

# Spare Rib

INTERSECTIONAL FEMINIST ZINE AT DARTMOUTH  
VOLUME 1 | ISSUE 3 21S EDITION

**25** **SONGS** pg. 57  
*TO HELP YOU MAKE SENSE OF IT ALL*

**FEAR** FORCING YOURSELF  
**TO BE SMALL**  
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*OR*  
**HUMAN DOINGS**  
*CAPITALISM IS MAKING US CRAZY*

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The Transition Issue

## 1992 spare rib mission statement:

“The dialogue here involves both men and women ... only when we can come together to recognize the distinct talents of Dartmouth women, as well as root out the conflicts that still lurk, that we can all share the community comfortably. The mythical Eve discovered and revered knowledge, and Spare Rib appreciates that small step of the first woman to educate herself and make space for herself in a world of men ... Spare Rib will recognize the achievements of women across the spectrum ... There is room here for creative works and investigative pieces; for art and sports stories as well as news; for humor and seriousness. We are multifaceted and multitalented, and [bringing] our talents together can only help us celebrate our difference and unite our strengths.”

## 2020 spare rib mission statement:

The *Spare Rib* newspaper was first published in 1992 to highlight women’s accomplishments and persisting problems in the two decades following co-education at Dartmouth. Unfortunately, the paper’s editorial staff and approach represented a narrow, one-dimensional slice of feminism, and the paper went out of print after only a few years. Twenty-five years later, our goal reflects a movement that has evolved considerably since 1995. We are re-establishing Spare Rib to discuss struggles, achievements, and history of people and places beyond the center, hindered (but not constrained) by racism, classism, sexism and further means of oppression, through analysis, humor, and critique. Our struggles deserve recognition, our perspectives deserve to be voiced, and our strengths deserve to be celebrated.

## land acknowledgment

Spare Rib is created by students at Dartmouth College, a school built on Abenaki land that to this day prospers off Indigenous trauma.

## editors' letter

Transitions can contribute to growth — expanded insight, personal character development, or stronger bodies and minds. Our outlooks and identities change while new elements surface or old ones are altered. We find the growing pains are worth the growth.

But transitions can also be stagnant or regressive. This year was full of substitutions. Many people were abruptly pulled into quarantine, where exclusively online interactions and an excess of alone time led to forced self-reflection and (as said by an anon on Dartmouth Unmasked) social malnourishment. Others were compelled to labor in person, while workplaces became only more draining and dangerous. We saw continuous schedules and expectations despite the worldwide pandemic — no change in the face of huge change.

We witnessed a literal transition of power from one president to another, a shift in mass societal awareness of systemic issues, and a change from a pre COVID-19 era to a time that some are calling a “new normal.” Still, we face the systemic pains of the past. In March alone, we have seen two major mass shootings — one targeting Asian women in Georgia, another in a supermarket in Colorado — yet see no movement on gun reform. After worldwide protests flooded streets this past summer, America continues to propagate the prison-industrial complex. And 2021 has already broken records for anti-transgender legislation.

Today, in spring, snow melts and green grows, spurred by a transitory month of rain. We understand transition as metamorphosis. You can’t become a butterfly by merely attaching wings or melting the caterpillar. You also have to build a chrysalis and spend two weeks in the dark.

## the name “spare rib”

As written in the second chapter of Genesis, God took a rib from Adam, the first man, and from it fashioned Eve, the first woman, to serve as his companion. We propose a different origin story, in which **no one is merely a piece of flesh, second-thought, servile, or spare.**

Disclaimer: The views and opinions expressed in *Spare Rib* are those of individual authors and not necessarily reflective of the zine, writers, or staff as a whole, nor represented as wholly complete or correct information, nor intended to disparage any group or individual.

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# The *distortion* of Distraction

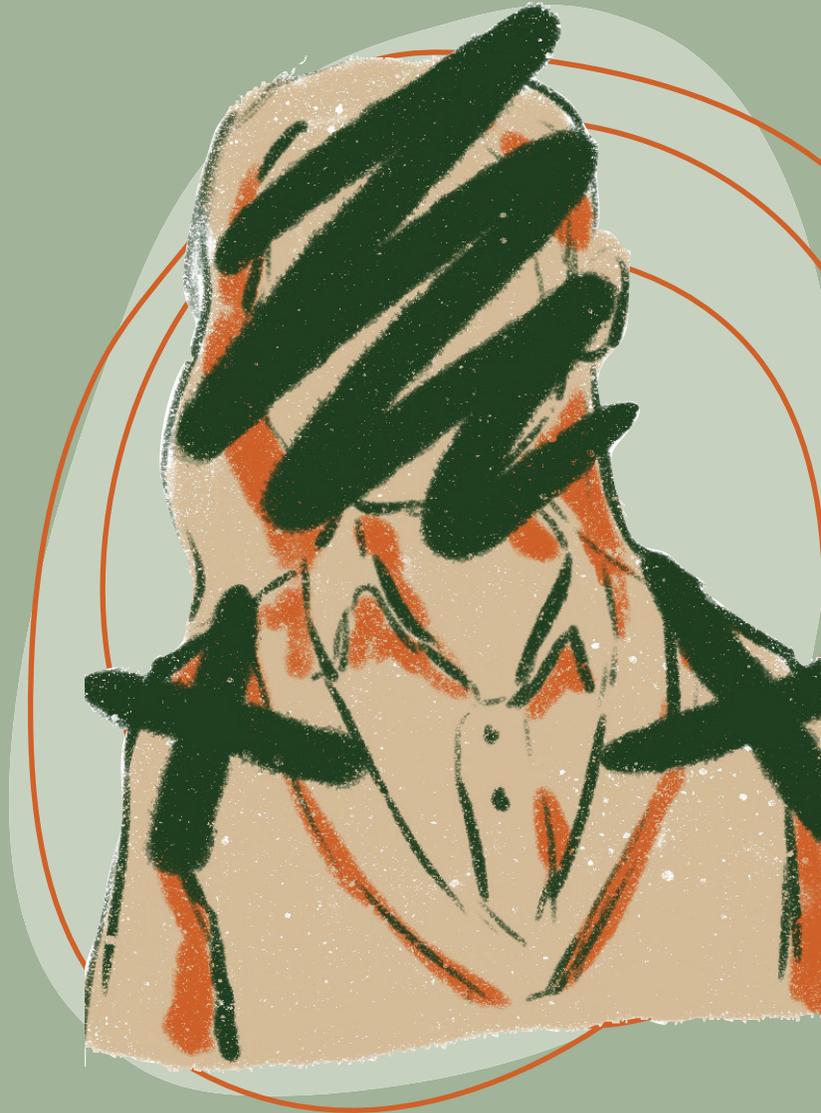
By: Arielle Morris  
Art By: Ashley Xie



I first questioned my school's dress code in my freshman year of high school. I transitioned from my middle school, which had a very strict dress code, to my high school, which had little to no enforced dress code. I was shocked to arrive on campus and see students dressed in short shorts, crop tops, and spaghetti straps, all of which were banned from my middle school. What surprised me even more was that no one seemed to be overly distracted by the female students' clothing. For years, I was told that the mere sight of my shoulder would distract male students to the point where they could no longer focus on their classes. In reality, this was not the case. Why is it that school administrators police the width of a tank top strap, claiming a child's shoulder is distracting to male students? Why is a shoulder sexualized when it is not a sexual part of the body? This prompted me to investigate why female students were subjected to unfair restrictions that seemed to serve no purpose.

School dress codes are extremely detrimental to young girls who are taught that they are simply a distraction, perpetuate rape culture through the sexualization of young girls, and are used to discriminate against the “other” races and genders.

Girls grow up in a society where they are treated as sexual objects who are viewed as inferior to men. Teaching girls at a young and impressionable age that their bodies are shameful is appalling. Society has already placed women at a disadvantage when it comes to success in the professional world, and jeopardizing their education places another obstacle in their way. School dress codes place more of an emphasis on controlling girls’ appearances than prioritizing their presence in the classroom, intelligence or contribution to the academic environment. When a female student is removed from the classroom because she is deemed a distraction to male students, she is being told her education is less important than every boy in her class.



In an attempt to avoid any theoretical distractions, dress codes act to preserve boys’ ability to learn at the expense of the girls’.

When girls are pulled out of class so an administrator can measure their clothes, they lose the opportunity to learn. Instead of prioritizing the education of male students at the expense of the female students, schools should place less of

an emphasis on girls’ clothing and spend more time and money educating today’s youth.

School dress codes perpetuate rape culture, which blames victims, excuses sexual violence, and objectifies women. Many schools explain their need for dress codes by asserting they are necessary to protect girls from unwanted, inappropriate attention. This suggests that the unwanted attention is inevitable, and, instead of disciplining boys who treat a girl with disrespect because of how she is dressed, schools force girls to change their clothes. Girls should not be forced to cover up to ensure boys will not go through the inconvenience of being distracted in class. The concept of school dress codes suggests that any amount of attention or violence is entirely the fault of the victim. This thought process leads to the objectification



of girls in schools. Administrators see them as sexual objects that need to be covered up to make sure the important students, the boys, are given all the tools for success. This sexualization is especially appalling when one considers that adult faculty members are claiming a child's body is distracting.

School dress codes discriminate against girls. As many dress codes are only applied to clothes commonly worn by female students, it is extremely easy to identify the discrimination. In a Utah high school, multiple yearbook pictures of girls who did not conform to the dress code were photoshopped to be more "school appropriate." This issue represents a misogynistic point of view, "especially since no male

pictures were altered." [1] Because the same yearbook included pictures of shirtless male students, parents and students pointed out the hypocrisy in the school's decision, it exposed a double standard where a girl's shoulder was deemed too "sexy" but a shirtless boy in the gym was deemed demonstrative of school spirit. Another school that discriminated through its dress code was Vista Murrieta High School in Southern California, which removed approximately fifty girls from class for wearing shorts or skirts that were deemed too short while allowing male students to wear much shorter shorts with no disciplinary consequences. [2] Dress code violations such as these are extremely confusing and degrading to girls. The disparity between the treatment of male and female students is glaring. By depriving fifty girls of their education for the day while allowing boys to remain in class, the school perpetuated a system where girls are at an academic disadvantage. Furthermore, schools shaming students and depriving them of their education lowers those students' self-esteem, which can have detrimental effects on their future success.

Deciding that "boys will be boys" and forcing girls to cover up promotes the toxic belief that male aggression is an inevitable result of a girl's clothing.





The most common explanation for why dress codes are necessary is that they protect girls from sexual harassment and violence at school. This way of thinking only further perpetuates rape culture. Deciding that “boys will be boys” and forcing girls to cover up promotes the toxic belief that male aggression is an inevitable result of a girl’s clothing. Promoting victim-blaming removes any expectation for

boys to assume responsibility for their actions, thus creating a never-ending cycle of rape culture. Society would be well-served if schools taught boys to control themselves regardless of girls’ clothing instead of allowing them to believe they are helpless to behave appropriately when a nearby girl shows her col-

larbone. Maybe if men were taught that controlling their urges were their responsibility, rape statistics and victim blaming would decline.

School dress codes are dangerous and harmful to impressionable girls as they learn how to interpret and navigate the adult world. Dress codes have become extremely prevalent in schools today but in reality they promote the hypersexualization of young girls, the concept of rape culture, and the discrimination against female students around the globe. My high school is a prime example of how dress codes are unnecessary. In sunny southern California where girls would often wear shorts and tank tops to school, there was never an instance I was aware of in which a female student’s clothing distracted a male student. What is truly more distracting: a student’s clothing or the dress code that deprives them of their education? 🍎

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# GROWING through **GRIEF**

**BY: CAROLINE BALICK**

**ART BY: SOPHIE WILLIAMS**

My life now consists of two parts: before and after he passed. I had never experienced grief. I believed losing someone unexpectedly was simply something that happened to others, but not to me. But then it did. His passing imprinted a permanent mark; now I am bruised, hurting, and discouraged — but I am not broken or damaged. Grief has shifted my perspective, for better and for worse.

Ironically, death woke me up. I view my experiences differently, but pessimism and I are still well acquainted. At times, I have the urge to scream into the sky and ask the universe, “How could you be so cruel? Why do you make bad things happen to the best people?” These questions will never be answered. His death will

always feel unfair. But grief has also brought me clarity, and now I am able to see what truly matters.

While my everyday problems are valid, I frequently overthink and place unnecessary stress on myself. Before, I often left conversations with new acquaintances wondering if I said anything off-putting. I worried that I walked awkwardly. I never felt my grades were good enough. Now, in these situations, I ask myself: does this really matter? When I reflect, I identify what truly does and always will: the health and well-being of myself and those I love. Grief has shown me how defenseless I feel when these crucial values are not intact.

My grief has paved the way for self-love. The days directly after his passing were intense battles. I could not avoid the difficulty of processing his death; I just had to do it. I found that being self-complementary helped to fight my pain. I would say to myself: You

**“MY GRIEF  
HAS PAVED  
THE WAY FOR  
SELF LOVE.”**

found the strength to get out of bed today. You're eating. You're prioritizing your time by spending it with those you love. I still celebrate these small but meaningful victories. If I don't, my grief will consume me.

While my grief has pushed me to understand these valuable concepts, it has also heightened some harmful ways of thinking. It feels like for every two steps forward, I take one step backward. My paranoia is worse than it has ever been. When someone says goodbye, I wonder if it's the last time I'll ever see them. Whenever I hear sirens, I assume they blare for someone I love. Sometimes, I go to bed wondering if I'll wake up to find out that someone I love has died. It is exhausting to feel that death is always imminent.

I have trouble enjoying life's special moments because I know he cannot. When I hear children laughing, I'm reminded that he will never be a parent. He will never have another birthday or experience another sunset. When the clock struck midnight on New Year's Eve of 2020, I realized he would never see 2021. Occasionally, I feel driven to appreciate these moments on his behalf, but most of the time my heart aches from his absence. I try to focus on the bigger picture to help push forward. Not only am I grieving, but I am experiencing a global pandemic while studying at a rigorous college. At the same time, I have to be social and maintain my wellbeing. One could understandably feel paralyzed due to these intense circumstances. Yet, these difficulties give me strength. I

am proud of how I have managed them all at once. This combination of challenges has made this year the worst one of my life, but it has also equipped me to overcome future adversity.

Everyone is grieving, whether in the literal sense of losing loved ones, or losing a previous lifestyle. Thousands of Americans have died from COVID-19 and millions have lost their jobs. I am not the only one in pain; I am not alone in my grief. While no one understands my specific pain, everyone is currently confronting pain itself. These incredible hardships we are facing give our future no choice but to be better.

While keeping all this in mind, I try not to get ahead of myself. By taking it one day at a time, my grief feels less overwhelming. It ranges in severity, similar to rain. Sometimes it comes down hard, washing away any sense of certainty. Other times it takes form as a delicate mist. Maybe it's a sunshower; a memory might surface that provides both comfort and heartache. It is horrifying and heartbreaking that the tragedy of losing him will always stay with me. But, like using an umbrella in a rainstorm, I have learned how to adapt. Rather than drown in the pain of his death, I reflect on my incredible memories with him and how thankful I am to have known him. He would hate to see me unable to cope. For him, I find a way to move forward. But I will never move on. 🍎





# Past Progressive

*BY: SAM LOCKE*

*ART BY: SABRINA EAGER*

You'd think that if we live in such a technologically advanced modern age or whatever, we wouldn't have to hand-type reports and presentations about it. In the year of our Lord Two Thousand One Hundred Seventy-Four, we shouldn't even have to have a tenth year: if we're so sophisticated, why can't they just beam knowledge into our brains or something? But partner projects are still graded, so I have to get it over with.

I sit down in my swivel chair facing the desk in my room, and as soon as my watch syncs with the chip in my arm-chair, it reads that I'm cold and the heat turns on. I set my backpack on the carpet next to me, stretch and sigh. Of course, I like my room. My biometrics predicted that I would. My aesthetic preferences were determined by my genetics, my hormone chemistry, my brain structure, and the typical variations in heart rate that I experience throughout a day. The sensors and algorithms were right: I do like it. My room is painted a peaceful, soothing blue with gray bedding and my desk right here, close to the closet. I've enjoyed this simple practicality since I was twelve and enjoyed even more that I didn't have to pick anything out myself. I can't choose wrong if I don't choose at all.

The most personal decoration I have in my room is a photo board my mom helped me assemble. I have pictures from all sorts of events, most through my school, The Bronxbuck Academy. In the most recent one, from homecoming last fall, I pose with my three best friends. Matthew wears a silly, boxy, traditional black-and-white tux. Anne has a light pink flowy dress, and Trish has a similar lavender one. They look like goddesses. My suit's an androgynous cool grey. Even though they're non-binary like me, Trisha presents like most girls we know: long hair, dresses, skirts, make-up.

I just like staring at the picture. We all look so happy. All the way on the right, Anne's saying something and tucking her hair behind her ear, her arm around Trisha. To their left, I'm visibly holding back a laugh. On the other end of Anne, Matt's standing as stiff as possible, one hand half-tucked behind his back and the other out to the side. He looks ridiculous.

Anne's been my best friend since I was little, and besides me, she's most common on the photo board: there's us in bathing suits at the community center pool (Summer Pool Party 2117!) There's us dressed for Halloween (her as a princess and me as a prince) standing with our arms around each other in class photos.

I'm procrastinating. I sigh again and pull my tablet out of my backpack before swiveling back to my desk. I have a few friends in my Modern History of Technology class. We spent three weeks in September talking about Native Americans and Ancient Europeans and Agriculturalists and whatever before we moved to Bioscanning and the third technological revolution. That's what our big winter project's about. I even have some friends in that class, and people I'd like to get to know, but instead of working with any of them, I got assigned to partner with Ingram. Ingram bases his personality around being different and controversial. He's bitter and self-righteous and I think he'd do a lot better at fitting into school if he was just quieter and worked harder and was nice to people. But it's not my business to tell him. I smile and nod. I think that's about all he can ask for.

He and I were assigned to present on the development of sexual and gender predictions in the womb, specifically the 2074 application of prenatal Shaw technology to predict gender and sexuality. I think Ingram asked for this topic on purpose, because he talks about those politics all the time. Maybe he talked to Ms. Katz or something. I wish I could have gotten something cool, like how biometric measurements optimized meal preferences or predictions

for favorite colors or co-worker compatibility. (I even asked Ms. Katz if I could switch to Daniel and Mary's group. She said no.)

Luckily, I don't have to spend too much time on this project or with Ingram. I don't think he likes me, either. We all learned the history of biometric preference sensing in class, so we really only have to do specific research in pairs. Even

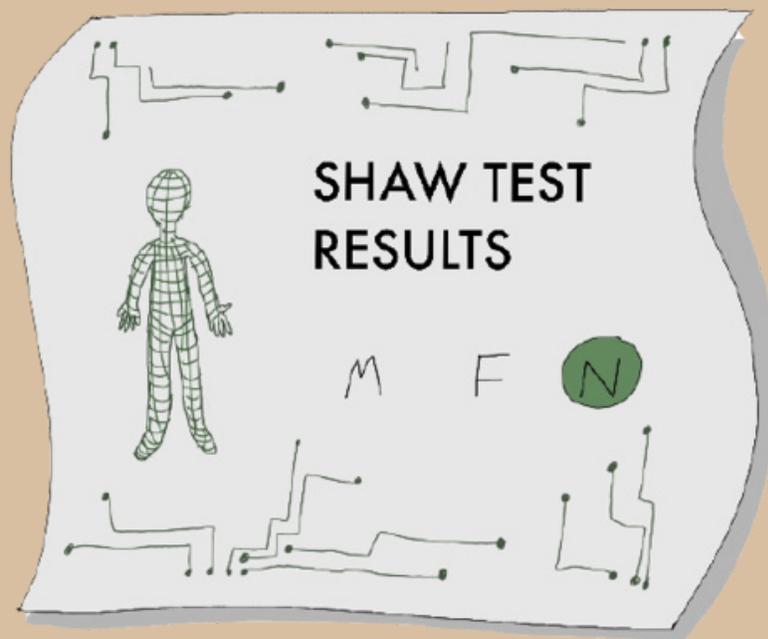
better, Ingram and I agreed to each do the research on our own and consolidate our work together. I've done my part and I just hope he's done his, too.

