Spare Rib

INTERSECTIONAL FEMINIST ZINE AT DARTMOUTH
VOLUME 2 | ISSUE 2 22S EDITION

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The Apparition 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."

2021 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 acknowledgement

Spare Rib was created by students at Dartmouth College, a school built on unceded Abenaki land that to this day prospers off indigenous trauma. Settler-colonial exploitation is ongoing, complex, and damaging to all, and Spare Rib wants to acknowledge the priviledges and exploitation we take part in by participating in this society, devoting ourselves to and honoring the Indigenous peoples and allies around the world that fought and are fighting for a more equitable and inclusive future. We will continue to voice our support and encourage others to educate and learn about Indiegnous issues and identities.

editors' letter

Our 22W theme was Sensation — born of the emergence of new feelings and anxieties after a return to an "almost-normal" college. Now, entering the third year of the global pandemic, a feeling of haunting has appeared. Throughout the entirety of the pandemic we have remained in a constant state of unaddressed grief, perpetual sickness, and unrequited loss.

At our first meeting of 22W, we were once again relegated to Zoom conferences, while COVID-19 cases surged on campus; we felt trapped in an endless cycle, like all the progress we had made before had begun to slip through our fingers. This term's theme, Apparition, arose from these feelings of stasis, as if we had never truly escaped what had plagued us before. But there were also feelings of hope — as if by recognizing these ghosts, we had a chance to free ourselves from their grasp.

The OED defines Apparition as "the action of appearing or becoming visible," as well as "the supernatural appearance of invisible beings." Though our ghosts are more often felt than seen, they nonetheless touch our lives and experiences. In this edition, we grapple with what these ghosts mean for us and how we can bring them closer to the light.

Our writers interpreted Apparition in different ways, ranging from the everpresent legacy of imperialism and colonialism at Dartmouth to the internal conflict of healing and ending intergenerational trauma. Looking to both the past and the future, we seek to dispel the specters that have cursed us. We may never truly banish these ghosts, but perhaps we can understand them — and ourselves — much better in the attempt.

As you read the pieces of our new edition, consider the histories of the spaces you inhabit and the ghosts that haunt them. History becomes a part of us, but it does not have to be repeated. We can never erase these legacies, but we can use them to learn and grow.

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.**

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Getting to know YOU GHOS

A look into some of history's fearsome female fami

GHOSTS TAKE ON MANY AMORPHOUS FORMS. SOME PEOPLE BELIEVE NOT ONLY that humans are composed of simultaneous physical and spiritual entities, but also that the spirited dimension is eternal. In some traditions, ghosts appear in their corporeal form, only revealing their otherworldly nature through their offputting behavior before vanishing without a trace. Their previous human selves have died in agony or due to a traumatic event and are unable to rest in peace, while others are kept as sentient ghosts to be tortured for their evil human ways. Some are ancestors guiding us from above, while others are manifestations of inanimate lifeforms.

In popular folk culture, female ghosts often straddle the Madonna-Whore complex.[1] Believed to have suffered trauma in life or a tragic death, the series of ghosts categorized as "White Ladies" bisects the global boundaries of gender, race, and socioeconomic roles.[2]

Okiku from Japan exemplifies many white ghost characteristics. Once a beautiful servant, Okiku sealed her fate when she refused the love of her samurai master. Overtaken with anger, he tricked her into believing she had lost one of his family's precious plates. As such a crime normally would have resulted in a death sentence, the samurai offered to forgive her if she accepted his offer of love. Once again, she refused and was thrown down a well. Okiku became a vengeful spirit who tormented her murderer by counting to nine and then making a terrible shriek to represent the missing tenth plate. Perhaps she is tormenting herself by trying to find the tenth plate and cries out in agony when she never can.[3] Okiku's tale represents some of the conditions women faced under samurai-rule in feudal Japan. During the Kamakura shogunate, the first era of Japan's bakufu period,

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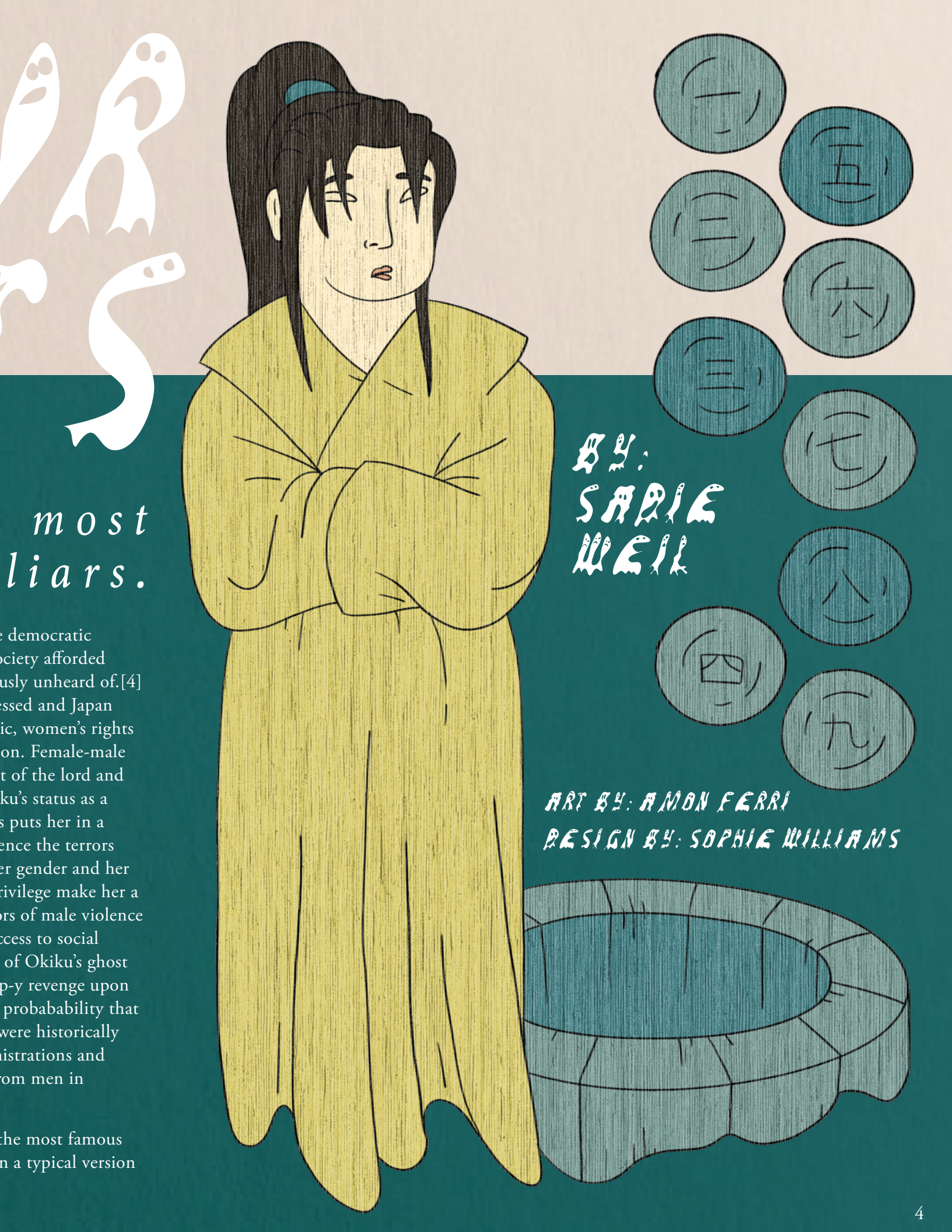

most liars.

BY: SADIE WEIL

ART BY: AMON FERRI
DESIGN BY: SOPHIE WILLIAMS

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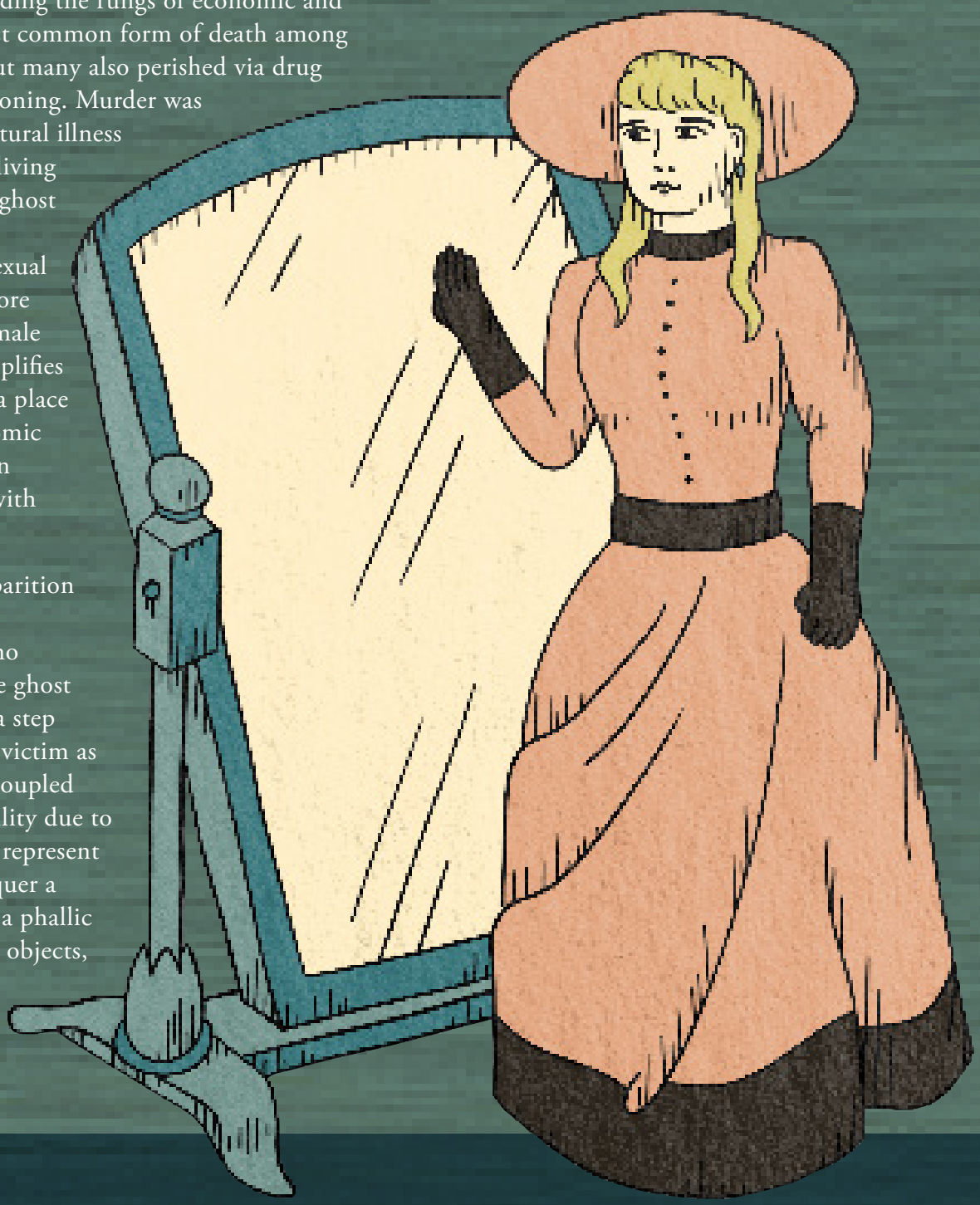
of the legend, a beautiful woman named María marries a rich conquistador to whom she bears two children. One day, María sees her husband with another woman and in a fit of blind rage, drowns their children in a river. Consumed by guilt, she drowns herself as well but is unable to enter the afterlife, forced to roam this earth until she finds her children. In another version of the story, her children are illegitimate, and she drowns them so that their father cannot take them away to be raised by his new wife. Recurring themes in variations on the La Llorona myth include a white wet dress, nocturnal wailing, and an association with water.[5] La Llorona is typically rumored to snatch up lost children, mistaking them as her own. The deployment of this ghost story as a cautionary tale teaches children sexual taboos, as it teaches children to repress their individuality by staying in the fold of family, community, and religious dogma. La Llorona promotes the image of a woman dependent on a man for pleasure, as fickle and prone to unproportionate responses when faced with unexpected life events, and as driven by passion.[6] The indoctrination of La Llorona into the canon of female ghost stories, represents the ability of ghost stories to capture common conceptions of gender present in a society at a certain time. Once again, the part of the real horror lies not in the tale, but in the depiction of the society it portrayed.

Many of the ghost tales concerning Red Lady ghosts in America arise from attachments to historic sites, often concerning the sex trade in old mining communities.[7] Cited as typically friendly in disposition, the Red Lady ghost is more specifically attributed to a jilted lover, or a sex worker killed in a fit of passion. She is then tied to the location of her murder, usually a bordello, saloon, or hotel, rumored to appear beautifully.[8] Prior to the late nineteenth century, sex work was considered a moral failure, but not a crime. The criminalization of sex work arose as cities began to grow in the American West, but efforts to eliminate the sale of sex ultimately failed. The direct growth of prostitution in urban areas correlates with the shifting of the family that arose during this period of time.[9] As families sought gold or other fortune in the Wild West, all members of the nuclear family were forced to work for wages. If a woman found herself orphaned, divorced, widowed, or simply alone, finding employment could be impossible. Urban sex work drew its employees from various racial groups. White women, Black women, Asian women — often trafficked from China as young girls — as well as Native American women and Mexican women worked.

Oftentimes, success trickled down to matters of race. Women of color were objectified with "exotic" names, such as China Mary, and faced higher rates of discrimination and a lower likelihood of ascending the rungs of economic and social hierarchies. The most common form of death among sex workers was suicide, but many also perished via drug overdoses and alcohol poisoning. Murder was also prevalent as well as natural illness developed from egregious living conditions. The Red Lady ghost typology envisions these women at their prime as sexual figures enrobed in red, before being brutally killed by a male suitor. The Red Lady exemplifies the dreams of the West as a place of sin, freedom, and economic prosperity; however, it is an unviable reality for those with disadvantages.

Origins of ghost and apparition horror lie in the structural inequalities that govern who succeeds in life. The female ghost archetype often takes this a step further by envisioning the victim as an object of sexual desire coupled with a sense of unattainability due to her eerie beauty. Meant to represent the dreams of men to conquer a new frontier coupled with a phallic fascination with the sexual objects, female ghosts arose, ultimately embodying the failures of these societies.



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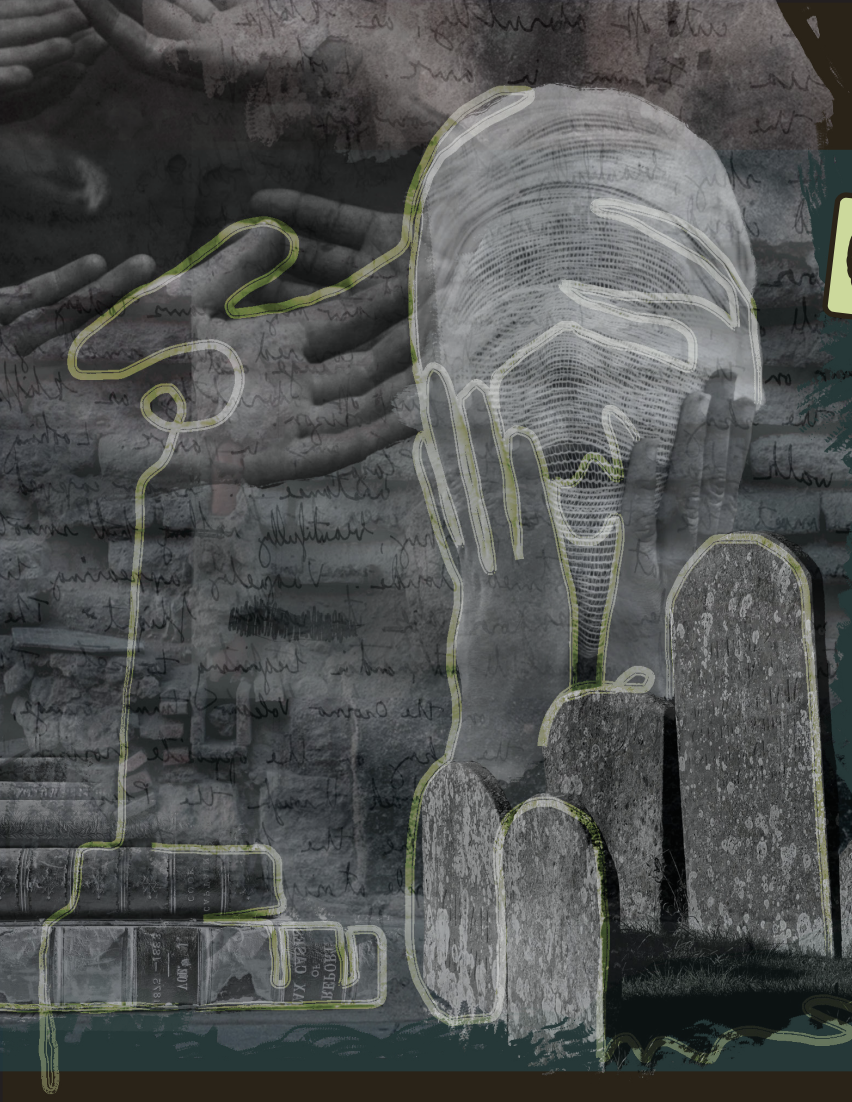

on melancholia

By: Sanjana Raj
Art by: Milanne Berg
Design by: Samantha Blais

When you exist within a racialized body in America redefinition is a daily occurrence. I can only speak for myself, but it feels like I have to retrace a path into personhood every time I wake up. I have to remember what my breaking point is. I have to remember what boxes I must carefully press myself into and which ones I am certainly not allowed in. I have to remember which versions of history I can learn; I can't see myself in any of them. It feels like there's a half-formed spirit that phases through the boundaries of my skull every time I wake up. Whatever racial consciousness I should have is fragmented, dissociated, and perpetually haunted.

In his book, Racial Melancholia and Racial Dissociation,[1] author and University of Pennsylvania Professor David Eng argues that Asian American college students in particular often experience a sort of "interminable sadness" because they cannot perceive what they have lost in different processes of immigration, diaspora, and assimilation. They are born into a world that has already defined them but cannot trace these definitions to their sources. For example, Chinese-Americans were the subjects of America's first race-based system of citizenship exclusion, which led Asian Americans to be viewed as perpetual foreigners, always unbelonging. These constructions didn't go away when these laws shifted, but they are often shrouded in myths of the model minority and American meritocracy. This is historical and intergenerational; processes such as colonialism, internment, and exclusion all manifest in our lives, but we never really learn

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how. When the history of your country is represented without you in it, when you can't find any trace of yourself in the past, you feel like you don't exist. When you do not know what you have lost, or why you feel specific pains, you can't ever grieve. Suffering that goes unmourned: that's where ghosts come from.

I return to this feeling of unbelonging a lot. It's not something that I really attribute to my race: I attribute it to myself. It seems like everything that I think or feel, the way that I view the world, must be intrinsic to me. I have to be alone in the way it feels to exist inside my head; there is no one else that can possibly comprehend that. Yet, as there are structures that extend far beyond me, there must be people that live in some approximation of my pain.

Social and psychic violence against minority communities often goes wwunacknowledged and unspoken. Minority groups have statistically worse mental health outcomes, and yet they are much less likely to seek care for mental illness.[2] This is due to a myriad of structural barriers: lack of access to financial resources, racism within the field of mental healthcare, distrust of healthcare professionals due to historic racism, and culturally-specific stigma. These experiences vary based on identity, but are common in individual psychic pain and are often silenced or unrecognized. People of color are often treated as unthinkable medical categories, their bodies often falling outside of the scope of what is considered medically important or necessary, and as a result, they cannot articulate their pain in the context of mental health care. Health care providers often treat differences in outcomes as a result of some inherent, fixed part of a racial group rather than a result of social and structural factors. This can feel like being trapped in the wrong body, like you can't reconcile the things you feel with anything outside of yourself.

Race-related trauma and hate crimes are stressors that can negatively impact the mental health of minorities. Moreover, structures such as policing and incarceration have ripple effects on the social and psychic health of minority communities. Racial trauma is often

When you do not know what you have lost, or why you feel specific pains you can't ever grieve. Suffering that goes unmourned: that's where ghosts come from.

"transgenerationally transmitted," meaning that the descendants of those who experience adverse effects of racism often hold the same psychic pains within them. Our environments can influence gene expression, and actually change the mental and bodily conditions of future generations.[3] The contradictions and traumas we experience are passed to the people that come after us, left for them to contend with. However, they are left without any hints of the systemic or social causes that have led to their haunting.

I don't really know how to deal with these broken, incoherent ghosts, other than trying to figure out why they exist. It takes more than just a diagnosis, I think. It takes conscious, strategic acts of remembrance: of finding myself in history, of visualizing myself in the world, of imagining a different one.

Notes

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PPGA PRESENTS:

Are We There Yet?

ABORTION LAW: A TUMULTUOUS JOURNEY

Recently, the media has extensively discussed anti-abortion legislation being introduced or passed in several states and how this could lead to the possible overturning of *Roe v. Wade*. While hearing all of this discourse on the status of reproductive rights in the United States can become a bit overwhelming, we are here to help you get a clearer understanding of what is truly at stake.

BY: ELIZA HOLMES AND SKYLAR WILKINS
DESIGN BY: CATY BROWN ART BY: SHENA HAN

HISTORY OF *ROE V. WADE* & *PLANNED PARENTHOOD V. CASEY*:

Roe v. Wade was a monumental case in 1973 concerning abortion laws in the state of Texas. The outcome of this case affected the right to abortion for people across the nation. The plaintiff went by Jane Roe, which was a pseudonym used to protect her identity. She challenged a Texas law that made all abortions illegal except when a doctor claimed it necessary in order to save a woman's life, stating that this was unconstitutional and violated her right to privacy. In a 7-2 vote, the Supreme Court determined that the Texas law violated the "right to privacy" guaranteed by the Fourteenth Amendment.

