to enable a connection between 2 individuals  
that reconnects one existing entity present  
within us all.

ONLY  
YOU

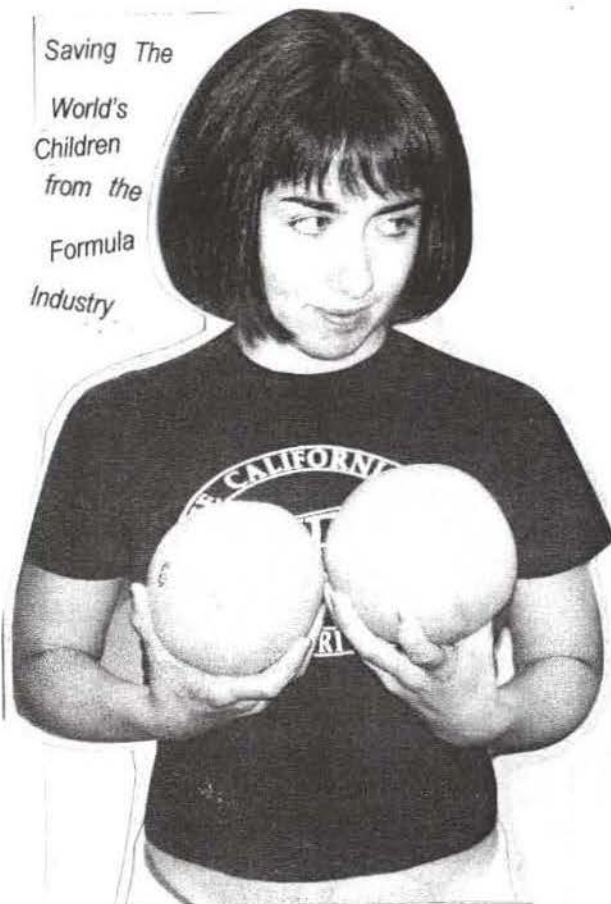
WANT A  
Song  
Player Piano Rolls  
of Portland Ore.





# B r E A s t i s b e s t

Saving The  
World's  
Children  
from the  
Formula  
Industry



4,000 babies die everyday because they are not breastfed. From the beginning of the industrial age there has been a push from the breast to the bottle by the money-hungry global market. Consequently, only one in three babies around the globe is fully breastfed today. As women have been told that the road to liberation is through paid work outside the home, and thus the nurturing work we do as mothers is undermined and pushed into near invisibility. Today breastfeeding in public is considered dirty and shocking. In many countries breastfeeding is not treated as a necessity but as a personal preference or lifestyle choice. Rarely do countries take responsibility for protecting women from the costs of these choices, for instance money lost from absence at work. While countries such as Nigeria, Chile, Italy, France, Tanzania, and Zimbabwe have made legal provisions for breastfeeding breaks for nursing mothers at work, the richest countries including Canada the UK and the US, provide no such help. In most industrialized countries breastfeeding has become yet another privilege of the rich, for children whose mothers can afford to stay at home during those crucial formative years and nurture their children with nature's perfect food. In the third world, baby formula companies have stormed in with imperial benevolence, forcing formula on women with no clean water to make it and no resources to buy more.

While formula and pharmaceutical companies are working hard to "humanize" formula and often fund faulty research to prove it is better, breast milk remains nature's miracle food. In terms of nutritional benefits, breast milk is a naturally perfect, an unequalled mixture of protein, carbohydrate, fat vitamins and minerals that provides the ideal complete diet for the first six months of life. Not only is breast milk a perfect food and a superb anti-infectant, the fatty acids it contains aid the development of the vision, the brain and the nervous system. Studies indicate that infants who are not breast-fed are more susceptible to bacterial infections, respiratory disease, cholera, polio, meningitis, tooth decay, pneumonia, diabetes, diarrhea and other infectious and potentially life threatening diseases. A study in Brazil in the 1980s found that the death rate of exclusively bottle-fed infants was 14 times higher than the death rate of breast-fed infants.

In addition to the significant health benefits breastfeeding provides to newborns, research has proven that breastfeeding positively affects the mother as well. Reduced breastfeeding in the UK has been attributed to the epidemic of breast cancer. Women who breastfeed have less osteoporosis in old age, and reduce the chance of iron-deficiency and anemia after pregnancy. The oxytocin released during breast feeding provides a pleasure boost that can make it quite pleasant. Oxytocin is a maternal hormone of lactation that renders the mother less anxious, causing sensations of pleasure that reinforce a mother's willingness to give.

A year's supply of formula costs on average over 200% percent of a third world family's income. Regardless, baby formula conglomerates spend millions of dollars a year marketing artificial milk formula to doctors and women of the third world. In 1981 an International Code of Marketing of Breast Milk was created by the World Health Organization (WHO) which aimed to protect mothers and children, who they saw as a vulnerable population, by regulating how and where companies promote their artificial milk products. The US was the only country to vote against the WHO code—a Reagan era administration felt it violated interests of free trade and competition. To this day the code is nearly always ignored by prominent infant formula manufacturers, of which Nestle is the worst.

Companies break the code everyday in a number of ways. Regular inducements of cash are made to health workers and pharmacist in return for promoting formula. Commercial representatives sometimes pose as "health educators," giving talks to prenatal mothers. Companies provide gifts off free formula samples in clinics to mothers and pregnant women. In several countries, most notably Zimbabwe, Nestle marketed formula without instructions in the native language, Chichewa, for 19 years. In Guatemala in 1992, Gerber began a campaign to exempt themselves from the WHO code so that they could market a new product. After an initial refusal, the Guatemalan government eventually folded when the US got involved and threatened the trade status between the two countries. Today imported baby foods are exempt to the Guatemalan national law. In Pakistan in 1997 doctors and hospitals were paid of \$5000 a piece for agreeing to market Nestle formula for 6-12 months. In 1995, UK formula milk companies paid National Health Service maternity units \$1.20 for each name and address of women expecting babies, to whom they then sent "educational materials" and free formula samples. US pharmaceutical/formula companies spend about \$10,000 per medical student during their training programs—through the supply of food, books and travel—to encourage these soon to be doctors to recommend their product.

