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THIS IS WHAT A FEMINIST LOOKS LIKE
This is a tribute, dedicated to a woman who has lived and experienced endless amounts of loss and obstacles, but has never ceased to keep pushing forward, to enrich the lives of others, and to promote an environment of peace, love, and understanding to all those around her.

A woman who experienced the death of her twin at age fifteen, the death of her boyfriend at age seventeen, an unexpected pregnancy at age eighteen which forced her to drop out of high school and become married to an abusive man who was not the biological father of the child. Subsequently, a couple years later, she remarried a man who she could not connect to, and who fathered her second child. Seven years later, this woman moved away from her two children to leave them with that man who consistently threatened death to these children and herself if she tried to gain custody of them. This is a woman who worked second shift at a factory to support herself for over ten years; a woman who put herself through college after getting laid off from this job and graduated with honors while working full time, raising two young children, and caring for her mother with Emphysema.

This woman has overcome adversity, prejudice, oppression, and abuse and refused to let these things define her or hold her back from her dreams for the future. She has raised her children to be confident, outspoken, empowered, and tolerant. Never once has she complained about her suffering, never once has she blamed her situation on another human being. She has embraced hardship and birthed the fulfillment of hope.

This woman is my mother. As women, we must not only remember and seek to emulate the lives of the famous or the historic. We must look to our mothers, sisters, grandmothers, aunts, partners, or our best friends to give us the continued inspiration to keep pushing through the barricades of hate, intolerance, and abuse. The experiences of the lives of women closest to us should be held dearest to our hearts.

My mother is my best friend, and even in times of absence she has taught me the greatest lessons of my life. I am forever grateful to her love and support. It is my wish that all of you experiences for granted.
When I was in 5th grade, the principal called my Mom to inform her that I had been in a fight and I had a pink slip. The female explained to Mom that I had kicked a bully in the shin. They both giggled a little. I came home to a proud Momma that day. I learned there is always a time and place...
Oh somewhere in between...
I am acutely aware that I have rather, large breasts. The size of my voluptuous orbs has been a point of interest among my peers for a very long time.

Why? In fourth grade, I was told I had the “biggest boobs in class,” and before that, around the end of second grade, it was remarked that I stuffed my bra.

Traumatized by my unique chest size, I tried to hide their growing personality.

I did not succeed.

From middle school on, I would find that they could carry on lengthy conversations with those of the opposite sex.

Their girth has thus been a bane to my existence. If they are not attracting all the attention by simply sitting pleasantly by, they go into hysteric!

They jiggle and wiggle and make an embarrassing show of gymnastics.

I am often flustered by their brazeness.

Trying to contain their theatrical attitudes, I encase them in a bra.

Often this only seems to goad them into even more dramatic gestures of sexuality.

In response, I have thought, on an occasion or two, of tape them down with duct tape, or of securing them in a prison of tightly wound ace bandages.

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Much to my disapproval.

While these unorthodox practices may seem unusual, I must remember that you are not the one who has to put up with their antics day and night.

They stretch shirts.

They sway.

They bounce.

They are all together annoying!!

They have been known to glow, or so I’ve been told.

They cause back pain.

There is nothing I can do to stop them.

Now the only thought I give to these sacks of flesh is to find a bra capable enough of supporting their enormity from sagging any further!

As an old woman whose chest rises.

Resides somewhere around her hips.

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As an old woman whose chest rises.

Resides somewhere around her hips.
They told me to ease into it, soften these words up, well sorry guys that’s just not the way I feel my cup. Why should I soften blow, with everything I’ve been through and everything I know. Hey, God brought me through with words, so with words here I go.

I read once that pain is weakness leaving the body, so does that mean I’m suppose to thank him for what he did? Uh, how ‘bout no.

Painful experience after painful experience, I must be as strong as an Ox now, right? I mean I didn’t even put up a fight. I’m not gone cut yah like they do a cadaver, ‘cause I’m not a victim anymore I’m a survivor.

So, um, I think I’m pass on thanking the abusers of this world. Layin’ their life down for no one, yet try and strip me of mines. Well you almost broke me, good thing you failed. So screw you and your egocentric pompous lifestyle, whispering in my ear, talkin’ ‘bout lets turn the lights down.

You must have mistaken me for someone you put your hands on and made feel like a child, trying to be smooth thinking you had ‘em going all wild.

Thinking your playa pimp game will work on me. Try to strip me of my clothes and my dignity.

I’ve been down that road, already set my soul free, from them past haunting memories. Go look in the mirror and try to envision what she saw after what you did to her.

Broke her spirits, then tried to holla at me.

Only God will be able to set your soul free, man I pray for thee.

Pain is weakness leaving the body…I chuckle to myself when I hear that phrase, always shaking me outta my daze.

It’s like time stands still, everything’s made real.