I've typed every single letter of my notes by hand from the online Approved Academic Encyclopedia. We're allowed to use any source that's been approved by our neutral government fact-checking agency to make sure that it's true, but the Encyclopedia is the easiest to access. I can't wait until next year, when I won't have to hand-type everything and I can finally just speech-to-text. This sucks. I don't hate school. It's just boring sometimes. If we're so modern, why can't they figure that out?

**“I’ve enjoyed this simple practicality since I was twelve and enjoyed even more that I didn’t have to pick anything out myself. I can’t choose wrong if I don’t choose at all.”**

*Anyway, here's the gist of what I got so far:*

- sexualities other than gay and straight have existed for centuries
- european colonialism suppresses sexualities that weren't entirely heterosexual and gender identities that weren't cisgender men or women
- in the 1900s, gay people rioted against a heteronormative culture and rallied for marriage equality
- in the 2000s, gender and sexuality activists made large progress, especially for trans people of binary genders and non-binary people in general.
- in 2074, the Shaw test made it possible for genetic testing to reveal gender and sexuality before birth
- though many less civilized countries used this technology to murder people who were different, other advocacy groups used this technology to validate the existence of these people
- though some people reject the Shaw test, these rumors are often debunked by validated government studies



I know what you're thinking: Kris, you're a pansexual nonbinary individual. Isn't this deeply moving? Shouldn't this resonate in some deep emotional way?

No, it doesn't.

First of all, we're progressive now. My parents gave me a gender-neutral name when I was born, despite me being biologically female. I've always used the non-binary bathroom.

My parents never tried to suppress some glaring part of me: they dressed me to affirm my non-binary gender and provided all the right clothes for when I dress myself. This house is full of non-binary/pan pride stuff, like mugs and sweat-shirts and flags and pins. I never even had to ask for it. Most of the time, I feel like my parents care more than I do since "non-binary" isn't a large part of how I think of myself. I guess it's sweet though.

If I'm honest, I feel guiltier about not identifying with non-binary/gender-non-conforming people than left out or anything. I don't relate to that type of struggle. Plus, I'm pansexual and I've never even kissed anyone. Not that it matters, but pretty much everyone else my age (who isn't on the asexual/aromantic spectrum) has kissed someone, so that's another way I don't connect to those people in the past. Maybe I'm more awkward than I was predicted to be. When will they have the test for that? It's something else I've failed at: I'm supposed to be a revolutionary, but I'm actually pretty boring.

It's like my brother, Brendan. If he was born in the really olden days, like 2050 or something, he would have been given a girl name.

I can't imagine that. Brendan has always been my brother. He'd have had to shell out for surgery without insurance, and people would have called him slurs and pretended he didn't exist. Our parents didn't even have to fill out pronouns or anything: his medical files went straight to our school. There's our Brendan, he's always been our Brendan. If we lived in some less-advanced country, he might have

been killed in the womb or something. (I'm not all that up on international politics, so I guess I should research that more for my project. Ugh.) If we grew up in the olden days, our parents would have expected two girls and been sorely disappointed. Instead, they expected two not-girls who would still need an HPV vaccine to prevent cervical cancer.

Sure, Storm Delaverie and Jacob Tobia and Sappho and all those people sound cool, but none of them are relatable anymore. They fought for understanding and they won. Now, we have Marsha P. Johnson day, and every year we sit through a presentation about how she worked with artists and creatives to non-violently make trans people mainstream. I know I should care, but it's like they try to make it boring on purpose. I

I've always known I'm non-binary. Because my

parents told me and showed me my test results when I was little. Out of M, F, or N, I got N. The Shaw test was one of the most common applications of biological scanning, and there are, like, three recorded cases of error for the entire human population. Naturally, transphobes and unstable people who don't believe in science have tried to denounce it, but I'm just embarrassed for them. The Shaw test is never wrong. 🍌



# Apple Poem

By: Sophie Williams  
Art by: Sabrina Eager



## TO-DO

to grow shame, echoed  
on either side of the breast-bone,  
and, while chopping green apples,  
to harbor a distant fancy:

to take a small, well-sharpened knife  
and slip the blade above the ribs,  
tenderly, under the skin

to make a swift cut behind  
the grotesque bulb,  
cut it cleanly off - and then do it twice,  
to gently slice the twin.

to hold a fleshy globe in each palm  
apart from the tidier chest,  
to cut one into thin slices,  
wring those out, into purer juice;

to mince the other, in fine portions,  
and scatter the bits outside,  
with the compost,  
supposing that it could grow  
more decently elsewhere. 🍏

# *The* diversity & gender roles in: **BACHELOR**

by: anushha bhatia  
art by: camilla lee

**ON MONDAY NIGHTS**, millions of Americans gather around their televisions to watch a bachelor hand out roses to an array of beautiful women. The Bachelor is a popular dating reality show that has been around since 2002 and is now on its 25th season, garnering high viewership from all across the country. Every season, a pool of single women stay at a mansion and go on dates with the selected bachelor. Girls are eliminated each week during a rose ceremony until the bachelor eventually proposes to one of the women.

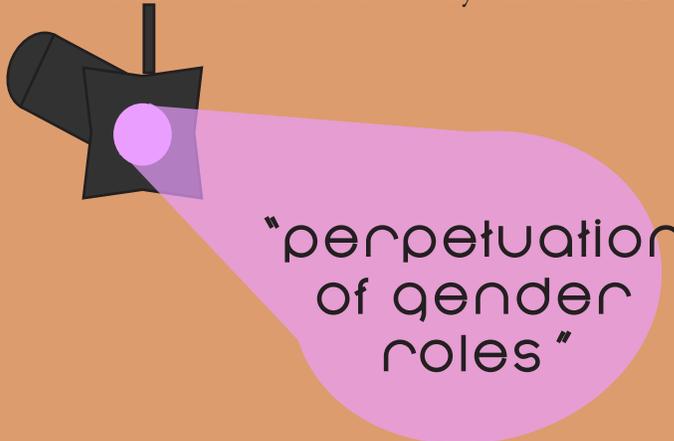
Despite its popularity among viewers, the show is often criticized for its superficial and ingenuine nature. Producers are eager to frame women as villains and clip content for drama and entertainment purposes. While the dramatic editing stays true to the nature of reality TV, The Bachelor has also been targeted for its lack of diversity and perpetuation of gender roles.

The Bachelor has historically struggled with a lack of diversity; both the bachelor himself and the female contestants are usually white. The 22 seasons

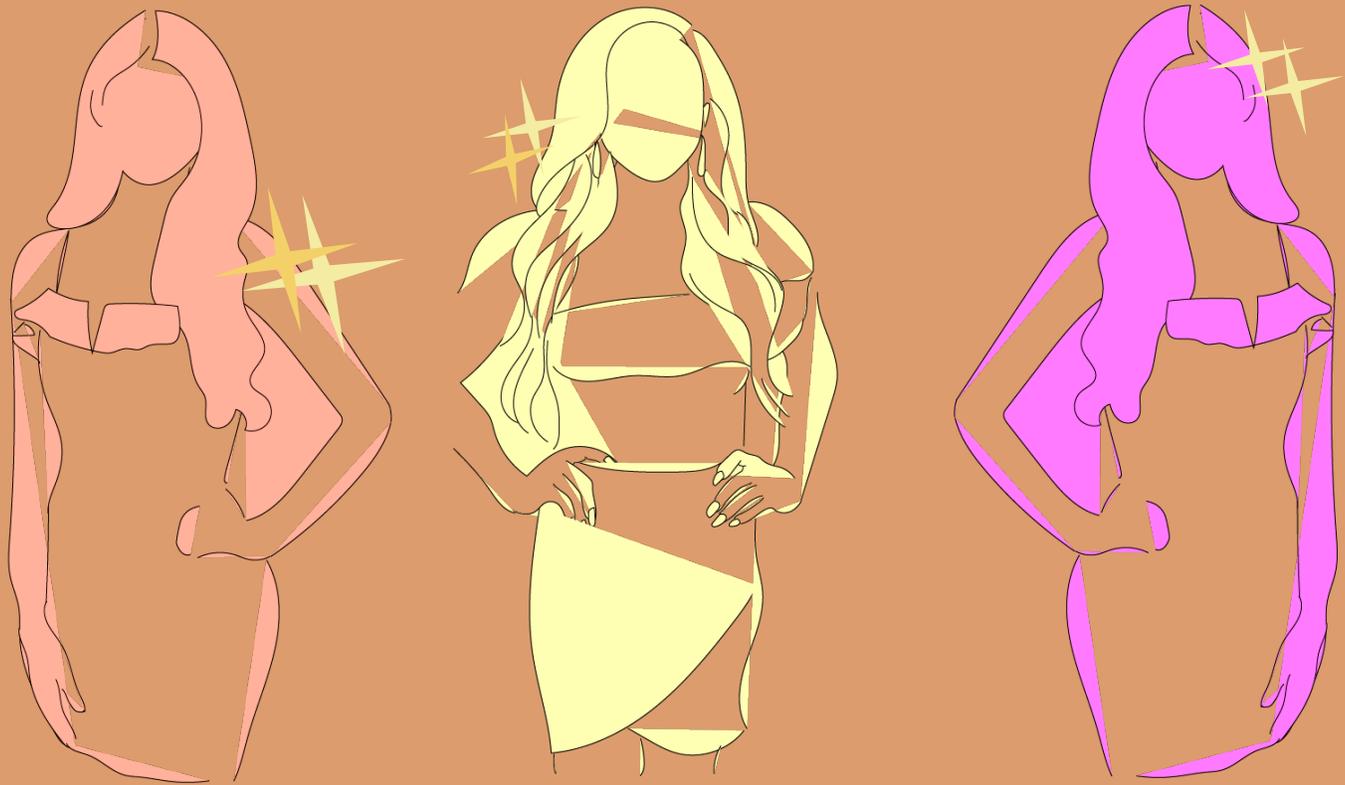


"superficial  
and  
ingenuine"

that aired from 2002 to 2018 averaged around 26 women per bachelor, totaling 580 women. Of those women, only 9.5% were women of color who were not "white-passing." [1] Even when women of color are present, few of these contestants make it to later rounds of the show, and the screen time they are given is little to none, often disproportionate to the other contestants. Since there is such a small amount of representation, it is even more important that the show portrays non-white contestants as individuals rather than as tokens or stereotypes. For Asian American and Latina contestants, producers have manipulated footage to portray them as hot-tempered or overly sexualized them. They also added ethnically linked sounds during post production when contestants of color appeared on screen to emphasize their ethnic background. [2] The repetitive, scripted nature of certain contestants reflect stereotypes that producers may have been exposed to. Of the bachelors themselves, prior to this season (season 25), only Juan Pablo and Peter Weber



"perpetuation  
of gender  
roles"



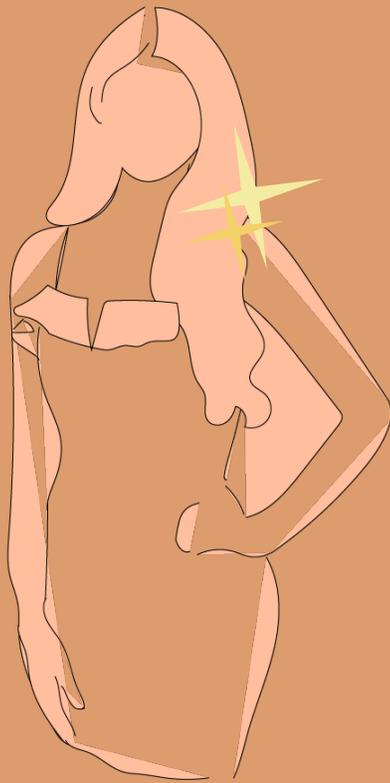
were of Latino origin but were both white-passing. The premise of *The Bachelor* itself perpetuates gender stereotypes and specific traits that women are supposed to possess or follow. It enforces the traditional, patriarchal portrayal of women competing to be the object of a man's affection, as the bachelor is put on a pedestal as the key to make their lives complete. The participants also leave their jobs for several months just for a chance on the show, taking a bigger risk than the bachelor, who is guaranteed to find a match in the end. Producers place greater emphasis on their personal appearance and presentation than on their careers. The women are shown to be physically fit but are never shown actually exercising, eating healthy, or eating at all. This display of idealized body types continues to

enforce ideas that a woman's body is not acceptable unless it achieves perfection. This caters towards men's desires, as these women do not represent the "average woman."<sup>[3]</sup> Particular women on the show are framed as bitchy or emotional, crying or arguing with the other women while the bachelor remains stoic.

In terms of progress, there has been a push from viewers to include more diversity in *The Bachelor* over the past few years. The Bachelor Diversity Campaign launched in 2020, demanding action, and the change.org petition that they spearheaded asks the franchise to commit to 13 calls for action. These include a promise to cast BIPOC for at least 35% of the contestants moving forward. This petition has received over 75,000 signatures, including those from prominent contestants from the past seasons of *The Bachelor* like Rachel Lindsay, the first Black bachelorette.<sup>[4]</sup> Viewer action has motivated *The Bachelor* producers to increase effort to include more diversity in the cast. This season cast Matt James as the first Black bachelor, and it probably has the most diverse cast, with 32 women of different backgrounds. This is the first time white women have been in the minority. Though this is an improvement, there has been a clear emphasis on James's biracial identity throughout the show, and the screen time for the women of color is lower



"bitchy or emotional"



“there is still  
work to be  
done”

even though they make up a higher percentage of the contestants.[5] Recently, there was a wave of outrage from fans over a final four contestant from this season, Rachael Kirkconnell, who has been called out for appearing in pictures wearing culturally appropriative costumes and attending an antebellum-themed party. Rather than condemn her behavior, host Chris Harrison defended her in an interview with Rachel Lindsay, arguing that the year the antebellum picture was taken should have been considered when evaluating its impact. He argued, “Is it a good look in 2018? Or, is it not a good look in 2021? Because there’s a big difference...and this poor girl Rachael has just been thrown to the lions”. [6]

In the future, more initiative needs to be taken to promote bachelors of different races. It would

be great to see an Asian or Latino bachelor (who is not white-passing). This can also be extended to contestants, with viewers calling for more Asian and Native American representation. Furthermore, Bachelor producers could look at data related to the show to improve how they present women of color, correcting for their unconscious stereotypes and use of ethnic background music. More on screen conversations about race and gender should be held, and producers should include more footage of the bachelor in less traditionally masculine roles, where he acts emotional about his search for his future wife. Representation may be increasing, but there is still work to be done. 🍎

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# RADICALIZATION

By: Maanasi Shyno

*Hello world, it's me, Maanasi. I'm calling to tell you I'm a radical. Yeah, really. I decided you are far too cruel for me to be anything else.*

My parents wait with me in ICE for a whole day  
They say we can't just leave to India for the funeral without permission  
I don't understand why the US won't naturalize me already

My old classmate tells me our acquaintance is five months pregnant  
She's starting to show and she visited the nursery teachers  
I wonder where all the pregnant girls at my school go

My leader for the City District program asks us to dress up  
He takes us down to a session of City Council and cameras are everywhere  
I am pulled into a publicity stunt without consent

My global politics teacher shows us 13th the year it comes out  
He teaches us what evil looks like outside of fiction  
I stop pledging allegiance to the flag

My patients in Long Beach tell me about their pain  
They teach me more about oppression than I learn about medicine  
I think I'm interested in healthcare, but that's not what draws me there at all

My manager tells me to keep going when my shoelaces snap  
He says it may be the last day of the campaign, but every vote counts  
I still believe politics has to be about picking between two evils

My friends and I head downtown on my birthday  
They marvel at the number of unhoused camped around City Hall  
I am not able to stop staring

My lab partner groans when we're stopped by canvassers at the corner  
He doesn't know that I also ask for signatures in my freetime  
I can't engage in politics any other way

My old boss sends me an article about the candidate we got elected  
He is caught up in some gambling mess  
I laugh in disbelief because of course he is

My professor teaches us about foreign aid in Afghanistan  
He asks if anyone knows anything about interventionism  
I realize how frustrated I am with American terror

My university with a six billion dollar endowment says that it won't lower tuition  
It claims it can't pay employees without collecting the same amount  
I can't even act surprised anymore

My sister listens to a podcast about Tara Reade  
She weeps and plays it again  
I see her scowl at Biden on the television screen

My employee needs a break after a xenophobic phonecall  
He forgets to turn off his camera and grits his teeth  
I wonder how I never noticed all the racists in California

My mentor tells me about the student union  
She recommends radical texts colleges don't assign  
I start reading and have never felt so awake in my life

My sociology textbook says 20 to 40 percent of the houseless work  
It tells me that minimum wage is not a housing wage  
I stick a note to my wall so to remind myself everyday

My peers ask me what party I'd belong to if I was a citizen  
They guess I'm liberal, but really I'm too far gone  
I am moving left on a spectrum that seems to get lonelier the further you go

My first-gen mentee thanks me for helping figure out her aid  
She is the epitome of the child left behind, four years post-Obama  
I don't know how to tell her she is changing my life

My soul echoes Davis' advice to imagine revolution  
It says dream of a different future, or there's no point to abolition  
I try to imagine, but it feels like I haven't done that in years

My tripee tells me she isn't worried about inaction  
Because she knows she will do good work after law school  
I wish my hands didn't itch so much

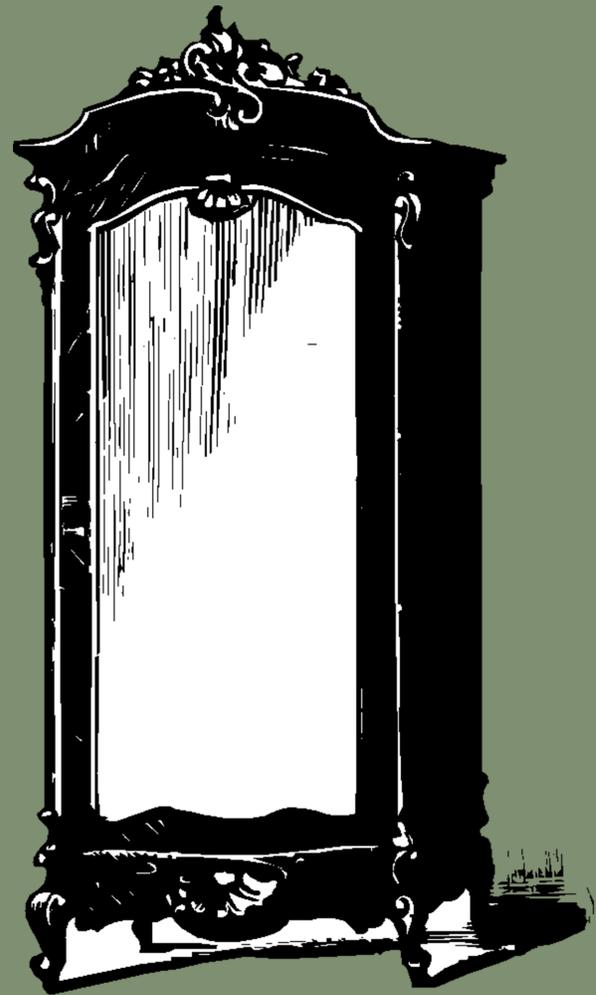
My classmate responds to my anti-capitalist critique during discussion  
He builds on it in ways that make me smile  
I note that I am in good company

My advisor is cautious when I tell her I'm dropping premed  
She asks what I want to do instead  
I ask myself why doing good is so hard and pays so little

My pseudo-older brother is honest about wanting fast cars  
He tells me not to close any doors with my bleeding heart  
I understand, but I don't know how else to live