The United Nations health advisory board recommends women breastfeed children for 18 months. Today in the US many women cut it short for work-related reasons, but in the third world women make no such choice. In countries where whole populations are starving, breast milk is the ideal source of food for growing infants. With the entrance of the ruthless baby formula industries, mothers receiving "doctor recommendation" are beginning to experiment with formula feeding, with dire consequences. Once mothers sample factory provided formula breasts dry up...coupled with lack of water and fuel to make safe formula, more and more infants are robbed of the nutrition they need and deserve. Poverty plus formula equals death, but companies like Nestle continue to turn a blind eye.

The most current player in the ongoing battle between breastfeeding and the formula and pharmaceutical companies is the AIDS industry. Formula companies and the AIDS industry have done all they can to fund and create research which links breastfeeding to mother-to-child HIV transmission. While the research linking the two still remains fuzzy and increasingly disputed, what happens is that the attention given to the issue sucks funds away from critical issues like starvation, poverty, war and environmental devastation that devastates third world countries.



In the early 90s the UN recommended a mother with the AIDS virus continue to breast feed her baby. Today the UN recognizes that, "formula feeding is often unaffordable or unsafe, so that its use will cause more deaths than aids..." but has nonetheless reversed their previous policy in light of pressure from the AIDS industry. While biased, hasty research linking breastfeeding to AIDS transmission has been pushed into the spotlight by formula and pharmaceutical companies, other research exists that proves contrary. Mothers are not told of the powerful protective effects exclusive breastfeeding has against the diseases associated with aids. The industry is simply using the threat of HIV to promote sales. Studies which claim a lower rate of HIV infection in formula-fed babies have not shown that such babies are healthier or live longer, and fail to explain why some still become HIV+. The truth of the matter is with the new AIDS scare preventing many women from accurate information about the benefits of breastfeeding, babies are reaching new levels of malnourishment or dying of formula-related problems. Many women are inaccurately diagnosed with AIDS or scared into not breastfeeding by Nestle "health consultants." While the problem of AIDS and the threat of mother-to-child HIV transmission are real, the unethical and detrimental abuses being made by the global market need to be addressed and stopped. Join the fight against formula!

The information in this article was provided by a book published through The International Women Count Network. For more current information and a list of books on other important international issues see their website, [AllWomenCount.com](http://AllWomenCount.com).

Source: The Milk of Human Kindness by Solveig Francis, Selma James, Phoebe Jones Schellenberg, Nina Lopez-Jones 2002.



## Republican of the Month

Bjorn Lomborg, proud father of the grand phrases like, "We are not running out of energy or natural resources," and "The air and water around us are becoming less and less polluted," that have bolstered the recent (disastrous) Republican environmental agenda, was named by Time magazine as one of the 100 most influential people in the world. I'll say. Check out this Danish Statistic professor's popular book, *The Skeptical Environmentalist*, for more fun facts.

-ECO by Kevin Arnold, Ad-Busters July/August 2004.



# How TO WAR!! ~~MAKE LOVE~~ ON A MAN



But honey,  
you're never  
going to be  
a Rockstar.

Crush Slut Style



Message sent on 8/5/04 at 4:55pm  
To: E-Muffin@yahoo.com  
From: Grrrlface@makeme.org  
Subject: sneaky bizness

Dear Stella,

Here I am sneaking around office waiting for everyone to clear the file area in the basement so I can snag a chart or two... I even brought a magazine to pretend I am copying it off. Have I done stalking before in the past? You better believe it.

Ms.D

Message sent on 8/6/04 at 8:01pm  
To: Grrrlface@makeme.org  
From: E-Muffin@yahoo.com  
Subject: RE: sneaky bizness

Your email made me grin. In fact, I am still grinning. Mostly because the image of you with a Glamour and someone's charts is really hilarious. Much troublemaking will ensue.

Stella

Message sent on 8/8/04 at 2:23pm  
To: E-Muffin@yahoo.com  
From: Grrrlface@makeme.org  
Subject: update on Mr. Rude

Stella,

I have not yet snagged photos, but will die trying. Anything for my brilliant crusher.

Ms.D

Message sent on 8/8/04 at 5:40pm  
To: E-Muffin@yahoo.com  
From: Grrrlface@makeme.org  
RE:update on Mr. Rude

Die on! Die on!

love,

Stella

Message sent on 8/12/04 at 11:00pm  
To: E-Muffin@yahoo.com  
From: Grrrlface@makeme.org  
Subject: failure!

Accessed old file area. file of MR. "rude" is MIA. I feel like such a failure. I am not sure where to go from here.... did another stalker get to it first?

Ms.D

Message sent on 8/12/04, 1:56am  
To: E-Muffin@yahoo.com  
From: Grrrlface@makeme.org  
Subject: RE: failure!

Ms. Direction,

The last name is spelled "rudde"...but I'm sure you did a thorough job. Disappointed beyond all belief. Will re-construct a file based on other evidence.

Agent Smith

Message sent on 8/14/04 at 11:55pm  
To: E-Muffin@yahoo.com  
From: Grrrlface@makeme.org  
Subject: RE: RE: failure!

Mission Accomplished. Expect a little something in the mail.

