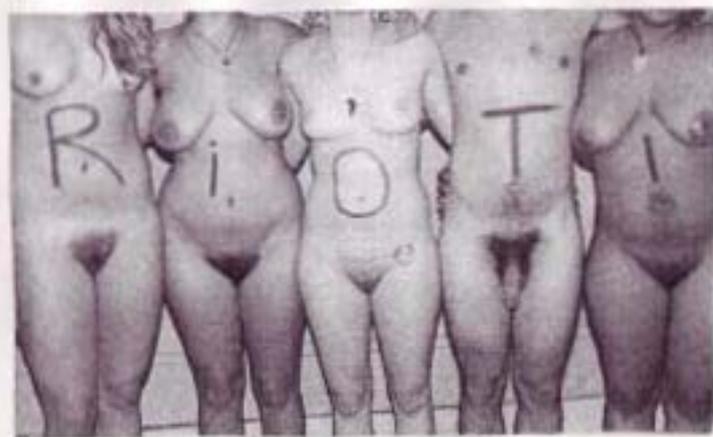


THE



Deconstructing systems of power and
Redefining our lives & what is valuable
THROUGH

self-love, nudity, art & language

ISSUE #2

DEAR READERS,



this zine brings together many ideas that at first glance might not seem related. However, we found it impossible to separate all the interlocking forms of oppression. We want to examine how oppressive systems rely on & fuel one another. Through this zine we hope to create awareness, visibility, & empowerment.

To love a broken world requires compassion & criticism.

The act of nudity is powerful. It is an act of resistance against insecurity & self-hatred that oppressive systems need to survive. It is not only reclaiming our beauty but also our humanity, & remembering we are all so deeply interconnected.

WE STRONGLY RECOMMEND YOU READ THIS ZINE NAKED, if you have the space to do so.

2

love, The Naked Riot!

capitalist peon no more.....\$\$\$\$\$

oh to be a good little capitalist...

one must also be good at sex. And want sex.
and feel sexy. And...you must want sex.

What? You're depressed? Take a pill! There's
a pill for that. Low sex drive? NO sex drive?
Pop some more pills! But keep going and don't
stop because sadness is unacceptable,
unproductive, un american. Don't think about
it. Be happy and copulate! Procreate! Do some-
thing! Not sexy enough? Buy new lingerie and
a SEXY new scent, tight jeans, a new shaver
AXXEXXXXE, cars, lipstick, high heels, fake
tits, fake lips etc.etc.etc.

And stare too, at the steamy airbrushed
billboards feeling guilty and hating
yourself for never being enough, never having
enough--don't stop the system, keep buying and
wanting and aching to be more, look more,
do more, be thinner, taller, richer, smarter,
faster, more polished, make more money,
buy more shit, and then maybe finally
feel godd about yourself.

CAPITALISM NEEDS YOUR INSECURITIES TO
~~SEE~~ WORK !!!



▷ ▽ Δ check your privilege! ▽ Δ ▽

Our 1st edition of the Naked Riot! was criticized for not addressing issues of race at all. I agree that you cannot separate race from gender or sexuality, & our zine was lacking in this sense.

When a group of (mostly) white people get together & discuss gender & sexuality, race often gets forgotten b/c it can seem irrelevant. Whiteness is normalized to the point where a white woman can separate her identity as a woman from her identity as white. This is an expression of privilege.

o o o

Feminism has a troubled history of excluding & making invisible many communities: women of color, the working class, queer/trans people, women w/ disabilities, immigrant women, & so forth. The center of mainstream feminism's focus is still white/midclass/hetero/cisgendered women. The word "feminism" conjures up the image of this type of woman - one w/ privilege, fighting only for her own liberation - in the minds of many.

Privileged women have the luxury ~~privilege~~ to explore gender w/o examining race, class, sexuality, etc...

o o o

i do not want to continue to exclude / ignore any oppressed group
blc of blindspots caused by privilege.
o o

white feminists have a lot of work to do to truly make feminism a movement everyone can be a part of. Sometimes it means taking a step back, critically analyzing one's privileges, being self-aware & open to criticism. We need to stop separating gender & whiteness, & realize that every-one is racialized & shaped by race.

feminism is a movement to end all suffering based on institutionalized oppression through the lens of gender.

feminism is a movement to end sexism, racism, heterosexism, homophobia, ableism, classism, xenophobia...

to only address gender is deeply myopic & misses the nuanced intersections of different identities we all have. if this movement aims to end the suffering of all people (yes, including men!), it must address all social identities.
o o

Thank you to those who pointed out our shortcomings in the last zine.

▽▽▽▽▽▽▽

WHITE PRIVILEGE: Peggy McIntosh Addendum

*Peggy McIntosh wrote a pivotal piece on white privilege called "White Privilege: Unpacking the Invisible Knapsack." While this essay is a great start to examining white privilege, I wanted to take it a step further and examine intersections of social identities and how they manifest themselves through privilege. What are specific privileges that we, as white, upper-middle class cisgendered*¹ queer and heteroflexible women, face? The more specific we can get with ways that we are privileged, the more real it feels.*

- I have never been racially exoticized

- While it is highly problematic, I know the law wishes to protect me as a white (read: pure) woman

- No one has ever tried to sterilize me or tell me to not have a lot of children

- If I were to report an incidence of sexual violence to the police, they might trivialize me because of my gender but would not discriminate against me because of my race; if my predator was a person of color, they would be even more likely to believe my story

- When I go to feminist or LGBTQ meetings, I can expect to see a person of the same race as me

- I am given reproductive information honestly and comprehensibly and have access to birth control

- I am connected to powerful white men

*¹ cisgendered: when your biological sex aligns with your gender identity

• I can practice civil disobedience, dumpster dive, spraypaint, smoke weed, etc. without excessively worrying about getting in trouble with the law because the state doesn't assume I am a threat

• I can say things like "Smash the state!" without having any pressing needs to take action

• Most of the leaders I learn about in the LGBTQ movements are white

• White culture is broad enough to encompass the many subcultures I am a part of: I am not rejected by hippie, folk, anarchist, punk, feminist, environmentalist or queer subcultures because of my race

• I can say statements like "Fuck men!" and know that I could feasibly create my own space with all women and do not need the alliance of men of my racial group

• My radical activity is considered an individual interest and is not assumed when people look at me

• Most feminists featured in feminist anthologies are white, save for a few tokenized women of color. Only highly academic texts are valued, while writers like bell hooks are often considered "too colloquial"

• I can usually expect to have a white gynecologist

• It's easy for me as a feminist to dismiss rap music as misogynistic without considering its cultural context or the racial implications of that sentiment; I also don't need to question misogynistic *white* music (country, rock, punk, etc.)

• I can easily find other white queer people to date and also have no one comment on the race of my partner(s)

- I don't face any cultural barriers to making this zine or to getting naked
- I can be selective about which issues within communities of color I want to fight for and ignore the other ones
- I could claim racism is irrelevant to the LGBTQ or feminist movement;
- Most pictures of female anatomy in medical and health-related texts are white
- While there is a scarcity of good dyke porn, I don't need to go to a specific section of porn to see models that are the same race as me
- The language of feminism and queer theory demands a highly educated background to be understood, and even those whose identities are being discussed/the subjects of the essays may not have the resources to understand them
- The way I speak and act with my family and friends is an acceptable form of communication in formal/academic settings; in other words, I don't need to adapt to any one else's language
- I can easily find white queer musicians, theorists, artists, and white queer people in my town
- I can have an entire conversation on feminism or queerness without discussing race
- I could expect communities of color to join my agenda and ignore theirs, LGBTQ movements can fight for institutional rights such as marriage, military, etc., and ignore other pressing issues such as police brutality or immigration rights (Think about prop 8's failure to reach out to communities of color)

Got more ideas? Make your own privilege list!
(And submit them to thenakedriot.org please!)

"You've jumped ship on your gender"

I LIKE THE WAY I LOOK
I LIKE THE WAY I DRESS
NO I'M NOT TRYING TO PROVE ANYTHING

SOME DAYS MAKE-UP IS ALRIGHT
NO I DO NOT WANT HELP BRUSHING BROWN #5 ON BOTH EYES

MY CHEST IS FINE
NO I DO NOT WANT TO FIND OUT MY SIZE

A BIKINI WAX
NO WAY, FORGET IT

MY PANTS... WHAT IS WRONG WITH MY PANTS
NO THEY DO NOT NEED TAILORING

YES I AM QUEER, HAVE BEEN MY WHOLE LIFE
MOM IT HAS BEEN ALMOST TWENTY FOUR YEARS.