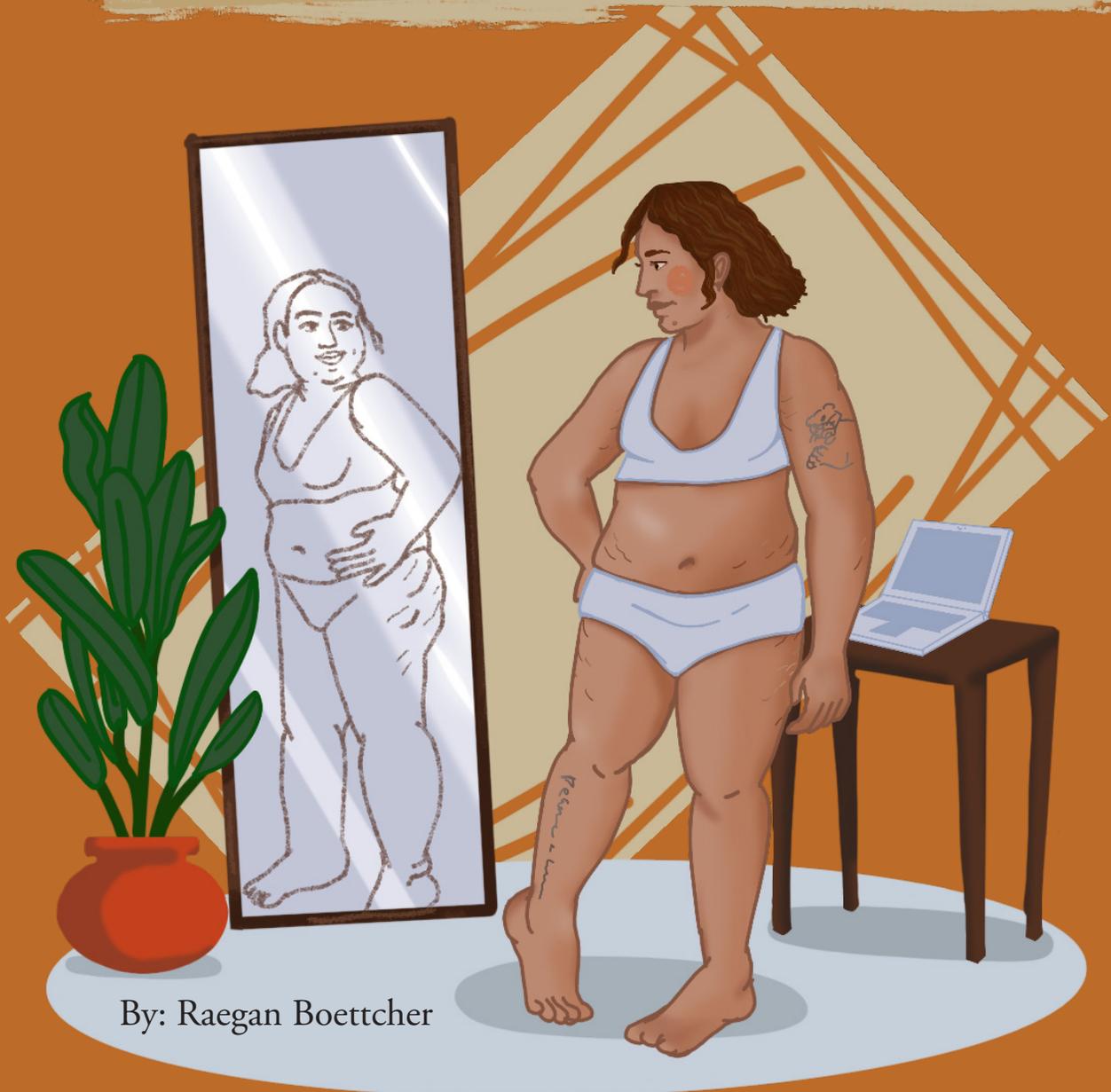
My mind tells me to move move move  
It also wonders what I should be doing  
I read, cry to Tracy Chapman, and wait. 🍏

**I am moving left  
on a spectrum  
that seems to  
get lonelier the  
further you go.**



# EARNING MY TIGER STRIPES

An Exploration of My Relationship with Body Positivity



By: Raegan Boettcher

**WHEN I WAS THIRTEEN,** I would wake up hours before I had to leave for school. I would fix my hair and haphazardly cover my every flaw with foundation and concealer. I didn't perform this morning ritual because I enjoyed makeup or doing my hair. I did it because I was terrified to be imperfect. Every night, I would come home and wash all my makeup down the shower drain and silently berate myself for having to try so hard to be beautiful. I hated my round face and my soft jawline, usually carved out with my amateur contouring palette in the morning. I hated my round stomach and my thick thighs, so I hid those under tight jeans and baggy hoodies. I would struggle to meet my own eyes in the mirror because I hated myself for not looking how I wanted.

I saw the same frame of self-hatred in the other women in my family. I saw it in my mother and my grandmother, in my aunts and my cousins. It was a struggle passed down from mother to daughter, a perpetual generational trauma that none of us quite knew how to shake. Each facet of my appearance could be easily traced to the women in my family. My face was my mother's face. If she hated her reflection, why wouldn't I? Despite our common self-hatred, we all held this turmoil within. Self-hatred thrives on isolation. It's a war against yourself and everyone else is just a spectator. I didn't know how to express the issues I had with my body, and I thought it was something I had to tackle alone.



The rise of social media in my adolescence certainly did nothing to aid my self-image. I followed as all my peers flocked to Instagram, Snapchat, and Facebook. The glamorous highlight reels crafted on social media pages drove the incessant micromanagement of our appearances that we inherited from our mothers. From this perpetual self-immolation, shared not only amongst my schoolmates but amongst most women in society, rose the body positivity movement. It was the first time I ever experienced women bonding and uniting over society's suffocating beauty standards. I didn't know we were allowed to talk about how exhausting it was to always strive for perfection and never quite reach it. With the aim to tackle standards of beauty both in the microcosm of social media and in society, myriad body-positive social media pages boasted their photos of models of varying body types, with their skin bare of any makeup or photo-shop to showcase their "perfect imperfections." Sometimes they posted photos of models with their stretch marks lined in glitter, captioned "Earned my tiger stripes!" The phrase "tiger stripes" always angered me; I never felt as if I *earned* anything — these scraggly dark marks on my skin often felt like punishment for growing outside my bounds, so why should I regard them as a reward?

The body positivity movement aimed to affirm everyone's beauty despite their flaws. The mission was admirable; everyone *is* beautiful, regardless of what society has to say on the matter, but I always felt alienated from such notions. It outraged me that these other women were allowed to have flaws and still be beautiful, but my flaws were able to infect every part of me and make me ugly. The body positivity movement undoubtedly helped some people. For some, it was empowering and emboldening to see these people proud of their flaws and happy with their unconventional beauty. It was liberating to see women of every body type embrace their flaws, but the movement strived for the wrong goals.

The movement harbored many problems, but the first of which was the heightened expectation of femininity and effort. Unconventionally attractive women were constantly expected to put exceptional effort into their appearance, whether this was through the use of makeup or by wearing stylish and flattering clothing. Larger women were never portrayed looking in any way unsightly or undone. There was a pervasive double standard: thin, conventionally attractive women could post pictures eating whatever they wanted. They could post pictures with messy hair and unflattering clothing, and other 'body positive' women would praise them for existing and defying beauty norms. If a larger, unconventionally attractive woman did the same, she would be vilified. She would be accused of promoting a culture of obesity or not caring enough to put effort into her appearance as if women should always have to look perfectly presentable to be worth anything.

**“Forging my own path to self-love had little to do with calling my stretch marks ‘tiger stripes’ or watching other people objectify me for having enough ‘meat on my bones.’**

Women’s worth in these body-positive spaces largely hinged on their ability to market themselves as sexually attractive. It was common for people to express their sexual attraction to large and curvy women, boasting that they love a woman with a little more “meat on her bones.” Most often, this sexual attention came at the cost of degrading thin women for not having enough “curves.” People made such remarks in an attempt to make larger women feel better about themselves, implying that they should feel good about themselves because some people find them to be sexually attractive. First and foremost, this objectifies women and reduces their worth down to whether or not someone finds them attractive and desirable despite their flaws. However, it also imposes an entirely new hierarchy between women, where curviness is more desirable and sexually attractive than thinness. Such a notion degrades and alienates thin women for not meeting ever-changing, impossible standards of beauty, while simultaneously treating fat women like sexual objects. (Though, of course, no one ever used the word “fat,” because to be fat is to be undesirable, so fatness had to be marketed as “curvy” or “thick.”) Embracing your sexuality can certainly be empowering, but no one should have to justify their existence or prove their worth by cultivating sex appeal.



Overall, the movement warped the notion of body positivity, turning this paragon into a plea to society to see *all* women’s bodies as desirable and attractive, rather than just *some* women. Broadening society’s range of *acceptable* bodies does little to actually help, however. Our society thrives on the objectification of women’s bodies. Corporations, whether weight loss programs or makeup companies, profit off our self-hatred and our incessant need to change our appearances.

There will always be some facet of women’s bodies that society finds unsightly, so women will always be subjected to such policing. Society’s expectations are always changing and we cannot expect ourselves to perpetually conform to this fleeting notion of beauty.

I’ve spent all my life preoccupied with how other people perceive me. Distorted versions of body positivity that were fed to me through social media did nothing to help. Escaping from the clutches of these ideals was more difficult than I like to admit. I didn’t like myself because I thought other people didn’t like me either, and it took me years to realize that my worth didn’t hinge on whether other people found me desirable. Forging my own path to self-love had little to do with calling my stretch marks “tiger stripes” or watching other people objectify me for having enough “meat on my bones.”

When you start to truly love yourself, you gift yourself the privilege of imperfection. You can allow yourself to not do your hair and makeup. You can eat an extra slice of pizza or help yourself to a second or third serving of your favorite meal without hating yourself for being bloated later on. You can look “ugly” (by society’s standards), without doubting your intrinsic beauty or the inherent dignity of your body. You can’t always expect yourself to look your best, so you have to love yourself even when you feel your worst. The goal is to love yourself unconditionally, rather than despite your flaws because your worth should not be dependent on the omission of your imperfections.



I love the stretch marks on my hips because they are a part of me, even though I don’t necessarily like that the way they accentuate the extra weight I carry there. I love my thick thighs because they carry my body, even though I don’t necessarily like how difficult it is to find jeans that fit. I love my round cheeks and my soft jawline because they are mine, even though it’s still difficult to meet my own eyes in the mirror sometimes. I’m sure that reading that may be startling, and it might make you feel compelled to spew trite phrases like “No, you’re beautiful! I’m sure you look great!” While I appreciate the sentiment, if you feel compelled to say things like this, I think you’re missing the point.

When you start to see your flaws as inherent parts of you, they stop feeling so much like flaws. You start to see yourself as something *whole* rather than the sum of various desirable and undesirable parts. Instead of scrutinizing every inch of your appearance when you look in the mirror, you start to recognize the inherent dignity and worth of your body, regardless of what society may have to say.

Lizzo once said, “I don’t think that loving yourself is a choice. I think it’s a decision that has to be made for survival.”<sup>[1]</sup> I remember reading those lines the first time and realizing that I’ve been working against my own survival my entire life. In hindsight, it is a miracle that I’ve made it this far in this internalized civil war.

Recovering from this took time. For so long, I let my self-hatred fester like an untreated wound. I still carry this wound with me; it’s a lasting scar, unlikely to ever leave me. I still struggle to remind myself of my inherent worth and dignity every day. But like every other “flaw” I carry, this scar belongs to me, so I love it anyway.

Maybe my life would’ve been easier or maybe I would’ve been happier if I looked how I wanted to when I was thirteen, but focusing on ‘what-ifs’ and ‘could-have-beens’ is a waste of time. My body is the only body I will ever have and my life is the only one I will ever live. I won’t waste my life hating myself for existing as I am. I may not always get along with my body; I will not always look at myself and feel joy, but I will always love my body because it is mine. When we allow ourselves the freedom of imperfection, we can liberate ourselves from the ever-changing norms of beauty and from the perpetual commodification of women’s bodies. Life is messy and ugly, and often so are we. It does not make you any less beautiful or any less worthy. If you’re going to love your body, you cannot just love it at its best; you have to love it at its worst and at its ugliest. You don’t always have to like it, but yes, you do have to love it. It’s a matter of survival. 🍏

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# GROWING *palms*

*By: Maddy Spivak*  
*Art by: Sophie Williams*



**FOR AS LONG AS I CAN REMEMBER**, I have been bigger than many of my peers. I was born larger than my twin brother. I grew early, a chubby middle-schooler with breasts by fifth grade. At the staggering height of 5 feet, 9 inches, I was the tallest student in my seventh grade class. You can imagine how relieved I was when the boys around me finally hit their growth spurts. Much has changed since then—as a college freshman, I have big hair and hips and thighs, and I love it all. I love my big hands and my big feet, my frame that takes up space. I wear “street size” clothing, not fitting into a 00, or a 0, or a 2, or 4 or 6. Though I feel good in my body, healthy and happy, I am constantly greeted with messages telling me I should be smaller.

Last fall, I began to acknowledge how these messages were impacting me, an impressionable young woman. I knew that I had internalized the desire to shrink; a smaller number on the scale made me euphoric, as did a smaller dress size. I loved looking at myself in the mirror in the morning, at my thinnest, and hated my bloated reflection after eating dinner. Something had to change. I could not go on this way, hating myself, hating food, plagued by diet culture, wishing I had a different body. I was sick and tired of feeling weak. So, I tried something new: I vowed to focus on getting stronger instead of thinner.

In December 2020, I began weightlifting in hopes that it might improve my relationship with my body (I must admit, the internalized diet culture within me also knew that muscle burns more calories than fat, and damn, I still wanted to burn extra calories). My younger brother graciously taught me the ins and outs of lifting: correct form, rest days, the importance of stretching, protein intake, and so on. I had never particularly enjoyed purposeful exercise before; I would count down the minutes until I was done, count the calories out, count my steps on the treadmill, dreading every second. But something about lifting was different. The sense of accomplishment that I used to feel when the number on the scale would drop was replaced by the endorphin rush that followed increases in my bench, squat, and deadlift maxes. I was actually beginning to feel stronger, to experience my body in entirely new ways. I felt soreness in foreign muscles, slept better at night, and had an easier time hiking and jogging and bringing groceries up the stairs. I came to look forward to my workouts, the endorphin rush



that followed increases in my bench, squat, and deadlift maxes. I was actually beginning to feel stronger, to experience my body in entirely new ways. I felt soreness in foreign muscles, slept better at night, and had an easier time hiking and jogging and bringing groceries up the stairs. I came to look forward to my workouts, the endorphin rush after each set, gradually being able to lift more and more. Suddenly, taking a rest day required more willpower than getting myself to walk across the freezing street to the gym. Physically and mentally, I felt better than I ever had. But still, I focused more on how my

body looked than how it felt. I based my self-worth more on the number on the scale than on the things my body could do.

Lifting has caused my body to grow in ways that are completely new to me. My body now bulges at my hamstrings, my biceps, and the lower parts of my quads; lines of definition have

emerged where previously my skin was smooth. Seeing these changes in the mirror for the first time was an overwhelming experience. I knew that these changes were signs of progress: signs of growth. Yet, seeing parts of my body get bigger shook me to my core. In a world where women are told to shrink to be beautiful, how was I supposed to accept the growth in my arms and thighs? I went to bed at night pained by confrontations with the mirror.

Despite my ambivalence about my growing body, I kept lifting. It was just too difficult to give up something that I had come to enjoy so much, something that I knew deep down was amazing for my body. I kept at it, and with time, my relationship

**“SOMETHING HAD TO CHANGE.  
*I could not go on this way,  
hating myself, hating food,  
plagued by diet culture, wishing  
I had a different body.*”**

with my body changed. I became proud of the growth. I would notice that my arms were pumped after pull day and sprint up the stairs from my basement, asking my family members to “feel my biceps! Aren’t they huge?” I became proud of the new dips and curves in my body, and now pay no mind as they become exaggerated by further training. I went through a paradigm shift in which my body became my home, deserving of nourishment and love and regular exertion. I now understand that pushing and testing and improving my strength is a form of self love.

I have learned to focus on how my body feels and what it can do rather than how it looks. Society tells me that my body is at its best when it is at its thinnest. I say that it is at its best when I am happiest. I feel happiest in a nourished, fueled, strong body that gets stronger every day. I am happiest when I know that my body can accomplish great things. Strength training has connected my mind with my body in a way that I had never imagined possible and I have never felt more like myself. The path has been long and hard, but I continue to walk on it. I am still only a beginner, and I continue to work on my strength and fight internalized diet culture every day.

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I was lucky to have someone willing and patient enough to teach me how to lift. But what about the people who have no little brothers to teach them? Who fear growing, looking masculine, or gaining weight? I am fed up with beauty standards of thinness harming women and their health. Strength is not a masculine characteristic, and women should not be applauded for shrinkage when men are applauded for muscular growth. Lifting weights is beneficial for the human body and mind. It is good for bone health, the immune system, mental health, metabolism, stress relief, and the cardiovascular system. [1] Most importantly, lifting teaches us to respect, love, and nourish our bodies. Is that not a lesson that everyone deserves to learn, regardless of their gender?

A limited amount of research has been conducted on the relationship between gender and exercise style of choice, but we can turn to this small body of literature to better understand why women consistently choose cardio over lifting. According to a 2010 article reviewing several studies on the intersections between gender and exercise style of choice, most women choose not to lift due to “evaluation concerns”; put simply, women tend to fear being watched, scrutinized, or negatively judged by others in the gym. [2] The studies found that fat-burning exercises are generally deemed feminine and strength-building exercises are generally deemed masculine, so women fear being seen as masculine for participating in weight lifting. [3] In certain incidences, men were observed to be “possessive” over the weights room, discouraging women from entering the hyper-masculine space. [4] This contributes to women using weights less frequently than men and experiencing more discomfort than their male counterparts. Researchers have also found that women might choose not to lift to avoid looking “too muscular”. [5] A vicious cycle exists in which strength is masculinized, so women do not lift at high rates, so those few women who do choose to lift feel even more out of place, fueling insecurity related to evaluation concerns.

I have experienced these feelings myself. This



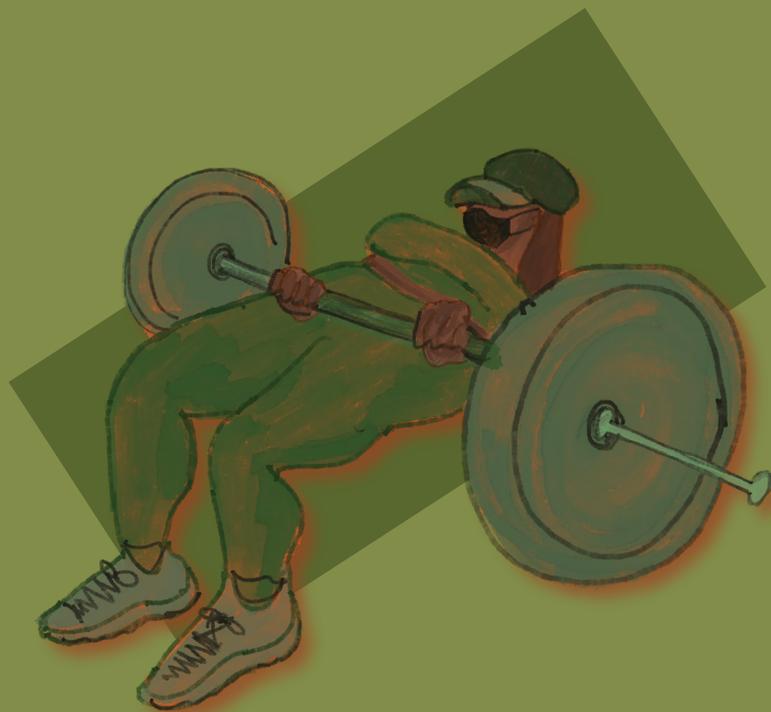
past winter term, I became something of a regular at Zimmerman Fitness Center and often found myself surrounded by male students when I was lifting. I try to ignore the stares that I get when I walk past, or when I throw a lot of weight onto the bar. I try to ignore the fact that I am identifiably other. I try to ignore the feeling that my form must be perfect, and that I must lift heavy, because I don't want the men in the gym to think that women are weak or incapable.

How can we change women's apprehension about lifting and encourage them to develop their strength? Research has suggested that before we can get more women lifting, we must address their evaluation concerns. One proposal suggests that "women who are relatively experienced lifters build a mass of women lifters, by recruiting novices and helping them gain skills." [6] This might counter the masculinization of strength training and help women rid themselves of the feeling or fear of being watched. Personally, I find this solution to be somewhat problematic; it puts the burden of solving the issue on

women alone. Still, I regularly bring friends to the gym with me, and having another woman as a lifting buddy does prove to be a comforting and encouraging experience.

Another option is to reframe lifting as an opportunity for women to find empowerment. Many of the women who participated in a 2018 study felt that power was "being in control of their exercise choices, taking pride in their physical achievements and having a body that responded to challenges." [7] By reframing physical strength as a form of empowerment, we might better foster communities for women interested in lifting.