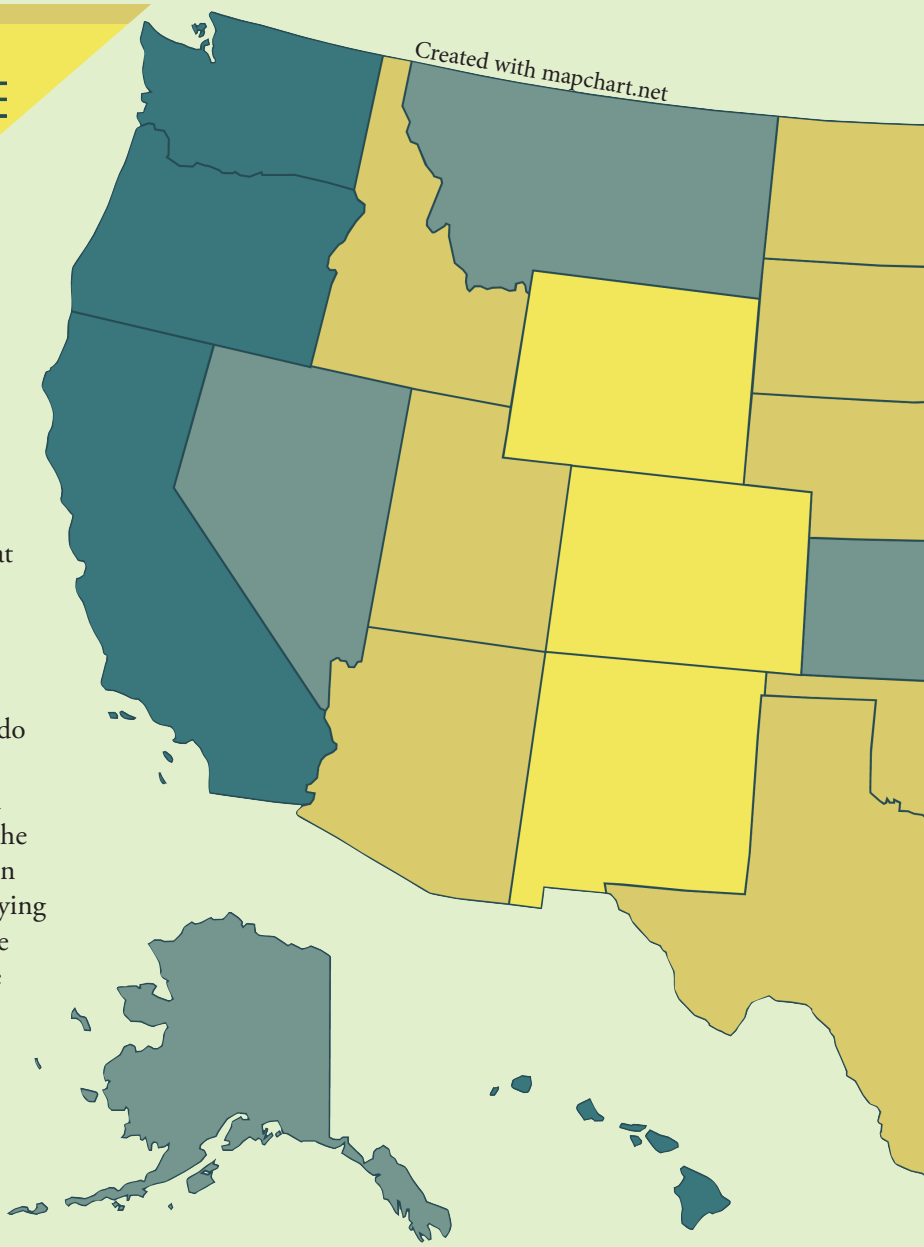
Because abortion falls within the "right to privacy" and the Fourteenth Amendment protects against state action that undermines this right, the Supreme Court outlined how all states may regard abortions. This ruling determines that states cannot regulate abortion decision during the first trimester of pregnancy. During the second trimester, states may mandate regulations on abortion only in regards to the health of the pregnant person. Once a fetus reaches the point of "viability" in the third trimester, states may regulate or ban abortions entirely, but only if such laws allow exceptions in cases where an abortion is neccessary to save the life of the pregnant person.[1] Fetal viability, as defined in *Roe v. Wade*, is the point at which the fetus is able to live outside of the womb, typically considered to be around 23 or 24 weeks.[2]

Decades later in 1998 and 1999, the Pennsylvania legislature decided to change its laws surrounding abortion, making it more difficult for many to receive abortions. The new laws included the requirement of minors to seek consent of one parent and wives to seek the consent of their husbands before getting abortions. In the case seeking to end these new provisions, *Planned Parenthood v. Casey*, the question at hand was whether or not these new provisions violated the rights to abortion as outlined by *Roe v. Wade*. In a five to four vote, the Supreme Court voted to uphold *Roe v. Wade*, but most of the Pennsylvania provisions still remained. Additionally, the Supreme Court determined a new standard for abortion laws. Instead of a trimester framework, the Supreme Court chose to view abortion laws in terms of a viability framework.[3] Although viability is typically considered to be around 24 weeks, there is no universal consensus. Therefore, the definition of viability varies by state.[4]

WHAT *DOBBS* IS AND HOW THE COURT COULD RULE ON IT:

Dobbs v. Jackson Women's Health Organization, known casually as simply *Dobbs*, is currently before the United States Supreme Court. The case originated from a Mississippi law passed in 2018 that prohibited abortions after 15 weeks of gestation with minimal exceptions. The question that the Court is tasked with answering is a direct challenge to the constitutionality of the law — that is, is it constitutional to ban all abortions after 15 weeks, rather than before viability?[5] So-called viability is currently the precedent, which comes from *Roe v. Wade* and *Planned Parenthood v. Casey*.

If the Court rules in favor of *Dobbs*, they can do so in a few different ways. They can fully overturn *Roe*, which would subsequently allow states to ban abortion before fetal viability. (This is considered the most extreme option.) They can also allow abortion bans pre-viability, but qualify that statement by saying that it is only allowed when the ban does not cause a significant number of people seeking care to face an undue burden. This seems less extreme at first, and it is, but would quite possibly lead to a full overturn later and have the same end result. Both of these scenarios are functionally saying that the U.S. Constitution does not protect the right to abortion under the 14th amendment, which will cause restricted access to abortion. They could uphold the current precedent set under *Roe*, but that is looking increasingly less plausible.



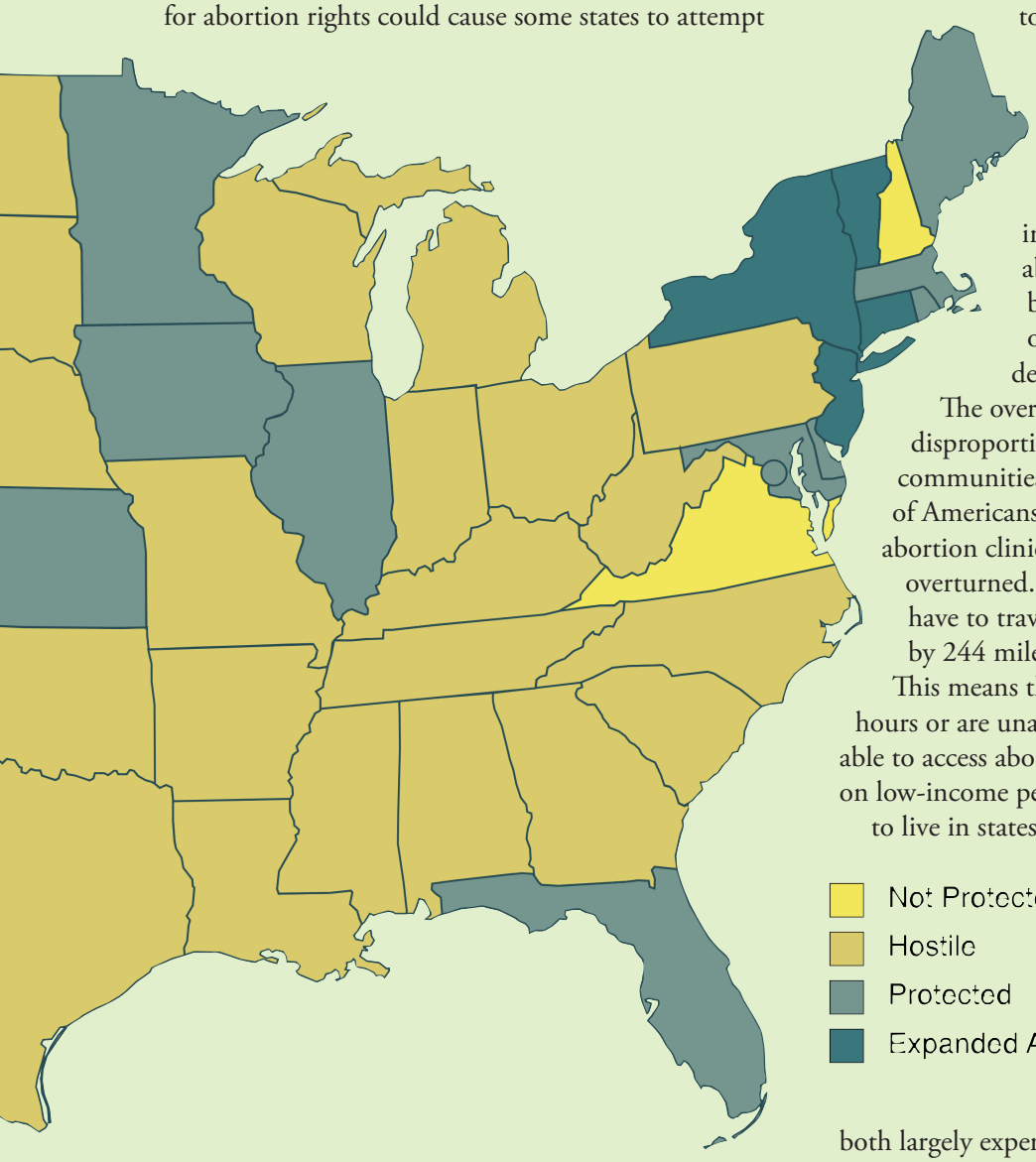
What if R

ABORTION ACCESS IN

Source: *What If Roe Fell*

IMPLICATIONS IF *ROE V. WADE* IS OVERTURNED:

If the Supreme Court were to overturn *Roe* and consider it constitutional to ban abortions without regards to viability, the implications for abortion and contraception access could be major. Trigger laws or amendments exist in twenty-one states that would immediately ban abortions or drastically limit access in some capacity. Over half of states have no protection for abortion rights, and no US territories do. Mary Zeigler, a law professor who focuses on abortions, speculates that an overturning of *Roe* and subsequent lack of protection for abortion rights could cause some states to attempt to criminalize some forms of contraception by labelling them as abortifacient drugs, rather than contraceptive ones.[6] This is currently just speculation, but it is a feasible scenario to experts in this field. If *Roe* is overturned, abortion and contraception will become significantly less accessible or even potentially criminalized depending on the state.



The overturning of *Roe v. Wade* will have disproportionate impacts on low-income communities and people of color. For 41% of Americans of childbearing age, the nearest abortion clinic will close if *Roe v. Wade* is overturned.[7] The average distance they would have to travel for abortion access would increase by 244 miles, up from a 35-mile average.[8] This means that people who have inflexible job hours or are unable to travel that far would not be able to access abortions, a disproportionate burden on low-income people. People of color are more likely to live in states with restrictive abortion laws and encounter barriers to various reproductive health services.[9] Black and Latinx people experience higher rates of unintended pregnancy than white people do.[10] Because of all this, people of color are both largely experiencing higher rates of unplanned pregnancy and facing more restrictive abortion laws than white people.

experiencing higher rates of unplanned pregnancy and facing more restrictive abortion laws than white people are.

Roe Fell?

I THE UNITED STATES

?, reproductive rights.org

Now, more so than ever, it is essential that we advocate for reproductive rights and access to abortion in the nation. Despite all the gains we have made in the past, there is still so much work to be done. In these recent politically polarizing times especially, reproductive rights are under attack, preventing people from getting the necessary care they need. People should not be told what they can do with their bodies. One must have control over their body in order to have control over their life. There are many actions that can be taken to help in this fight: educate yourself on abortion legislation in your own state and country, consider whether the candidates you are supporting back legal and safe abortions, and make your voice heard —

inform, protest, show up, speak up, and create change in your communities.

For more information about contraception access and *Roe*, visit this website:

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Her body and other Parties

after Carmen Maria Machado/Ocean Vuong

By: Elaine Mei Art by: Sophie Williams Design by: Aryma Moore

My daughter will know ghosts are real before I tell her so. She'll know them by name as traditions, somatic inheritances that climb like kudzu down stones on the shoreline of Galveston Beach, where I grew into myself, collecting trinkets to remind us our spirits will slip out of our bodies to make love, or make violence, or perform the dance so well as to internalize every step. Even now, my mother could dance much better than I can. My anxious heart, eager to please, dying to slip out of myself for that which makes me feel like a child buying something with my own money for the first time. Will my daughter understand that violence is an apparition and does not need to shed blood to leave a scar? The first thing I ever asked for myself was a knife my mother taught me to wield in the kitchen. My daughter, even the Ocean knows the body is a blade that sharpens by cutting.

ONLY MURDERS IN THE MAGAZINE:

HOW TRUE CRIME HAUNTS OUR CULTURE

By: Raegan Boettcher

Art By: Milanne Berg
Design By: Naya Lunney

*Warning: Includes discussions of violence against marginalized individuals

I spent most of Summer 2021 working a monotonous office job in my hometown. My job involved scanning decades-old records because no one else had the time to do it themselves. To get through the arduous nine-to-five grind, I turned to podcasts (and the occasional episode of Bob's Burgers). I sampled a few fiction podcasts, a couple of political education series, but more often than not, I found myself entranced by true crime. One in particular — My Favorite Murder, hosted by Georgia Hardstark and Karen Kilgariff — enraptured my attention. With its blithe humor and rambling banter, it provided mindless entertainment and background noise while I rustled through dusty filing cabinets and stalked the clock.

In the middle of the summer, I noticed myself glancing over my shoulder on the way to my car after work. I stopped listening to music when I went on walks around my neighborhood, and I briefly entertained the idea of buying a taser. It took some time to realize the correlation between my near-obsessive true crime consumption and my sudden fear of getting murdered in my rural, middle-class hometown that has not seen more than petty theft in decades. When these pieces finally clicked into place, it felt like a revelation. (Wow, listening to a bunch of podcasts about people getting murdered makes you worry about getting murdered? Who would have thought?) I began thinking about what it is that draws so many people to true crime.

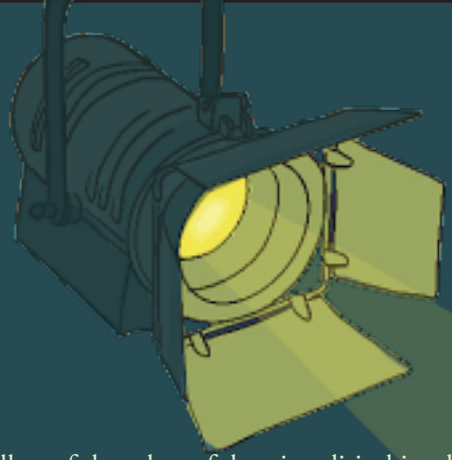
The most obvious answer is morbid curiosity. People love rubber-necking at car crashes on the side of the highway, watching terrifying horror movies, and generally sticking their noses into places where they do not belong. At its core, that is true crime — sticking your nose into horrific stories of extreme violence, so gruesome that it makes you shudder, yet not being able to turn away. True crime succeeds at being infinitely consumable.

It all hinges on true crime's own digestibility. This seems ironic, given its subject matter, but part of what is so attractive about true crime is how neatly the story always ends. It is a clean and mostly uncomplicated narrative. You start off with the bad guy — the serial murderer, in most cases — and you give him a sympathetic victim, almost always a wealthy white woman. The bad guy murders the sympathetic victim and the nation goes into an uproar; at the end, the bad guy is caught and conveniently given a death sentence. Archetypal narratives of justice, betrayal, and revenge naturally entice and entertain. Although everyone who engages with the true crime genre has heard the Ted Bundy story a dozen times, we keep listening because we know the tension and anxiety, in the end, will be resolved. For unsolved cases, we keep coming back because we ache to finish the story. The telling and retelling of unsolved cases invites audience participation in their conclusion; listeners are welcomed and encouraged to play the part of detective.

But why do women consume true crime at much higher rates than men? Around 73% of true crime listeners are women.[1] Rachel Monroe, journalist and author of Savage Appetites: Four True Crime Stories of Women, Crime, and Obsession, stated, "'In the 1990s, [true crime] was a genre that focused on intimate partner violence, violence against children, and sexual assault — themes that had long been considered taboo or private family matters; I think that's one main reason the genre drew so many female fans."[2]

True crime provides an outlet for women to discuss the taboo fear of victimization, but is this fear substantiated? Statistically, crime in the United States is at an all-time low. Murder and non-negligent manslaughter comprised only 5 crimes per 100,000 people in 2019.[3] Interestingly, men actually represented 77% of homicide victims, despite how much true crime circulates around stories of victimized women.[4] Nonetheless, there is a pervasive moral panic about violent crime.

True crime manufactures an idealistic narrative in which perpetrators are punished and this moral panic momentarily abates. The hosts of My Favorite Murder, for example, vie for the quick and brutal death of infamous criminals, with minimal investigation into the harms of the criminal justice system. As of January 2020, the Innocence Project documented around 375 successful exonerations. Of these 375 cases, 97% were wrongly convicted of murder and/or sexual assault. Twenty-one of these exonerees were previously sentenced to death.[5] Though this is a relatively small sample size given the sheer size of the prison-industrial complex in the US, (with over two million people currently incarcerated)[6] this gives us a sense of the widespread impact of pro-capital-punishment rhetoric.



Regardless of these harmful sociopolitical implications, the true crime genre thrives on female obsession with female victimization. My Favorite Murder's signature "feminist" slogan — "Stay Sexy, Don't Get Murdered" — has made its way onto stickers, mugs, T-shirts, license plate frames, and tattooed on the skin of more than a few people.[7] Cult-ish implications aside, My Favorite Murder ends every episode with a reminder to its primarily female listeners that consuming true crime will prepare them to escape from violent criminals. First of all, this places the burden of violence prevention onto women; as a corollary, it shifts the blame of being attacked onto women who have been victimized.

"If you based your perception just on true crime, you would think that **white women** are the number one most endangered species."

Their tragedies serve as cautionary tales, continuing to perpetuate harmful social expectations for women. As women, we have always been taught to be on our guard while walking alone at night and to put our keys between your knuckles for self-defense (though I later learned that this is poor advice — look it up). We are burdened with preventing our own tragedies. Being raped or murdered becomes your fault because — what exactly? You didn't consume enough media about gruesome murders to prepare yourself? You didn't have a precomposed escape plan for if/when you get thrown into a strange man's truck? My Favorite Murder turned the sensationalization and commodification of violence against women into a faux-feminist mantra, empowering women to finally fight back against violent men — as if doing so had not occurred to anyone before.

Although — let's be honest — it was never about all women. If you based your perception on true crime, you would think that white women are the number one most endangered species. In actuality, the rate of homicide victimization for Black individuals was six times higher than that of white individuals.[8] White women, then, are amongst the least likely demographics to be victims of a violent crime, but make up a disproportionate slice of the genre's fanbase.

This makes sense when you realize how much of the true crime genre circulates around the victimization of white women. The hosts of My Favorite Murder made occasional attempts to include minor violent crimes against queer people and people of color, but that's really only the tip of the iceberg. The true crime genre proliferates a societal anxiety about white women being attacked, often associated with the phrase "missing white woman syndrome." "Missing white woman syndrome" refers to the exhaustive media coverage for middle and upper-class white women who become victims of violent crimes, in comparison to the radio silence for deaths in low-income neighborhoods and communities of color. To give a modern example of this, we can look to the Gabby Petito case.

In June 2021, Petito embarked on a cross-country roadtrip with her fiance, Brian Laundrie. She later disappeared while traveling through Grand County, Utah in August 2021.[9] As the details of her case slowly trickled into mass media, her disappearance sparked a national uproar, commanding the immediate attention of most major news outlets, law enforcement, and hundreds of amateur social media sleuths who unpacked every tidbit of information on Petito and Laundrie's profiles.

Petito was active on social media and documented most of the trip on her Instagram account. People all across Instagram and TikTok decided to personally investigate her case, picking apart details of her life to try to find her killer. Emma Berquist, once the victim of a brutal stabbing, proclaimed in an article she wrote for Gawker that, "I think I would rather get stabbed again than have TikTok users descend like vultures on my social media, zooming in on pictures of my messy bedroom to analyze the tedious minutia of my deeply average life."[10] In this social media detective work, the lives of real victims are turned into media spectacles and thought experiments; the lives of victims' families are torn apart for any shred of intrigue.

Now, a slight disclaimer: what happened to Gabby Petito is a horrifying tragedy. Petito was not at fault for her own death or how society responded to it. I am not judging Petito as an individual; rather, I am discussing her case as a symptom of a much larger societal ill. Petito did not deserve what happened to her, and neither do the thousands of other people to whom we, as a broad society, do not lend our grief. There is a fundamental lack of similar dedication to the deaths and disappearances of anyone who is not a wealthy white woman, from both mass media and law enforcement. At the end of 2021, there were over 89,000 active missing person cases — 45% of them involved missing people of color[11], and only around one-fifth garnered media attention.[12] In 2016 in the United States alone, there were 5,700 known incidents of missing and murdered Indigenous women.[13]

True crime requires no moral or political legwork on behalf of its audience. Enjoyment of true crime is directly correlated with how little you think about what you are consuming. I never listened to My Favorite Murder for the quality of its political education or how it made me think critically. I cannot say that my worldview shifted much in those hour-long jaunts through the worst of crimes against white women. But true crime does not exist in a vacuum — it should not have the luxury of ignoring the societal implications of what it discusses or what anxieties it circulates.

I am not saying that you need to stop consuming true crime entertainment. I still watch Dateline with my family; I still browse through Netflix's true crime documentaries when I have a spare moment, though I do not find it so appetizing anymore. It is unrealistic to expect ourselves to stop participating in society or consuming anything that may be deemed "problematic." However, we need to start thinking critically about the media we are consuming and how we might be perpetuating these social concerns — this is a realistic expectation for ourselves. Next time you find yourself clicking play on that true crime podcast or booting up Netflix for the latest "ground-breaking" documentary on Ted Bundy, have a second thought about why you are hearing this story and not another one.

If you are interested in learning more about the unrecognized victims of tragic violence, I have included a few places you can refer to, though this is not an exhaustive list:

Coalition to Stop Violence Against Native Women: https://www.csvanw.org/mmiw

Black and Missing: https://blackandmissinginc.com/

Not Our Native Daughters: https://www.notournativedaughters.org/?fbclid=IwAR2SSBdTzqS6AIkhHsKqJOerXPL45np2ebtqeioPNWBXbBOWXqkyRywmPDs

Ausencias Ignoradas (Ignored Absences): https://data.eluniversal.com.mx/ausencias-ignoradas/laberintos-ausencia.html

For more information regarding wrongful convictions and the harms of the prison-industrial complex, here are two additional resources:

The Innocence Project: https://innocenceproject.org/
The Sentencing Project: https://www.sentencingproject.org/

*Title is a reference to Only Murders in the Building, created by Steve Martin & John Hoffman.