Age 21

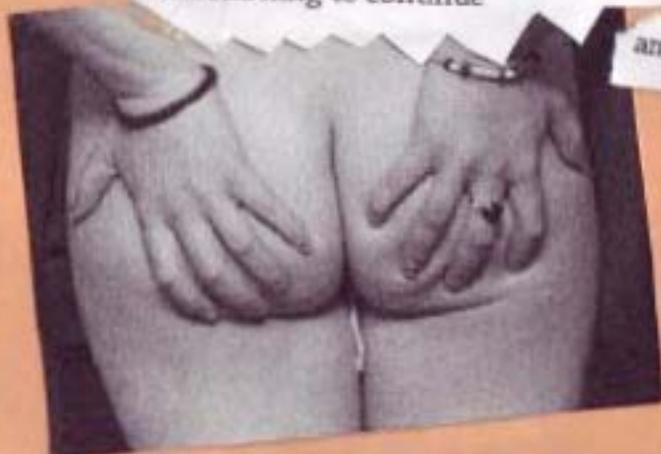
This seductive energy had been pulling me closely and I decided it was time for us to get to know each other better. It was time to rewind our past and create a new future of just us two. Extrapolating the dividing lines in which men would occupy... we didn't need them to massage your sweet lips or cherry sunrise, I would learn to tickle your fancy on my own time making sure it was just right, and oh so consensual. And it was sexier than any love making I had ever experienced. The best orgasm can secretly be the one a woman can give herself, especially when it is by her own hands.

Well...

with the help of my clitoral vibrations from my secret pleasures my tangible objects yeasting seductive secrets I didn't know I could feed you. We had been waiting to experience this moment and we did. You told me what felt just right, what you liked and when you needed me to fall back, sometimes the intensity is just too much for me to bear. Self love meant loving my vagina in all of her being, it meant loving the monthly pains that emerged, it meant without sacrifice.

I am reversing my socialization and finding the liberation that lies in reliving my age at 6 years when I was told to stop...I am learning to continue

and I won't stop



Holding you, caressing you, checking in on you to alert you that I know you are there. We will have our one on one quality time even if it means not dating for a little while. Reestablish a new relationship of trust, confide in one another, listen to one another, so this means not using my apple mango tango laundry detergent that rubs against you and irritates you....even though I love the smell of it between you. This means, embracing the aura of your insides...it is the very natural part of me. This means looking at you crookedly in the mirror for sometime and telling you just how beautiful you are ...and it makes you feel good.

I want to relinquish the messages that this system, that man has been instilled in my brain that there is something within you that needs to be conquered, they have been colonizing my thoughts, my psyche working within me against you when truth is they fear you. They fear the deep oceans within you that come rushing downward, your ability to heal, reshape and create. They fear the contraction and expansion of your heartbeat spreading wide-open releasing life.

And they envy your

Ability to keep coming stronger and stronger each time when it is being done right, when you are touched right. Your erection continues after the volcanic explosion has erupted within you spreading lava across everything that surrounds you.

And you don't need the penetration if you don't want to...there are multiple ways to keep your tune pitched without even touching you...if we connect right. I love you, and it took me damn near all my life to reclaim you and I can never look back.

My nervous system spread nerves down your system with the electric shocks that jolted my spinal tapped

And

...as women we aren't supposed to brag about shit like that. Shit that we can do for ourselves that give us the validation and pride that supersedes what time and history has brought me. The oppression is the weapon that I can take down when I take pride in the butterflies that are rising high from within me. My freedom. I break free internally from my slavery breaking the chains stored within my veins creating new beginnings, new bloodlines, new love ties connected with you and to you.

I am as beautiful as my mother and her mothers mother and we all have it within us....the reclamation that frees us....and it is a process a lifelong uncovering that lead us to the acceptance of truth. My reclamation is my identity, it is...damn, I love me exclusively.

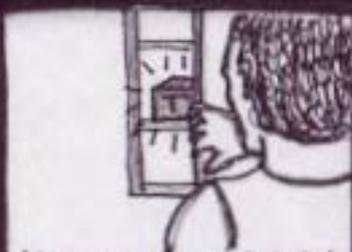




This morning
When I pulled black lace underwear
over freshly shaved legs
Two textures, luxuries
I've been known to employ
In futile anticipation
of being a spectacle
For another

I realized, because this time
it's just for me,
what it means to feel my body
wrapped in my own smooth skin.





It can be overwhelmingly exciting starting hormones.

Everyone talks about how sweet the hormones are...



While my boobs are getting smaller, my tummy is getting bigger.



not all the hair on my body is expected.

the mood swings are **AWFUL.**



Some days I go from ecstatic to immobile, and back.

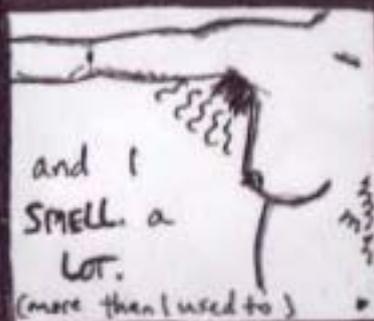
the road rage **EMBARRAS!**





...but they don't say much about what they don't like, really.

Sometimes, it can be hard to keep your head up.



and I SMELL a LOT.

(more than I used to)



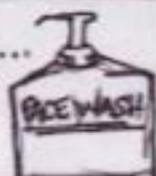
ow. ow.
ow. ow.

but because my clit is growing, showers can HURT!



e is
SSING.

and all of this stuff...



STILL doesn't stop the acne.

It's just like 6th grade





the hardest part is not knowing
what you'll look like tomorrow morning.

you have to take care
of
yourself.



it's easy to forget to
let your emotions out,



Spend time with
people you

gender isn't just an identity. for me, it's a performance, a game, a juggling act.

it's play and life.

it's complex and there isn't just one answer.



with the
u care about,

and always celebrate!



nobody said that this
was going to be easy.

And now for an absurd exercise...

ANK HOW
QUEER ...
... FROM 1 (the least) to 16

- A WOMAN WHO ONLY HATES OUT WITH OTHER WOMEN WHEN DRUNK
- A WOMAN WHO THINKS SCARLETT JOHANSSON IS REALLY HOT BUT IS AS ~~STRAIGHT~~ STRAIGHT
- KATY PERRY
- A WOMAN ONLY ATTRACTED TO MEN, INCLUDING TRANSMEN
- A LESBIAN THAT GETS TURNED ON BY GAY MALE PORN
- A WOMAN ATTRACTED TO OTHER WOMEN BUT AFRAID OF GOING DOWN ON ONE
- A QUEER WOMAN THAT SHAVES EVERYTHING, EATS MEAT & HATES ANI DEFENDING
- A HETERO WOMAN THAT LIKES TO FUCK HER BOY FRIEND WITH A STRAPON
- A FEMME LESBIAN ONLY ATTRACTED TO OTHER FEMMES
- A LESBIAN DATING A TRANSWOMAN
- AN ANDROGYNIUS HETERO FLEXIBLE WOMAN
- "SUZY SEXUAL": YOU KNOW, THAT ONE WOMAN YOU'D FUCK, BUT ONLY HER!!
- A PANSEXUAL WOMAN
- A QUEER WOMAN THAT WANTS VANILLA SEX, A MONOGAMOUS RELATIONSHIP, AND A PICKET FENCE
- A LESBIAN THAT DOESN'T THINK ABOUT HER QUEERNESS 24/7
- A QUEER WOMAN THAT DOESN'T PARTICULARLY LIKE SEX

HOW DO WE MEASURE QUEERNESS in ANN ARBOR?

YOUR PARTICIPATION IN QUEER CULTURE

- HOW MANY OF YOUR FRIENDS ARE QUEER?
- ARE YOU AN ACTIVIST / VEGETARIAN / ANARCHIST?
- HOW MUCH QUEER MUSIC DO YOU LISTEN TO / QUEER THEORY DO TANGARD/ETC?

YOUR RELATIONSHIP TO YOUR QUEERNESS

- HOW OUT ARE YOU?
- DO YOU GET / WANT / NEGATIVE GUIDANCE?
- ARE YOU PROUD TO BE QUEER?
- HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN OUT?

SEXUAL EXPERIENCE

- HOW ACTIVE ARE YOU SEXUALLY?
- YOUR PARTNER'S GENDER IDENTITY AND ORIENTATION
- HOW MUCH QUEER SEX YOU'VE HAD
- ARE YOU INTO BDSM, FOLKLORE, SEX TOYS, ETC?



GENDER IDENTITY

- DO YOUR GENDER IDENTITY & IF YOU'RE TRANSGENITIVIC, WHERE ARE YOU IN THE PROCESS?
- ARE YOUR PARTNERS? IF YOU'RE TRANSGENITIVIC, WHERE ARE YOU IN THE PROCESS?

WHO GETS EXCLUDED?

(19)

GENDER EXPRESSION

- ARE YOU BUTCH / GAYE / ANDRO / SOMETHING ELSE EXACTLY?
- WHAT ABOUT THE PEOPLE TO WHOM YOU ARE ATTRACTED?

WHY DO WE MEASURE QUEERNESS?

WHY IS THE FACE OF QUEERNESS USUALLY WHITE?

WHY DOES IT PROMOTE ALLEGIANCE TO WHITE LIBERAL CULTURE?

WHY DOES QUEERNESS REQUIRE A CERTAIN LIFESTYLE & IDENTITY TO BE ACCEPTED BY OTHER QUEERS?