As we continue to work towards achieving these goals, I hope this article might challenge readers' conceptions of strength and gender. To those who frequent the gym: please, make it as welcome a place as possible. Everyone has the right to pursue fitness. And to those reading who might be new to lifting: it can be anxiety-inducing to feel different or weaker in the gym. But if you want to get out there, get out there. The gym belongs to you just as much as it does to anyone else. We mustn't fear being big; we should fear forcing ourselves to be small. 🍎



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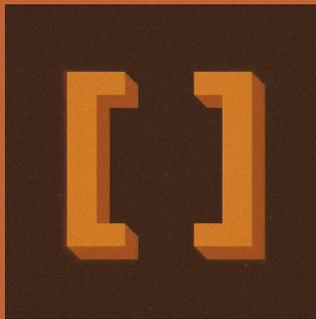
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# Podcast Review:

## *[citations needed]*

Review by Sophie S. Williams.



### *CITATIONS NEEDED*



*“A Podcast about media, power, PR, and the history of bullsh\*t.”*

Episodes are available wherever you get your podcasts.  
Produced by Nima Shirazi and Adam Johnson.

*Modern media is convoluted, to say the least.  
Citations Needed helps clear it up.*

The 24-hour news cycle should make spacious time for reporting diverse content with adequate historical context. But listen to the radio for half an hour and you’ll see that the opposite is true.

The liberal media is an odd title, as press is less free than dictated by pressures from all sides. The major media outlets fixate on an event or even a single quote, picking it apart for hours on end in a vacuum that barely looks beyond a single day. When flipping between Fox, CNN, NBC, and even NPR, I have trouble distinguishing between them at all, with each station picking up on certain phrases and positions and

spreading them in a flurry until the word-mandate changes again. The American media isn’t biased toward the left, like the right wing claims, nor biased towards the right, but biased towards the center.

The nearly-endless sea of ongoing history makes it easy to drown in information. A bit of understanding helps you tread water. Give your content intake a level of focus. It’s easy to get lost in doom-scrolling — getting back on Twitter, clicking on an article and diving straight to the comments, sinking into a black hole courtesy of the YouTube Recommended algorithm, or skimming



another Instagram infographic. Pull away from social media, and don't feel compelled to rely on shallow, sporadic takes from the corporate media on the radio or nightly news. Instead, pick from a catalogue of episodes on specific but pressing topics, things you never thought about critically but always felt were vaguely important.

With over 100 episodes since 2017, Citations Needed offers an approachable look at modern phenomena. Want to know how and why country music grew from radical pro-worker folk into a purity-testing, far-right-all-white genre? Curious about what the wild popularity of HGTV home-makeover programs indicates about homelessness and gentrification in the United States? Interested in how vapid diplomacy-speak disguises the brutality of imperialist foreign policy? This is your show.

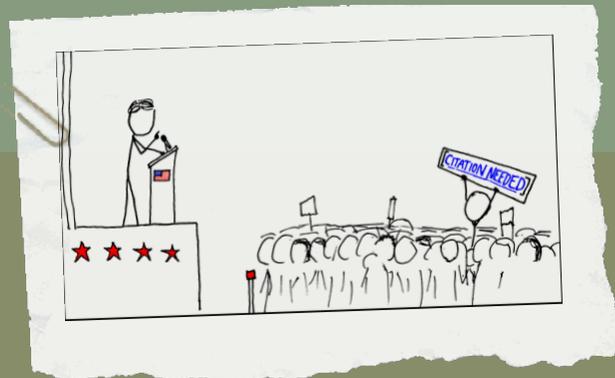
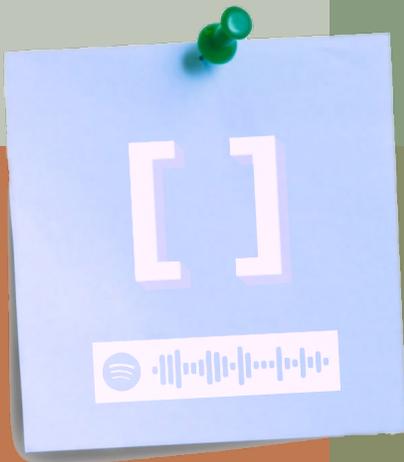
Citations Needed, like all the best informa-

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podcasts.**



tive podcasts, delivers a mixture of the experiences of having a conversation, watching an interview, and reading a book. The information is thorough, thoughtful, and passionately well-researched, and the earnest yet conversational tone really does drive some loneliness away. The cherry on top — there are no ads, whatsoever. Offering analytical takes on modern details, with accessible language and knowledgeable guests, Citations Needed is news-praxis all the way.

(And their sources are thoroughly cited.) 🍏



**Random Bonus Episode:**  
“Depression, Anxiety, and Turning  
Suffering Into Compassion” (Rev Left  
Radio, January 28, 2021)



# Loving Women in Love



I didn't want a man I could love as much as Jane loved Rochester, but I wanted to know the great love Jane seemed to feel. I wanted a woman like Jane, and I wanted to make a woman feel as Jane felt.



# Reading Heteronormative Love Stories as a Queer Young Adult

By: Sabrina Eager

Art by: Sabrina Eager



Of all works of fiction that I have ever read, seen, or listened to, nothing has made me cry quite like the end of *Jane Eyre*. I remember reading the final lines on my digital copy while curled up on my side in bed at 1 a.m. Tears rolled down my cheeks and made little puddles in the curve between my face and the pillow beneath me. I laid in the darkness, the only light in the room coming from the stark white pages on my phone screen, unsure if the warmth came from my blankets or the story.

I could not quite put my finger on why the return of Rochester's sight and the words "Reader, I married him" made me so emotional at the time. I did not really know what "love" meant. I was only 14 years old, only about to enter my first relationship — if you can even call it that — with a guy. We would text each other "I love you" and get nervous when we hugged. We shared smiles in the spaces between our music stands in the pit orchestra of our school's musical, and

we counted down from three before our first kiss in a tiny mall photo booth. In the manner of a traditional middle school romance, we'd avoid eye contact when passing each other in the hallways and then would avoid the damning topic of the hallways in our late night text conversations.

Even though I could not relate to Jane and Rochester's love, even though I had never had a love of my own, I felt that on the pages, I saw how love was meant to feel. The process of reading *Jane Eyre* was the first time I believed that I could see into another person's thoughts, into someone else's mind. It was the first time that I realized the power of literature to give me an inside look into other minds. Thus, it was the first time that I felt like I understood what it meant to be a woman in love.

I once wrote a line describing how *Jane Eyre* made me feel in a journal: "It's easy to lose yourself in a book, but it takes a special book to find yourself." It took me years to finally realize why the fleeting "I love you"s delivered to the boys I liked at 14 years old felt so empty when compared to the words of Jane. I didn't want a man I could love as much as Jane loved Rochester, but I wanted to know the great love Jane seemed to feel. I wanted a woman like Jane, and I wanted to make a woman feel as Jane felt.



In middle school, I obsessively consumed everything that the young adult fiction genre had to offer. I could practically recite all the dystopian trilogies that made the bestseller list from 2010 to 2014, with some John Green and Rainbow Rowell mixed in. I read almost exclusively on my phone and would finish one book in line at the supermarket and buy the next in the series while in the parking lot, pushing the groceries to the car. I would hide my phone on the music stand in band class and steal glances at words during the rests. I became almost immune to carsickness, using every trip across town as an excuse to get in another chapter.

Even amidst magical circus performances and battles among Shadowhunters, which each took

place in alternate dimensions or thousands of years in the future, my favorite moments were always those involving romance. Each female protagonist in yet another heterosexual relationship would make my heart sing. Everything from first kisses to professions of love to the heartbreak of breakups and deaths. In the cafeteria, my bookish friends and I would giggle about the love affairs we read about the evening before, bragging about who among us stayed up the latest with our nose in a book. Some of the girls would fawn over the fictional guys, especially once the characters on the page were brought to life in film adaptations. My friends started setting photos of Theo James and Ansel Elgort, the leading male actors in the movie adaptation of *Divergent*, as the images on their phone lockscreens. At the same time, I was showing off how the wind would make my hair look like Cara Delevingne's hair in the *Paper Towns* movie poster.

None of my own relationships to characters made themselves out to be crushes. To me, the pairings themselves were each perfect; why would I want to mess with love by inserting myself into the story? I was not one to read fan-fiction where authors would leave blanks for you to fill in your own name. Reading *The Selection*, I did not hope to find a man like Maxon Schreave, but to one day know the feeling of slow dancing on the rooftop in the rain. Reading *The Fault in Our Stars*, I did not hope to find a man like Augustus Waters, but to one day travel abroad with the person I loved.

The most intriguing stories for me were the ones with honest sounding female protagonists. Fiction is the only opportunity that we as readers have to hear the private thoughts of another. To engage with the mind of someone else. In these fictions, I saw a future. I saw women that I could aspire to become, women who were not empowered by men, but who were swept up in love stories that just happened to be with men.

I only read one queer love story while in my YA

phase, *Will Grayson, Will Grayson* by John Green and David Levitan. The novel portrays the criss-crossing love lives of two boys who are both coincidentally named Will Grayson; one of them is straight and the other is gay. I read the book by the pool at my cousins' vacation house, hoping that none of the relatives around me knew about the queer storyline that weaved across the pages in front of me. My mouth grew dry as I explained the plot to my mom one night before dinner, bracing for the question of why I was reading a book with gay characters. I could not describe why I struggled to answer that question. What if supporting gay characters made me look gay? But I still believed myself to be straight. Just a really good ally. So how could that be the issue?

I was in this same vacation town a year or so later when I asked to buy a shirt with colorful stripes and my mother lamented that the shirt would make me look gay and that I wouldn't want to falsely advertise my sexuality. I sat beside this same pool when I watched a youtube video from the singer Dodie during pride month, explicitly singing about her love of women and her identity as a bisexual woman. Maybe I'll be sitting at that pool the day I eventually come out to my extended family. They'll all be on their separate devices reading the same book, probably the newest Elin Hilderbrand novel that takes place on the beaches of Nantucket, where women fall in love while eating lobster rolls, and I'll just blurt it out. Everyone will look up at me in shock. Or maybe not in shock — I have not talked about having a crush on a boy since eighth grade.

I eventually outgrew my years spent reading YA novels. Soon after that, I outgrew the need to look at myself in the mirror and convince myself that Boy X or Guy Y would become one of the men I read about. Someone who would kiss me in the rain or someone who would risk death to touch me or someone who would make me blush enough for the omniscient narrator of my life to note it on the page. Finally, I out-

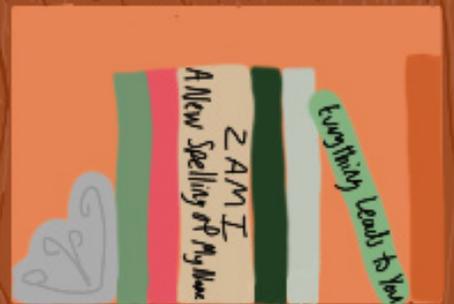
**I  
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...

**Finally, I outgrew the fear of  
calling myself gay, of coming out  
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own story as a queer  
woman.**

grew the fear of calling myself gay, of coming out casually to strangers I have spoken to for maybe an hour, of seeking out queer stories to read, of sharing my own story as a queer woman.

It's hard to wrap my mind around the fact that I read *Jane Eyre* before the US Supreme Court had legalized same sex marriage. At the time, my "Reader, I married him" moment would have likely been impossible. Now as I browse the YA section of my local bookstore, I see all the titles that showcase two women holding hands on the cover, and I read book jackets that hint at love affairs which would have been too taboo to print only 6 years ago. I can only imagine how in love a young gay girl in the year 2021 must feel while reading inside the mind of someone like her. Hopefully her "I love you"s don't feel so empty for so long. 🍷





# Species-being

Human nature to labor freely, creatively, spontaneously

By: Sophie Williams  
Art by: Julia Lee

## What is species-being?

Species-being is a philosophical proposition about the essential being that characterizes the human species. It focuses on two main concepts: human nature and alienation. It conjectures that it is human nature to labor spontaneously and productively, but that under capitalism, laborers are alienated from the products of their labor (which belong, instead, to their employer) and therefore from their own nature.

Let's explain this more directly, beginning with human nature.

## Human Nature

The character of a species is displayed in its life activity — that is, what it does with its life. For animals, there is no distinction between their self and their life activity. A bear, for example, eats berries, hibernates, and watches its cubs; in short, it simply “acts on its external world to maintain its physical existence.”<sup>1</sup> When animals produce things like beaver dams, bird nests, or beehives, “they do it in pursuit of the immediate needs of themselves or their offspring.” The beehive is a magnificent and beautiful creation. But still! The bee produces not creatively, but by instinct and for necessity. But human beings produce “even when we are free from immediate need,” and because we can step back and reflect abstractly on what we do, “we aren't strictly determined in our behavior.” As Marx writes in *Capital*: “What distinguishes the worst architect from the best bee is this: the architect raises the structure in imagination before erecting it in reality. At the end of every labor process, we get a result that already existed in the imagination of the laborer,” well before the manual work ever began.<sup>2</sup> Like God created Man in God's own image, so humans create in our own self-image, turning our imaginations and reflections into objectified products. This is our life activity.

“Like God created Man in God's own image, so humans create in our own self-image, turning our imaginations and reflections into objectified products.”

Look at astronomy and astrology, writing and painting and sculpting and weaving, storytelling and language, philosophy and science and engineering and architecture. This “free and productive activity” encompasses our species-being.



## Social Creatures

Human nature is not static and impermanent, and our activity inevitably changes as history progresses and contexts change. However, if there is any really universal aspect of the human species, it is social activity.

The COVID-19 pandemic lays bare the stir-crazy isolation people experience after losing their jobs or switching to online work or school, seeing people only through a laptop screen. Depression and anxiety symptoms have drastically increased, even for those lucky enough to have a safe home and enough to get by, and the year-long loss of social communities is highly tangible to most. Animals “are not conscious of themselves as a member of a species, but exist only in the immediacy of their individual lives, whereas human beings have the capacity for... self-consciousness.”<sup>3</sup> We understand ourselves as part of humanity broadly, both historically and in the moment. Early humans depended on being social creatures, banding together to hunt and survive, forming rituals and building entire civilizations, developing language to communicate, evolving our very ability to think with built-in linguistic brain structures (to paraphrase O’Shae again).

The ideology of capitalism assumes that people are fundamentally self-interested and individualistic, and that “social solidarity is not the basis by which we get by.” But Marx suggests that this self-centered, wealth-obsessed

We understand ourselves as part of humanity broadly, both historically and in the moment.

individual is the product of the conditions of capitalism, not the fundamental being of humanity. It is not entirely alien — there is also a human desire to pursue greed

and status — but capitalism “preys on and incentivizes the lesser angels of our nature.” The quarantine period also demonstrates how naturally creative and productive people are and want to be. If we have the time to “paint, dance, and experience things,” we create and produce, even without the so-called incentive structure of a mere sustenance wage.<sup>4</sup> The lazy person is the result of not their inherent laziness, but their exhausting, alienating workday.

In sum, species-being is a humanist take that says, “humanity is a social species that objectifies the surrounding world through labor, because we are just beings that labor.” While this essentialism can’t be proven or disproven, it is a cogent assumption that is extremely relatable to humans living under an economic system of capitalist alienation.

With that, let’s briefly explain alienation.

## Alienation

It can be a lengthy, clumsy process to explain in words, but the experience of alienation of labor, and (if labor is our nature as *homo sapiens*), consequent alienation from ourselves, each other, and our entire species, is no secret. Franz Kafka illustrates it in his 1915 novella *The Metamorphosis*: a working man with no interest in life wakes up as a giant insect with no interest in life and withers away to his death (after evading a few housecalls from his supervisor just double-checking that the insect really can’t come into work today). Kafka’s “monstrous vermin” is capitalism’s twisted caricature of a human being, a life where being physically ill (or becoming a huge fucking bug) is a welcome alternative to attending another nine hours of your lifeblood-sucking job.

Under capitalism, the working class has nothing to sell but their labor. They use their productive labor power to create value, a portion of which is returned to them in the form of wages, which are used to purchase the means of living. Profit wouldn’t exist if workers received the full value they create. The other portion of that value is kept by the capitalist/owner, who owns the means of produc-



Capitalism changes “necessity” for the worker from “human thriving” to “the bare bones minimum for survival.”

tion and a sum of other private property. The owner rents out the worker’s time and energy to keep producing, and the worker is dependent on the owner’s redistribution of wages to keep living. Capitalism changes “necessity” for the worker from “human thriving” to “the bare bones minimum for survival.” Meanwhile, necessity for the capitalist becomes the accumulation of wealth that is more immense and luxurious than could be used in a thousand lifetimes.

As said in *Estranged Labor* from the *Economic and Philosophic Manuscripts of 1844*, “The product of labor is [intangible] labor embodied in a [physical] object; the objectification of labor.” Because, under capitalism, the worker doesn’t own the materials, factory, tools, or other means of producing the product — nor the product, once it is produced — this “realization of labor is a loss of realization for the workers.” Jobs take up the majority of time awake: the worker’s “life no longer belongs to him but to the [owner of the] object” he creates. Here, “the height of this servitude is that only as a worker can he maintain himself as a physical subject, and is it only as a physical subject that he is a worker.” In other words, he needs to labor for wages to attain his food and shelter. Moreover, he doesn’t freely imagine a product in his mind’s eye and creatively pursue it (as is our species-being), but completes a small portion of the process for a product that wasn’t imagined by and doesn’t belong to him, but to another. Being robbed of creativity and sustenance leads to “the loss of his self.”

To paraphrase more of *Estranged Labor*: nature provides us with the ability to labor by providing the raw materials (wood, water, ivory, et cetera) to labor on. Nature also provides the physical subsistence of the worker — food and water, air and lungs and a heartbeat, the ability to sleep and eat, the desire to create, and a body to do it with. So what “constitutes the alienation of labor?... [This wage labor] does not develop freely his physical and mental energy, but mortifies [i.e. self-sacrifices] his body and ruins his mind.... It is forced labor. It is not the satisfaction of a need; it is merely a means to satisfy needs external to it[,]” to buy groceries and pay rent.

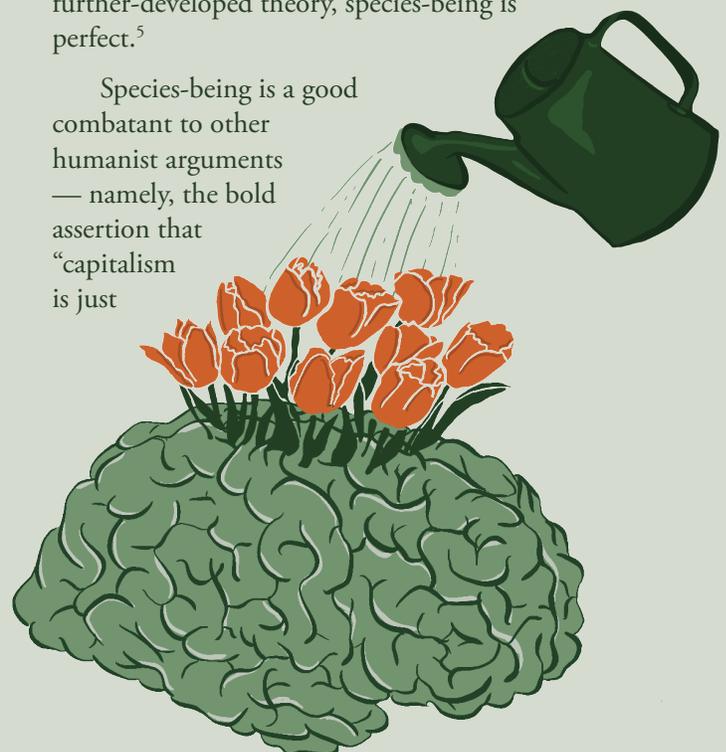
In sum: “As a result, man (the worker) only feels himself freely active in his animal functions — eating, drinking, procreating... and in his human functions [that is, labor] he no longer feels himself to be anything but an animal,” mechanically and habitually addressing the immediate physical need. Eating and procreating “are also genuinely human functions. But taken abstractly, separated from the sphere of all other human activity and turned into sole and ultimate ends, they are animal functions.” And so, labor is estranged.