Ms. Direction

Message sent on 8/16/04 at 12:01pm  
To: Grrrlface@makeme.org  
From: E-Muffin@yahoo.com  
Subject: he will pay

This is the most beautiful thing I've ever received in the mail. I have blacked out any incriminating information and will be off to Kinkos shortly. SOMEONE's band is playing tomorrow in town and I have a big poster to make.

He will PAY.

love, Stella

Message sent on 8/18/04 at 2:01am  
To: E-Muffin@yahoo.com  
From: Grrrlface@makeme.org  
Subject: RE: he will pay(?)

So Stella, what exactly did this guy do anyway? How Ruuuude is Mr. Rude? Maybe you could write a little something for the crush issue.

Ms.D

Message sent on 8/19/04 at 2:22pm  
To: Grrrlface@makeme.org  
From: E-Muffin@yahoo.com  
Subject: Mr. Rude

Mr. Rude is fuckin rude. Now he will die. Rockstars living like rockstars before they are rockstars when they'll never be rockstars. Debuting this fall on VH1. Episode 1: Mr. Rude, rude piece of ugly shit.

love, Stella

PS I can't even go to the show, I'm gonna be arm candy at my friend's prep school social in SF. I'm hoping to meet some arrogant fucks there.

PPS attached is a more recent photo of the warty dingbat. looks like someone hasn't been wearing their retainer.

Message sent on 8/22/04 at 8:05pm  
To: Grrrlface@makeme.org  
From: E-Muffin@yahoo.com  
Subject: Mr. Rude

Ms. Direction--

So I sat down on your recommendation and tried to write something about the cracker-faced kid and nothing. I mean NOTHING came out of it. At least now I feel nothing about everything.

S.

Message sent on 8/22/04 at 8:55am  
To: E-Muffin@yahoo.com  
From: Grrrlface@makeme.org  
Subject: RE: Mr. Rude

Stella Darrrrling,

it's okay. it just means he's not getting to you. pretend rock-stars of such low humanity do not inspire brilliant writing. they inspire nothing.

Love, Ms.Direction

There are only the pursued, the pursuing, the busy and the tired.

—F. Scott Fitzgerald, *The Great Gatsby*



Is that why I am  
worthless now?





Dear Erica,

I came into the hair salon you work at last week and gave you my number. Your boyfriend was standing there and he ate it. I think you are beautiful. Do you want to go out for coffee? I am giving you my number again.

Lisa #546-8897

P.S. Does he eat the hair too?

Why do you like Mardiana

No, I get some done though  
From her, ya right

I could work it

how, why would you though

I know, huh, I don't think she's worth it.

FOUND

Santa Rosa High,  
Dumpster

Prepared  
Especially  
For

TREVOR  
HIM

ROMANCE

KATIE  
HER

YOU'RE THE TRULY INDEPENDENT ONE  
WHO CREATES A COMFORTABLE SPACE  
AND STAYS AT A SAFE DISTANCE.  
YOUR ATTITUDE IS UNCONVENTIONAL.

PERSONALITY

YOU'RE A CONDESCENDING PERSON  
WITH A KING COMPLEX, WHO IS CON-  
TENT ONLY WHEN CONTROLLING  
OTHERS.

MARRIAGE

YOU ARE A PASSIONATE PERSON WHO  
DOESN'T FIND A LOVING SITUATION  
A COMPROMISE TO YOUR SENSE OF  
FREEDOM.

YOU DEEPLY CARE ABOUT PEOPLE AND  
HAVE AN OVERWHELMING DESIRE TO  
REHABILITATE THEM. YOU ARE SO  
KIND AND COMPASSIONATE.

WORK

THE ONLY OTHER EXTRAMARTIAL ACT  
YOU'RE INTO IS TO EXCITE YOUR  
SLIMY SEX LIFE AND GAMES.  
BUT THESE WILL GET BURNED.

YOU DON'T LONG FOR THAT CHUNK OF  
CORPORATE POWER IN THE SKY. YOU  
WANT FREEDOM TO DO AS

Most days/I feel flawed

shattered/emaciated by grief

lost in empty space/ clumsy with

emotion/ I stumble into a bed too

big for one/ pull the covers over

my head/ and imagine freezing

to death.

-Wendy-O-Matik,  
never warm enough without yc



# Culture Jamming

*This is not a protest. Repeat. This not a protest. This is some kind of artistic expression. Over.*

- Call heard on Metro Toronto police radios, May of 1998, the date of the first global street party

## From Radical Frenzy to Rad Fad

As Naomi Klein describes in her book *No Logo*, culture jamming is a system of guerilla warfare that rejects the idea that advertisements—as they buy up public space—must be a one-way information flow. Through the hijacking of billboards, parodying of advertisements, theater, art, activism, hacktivism (computer hacking)... culture jammers are individuals/groups that fight back against corporate takeover and reclaim community space. As Klein remarks, "Adbusters are writing theory on the streets, literally deconstructing corporate culture with a waterproof magic marker and a bucket of wheat paste."

Although it has recently gained mainstream notoriety through the growing popularity of the culture jamming magazine *Adbusters*, jamming has been around for some twenty years. Lead by main players like San Francisco's Billboard Liberation front and Australia's Billboard Utilizing Graffiti Artists Against Unhealthy Promotions (BUG-UP), these activists rework billboards to redirect public attention back to the original corporate motive. As one jammer put it, "This is extreme truth in advertising."