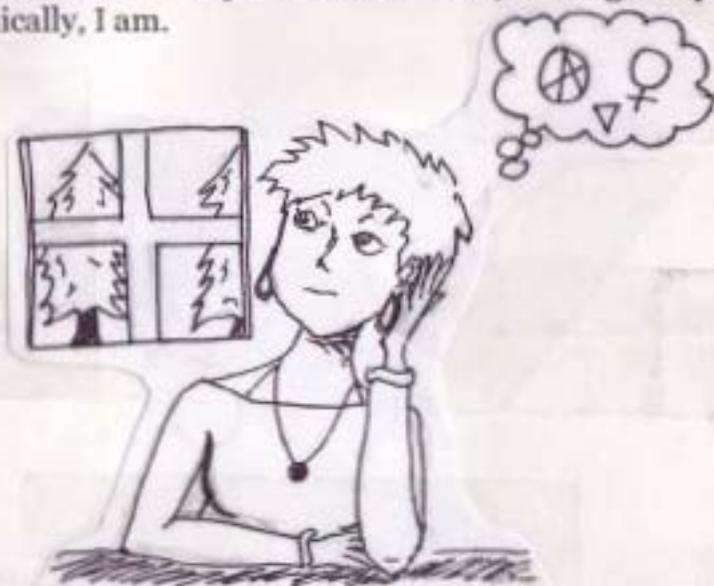
Are Political Labels Incompatible with Humanity?

I am writing this essay because I am a political human being. By *political* I mean that I do not support the current capitalist system we live under, I am dedicated to fighting all forms of oppression, and I'm interested in uncovering the way oppressions interlock: colonialism with racism, sexism with heterosexism, etc. By *human being* I mean I am sensitive and intuitive, I have moments of fullness and ecstasy when I write or make love or just feel late-afternoon sunlight on my cheeks. More often than not, the beauty and imperfection inherent in my humanity transcends my political ideologies: behind my public and highly assertive political persona lies something much softer and vulnerable, but something just as much a part of myself. This complex interplay of my various layers makes me hesitant to identify with any one political label.

While terms like 'anarchist' or 'feminist' or 'queer' are politically charged and are useful to unite people in these communities and around these issues, I feel that they are also stark and skeletal. They don't take into account the infinite nuance in every human being and every community.

For example, I do identify with much of what 'anarchist' means. Collective autonomy, no more state policing, and decentralized non-hierarchical society? Wonderful! However, there are elements of anarchy I feel conflicted about. Like the use of violence. Is violence necessary, and when does violence against institutions

become violence against individuals? Is property destruction violence? And how do you explain to non-anarchists that violence can be good? That violence of the oppressed is not an offensive attack (though it may be a discrete explosive episode), but rather a pent-up reaction, a response to the culmination of years of state-perpetuated violence, economic violence, institutionalized violence? Furthermore, how do you account for the major demographic of self-identified anarchists (young, white, and usually middle class?) And finally, after spending some time in a Zapatista community in Chiapas, I've come to see how the Zapatistas' indigenous culture and its inherent collectivity contradict the individuality of Western anarchism. Because of all of these uncertainties I have, I am hesitant to call myself an 'anarchist', although maybe technically, I am.



The same goes for the word 'feminist.' Again, at first glance, someone could easily label me a feminist. I fight for an end to sexism, equality between the sexes and among the genders, as well as equality among all women, regardless of race, class, sexuality, etc. However, the term



'feminist' is loaded when one takes into account the dominant narrative of feminism in the US. The Women's Liberation movement was not, as we are often told, a middle-class white women's movement. Women of color feminism emerged just as early as white women's lib groups and often focused much more critically on interlocking forms of oppression. However, they were often marginalized by the NOW-style white liberal feminist agendas. But, we're not usually told this story, so we often perceive 'feminism' as the exclusive reactionary movement that it was. And sometimes it's hard to articulate what '*feminisms*' plural look like in the wake of the second wave. Only when we define feminism as a struggle to end all forms of oppression by *utilizing a gender lens* would I wholly identify with this term.



My relationship with queerness is an interesting case. "Queer" a word I haven't come to embrace, for a number of reasons. First, I find it hard as an exploratory, creative, and fluid human being to separate my sexuality from the rest of my *self*. Why are those who identify as 100% straight exempt from compartmentalizing their

lives in this way? I am a 21-year-old woman whirling through life, taking up space in ways that feel right. My sexuality is only one small part of this process. It's hard for me to just reach into my core and yank out my sexuality, to label it and categorize it and put it in a box. Also, I sometimes feel 'not queer enough' to embrace this term or to identify with this community. I've recently had two experiences that made me feel this way. First, I was the target of an insensitive offhand comment that made me feel like my sexuality was devalued. Almost as if I was just faking my attraction to women and just experimenting with something I would later reject.

second instance was part of a much more complicated issue, in which my inexperience with women, my lack of relationship experience in general, and my attraction to men was a factor in one woman's not wanting to be with me. Because I don't necessarily fit the model of what 'queer' is supposed to be (and I'm honestly a bit pissed at how much queerness is measured), I hesitate to present myself with this identity and all of its expectations in mind.

I think what labels like 'anarchist' and 'feminist' and 'queer' often do is limit us with a prescribed set of norms: dress, mannerisms, interests. And I think once this happens, these labels become *kitsch*. As Milan Kundera puts it in *The Unbearable Lightness of Being*, "kitsch excludes everything from its purview which is essentially unacceptable in human existence." Kitsch is a glossing over, a streamlining of humanity that I think simultaneously unites and sentimentalizes. When we become formulaic in our political identities, we lose our

own individual humanness in the process – we lose what is unacceptable to that identity or that hegemon.

I think we've got to pay more attention what calls to our individual souls – who we are, tender and intricate, deep down. One of my favorite things to do these days is look at big trees and think about how old they might be, what they lived through, how far their roots extend into the ground. I also love writing poetry and dancing crazily to Daft Punk with my wonderful housemates. I love drinking tea under my covers while chilly Ann Arbor winds beat against my windows. I loved the feeling of tilled earth under my feet when I worked on a farm this past May. Where does this all fit in? These are all just pieces of me, pieces of me that make it almost impossible to label myself as anything but just *me*. These are the raw, bare, utterly human parts of myself and they don't fit into the boxes we've created to define our political identities. These boxes don't have the space to hold the wholeness of me and you and everything we are.

It's hard to stay clear of labels in a totally categorized world. But to succumb to them entirely is to confine our humanity. Our complex humanity. And complexity is beautiful.





our favorite ways to MASCURBATE--
(which is, of course, self-love!)

In the library. (Grad library bathroom -
before work!) ✓

✓ in the tub → totally

✓ with company ✓✓✓

in class (during boring lectures)
while watching REAL dyke porn

(crash pad, nofuckxx,

pink & white productions)

✓✓ with ^{ice} cubes! ✓

with Anais Nin's Delta of Venus

while thinking about the universe

in front of my lover(s)!

with glasses off

in a garden

in English Gardens

in thigh high nylons

& heels & a tie

at Naked Riot! meetings

while baking

anywhere outside

Patchy Paul 😊

"wet should be a color"

-Madison Young

A bike inner tube spliced & tied
The whip has seven arms equal in width & length
When shook lightly

It sounds like a rattlesnake

Z runs fingers across the length of the whips
Presses lips on the tips and slowly
licks one of them

X tries to feel one but is forced
Onto hands & knees

And quivers like a dog at the vet
It is the love of the father

X craves

Cruel & unwavering

Whether harsh or tender

His eyes are always upon you

X seeks punishment & approval

From the same place

The seven arms swiftly graze

X's left asscheek

And X jolts forward slightly

It feels like seven fathers

spanking X for running in front of traffic

Or snacking before dinner

An omniscient eye

Means one is worth watching

A slap of punishment

Means one is worth saving

The arms move faster & harder

Leaving no patch of skin unscathed

Each slap accompanied by a slow caress

Occasionally a hand slides between the

legs to make sure it's ~~wet~~ always wet

Like an eyeball



The whip erases all sentimentality
The arc of its movement
Creates a gyre of power
Telling the body over & over again
It must submit.

Z expertly pulls on a pair of latex
gloves, Slap slap.
and turns X's face toward the plaid pillow
X waits painfully to see if a slap or
a caress will come, not sure
which one would be better.

X calls out sharply and Z stops
for a moment to run a gentle hand
Over the pulsating ass. Those
whose affection is hardest won
is the deepest sort of pleasure.

A hand slides under the body, sloping
upward at the breast, tweaking
the nipple, and then between
the legs again
It slides deftly inside
Soft & dripping like a throat

Fingers curl hard against the wall
As if trying to emerge thru
the bellybutton. The other hand
massaging the clit, not letting
go, strangling it
The clit struggles to be free
By swelling
By swelling & hardening,
But is caught in the grip

Dripping toward the edge of the latex
The wrist, the elbow, aching
to be swallowed in wetness

A palm slaps against the middle
of the right asscheek
and suddenly the fingers are
swallowed down the throat,
can't breathe suffocated in
wetness

* Check the ones you agree with! *

Favorite Acts of Self-love

- taking myself to the food co-op for Kombucha & Caracol.
- ✓✓ dark chocolate Many many desserts
- ✓✓ making good, healthy food // tea-drinking

✓✓✓ MASTURBATION! (duh!)