Feeling only free in our animal functions — whether that be at work while on our lunch break or on the toilet, or at home in the shower or in bed — is easily recognizable to anyone doing any labor they are compelled to do. But playing music, working out, cooking, welding, painting, gardening, building a fence, fishing — these pursuits, when done freely and creatively, make us feel human again.

## The Conceptual Usefulness of Species-being

Because species-being is a humanist theory that relies on appeals to moral standards of some universal, trans-historical human essence, it can’t be the core component of any critique of capitalism. (That is, merely the existence of conditions that are unethical and harmful to human life wouldn’t make capitalism a contradictory system on course to be overturned like the feudal system was; it could be both unethical and non-contradictory.) Species-being describes the experience of capitalism, but it isn’t the best argument against it. However, as a supplement to the logical, practical, scientific social critique found in further-developed theory, species-being is perfect.<sup>5</sup>

Species-being is a good combatant to other humanist arguments — namely, the bold assertion that “capitalism is just



human nature” (and that any collaborative economic system is antithetical to it). It evokes the lived experience of capitalism, something extremely relatable to almost any working or worked person, and offers hope that it doesn't have to be like this.

I imagine that, absorbed ideology aside, many people who praise capitalism with no intentions of moving past it have never experienced being anything but upper-class. This reality is heightened at “elite” places like Dartmouth, where forty-five percent of the student body is from the top five percent of the wealth distribution — in other words, wealthier than 95% of people.<sup>6</sup> As such, being split from the necessity of working simply to exist in the world, many people have never fully experienced alienation.

This isn't an accusation or an insult. I was born to generational wealth — a member of the petit bourgeois, the regular bourgeoisie, the ruling class, the owning class, those making over \$75,000 a year, those who “have enough money” or “life comfortably” or however you think best describes the social group that is decidedly not working for a wage. (Class in this economic analysis is about relation to the means of production — who owns it, and who doesn't own it but owns only their labor — not necessarily status. A small business owner may be a member of the bourgeoisie while a professional athlete making millions could still be a member of the proletariat.) This also has nothing to do with work ethic, but simply the fact that not needing a constant job is an entirely different experience than that faced by most of the world's people. If alienation doesn't sound real, you might not be naturally equipped to identify with the worker's plight.

And yet — something so compelling about species-being is that almost no one is immune to this alienation. Even the most successful people in the most privileged positions buy into the trappings of work-hard, play-hard hustle culture. They become beholden to the dollar and the accumulation of massive wealth; just watch the Paris Hilton documentary to see this addictive, corrosive quality on heartbreaking display.<sup>7</sup>

# SZA



*She's selling her labor just as well,  
and literally selling herself, too.*

## Creatives

(as in, photographers, singer-songwriters, YouTube fashion bloggers, actors, pianists, and so on)

“Creative” is a catch-all for all the arts — drawing and painting, writing stories or poetry or even research papers, playing instruments and singing and dancing, skating and running, gaming and reading. These “creative arts” are only practiced full time by a lucky few exceptions able to successfully monetize these pursuits. We fall victim to the stereotyping, “starving artist,” “What are you going to do with that Film and Classics degree?” mentality because the practical situation of capitalism threatens to make it true. But people still create, and not with the aim of making a mass profit, even if they are compelled to desperately monetize any and all creative activity to stay alive and fed. Most painters aren't wealthy, but they still paint.

It's no surprise that we feel personally close to celebrities, musicians, actors, writers, poets, athletes, designers, videographers, directors, and artists. And as their lifework is their creative labor (even if it's topsy-turvy-ily gigged as

their livelihood as well), it's even less surprising that we want to idolize them. We recognize the realization of the human species in them. They exemplify our nature as homo sapiens to labor freely and creatively — at least on first impression.

Late one night, I was reading this interview SZA did with Rolling Stone. (Sometimes I wonder if Spare Rib is an intersectional feminist student magazine or a SZA fan club.) In one paragraph, it was midnight. She was getting on a plane at 6 a.m. bound for a recording studio at Rick Rubin's house in Kauai, taking only t-shirts and her chakra singing bowls. Later, after the trip, she met the interviewer again to share how she spent her trip: making music, making food, and swimming alone at night, seeing a sea turtle under the stars. As I read, a sense of affection came over me, and I felt grateful that her monetary musical success gave her this life, which seems full of self-actualization. In return, we non-creatives get her music. It gives us solace throughout our daily lives. Even if we have little time to really find out what we're passionate about or good at due to compulsive lifelong hyperfocus on a "career," we have the auditory result of night swims and day recording sessions in Kauai. The main point of this late night introspection: I want more people to have chances to live like that, even if they're not exceptional at anything.

I was thinking, too, about what makes life meaningful — creative exertion and social interaction, not the pursuit of wealth or status. As put by

Breht O'Shae, "People get fame and money and they go crazy, realizing they've been lied to about the path to happiness." The article carried on. SZA says she's still "always shocked that people are there" when she steps onstage to perform, and the interviewer notes her "external curiosity and inward-facing thoughtfulness" that glows through her lyrics, melodies, and speaking voice. The interview also got into some "intense personal losses."<sup>8</sup> It felt intimate, but at points also felt invasive, misleading, and downright exploitative. She's selling her labor just as well, and literally selling herself, too. After the Rolling Stone content was released, SZA wrote on her Twitter account that she wasn't doing any more photoshoots, videos, or interviews. I can understand why.

## In Conclusion

I heard something at a church recently. I keep thinking about it. The speaker talked about all the things we do — for faith, or family, or friends, or work, or recreation; what we think we should do, what we want to do, what we have done and what we will do. Then they said, "Are you a human doing, or a human being?"

We're only supposed to be human beings. We don't need to "make a living" — our living is made with our mere existing aliveness, and yet, that aliveness is put in jeopardy when people can only maintain their physical existence as workers. Even the phrase "make a living" exemplifies how our species-being is turned upside-down.

Realize that much of the pressure of our lives is antithetical to our nature, and it is only natural to feel lost, lazy, overworked, and alienated from ourselves, our lives, and each other. Embrace free and creative labor whenever you can... and try to find some haven in the philosophy that our nature is probably pretty beautiful. 🍏

As put by Breht O'Shae, "People get fame and money and they go crazy, realizing they've been lied to about the path to happiness."





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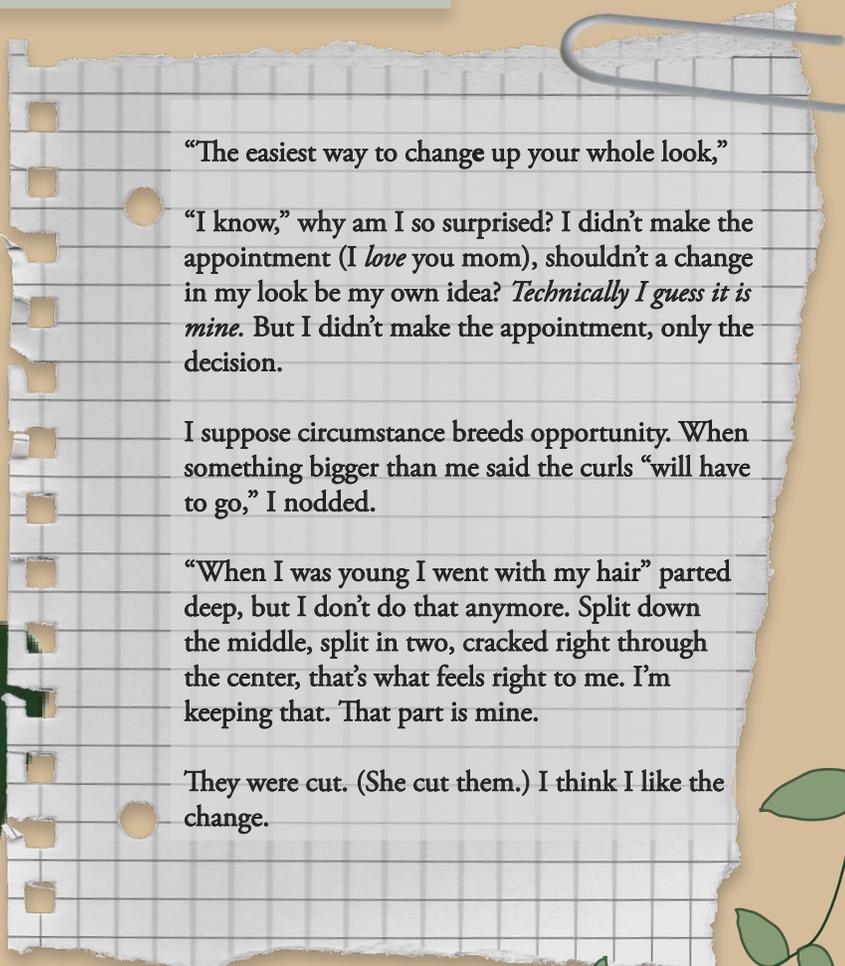
miss july

grew older

by: caty brown  
art by: camilla lee

author's note:

Over the past year of my life, the world has asked a lot of me. I've felt like tree bending in a thunderstorm, hoping I'm still young enough to bounce back. The change hasn't all been bad, and I wanted to write a series of vignettes that represented what I've been feeling: the loss, pain, joy, hurt, melancholy, fear, and whatever else that can remain unnamed. They're intended to be a sort of journal of my thoughts, with particular inspiration from the poem "Miss July Grows Older" by Margaret Atwood. You'll find several references to it.



"The easiest way to change up your whole look,"

"I know," why am I so surprised? I didn't make the appointment (*I love you mom*), shouldn't a change in my look be my own idea? *Technically I guess it is mine*. But I didn't make the appointment, only the decision.

I suppose circumstance breeds opportunity. When something bigger than me said the curls "will have to go," I nodded.

"When I was young I went with my hair" parted deep, but I don't do that anymore. Split down the middle, split in two, cracked right through the center, that's what feels right to me. I'm keeping that. That part is mine.

They were cut. (She cut them.) I think I like the change.



I started brushing my teeth again. I didn't tell my mom about it. Doesn't the admission seem like less of something to celebrate and more something to mourn? Not something reclaimed, but the confession that at one point something was lost.

"When did you stop?"

I don't know. ("When I was all body I was lazy. I had an easy life, and was not grateful. Now there are more of me." Some of me is unwelcome.)

But I started brushing my teeth again.

My childhood bedroom caused me a lot of strife. The pink (and the green), the "big ole crystal chandelier!" (they weren't crystal), the bedspread (hot pink this time), that goddamn clock (that *goddamn* clock!). How long could I get away with it? "How much longer can I get away with being so fucking cute? Not much longer."

Drowning in it. "The shoes with bows, the cunning underwear" Leave me alone! folding, knotting, off the walls, Add to Checkout, please let me feel brand new again.

Almost. The bedspread is orange now. The pink is gone.

The clock is still there. That goddamn clock.

My abs hurt, a day or two ago.

(Was it the walks? The girl I was yesterday didn't do so many, and perhaps I am going to drown (one day), but for now I am going on more walks. )

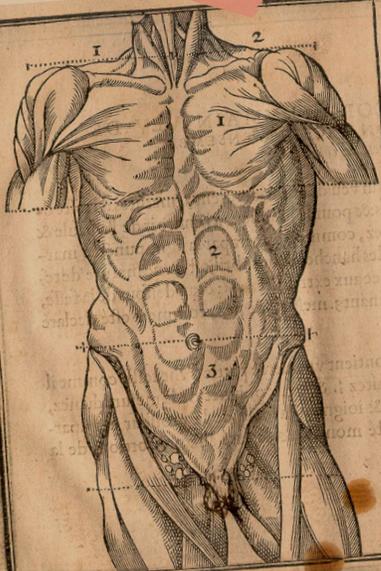
But I don't understand. I've mapped my muscles, (how many pieces of copy paper does it take to know the body?) why would a walk affect my abs? According to my diagrams (how many colored pencils, how many songs), that just can't be it. But I have no more explana-(how many flash cards does it take to know? When am I finished? How much more? "more than this, always more than this")?

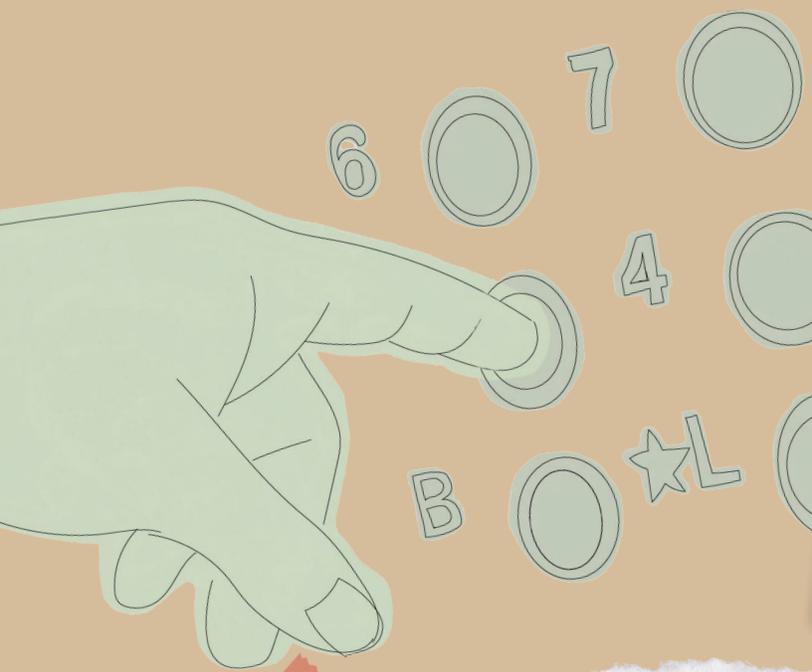
I don't know. (I really don't).

But it wasn't the walks.

The soreness, I noticed, worsened when I laughed. Seems almost like a joke (don't laugh, it will hurt), the pain in my belly is borne of new joy.

I haven't done that in a while.





For a little while, doesn't everything seem endless? Somewhere between pressing L and then hearing the ding of opening doors, there is an infinity. A moment where you feel like you'll last forever, right here (God, I wish I could, how do I do anything other than this? I don't know how anymore), before you have to get your sheets.

The cycle ended hours ago. ("After a while, you forget what you really look like." I did.) I left it. It will wait.

Not forever though. But maybe for a little while.

It is *so fun*, until it suddenly isn't. I'm clenching my teeth, spitting out half-words: "I think I'm happy with where we are right now." And I am all but running, gasping, oh girl what have you done, *get away*. "Men were a skill" *I didn't learn (how was I supposed to?)*, all I had was "lipstick imprints" (they were *never* "in the shape of grateful," damn you boy in camouflage pants), and "sighs on the [pipes] of men I" (*hope that I*) "knew, and didn't want to."

"I notice I am using the past tense." I am honest, but I hate letting you down ("I think I'm happy with where we are right now.") Why do I think in currency, (how will I pay up for a man who doesn't want my friendship)? Men and boys and camouflage pants, and I am *never going to be grateful*.

She was prettier, I think, than I am. ("After a while, you forget what you really look like") Maybe smarter, too.

I was in love with her. (*I am in mourning*)

She slept a lot less, and pretended a lot more. She was the one who got the letters (they've been forwarded to me, what am I to do with them? I'm in love with *her*.)

"I notice I am using the past tense."

I don't know if she's dead. She's not who I was so in love with, and maybe that's the same thing.

I grew out of her (*I'm in love with her*) "and into my common senses." And suddenly she wasn't so smart, and I wasn't sleeping ("the way the sun moves through the hours"), too busy "forget[ing] what you really look like."

"Don't confuse me" with the girl I used to love, I do that enough all on my own. 🍏

# Memento VIERE

By Ana Noriega  
Art By: Sophie Williams

*carbonated sunflower following  
the weeping air of mother's soup  
boiling caramel embrace  
floods abandoned buildings*

*(paintings that survived the fire  
fleeing mice down the subway)*

*eyes pour a flowing lake  
my ocean pulse, a children's song  
Antahuara move my feet,  
cannabiniccious melt*

*(rumination cycling drip over my body  
the showers that cerebrally in)*

*a dream?  
many days extend lucidity  
words of fleeting dreamscapes  
extend to bleeding ears*

*"Trae más sal, hijita." 🍎*



# STAGNATION

## and *Fugue*

By Ana Noriega

Art By: Sophie Williams

*My fourteen-year old body  
emerges dressed in military badge—  
a wounded child crawls to Sunday;  
Broken tendon, twisted bone  
Lysergic radiance  
from every fingernail.*

*Eternally*

*Wormy status quo ...*

*Wishing for a beach house  
As I dig a backyard pool;*

*But impotence breeds gratitude,*

*From every black stroke  
On my healing eyelids*

*The windows now have water teeth (like the poet once said)  
projecting colors upon pavement  
little waterdrop on my hair;*

*Industrial column going home  
Grips the monorail,  
Sweeps to sweeter dreams. 🍏*



## Alumni Interview:

# Diana Whitney

Conducted By: Kiera Bernet

*Diana Whitney '95 is a member of the original Spare Rib published in the 90s. She is a writer and poet — with a focus on feminism, motherhood, and sexuality. Diana also works as a feminist activist and advocate for survivors of sexual violence in her community and beyond. I had the pleasure of (virtually) sitting down with her to hear her story.*

### How did being a part of Spare Rib impact your Dartmouth experience?

I'm a '95 and coming onto campus as a freshman, I was thrown into Dartmouth mainstream culture — going out to frats and participating, but yet being frankly disgusted but not being able to know why.

I was raped my freshmen winter in February in a dorm room in Woodward. Everything changed for me about Dartmouth after that. At the time, I didn't even understand it was sexual assault. I called it coercion. We had a really different language then around consent, even the term consent wasn't around. While sexual offense is still an epidemic, the conversation has really evolved since then.

That all happened in February of 1992, I was 18. I was also harassed by two frat guys who came and banged on my door in the middle of the night ... screaming "slut" and "whore." I called campus security to get them to leave and nothing ever happened for it. And then I just thought, "I need to leave this place. What am I doing here?" And it started this crisis where I thought I was going to transfer.

And then something happened: later on in that spring term I found the Women's Health Resource Center. I discovered it and it changed my life at Dartmouth. It was run then by someone named Mary Childers. It was a place to be supported by other women — some really powerful feminists who were terrifying but brilliant. We would have weekly pot-lucks. I don't know that I actually shared or discussed what had hap-



# '95



pened to me privately around sexual assault and the harrassment, but it gave me this new framework and it gave me this new community of powerful women at Dartmouth.

Sometime that spring, a group of seniors were starting a feminist newspaper called Spare Rib. For me, it started with me being asked to write for it. I had written a few pieces for The D, [which] was fine but I realized that I wasn't a hardnose journalist, and this is where my passion and energy wanted to go.

The first piece I wrote was a poem called "Why You Came Over Tonight." I'm always writing about desire and sexuality, so it's kind of funny that was my first Spare Rib contribution. sophomore year, I started to get more and more involved. Some of my highlights of Spare Rib are from that summer. I went undercover to a fraternity rush party with a friend of mine as a Spare Rib reporter. We had no idea what we were doing, and looking back it sounds pretty dangerous. The event was called "hostessing," which I know they thankfully do not do anymore.

It was this really misogynistic, disgusting ritual where fraternities would invite "hot" girls to be hostesses at their rush parties. They would look through the freshmen facebook — an actual book — called it the "Shmenu." They found photos of the youngest on campus who they thought were hot, and they would send them an invite from the brothers of the house. My friend got an invite. We were grossed out, but we decided to go together and I would report about it. We dressed up in mini skirts and stilettos. We served drinks and made



small talk and I wrote about it. Looking back, it's interesting how tame my exposé was, even for Spare Rib. Even then, I was afraid of the consequences. I don't know if I even had the framework to see the ritual for what it was — exploitative and misogynistic. But, it was a record of what was going on in fraternity culture at the time, which was Dartmouth mainstream culture. It is called "Confessions of a Hostess" and it was my first big piece for Spare Rib.

Later, I wrote about my sexual assault, but I called it fiction. The piece is called "Carnival" and it came out in the December '92 edition. I wrote it in the third person, which I think was the only way I was able to write about it. That was the only thing I could muster at the time, but at least it gave me an outlet. I guess there was some release in being able to write about trauma even if it was hidden in plain sight.