Thus far, culture jammers have cooked up all kinds of multi-media jam schemes, from the interactive "Feed the Supermodel" game featured on the RiotGrrl web site to ads for Joe Chemo and the art opening coup d'etats of the Guerilla Girls. Negativland, the band responsible for coining the term "culture jamming," released a hit in 1997 with the album *Dispepsi*. Comprised of chopped, amputated and chiseled Pepsi jingles, the album is an anti-pop mantra of hate. *I got fired by my boss, Pepsi! / I nailed Jesus to the cross, Pepsi! / The ghastly stench of Puppy mills, Pepsi!*—go the lyrics of one song.

Rodriguez de Gerada, one of the founders of culture jamming, chooses to make his statements across New York billboards in broad daylight. He prefers the term "citizen art" to "guerrilla art" and sees the defacing of corporate billboards simply as a conversation within a democratic society. Claiming to have talked cops out of his arrest, he reflects upon the high incidence of tobacco and liquor adds in poorer neighborhoods, and interjects that unlike the corporations that drop their harmful adds and flee, he hopes that his art will spark the beginning of a community discussion around the ownership of public space.

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On the other end of the spectrum is Banksy, the infamous yet nearly invisible king of underground art. Somehow managing to tap the commercial, artistic and street venues, Banksy does cover art for albums, street graffiti and recently had his first gallery opening in Britain. His prints are rumored to go for upwards of 10,000. In an unprecedented interview with *The Guardian*, Banksy described a hard adolescence and the graffiti that gave him a voice. Today his subversive, witty stencil art has claimed the hearts of many. Banksy favorites include policemen with smiley faces, rats with drills, monkeys with weapons of mass destruction (disruption), little girls cuddling missiles, and police officers walking huge flossy poodles. He signs his work with ironies, statements and incitements. His walls often read, "By Order National Highways Agency this Wall Is A Designated Graffiti Area." Following, taggers take the wall in obedient droves.

Another well-known jammer, Jubal Brown, literally skulled hundreds of Canadian billboards in 1997, one of the largest billboard blitzes yet, and featured in an issue of *Adbusters*. Targeting ads that featured primarily super models, he taught jamming friends how to black out the eyes and zip-up the mouths with black marker, instant skull. The truth in advertising theory behind "skulling" was that if emaciation is the ideal, why not go all the way. For Brown, skulling also highlights the cultural poverty of the sponsored life. *Buy! Buy! Buy! Die! Die! Die!* Goes Brown's artistic mantra.

An important sub-movement within culture jamming is Reclaim The Streets (RTS) started in Britain in 1995. In strategically thought out and planned events, RTS takes over busy intersections and at times sections of freeways to throw street parties, demonstrating what society might look like without commercial control. Once traffic is blocked, perhaps through a mock accident and fight—jammers flood in by the hundreds, along with music, drummers, Frisbees, food, signs that say *breathe* and *car free*, and a sound system, perhaps even one bicycle powered. Global street parties, the first of which held in 1998, involve several cities around the world street partying at one.

While culture jamming gains momentum and popularity, even Kalle Lasn, editor of *Adbusters*, admits culture jamming has the feeling of "a bit of a fad." His magazine, as Naomi Klein reflects, "has simply become too popular to have much cachet for the radicals who once dusted it off in their local secondhand bookstore like a precious stone." Yahoo! created an official culture jamming website on the internet, filed under "alternative," four years ago. RTS events are commonly infiltrated by drunk/violent rioters, giving the whole movement somewhat of a bad name in terms of mainstream press coverage. As well, the main players in corporate cool have made many shameless attempts to co-opt the new culture jamming cool. As Banksy told *The Guardian*, the list of jobs he has turned down is longer than those he has taken, and Nike calls him regularly with each add cycle. Diesel's advertising angle *Brand O* boldly stabs the media and corporate world, one add featuring a skinny blonde pictured on a bus full of frail looking Asian workers, the add is selling "Brand O Diet—There's no Limit to How Thin You can Get." Can irony and sarcasm go too far?

In 1997, add agency Weiden & Kennedy called Negativland asking the "culture jamming" band to create the soundtrack for a new Miller Genuine Draft Commerical. Frontman Mark Holser remarked in an article from the *Globe and Mail*, "They utterly failed to grasp that our entire work is essentially in opposition to everything that they are connected to, and it made me really depressed because I had thought that our aesthetic couldn't be absorbed into marketing." (CONT.)





Weiden & Kennedy, the ad agency out of Portland Oregon responsible for turning Nike into a *feminist sneaker*, was founded by Dan Weiden and David Kennedy, to self-identified "beatnik artists" who, as Naomi Klein describes in *No Logo*, quieted any guilt of selling out by dragging counterculture with them into the ad world. At their boldest, the agency approached Ralph Nader in 1999 to do an ad for Nike. With heightened sweatshop awareness and labor scandals up to kazoo hanging ominously over the swoosh, Nader was offered \$25,000 to help Nike take a playful jab at themselves. Nader remarked to the *Washington Post*, "Look at the gall of these guys."

Moving between and among a culture/counterculture where uncool is always one step cooler than cool and anything from human rights protest to your little brother's finger paint art can be co-opted by money hungry corporations, the lines between resistance and existence begin to bleed. For many young activists, adusting remains an empowering artistic and political tool; the fact that Nike has tried to jump in the game just adds one more crusty layer to the whole ironic scheme. If one thing is for certain, thanks to culture jamming, public space is just as likely to be bought and sold by corporations as it is to be botched and soiled by guerrilla artists. Democracy schmocracy, this is turf war.

Sources: 1) *No Logo* by Naomi Klein 2000 2) "Bansky" by Simon Hattenstone, *Adbusters* -reprinted with permission from *The Guardian*- 3) "One Person's Audio Debris is Another's Musical Treasure" by Doug Sanders, *Globe and Mail* 1997 4) "Nader Nixes Nike \$25k Run" *Washington Post* 1999

# RECORD BOWLS

## Materials

Old vinyl albums  
Round cork coasters  
Glue  
Oven-safe bowls  
Cookie sheet



Super junk glam, retro, recycled...  
record bowls make great gifts, planters, candy  
dishes, or decorative dust-catchers

Instant,  
Martha-quality  
crafts!