- forgiveness

GETTING A FULL NIGHT'S SLEEP...!

✓✓ long bike rides!

lying in warm grass, drinking grape soda.

lying in my hammock and pulling my heels against my hips.

- laying in bed with books, pajamas & tea ✓✓
- Feeling my curves with my hands ✓✓

quitting
the
nicotine

TALKING
About self-love
mmm...meta



[skip]



Traveling on ✓
the open road ✓

- and sending them love. ✓✓✓
- listening to my own intuition/inner voice. ✓✓✓

THIS! (zining) ✓

- Wine in the bathtub ✓
- Walks with my dog ✓
- Dancing around naked to riot grrrl ✓
- Tattoo time ✓
- listening to Don Mitchell & burning incense & running! ✓
- wrapping myself in flannel ☺ ✓
- getting my hair into a mohawk + combat boots ✓
- taking time for art ✓✓✓
- writing always, always, always ✓✓✓

growing my own food ✓
growing plants ✓
having things around me ✓
giving/receiving → giving myself a back rub! ✓

message ✓
staying sober! ✓
self-portraiture ✓

Being honest... even if it means losing a friend ✓✓

BLOGGING.

- Spending quality time with my kitten ✓✓

DABS with myself ✓✓

getting off of facebook...

NAKED PARTIES!



! incorporate!
I think
not!

What are YOUR favorite
acts of self-love? ♡

Write here! ↓

Where
does all my



\$ money \$
99%

Science Has A FATHER

I use religious or mythological imagery to project my ideals and dreams. This kind of imagery is a place of freedom where anything goes. I live by the idea that I am connected to all things and thus I like symbolism that reflects that. For instance, I might say, "trees are thought by some to be the conduits between the earth and heavens." I think of this as the way trees are my psychic antennae that connect me to my surroundings.

When I mention an idea like this for fun in passing, I unfortunately face a lot of non-threatening opposition from people who cannot play with language in this way. They say something about how science has proved this can't be true, shortly thereafter, they probably mention something about Darwin. "There is no god," they say and it's a statement that will not budge. However, I can't help but think that a statement that overrules all is one that is rooted in the false certainty of stereotypical masculinity.

I cannot comprehend science and religion as completely separate entities unto themselves. Popular religion and the scientific model have a common vein that runs through them: patriarchy. At least religious symbolism can be appropriated to be pro-feminine or pro-androgyny, like in the case with trees (since they are genderless). The scientific model—at least in the way it is perceived by many—is based in the idea of absolute truth. To state "there is no god" doesn't accomplish what it sets out to, which is to state a mere fact. Rather, it reinforces the idea that someone knows better; there's no room for self-determined dreams, ideals, or hope. All that exists is the "truth" that war, corruption, dominance, and this kind of power are inherent. Along with this, subordination is an accepted "truth," as well—the power of who can kill whom. There are more truths in the world than just this. I will not base my life off of this. I will not live in a system of absolutes like this.

When accepting the scientific model as the end-all-be-all, people also don't think about how Western religious "truth" influenced it and therefore the two can be connected. The connection is more apparent when comparing and considering various situations.

Here are some more examples:

- The confessional /// the examining room
- Eugenics /// religious texts used for justification of a peoples extermination
- The caduceus as medical and religious symbol
- Procreation as sole focus of sexuality
- Obsession with hygiene (moral purity)
- People = objects of a greater ideology
- People ≠ individuals with individual needs
- Doctor /// priest: Males figures of authoritative knowledge
- Rejection of intuition/ self-knowledge & assertion of the idea that individuals need to be TOLD how to live their lives
- Use of guilt
- Nun /// nurse
- White gerbs



I want those who give me the supposedly absolute statement "there is no god" to understand that in absolutes, there lies oppression, whether it's religious or scientific. Understanding its limitations and connections to oppression, I use religious imagery to think about freedom. Using science in a similar vein is probably possible, as well. Both science and religion can be used to shut people down, but fortunately, they also can be used to think about consciousness and possibility.

GENESIS

After all, who engendered
this whole business. I was born
with between my legs

a fig leaf & a faucet, that's it,
no Cyclops serpents coiled hungry
or caves lined with gems & fangs.

I wasn't born at all. On the first day
I sprang from a sperm
donor's fleshy forehead

& have knot by knot untied them

arrow-straight

into the midst of playgrounds
where

& have spent since then untying them

wide-mouth fists squawked

faggot

& still have not untied them all.

& fisted whispers stripped me down

tying bitter knots in God

A bleeding woman is unclean!

Unclean!

unto the schoolyard dust my blood

to dyke & Leviticus knocked me off
my favorite swing. I skinned

& heard children's voices.

A woman is unclean, a man is not

my knee.

I am not unclean, I have returned
a woman. I have returned

a woman, I am not a man,
a woman is unclean, a man is not

Daphne

When I think about it,
(if I think about it),

it is the wax wood sapling
of myself that I remember,

the part that broke itself off
and rooted in the sidewalk

when my limbs stiffened,
when his hand slipped beneath

my skirt and all I could think
about was Daphne, the seeming

cruelty of her transformation
from flesh to wood,

forever immobile, forever grafted
to that place of her pain,

her arms outstretched in laurel
leaf branches that Apollo

would plunder for his crowns.
My body is no longer made of

skin, it is bark, just bark,
dead wood and dead leaves,

nothing but a dried out knot
where my soul used to live.

Consumerism & Zine/Radical elitism

i know a lot of zines & radical circles promote a lifestyle that is inaccessible to those who aren't white/middle-class/living in a progressive area.

eating organic/vegan/sustainable food isn't always possible if you can't afford/access that type of food. In addition vegetarianism/veganism is a very WHITE diet & doesn't fit into all cultures. It is the diet of the privileged (and those w/ health problems!)

dumpster diving is another activity promoted by zine/radical communities. However, the risk of participating in illegal activity is MUCH more serious if you're not a privileged, white person.

in our last issue of the Naked Riot! we advocated nudity & safe promiscuity. i still consider them to be potentially liberating, but i also recognize that they mean different things for different people. Religious differences, a history of sexual abuse, body size, ethnicity, & other social identities all affect our relationships to our bodies & sexuality.

Ultimately, dear Reader, i want YOU to decide what's best for you to be healthy & happy. maybe that means covering every inch of skin. maybe it means eating meat & shopping at chain stores b/c they're cheaper.

While the choices we make about food & lifestyles are politically powerful, we must recognize the elitism of many health / radical movements. We must create more access to healthy / sustainable foods, & recognize that

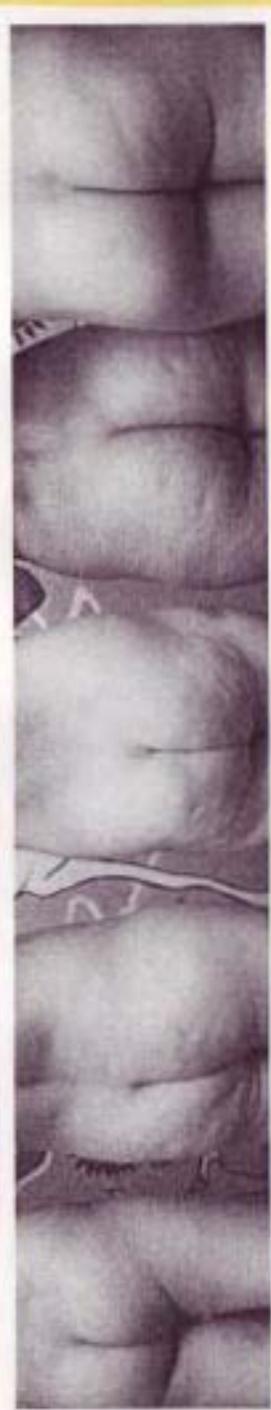
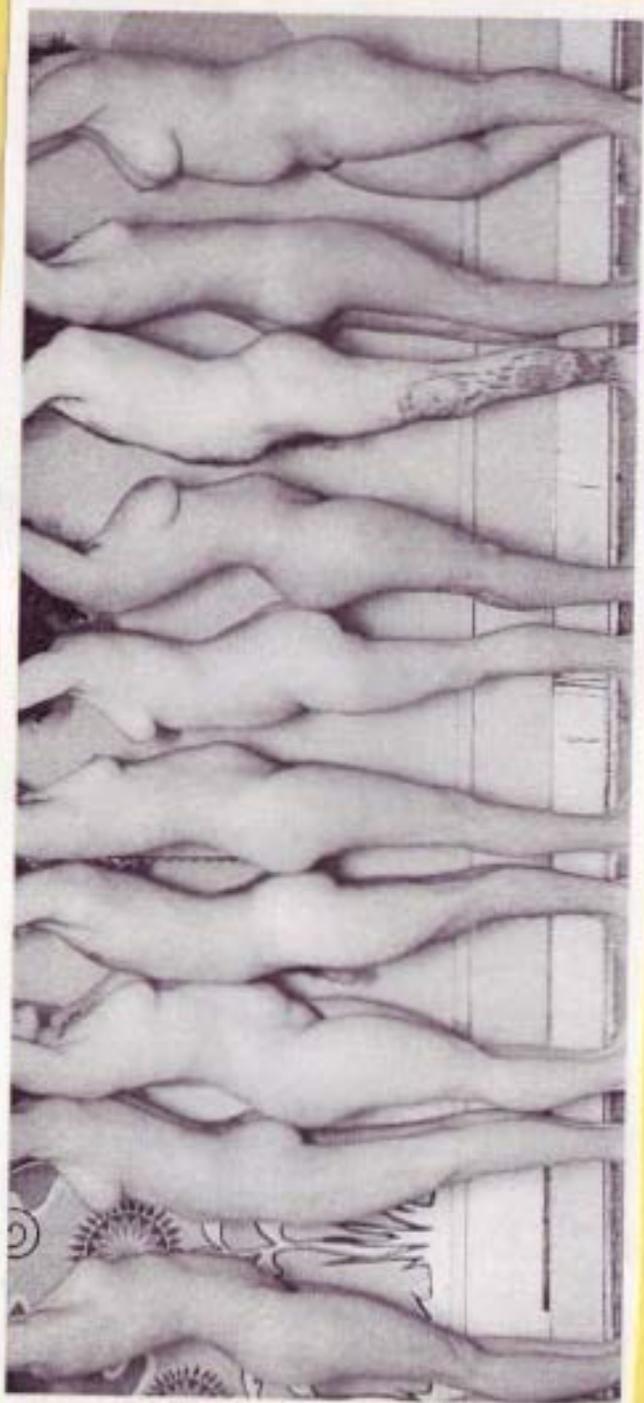
ONE LIFESTYLE DOES NOT
FIT ALL.