NOTES

[1] Kelli S. Boling and Kevin Hull, "Undisclosed Information — Serial Is My Favorite Murder: Examining Motivations in the True Crime Podcast," Taylor & Francis Online 25, no. 1 (2018): https://doi.org/10.1080/19376529.2017.1370714.
[2] Aidan Milan, "The Racial Bias of True Crime: Why is murder marketed to white women?," Metro UK, January 1, 2021, https://metro.co.uk/2021/01/01/the-racial-bias-of-true-crime-why-is-murder-marketed-to-white-women-13615372/.
[3] John Gramlich, "What the data says (and doesn't say) about crime in the United States," Pew Research Center, November 20, 2020, https://www.pewresearch.org/fact-tank/2020/11/20/facts-about-crime-in-the-u-s/.
[4] Alexia Cooper and Erica L. Smith, "Homicide Trends in the United States, 1980-2008," Us Department of Justice, Bureau of Justice Statistics, November, 2011: https://bjs.ojp.gov/content/pub/pdf/htus8008.pdf.
[5] "Research Resources," The Innocence Project, 2022, https://innocenceproject.org/research-resources/#:~:text=To%20address%20the%20frequently%20asked,best%20available%20study%20to%20date.
[6] "Criminal Justice Facts," The Sentencing Project, 2022, https://www.sentencingproject.org/criminal-justice-facts/.
[7] "The Official MFM Merch Store," My Favorite Murder, https://myfavoritemurder.com/store.
[8] Cooper and Smith, "Homicide Trends"
[9] Christina Maxouris, "A timeline of 22-year-old Gabby Petito's case," CNN, January 21, 2022, https://www.cnn.com/2021/09/16/us/gabby-petito-timeline-missing-case/index.html.
[10] Emma Berquist, "True Crime is Rotting Our Brains," Gawker, October 12, 2021, https://www.gawker.com/culture/true-crime-is-rotting-our-brains.
[11] Unfortunately, much information regarding other individuals of different ethnic and racial backgrounds is not available. Many communities of color are considered "white" within the framework of census demographics, which may significantly confound metrics on missing and murdered victims of color.
[12] Melanie Eversley, "When women of color disappear, who says their names?," The Guardian, October 4, 2021, https://www.theguardian.com/us-news/2021/oct/04/when-women-of-color-disappear-who-says-their-names.
[13] Ruth Hopkins, "When the Missing and Murdered Indigenous Women Crisis Hits Home," Teen Vogue, September 11, 2018, https://www.teenvogue.com/story/when-missing-and-murdered-indigenous-women-epidemic-hits-home.

By: Hayden Elrafei
Art by: Chloe Jung
Design by: Sabrina Eager

Does My Queer Sincerity Scare You?

A Reply to Paul McAdory

Ocean Vuong's 2019 novel

"On Earth We're Briefly Gorgeous"

rightfully took the queer studies communities by storm.

Vuong's novel narrates the complex lived experiences of occupying a queer and racialized body in the wake of imperial violence. He does this through intimate poetics, the novel being in the form of a letter from the main protagonist, Little Dog, to his mother, a Vietnamese immigrant who cannot read or write. While Little Dog does invite the reader into the exploration of his sexuality, Vuong's novel is a larger meditation on Queerness — that is, all of the compounding, multiplicative ways in which bodies are marked as non-normative, all of the ways in which they do not hit the mark of society's standards (i.e., not straight enough, not white enough, not masculine enough, etc.). From the very beginning of his Gawker article "Gay Sincerity is Scary," Paul McAdory invokes his concept of "gay sincerity" — "a mode of address that privileges weepy disclosure and self-serious sentimentality; it portrays itself as emotionally straightforward and easy to comprehend aesthetically and 'morally.'"[1] McAdory uses this frame to back his critique of the novel, dismissively referring to Vuong's style of writing over these experiences as "weepy" and "self-serious" in his aesthetics and expression. "Gay sincerity" is reductive to understanding the lived experiences of queers of color through their art — instead, we need to understand Vuong's writing through the concept of queer sincerity, which I describe as a mode of writing which uses the artistic expression of queer ephemera to articulate the complex experience of inhabiting a body which is found at the intersection of multiple othering social forces.

The aims of queer theory are to critically consider all of the ways queer people are marked as other, and this multi-faceted, intersectional approach is the only way to fully contextualize Vuong's novel.

The aims of queer theory are to critically consider all of the ways queer people are marked as other, and this multi-faceted, intersectional approach is the only way to fully contextualize Vuong's novel. Without considering all of the ways in which Little Dog is at odds with the expectations and standards of the world around him as he lives in Connecticut as a queer and racialized subject in the wake of French imperialism and US military force in Vietnam, we lose the meaning of Ocean Vuong's sincere style. There is a lot to be lost in light of a critique that is more "gay" than "queer," more unilateral than contextual, for both Vuong's novel and the concept of queerness writ large consider how sexuality interacts with other positionalities such as race, class, gender, and many others. Reading Vuong's style as "gay sincerity" is simply an insubstantive frame of understanding for his art as a queer of color, and this myopic lens can lead to unnuanced and insensitive conclusions. Rather, Vuong's novel is best understood and appreciated through a Queer lens, where sincerity serves as a vehicle to express how different positionalities manifest, intersect, and interact in the body.

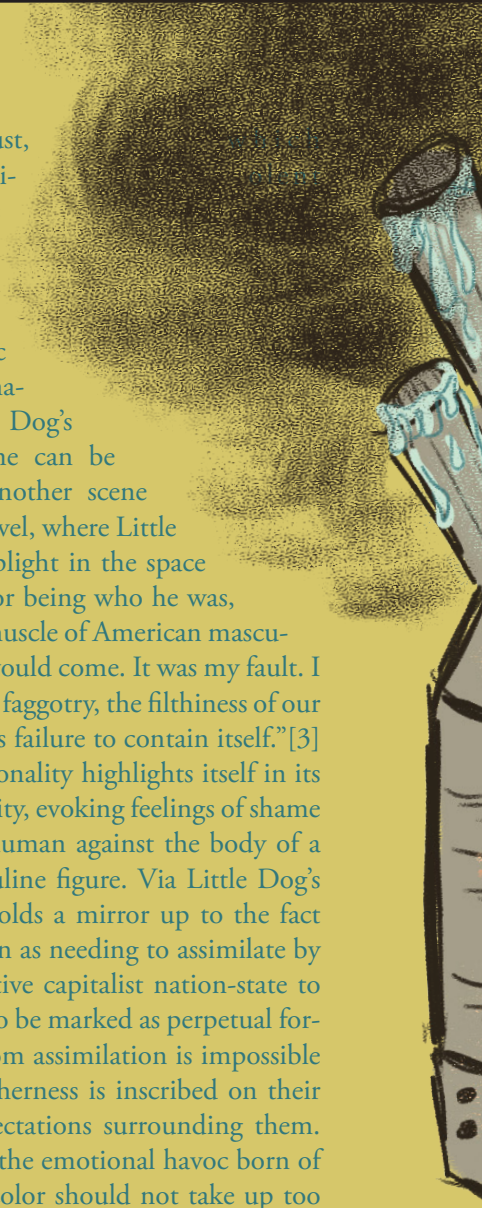
McAdory has a troubling preoccupation with humor, which he discusses four discrete times throughout his article. McAdory seems to yearn for some sort of comic relief in Vuong's narrative of queer of color struggle against racism, violence, queerphobia, and heterosexism. Real-life queers of color often yearn for this comic relief too, but our experiences are not a book in hand that can be placed down momentarily for a sip of coffee. Is McAdory simply masking his discomfort as a call for range, or is this an implication that queers of color owe the reader humor, demanding that we soften the truths of our experience in the

interest of comfort and palatability for more privileged readers?

My main trouble is McAdory's frame of "gay sincerity" and the scope it (fails to) offer. McAdory attempts to separate the nuances and degrees of Vuong's experiential writing; Little Dog is not just gay — he is a poor Vietnamese boy, born of transnational migration under the force of colonialism and militarism. McAdory's isolation of Little Dog's sexuality robs this queer of color art of context, and his rhetoric is destructive to an understanding of the novel and queer of color art writ large. McAdory even concedes that his review is not Queer in nature, yet he still imposes a framework of understanding that is so reductive, critiquing Vuong's narration of Little Dog's homosexual experiences with no nuance of considering Little Dog's position as a racialized subject. McAdory's "gay sincerity" separates Little Dog's sexuality from all of the identities which influence his experience, which is simply an inadequate frame; instead, On Earth We're Briefly Gorgeous may only be fully understood through a frame of Queer sincerity, where sexual, romantic, racial, gendered, and all other normative intersections of identity are at the forefront of our analysis.

McAdory is particularly critical of Vuong's depiction of the queer erotic. On Earth We're Briefly Gorgeous concerns histories which render queer of color bodies, specifically queer Asian bodies, fetishized and objectified. Vuong uses the poetics McAdory is critiquing to ruminate on this erotic illegibility, capturing these lega-

Is McAdory simply masking his discomfort as a call for range, or is this an implication that queers of color owe the reader humor, demanding that we soften the truths of our experience in the interest of comfort and palatability for more privileged readers?



> We should be hypervigilant lest we dirty the world around us with our racialized faggotry

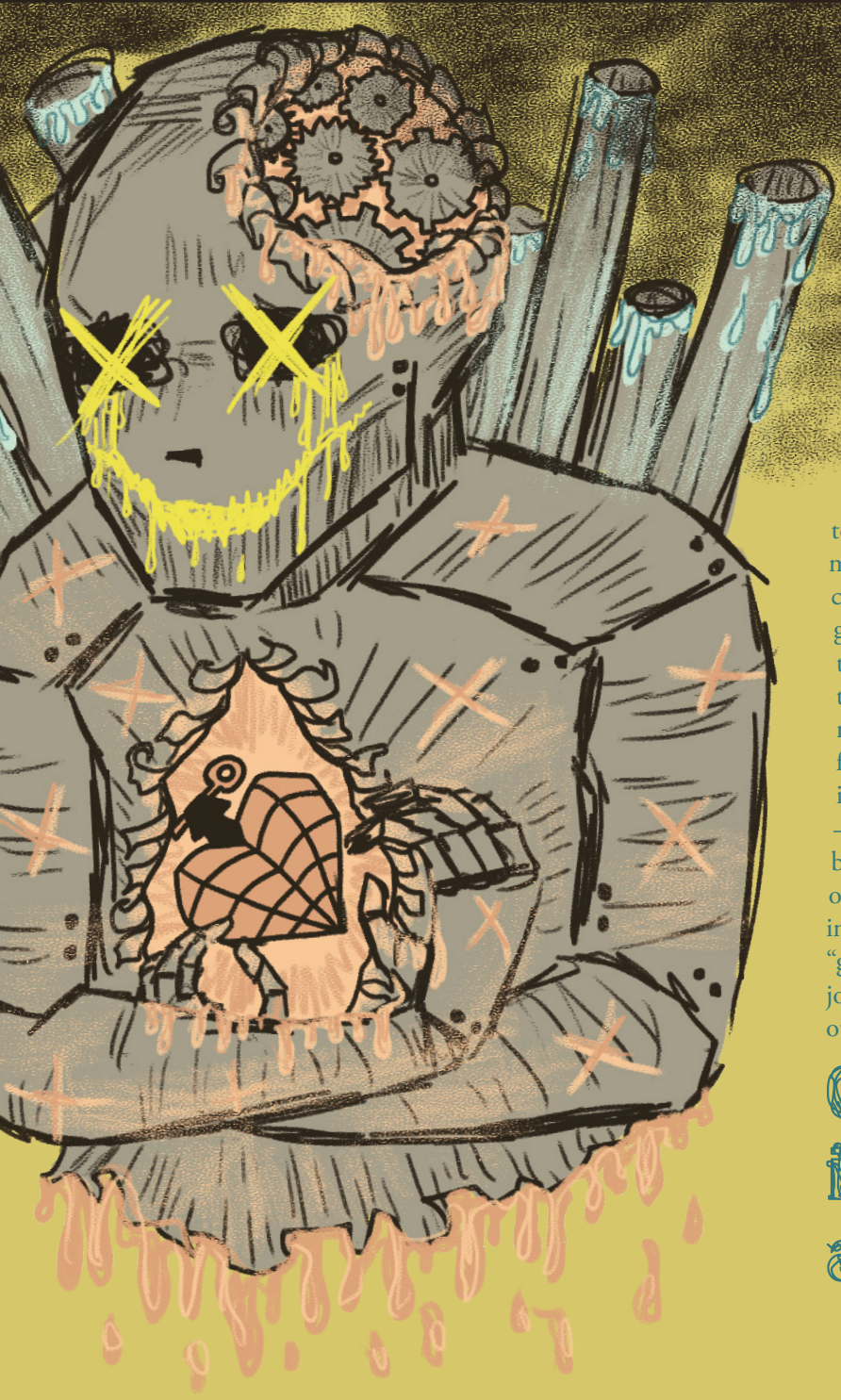
cies that emanate forward in the subtlest of details. I would like to offer a Queer close reading of a passage from the novel depicting this intimacy:

> *Under the humid sheets, [Trevor] pressed his cock between my legs. I spat in my hand and reached back, grabbed tight his heated length, mimicking the real thing, as he pushed, [...] Although this was a mock attempt, a penis in a fist in place of the inner self, for a moment it was real. It was real because we didn't have to look — as if we fucked and unfucked at a distance from our bodies, yet still inside the sensation, like a memory, [...] he fucked my hand until he shuddered, wet, like the muffler of a truck starting up in the rain. Until my palm slickened and he said, "No, oh no," as if it was blood, not semen, that was leaving him. Done with ourselves, we lay for a while, our faces cooling as they dried.[2]*

If we consider Little Dog's queer positionality as a whole, Ocean Vuong's narrative intent becomes clear; Vuong captures Little Dog's embodied affect, or how his emotions manifest in the body. This allows us to feel Little Dog's doubt firsthand, from the very beginning of this intimate experience with Trevor: "mimicking the real thing," as if Little Dog's experience is rendered invalid via the contact of his queer, racialized body against that of Trevor — white, masculine, normative. This gives Little Dog an almost out-of-body experience, like he is "at a distance from [their] bodies." This all leads to Little Dog interpreting Trevor's pleasure as disgust, Vuong paints through visymbolism: "as if it was blood, not semen, that was leaving him."

The racial dynamic of Trevor's white, normative body against Little Dog's racialized and queer one can be best observed during another scene toward the end of the novel, where Little Dog faces an expulsive plight in the space of their intimacy: "Trevor being who he was, raised in the fabric and muscle of American masculinity, I feared for what would come. It was my fault. I had tainted him with my faggotry, the filthiness of our act exposed by my body's failure to contain itself."[3] Here, Little Dog's positionality highlights itself in its sexual and erotic illegibility, evoking feelings of shame when he finds himself human against the body of a normative, white, masculine figure. Via Little Dog's psyche, Ocean Vuong holds a mirror up to the fact that Asian bodies are seen as needing to assimilate by assenting to an exploitative capitalist nation-state to be seen as human, only to be marked as perpetual foreigners — those for whom assimilation is impossible and unattainable, for otherness is inscribed on their bodies and societal expectations surrounding them. The reader is swept into the emotional havoc born of the idea that queers of color should not take up too much space, that we should be perfect law-abiding citizens, that we should be hypervigilant lest we dirty the world around us with our racialized faggotry. This boundary is enforced pschologically, demarcated in our minds through an architecture of respectability politics and histories of violence against those of us who transgressed by shitting on the cock of a state which demands our saline abjection. Looking past our own personal discomforts, we begin to see how Vuong's storytelling captures this nuance; details like these are not simple poetics — they are testimonies against the structures which render racialized queer bodies sexually illegible in the eyes of a subversive capitalist state.

McAdory references another novel by a queer of color, 100 Boyfriends by Brontez Purnell, to offer us his preferences in reading queer of color art. 100 Boyfriends is a fleeting, ephemeral novel, describing the Black queer narrator's erotic navigation of the world in all of its twists and turns, including but not limited to the time he was pissed in at a bathhouse (you read



that correctly, I assure you). Purnell's style is distinct from that of Vuong, in that Vuong makes his narrator legible by reaching into us through poetic expression where Purnell pulls us in with tongue-in-cheek caprices, rich with shock value that keeps us coming back for more. Purnell and Vuong have a common goal: to make their narrators' experiences — sexual and quotidian — legible as queers of color who fall in the margins of race, class, sexuality, among many others. To imply that Purnell's method of accomplishing this — through his strikingly vivid descriptions of the narrator's sexual encounters — is superior to Vuong's poetics is to say that queers of color can only be made legible when presented as steamy, clever, and gloomless sexual subjects.

Returning to McAdory's overarching argument, his critique of Vuong's construction of affect, we see that he is quite displeased that On Earth We're Briefly Gorgeous is a narrative that does not call for flowery and merry writing; he seems frustrated at the lack of a feel-good, "energizing," and "refreshing" beat to the story of a young queer of color navigating a minefield of social and personal hardships. McAdory critiques Vuong's expression of trauma, expressing his grievances with the "still-open wound[s] suffered by the narrator," as if these are to be softened or adulterated for the reader's comfort.[4] Is the onus on racialized queer bodies to shift our intentions away from our own healing? Should we instead pursue the interest of a reader who — in a position of privilege — is made uncomfortable by the way we express the bearing of these wounds? Of course, as queers of color grapple with our lived experiences through writing, we would never want readers like McAdory to "grow tired, after so many rounds of this sentimental journey to the weepy" when faced with the truth of our everyday experiences.[5]

Queer sincerity is scary, after all.

Notes

[1] Paul McAdory, "Gay Sincerity is Scary," Gawker, September 9, 2021, https://www.gawker.com/culture/gay-sincerity-is-scary.
[2] Ocean Vuong, On Earth We're Briefly Gorgeous (New York: Penguin Press, 2019), 114.
[3] Vuong, On Earth We're Briefly Gorgeous, 203.
[4] McAdory, "Gay Sincerity is Scary."
[5] McAdory, "Gay Sincerity is Scary."


¡AY, MI MADRE!
MOTHERHOOD
ggs-periencing
PARENTHOOD

Where the Fuck Am I Raising My Kids

In this conversation, Esmeralda, a first-generation Dominican-American from the Bronx, and Julie, an international student from Mauritius, talk about where to raise their children – in their home countries or somewhere else? While pulling apart the pieces of such a complex issue, they talk more about privilege, social hierarchy, and love for their countries. This article is a summation of multiple conversations they have had regarding the topic.

Esmeralda: I'm sorry but this shift was horrible. There was one customer who skipped the line instead of just waiting and expected me to ring her up immediately. These people genuinely have no common sense or respect.

Julie: I'm sorry bestie. But remember, the customer is always right! This is America!

Esmeralda: Bull-fucking-shit! I feel horrible every time I have to deal with customers; I feel so bad about myself. I swear these kids weren't raised right.Oh, my God will my kids end up that way?

Julie: You mean if they grow up here?

Esmeralda: Yeah, what if I go back to New York, have kids, and they turn out to be as spoiled as the people on this campus? The customers at Novack constantly expect us to hear them perfectly. They expect us to get their food and drinks in seconds. They never stop and think that we're students too. What if they internalize American individualism because they will be raised by a Dominican-American, not an actual Dominican?

Julie: Do you think you should raise your kids in DR then? Because this is something that I think about too; that where we choose to raise our children will affect how they see themselves, how they see their culture, and what kind of people they become.

Esmeralda: I don't want to raise my kids in DR because there is a reason my mom left. My family didn't have many opportunities in our country. My mom could not find a way to support her family when the pay was low but prices were high. Even though my kids and I could reconnect to our culture, is it worth the instability and hopelessness that comes with living there?

Julie: I get what you mean. Growing up as a Creole in Mauritius, where we're considered the bottom of the racial hierarchy, I lived my life under the assumption that I would not spend my adult life in Mauritius. As painful as it was for my parents, they raised me with the goal of studying abroad and setting down roots there. Even though we benefited from socioeconomic privilege and lighter skin, my parents instilled in me very early on that there would be very little opportunity for me to succeed as a Creole woman. But now that I'm here and studying in the US, the idea of settling down here, or anywhere else but in Mauritius, isn't really what it's cracked up to be.

Esmeralda: Exactly! Now in college, I am thinking about moving to another country. My entire life I grew up with the idea that I should be grateful to America for giving my family and me a better life, but at what cost? Even though I have put so much effort into staying connected to the island, every time I go back my family makes fun of me for being a gringa.

Julie: I think about that a lot. Over the break, I visited my Mauritian family in the UK. I have a few young half-Mauritian cousins that I got to spend time with, and it makes me sad to see that they don't speak French or Kreol. I guess it just made me realize that unless you raise your kids in a community full of the Mauritian diaspora, they won't be properly exposed to their culture. My kids will inevitably be disconnected from our languages, our music, culture, and family. I'm really scared that if all the exposure they get to Mauritius comes from going on vacation there every few years, they're going to miss out on so much of the beauty that comes from being raised Mauritian.

By: Esmeralda Abreu Jerez and Julie Gnany
Art by: Maanasi Shyno
Design by: Sophie Bailey

Esmeralda: Also, the fact that I am even considering going back to DR is extremely privileged. My parents struggled through so much to get here, yet I am thinking of unraveling all of that and going back. And even if I go back, my kids will also be children of immigrants. It hurts to say, but I do not know what it's like to live in DR. If I go back with my family, I'll just be imposing the same situation my parents imposed on me.

Julie: Exactly! The fact that I even have the choice to decide to leave Mauritius and live somewhere else is rooted in so much privilege. I feel very guilty that I get to escape some of the stigma of being Creole in Mauritius, and that by doing so I'm not going to be able to make a difference for Creoles still stuck there. Although Creoles are probably those with the greatest incentive to leave, Mauritius' systems of oppression make it nearly impossible for them to leave.

Esmeralda: That's also one implication of moving back to DR is knowing that I would be privileged there. I have a pale enough complexion to be socially accepted and would move there with American dollars which has a lot more value there. However, if I stay here, my kids will be treated as "other." Growing up here and understanding how isolating that feels, I would not want my kids to suffer that pain.

Julie: Absolutely. One of my biggest fears is that if I have kids in the US, they'll struggle to assimilate. At the end of the day, it's very unlikely that they'll be white-passing enough to fit society's norms and feel comfortable in this country. If they're not able to 'assimilate,' which isn't even something I'm sure I want them to do, I worry that they'll never feel American enough, but also never feel Mauritian enough. They're probably going to grow up in a place where people can neither pronounce Mauritius nor place it on a map. They're not going to see themselves in the media or among people in positions of power, and I really worry about how that will affect their development.

Esmeralda: And even further down the line, who knows if my grandchildren or great-grandchildren will know our traditions? It's not that being anything else is necessarily bad, it's just that being Dominican has given me such joy in life. It's connected me to an entire people, language, cuisine, and culture that is so full of life that's helped me through the most difficult moments in my own life. Whenever I feel let down, I always know I can go back to my roots to comfort myself. However, building a family in this country means possibly severing that tie to my family's lifeblood. If my grandchildren or great-grandchildren don't know DR, who or what will they turn to?

Julie: Another question is should we even be stressing out about this? At the end of the day, we're only going to be one-half of our kids' ancestry. The people we choose to have children with just add another layer of complexity. What if they're also immigrants and want to raise our kids in their own country? What if they want to raise our kids fully American? What if our jobs give us no choice in where we live?