What's interesting to me is I wrote that piece in a creative writing workshop at Dartmouth and then it was published in the newspaper. If I read it now, I would think this person has been through sexual trauma and we should check in with them and see if they're okay. And nobody did that. I think it was just accepted that it was just a normal sexual interaction. The administration to this day continues to put blinders on. It's [a] historic and ... current epidemic.

**What did being a feminist mean on Dartmouth's campus at the time? How has your feminism grown and evolved since writing for Spare Rib as an undergraduate?**

My feminist awakening really happened at Dartmouth. It was through the Women's Resource Center, taking women's studies, reading some of the formative feminist theory, but really it was from just being incubated in that

“THE ADMINISTRATION

TO THIS DAY

CONTINUES

BLIND

IT'S A HISTORIC

AND

EPIDEMIC

December, 1992

Spare Rib

## CARNIVAL

by Diana Sabot '95

She is waiting in her room, in her pajamas, in her wet hair. Stretched on the floor on her stomach, she feels her body flattening into the scratchy worsted rug. Her limbs are heavy from a hard week of ski practice, and when she lets her eyes close, it seems her weight might sink into the

open mouth against hers and  
All at once they are rolling and  
rug. Her pajamas are twisted  
her back. His hands are even  
quickness; she senses his any

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community. So for me instead of transferring, I decided to stay, find these kindred spirits, and say, “I’m going to resist. We are going to resist.”

The biggest thing I was so thrilled to see when opening up the new edition of Spare Rib is the intersectionality. We were not intersectional: we were a group of white women, and our feminism was white feminism. We were reading Audre Lorde and definitely the theorists who were more intersectional, but not in terms of how it showed up on campus. For sure, when I look back on our feminism there is a little bit of regret and shame that we weren’t able to expand it beyond that experience of white students at Dartmouth.

Now, intersectional feminism is the only feminism that is possible. I have been able to recognize that ... the past five years which is late to the game, understanding those issues and layers that I really didn’t when I was 18 through 22.

**In bringing Spare Rib back to campus, our center focus was really making this publication intersectional and representative of different sexualities, gender identities, races, and experiences.**

I really saw that in the [Summer 2020] issue. Elaine wrote this great piece on queer love and I just devoured that. I was just thinking how important that would’ve been for me if I could’ve read that. I’m bi[sexual]; I identify as queer and Dartmouth is where I came out. I came out my sophomore summer after being closeted since I was 13. It was high school in the 80s; I couldn’t come out in any way, not even to myself. Dartmouth did give me a place to do that.

I’m a poet. For me, the way I express my intersectional feminism is by lifting up the voices of women and nonbinary people and amplifying voices of women of color. My new book is an anthology that does that with pieces from trans, nonbinary, and POC poets 🍎

Whitney’s latest project *You Don’t Have to Be Everything: Poems for Girls Becoming Themselves* will be released on March 30, 2021.

ib

# Ornament

She draws a permanent grin on her  
made-up face with eyebrow pencil  
and clutches the date’s arm— a tall,  
dark stranger  
from her philosophy class.

How beautiful you look! he says. She  
smiles  
because she knows she is

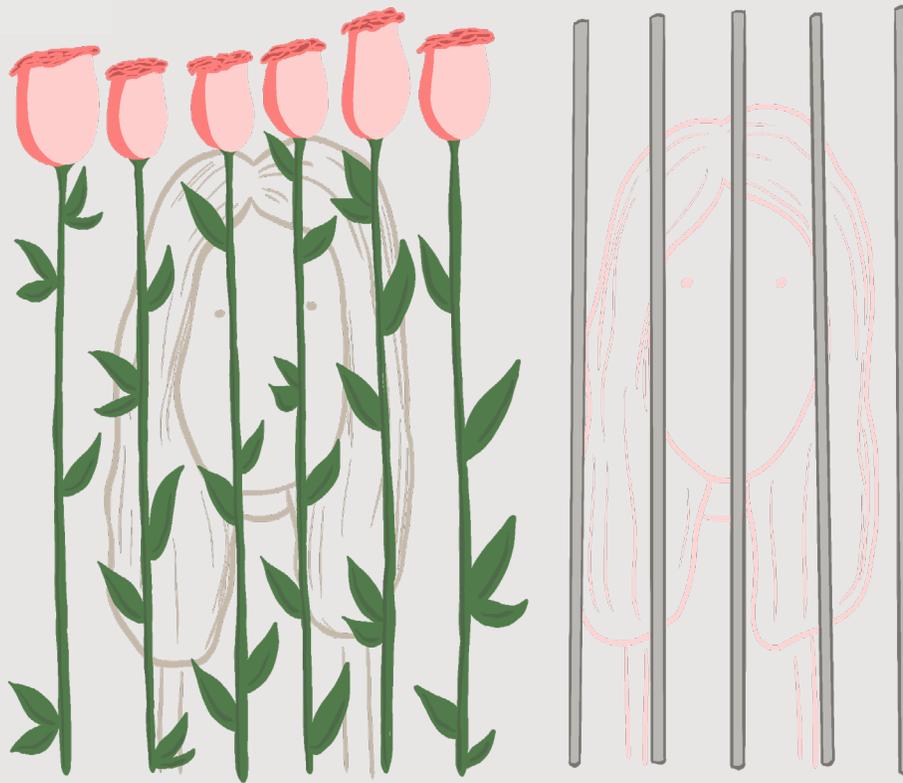
d climbs on top of her.  
round on the worsted  
ed and the rug itches  
rywhere. His breath  
iety

# At Odds With

## FEMININITY

By: Katherine Arrington

Art by: Penelope Spurr



*When I was five years old,* my parents told me not to walk on the rails of a bridge. I obeyed... for a few hours. But the next day, I went back to the bridge and walked along its railing, until I got to the end and fell off. I injured my foot and ended up in the hospital getting stitches. I suppose this example shows that I have always hated being labeled by anyone other than myself, being limited in who I can be and what I can do.

For the most part, as I have grown up, I have shed my rebellious outlook on rules and instructions. Instead, I have found myself gravitating towards bending the boundaries of what society dictates I must say, do, and be. Yet it is this attitude that has culminated in a struggle between myself and my femininity as I have tried to walk

the line between rejecting the misogynistic expectations of our society for how a woman should act and celebrating my identity as a woman.

As a child, I dreamed of being a princess, I played with Barbie dolls, and my favorite color was pink. I loved dresses and skirts; I insisted upon having long hair, and I was passionate about my love for both roses and flowers (separate entities in my mind). Yet as I grew older and witnessed the portrayal of women in the media, in books, and even in my own life, I realized that I did not want to play second fiddle to a man, to be a secretary to a lawyer, a nurse to a doctor, a teacher to a principal, a first lady to a president, or worst of all (in my mind), a housewife to a husband.

I wanted to be strong, to be bold, to be a leader, to be

**I think that I have finally come to the realization that succeeding in a male-dominated world does not require me to fight my own femininity. It requires me instead to embrace it.**



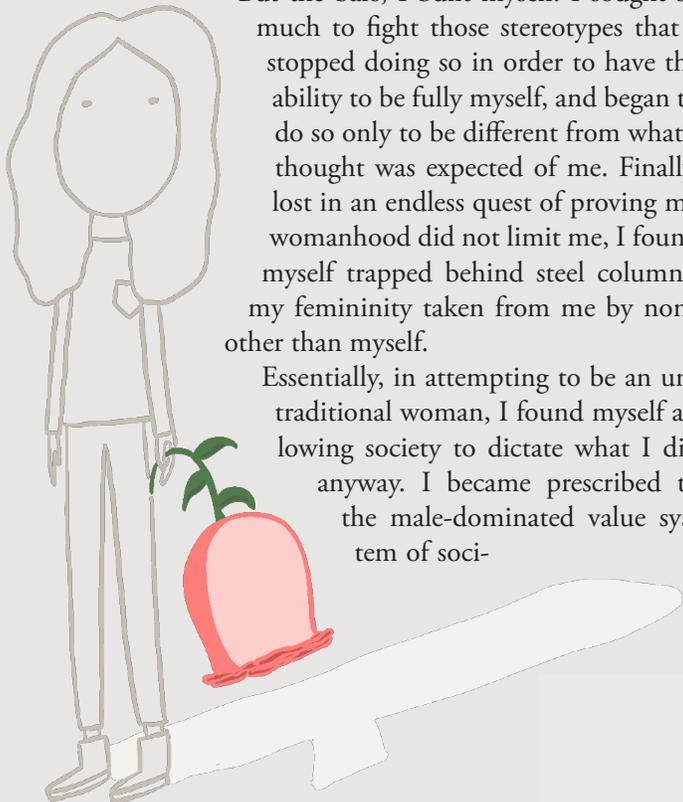
listened to, to be in control instead of controlled... and I started to associate being all of these things with not being overly feminine. I thought that I had to show no vulnerability, no emotion, no passion, no femininity, or I would be labeled weak. I thought that to prove that I could do anything that a man could do meant that I needed to relinquish my womanhood.

But at a certain point, I found myself so adamantly trying to disavow everything that society said that I should be as a woman that I was devaluing my own identity. I felt as though if I wore lipstick it was because I wanted men to admire me. As though if I cooked it was because I was practicing to be a good wife to a future husband. As though if I liked flowers then all I cared about was beauty and not purpose.

Over time, I turned my own femininity into a prison, one I built myself in the process of trying to escape society's definition of me. The base of the prison was the societal stereotypes cast upon women.

But the bars, I built myself. I sought so much to fight those stereotypes that I stopped doing so in order to have the ability to be fully myself, and began to do so only to be different from what I thought was expected of me. Finally, lost in an endless quest of proving my womanhood did not limit me, I found myself trapped behind steel columns, my femininity taken from me by none other than myself.

Essentially, in attempting to be an untraditional woman, I found myself allowing society to dictate what I did anyway. I became prescribed to the male-dominated value system of soci-



ety, attempting to be a less womanly woman all for the sake of some unattainable and untenable ideal.

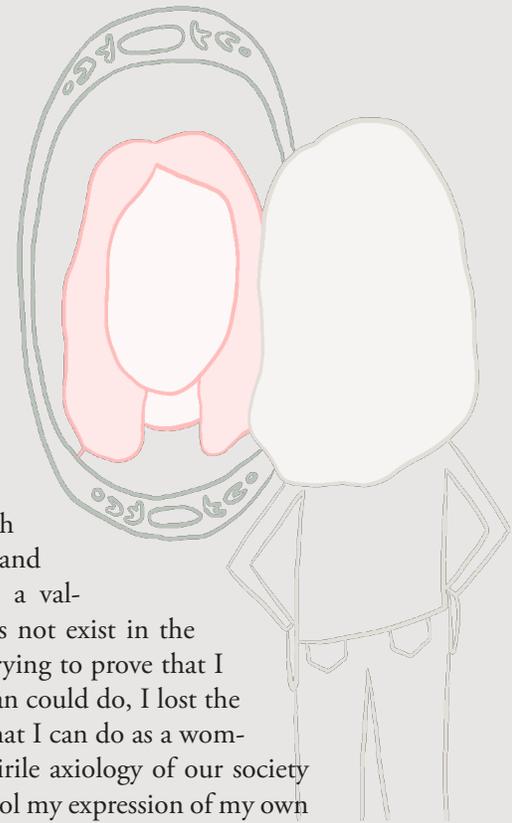
But being at odds with my femininity came at a cost: I lost my appreciation of the unique value that comes with being a woman and of being feminine, a value that simply does not exist in the world of men. In trying to prove that I could do what a man could do, I lost the consideration of what I can do as a woman. I allowed the virile axiology of our society to dictate and control my expression of my own femininity.

Men have had positions of power all throughout history. They have been the ones who were kings and emperors and presidents. They have been the ones who have gone to the moon and explored Antarctica. They have been the ones who have fought wars and created peace. But men are not the only ones who have done great things; becoming like man is not the only way to do great things.

Women bring life into this world and raise children into capable adults. Women appreciate beauty and create aesthetics. Women write books and poetry that are heart-breaking and mind-altering. Women keep secrets and risk their lives. Women fight for their rights and overcome oppression. Women like Josephine Baker, Patrisse Cullors, Mabel Stark, Gladys Bentley, Karen Sparck Jones, Sappho, Elizabeth Peratrovich, Patsy Mink, Kalpana Chawla, Victoria Tauli-Corpuz, Janene Yazzie, Ada Lovelace, Mary Edwards Walker, Ellen Ochoa, Ana Mendieta, Rigoberta Menchú, and countless others.

I think that I have finally come to the realization that succeeding in a male-dominated world does not require me to fight my own femininity. It requires me instead to embrace it. Women can do anything that men can do, but they do not need to be like men to succeed. I can be a lawyer, a doctor, or a principal, but I can also be a secretary, a nurse, a teacher, or even a housewife, and none of those has more value than another. Put quite simply, femininity

is powerful, *and it deserves to be treated so.* 🍎



# TINY MOMENTS



IN  
TRANSITION

By: *Maya Khanna*

These vignettes were all written based on the style of the New York Times series, "Tiny Love Stories," which are written in response to a theme or idea, in 100 words or less. The vignettes below follow that same structure. Each describes a particular moment, memory, or realization from my experiences this winter, related to the theme of "transition."

#### IN THE TIME BEFORE SLEEP:

In the space between sleep and waking, I feel warm fingertips dancing over the soft skin below my shoulder blades. The ridges and whorls of the familiar prints cut single-track through an invisible forest of baby hairs, leaving memories behind to soak into my bones. We never speak of this ritual, its gentle, unobtrusive sensations belonging to a category of love that knows neither entreaty nor reciprocity. They are a dialect only known to the liminality of falling asleep; sensations of care that form the love language of my dreams.



#### RETURNING:

I saw the maple syrup first. Lined up in leaf-shaped bottles on a red-checked tablecloth that stretched across the length of the barn, three rows deep, dusty sunlight glinting through the amber liquid. Through the window, sap lines, forming a delicate web under the dark foliage of late summer in Vermont. Beneath my feet, rough-hewed maple planks; on my hands, sticky-sweet sugar from where fingers collided with glass. The world around me, heavy once more with familiar smells of home.



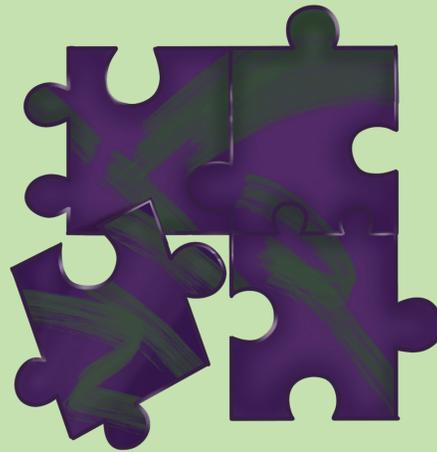
#### WAITING FOR A SPRING THAW:

Caught between horizon and earth, fish in winter lie unseen beneath opaque ice. No longer privy to sun rays that reach into the clear water of summer, trout must instead resign themselves to swimming blindly in darkness; catching memories of sensation only in occasional warm currents. Catfish, on the other hand, burrow deep into the mud. They stand a breath away from death, waiting out the cold times. I listen to their cries in the air bubbles lapping at the shore, and I wonder: Between the loneliness of a trout's hope, and the self-anaesthetization of a catfish, what would I choose?



#### BRIDGING ASSUMPTIONS:

Standing on the bridge connecting facts and thoughts, I find the world malleable beneath my fingertips. Here, in the space that intertwines beliefs and experience, I push hard against sandstone walls; only to find grains collapsing and crystalizing into individual particles seen in sharp relief. Lacking structure, the sharp and unforgiving ridges of memories leave sharp cuts on my skin. I place each gently at my feet, I hold them against one another, and understanding emerges; newly hard and unforgiving, grains of meaning indecipherable and inseparable. 🍎





the twilight of

SEX

By: Aoibheann Holland

Art By: Cammy Lee

As we inch ever closer to the month of March, our time spent in quarantine is encroaching on a full year. One bright spot that exists in my life is my being able to live, both at Dartmouth and off campus, with two of my closest friends. The reality of remote classes has us each emerging from our rooms at the day's end, faces red with exhaustion, twitchy with irritability, and stomachs aching for a meal. During the fall term, no longer able to deal with the monotony of putting pen to paper or looking blankly into a blue screen for hours on end, we decided every night to forget about our commitments and anxieties for a while. Every evening, my friends and I grabbed our sweaters, walked out the door of our barely-on-campus apartment, and walked the seemingly endless distance to Foco. Once there, we kept our heads down to try and avoid people whose masks were askew or who were completely disregarding the glaring green arrows on the floor telling them where to go. We would scour the room for food that we wanted and that could fit into our lime green plastic containers. As we exited,

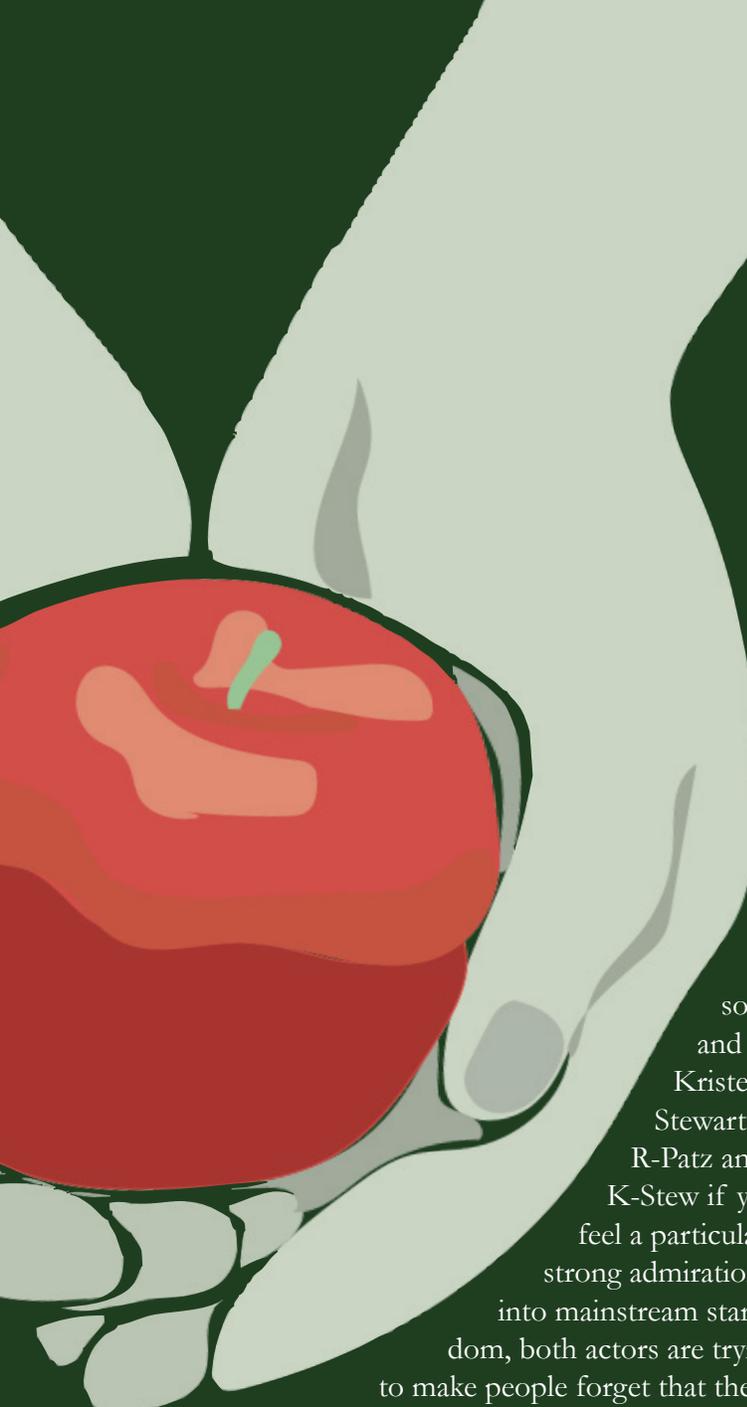
we tried to balance two plastic cake containers and a drink in our numb hands as we hurried back to the warm yellow light of our apartment. Once there, we would pick our places on the floor, set up our dinner, and welcome the familiar chime of

logging on to a streaming service.