Instead of scourning someone for eating meat or buying clothes made in sweat shops, use that energy to attack the INSTITUTIONS that participate in animal cruelty / sweatshops/etc. Self-righteousness is ultimately futile. ~~It's not about~~

~~It's not about~~ Spread information about how Chipotle uses tomatoes ~~not from~~ picked by workers atrociously underpaid, & American Apparel CEO Dov Charney sexually assaunts his employees.

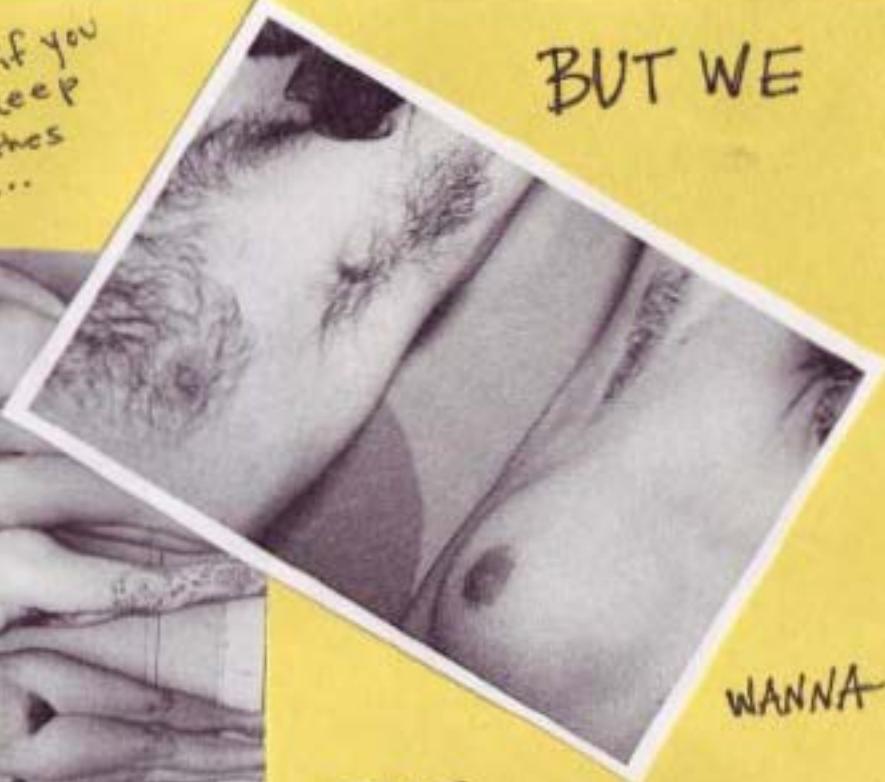
EDUCATE THE
CONSUMER,
ATTACK THE
CORPORATION!

and let
everyone
make their
own
decisions



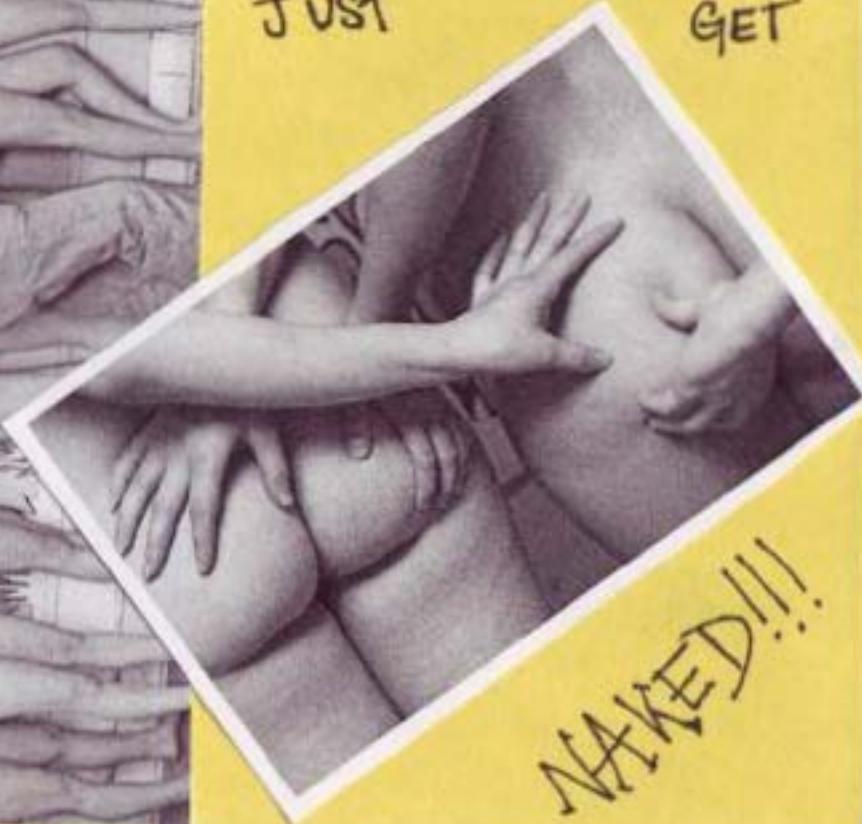
HEY,
it's cool if you
want to keep
your clothes
on...