Esmeralda: Honestly, right now, we see having kids only from our perspective. However, at the same time, having kids is a two-way street. It's going to involve someone else and that will take a lot of compromise. Right now, we're so young and do not understand that yet, but with time, we'll mature and learn what it really will be like to raise kids.

Julie: And who knows if we even want kids? The planet's dying, capitalism is taking over the wor-

Esmeralda: No, I just got out of a shift, and I only have one brian cell left. Let's save that for later. For right now what's most important is that we have the right we end up with, we will always unconditionally love our kids and try to give them a piece of our culture.

Julie: That's the goal: making sure they don't end up as rude as Novack customers.

Pure americana

By: Serena Suson Art by: Sophie Williams Design by: Aryma Moore

My blood is pure

I boast my aspect
To my family and my peers
Take turns showing off my skin
I once did anything to whiten
Yet I've never visited
That place that holds my name
The grounds of our estate
The place of which my parents speak
The islands of my fathers' graves
I am brown
But cannot speak my mother tongue
I am no one
I am American
Underneath the flagship of this shining sun

I know history
But can't make sense of mine
The conflicts
That razed my people
Into independence
I only know the redcoats
In three years covered
The Continental Congress
In every bloodbound book I own

'76 will always mean more than '46
My home will be a melting pot
Of ingenuity
We'll engineer representation
In our books and in our movies
Forgetting it was a white man
Who promised peace and subjugated
When he rolled up on the beach
But to me
MacArthur's just a nuisance
And I believe in something far away
There's no more imperialism
Nothing colonial
In my identity
Though the armistice has ceased
Whatever way I see it
There's always been a freedom
A freedom to the seas

My blood is clear
Prime for pollution
That my moldering will cause
Multiculturalism's a chance to prove
I am more than what I am
Yet I miss to know
Clearly what I was
I am lost
In the suburban-ly mundane
Nights of mac and cheese
Dinner with green beans
Football games
And spelling bees
There must be more to me
Than this
But Tagalog, hindi
Balat, pancit
I'm a foreigner birthed in white
Who can't translate history

My country 'tis of thee
Sweet land of liberty
I am of you
And you are of me
The bleakness of my nature
To which I kneel

I'm to forget
I laud without regret
Dulce et decorum —
Fight on, boys!
For I see that flag and weep
It means I am no one
It means I am American
Underneath the red, white, and blue
I am no one
I am American

I embrace the greenness of this setting sun.

REVOLUTION THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES

A History and Manifesto of Marxist Feminism

By: Camila Bustamente

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"Oh, wild herb, purest perfume,
I beg that on this path with me you'll bloom.
You'll be my balm in my tragedy,
You'll be my breath in my glory!"

- Edith Lagos Sáez

"Woman, eternally, shows us the way."

- J. W. von Goethe

It is an undeniable fact of history that women, for as long as exploiting and exploited classes have existed, have found ourselves in a constant, unending state of humiliation, dehumanization, and exploitation. In response to this historical injustice stands *the feminist movement*, with all of its different, oftentimes competing ideological strands.

In essence, these all represent the collective effort made by millions of women across the world to understand and fight back against our oppression. Nevertheless, as with all things, while the primary impulse contained therein might be genuine and truly revolutionary, not all feminisms are truly revolutionary in themselves. Many lack a proletarian class stamp, instead relying on idealist, myopic fantasy. For example, Liberal feminism, arguably the most mainstream of the feminist tendencies, towers for its pragmatic, sanchopanzist impulse that ultimately serves reaction. So-called "radical" feminism, the moldering home of the trans-exclusionary "radical" feminist (TERF) movement, is its close relative. Casting these anachronisms into the dustbin of history, I will explore the feminism that is actually radical and truly revolutionary — Marxist feminism, which is the liberatory ideology of the female global proletariat.

A specter is haunting the world—*the specter of communism*. However, this specter does not travel alone, for another specter trails behind it—the specter of women's liberation. We shall now examine said specter.

1. What is Marxist Feminism?

Many within the Marxist left have offered hypotheses on both how the oppression of woman came to be and how this state of affairs is maintained. For example, Friedrich Engels argues that "the overthrow of *mother-right* was the *world historical defeat of the female sex*. The man took command in the home also; the woman was degraded and reduced to servitude, she became the slave of his lust and a mere instrument for the production of children."[1] Catalina Adrianzen, a Peruvian communist now living in exile in Sweden, argues that "sustaining themselves in idealist concepts[, the ruling classes] have reiterated the existence of a '*feminine nature*' independent of social conditions... to show that the condition of women and their oppression and patronage is the result of their '*natural inferiority compared to man*."[2] It is an objective observation that class society, from its very genesis, has associated the masculine with the good and the feminine with the bad. The economic base fed into the superstructure over several centuries.

Virtually all people alive, whether male or female, were and continue to be intellectually and materially affected. For example, the illustrious Pythagoras, a figure of vitality and creativity, remained convinced that "there is a *good principle* which created order, light, and man, and an *evil principle* which created chaos, darkness, and woman." The creation myth believed by millions in the world posits that woman came from the rib of man, and was thereby responsible for his fall due to her *disobedient, sexual, and deviant nature*. Pauline Christianity reinforces this impulse, blabbering over the holy pages: "I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man, but to *be in silence*," the justification going back to Eve's deception by Satan. For Aristotle, "the female is like a *deformity* of the male," mutilated, repulsive, and incapable of achieving the perfection which men are supposedly naturally blessed with. Cato the Elder, orating before the Roman senate, calls us "*violent and uncontrolled animals*." Centuries later, a chauvinistic Napoleon, exposing the true beliefs of many men, proudly proclaims: "Nature wanted for women to be our *slaves*. They are our property."

To my fellow female reader, I must ask: does all of this make you feel profoundly upset? Does it fill you with rage? It should. Hold on to that feeling.

In our current society, women are the *proletariat of the proletariat*, a super-exploited subsect of the working class. Female oppression is everywhere; it is heavily coded into our social norms, our laws, and our culture; it is what Raquel Gutíerrez calls "the labyrinth of male domination."[3] For every valiant Emily Brontë, writing futuristic matinal women who break through the dark heavens of the provincially backwards, fundamentally Victorian moorlands, there is a misogynistic Hegel, throwing aside his philosophical clairvoyance to raise an arrogant finger in the air, thereby vomiting: "The difference between man and woman is the difference between animal and plant."[4] Fine, I say. If women are plants, then let us be the most gorgeous of Neriums, dripping our poison into the tongue of class society—for Hegel forgets, **a plant can be just as determined as the fiercest of beasts.**

So, concretely, what do Marxist Feminists believe?

Firstly, we *absolutely reject* the notion of an intrinsic "feminine nature" or "feminine soul" that compels a woman to act a certain way, or to perform a set of traditional tasks. To be a woman, beyond identity-in-itself and observable physical factors tied to certain roles, is merely a malleable, always-changing set of social relations derived from the current hegemonic socioeconomic order.[5] In short, **woman is a social relation.** As such, the emancipation of women strictly depends on the changing of said order. Demanding that people are more conscious of behaviors that reinforce patriarchy, while good for the short-term, is completely ineffective in genuinely ending the oppression of women.

In other words, *it is not minds that need to change first, but rather, our socioeconomic system.* As per Marx, "the mode of production of material life conditions the general process of social, political and intellectual life. It is not the consciousness of men that determines their existence, but their social existence that determines their consciousness."[6]

"It is not minds that need to change first, but rather, our socioeconomic system."

Marxist Feminists have also traditionally been opponents to prostitution, arguing that it is inherently exploitative. Taking from Marx's notion of the commodity-form, a commodity is an object which has a use-value and an exhange-value. Use-value refers to the object's utlity. Exhange value is a superficial measure of the commodity's worth when contrasted to other commodities—i.e, price. It is, however, merely the manifestation of a deeper component: Value, which can be calculated by measuring the average, socially necessary labor time that it takes to produce a commodity.[7] Finally, a commodity is always produced to be sold in a market. Socialism does away with the commodity-form, meaning things are produced for their use-value only—they are made to be used, not to be sold. To imply that sex work will exist under socialism is to imply the following:

1. A woman's body is a use-value: Under capitalism, prostitution makes the female body into a mere object that is sold in a market and thereby used by he who pays for it. If that currency is equivalent to, for example, x pieces of chicken, then the logical conclusion is that a woman's body—her personhood—becomes equivalent to *x* pieces of chicken in terms of exchange value. This is not only degrading, it is *insulting and dehumanizing*. How can a social system that seeks to abolish classes and all oppressions accept such a proposition?

2. Women's bodies will be held in common by society as a whole: because private property and production are done away with under socialism, instead replaced with collective production and ownership, then sex workers—and by extension, the female body—logically become common property as well.

Marx and Engels state the communist position with absolute clarity: "the real point aimed at is to do away with the status of women as mere instruments of production… Our bourgeois, not content with having wives and daughters of their proletarians at their disposal, not to speak of common prostitutes, take the greatest pleasure in seducing each other's wives… it is self-evident that the abolition of the present system of production must bring with it the abolition of the community of women springing from that system, *i.e.*, of prostitution both public and private."[8] **This, however, *in no way* means that sex workers should be excluded from radical practice**—on the contrary, being arguably some of the most exploited laborers in the world, their participation in overthrowing the present state of things is *invaluable*.[9] Furthermore, while sex work may exclusivley be a product of class society, that does not make current sex workers any less worthy of protection, safety, and a steady source of income. The bulk of the millions of women and girls who partake in sex work throughout the world often have no other choice, be it either due to discrimination, poverty, or straight-up sex trafficking. There is no justice under capitalism—to resort to sex work is ***never*** a woman's fault. [10]

This all ultimately ties to one of Marxism's most controversial positions: the abolition of the nuclear family. In the Communist Manifesto, Marx and Engels make their case: "On what foundation is the present family, the bourgeois family, based? On capital, on private gain. In its completely developed form, *this family exists only among the bourgeoisie.* But this state of things finds its complement in the *practical absence of the family among the proletarians*, and in public prostitution. The bourgeois family will vanish as a matter of course when its complement vanishes, and *both will vanish with the vanishing of capital*."[11] Under this vision, women will finally be liberated from the burden of housework and

childcare, matters which will largely pass on to be the collective's burden. Organized in the Communist Party, the brain of the socialist society,[12] each neighborhood, district, town, and city will care for the young, educate them with strong values, culture, and tolerance, and provide for their physical and emotional needs.[13] Even the making of food, once a private task forced upon the proletarian woman, will mostly pass on to be collective.

The goal? Kollontai explains: "The indissoluble marriage based on the servitude of women is replaced by a free union of two equal members of the workers' state who are united by love and mutual respect. In place of the individual and egoistic family, a great universal family of workers will develop, in which all the workers, men and women, will above all be comrades."[14] This means true, mature private relationships, free of financial constraints, where both partners may develop and support each other to reach their highest potential, together. In many ways, we can see that bourgeois society has already moved us away from the old, conservative nuclear family and towards new, freer family structures — once more, proving that the Marxist thesis is correct.

2. Marxist Feminism in Practice

In practice, such movements and transformations have been attempted in the past and in the present. In "The Labor of Women in the Evolution of the Economy," Soviet minister of welfare Alexandra Kollontai—the first woman in history to hold a cabinet post—posits that "the emancipation of women can only be completed when a fundamental transformation of living is effected; and life-styles will change only with the fundamental transformation of all production and the establishment of a communist economy."[15] To that end, the early governments of the Soviet Union adopted a policy of social care from the top to the bottom, which, in conjunction with the full legalization of abortion, created "a labor state [that] establishes a completely new principle: care of the younger generation is not a private family affair, but a social-state concern."[16] These policies were adopted so that women could become full participants of society, using their energy to work and create alongside their fellow men as opposed to being forced into the position of housewives and mere servants to their husbands. Soviet women were also taught to read and write for the first time, given full and equal access to schools and libraries — that is, access to their full innate capacity for reason and thought, denied for centuries by their horrific oppression in the old society.

Similarly, in popular China, before its eventual fall to revisionism and reaction after the loss of proletarian state power in 1976, transformations of this nature were also undertaken — albeit under drastically different circumstances. Guided by the maxim "women hold up half of the sky," the Communist Party passed laws that legalized divorce, encouraged marriage by love as opposed to by arrangement, and banned prostitution, child marriage, and concubinage.[17] Throughout the decades of Maoist rule, characterized both by spectacular victories and disastrous failures, one thing remained constant: the increased rights of women across a society that previously had little.[18] Of course, both in China and the Soviet Union, severe challenges remained — and today, with these countries having reverted to bourgeois rule, many of these gains have been erased. Nevertheless, it is important to note that both societies, once feudal backwaters where women barely held a status above animals, were able to transform themselves into some of the most progressive on earth in terms of female emancipation. The fact that the first woman in space, Valentina Tereshkova, was the daughter of a *Belarusian cotton mill worker*, is *entirely* due to the socialist transformation carried out by the Communist Party.[19]

It must be underlined that this is not a trend that belongs exclusively to the past. For instance, in India, where Maoist people's war has raged continually since the 1960s, communist forces have also committed themselves to the material and spiritual liberation of women. One of the female members of the People's Liberation Guerrilla Army, Comrade Sumitra, explains her reasons for joining the Maoist insurgency: "In our village, girls were not allowed to climb trees, if they did, they would have to pay a fine of Rs 500 or a hen. If a man hits a woman and she hits him back she has to give the village a goat. Men go off to the hills for months together to hunt. Women are not allowed to go near the kill, the best part of the meat goes to men. Women are not allowed to eat eggs."[20] Sumitra was originally a member of the Krantikari Adivasi Mahila Sangathan (KAMS), described as "the largest women's organization in the country," clocking at around 90,000 members. First set up as a front organization for the Communist Party by the Maoists, they campaign against oppressive traditions of forced marriage, abduction, exile of menstruating women from villages, bigamy, and domestic violence. What this all shows is that, even if currently in an era of strategic retreat, the remaining, genuinely revolutionary proletarian organizations of the world continue to work for the complete emancipation of women.

3. Marxist Feminism To The Stars!

Before any exercise in futurity, something of utmost importance must be noted: running counter to mainstream liberal feminist practice, not all women can be included in the movement for female emancipation to the same degree. In our class society, all women have a position: they are either reactionaries — primarily wealthy, bourgeois women — centrists, or revolutionaries. As such, we cannot all fight side-by-side, because **class differentiates us far *more* than gender ever will**.[21] A bourgeois woman can find unity with revolutionary women in struggling for reproductive rights or equal pay, but she will always be, above all, an enemy of genuine women's liberation, as she is part of the exploitative class that rules the very system that originates patriarchal oppression. She may struggle for *herself* to be liberated of patriarchal social impositions, yet her very lifestyle will nevertheless remain dependent on exploited third world women slaving away in mines and factories—women who then go home to abusive husbands, who live with constant insecurity and fear of assault, and who are oppressed by their US-backed governments and their misogynistic laws.

The same goes for any bourgeois tendencies within feminism—be it liberal, quote-unquote radical, or any other strain that does not center class. This is a position that has been articulated since the early days of Marxism. For example, in 1895, German Marxist Feminist Clara Zetkin published a piece in the paper *Vorwärts* critiquing a petition by a bourgeois women's collective. Said petition had argued for the repeal of a misogynistic law from a liberal perspective that did not center class and sought to present itself in a so-called respectable manner. Zetkin replies: "The lackey-like tone favored in the petition was worthily complemented by its socio-political ignorance, redolent of a beggar's plea, and by the presumptuousness with which the organizations 'dared' to beg… [this] petition stems from bourgeois circles, it breathes a bourgeois spirit throughout."[22] Friedrich Engels himself replied: "Clara is right… Bravo Clara!" [23]

"She will be a full and complete human being in her own terms, in her condition of being a woman."

The only way in which bourgeois women can become revolutionaries, and thus, become allies to a truly radical feminist movement, is by committing themselves to the struggle for the abolition of their own class—that is, to socialism. This means *letting go* of privilege. *Letting go* of the expectation of comfort. Fundamentally, it means accepting the necessity of *destroying the current world*—and all the advantages it bestows upon her—in order to begin *the construction of a new one*. This Quixotic task must be fully internalized with vehement, passionate *faith* and dauntless *will*, ripping up the prairies in a raging fire alongside her sisters in struggle—the female world proletariat, united under the direction of the Communist Party.

So, what does this new society look like?

Assuming that bourgeois rule has been swept aside—first in a small number of countries, and eventually, throughout the entire world—the Communist Party will begin its programme of social transformation immediately. The full legalization and state-coverage of abortion, the end of prostitution, and the closing of socioeconomic gaps between the sexes should be amongst its first goals—and eventually, with the introduction of labor vouchers and the full collectivization of the workplace, the ensurement that all women have the *same opportunities* as men, both on paper and in practice. Furthermore, in organizational terms, approximately half of the members of all political organs, going from the party's central committee all the way to the local and state assemblies elected by workers' councils and neighborhood organizations, should be female—thus ensuring the protection and advancement of our interests in the building of the new society.[24] The final goal? That every single female scientist, artist, or thinker who would have been lost to hunger, arranged marriage, and illiteracy had she been born today has the chance to reach the life she was always meant to have. **The absence of oppression opens up the path to a truly complete human life—and that is what we struggle for.**

And how will women look once the last remnants of the bourgeois empire collapse to the ground, revealing the aurora of higher-stage communism? The new socialist woman will be the result of centuries of class struggle, tempered steel, and cosmic dreams. She will no longer be what Mariátegui terms "a luxurious mammal"—the inferior, passive, and restrained half of the male sex—but rather, a full and complete human being *in her own terms*, in her condition of *being* a woman. In Cervantes' *Quixote*, Marcela proudly proclaims: "I have wealth of my own and do not desire anyone else's; I am free and do not care to submit to another." Revolutionary women are fundamentally Marcelian in this sense, asserting their agency, adulthood, and freedom at every turn. Above all, however, it is *our female will* that will guide us in this process. Our will to build a more just society, not just for ourselves, but for the benefit of all of humanity. A will that is selfless, fearless, and profoundly disciplined. A will that refuses to bow down to failure, always rising up from the lowest of defeats. Pessimism of the intellect, yet *optimism of the will* [25]—that is the slogan of all the revolutionary feminists of the world. We hear a William Blake, who even in his condition of universal poet is unable to escape his misogynistic impulse, cry out: "O Albion, why wilt thou Create a Female Will?"[26] We respond: Keep on whining, for **we have *our female will*, and now, we *will* use it!**

~

"How long until the rivers overflow? / How long until they sweep away this cruel reality in violent storms?" asks Peruvian poet and guerrilla Edith Lagos in her poem, "The Hurricane Breaks Tranquility", written shortly before her death at the hands of the Peruvian state. Breaking the government curfew, her casket was paraded through the streets of Ayacucho, a crowd of about 30,000 people congregating amidst songs, flowers thrown from balconies, and slogans echoing throughout the Andean city. In a similar vein, Arlen Siu, a Nicaraguan guerrilla and member of the Sandinista National Liberation Front—an organization now sadly fallen to social-democratic revisionism—wrote to her mother before leaving for the mountains: "one day, we will achieve what to some is prohibited or impossible."[27]

When the rivers will overflow to achieve the impossible, that cannot be told. However, we must have an unshakable faith in this process as representing women's final destiny—a society where we are finally free, joyful, and fully human. Only then will the gulf between femaleness and humanity be closed, luminous stars adorning the cosmos as we reach to it with our fingertips. To give ourselves to this task is heavier than earth's most monumental mountain—to fight against it is lighter than a feather. So let us move mountains.

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[1] Friedrich Engels, "The Family" in Origins of the Family, Private Property, and the State (1884), https://www.marxists.org/archive/marx/works/1884/origin-family/ch02c.htm.

[2] Catalina Adrianzen, Marxism, Mariategui and the Women's Movement (1974), https://www.marxists.org/subject/women/authors/adrianzen/1974.htm.

[3] Raquel Gutierrez, Desandar el Laberinto (Tinta Limón, 2015), https://tintalimon.com.ar/public/chtyo8tijjjmcq3s9k1jbu4z3i99/pdf_978-987-3687-17-4.pdf.

[4] Georg Wilhelm Friedrich Hegel, Elements of the Philosophy of Right, ed. Allen Wood and H.B. Nisbet, (Cambridge University Press, 2012).

[5] That which generates a female gender identity is not currently well-understood, and most likely, will not be anytime in the near future. Nevertheless, it is interesting to consider that gender identity appears to be mostly set in stone. Take the tragic case of David Reimer — who was born biologically male and forced to perform a female role after a botched circumcision. Dr. John Money, who encouraged Reimer's parents to do this, was guided by the notion that gender identity was entirely socially constructed and could thus be altered by conditioning. However, Reimer always insisted he was male, and eventually reverted to a male social role as a teenager. In a similar way, transgender people insist that they are a certain gender, that their brains were either masculinized or feminized in-utero while their bodies incorrectly developed in the opposite sex, and that this intrinsic sense of self cannot be changed. These cases show the rigidity and solidity of gender identity across most of the human race. It is important to also note that identity, in the case of women, is not the same as the "feminine essence" that Marxist Feminists oppose — being women does not intrinsically compel us to be dainty, delicate, and submissive. I personally speculate that being a woman is primarily due to biological and neurochemical factors, and, secondly, due to social conditioning. However, existing as women, that is, taking up the roles dictated upon us by class society based on our condition of being women, is exclusively a social matter — hence the statement that woman is a social relation.

[6] Karl Marx, Preface to a Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy (1859), https://www.marxists.org/archive/marx/works/1859/critique-pol-economy/preface.htm.

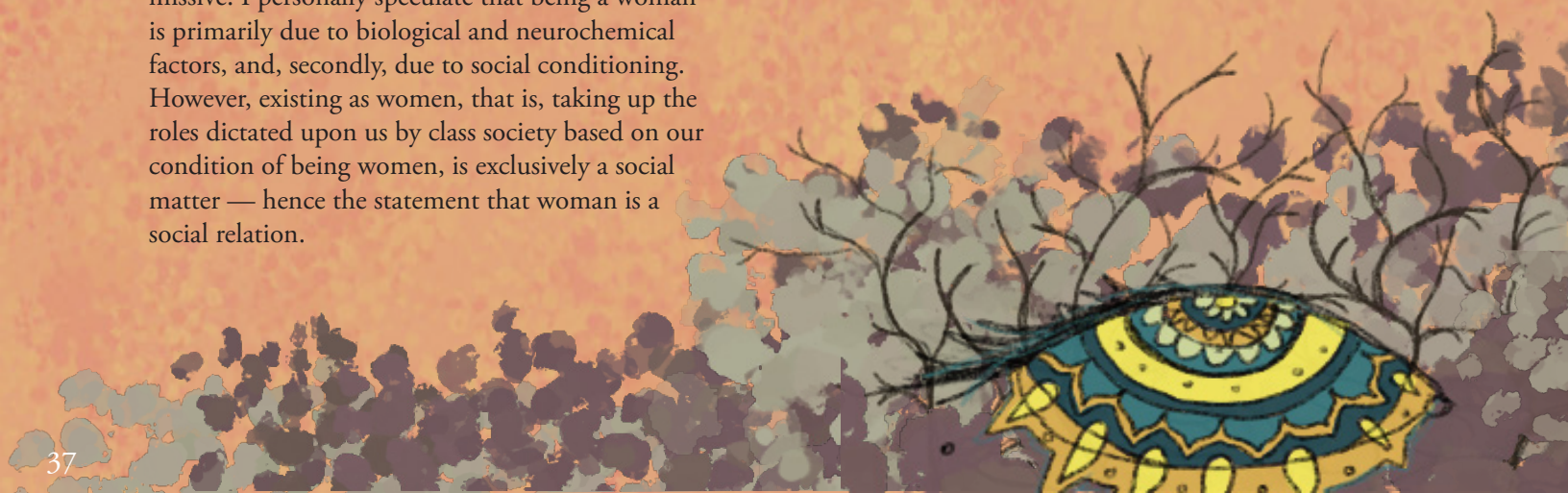
[7] As per Marx, "when commodities are exchanged, their exchange value manifests itself as something totally independent of their use value. But if we abstract from their use value, there remains their Value as defined above. Therefore, the common substance that manifests itself in the exchange value of commodities, whenever they are exchanged, is their value… The magnitude of the value of any article is the amount of labor socially necessary, or the labor time socially necessary for its production. Each individual commodity, in this connection, is to be considered as an average sample of its class. Commodities, therefore, in which equal quantities of labor are embodied, or which can be produced in the same time, have the same value." See Capital, Vol I, Section I: "The Two Factors of a Commodity."