Almost as if what you did, no longer in the past, brought to the fore-front. I had clouds in front of my eyes, I’m sorry, I’m have to be blunt.

You’re a sly, slick, sorry excuse for a man.

Thinking you’re somebody, making a woman flinch because you raise your hand.

Pssh, I wish you would...like I said before, I been there done that and back again, so wipe off your silly grin.

So, grow up, quit all your nonsense, got women sayin’ “I hate you, don’t leave me.”

What, you think you deserve some type of recompense for all that you did?

Must be crazy, snappin’ at me, I’m not your kid!

You know what, like I always say, just go kick rocks, stop tryin’ to play with my emotions. Your view of a woman is way off base, there’s no time for these pre-conceived notions. Somebody take this man, before I catch a case, tell ‘em not to offend…. Most of all, teach him to understand.

March 22, 2009

-Nas
How I dream about you at night. Kissing you, sliding my hands along your body and hips, rocking you back and forth, tilting your hips again. I imagine little noises you make -- I imagine little noises. 

...your hips again, rocking you and suck, to push against your clit, make your body sounds you make -- I imagine little noises at first, deepen as I stroke your clitoris with my tongue. How I feel your huddle against my mouth. To feel your huddle against my mouth. To feel the huddle of your cum as I stroke my tongue from your clit to your cunt. To put my tongue inside you, besting my face into you, my tongue inside stroking your warm, wet walls. To feel you contract around my tongue, pull me in, release, pull me in again. To feel you orgasm again. How long would you let me pleasure you like this, I wonder? How many times can I put my mouth on you, my hands exploring your hips, your back, your breasts? I feel like I could sink into you forever.
Omm...

lost to be

Realigning

I am ready?

Jownd
I wonder how much money it would make if I were a pink suit to an interview.

Will talented women and minority leaders hit the "stained" glass ceiling?
Dangerous Masquerade
Three generations of women impacted by verbal, emotional, and sexual violence. Bound and served up to the men in our lives. We must break the cycle of violence.
Fill in the Blank

I am not just words on paper:
Caucasian
female
lesbian
single
college educated
B.A. – B.S.
diplomas, resumes, tax forms,
a box to check or ignore
I am not some generic thing
a statistic on a page
I am not a Mad Lib,
to be filled in
by other people’s hands.

I have a fury inside me;
she screams beneath my skin,
hurls fistfuls of pain
at the world.

I am ripped apart,
sewn shut,
healed over,
scarred, broken,
heartless,
heartfelt
hallow and whole.

I have a goddess inside me;
she stirs inside my chest
complex, deep rooted.
She stretches her fingers
and I feel the universe expand
inside me.

And I wonder:

how many people do I walk by
not seeing
the things which stretch
beneath their skin?

We have forgotten how to see.

We are blind
and armed with pens,
are filling in the blank lines
of other people’s lives.

-By Christine Hall
Hello little girl, where is your doll?
Hello little girl, where is your pretty dress?
Hello little girl, where are your girlfriends?
Little girl, “I will go and get them.”

Hello young lady, shouldn’t you be standing up straight?
Hello young lady, are you in dance classes?
Hello young lady, are you dating someone special?
Young lady, “Well, I guess so.”

Hello woman, when will you be married?
Hello woman, how many children will you have?
Hello woman, what color are your curtains?
Woman, “If those are the questions you are going to ask, then you do not know me at all.”
I had a dream... we were flying together.

...to a place called home.
How do you give someone the universe?

By letting her go...

By letting her go discover it for herself.
INTERESTED IN ACTIVISM?
FEMINISM?
SOCIAL JUSTICE?

Activism enables us to change social attitudes, gain power and influence within our communities those things we want to see changed for the better. Learning how to organize consciousness raising, direct action and educational campaigns can give you the tools to positively affect people’s lives. Social change is attainable when the voice of the people is rallied around a common cause.... Opening up a whole new world possibility.

Feminist Activists at ISU will provide students with needed skills to tackle important issues by training them to develop and use strategies for political action and social change. Direct action organizing, the ins and outs of electoral politics, and how to coordinate educational campaigns are just some of the areas in which Feminist Activist at ISU provides training. After training, the group chooses issues they want to address for the academic year, and then organizes campaigns and projects on those issues.

(Adapted from Iowa Women Initiating Social Change group description)

WANT MORE INFO? CONTACT KENDRA: kkmalone@iastate.edu
CHECK US OUT ON FACEBOOK: FEMINIST ACTIVISTS AT ISU

THIS IS WHAT A FEMINIST LOOKS LIKE

Taking Charge
Making Change.
The Margaret Sloss Women’s Center would like to thank all of the amazing women who have contributed to this zine. If you are interested in getting involved in the zine creation next year, you can email womenctr@iastate.edu. Please put ‘zine’ as the subject line.

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