BUT WE



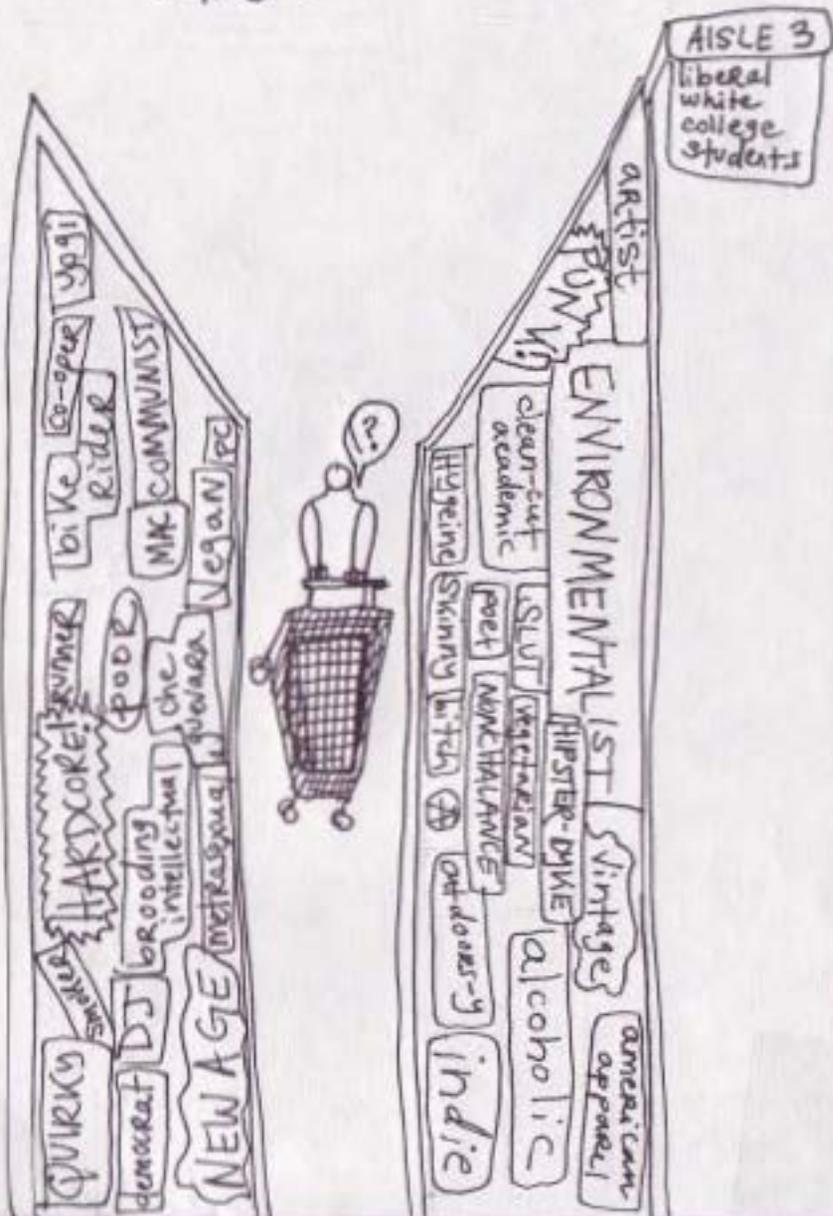
WANNA
GET

JUST



NAKED!!!

don't let capitalism
sell you an identity...



Noun * ism:

- noun

1. an all-purpose term contracted into the human language
2. intended to define, brand, and simplify people's identities, environments, and other things.
3. to create divisions and divert actual identities

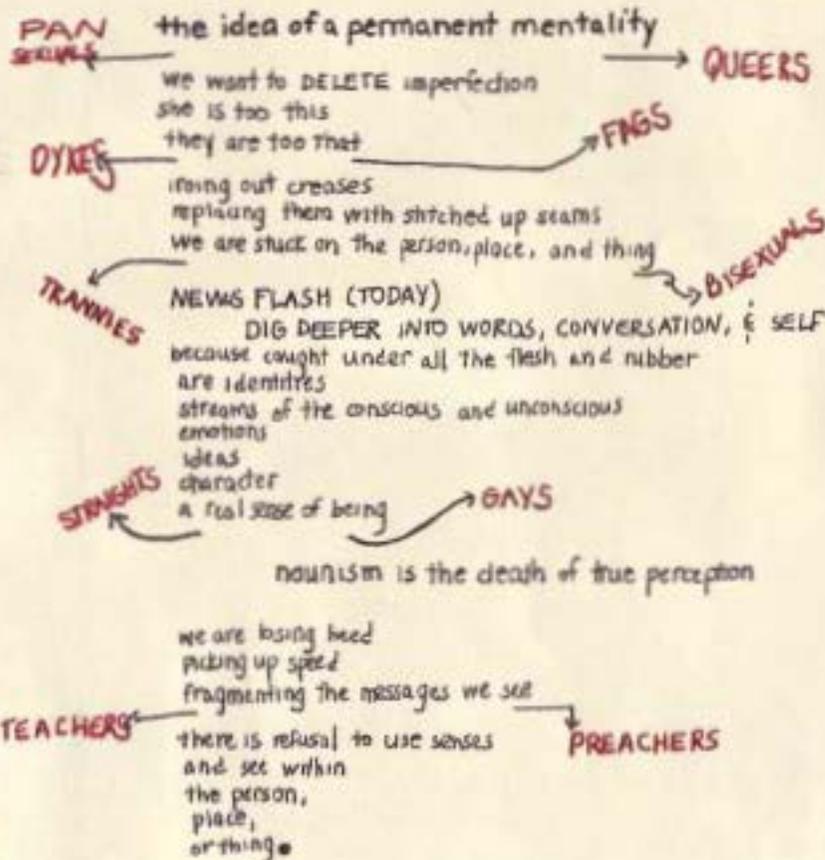
losing control of

person,

place,

or thing

we are stuck on



laziness is a myth.

I believe humans naturally want
to be productive & creative

the idea of laziness is a capitalist
construction made to make you feel
guilty about not being productive

to condemn you for not being enthused
about the limited opportunities
placed before you.

laziness might be yr body resisting a
life you do not want.

examine when you are tired & when you
are energized: what do you see?

when are yr energy levels high or low?
How do You Really want To Live Yr Life?

energy needs Passion: yr body might be
trying to tell you-

hey! this lifestyle wasn't made for me!

Let's make our own!!

xxxxrlifeylifemylifemylifemylifemylifemylifemy

xxxxxx(lu111notxxxxxbamsdetofoeel
xxxxxxmalixxxkxxxtt111

That voice that "speaks" in feelings quietly beneath the noise in your head, it tells you when not to follow that someone home on a dark night OR when to rest and wait or follow your heart.

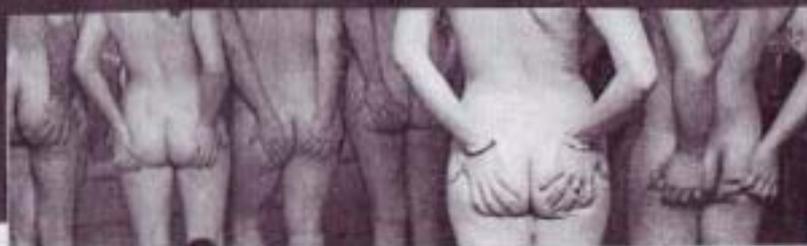
♥ It is a ♥
Revolutionary ♥
act to love ♥
and trust ♥
yourself ♥

However small and irrational this voice seems. Try it once - follow it, I mean. Today, tomorrow, whenever. And see if it's right. And remember too, if before a major mistake OR a right move, you had a small feeling that

knew all along.

the kind of solace I've found in solitude Has rocked my notion of what it means to abstract
The commotion and thrust
Of the wild, wired external world
Pounding against my every surface
Infiltrating every pore
Leaves me, every time
A brittle, plaster shell
So I've taken to my quiet parts
My shyer self
The tender, the temperate
The oftentimes hidden

Behind a public mask of extroversion
And kitsch
And here I breathe a cleaner air
Here, I crawl into the depths of my gore
And navigate the tunnels and crevices
Of introspection
Leaving, time and again, with a
Self-inflicted beauty,
An autocreation of fulfillment
And only then do I feel whole.



Consider the demands placed on each of us, either directly or implied, that are present in our society. Through various channels, by the time we are teenagers, we all receive the very clear messages that to be successful, one must be: thin, rich, attractive, powerful, sexually active and sexually open, self-confident, invulnerable, able to cope with all forms of personal and professional challenges and have an exciting profession.

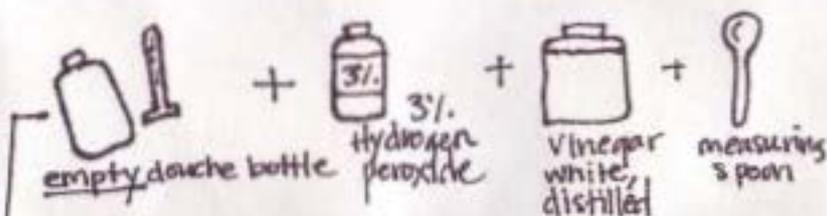
● **Nowhere** on that list are the values of wisdom, integrity, a loving nature, non-judgemental attitudes, clear thinking skills, and concern for the well-being of others.