I wish I could say that we watched movies and shows that we had always been wanting to watch but never had time for, or that were beloved by fans, or that were well-written. Unfortunately, with our chronic Zoom fatigue and ever-present four-hundred-page readings breathing down our necks, we ended up choosing to consume that which did not require any effort or brain power to watch. We sat in awe with *Glee* as the horrible all-for-one show choir sound poured into the room, as the chiseled abs and utterances of the phrase "endgame" in *Riverdale* slowly turned our brains into a sort of soupy sludge. As the leaves began to turn, fall to the ground, and form a soft carpet outside our living room window, we realized that we desperately needed a change. Thus, for no apparent reason at all, we decided to watch a movie series that would stay with us for the rest of the term, forcing us to think about our time in quarantine, and ultimately what our time would be like outside of it. The name of that immortal series? The *Twilight* Saga.

So, it is probably not news to anyone that the *Twilight* movies are incredibly, painfully, shockingly awful. Even though the series catapulted Robert





without access to proper lighting equipment, and the dialogue sounds like the writers were throwing word magnets against a refrigerator and seeing what came up. And I'm not even going to bring up the werewolves and the exploitation of Seattle's indigenous tribes. Yet, if you have been on the internet at all during the past few months, you will have seen scores of Twilight memes, TikToks, and/or BuzzFeed articles. Sure this "renaissance" could be due to the fact that Robert Pattinson is going to be our next Batman, and an emo one at that, or the fact that Robert Pattinson standing in a kitchen wearing a maroon tracksuit got everyone hot and bothered.[1] But couldn't there be another reason?

When you are watching Twilight and you decide to look past everything that is so obviously wrong with it, you are confronted with one of the greatest/worst love stories the world has ever known. The relationship between Bella and Edward breaks every rule there is, teaches the vampires of the world a new meaning of love and companionship, and presents the audiences with an incredibly toxic, harmful, and misogynistic portrayal of love. Bella almost kills herself after Edward leaves her; Edward almost does the same. The two marry before Bella leaves her teen years, and she gives up everyone she loves to be with this one sad vampire. The list goes on, but I said what I said: Edward and Bella were terrible for each other and should never have given up their real lives to live together for eternity. But it was this very idea of forbidden love that drew my friends and me into the universe of late aughts' vampire and werewolf fever: we somehow, inexplicably, incredulously saw similarities between our lives and those of the residents of Forks, Washington.

Pattinson and Kristen Stewart, or R-Patz and K-Stew if you feel a particularly strong admiration, into mainstream stardom, both actors are trying

to make people forget that they ever portrayed these characters. Bella's entire personality seems to be based upon the fact that she is "not like other girls," even if that means falling into a deep and life-halting depression when her vampire boyfriend leaves her. Edward's looks aside, his obsession with Bella is equal to that of an aggressive stalker — he watches her sleep, becomes the catalyst for many of her life decisions, and refuses to turn her into a vampire, explaining his decision with what is essentially "because I said so." The movies themselves look like they were filmed



Pretty much every day, we hear someone say, "When all this is over, I'm going to ...". Waiting for this pandemic to be over has seemed like an endless and futile task, as the U.S. government has made wrong decision after wrong decision, prolong-

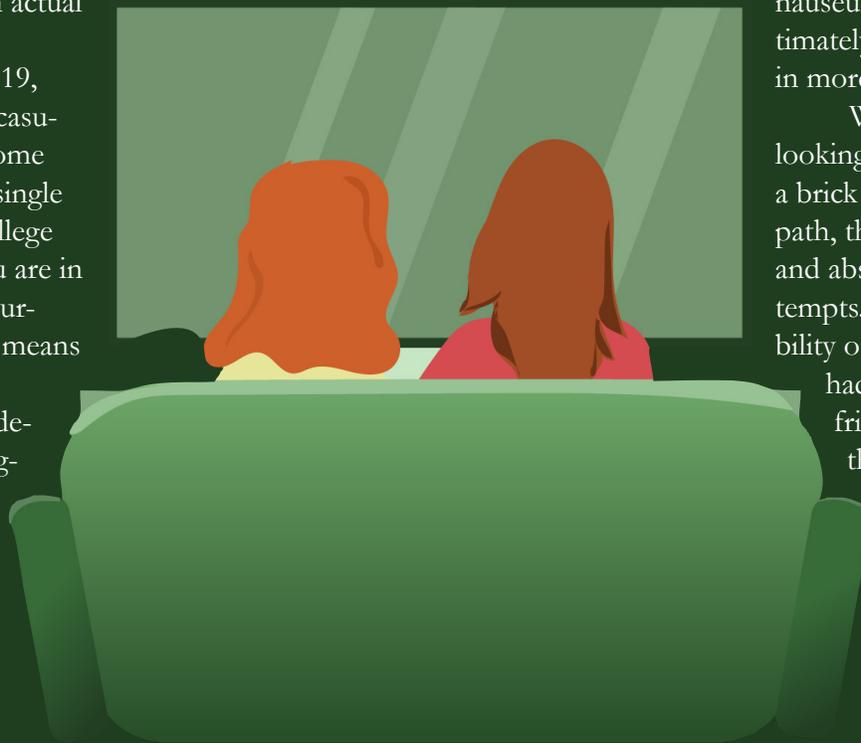
ing our quarantine, and putting people in increasing amounts of danger. Now that we have a working vaccine and people receiving it every day, many of us are starting to make plans for when we can get back to leading our lives. My friends and I are no exception, and missing our vanishing youth, we often spend time sitting on the couch talking about being spontaneous and crazy once we can go indoors with other people again. Since we all are or about to be twenty-one, we see in the distance city bars, clubs pulsing with loud music and the vibrations of feet hitting the floor, parties full of friends, restaurants humming with the sound of laughter and vibrant conversation. We talk about dressing up and going out, pretending to like playing pong in frat house basements, enjoying the company of other people at parties, watching blockbuster movies on screens that will do them justice, and, vitally, being able to have an actual social life with actual partner sex.

With COVID-19, dating — especially casual dating — has become near impossible for single people, especially college students. And, if you are in fact casually dating currently, that probably means that you are shirking social distancing guidelines and acknowledging the rampant

COVID-19 exposure that comes from present day casual sex.[2] For those of us who are too freaked out to meet strangers we cannot contact trace, stepping outside of our doors feels like breaking some sort of rule and being within six feet of someone means you can feel your heartbeat in your ears. You may say, try Tinder or Bumble, but I still feel wary about meeting someone I do not know and trusting that they are COVID-19 free just because they told me they were. Even seeing someone cute on the street has lost its excitement, because you can never quite tell if they are smiling at you under their mask or just happening to glance your way. Of course, every publication and its mother has done a “Dating During COVID-19” article, and they all say the usual. Don’t make close contact with people you do not really know or trust to not have COVID-19, have the COVID-19 talk with any potential sex partner, stay inside your bubble, if you are going to meet someone for a date it has to be outdoors, ad

nauseum, ad infinitum.[3] Ultimately, we are on our own, in more ways than one.

With casual dating looking more and more like a brick wall blocking our path, the world of escapism and absurdity beckons and tempts. The near impossibility of truly safe casual sex had me and my closest friends grabbing for the remote ready to immerse ourselves in *Twilight*. As



“Yet, we remain *transfixed* by the idea that, in a world very similar to the one in which we are living right now, Bella and Edward *fucked*.”

vampires, the Cullens live an incredibly isolated life. They can never really stray outside their bubble, they cannot expose themselves to the sun so they stay inside whenever they can, and they have been forced to form intimate relationships with only the select few people with whom they live. Yet, it is within this seemingly impossible environment that Bella and Edward can find each other and begin an utterly ludicrous romance for the ages. As the audience, we see the absurdity in every scene, every shot, every line of dialogue.

Yet, we remain transfixed by the idea that, in a world very similar to the one in which we are living right now, Bella and Edward fucked. Even though they had to get married first, they fucked so hard that they destroyed a hotel room and managed to conceive a child even though vampires certainly do not have any sort of blood flow. In *Twilight*, we found the best escape we could – we were able to laugh at ourselves while also being comforted by the fact that even a vampire and a human could find love in the most dire of circumstances.

Yet, the sad truth of our reality is echoed in the sad truth of *Twilight* — casual sex is awkward, forbidden, or impossible. As society begins to emerge from this pandemic, we have to start considering what the new “normal” will actually mean, especially in terms of our sex lives. We have spent almost a year avoiding people on the street, going out of our minds with remote learning, watching everything there is to watch, and really escaping so far down the rabbit hole that we have somehow left Wonderland. So, what will transitioning away from the escapist universe of *Twilight* into a post-pandemic definition of love and sex mean for all of us? Well, according to people who study the future for a living, there is going to be a huge increase in virtual dating.[4] While dating online has been a reality for decades, many people are now in full pandemic mode and transitioning their entire lives onto an online platform. While this may mean letting go of our expectations that we will meet someone hot in a random bar and immediately hit it off, it does give us an entire new slate of opportunities. Moreover, we may have a big shift to polyamory and open relationships to look forward to! Apparently, when people are faced with what is pretty much the end of times, they don't really want to have to worry about monogamy.[5] Ultimately, though, I think

that we are all going to be faced with the fact that the landscape of dating and sex may look quite different after we emerge from our homes. And, instead of diving into the worlds of escapism and comfortable isolation, we have to realize that the next few years are going to be rife with countless opportunities for new sexual opportunities, experiences, and awakenings. So, let's stop pretending that Robert Pattinson or Kristen Stewart are going to show up at our door in need of first aid and someone to truly understand them, and let's instead head into our new reality as we are — young, hot, and confident. 🍏

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# Transition

Curated by: Elaine Mei, Jennifer Capriola, Abby Burrows

Art by: Isabella Burke



Isabella Burke, @the.flightless.artist, 2021

There are so many different conditions for change: physical, temporal, emotional. How do we represent such change or begin to make sense of it all?

This collection of songs embodies the myriad of ways transition has manifested within our lives during this pandemic-uprising. In “Them Changes,” Thundercat reflects on the process of navigating transitions and coping with losses, knowing the future is uncertain. Sampling from Fiddler on the Roof, Flo Milli blends present and past in “Roaring 20s” leading us to wonder: to

which 20’s, 1900’s or now, is she truly referring? Meanwhile, on “What Are We Gonna Do Now,” Indigo De Souza manifests transition through the musical structure of the piece itself.

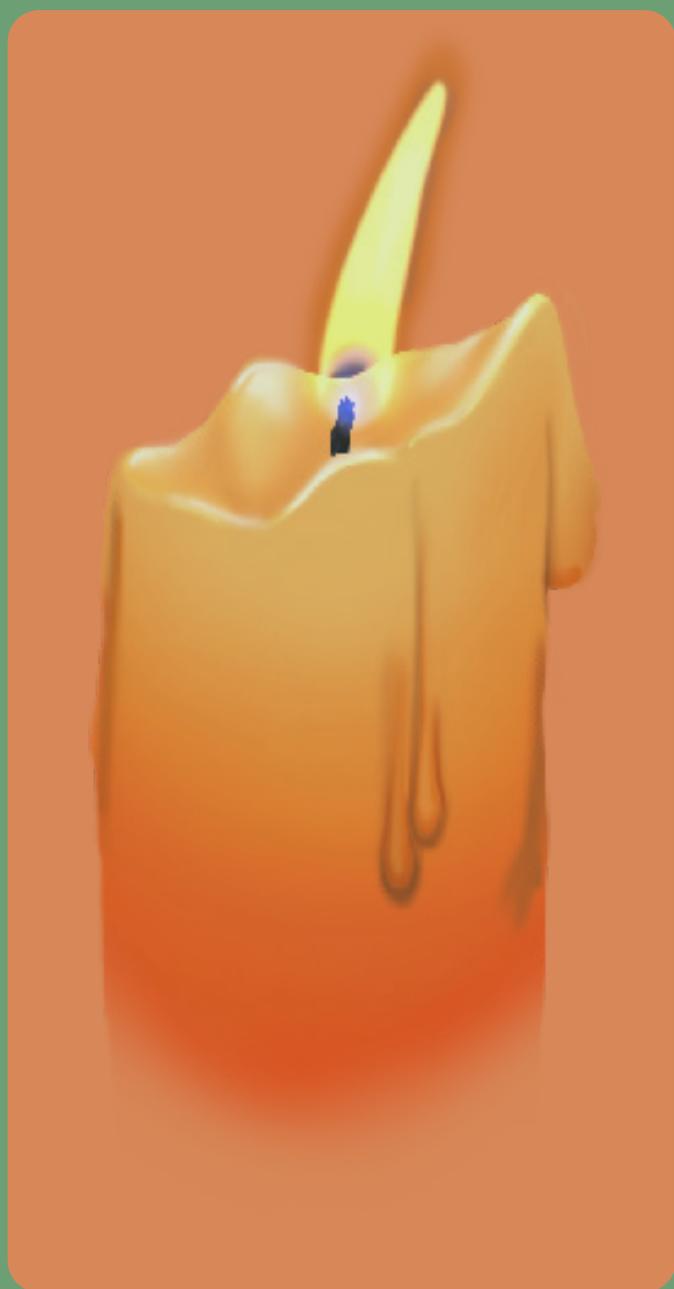
Transitional phases operate within a liminal space: simultaneously looking back and looking forward. Looking back, how do we grapple with our demons, knowing that growth comes from a process of engaging with the traumas we’ve inherited from the past and our ancestors? Looking forward, how do we take the lessons we’ve learned from the past and utilize them to fuel our Places/Plans for the future?

Periods of transition can be the hardest yet inspire the most growth. As a sprout struggles to break through the frost and winter bitterly gives itself over to spring, transition can bring our hopes and desires into fruition. 🍏



# HOW TO UNBURN A CANDLE

by: AMANDA SUN



When a candle drips,  
down,  
on,  
my table I try to give the wax back to itself.  
Butter yellow puddles solidify fingerprints onto  
my fingertips as they attempt  
slip melted wax back onto a wick.

It's a bit too late as  
The wick is no longer a wick it's  
CO<sub>2</sub> H<sub>2</sub>O heat and light and I try to think of  
lightness  
in the air I breathe

The light needs darkness in order to be called light  
and where is a light of friendship when you run  
out of wick?

Carbon sequestration is a hot topic:  
Basalt rocks that grind into powder drink CO<sub>2</sub>  
from the sky.

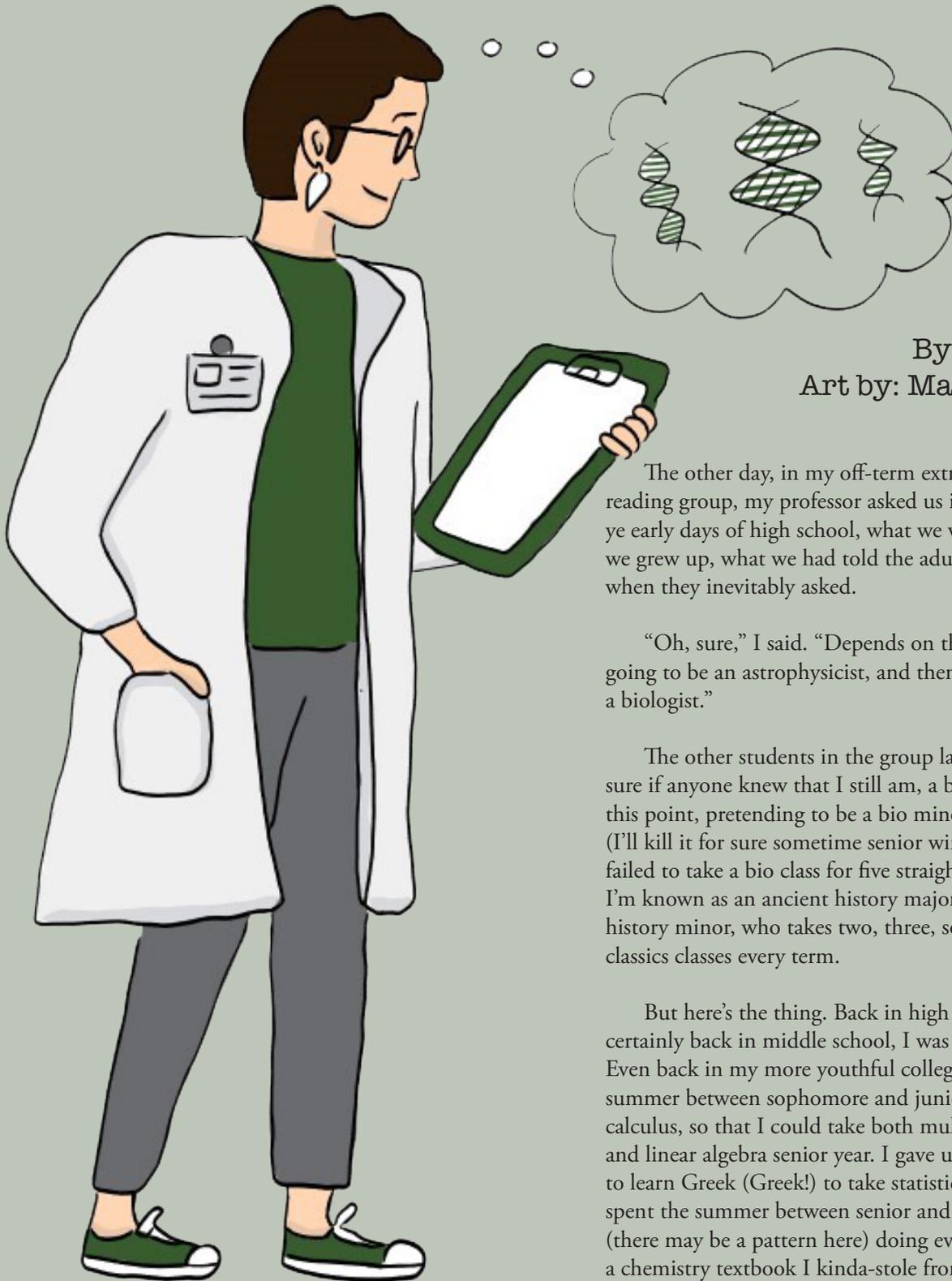
I ask basalt: can you return the water, heat, and  
light to a candle?  
The energy in light photons running into one  
another  
can these be corralled into a braid of white cotton  
dipped in yellow beeswax?  
I don't need a scientist to tell me no, not yet.  
She won't return to consciousness yet.

What do I do with this gap between now and  
discovery?

I can never return my candle to itself.  
When down to a waxy stub, the sides rise up  
beeswax unburnt but one side is more than it's  
uneven and I did not know a candle would leave  
a gap

I did not know a burning  
candle could leave a gap in-  
side of me. 🍎

# Notes from the Field: Branching out o



By: KT Goyette  
Art by: Maanasi Shyno

The other day, in my off-term extra-fun-with-Latin reading group, my professor asked us if we knew, back in ye early days of high school, what we wanted to be when we grew up, what we had told the adults in our lives when they inevitably asked.

“Oh, sure,” I said. “Depends on the year, but I was going to be an astrophysicist, and then I was going to be a biologist.”

The other students in the group laughed. I’m not sure if anyone knew that I still am, a bit pathetically at this point, pretending to be a bio minor on DartWorks. (I’ll kill it for sure sometime senior winter, when I’ve failed to take a bio class for five straight terms.) Instead, I’m known as an ancient history major and history history minor, who takes two, three, sometimes four classics classes every term.

But here’s the thing. Back in high school, and certainly back in middle school, I was a STEM kid. Even back in my more youthful college days. I spent the summer between sophomore and junior year studying calculus, so that I could take both multivariable calculus and linear algebra senior year. I gave up the chance to learn Greek (Greek!) to take statistics (statistics!). I spent the summer between senior and freshman year (there may be a pattern here) doing every problem in a chemistry textbook I kinda-stole from high school,

# F STEM

so that I could take a placement exam during O-Week and go right into orgo. I'd come back, in the mid or late afternoon, from an archeological job that essentially involved digging holes in the sun all day, fight with my roommates for the shower, then begrudgingly study until dinner. My parents thought I was nuts, and maybe they were right, because I did get a bit obsessive about it. But I had a plan, and I stuck to it, and I worked. I took the placement exam. Aced it. Started orgo freshmen winter. Studied twenty hours a week. Did terribly in lab. Did worse on every test. Got the lowest grade I have ever gotten in my life.