[8] Karl Marx and Friedrich Engel, The Communist Manifesto (1848), https://www.marxists.org/archive/marx/works/1848/communist-manifesto/ch02.htm.

[9] Marx once more: "Prostitution is only a specific expression of the general prostitution of the labourer, and since it is a relationship in which falls not the prostitute alone, but also the one who prostitutes – and the latter's abomination is still greater – the capitalist, etc., also comes under this head." See The Economic and Philosophic Manuscripts of 1844, "Private Property and Communism."

[10] To learn more, see "A Socialist, Feminist, and Transgender Analysis of Sex Work" by comrade Esperanza, an orgnizer with the excellent AF3IRM, one of the best Marxist Feminist collectives currently operating in North America. It may be found here: https://proletarianfeminist.medium.com/a-socialist-feminist-and-transgender-analysis-of-sex-work-b08aaf1ee4ab.

[11] Marx and Engels, The Communist Manifesto.



[12] As per Bordiga: “When the international class war has been won and when states have died out, the party, which is born with the proletarian class and its doctrine, will not die out. In this distant time perhaps it will no longer be called a party, but it will live as the single organ, the ‘brain’ of a society freed from class forces.”
[13] Of course, it is important to recognize the strong, biological impulse towards the care of one’s own young — to say that this sentiment will vanish under socialism is to fall prey to idealism. The mother of today finds her heart strings tugged when reading Constance’s sorrowful, desperate monologue to her absent child in Shakespeare’s King John just as much as the mother of yesterday. When we argue for the collective care of children, we do so in a manner that respects the principle that a child’s strongest relationship will always be that which they have with their parents. However, the power of said parents over their children, on a practical level, will be drastically reduced and transferred to the community — thus forever eliminating abuse, neglect, or child homelessness, as well as largely liberating woman from the unpaid task of raising children, to the extent which she desires.
[14] Alexandra Kollontai, “Women’s Role in Production: Its Effect Upon the Family” in Communism and The Family, (1920), https://www.marxists.org/archive/kollonta/1920/communism-family.htm.
[15] Alexandra Kollontai, The Labor of Women in the Evolution of the Economy (1921), https://www.marxists.org/archive/kollonta/1921/evolution.htm.
[16] Kollontai, The Labor of Women.
[17] Yuhui Li, “Women’s Movement and Change of Women’s Status in China,” Journal of International Women’s Studies 1, no. 1 (2000): 30-40, http://vc.bridgew.edu/jiws/vol1/iss1/3.
[18] Li, “Women’s Movement.”
[19] The fact that this event took place during the era of revisionism and reaction in the Soviet Union is irrelevant. The point still stands.
[20] Arundhati Roy, “Gandhi, but with guns: Part Four,” The Guardian, March 27, 2010, https://www.theguardian.com/books/2010/mar/27/arundhati-roy-india-tribal-maoists-4.
[21] José Carlos Mariategui, Feminist Demands (1924), https://www.marxists.org/espanol/mariateg/1924/dic/19.htm.
[22] Clara Zetkin, On a Bourgeois Feminist Petition (1895), https://www.marxists.org/archive/draper/1976/women/3-zetkin.html.
[23] Zetkin, On a Bourgeois Feminist Petition.
[24] Of course, these are relatively vague proposals. More concrete paths will form once the conditions of revolution appear before us, for I do not pretend to be a visionary of the future. Furthermore, these are tasks responding to what the situation in the developed world, particularly in the United States, currently demands of us — in other countries, different priorities exist according to local conditions.
[25] In one of his prison letters, Antonio Gramsci proclaims this famous formulation: “my mind is pessimistic, but my will is optimistic. Whatever the situation, I imagine the worst that could happen in order to summon up all my reserves and will power to overcome every obstacle.”
[26] William Blake, “Chapter II” in Jerusalem, Plate 34A, line 31.
[27] Arlen Siu, “Ya no tengas miedo, Mamarrú,” NIÚ, August 27, 2019, https://niu.com.ni/ya-no-tengas-miedo-mamarru/.

A PLAYLIST BY: SABRINA EAGER
COVER ART BY: SOPHIE WILLIAMS

GHOST OF (?)

WE LIVE IN A WORLD THAT IS HAUNTED. KNOWS IT IS HAUNTED. AND DENIES ITS OWN HAUNTEDNESS
- PATRICIA YAEGER

I never know what to say when people ask if I believe in ghosts. Because in a way, I do. I believe that the dead stick around as spirits for a little while after they've passed. I believe that spaces are haunted by past inhabitants, by past events. I believe that we can feel the presence of those no longer in our lives, of those no longer on this earth, in the things they once loved or that we once shared.

But I don't believe that ghosts can turn the lights on or make the room cold. I don't think we can hear them in the walls or see them in our reflection. Ghosts are not actually forms reminiscent of white sheets with cut-out eyes. Instead, they are the fears that manifest as images we think we see in the dark. They are people's internalized beliefs that appear as flickering moments of violence. They show themselves in our participation in socially situated, oppressive institutions.

This playlist is made of songs that, to me, feel haunted. Some are songs written on grief and loss, songs haunted by their subjects. Some are songs haunted by histories that don't truly lie in the past. Some are songs haunted by the writers' own inner ghosts. And some are songs that feel like an encounter with a ghost, songs that make me question whether my denial of corporeal ghosts is a true belief or just a desire.

DESIGN BY:
SABRINA EAGER

Imaginary Friends

By: Serena Suson
Art and Design by: Sabrina Eager

Yesterday in 2015
We sang in a bedroom
More home than my own
There we are
Downstairs
Learning Riptide on ukuleles
I watch the video back
Like it's the first time I'm filming it

I listen to the music we put together by chance
When the wind whipped past our eyes
I lie down in it
Recount my drive
The tears I couldn't hold
Like those stars falling from the sky

Five years nearing seven
It's miraculous I can't forget it
When I told them nothing
And their voices are the ones I most remember

My friends, my friends
In my heart we're there unblemished
Protective of our happiness
Because we've had the chance to taste it
We're there forever
In the good old days
Assured more than life itself
We'll be in each other's weddings

I leave it to them
Don't let them know
That they're still kids
Because they're kids
I tuck them in
Leaving on the song that lasts 'til 4 am
Its peace playing softly
Into some known nuptial hymn

As the candles flicker
I blow one out
So it doesn't melt away
In the darkness I feel twelve again
And in my blindness it makes sense
I set my vows and say my prayers
I fall asleep beside them

Listen to the song that inspired this work here:

"her spirit remains"
By: Kaitlyn Anderson

COLLUSION FOR EXCLUSION?

An Exploration of Dartmouth's Financial Aid Practices

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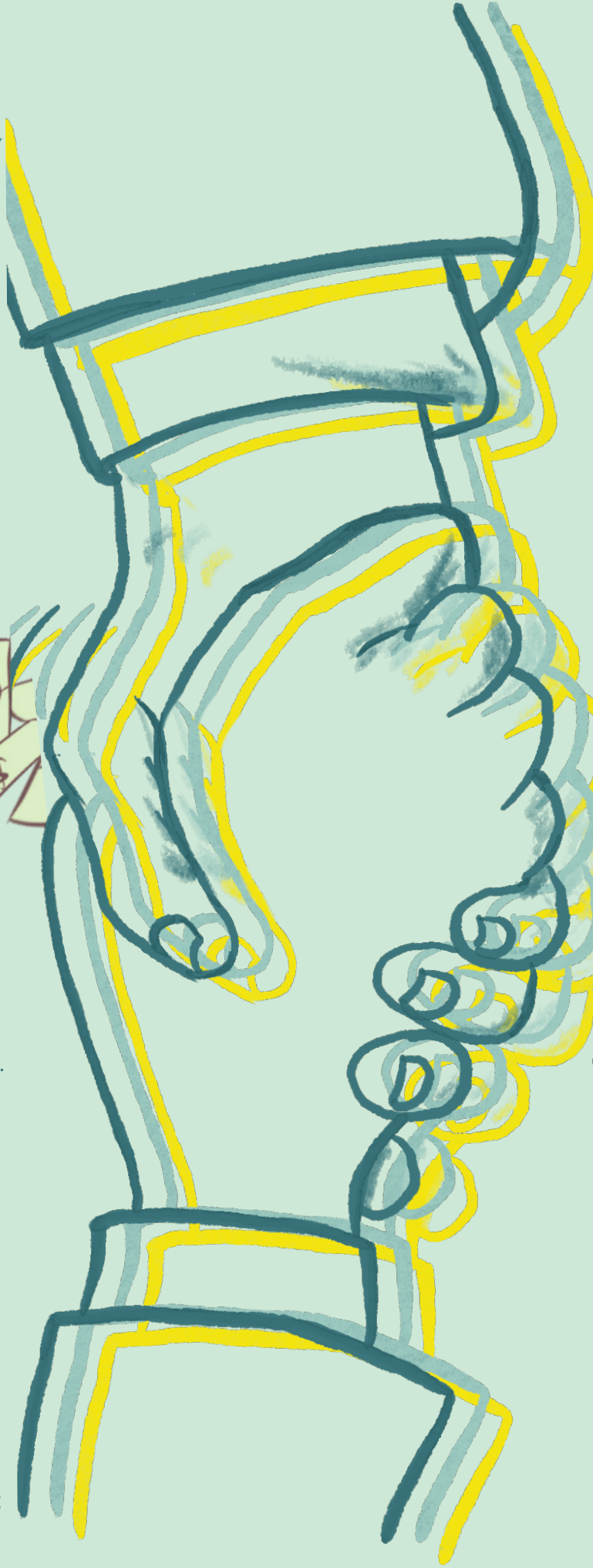
Sixteen-year-old Abby spent countless hours awake awaiting college admission results, to great success! They jumped for joy at their Dartmouth acceptance letter among others. Then came the moment of truth: the looming financial aid package. Could they afford to go? Were they truly able to pick their favorite school option, or would financial aid offers decide their fate?

Abby's story isn't rare, despite the popular portrayal of college admissions being a meritocracy where the most qualified applicants are admitted and able to attend. For low-income students, the admissions process is only one hurdle (though difficult on its own). Allegedly, Dartmouth, among other prestigious universities, have been conspiring to lowball financial aid packages, limiting access for low-income students to higher education.[1] Although many of these universities pride themselves on accessibility and generous financial aid packages, they are actively excluding low-income students from higher education.

Conveniently, two days after the New York Times exposé on the federal lawsuit, Phil Hanlon announced that Dartmouth has gone need-blind for international students, citing an anonymous donation of $40 million as the financial reason they could afford it.[2] Somehow the $8.5 billion endowment couldn't cover international students' financial aid until now![3]



Despite being need-blind for American applicants, Dartmouth intentionally fails to meet the financial and academic needs of low-income students.[4] By requiring low-income students to maintain a job through work study, Dartmouth makes academic success exponentially more difficult. Dartmouth classes alone are extremely difficult and requiring students to spend their time working to afford their education detracts from that education. In addition to tuition, students have expenses such as a high quality computer that meets Dartmouth's strict standards, calculator, textbooks, winter coats, social activities, and travel. Both of the writers of this article had to purchase new computers and winter coats after committing to Dartmouth. This disproportionately impacts low-income students who cannot afford tuition, let alone the thousands of dollars of additional expenses, further excluding them from higher education.

Low-income international students have been kept out of higher education even more disproportionately because of Dartmouth's international need-aware policy. Turkish international student Ülgen Yıldırım '24 says, "Although schools like Dartmouth have the financial means to pay international students' financial aid, most of them remain need-aware to discourage low-income international students from applying." This makes higher education in the US inaccessible to low-income international students. By limiting the application pool of low-income international students, Dartmouth fails to foster the true cultural diversity it advertises.

While low-income students are kept out of higher education, prioritization goes to legacies, donors, and wealthy applicants. Currently, legacies, some of which are the children of million dollar donors, make up 13% of the student body. Colleges claim their priority status for these children is to preserve their "school spirit and community."[5] But what community are these schools aiming to preserve? One comprised of wealthy people who historically have had access to higher education? This is evident by the 69% of Dartmouth students who come from the top 20% economic bracket in the US.[6] Dartmouth's aim to create a strong community built on tradition is not an issue, but if the tradition itself honors a legacy of inequity, it serves to create barriers, not community.

Dartmouth and other prestigious institutions' failure to meet low-income students' financial needs disproportionately affects students of color.[7] As Yıldırım explains, many low-income international students choose not to apply to American universities, which filters out low-income students before the admissions process has begun. This is also relevant in the US because of insufficient financial aid packages. This contributes to a lack of diversity in higher education perpetuating a system where wealthy (usually white) Americans achieve generational success while low-income Americans and international students are left to financially struggle. Yıldırım also explained how campus culture is primed for wealthy students: "Social activities such as winter sports and Greek Life tend to be very expensive, contributing to a culture of exclusivity on campus." Money rules who applies, who gets in, who can go, and the quality of their experience once they get there.

This phenomenon is not limited to Dartmouth. As discussed in the federal anti-trust lawsuit, at least 16 "elite" colleges are conspiring to keep low-income students out of higher education.[8] For many low-income students, Dartmouth offers the largest financial aid package of their options. Ana Noriega '24 described how Dartmouth offered the most financial aid out of all of the colleges to which she was admitted: "Coming here is cheaper than going to a state school." Yıldırım explains how in Turkey, Dartmouth is considered one of the best American options for low-income students.

If Dartmouth is considered one of the best American schools in terms of financial aid, how fucked is the entire system? By colluding with other universities on financial aid offers, these institutions all offer insufficient financial aid packages, ensuring low-income students have no good options. Their only choice is to take out thousands of dollars of student loans and to work while in school. Student loans are often devastating years after graduation, and so the poverty barrier to education persists to the next generation. This creates a cycle where low-income people are kept out of higher education and, in turn, the high paying jobs that require a bachelor's degree. Insufficient financial aid offers also negatively impact middle-class students whose financial aid packages consist either heavily or entirely of loans which can take decades to pay back.

A scandal such as this is not an isolated event. As exposed in the past few years, the college admissions process is no meritocracy. The most well-known scandal is Varsity Blues in which many elite schools (ex. USC, Yale, Stanford, etc.) were exposed for admitting the children of wealthy donors through a "side-door." This side door was, of course, lying about being a college recruited athlete and falsifying test scores to gain admission.[9] Despite the fact that the parents in this case were prosecuted, a "back-door" still remains: million-dollar donors' children are still prioritized in admissions.[7] Perhaps there's an argument to be made that donors' children should be given preference to provide extra funding for things like good financial aid packages. Regardless, it means the entire college process hinges on far more than individual merit.

Now that Dartmouth has become entirely need-blind, it is one of only six entirely need-blind American colleges. Take it from us: everyone we've talked to about this is pissed.

There are many steps Dartmouth students want to see taken to achieve the true diversity and equity Dartmouth proudly boasts about in their admissions magazine, statements to the D, and emails to students.[10] Dartmouth and its peers need to be held accountable for perpetuating the cycles of poverty and exclusivity that haunt disadvantaged students and applicants. Dartmouth needs to abolish legacy and donor considerations in admissions. Dartmouth needs to tap into that endowment — even tapping into 7 or 8% instead of the 5% used for yearly operating expenditure would make a huge difference! — and give sufficient financial aid. Make higher education accessible so the applicants who are admitted to Dartmouth can actually afford to go and get the same quality of education as their peers. Institutionalized inequity in higher education is not a thing of the past and it will continue to haunt us until real steps are taken to change the admissions and financial aid systems.

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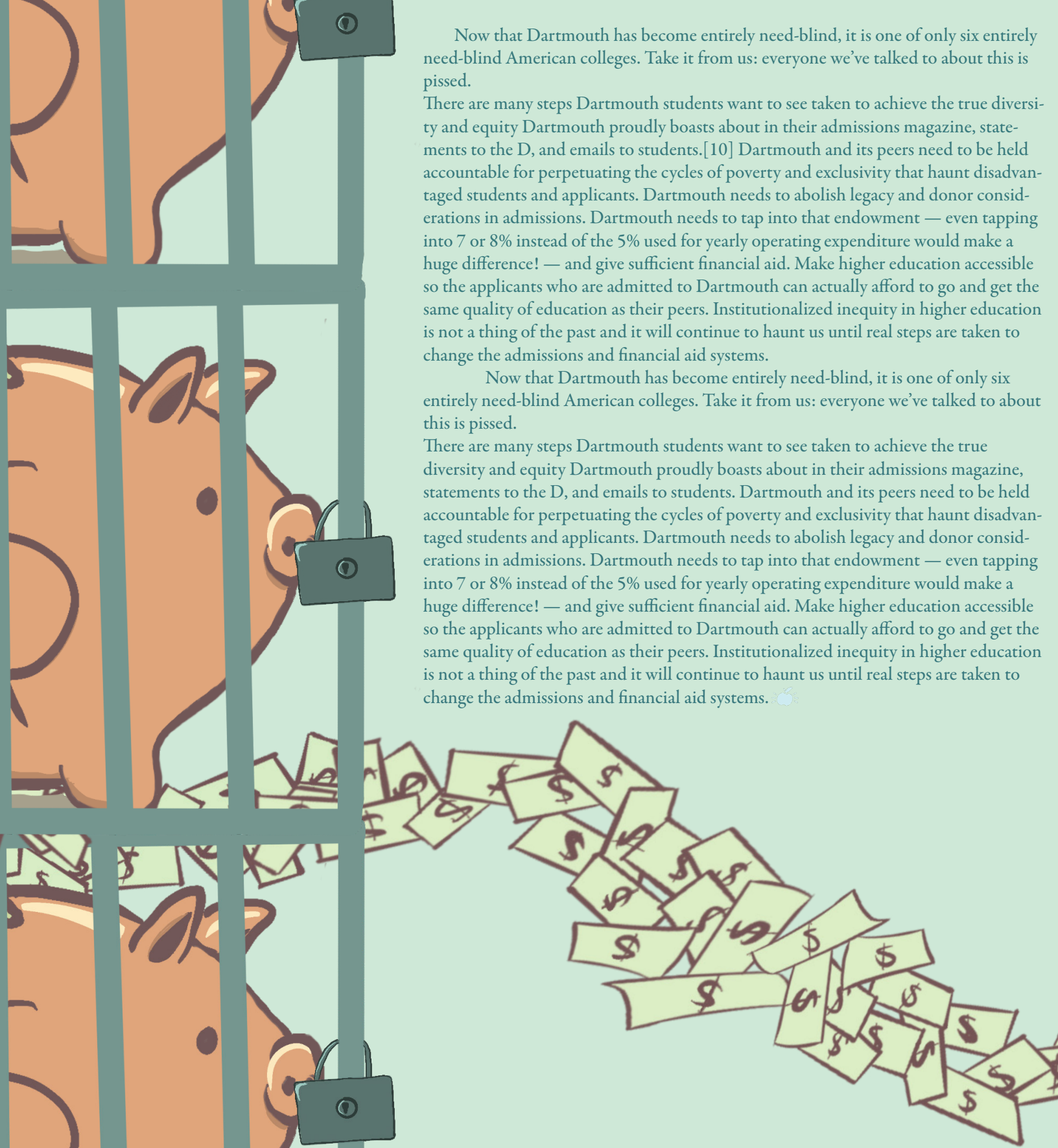

[1] Anemona Hartocollis and Stephanie Saul. "In Lawsuit, Yale and Other Elite Colleges Are Accused of Limiting Financial Aid," The New York Times, 2022, https://www.nytimes.com/2022/01/10/us/financial-aid-lawsuit-colleges.html.[2] Philip J. Hanlon, "A historic change to our admissions policy," email message to Dartmouth community, January 12, 2022. [3] Brenhin Keller, "Endowment Growth Supports the Dartmouth Community," Dartmouth College, 2021. https://home.dartmouth.edu/news/2021/10/endowment-growth-supports-dartmouth-community.
[4] Katherine Arrington, "Student Workers Continue To Be Underpaid, Overworked," Dartmouth Radical, 2021, https://www.dartmouthradical.org/news/student-workers-continue-to-be-underpaid%2C-overworked.[5]Rebecca Ostriker, "Boycott targets college admissions boost given to children of alumni at Harvard, other elite schools," The Boston Globe,2021, https://www.bostonglobe.com/2021/09/25/metro/boycott-targets-college-admissions-boost-given-children-alumni-harvard-other-elite-schools/.[6] "Economic diversity and student outcomes at Dartmouth," The New York Times, 2017, https://www.nytimes.com/interactive/projects/college-mobility/dartmouth-college. [7] "Indicator 22: Financial Aid," National Center for Education Statistics, last modified February 2019, https://nces.ed.gov/programs/raceindicators/indicator_rec.asp.[7]Arrington, Katherine. 2021. "Student Workers Continue To Be Underpaid, Overworked." dartmouthradical.org. https://www.dartmouthradical.org/news/student-workers-continue-to-be-underpaid%2C-overworked. [8]Hartocollis and Saul, "In Lawsuit, Yale and Other Elite Colleges Are Accused of Limiting Financial Aid."[9] Operation Varsity Blues: The College Admission Scandal, directed by Chris Smith, Netflix, 2021 https://www.netflix.com/watch/81130691?trackId=13752289&tctx=0%2C0%2C8b637330789d0732c0227b0615e0c7543ffc742e%3A5bfdc4b74fa56d8a3dbf410262152284d96c03d5%2C8b637330789d0732c0227b0615e0c7543ffc742e%3A5bfdc4b74fa56d8a3dbf410262152284d96c03d5%2C%2C%2C%2C. [10] Bill Platt, "Dartmouth Offers Admission to 'Multidimensional' Class of 2025," Dartmouth College, 2021.