— Caroline Myss



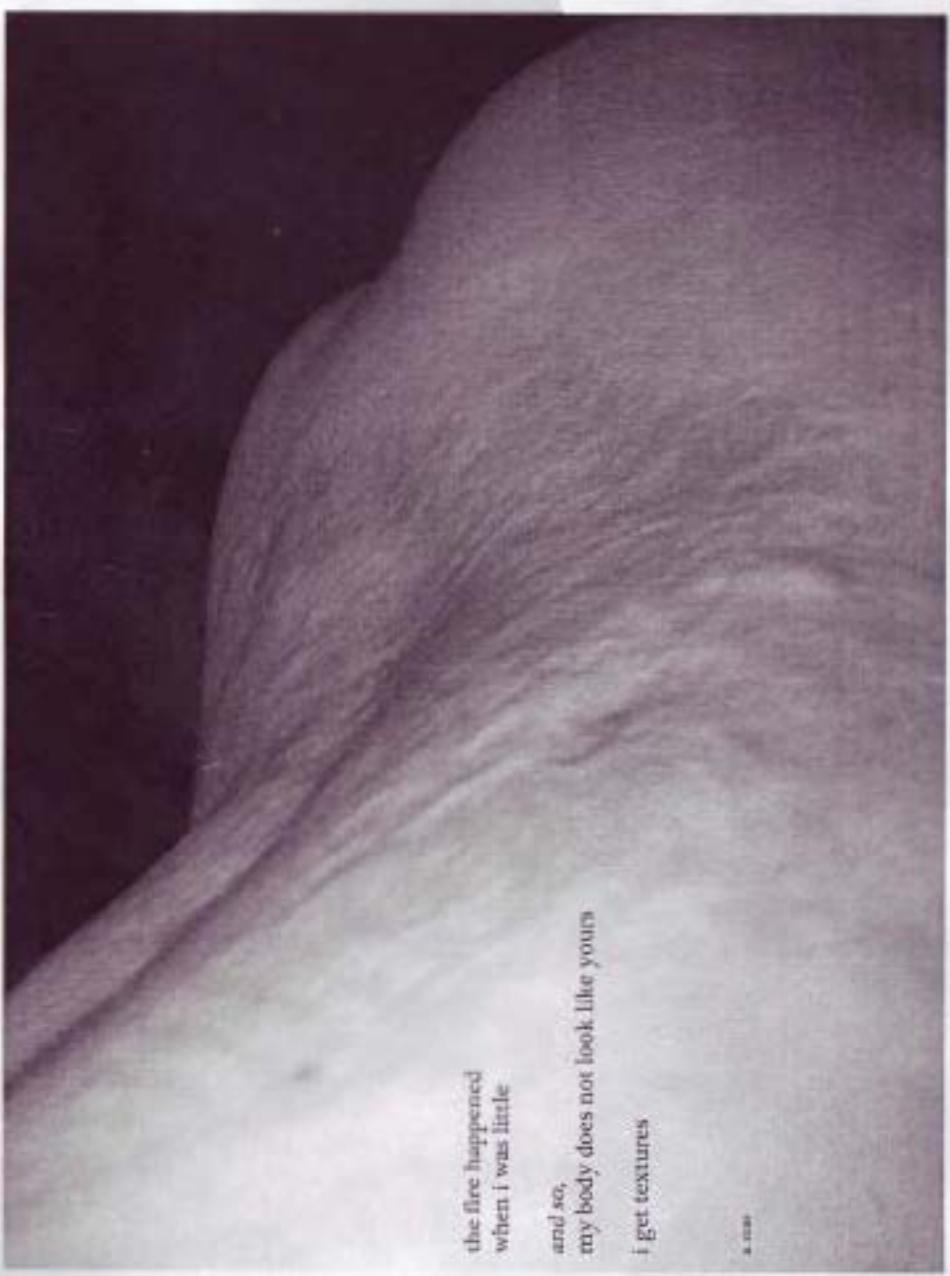
so here's the thing--when you take antibiotics to kill your yeast infection, you actually make it easier for the yeast to come back as you're also killing the "good" bacteria in the vagina that fights off yeast. So...there are many natural ways to fight yeast infections one of them (my favorite) involves a lil bit of 3% hydrogen peroxide, white vinegar, some measuring utensils, H2O, and a douche bottle:

RECIPE:



And no worries, peroxide (hydrogen) is naturally produced in the vagina and vinegar helps restore the vaginal pH. ALSO: mixing this remedy with a proper yeast inhibiting diet is fairly crucial--namely cutting out yeast-friendly sugars INCLUDING Fruit, but also white flour, and anything fermented like alcohol, soy sauce etc. Introducing 'good' bacteria (Acidophilus, Lactobacillus) found in capsules at health food stores and in yoghurt, Kombucha and the like. So try this out, experiment, do some more research tweak the recipe a bit to suit your needs but please PLEASE don't automatically go out and buy monostat or god forbid dyflucan one more time until you try this!

So take the emptied douche bottle, put in 1 and 1/2 - 2 Tbsp 3% hydrogen peroxide, 1/2 Tbsp vinegar & fill rest of it with clean water. You may need to play with the ratios to suit your own body, but this is what works for me. Do this douche over the toilet so it flows into the toilet. Do it 1-2 times per day for 3 days at least, following the above diet as well. You can also keep the same douche bottle for a while if you keep it clean and take care of it.



the fire happened
when i was little

and so,
my body does not look like yours
i get textures

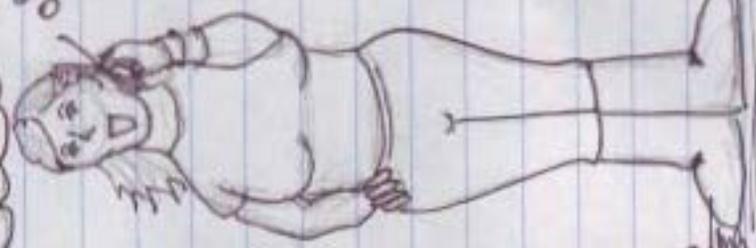
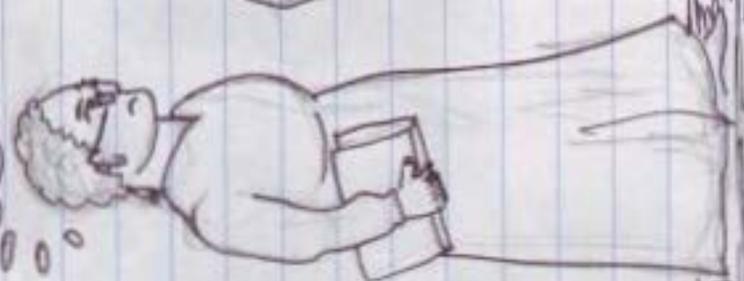
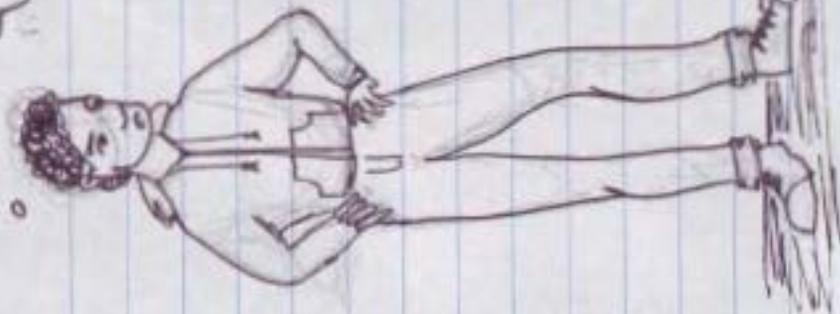
© 1999



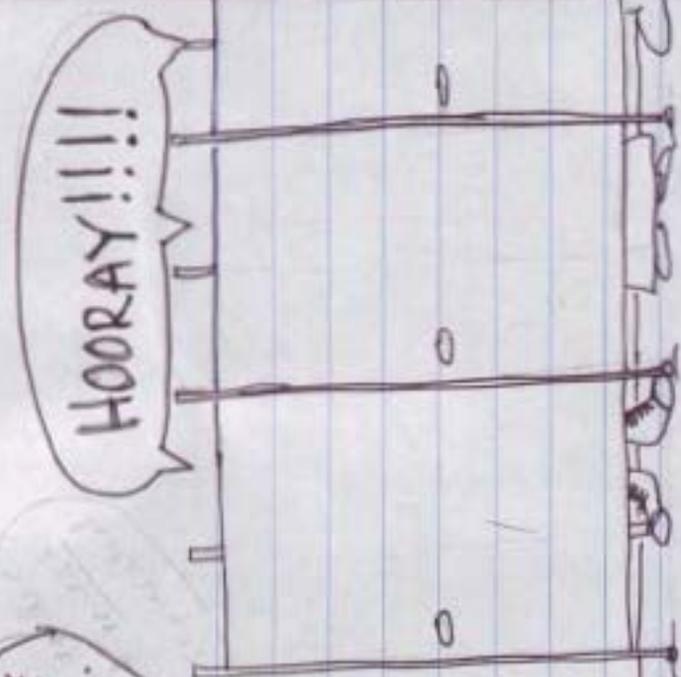
HAIR for
SALE

I only wear
shoes on the
beach

I hate waiting in long lines to use the bathroom. Men's room lines are hardly ever this long.



man, as a transgender
with bathrooms of choice, bathroom
segregation often functions regramatically
to enforce the idea that gender is a
binary and we must
be separated.



you can pee wherever you like!
regardless of gender!

My first orgasm was...

- in a tree... 5-8 years old
- it was an accident!
- I was ten - I had no idea what happened, only that I had to wait a couple of hours to keep going
- mom said: "don't forget to rinse all the sand out with the removable shower head." and then all my showers were 25 min. long
- I've masturbated as long as I can remember, but once I masturbated in class in 2nd grade.
- I was 8 yrs. old and was climbing the big rope connected to the ceiling in the elementary gymnasium.
- 16 years old, in the shower. Shower water never felt so good 😊. I've done it ever since.
↑ me too... but I was 12 - then one time my mom walked in on me because she thought I was smoking cigarettes in the bath tub... I kept doing it anyway
- I was a sophomore in college in our room I was experienced for the first time I think I knew about it but this found my hand losing it self I was so surprised. Still the feeling eludes me I do not know. Fuck I'm drunk. I want to sleep.
- During nap time at Bright Circle preschool
~~When~~ The folds in the mat felt good I was a

3-13-07



Cassandra-



Ahhh! Love is so confusing!