It was around this time that I let myself acknowledge something I had been suppressing, ignoring, and denying for a while. STEM was making me, if not always actively miserable, less happy than some other academic pursuits were. Uh-oh.

I'd had a hole in my schedule during orientation, and had gone to a pre-pre-med meeting, and had learned about the Wonderful Pre-Health Advising Program. Because I like structure, and because I'd taken AP Bio in high school, I decided to be a pre-med. So I met with my Pre-Health Advisor, and made all sorts of charts, plotting how I could fit in every required course. This rather filled up my schedule, and limited my elective options. No time to start learning Greek. No time to keep brushed up on my Latin. Yet I'd scroll through lists of classes in humanities departments, trying to determine the best

"fun classes" to fit in among biochem and physics and what have you. "Fun classes?" Meaning the classes I was taking in the bio department, the math department, weren't fun? Meaning that the classes I was taking in the history department, the English department, were fun? Again: Uh-oh.

For my first two terms in college, I didn't let myself take any Latin courses. I decided that Classics Squad Katie was the Katie of high school, and now I was pre-med, and, tragically, didn't have time for that anymore. The new me lasted until I did so wretchedly awful the first half of orgo that I decided not to take the second half, and instead, to treat myself to an all-humanities term. I took Roman Satire, and I loved it. This should not have surprised me as much I told myself it did.

Taking Latin in high school was the first time I realized the humanities were not completely B.S., as I had truly believed in middle school. My first few years, I loved the grammar. I loved thinking about all the ways a sentence could be put together, how, in some ways, it was so much easier and clearer to communicate a thought in Latin than in English — and conversely, how much easier and clearer some thoughts can come through in English. I still feel this way. I tutor now, and sometimes, when we come across a particularly well-constructed sentence, my students have to put up with my rhapsodizing, about the clear expression, the subtle nuances, the way things just fit, for a few minutes before I shut up and we keep reading.

And then the literature! The sounds of all those liquid vowels and flowing consonants and half-rolled r's, all coming together to form words, and those words to form ideas. Dido blazes with a love fated to

---

"And then the literature! The sounds of all those liquid vowels and flowing consonants and half-rolled r's, all coming together to form words, and those words to form ideas."

---

kill her, Daphne fails to escape the rapacious Apollo, Catullus careens from the highest highs of emotion to the lowest lows! Well. I could go on, but let's just say I have *Vivamus Atque Amemus* permanently tattooed on my body, forever, for a reason. ("Let Us Live and Let Us Love"— from a very straight poem, but I've rubbed my gay little hands all over it.)

So, yes. When I finally let myself return to the loving arms of the classics, there was no escape. I had to be a classics major. I shunted bio to a minor. I added another minor in history. I got up every day and looked forward to my classes, my readings, sometimes even my papers. But here's the thing. I felt guilty over the whole affair. I had abandoned STEM, and that made me a bad feminist. Not in the fun, admit-my-imperfections-like-Roxane-Gay-kind-a way. The cruelly-leaving-in-the-dust-my-sisters-in-arms kind-a way.

There's been quite the ink spilled to show that women are leaving the STEM path (I don't know the numbers off the top of my head, but they tend to be pretty horrifying), and to explain why. Everyone has their own pet theory, and here are some common ones: The Oppression. The Patriarchy. The (Sexual) Harassment, and The Sexism, and the Misogyny, and the Good Ol' Boys Club. Women and girls, even when all they want in life is that sweet, sweet Ph.D. and lab coat, are pushed out because of the cold treatment from their peers, the pressure of society telling them that scientists don't look like them, their fields becoming devalued as more women enter, the tug of war between a career that expects your all and children that expect your all, and so on and so forth.

There are hundreds, thousands, maybe tens of thousands of programs dedicated to getting and keeping girls interested in STEM. I did quite a few. Yearly Expanding-Your-Horizons days throughout middle school, where we'd meet Real Women Scientists and Do Experiments. (I still have the t-shirts.) Engineeristas Camp at the local university, and Tech Camp when I outgrew that. I learned how to 3D print, and I learned how to use a telescope, and how to analyze a circuit board, and what exactly it was they did at the Portsmouth Naval Shipyard, and what a physics laboratory looked like in person. I even ran a program for girls in STEM (called, creatively, STEM Girls) for six weeks in the 10th grade, to earn my Girl Scout Girltopia award. I'd hustle over from my high school, during the

one day a week that I finished early, and conduct a group of fourth graders through various experiments and feats of engineering. They loved it, from what I can tell, and I really do hope those girls have stuck with STEM.

If they're anything like me, for a while, they will truly love it, and they will stay with it. All those camps and programs really did work for me. I wasn't fooling myself, back in ye old days. I truly did want to take bio and chem and calc. I truly did think, for a while, that a Ph.D. and lab coat were in my future.

I don't know when the magic wore off, and I don't know why. I never *felt* pushed out of STEM. I never really *felt* the sting of The Oppression or The Patriarchy (at least, no worse than in other areas of my life). Half of my math teachers in high school, and all of my math professors at Dartmouth, have been women. My aunt is a chemical engineer. I did the Women in Science Project, and spent two terms freshman year working for a female professor, under the direct supervision of the female lab manager, alongside four female peers. Role models abound. No one has ever told me that science is for boys. No man in science has ever sexually harassed me. According to all the ink spills, I had absolutely no reason to ever leave STEM. I should've stuck with it, and this thought haunted me. It still does.

I started to worry about subconscious bias. That the pressures of a misogynistic society could force me out, even if no one ever told me so explicitly. I know I'm

— — — — —  
"I don't  
know when  
the magic  
wore off,  
and I don't  
know why."  
— — — — —

affected in other parts of my life — for example, when I feel like I *should* wear a dress to church or graduations or other nice events, even though everyone in my life is perfectly happy with my butch style. So why not in my choice to pursue the humanities over STEM?

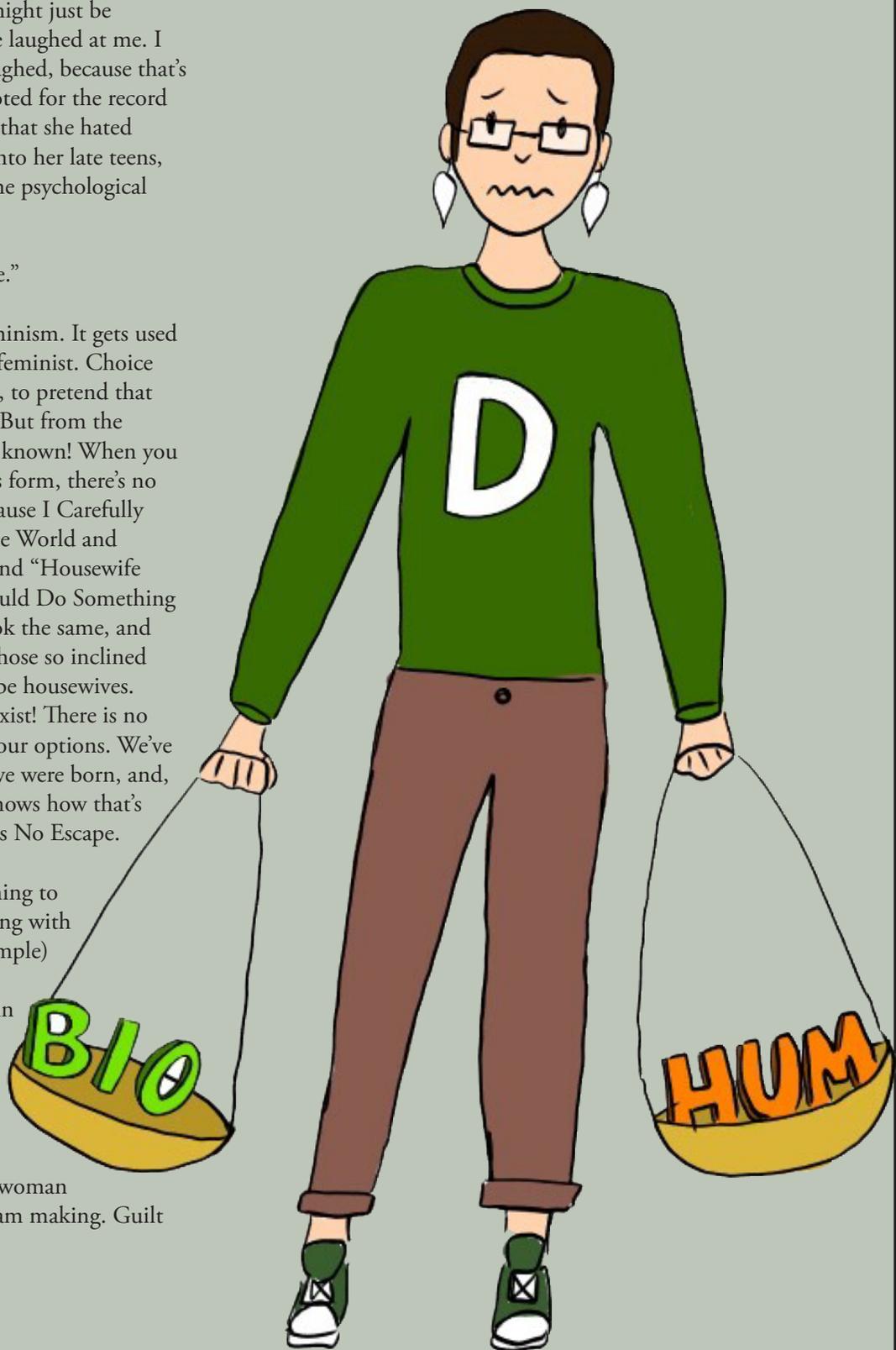
I told my sister some of this. I was laying on her bed, possibly face down, although I might just be remembering that for the Drama. She laughed at me. I was in emotional turmoil, and she laughed, because that's what sisters are for. (I would like it noted for the record that my sister, who valiantly declared that she hated science and everything about it well into her late teens, now does laboratory research about the psychological development of children.)

"Dude," she said, "it's your choice."

But I don't always love choice feminism. It gets used to cover everything a woman does as feminist. Choice feminism gives people a space to hide, to pretend that intentions speak louder than actions. But from the outside, of course, intentions can't be known! When you fill out your occupation on the census form, there's no separate category for "Housewife Because I Carefully Weighed My Options in a Sexism Free World and Decided I Felt Most Satisfied By It" and "Housewife Because No One's Ever Told Me I Could Do Something Different." From the outside, they look the same, and they both hold up the narrative (for those so inclined to believe it) that all women want to be housewives. Besides, our first category can't even exist! There is no sexism-free world to carefully weigh our options. We've been wrapped up in misogyny since we were born, and, without a control group, God only knows how that's affected our ways of thinking. There Is No Escape.

So, I just can't agree that conforming to gender roles (leaving STEM and flirting with a potential career in teaching, for example) suddenly becomes empowering just because a woman chooses it. We live in a society, as the kids say, and I can't just close my eyes and cover my ears and shut that out. I am contributing to the statistics. I will never again be a girl's scientific role model. I am allowing someone else to be the only woman in the room. *This* is the choice that I am making. Guilt seems appropriate.

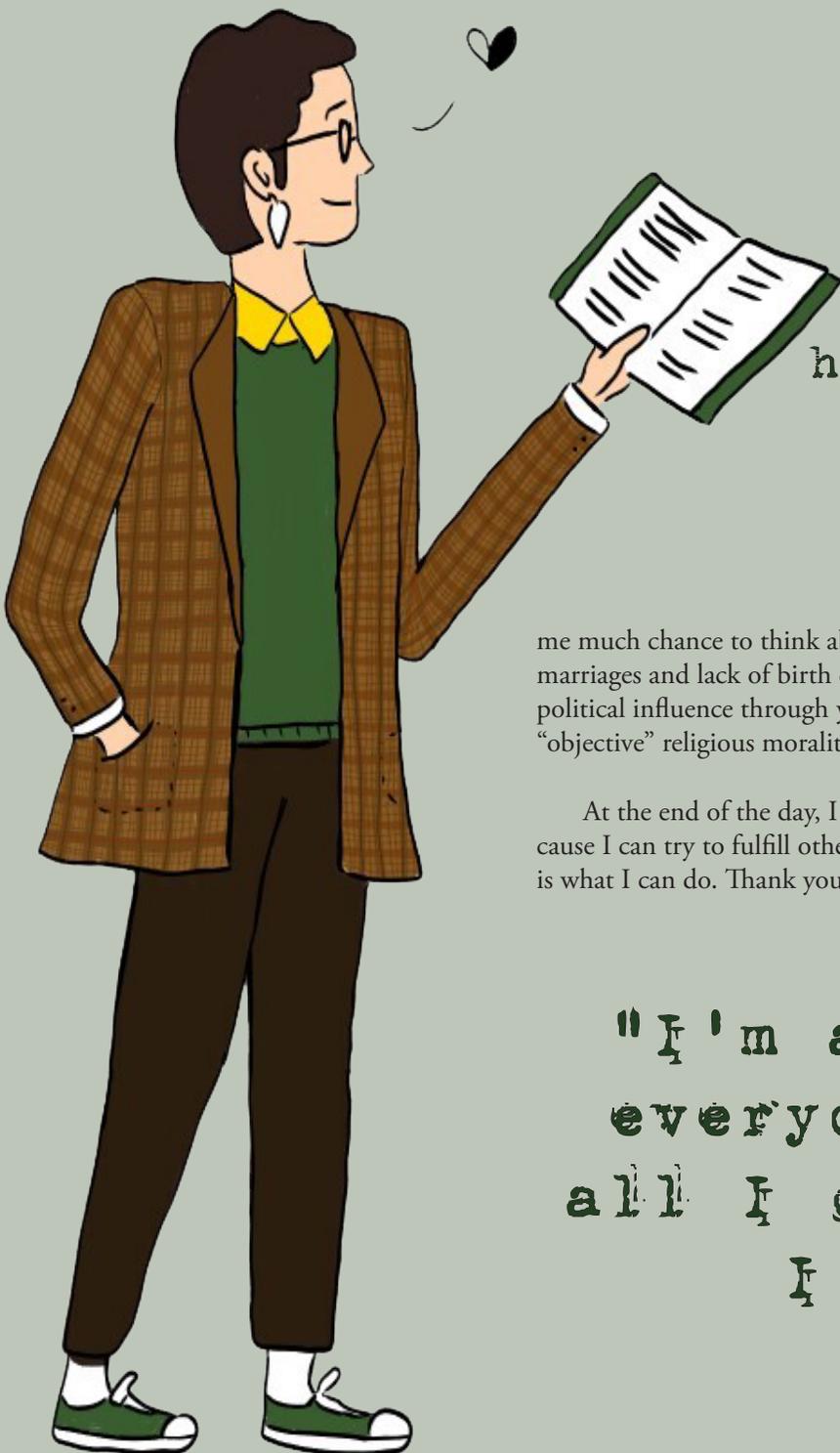
— — — — —  
"Dude, it's  
your choice."  
— — — — —



It's been over a year now, since I really passed the point of no return. It would take quite some doing if I wanted to whirl around and go to med school, or even get a job as a lab tech. But, frankly: I don't want to, and I'm not going to. Yes, women moving *en masse* away from science is a bad thing! Yes, it's something we discourage! Yes, my heart breaks for every girl out there who truly, dearly, loves math and science, but just can't take the pressure and the loneliness anymore! Yes, maybe in a perfect society, without the taint of misogyny, I would be wrapping up my biophysical chemistry major!

Yes, maybe I still do feel guilty, even as I write this essay, even after I thought I was over it! But!

I can't keep myself away from history and classics. I need it in my life. I can't force myself to pretend that the humanities are only my runner-up. Do I want to be miserable, and do what I feel like I should do? Or do I want to be happy? It's a false dichotomy, anyway. I can do what I think I should do, feminism-wise, in the humanities as well, even if it's in a more scholarly way than a lead-by-example way. Biology didn't give



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"I can't force myself to pretend that the humanities are only my runner-up."

---

me much chance to think about, read about, write about the trauma of forced marriages and lack of birth control, the frustration of knowing you can only have political influence through your husband, how misogyny bleeds through into "objective" religious morality. History and classics have.

At the end of the day, I can't sacrifice my happiness for the sake of the cause, a cause I can try to fulfill otherwise. I'm a person like everyone else, and all I can do is what I can do. Thank you, and goodnight. 🍏

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"I'm a person like everyone else, and all I can do is what I can do."

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# ANTI-ACADEMIC TRILINGUAL

## *Reflections*

ON A PASSAGE FROM KARL  
MARX'S ECONOMIC AND  
PHILOSOPHIC MANUSCRIPTS  
OF 1844

*“Communism is the positive super-  
session of private property as human  
self-estrangement (and hence the true  
appropriation of the human essence)”  
-Karl Marx*

*By Ana Noriega  
Art By: Sophie Williams*

*Is the positive supersession of colonialism  
aufheben of a Spanish tongue  
yaqa hatun mayukta kutii.*

*Is the villages peeking beyond the eucalyptus  
Y las eternas punas heladas  
Para llegar al puquial del viajero.*

*Es un Santiago, wanka waylaśhmi kan  
Exploding passions and breathing lands,  
The negative destruction of the apocalypse;*

*The positive construction of a new world. 🌱*



..... want to .....



# JOIN



# Spare Rib?

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Like what you're reading? Intrigued by the design work you've seen? Interested in joining a team of folks who are passionate about intersectional feminism? Consider joining the Spare Rib Family!

### THERE ARE A VARIETY OF WAYS YOU COULD GET INVOLVED:

- Writing an article
- Creating a personality quiz
- Creating a crossword puzzle
- Working with InDesign to create the layout for an article
- Creating digital art to be used in the magazine
- Creating digital art to be featured on the cover
- Working on our social media
- Helping to guide the future interests of Spare Rib
- Coming to meetings and making friends, nothing further required!

We create a magazine each term, focused on a theme (like this issue's theme, Respiration!!).

You can be as involved as you like each term. Our space is open to all! Slack is our most used mode of communication, and we use it as both a workspace and social space. If you're interested in joining, contact us at [spareribdartmouth@gmail.com](mailto:spareribdartmouth@gmail.com).

**WE'D BE DELIGHTED TO HAVE YOU.**

# Our Staff

It's hard to believe that we rebooted Spare Rib only just last summer. Not even a year since our beginning, our staff has grown exponentially, and our voices have reached far more than just Dartmouth's campus. It hasn't been easy; our growth has undoubtedly been challenging to manage at times. In light of this edition's theme, we've truly been transitioning, from a handful of dedicated folks working on getting the magazine off the ground, to a hundred-person club full of more talent than we could have dreamed of. This magazine has brought together an amazing group of folks, and we're so glad to have gotten to work with you. After weeks of back and forth feedback, late-night article editing, frustrations at design that just won't come together, and zoom meetings and socials that were just the right ratio of awkward to fun, we've made a magazine to be proud of. Thanks for being part of it. 🍏

-Caty Brown and Anisia Tiplea, 21S Edition Design Heads

## Note:

**Content:** Article authors

**Editing:** Editors who gave peer writing feedback and reviewed final articles

**Page Design:** Designers who created each article layout

**Art:** Artists of various artworks

**Cover Art:** Artist responsible for illustrating the cover

**Layout Review:** The "final eyes" on the design of each article and compilers of the magazine

**Cover Design:** Cover formatting and layout

- Abby Burrows '23 -Content
- Amanda Sun '23 -Content
- Amber Bhutta '23 -Editing
- Ana Lucía Noriega Olazábal '24 -Content
- Ananya Alleyne '23 -Editing
- Anisia Tiplea '24 -Page Design, Layout Review
- Anne Johnakin '23 -Editing
- Annie Qiu '24 -Page Design
- Anushka Bhatia '24 -Content
- Aoibheann Holland '22 -Content, Page Design
- Arianna Khan '22 -Page Design
- Arielle Feuerstein '24 -Page Design
- Arielle Morris '24 -Content, Page Design
- Ashley Xie '24 -Art
- Cammy Lee '22 -Art
- Caroline Balick '24 -Content
- Caty Brown '23 -Content, Page Design, Layout Review, Cover Design
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🍎 INTERSECTIONAL FEMINIST ZINE AT DARTMOUTH 🍎  
VOLUME 1 | ISSUE 3 21S EDITION

## The Transition Issue



Website

Thank you for reading.

INTERESTED?  
**JOIN US!**