LIVE MEAT

"Cash rules everything around me."

– Doja Cat, "Mooo!" (2018)

As put in the 1983 song "Meat Means Murder" by anarcho-punk band Conflict, *"The factory's still churning out, all processed, packed and neat / An obscure butchered substance and the label reads "meat" / Hidden behind false names such as pork, ham, veal and beef."* Counterculture has long been antagonistic to the consumerist abstraction of industrial livestock.

In *The Sexual Politics of Meat: A Feminist-Vegetarian Critical Theory* author Carol J. Adams critiques the "attitude and action that animalizes women and sexualizes and feminizes animals;" this is the "sexual politics of meat" [1].

Her analysis gives form to the looming apparitions found in meat-eating. Here, animals are removed as agents in the process of being grown for consumption. They are then killed and removed as living beings, then commodified, no longer understood as individual animals but as interchangeable and infinite products. A chicken nugget is not understood as a small combination of pieces of different chickens, but simply as a food you can get anywhere; one is like another. These limit the consumer's consciousness by not engaging fully with information such as "this hamburger is made of pieces of these certain cows." They are then consumed (becoming food, byproducts or food waste), and disappear tangibly as well. The thing that is needed for the product to exist is missing from the concept of what the product is.

Animals become the absent referent in the commodification of meat, eggs and milk — and women are absent referents in a society where the more feminized something is, the more sexualized and objectified it is too. I want to explore how these absent referents — meat, and anyone not satisfyingly masculine — connect to racialization and proletarianization, normalizing mass death in the process.

[DIS]ASSEMBLING APPARITIONS

Swift & Company's slaughterhouses in Chicago were operated 24 hours a day by Lithuanian and Irish immigrants and, after the Great Migration, Black American laborers living for exorbitant rent at no employer cost in shanty towns around the Union Stock Yards. The apparent innovator Henry Ford turned the disassembly line he viewed there into the "Ford model" of assembling automobiles [2]. Such division of labor under capitalist production increasingly advanced appropriation of work-

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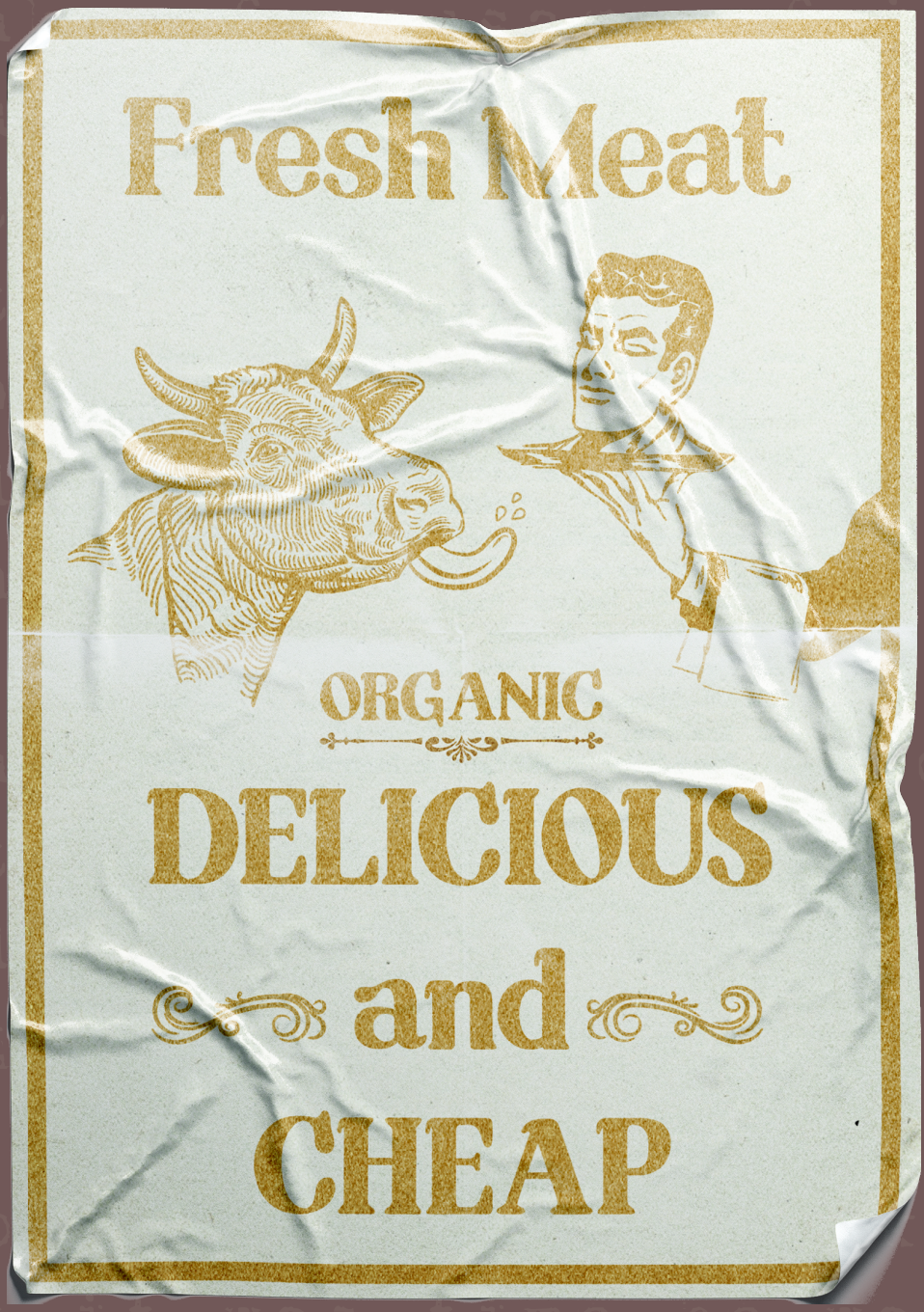
er-created value [3]. Empires formed, whether workers were turning cows into meat cuts in a packing plant, sewing shirtwaists, or constructing Model-T's for the middle class.

Today in the twenty-twenties, meat packing plants still rely on immigrants without citizenship, whose precarious position in the United States makes labor organizing as treacherous as their taxing, repetitious, and bloody job. Over a third of meat and poultry workers in America are foreign-born, primarily from Mexico and El Salvador, and over a third are women — today animal rights remains a global proletarian feminist issue! [4]. The replaceable character of individual human laborers shadows the cows, pigs and chickens whose labor is to produce themselves, or reproduce their offspring and their milk, as a product. Additionally, female animals produce more and are super-exploited differently than males, raised in higher numbers and milked for longer.

MEAT LOVERS

Feminization, sexualization, and objectification are intertwined processes. While illustrated depictions of animals are overwhelmingly male, or 'masculine' by default [5], those in food advertising are primarily female and highly sexualized. Carol J. Adams' uncomfortable and fascinating anthology *The Pornography of Meat* [6] compiles ads with sights like "Double-D" chicken breast lunches, naked young women sectioned into meat cuts, a girl's mouth open over a 7-inch Burger King cheesesteak that promises suggestively to "Blow Your Mind Away," a flexing rotisserie-chicken bodybuilder and a fish with bedroom eyes lounging on a plate for McCormick mustard [7], a *Fifty Shades of Chicken* cookbook, a voluptuous pig and demure cow wrapped as if in bath towels in Bimbo Tortillas [8], and the non-sexual but truly baffling anthropomorphic Chik-Fil-A cows, who advocate that consumers forgo beef to "Eat Mor Chikin" with childlike activism in which the cows are literate but can't quite spell [9].

These cartoons knead the violent commodification of bodies into something light, endorsing sexualization in non-sexual contacts and laughing at women without having to be honest about it [10]. It's not that feminists can't take a joke or make something out of nothing. Rather, as Sandra Bartly notes, "Feminist consciousness turns a



'fact' into a 'contradiction'" by prompting awareness of the *same things in a different way* [11]. (As does class consciousness.)

Almost no media gives room for taking agricultural animal rights seriously without simultaneously laughing at vegetarian choices. Jonathan Larson's 1996 rock musical Rent features a mindblowing protest-performance where Maureen Johnson analogizes a mother cow's milk to a vivacious life in protest to police-corporate clearing of a tent city, acting as both bovine Elsie and the thirsty people suckling from her swollen udder. An entire article should unpack that performance, but it pairs interestingly with the following restaurant scene at Life Cafe. Here the party orders "Three soy burger dinner" and "Two tofu dog platter," in the celebratory song "La Vie Boheme," accenting their "bohemian" status [12]. Banter follows when Tom Collins, notably also the only gay male main character, gets "one pasta with *meatless balls*—" prompting:

> "Ew-" "It tastes the same-" "If you close your eyes!" [13]

The sexual double entendres work in part due to the familiar fact that commentary is almost inevitable when someone orders meatless anything. The jokes allow vegan dishes to go down more easily, only serious choices if you want them to be.

Milk is not inherently natural and wholesome — despite Maureen's performance linking milk to care — and milk is produced today in a decidedly forced and unprecedented way. "Toward a Feminist Postcolonial Milk Theory" comments that general sentiments toward drinking human milk (past infancy) feel it is disgusting and even cannibalistic. We are rightfully wary of treating lactating people "like farm animals," given the perpetually pregnant, cyclically mourning status of milk cows as they give birth and lose their calves many a time [14].

ANIMALIZING PROTEIN

With these dynamics at play, it is no surprise that "eating meat" is akin to "getting women." Both have become signs of red-pilled alpha-male vitality [15], something that some reactionary intellectuals like Jordan Peterson lament is being lost to an agenda of post-modern neo-Marxism. This apparent ideology has little to do with class struggle or materialism, but instead insists that (progressives think that) the world can be interpreted in innumerable ways and therefore truth is meaningless, most frequently a jab at anyone with a non-Victorian stance on gender [16]. On the surface, books like Peterson's *12 Rules for Life* give decent advice to young men or people struggling to find stability in an isolating world. However, these affirmations claim that the only "absolute truths" are those given by simplistic, essentializing views of "Judeo-Christain" thought, as well as putting the onus of alleviating wide-spread suffering on people on an individual basis [17].

Similar patterns are found in online forums and communities, such as incel (involuntary celibate) communities, where users advise each other on how to gym-max their attractive potential, and blame their struggle to find fulfilling platonic, romantic, or sexual relationships on immutable conditions like looks, bone structure, height, or the imagined hypergamy of dating apps [18]. The hostility cultivated here for apparently seuxally successful people, and for women in general (as the symbol of rejection), is a distillation of the worst elements of society's insecurity and entitlement. The picture of health is based on a toned physique, pursued by a diet consuming other animals' muscles, as if through some r/keto alchemy they will transmute. As red meat is mentally connected to sexual vitality [19], a high animal protein diet enables people to conceptually conquer something while apparently increasing their sexual proclivity.

Contrasted with the "civilization of man," nature is feminized, land described as virgin, barren, fertile, untouched or waiting to be conquered. The mythology of the "New World America" was said to be teeming with game and ready for settlers, who were often prevented legally from hunting on British lands, to take advantage of [20]. The modern claim that people/men need animal protein is a racist stance of the last two or three centuries, stemming from [ideology] like, for example, white railroad or field workers from Western Europe needed the sustenance of meat, crafting their superiority to non white workers from East Asia or Mexico who "could live on" rice or corn. The predator-prey dichotomy is also forced onto "capitalist" versus "collectivist" cultures and/or economic systems, drawing racist lines between the "West" and the "East," the natural conquerors and conquered. Throughout the nineties, many advertisements reaffirmed these connections with ad campaigns promoting extremely anti-tofu sentiments, painting plant protein as a hallmark for failing masculinity in a manner that is joking, but also completely seriously. In one such television commercial, a tofu-buying man at the supermarket, prompted by seeing another man buying meat "that sweats," comes to his senses and rushes to reaffirm his manhood by buying a Ford truck [21]. Other articles fearmonger about the estrogen in soy milk causing breast growth in men [22] as if cow milk doesn't have more [23]. Media reviews find that over seventy percent [24] of coverage of veganism or plant protein is negative, skeptical, or paying heed to an anti-vegetarian myth by debunking it with many caveats. Yet protein exists in the plants before being pushed through the animals. Privileging meat protein values not nutrition, but exploitation of both animals and people. Modern virulence against the "soy boy" is a continuing crusade of British colonialism.

The patriarchal connection between dietary and sexual dominance is viscerally felt, and the relation goes deeper than analogy. People are inclined to say they don't want to feel "like a piece of meat"; PETA runs ad campaigns splitting up naked supermodels into labeled cuts of meat, protesting "All animals have the same parts!" But whenever treatment of meat is used as a metaphor for sexual violence, that is a disservice that weakens both ends of argument. The whole notion of meat is that it cannot feel anything, and that we do not have to reckon during the meal with the work done by slaughterers to make products out of animals. We are not living with the brutal truth of animal agriculture, nor the misogynistic views that uphold it [25].

DEEP ECOFEMINISM

Those who oppose these systems, both actively and by their very existence, are targeted malignantly. Logging union organizer and ecofeminist Judi Bari was subject to a "lethal sexual assault" for her work with *Earth First!* when someone (likely FBI) attempted to "bomb that crotch" with car explosives. Sexual malice added to her pain. Her work analyzed gendered traits, falling not to bioessentialism but to considering what is given value within a system, such as the setting of "masculine philosophy versus feminine superstition" and "rational males versus intuitive females," which also enforced a gendered binary of "civilization versus nature." Biocentrism is the concept that (1) biodiversity is inherently valuable, (2) subordinating everything deemed "nature" to boundless exploitation leads to the collapse of life-supporting systems, and (3) humans are a part of the environment. It is less an ideology than a state of nature. Bari applied biocentrism to Marxism, imagining a classless mode of

production that went past isolated human-centrism to consider the benefit of the entire world.

Red meat hegemony gives no respect to anything deemed to be nature; the terms "meat lover" and "animal lover" conjure up vastly different images. Human-centrism positions man as lord and steward of all, omniscient and removed, able to take freely and boundlessly without reciprocity — yet all the while our bodies are part of, composed of, and contributing to our environment [26]. Differences are nominal or highly relative; see this take on gingerbread people living in homes of their own flesh [27]. Imagining such a clear and obvious delineation between "*animals*" and "*non-animal humans*" constructs a not only harmful but inaccurate understanding of ecology and sociology, masking the historic and scientific character of categorization of the world.

NON-HUMAN ANIMALS

Weaponizing animality against people is always a ploy of oppressive powers. Like many privileged statuses, humanity is conditional, both extendable and retractable, and outside individual control. Essentializing extremes are found in many cultural regulations. For example, sexual behavior is seen as "wild" in its passion. Yet it is also key to "having humanity" — as demonstrated in fictional depictions of asexual beings as "less-than-human" aliens or robots, whom often undergo some character development through begrudging intercourse with a "real" person during their storylines [28]. Both de-sexualizing and hypersexualizing people can force animality onto them. This makes them paradoxically unnatural and natural at once, while pushing them out of the realm of "civilization" which is by Enlightenment-period definition, human and non-natural.

Doctrines of coloniality attempted to animalize the societies they were pillaging, yet at each outpost of the Atlantic Slave Trade the raiders and slave traders were sexually assaulting and raping women, never considering their vicious acts to be beastiality [29]. Other racist documentation, like the captain's notes on the slave ship *Hannibal*, claimed that African women were already so promiscuous that they could not be raped [30]. Reproductive functions such as menstruating, producing milk, and rearing offspring have been painted by writers like Aristotle as "beastly functions" to make human females non-people. Under chattel slavery in Viriginia, Act XII in 1662 decreed "children to be bound or free, according to the condition of their mother," which was emasculating to fathers and degrading to mothers, applying standards used for livestock [31].

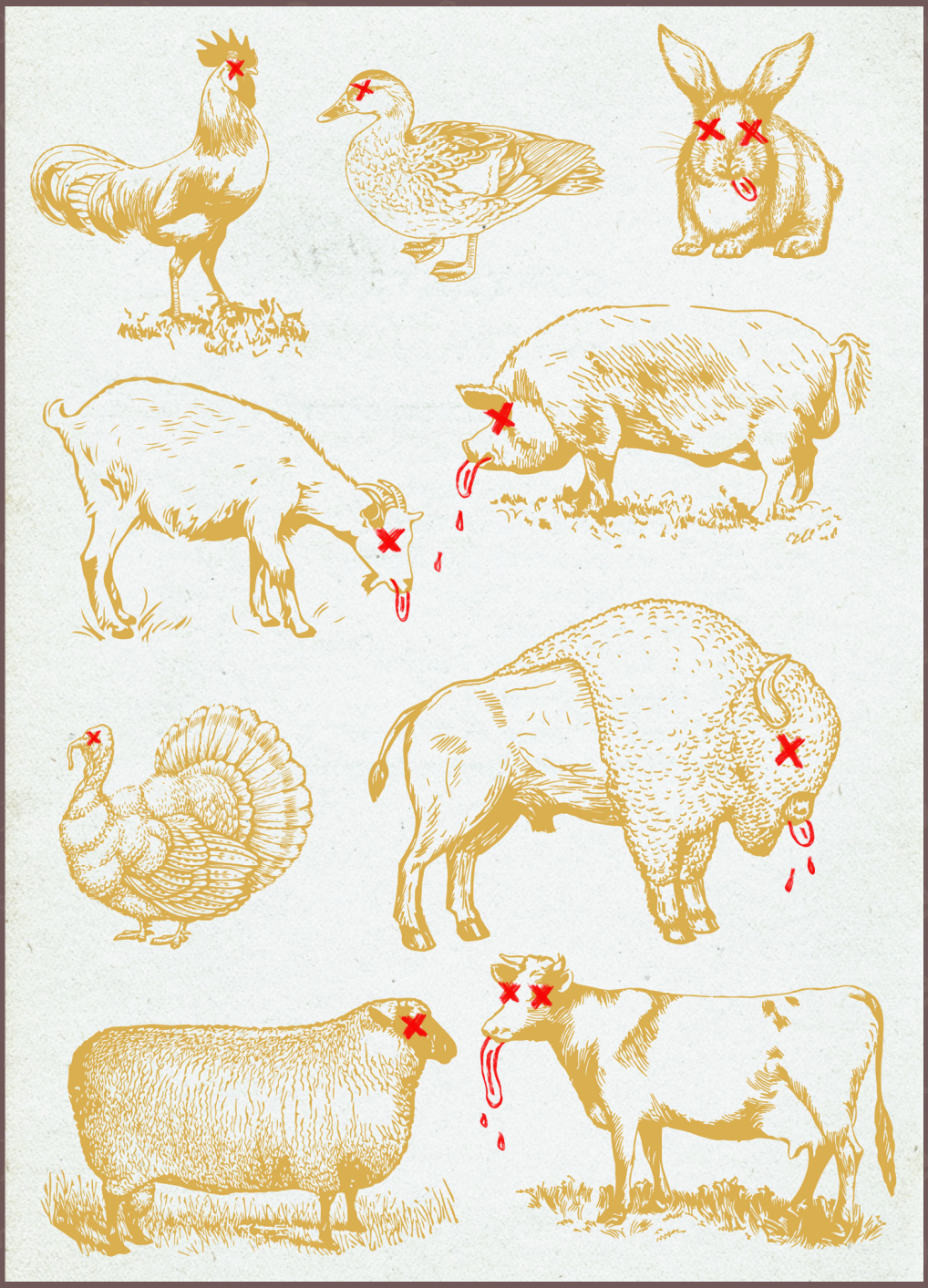
This codified the technique of dehumanization into law, and made slave master rape of enslaved women profitable by default-enslaving children, further imposing the American colonial doctrine of "*Partus sequitur ventrem.*" The "offspring follows the mother" approach was used in South Dakota to determine individuals' legal status in treaties between the Federal government and the Chippewa, Ottawa, Menominee and Winnebago, along with fractional blood quantums that categorized Indigenous people based on ancestral percentages, and extended rights based on that [32]. As connected in Kaitlyn Anderson's article "Mixed Feelings" from the 22W edition of Spare Rib, "The practice of quantifying blood and ancestry can be traced to European colonial systems of power and authority such as the exploitative Encomienda system of post-contact Latin America, which set a precedent for other colonies throughout the Americas. Mixed-race peoples were segregated by the "amount" of white, Indigenous, or African blood they had within them, as though the mixing of race (as a European social construction) was a contamination. The term "mulatto," meaning "young mule," was used in reference to mules' hybrid parentage and sterile status to socially stratify these blended ethnoracial populations and control "impure" interracial relations while extracting labor from trafficked Indigenous and African populations" [33].

A non-animal human is only defined by not being an animal. Under the moral code of meat-eating, at least two things are clear: animals are not human, they are commodities, and ethics do not apply to them [34]. And nothing is safe from commodification. This western paradigm of red meat eating upholds a history of coerced labor, the slave trade, sex trafficking, and an imperial world order that operates within and for a superstructure of sexism and racism.

ADVANCING THE CRITICAL THEORY?

As I heard Adams describe her revelation that animals were absent referents, and that she woke up the next morning thinking women were absent referents too, I was thinking, "So is the worker under capitalism." It turns out a lot of things are absent referents, as the concept certainly resonates throughout estranging circumstances.

This growing, conquering, dominating, and erasing style of meat-eating, as developed through nativist-settler America, sets the precedent for exhausting the entire life force of many for the absentminded benefit of some others. Living animals are removed to make meat, but their bodies are right there, and to some extent their ghosts are seen as surely as some people order their steak bloody. Here we become acclimated to mass death. Capitalism makes compulsory the laborious figurative death of exchanging hours and hours and hours of life simply



to acquire the sustenance to work another day. Necrocapitalism pursues extractive profit not *in spite of* but *by way of* war, illness, degradation, impoverishment, neglect, and epidemic. This culture that valorizes and naturalizes tremendous displays of planned killing sets the table for people to accept the butchery of themselves and others, guided into a mindset where their own lives are as naturally seized under the guise of "honest work."

People forced to subsist on lower incomes are consequently drawn to the cheaper meats and fast food options that, through exploitation, offer the most nutrition for the lowest prices. At the Dollar General the best-priced item for protein per unit is bologna, followed by hotdogs. Of course people want to provide meals that are enjoyable and nutritious as possible despite strict budgeting of their resources and time, commanding a dependence on nourishment that is quick and simple. For many, convenience is not simply a desire but a near necessity. Well-being is also thrown to the wayside by the moneyed marketing campaigns of the food industry that dictate normative dietary messaging, obscuring health risks from people while subjecting them to the often-insurmountable paywalls of medical care. The solution is not moralizing arguments that demonize individuals. We have the productive forces at hand to provide fulfilling and wholesome meals for all, but it cannot be done in the name of capitalist profit.