Jon was much better, when

he was just a friend and

my love remained in this journal.

Nothing is official yet,

but he is like a shadow, I know

quite well that he likes me,

but I refuse to please

the gossipers who would tease me if it was official. I like smart boys.

Jon is not very smart.

I like Ben more.

I think this ought to be

the last time I mention Love.

↑ Age 12 Sixth grade Still in denial...



trying again, for the usual reason - my mom

Fuck her for criticising me!

"Oh Molly, you're 12 years old!"

Can't you take care of your own hair!"

(My hair is fine!!)

Well mom, you're 48.

Wouldn't it be a good time
to stop smoking and drinking,

to start exercising and to start

taking better care of your overall health?

you God, some people!

And sometimes she's so nice!

Why can't she see I'm me?

Not her, me! My

hair is mine, my clothes are mine,

my room is mine!

I want to be me for fucks sake!

dream

It involved Enya Crofts - I am now obsessed
with
and it was indescribably lovely.

I dreamed we were lovers...

we kissed etc. but it wasn't sexual
at all, - I loved her far too much

for it to be sexual.

Enya is so beautiful...

as a musician, as a person,
and, on a more shallow note, physically

I love being bi.

You know, - I don't think I've

ever really written

about being bi before...

Oh, and - **SAPERE AUDE!** (dare to be

wise in Latin - my new motto.)

↑ I never
discussed
it again! (Age 13)

Yay!
Finally!

Feminist & Queer Positive Movies!

This list is by no means
exhaustive and everyone's
def. of feminism/queerness ^{is diff-}
_{event!}

- 
- How To Make An American
Quilt • The Joy Luck
Club • Persepolis • But
I'm A Cheerleader • The
Long Kiss Goodnight •
Hedwig & The Angry Inch
• Erin Brockovich • Thelma
& Louise • The Color Purple
• Elizabeth • Frida • Little
Women • Aliens • Fried
Green Tomatoes • Practical
Magic • Daughters of The
Dust • The New World •
If These Walls Could Talk
• Yentl • Beloved • Shortbus
• Hairspray (the original) •
• All About My Mother (maybe) •
• Handmaid's Tale • Mysts
of Avalon • North Country •
Shortbus • (watch it again!)

E-mail us more @
thenakedriot@gmail.com!

READING LISTS

Books of sorts - Make/shift magazine
White like me - Tim Wise

This Bridge called My Back + Homegirls - Kitchen Table Press
The dream of a common language - Adrienne Rich
Living my life - Emma Goldman

business books to re-
examine sexuality
(for men)
Microasian Publishing, Boxcar, Fusion Fruit...
Doris, Crisley Road, Jane

DYKES to WATCH out for, Funhome - ALISON BECHDEL
Dreaming in Cuban - Cristina Garcia
If not winter - Sappho (Anne Carson)

All About Love - bell hooks
Krik? Krik! - Edwidge Danticat
At the Bottom of the River - JAMALICA KINCAID
THE WHIPPING GIRL - JULIA DEBRAND

my gender workbook - KATE BOZINSKI

THE LESBIAN BODY - M. DAIQUE WITIG
Written on the Body - JEANETTE WINTERSOHN

Borderlands - Gloria Anzaldúa
Sister Outsider - AUDRE LORDE
MOTHERLAND - CHERYL SAVAGRAM

Nobody Passes - MATILDA STAMBORE BERNSTEIN
PATRICIA SMITH
KERRY OLSON

BLOGS AND BORN

indi p chase . com - Future Perfect (BLOGS)
www.fantipower.com
brownfemipower.com
brownfemipower.blogspot.com
mxcocohs15.blogspot.com
raciblog.us
eminist.us / nofowaxx
Crash pad series, nofowaxx, pink & white productions

CONQUEST - ANDREA SMITH
MAKING SPACE FOR INDIGENOUS FEMINISM
Moderato cantabile - Marguerite Duras

Anatomy of the Spirit and The Creation of Health - Caroline Myss
Persepolis! (Both)

Three cited for possession of alcohol in dorm

WHERE: West Quadrangle
WHEN: Yesterday at about 1:50 a.m.
WHAT: Three University students are being

...IN OTHER NEWS... →

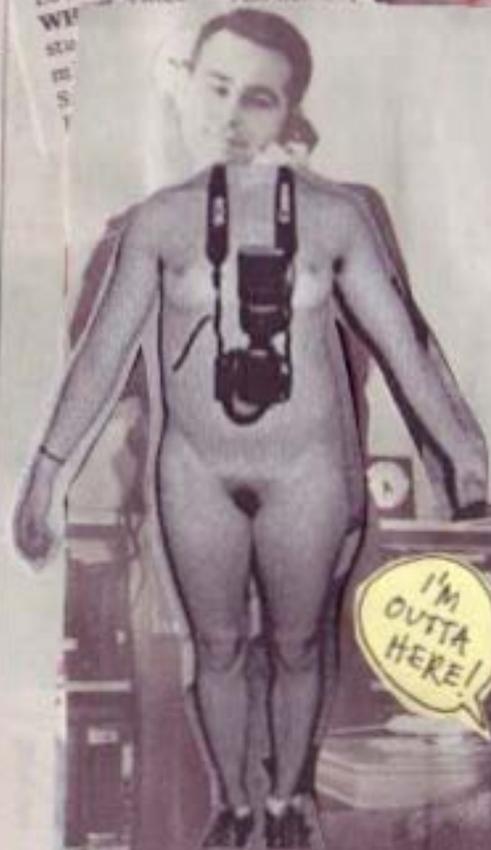
Bucket stolen from Stockwell

WHERE: Stockwell Residence Hall
WHEN: Saturday at about 11:45 a.m.
WHAT: A bucket was stolen from Stockwell Residence Hall.

Monday, November 24, 2008

MICHIGAN DAILY

Ann Arbor, Michigan



I'M OUTTA HERE!



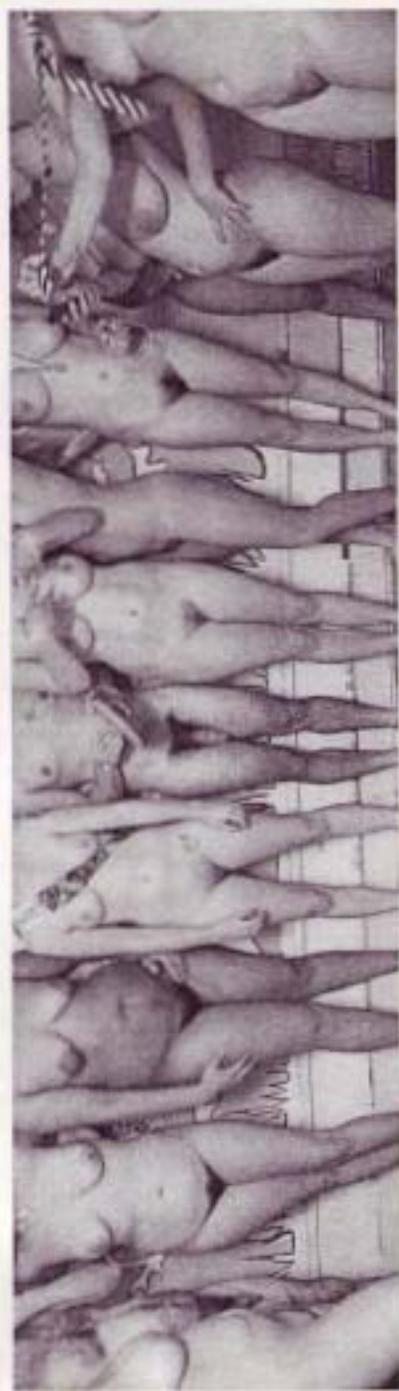
Bursley Hall door damaged

WHERE: Bursley Residence Hall
WHEN: Yesterday at about 3:30 a.m.
WHAT: An officer found a door damaged in Bursley

Mercury spilled at 'U' building

WHERE: Computer Science and Engineering Building
WHEN: Saturday at about 5:10 p.m.
WHAT: A University employee accidentally spilled mercury on the floor, University Police reported.

Health, of Occup handled ing the l reporter



THANK YOUs!

- Inter-Cooperative Council
- Vail Co-Op (& all co-ops in general)
- Naked Party participants
- Readers & supporters of the zine
- Anyone who gets naked at the beach (but keeps their shoes on)
- Anyone who challenges the gender binary

This zine is also dedicated to , your strength & insights helped create the vision of this zine. We hope you find it healing. I love you!



CHECK US OUT
AT
www.thenakedriot.org

SEND US YR
THOUGHTS
AT
[the naked riot @ gmail . com](mailto:thenakedriot@gmail.com)

TO THE NAKED RIOT!
FROM The Patriarchy

DATE 11/24/2008 TIME 3:27 PM
AREA CODE NO EXT

MESSAGE

PHONED CALL BACK RETURNED CALL WANTS TO SEE YOU WILL CALL AGAIN SAVED MSG IN UNSENT

PHONE MESSAGE

lifenyliifenyliifenyliifenyliifenyliife