Crafting is good for the body, mind and soul.

## Instructions:

1. Heat your oven to 200°F.
2. Place an oven-safe bowl upside down on a cookie sheet and place your record on top of the bowl. You can experiment with different sizes of bowls. If the record is an old 45, you'll want to use a smaller bowl.
3. Place the cookie sheet in the oven for 3 to 4 minutes. Keep an eye on the record and take it out of the oven as soon as it starts to melt down the sides of the bowl.
4. You'll need to form your bowl quickly as it will harden in seconds. It will be warm to the touch, so you may want to wear cloth gloves. If your record hardens before you're finished shaping it, return it to the oven for a few minutes to soften it again.
5. Let the vinyl cool completely, and then glue the round cork coaster to the bottom of the record to cover the hole and form a solid base for your bowl.



"For this reason, global youth marketing is a mind-numbing affair, drunk on the idea of what it is attempting to engineer: a third notion of nationality—not America, not local, but one world that would unite the two, through shopping."

-Naomi Klein, *No Logo* 2000





## They called me a coconut

Yo miro a mis propios ojos  
Y a la vez  
Yo niego la existencia de ella  
Somos mijos y mijas todos  
Pero detesto el nombre

Deseaba ser blanca  
Llevaba bronceador todos los días Estaba cubierta en mi propia  
verg, enza  
Monita: una producta de la sociedad blanca

They called me a coconut  
Morena por fuera  
Blanca por dentro  
Como si fuera blanca verdaderamente era mejor

Ellos huelen a la vida  
Como trabajo,  
Como líquido  
Como la verdad  
Como la gente

Agrega con eso la delgadez  
Con un deseo de ser  
Algo que yo no soy  
Y nunca ser-

Esc' charme, y no me hables  
Porque no me entiendes  
Y no entiendes mi lucha  
Para estar libre  
De lo que siempre ser- un parte de mí misma

Vivir con la verdad  
Que yo odio a mí misma  
Y ese odio es parte de mi historia  
Y que cada mexicano se siente  
Lo mismo

## Me llamaban un coco

I stare into the eyes of myself  
And at the same time  
I negate the existence of her  
We are all sons and daughters  
But I loathe the name

I use to wish to be white  
I use to wear sunscreen every day  
Covered in my own shame  
Little doll: a product of white society

Me llamaban un coco  
Brown on the outside,  
White on the inside  
As if being truly white, made me better

They smell of life  
Like work  
Like cleaning solution  
Like truth  
Like people

Couple this with thinness  
With a desire to be  
Something that I'm not  
And never will be

Listen, don't talk  
Because you don't understand me  
And you don't understand my struggle  
To be free  
Of what will always be a part of myself

To live with the truth  
That I hate myself  
And that this hate is a part of my history  
And that every Mexican feels  
The same



# Dirty Room

Mythographical

Work of Friction



I was waiting on a moment, but the moment never came. All the billion other moments, were just slipping all away. -The Flaming Lips.

My school had fake, heated rocks. Public. Moneyed. White. I woke up two years after graduation in a dirty room wondering why I couldn't sleep and why I had spent so long making the same mistakes. Bleach. High school. Apple Skins. I probably bought every bit of the small popularity I ever owned—mostly through pink clothing—and by keeping to a strict regimen of apple skins, self-tanner and coffee managed to appear “smart” and “pretty” too. While I was fashionably aware of and vocal about the gross inequalities—the racialized ghettos and public prep schools that year after year churned out bright eyed affluent white teenagers, willing and able to make the journey from Starbucks to Jamba Juice and back, to take Abercrombie by storm—I remained unconscious of the material ramifications of my shallow consumer existence. My father's wealth, the poverty of the *bad* Latino part of town: bound together forever in holy matrimony so help me republican tax cuts. I should be more than grateful to the nicotine stained hands that reached across the pre-Ivy League Lawn to hand me a paper bag with a bran muffin and pull me up out of Vanilla Park.

My parents built a big house with cement on a hill to show the world they had succeeded. Two years after we left it still remains, housing a LA-ish couple with two white Hummers and a storybook child. People liked to come over and swim in our pool, to gaze at the arched ceilings and run their toes over the cool marble floors, to open wicker baskets stuffed with fruit snacks and snack size chips. My parents built a big white house on a hill to raise a family in. My mother kept it white and clean. Room cleaning happened Saturday. A dirty room was an act of disrespect, tolerated under no circumstance. Mom took to vacuuming, it calmed her mind almost as well as the handfuls of Valium. Depression ate my brother; he spent Junior High crawling out of its stomach. I began to weave my life around relationships, scales and food...barfing up my dreams in between.

My friends were good people. We giggled, used the f-word a lot and bought exorbitant amounts of lip-gloss at the local upscale strip mall where the middle class kids worked. My parents gave me a spanking white Jeep and I drove it to school with my personalized plates like everyone. Everyone knew me because my father made their teeth white and straight.

Teachers liked my college potential, my SAT-camp inflated test scores, naive benevolence and white-toothed smile. Boys were harder to please. The rich boys I knew in high school were boring and apathetic. On the weekends we would eat mocha chip ice cream on leather couches in a circle watching some action movie and gossiping during the slow moments. Junior year I had the biggest cunt-aching crush on B. He had a sexy black Lexus, closets of wife-beater tank tops, sunflower seeds and long eyelashes. B. was ugly—a rich boy without a conscience who treated women badly and hated his mother. I still get off sometimes thinking about his icy white hands creeping along the inside of my panties drunk on J's couch.