Capitalism is about extraction, not fulfillment, and compensates for the alienation of production by creating the consumer. Consumption, meanwhile, is privatized and pulled away from the political eye. Veganism is transformed into "a political non-starter, doomed to become the exclusive domain of pearl-clutching white Trader Joe's feminists whose insular

political lens precludes us from critically analyzing the material forms of gendered and racial exploitation that migrant workers/POC/etc endure under the politics of meat" [35]. But because meat-eating is the normative positions, defenses of meat rarely even claim that industrial animal agriculture is needed for necessary sustenance — well enough, as the great swaths of land dedicated to crops for livestock [36] do more to exacerbate hunger than allay it [37]. Rather, meat is justified by mild (or possibly orgasmic, as bacon merchandise would have you believe) culinary pleasure. One of the great resistances to the specter of imposed veganism is the loss of complete buyer's choice. This autonomy is a delusion, one that imagines a difference between the corn syrup and sodium benzoate that ten-dozen brands under three parent corporations put in tomato soup and everything else. Yet choice-defense should be expected; capitalism is about extraction, not fulfillment. It attempts to compensate for the alienation of production by enabling massive consumerism in market countries, while elevating the role of "the consumer" to the most privileged and personalized status. That consumption is then privatized to the point of mindlessness. Why should I have to know things or change things? Why should I renounce hamburgers?

As long as the quintessential American spirit is lauded in idealist fragments and grilled into the beef hamburger patty, which is associated unquestionably with vitality and white masculinity, while scores of individual cattle are turned into single-serving objects of consumption, where their once-living-animal-ness is unrecognizable but fully essential, while the distasteful work of slaughter and disassembly is done by workers displaced by the chaos of invasive imperial economics on Midwestern land that was settled with the imposition of fenced livestock, perfectly symbiotic with endless late-stage capitalism, while women can say they "don't want to be treated like a piece of meat" as if meat could feelings or should be meat at all, while people who attempt to resist these systems are subjected to exacerbated harm, and as long as Fox News' response to climate-based consumption recommendations "They're taking away hamburgers on the Fourth of July" — meat means something.

It doesn't exactly mean murder, but it might be even worse.

Personally

In second grade, I had a moment of political activity similar to the Chick-Fil-A cows. Seeing the tank of live lobsters at the grocery store distressed my nine-year-old self; I didn't like that their claws were zip-tied shut or that they were stacked three deep in the water. I protested by dressing up as a lobster (complete with red oven-mitt claws) for Halloween and carrying a sign demanding, "Free Lobsters — Eat More Chicken!" My thoughts: chickens spent their lives outside in a dynamic environment and flock community, claws unbound. This costume was largely a joke, but one born from serious concern about the lobsters' quality of life (though I had no issue with them eventually being eaten).

Of course, I was wrong about most chickens. I was extrapolating my personal experience living in rural Pennsylvania, where I knew many people who kept chickens free-range in large barns and yards, to all agricultural production. I had one friend whose family ran an industrial pig farm, but even those barns were set among grassy rolling hills — not the metallic smoking nightmare that "factory" illustrations usually conjure up. In later elementary school the book *Gaia Girls: Enter the Earth* opened my eyes to factory farming, the primary source of chicken meat.

In 2012, my family watched the T. Colin Campbell documentary *Forks Over Knives*, [38] learned about the government-subsidized food industry exaggeration and falsification of the health proclivities of animal prod-

ucts (*i.e.*, got dairypilled [39]), and began eating a more whole-foods plant-based diet. I felt that plant-eating made sense, and was already skeptical that humans' techno-agrarian hunting, fishing and and gathering habits — and dainty "canine" teeth [40] — really pointed to a diet [41] any more than slightly carnivorous [42]. And like many kids I loved animals and often didn't want to eat them anyway.

Yet in talking to others, I was always adamant that we were not vegan. We could "eat anything"; it was for "health and environmentalist reasons"; I'd often literally say that I "didn't really care about animal rights" but that I did care about people's health and working and living conditions. But the current treatment of animals is a human-created and relevant problem. As Adams emphasizes, this is the importance of *interrogating — not making analogies between — interconnected oppressions*. I fell into the trap of believing that "caring is divisible," that efforts for mentioning animals or the environment (the entire environment! Everything there is!) detracts from caring for battered women or immigration protection or anti-sanction objections.

This was in middle school, so I hadn't unpacked the pervasive pro-meat psychology then — and, I realized last month, still hadn't. Multiple times while conceptualizing this piece out loud, I mentioned unprompted that it "wasn't a vegan article," automatically trying to ward off the derisive connections I myself was making subconsciously. I wanted to be a real critic with a serious eye, not a hypocritical animal rights champion preaching *Save the Whales* while wearing a mink-coat, handpicking issues to care about and settling on fluffy activism about cows' feelings. I was writing about the necrocapitalist implications of mass meat-eating, yet I could barely mention the outline to friends or fellow *Spare Rib* staff without posturing for the invisible normative acceptance of adamant meat-eaters.

Predator Identity

As protagonists of their own lives, people resonate more with the poised lion or tiger than with the flock of sheep or herd of deer — yet the illusion of savvy predators versus mindless clone-like prey is simply that: an illusion. All animals to some extent are individuals, capable of living a life and having meaningful relationships in their own way. Blocked vegans fear renouncing their zenith placement at the top of the food pyramid — but it's not a pyramid and it's not a chain! It's a web, it's an entire world. When lions die they become the grass, and the antelope eat the grass [43]. Cows will not eat you if you stop eating them — yet one day mushrooms may, as "decay exists as an extant form of life" [44]. Ecology is not a competition; the winners and losers of bourgeois economics do not apply to the real world, unless viewed from a highly limited and one-directional perspective.

You don't *have* to be vegan. I don't *have* to be vegan. (I probably won't be, but maybe I will. I've certainly been more cognizant of what I am eating, and how and why. It's not an identity, it's not a moral posture, it's a series of actions.) We can and should be critical of any automatic response of touchy defensiveness, as if Burger King advertising Beyond Burgers, or a *Times* article [45] or a clumsily worded climate change plan that suggests eating fewer meat-based meals per week [46], should be something that threatens someone's entire identity — because maybe it is that deep. Carol Adams ventures so. She is, as she says, "not the one making the comparison" between meat and women, she is "illuminating why the comparison worked" [47]. In Adams' analysis of interconnected oppressions, the cows, the First Nations people that lived on the plains, the buffalo, the processing plant workers, and the plains themselves are all absent referents in the American hamburger. I believe that the Western meat-eating paradigm is tepid and fragile, like white supremacy and patriarchal masculinity [48]. I really like her proposition that there are only vegans and blocked vegans. Full of contradictions (like the capitalist order that industrial agriculture functions within), meat-eating is extremely threatened by the alternative order of cooking, talking, and thinking that even the most bland liberal veganism provides. It is easy Red Scare material for a republic built on hollow promises and an ocean of blood.

We cannot change meat production through consumption, but we can envision another way [49]. Veganism, vegetarianism, and an analysis of the psychological reality of industrial meat-eating can and should be components of a revolutionary program, one that can bring about shared and nourishing liberation [50].

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Feminism in the 20th Century

BY: ARIZBETH ROJAS
ART BY: ARIZBETH ROJAS
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This issue of Spare Rib is themed around the word "apparition" which can hold multiple meanings. As a noun, apparition describes a ghost-like figure that haunts an individual and, as a verb, apparition relates to the act of becoming visible. In the case of Spare Rib's history, both uses of the word are applicable with the former commenting on the magazine's white-feminist origins and the latter outlining Spare Rib's continued mission to amplify voices from marginalized communities. In a sense, Spare Rib is haunted by the ghost of White Feminism, but the publication has come a long way to reject that branch of feminism. Instead, Spare Rib's leadership and staff aim to practice a kind of intersectional feminism that provides more visibility to a diverse array of people on campus.

White Feminism

In order to face the ghosts of the past, we have to know them by name: white feminism. The definition, along with the main criticism that comes with white feminism is greatly explained by Rafia Zakaria, a civil rights attorney born in Pakistan, in her book Against White Feminism. Zakaria starts out her book by acknowledging the specific type of feminist she hopes to critique as ". . . someone who refuses to consider the role that whiteness and the racial privilege attached to it have played and continue to play in universalizing white feminist concerns, agendas, and beliefs as being those of all feminism and all feminists."[1] It is the intersection of white privilege and feminism that maintains white feminism, which ignores the ways women of color experience oppression differently in favor of centering the experiences of women without considering race. Then, even when the experiences of women of color are brought up, it is traditionally through white voices.

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Women's Liberation Movement

Undoubtedly, the face of feminism has evolved dramatically, especially in the 20th century. The women's liberation movement of the 1960s and 1970s, epitomized by the 1968 Miss America Pageant protest, called for a complete rejection of anything relating to femininity, or so said one popular narrative.[2] Images of bra-burning, angry, and white feminists pervaded the cultural conscious of what it meant to be a feminist. The trite phrase "bra-burner" was used to delegitimize feminist demands and reduce them to a trivial matter. As the myth of bra-burning spread, more women in the mainstream were afraid to come forward as feminists lest they be labeled an angry "bra-burner."

Despite the press' messaging, no actual bra-burning occurred at the 1969 Miss America Pageant protest; instead, women chucked bras along with Playboy magazines into a "freedom" trash can to symbolize their liberation.[3] Photographs of the protest show that Black and brown faces in the crowd are sparse, if at all present.[4] The brand of feminism in the 1960s and 1970s centralized white women's liberation with little to no regard to the plight of women of color, thus making the title of "women's liberation movement" a misnomer.

Choice Feminism

In the aftermath of "bra-burning" feminism came choice feminism as an attempt to mitigate feminism's political associations. This period of feminism is marked by the staple "Am I a feminist if…?" questions.

Am I a feminist if I wear stiletto heels?
Am I a feminist if I have breast implants?
Am I a feminist if I enjoy baking cookies?

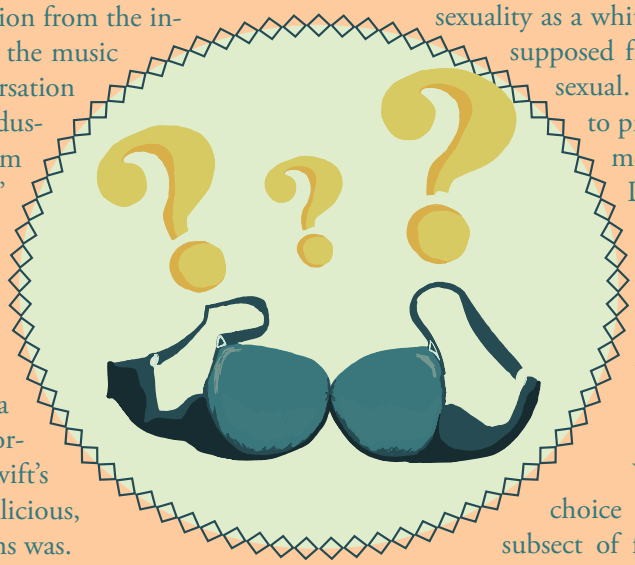
Choice feminism's answer to all of these questions is: yes, yes, and yes. This paper does not seek to answer whether having breast implants is feminist or not — that is a question for each individual to answer for themselves. On that note, though, it is important to remember that choice feminism refuses to consider the context and socialization of a woman's decision to act.[5] Instead, choice feminism offers a reductive answer that claims any decision can be feminist inherently if a woman makes that decision. This line of thinking ignores societal pressures and damaging internalized messaging received from a young age. Furthermore, choice feminism perpetuates the idea of a "globalized sisterhood" where women face universal problems and are united in their struggles. Choice feminism assumes that every woman is asking the same questions white women are asking regardless of racial factors and societal implications.

"It is the intersection of white privilege and feminism that maintains white feminism, which ignores the ways women of color experience oppression differently in favor of centering the experiences of women without considering race."

This is what white feminism and idea of a "global sisterhood" do: they conflate the experiences of women and reduce them to a single white perspective.

Pop Culture Examples

The limitations of a "globalized sisterhood" can be seen with Nicki Minaj and Taylor Swift's 2015 Twitter interaction. After a snubbed Grammy nomination for video of the year, Minaj took to Twitter to express her frustration that while Black women influence pop, it is slim and white women who are often rewarded.[6] Although not named in the tweet, Swift felt the message was directed at her and replied that it could have been one of the male artists that took Minaj's nomination. This derailed the conversation from the intersection of race and gender in the music industry to a reductive conversation about men vs. women in the industry. This is what white feminism and idea of a "global sisterhood" do: they conflate the experiences of women and reduce them to a single white perspective. Swift cannot fathom Minaj's experiences in the music industry, so she reduces her challenges to a male vs. female dichotomy, ignoring racial factors. To be clear, Swift's intent may not have been malicious, but the impact of her actions was.



Lana Del Rey serves as another example of the ignorance that comes with white feminism. On May 21st, 2020, she came under fire for a statement made on her Instagram account complaining about being accused of glamorizing abuse through her music. She claimed that the media "crucified" her while other artists such as Beyoncé, Cardi B, and Nicki Minaj were able to get away with singing about "being sexy, wearing no clothes, fucking, cheating, etc…"[7] In this moment, Del Rey had the ability to legitimately discuss the lack of agency women have in the music industry, but instead Del Rey chose to compare her own experiences being criticized for her sexuality as a white woman in the music industry to the supposed freedom that Black women have to be sexual. While women should have the freedom to present themselves how they want to, by mentioning Black artists in her criticism, Del Ray ignores the barriers that women of color in the industry have had to overcome. It is a very narrow view of feminism that displays the exact type of victim complex shown by white women at the expense of women of color.

While "bra-burning" feminists and choice feminists have come and gone, one subsect of feminism underlies them both: white feminism. Where "bra-burners" featured white women at the forefront of the women's liberation movement, choice feminism asked questions from a white perspective, ignoring questions like, "Can I be a feminist and wear a hijab?"

Intersectional Feminism

The answer to many of feminism's historical limitations is Kimberlé Crenshaw's book On Intersectionality: Essential Writings. Crenshaw defines intersectionality as follows:

"Intersectionality is a lens through which you can see where power comes and collides, where it interlocks and intersects. It's not simply that there's a race problem here, a gender problem here, and a class or LBGTQ problem there. Many times that framework erases what happens to people who are subject to all of these things."[9]

The goal of intersectionality is to acknowledge the ways in which people experience multiple oppressions, rather imagining oppressions as additive. For example, intersectional feminism acknowledges the experiences of an Asian American woman can not be divided into her experiences as an Asian American and her experiences as a woman. Intersectionality is a lens that prevents the experiences of people from being generalized or simplified by people who can not understand the multidimensional experiences of women of color. The goal of this is not to erase or deny the experiences of white women, but to acknowledge the complexity and diversity within the feminist movement. Misogyny impacts women of all races, classes, sexual orientations, and a litany of other factors. As such, feminist publications such as Spare Rib should reflect that.

Spare Rib's History and Future

At its inception in the spring of 1992, Spare Rib was made up of mostly white women, who could only speak to their experiences as white women. That is not to say that white women on campus did not face challenges. These women banded together between 1992 and 1995 to speak out against rampant sexism present on campus. In the 1970s, after Dartmouth first began to admit women, college President John Kemeny said in an interview with The Dartmouth:

"Women weren't treated as people, they were treated as women. They were sex objects and were typecast as either prudes or prostitutes."[8]

Twenty years later came the first Spare Rib issue, which discussed gender inequality, sexual assault, and discrimination. These topics are still integral to the content of Spare Rib today; however, the magazine now views them with an intersectional lens to center voices that have long been silenced by a sect of feminism dominated by white women.

According to general manager Maanasi Shyno, Spare Rib was revived by women of color, queer people, and radical feminists who wanted to create a space on campus where they could write and make art about social issues and their experiences. Because of the current members' diverse set of experiences, they believed the new Spare Rib needed to embrace intersectionality to truly reflect their goals and experiences as feminists.

Feminism's goal cannot be to make enemies of women, but it also cannot be to unite them under a collective identity that erases the experiences of women of color. It is true that women everywhere can be vulnerable to exploitation, assault, and discrimination, but it is their respective identities that shape the way they experience these events. Intersectionality looks to make space to people of all backgrounds at the proverbial table of feminism. Today, Spare Rib fosters an inclusive space to align itself with the goals of intersectional feminism.

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Witc

By: Sophie Bailey
Art & Design by: Sophie Bailey

Witchy Woman

the appropriated archetype

"This is a song about a Welsh witch," Stevie Nicks prefaced her now-iconic ballad "Rhiannon" during the Midnight Special in 1976. "Rhiannon" and its performance ignited the most iconic elements of Nicks' professional persona: twirling in draping chiffon and bundles of flowers twined around mic stands. Thus emerged the perception of Stevie Nicks as "witchy," largely due to "Rhiannon" and the persona she crafted through black velvet and her spectral stage presence. While Stevie is far from the only artist to construct such a persona for herself, her re-emergence as a pop culture icon has accompanied a larger revival of seventies trends. This seventies nostalgia has also brought about the return of the "witchy woman" in all her bell-bottomed, silver-jewelry-adorned, and block-print-fabric-wearing glory. However, it's important to critically examine the sources of these styles and trends beyond simply a "70's aesthetic" because this reduction erases much of the stylistic and religious appropriation that characterized the era.

Now, this article isn't meant to cast shade on Stevie Nicks. I love Stevie Nicks. We all love Stevie Nicks. However, when white girls on Twitter think they're just emulating their seventies idols, they should know they're also contributing to a historical appropriation and commodification of the spiritual practices and styles of colonized communities. For example, at the Grammy's in 1978, Stevie wore a silver ring inlaid with a large turquoise stone, a style of jewelry crafted by the Navajo, Zuni, and Hopi tribes of the Southwestern United States.[1] This isn't necessarily problematic in itself, but the problem arises when this jewelry is imitated with cheap materials and dyed howlite and sold for a fraction of the price. These kinds of knockoffs directly harm Indigenous artists by taking from their potential revenue while imitating traditional styles of jewelry and art from their communities. Even mass-produced clothing featuring Indian block-print or Patagonia pullovers covered in bastardized approximations of Indigenous patterns take from these styles for the aesthetic without any benefit or control given to the culture this art belongs to. While appropriation is an issue on a much greater scale, I've focused specifically on retro fashion because often the historical context of the time is lost in reviving the styles. These trends come from a time that also included George Harrison's OM flag and other instances in which Hinduism and other religions were exploited and not afforded the respect given to Judeo-Christian religions.

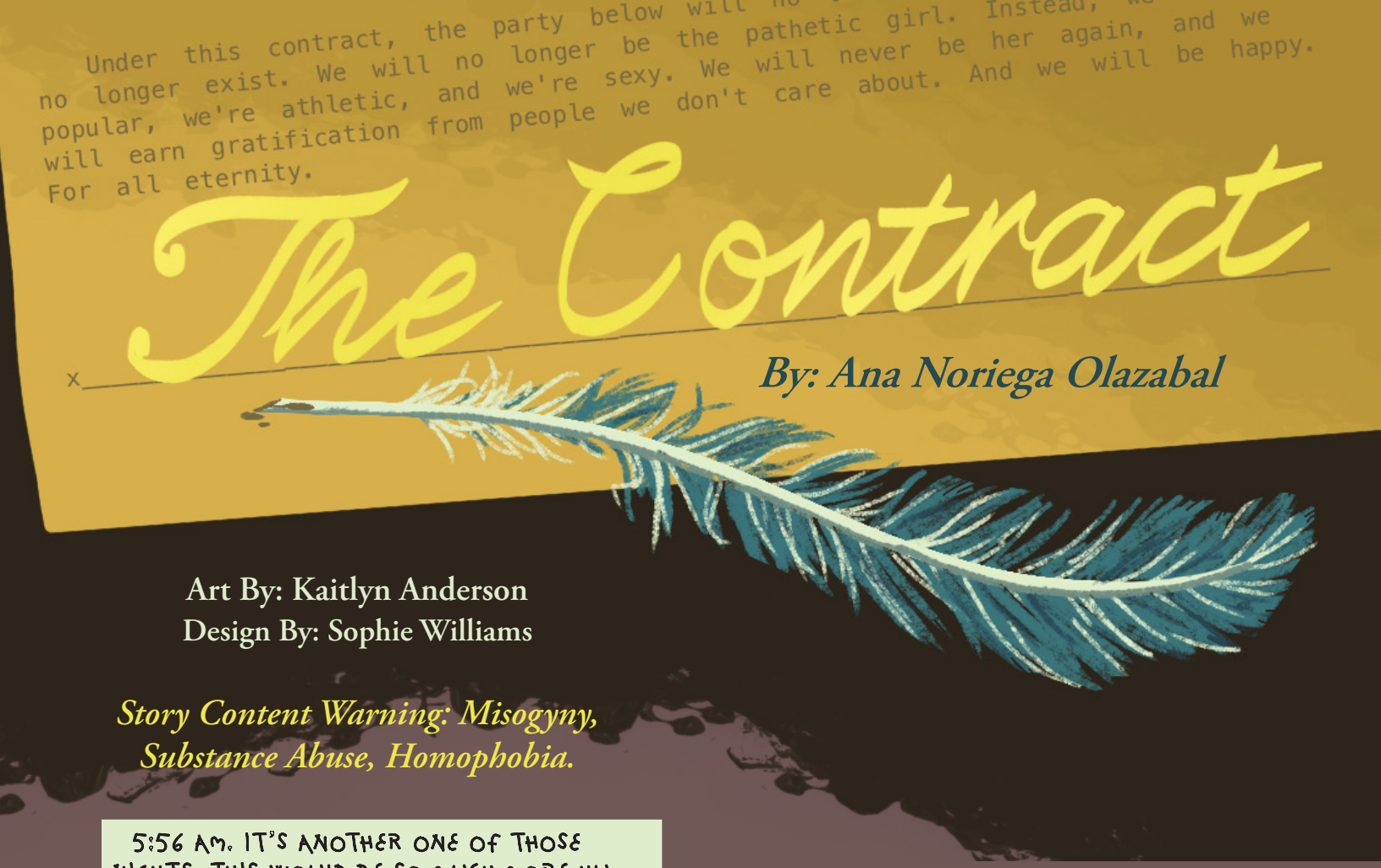
This spiritual appropriation is certainly part of a larger issue that includes New Age Spiritualism literally stealing the female deities of Indigenous, African, and Indian religions and placing them in some kind of amalgamation of female divinity used to empower white women to "seek out their roots." White women often claim to be rediscovering the practices of pre-Christian paganism in Europe, while in reality, they are actively taking from the polytheistic and spiritual religions of modern communities of color. The urgency of the impact of this appropriation is most clear in Adrienne Keene's essay titled "Sephora's Starter 'Witch Kit' and Spiritual Theft."[2] Here, Keene addresses the practice of white sage smudging by Indigenous communities of North America. She describes how the smell of the white sage "reminds [her] of Native spaces" and "makes [her] feel safe."