Spring Break, Mexico. White sandy beaches, free beer, two dollar tacos, wet t-shirts, pools, heart thumping music, blondes in string bikinis and mini skirts. Tijuana over spring break is one margarita soaked orgy. Our hotel was so MTV, exactly what I imagined I would do over Spring Break when I was little, brainwashed by tales of summer romance and the glossy cover photos of Sweet Valley High books. In each of my fantasies, I was Jessica Wakefield, tan, blonde and sexy, ready to fall in love on the beach and rollerblade through life hand in hand. Nearly a decade later, sitting sadly by the side of the pool drinking out of a coconut, fantasy had become nightmare. What was I doing here? Hung-over, liquor soaked, tired of dodging drunk men and bitching about the lack of intellectual stimulation. Mid-week I burst into tears walking home drunk from a club. I hated my body and I hated myself for caring so much. I hated Mexico, I hated drinking, I hated caring when someone checked me out and when they didn't. I hated getting drunk and flirting, I hated myself for hating myself, and clung tightly to the tiny fingers of my best friend until the sobbing stopped.

Life is shifting and I am diving into new situations soaked with the sweat of joy. Parents are separating, pants are splitting. I am cutting them open with scissors and watching the size zeros fall apart into two half moons. My father was perfect. Handsome. Successful. Kind. Well-dressed. My father made me feel good about myself like a good diet. He was like that good feeling that comes (Cont.)



from showing off your favorite Barbie, the one that is better than everyone else's. My mother made me feel good about myself in the way diving through the mud, like having hairy legs—everyone is staring at you but you don't notice because you are having so much fun.

It wasn't ripping a part of myself out, but more of a gradual shift. I stepped away from the silky smooth skin, the drunk kissing, the waist-watching, the waxing; the physical binges that left me emotionally starving. I'm not forgetting or forgiving. I'm not forgetting the two years of junior high I spent silent in the back of the classroom but for the crack of sugar-free gum. I'm not forgetting the four years of high school I lived—a robot like all the rest—dressed-up and drugged-up like a fabulous Thanksgiving turkey. I'm not forgetting the night in Mexico, or the pain I found there in the tear-stained sand.

I crept away with feeble footsteps and micro-courage. I look back through foggy glass, sticky from the stain of a suburban wet dream. I don't miss the things I am leaving behind. The wax, the white jeep, the LA sunsets, the smooth armpits, glossy magazines, and checks made out to love. I can feel the hair growing back along my calves. I run and sweat and scream again, I dream again. I sit in a dirty room with a lover thinking back on these things. Comfortable in dust, in hairy legs, with my natural tummy, sharing imagination and joy. Understanding that moving through is different than getting over, that moving forward is never perfect and that rusty rooms might keep me awake at night coughing. Understanding that life isn't perfect, neither am I, neither is a dirty room.

## Starbucks, Corporation or Cannibal?

Is Starbucks eating away at the profits of your local coffee brew house? Does it seem as though there is Starbucks popping up on every street corner? Thanks to a highly aggressive growth strategy, that which the company calls, *cannibalization*, Starbucks is taking over the world. Although counter-intuitive, the strategy is simple; the idea is to saturate one area with stores until the coffee competition is so tight everyone suffers, including the Starbucks outlets. Competitive clustering is an aggressive retail strategy affordable only by big mean killer corporations. While local independently run coffee shops begin to buckle under new corporatized pressures, the revenue of the three Starbucks locations, although individually meager, add up. Meanwhile, Starbucks achieves it's long term goal of literal brand-washing—we aren't drinking coffee anymore, we're drinking a Starbucks. In March of 2003, *Playboy* did a "Women of Starbucks" issue. Larry flint of *Hustler* installed a coffee-house in his West Hollywood sex emporium, proudly serving Starbucks coffee, in order to make the space, "more comfortable for women, more like Barnes and Noble." Whether we are at the bank, on campus, the grocery store, the book store, the mall, Starbucks is there for us, serving up convenience and consistency with an extra shot of syrup, a Father's Day mug and a sexy undergarment.

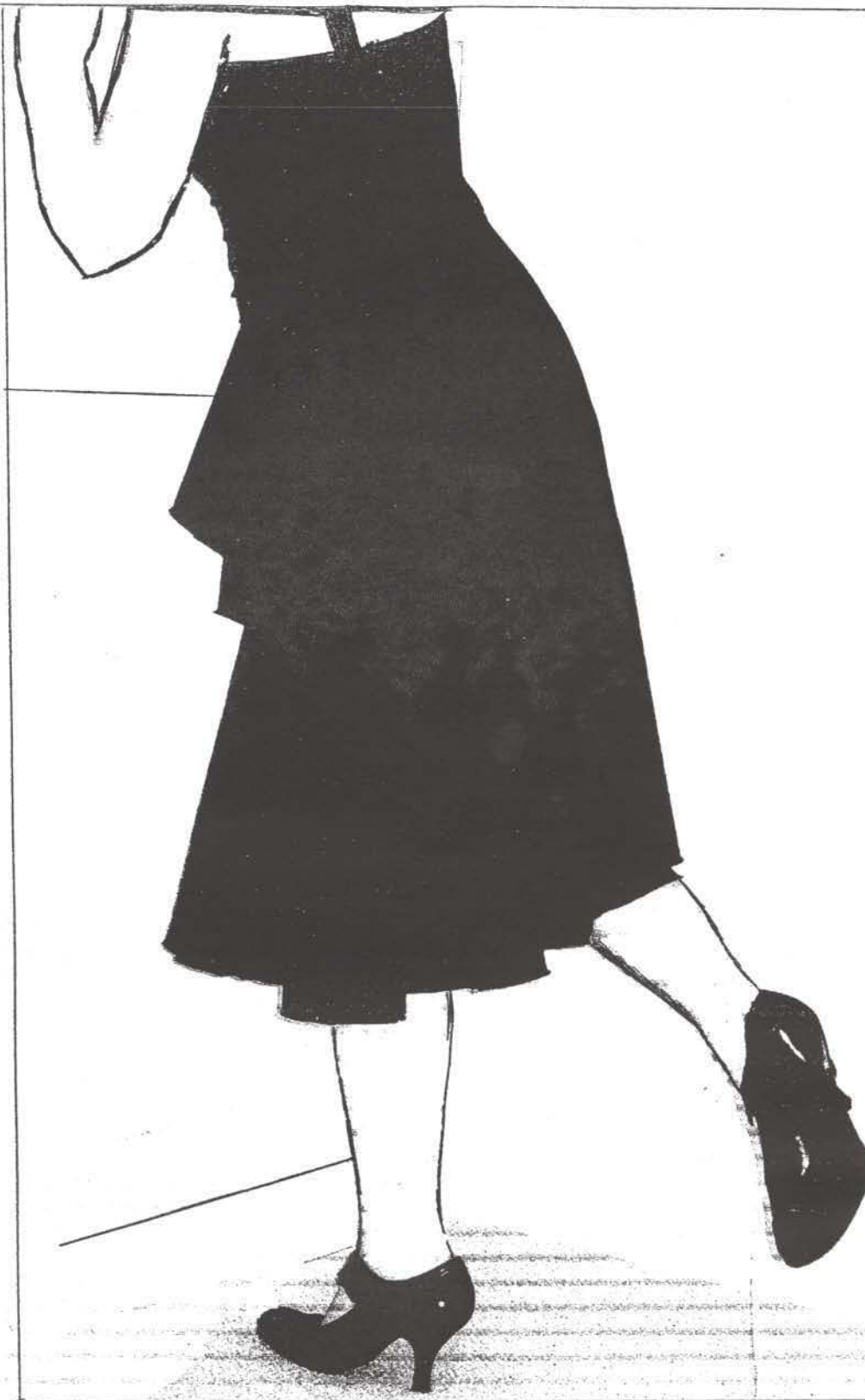
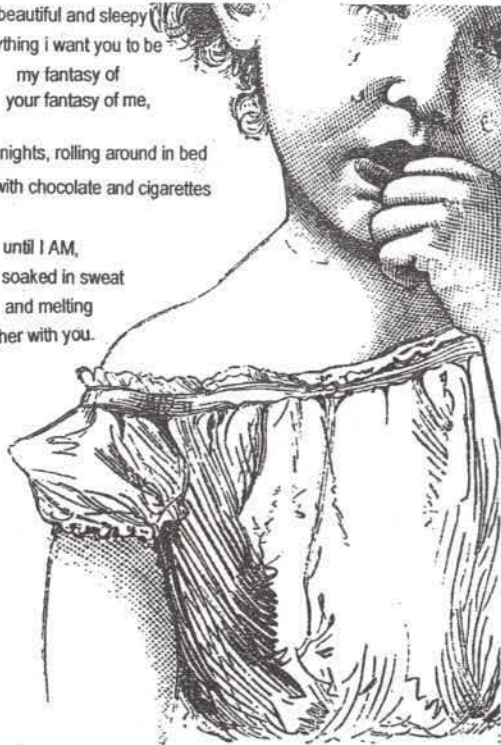
Sources: 1) Naomi Klein, *No Logo* 2000 2) *Papercuts and Promises*, zine by Alli 3) Frances Atherton, "Hawking the Hustler Sensibility" *New York Times* 1999





Crushing on you

your sleepy voice, your lumpy belly, stupid shoes  
i can't remember what your face looks  
like even if i spend every night  
rolling around in bed thinking about  
chocolate and smoke and sex and you,  
how beautifully our bodies would fit together right now  
i scream about you in paint with neon tears  
they dry, i scrape you away,  
clear and half again without you  
you are my food, my fixation, wax i can peel off  
i can imagine you touching my skin  
together in the dark as i take your hand,  
alone in my stinky house with our thighs  
edging closer together on the couch  
create wild stories about you and tell everyone,  
tell them over and over because  
they happen once in a lifetime, they are perfect  
i don't know you, to know you  
would introduce a hardness to this softness  
we never talk and you don't even look  
at me you are someone i watched and waited for, like  
soft warm cake i bit into you and let the juices run, tickling my  
belly until you were someone else, something else in my head i could  
think about and love without having to get up in the morning  
stay in my head and heart, etched in my glass prison  
beautiful and sleepy  
everything i want you to be  
my fantasy of  
your fantasy of me,  
nights, rolling around in bed  
with chocolate and cigarettes  
until i am,  
soaked in sweat  
and melting  
together with you.



## STAFF

Editor in Chief  
*Ms. Direction*

Copy Editor,  
Creative/ Technical Advice  
*Jennifer Osborn*

Juniper, I repeated. Mack was a small obstacle. I knew, when Juniper's eyes snagged mine, that we were each other's destiny. I willed myself in love with Juniper in that young way that enables you to truly, deeply

love a person you do not know at all. What did I know about Juniper? She loved taking Ecstasy, loved to look at herself in the mirror. Could you blame her? She was like the moon, An artist, she painted herself again and

again. She was bisexual, score. Had that Victoria Secret job, lifting boxes in a warehouse, but still they made

her wear heels.

*-The Chelsea Whistle, by Michelle Tea*



# iType II Uddite

by Kevin Deweese

I recently bought an old Smith Corona manual typewriter for a friend that was graduating from college. Since that time there has been a rather polar reaction to the mid-century piece of machinery. Though there are those who ridicule the machine as outdated and worthless, there are just as many who seem captured by the allure of the old machine used as new again.

What is the advantage of using a typewriter in today's day and age when a computer not only will do the job faster and, according to current wisdom, better? I'm using such a computer to write this piece while at the same time I agree with the value of the typewriter. The answer lies not in the typewriter itself. In fact, there is little valid argument for why the machine of a typewriter betters the machine of the computer. The answer lies in rephrasing the question.

What is it about our interaction with a typewriter that has somehow been lost in our usage of computers?

What the typewriter has is a tangible, traceable, connection between our physical action and the result of that action. When you sit down to write a letter with the typewriter, the "D" that starts the letter is there because of the pressure of your finger on the key. There was no need to trust in electrons rushing about on a motherboard. You pressed the key and saw the mechanical action that forced the "D" onto the page.

Not so much with a computer. We must trust that the things we see one day will be there the next. To what do we place that trust? Where is the accountability that we can trace should things go wrong, as they often do. (Cont.)



With a computer, we find that the pressing of the "D" key on a computer does not produce a "D" as much as the illusion of a "D." Without a connection to our action, we become disconnected from our own creation. In a sense, typing with a computer engages the writer with the material but not with the end product.

It is this lack of result that makes the computer seem to steal the very joy of creation from our person. Without the joy of our own creation, what is left behind for us?

The rise in stress in today's society has been well documented and is often attributed to the lengthening of the divide between our physical actions and the things we create. Time was that if you needed food, you walked upon your feet, threw a spear you carved with your own hands, drug the animal back to camp, cleaned and cooked the animal, and maybe made percussive instruments with the remaining bones. In that world, our fear responses are healthy, reacting to a fear that we can see and comprehend. Attacked by a big cat, our adrenaline surges in order to serve the body in acting immediately in response.

In today's world, we are part of the greater creative machine. We do not build our homes, instead we think so that others may work so that our pay for that thinking can go to others who have built in order so that we might have a house. The separation between what we create and what we receive is so great that we can't even begin to figure out how we got to where we currently stand. Thus, our fear responses are not connected to a tangible reality anymore. Economic forces weakening the dollar and forcing you to reconsider the family vacation, where is the danger? Where is the big cat that's going to attack? Without a tangible point to react to, we find that we cannot create or react in a way that satisfies the nervous system and we end up ourselves stressed and disconnected from the world.

In the end, we do not appreciate the typewriter because it is better than the obviously more efficient and practical computer. Rather we appreciate the typewriter because it is the only thing in our lives these days that gives us something tangible that we can appreciate. ★

On my last night in Cavite, I met a group of six teenage girls

in the worker's dormitories who shared a six-by-eight-foot

concrete room: four slept on the makeshift bunk bed (two to

a bed), the other two on mats spread on the floor. The girls

who made Aztek, Apple and IBM CD-ROM drives shared the

top bunk; the ones who sewed gap clothing, the

bottom...There jam-packed shoebox of a home had the air of

an apocalyptic slumber party—part prison cell, part Sixteen  
Candles. It may have been a converted pigsty, but these were

sixteen-year-old girls, and like teenage girls the world over

they had covered the gray, stained walls with pictures: of

fluffy animals, Filipino action-movie stars, and glossy

magazine ads of women modeling lacy bras and underwear.

After a while, serious talk of labor conditions erupted into  
fits of giggles and hiding under bed covers.

-Naomi Klein, No Logo 2000



Al-Qaeda hijacked a couple of planes and flew them into the World Trade Center, the neocons hijacked a country and flew it into Iraq.

-Dov Prombaum, Ad-Busters



# TEEN 'ZINE

## NIECE NEWS

FLASH!!



24-HOUR MALL SHOPPING HOTLINE

Travel

Looking cool... even with your parents along.

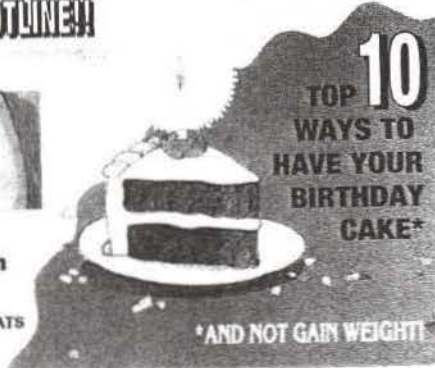
Mail Bag

Why are parents sooooo uncool?.....

Tips on making your birthday last all week long!



How to sleep through class with your eyes open... AND OTHER AMAZING FEATS



TOP 10 WAYS TO HAVE YOUR BIRTHDAY CAKE\*

\*AND NOT GAIN WEIGHT

Dear Niece News,

I read your 'zine every month!!! It is so pretty and fun. I wanted to thank you for teaching me to be a "cool" teenager, I don't pay attention anymore in class, I'm a shop-a-holic and I throw up baked goods. I used to be a dork, but now I fit right in with every other shallow, parent-hating teenage bimbo at my school.

Forever yours

Tina,

As a private person, I have a passion for landscape, and I have never seen one improved by a billboard. Where every prospect pleases, man is at his vilest when he erects a billboard. When I retire from Madison Avenue, I am going to start a secret society of masked vigilantes who will travel around the world on silent motor bicycles, chopping down posters at the dark of the moon. How

many juries will convict us when we are caught in these acts of beneficent citizenship?

-David Ogilvy, Confessions of an Advertising Man

-Female empowerment  
-Racial equality  
-Guts, glory



JUST BUY IT



issue seven - fall 2004

i bet you think this crush is about you