Thus, the inclusion of white sage in Sephora's "witch starter kit" not only disgustingly commodifies a practice that is deeply spiritual and personal, but also directly contributes to a demand that makes white sage inaccessible to the very Native communities for whom the practice is sacred. In fact, the trend has contributed to not only making white sage more expensive but has also created a black market for illegal harvesting of the plant that, in addition to changing conditions due to drought and climate change, has contributed to the plant's endangerment.[3] Furthermore, Keene illustrates the historical oppression of Indigenous religions accused of "witchcraft" or of "satanic" practices by the Christian colonizing government. Native people in the United States were prohibited from and even imprisoned for cultural and religious practices such as traditional dance and medicine up until 1978 when the American Indian Religious Freedom Act was passed.[4] Thus, smudging and other spiritual practices are made even more sacred for the pain and violence endured to preserve them, and to see non-Natives engage in smudging is violating and harmful.

Hindu spiritual concepts like chakras, auras, and even the practice of yoga itself are also appropriated and commodified as trends to be included in jokes written across cheap t-shirts and trivialized through slang usage. Some of my favorite childhood memories with my grandfather involve him telling me stories taken from the Ramayana, a major ancient Hindu epic written in Sanskrit.[5] Once, he explained to me that the true meaning of the greeting namaste was "the divinity in me acknowledges the divinity in you." When yoga classes end with white instructors steepling their hands and whispering namaste, I always cringe inside. While there is a way in which this practice could be seen as respectful of the origins of the religious practice of yoga, it still feels just like another layer of appropriation. Mehendi, a traditional form of South Asian body art often applied before a wedding, decorates the limbs with a special stain in beautiful and intricate patterns. This practice is so commonly commodified that henna kits are on store shelves next to beading kits as though both are silly activities for small children to play with. The recent fashion of talking about auras and chakras and other elements of Hindu belief so flippantly in conversation is also something to consider. When one says that people need to balance their chakras after a bad day or cleanse their aura after a breakup, the fact that these words mean real religious things is completely forgotten and disrespected.

The purpose of this article isn't to gatekeep, but to draw attention to the ways in which the dominating culture has demonized colonized communities through their religious practices, only to bastardize them through secular commodification. Both Native American and East Indian communities were demonized and forced under British colonialism to adopt "civil" European behaviors, only for the practices they fought so hard to keep alive to become disrespected through trends. So, the next time you consider buying chakra body mist, "smudge sticks," or even turquoise jewelry, you should strongly consider whether this is something that violates the sanctity of religious beliefs and cultural practices that do not belong to you for the sake of an aesthetic.

[1] Margery Bedinger, Indian Silver: Navajo and Pueblo Jewelers, (University of New Mexico Press: 1974).
[2] Adrienne Keene, "Sephora's Stater Witch Kit and Spiritual Theft." (Native Appropriations: 2018), [3] Susan Leopold, "What is going on with White Sage?", (United Plant Savers: 2019), https://unitedplantsavers.org/what-is-going-on-with-white-sage/, [4] American Indian Religious Freedom Act of 1978 (AIRFA) (42 U.S.C. § 1996.)
[5] "Ramayana, n.". OED Online. December 2021. Oxford University Press.



The Contract

By: Ana Noriega Olazabal

Art By: Kaitlyn Anderson
Design By: Sophie Williams

Story Content Warning: Misogyny, Substance Abuse, Homophobia.

5:56 AM. IT'S ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE NIGHTS. THIS WOULD BE SO MUCH MORE HUMILIATING IF I WASN'T STILL DRUNK.

~

I LEFT MY DORM IN A HURRY at around eight, putting on an outfit guaranteed to give my mother a heart attack: a flared white mini-skirt and a lacy pink bralette that went just slightly below my chest, all accented with the dramatic eyeliner delineating my face. It wasn't even comfortable, especially since it was thirty-seven degrees outside, but I'd already become accustomed to entering buildings with numb legs and borderline-frostbitten fingers. I hastily put on my large brown winter coat and left my dorm. The door closed behind me as I went downstairs into the common room. I looked ahead through the glass doors, traces of snow covering the pavement next to the building. Instinctually tensing my muscles in a vain attempt to preserve heat, I walked outside, cold air slamming into my lungs as I hurriedly made my way to one of the halls across campus. Sally, Mia, and Brandon, friends whom I met in my Art and Design class last semester, were waiting for me in one of their dorms, located all the way up on the third floor. Since this was one of the older halls and lacked elevators, I had to painfully drag myself up several flights of stairs in what felt like a sisyphean effort — thanks, Dr. Morrison, for the metaphor — before reaching the door completely out of breath.

Fuck, I need to exercise more. Make a mental note of that for my New Year's resolutions.

We began the pre-game with a handle of cheap, disgusting vodka — at this point, almost a staple of "the college experience." When my turn came, I took as many big gulps as I could handle, straight from the bottle, entirely unaware of how many shots that had been — "Three? Maybe four," I thought to myself. I suppose this is the Ivy League difference. I took another shot at Brandon's insistence, the realization of how fucked up I was about to get hitting me with impending doom.

~

Two hours later we had just entered our second fraternity, having thrown in a couple of beers and a few hits off from someone's weed pen to this night's binge. The stench of drunk 20-something-year-old attacked us as

we made our way through a crowd of sweat-drenched people. Descending an old, rotting staircase, we arrived at the dance room, the floor covered in half an inch of some variegated, effervescent mystery liquid. My top turned different colors as the lights flashed all over the place, music booming and shaking the foundations of the house. I began to dance awkwardly, my movements limited by how slippery my shoes were—I really wasn't looking to fall backward and crack my skull open in front of all the Zetes. Moving my head to the music, I seemed to have caught the sight of someone standing nearby. I turned to look, as he made his way towards me. He was around six feet tall, his dark hair shimmering in the purple lights, lit cigar in mouth, smoke tracing his drunken steps — he was almost as cartoon-like as he was attractive.

"Hey! I'm Ben, what's your name?" he shouted, the loud music drowning out his voice

"I'm Liv!" I shouted back.

He smiled, taking the cigar out of his mouth and offering it to me. Rolling it with my fingers in a desperate attempt to look "sexy" and "hot," I held on to it for dear life. I had only recently been introduced to the world of flirting and being noticed by men — low quality, probably sexist, predominantly WASPy, entitled men, but still men!—and so I had no better idea than to inhale the smoke, walk up to him, and exhale it into his mouth.

Instant. Coughing. Fit.

Wanting to crawl into a hole and never come out again, I handed the cigar back to him and lost myself in the crowd. "Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuuuuuuuck my life. I need more alcohol."

Stumbling, I reached the empty fraternity bar. It was covered in spilled White Claw and, judging by the loud moans, the bartender was probably off hooking up with a sorority girl in the nearby bathroom. I slowly sneaked over to the back, ensuring that none of the brothers would see me, and began looking around the dirty cabinets for more drinks. After a few minutes the moans had died down and all I had been able to find was an almost-empty case of Keystone — God, why do we drink that shit? I stole two cans and quickly shotgunned them in succession, seeing the bartender walk back to his post from the corner of my eye. At this point, my top soaked

"IT IS ALWAYS IN THESE MOMENTS OF SOLITUDE AMONGST HUNDREDS THAT THE OBJECTIVE LOOK OF THINGS DAWNS ON ME—THAT IS TO SAY, ALL OF THIS FELT A LITTLE FORCED."

in beer, I realized I had already lost Sally, Mia, Brandon, and the other two girls who joined us between parties.

It is always in these moments of solitude amongst hundreds that the objective look of things dawns on me—that is to say, all of this felt a little forced. As a teenager at Brown Oaks High School, I had never even truly been drunk. I attended a total of one party, a club social organized by some guys in the debate team. Nothing of note happened except that thirty kids were leeching off from someone's poor parents' liquor cabinet. Eventually, as guys began to brag about all the girls they've fucked — none of which were me, of course — and girls began drunkenly shouting and dancing around, I resigned myself to calling my dad and asking him to pick me up. Even thinking about this makes me cringe down to my very soul to this day.

To an extent, I sometimes wish I had dared myself to go beyond these limits. Teen girls are always sneaking out of their homes in every cheesy 80s movie, but I had the misfortune of having an insomniac mother with special hearing superpowers. I swear that this woman can even hear my cat making her way through the living room in the middle of the night. So, when everyone was outside on a Friday night, I'd be talking to online friends, eating pizza, or watching a TV series while making sure to be on the lookout for my parents, who would always walk in during the spiciest scenes.

It's not like I didn't try to be around

people more often: I occasionally managed to score a few friends, and it was always nice while it lasted. However, this is where parental repression began to play a role: while my dad always begged me to invite friends over, worrying that I'd end up becoming a socially-inept hermit, he never approved of the friends I did have. They were all a bit too goth, queer, weird, or a combination of the above for his liking. Things eventually blew up when I began going out with Cathy. Let me put it this way: their perfect Christian daughter hanging out with "the gays" was one thing — me being one of "the gays" was something else entirely. Hello, bi-weekly church groups and religious "counseling." By the

time I turned seventeen, I decided that being openly bisexual was too hard, and at eighteen, sitting inside a Starbucks with my college acceptance letter in hand, I resolved to become the radical opposite of my pathetic high school self: a hot, popular, athletic girl who gets any hot, popular, athletic guy she wants (and is also an alcoholic).

The walls were sweating, the heat becoming increasingly unbearable. As more people poured in, I decided to leave the dance floor and go up to the living room. By this point, the music had died down and people were beginning to talk amongst themselves. In the midst of downing my who-knows-what-number-th beer, I saw Jeremy coming out of the basement as well, looking around the main room before spotting me and walking in my direction. We had just met earlier that day at the student cafe, him offering to help me carry my heavy book bag.

We chit-chatted for a few minutes as we walked towards the library, his impetuous wandering stare landing all over my body — which, as ego-boosting as it might be, came off a bit too strong. He had an unmistakable dorky aura to him, his hair resembling a messy wet mop, his glasses fitting a little too well on his slender frame. He was still wearing the same obnoxious gold watch he had on when we first met—almost makes you wish he'd spill a Keystone all over it.

"What are you doing for the rest of the night, Liv?"

"I guess I was just gonna hang around and then go to my dorm," I answered.

"Nice. Where are you living? Freshman cluster?"

"Oh, yeah. Passing Peabody."

He took a hesitant step forward, appearing to tower over me in spite of being slightly shorter — there must be some feminist pamphlet that explains this.

"Oh shit, that's really far, and it's freezing. Are you sure you're fine walking back by yourself?"

Oh, God. It's happening.

~

Thirty minutes later I was entering his dorm room, the intense combined smells of marijuana and rotting food assaulting my nostrils. There were dirty, unwashed clothes everywhere on the floor, forming multicolor mountains. Buried underneath, just barely peeking below an old, stained shirt, laid an ancient piece of pizza that had long ago fused with the gray carpet floor.

"So uh, you've had sex before?" he asked, breaking the awkward silence with the most awkward question I'd ever been asked.

"Uh, yeah. Totally. Of course," I said, nodding and lying through my forced smile.

"Well… Let's do this," he said, coming up to me. Oh God, oh God.

We started making out, as his hands explored my body. Grabbing my top by the bottom, he began to slip it off—Oh God, oh God, oh God. Fuck. It's happening, and I'm terrified. A feeling of regret began to inundate me. Was I really about to lose my virginity to a guy who can't even clean his own room? He might be rich, but from the two interactions we'd had thus far, I could tell that he was the textbook definition of lazy, spoiled brat. I forcibly overrode this feeling of impending disaster, remembering the commitment I had made in that Starbucks: This is who I am now. This is good. This is all I ever wanted.

Ten minutes later, I was on top of him, the lights in his dorm turned off, the window shamelessly open—it was so dark outside that nobody would see anything anyway. He must have been inside me for three minutes at most, me feeling not much beyond a mix of discomfort and dirty pride. After he finished, he stood up, mechanically put on a pair of pants, and began rolling a joint, all without saying a single word to me. I laid in his bed, looking out the window, as a strange feeling began to sink into my chest. I did it, and yes, it sucked, but hey — a guy thought I was hot enough to be fucked!

God, that's pathetic. I'm pathetic. Simone de Beauvoir must be rolling in her grave from second-hand embarrassment.

"Yo Liv, want a hit?"

I inhaled, blowing the smoke out of the window so as to not let the smell give us away — unnecessarily, as the room already smelled that way on its own. He looked at me and I looked at him, shame beginning to consume me. I had to get out of there.

"Hey, uh, this has been lovely, but I really should get going. It's really, really late."

"Aight. Have a good night," he nonchalantly replied. I put my underwear and skirt back on, quickly grabbed my coat, and headed outside.

The morning had begun to shimmer through the downtown buildings. I walked down 5th Avenue, purple-orange clouds looking down at me, beginning to starve for some morning coffee as the most brutal hangover of my life crept on me. Seeing that the local Starbucks was already open, I walked in and ordered two shots of espresso. As I sat next to a window, looking at the occasional car zooming by, I began to think.

As of today, Olivia Berkshire is no longer a virgin. I am well-liked, I play club lacrosse, and I get black-out-drunk every Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. I am the hot, popular, athletic girl I swore I'd become, and

yet, I feel just as pathetic as I always did—the only difference being that now I'm an alcoholic and seem to derive validation from how many guys flirt with me on a given night.

Part of me feels like this is the sad truth of the "popular girl" archetype. Nobody truly embodies it; we're all faking it as we chase the impossible. I would have never had sex with someone like Jeremy — much less lost my virginity to him — had the pressure to constantly hook up with conventionally-attractive frat types not been there in the first place. You can't ever win. If you don't hook up, then you're ugly and unwanted and less of a woman. If you do hook up, then not only do you end up fucking guys who don't actually deserve your body, but you also begin building a bit of a "whore" reputation. It's almost like it's rigged.

Women can't ever win. My only consolation is that Simone de Beauvoir has probably stopped rolling now.

Teenage me would be so proud—my conservative, Christian parents would be so upset. Present me, however, keeps looking out the window, sipping on my second espresso shot, bowing my head down in defeat as I renew the contract I made with myself a year ago.

"5:56 AM. IT'S ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE NIGHTS. THIS WOULD BE SO MUCH MORE HUMILIATING IF I WASN'T STILL DRUNK."

lonely wreck

In the doldrums of winter,
everything is laid bare,
dissected.

Ships
confuse candles
for lighthouses;

No body
tries
to mend the wreckage.

The sea
waxes tempest
and wanes serene.

Sirens
on a bleached beach
wail and signal

But the sailors are gone.
Sunk.
Calcified.

The sea suffocates,

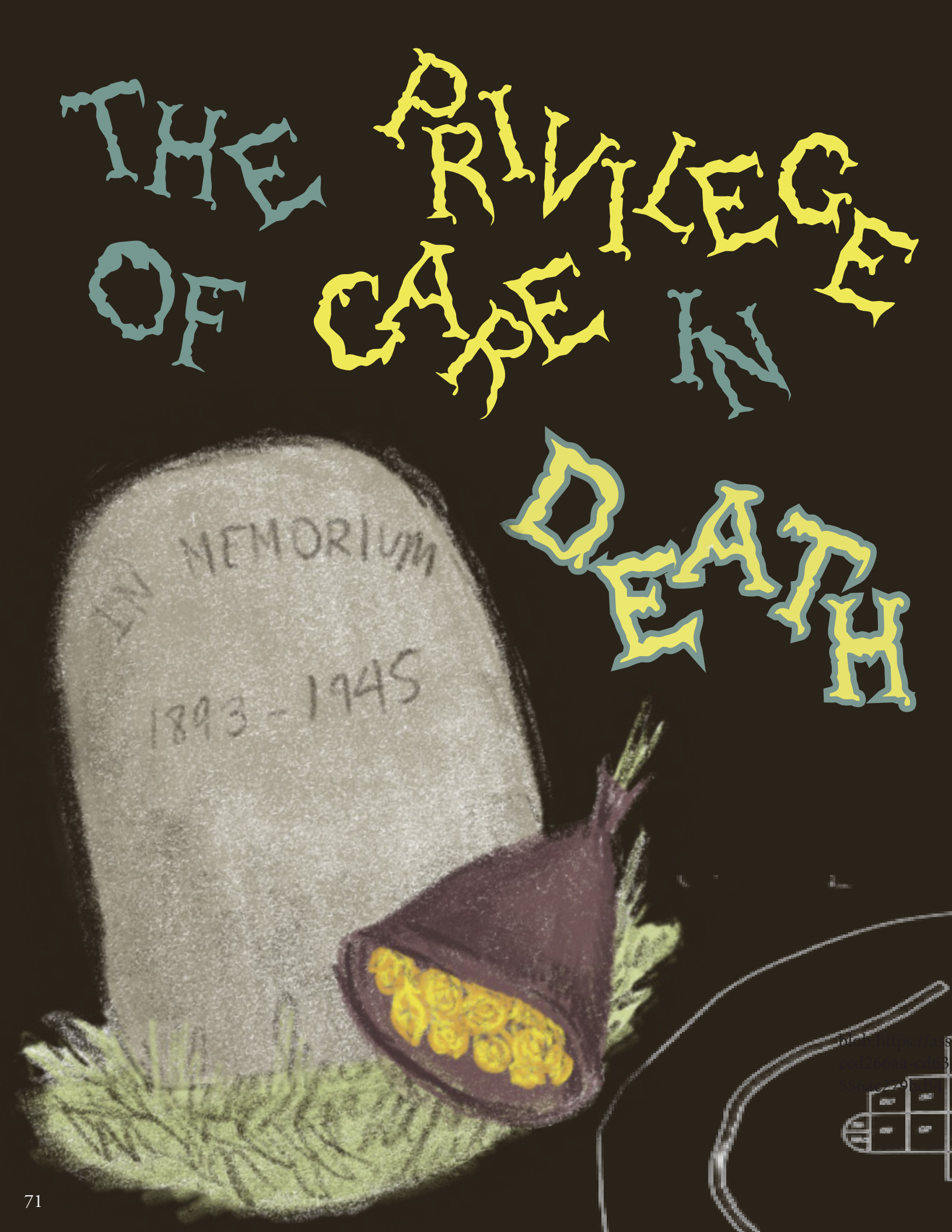
pounds on the cliffs.

By the lighthouse
she
documents her torment:

The poet's power
is the
poet's curse.

By: Ella Grim
Art by: Milanne Berg
Design by: Samantha Blais

The Privilege of Cape in Death



How Racism Manifests in the Dartmouth Cemetery Project

By: Sabrina Eager
Art by: Sarah Berman
Design by: Sabrina Eager

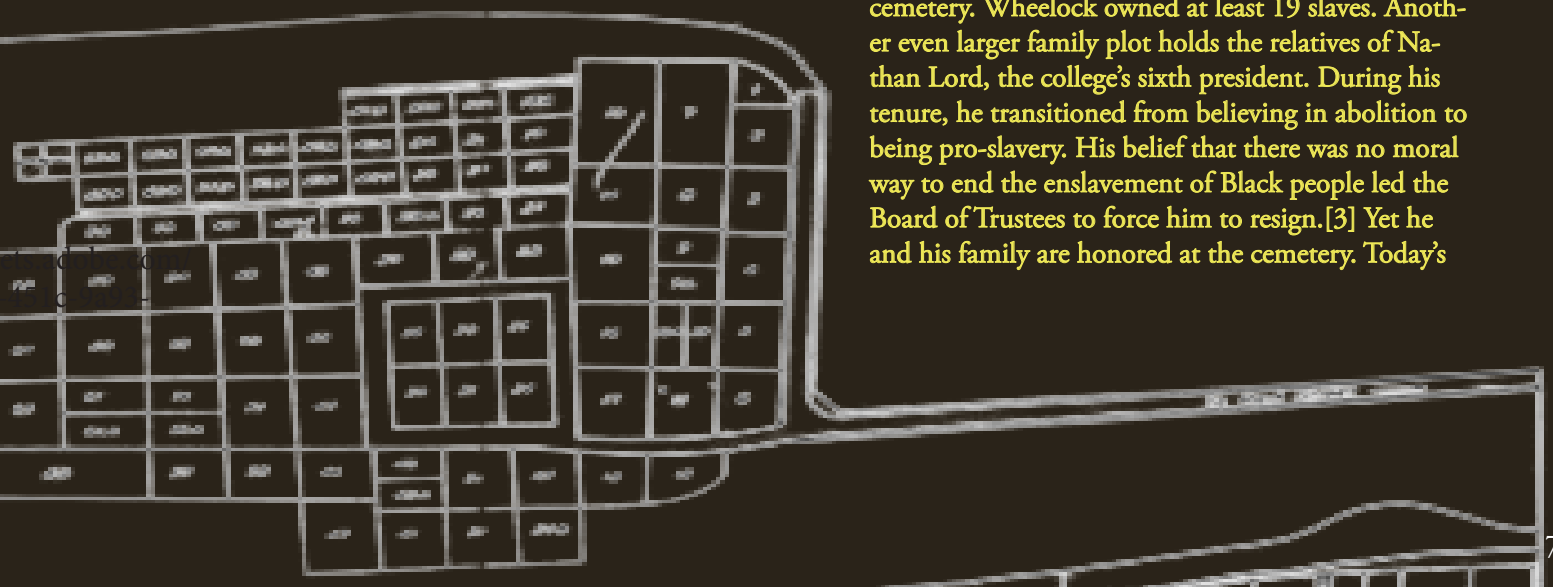
My first time entering the Dartmouth cemetery was for a picnic. It was summer, and we ate our FOCO-to-go meals atop a picnic blanket under a swarm of mosquitoes and a sprinkle of unexpected summer rain. We talked about why the bugs liked some of us more than others, how the balsamic on our veggies was too sweet, how getting ice cream to-go is always risky, especially in the summer heat. I didn't notice the names on the stones around us.

Stories like these are what the cemetery seems to resemble for many Dartmouth students. It's a quirky meeting spot for smoking, a peaceful place to walk your dog, a shortcut to some dorms.

I never really thought of it as a place for mourning until I got involved with the College's cemetery restoration efforts. At first, I really looked forward to the work. I found the cemetery peaceful. I believed it would be a place to bring me closer to the dead, to those whom I had lost the year before, those whom I have never been able to properly mourn.

But then I started considering the implications of the project. Who are the dead that are receiving care in this project? What is the relationship between the care-givers and the care-receivers? The cemetery houses the bodies of eight past Dartmouth presidents, several past treasurers, trustees, professors, students, and other members of the Hanover community.[1] Amidst these, only two mark the graves of Black bodies. These belong to two Black women who lived in Hanover during the 19th century: Jane Wentworth and her daughter Peggy Jane Parks.[2]

Dartmouth was built, in part, on the backs of enslaved people, yet there are more graves belonging to the relatives of Dartmouth's first president Eleazer Wheelock than belonging to Black people at the cemetery. Wheelock owned at least 19 slaves. Another even larger family plot holds the relatives of Nathan Lord, the college's sixth president. During his tenure, he transitioned from believing in abolition to being pro-slavery. His belief that there was no moral way to end the enslavement of Black people led the Board of Trustees to force him to resign.[3] Yet he and his family are honored at the cemetery. Today's



Dartmouth students are tending to his grave through the institution's restoration efforts.

Jane Wentworth and Peggy Jane Parks were not the only Black people living in Hanover during the 19th century. Jane and her husband raised Peggy Jane and their five other children in a neighborhood known as Negro Hill among several other Black families living in Hanover, down near Mink Brook.

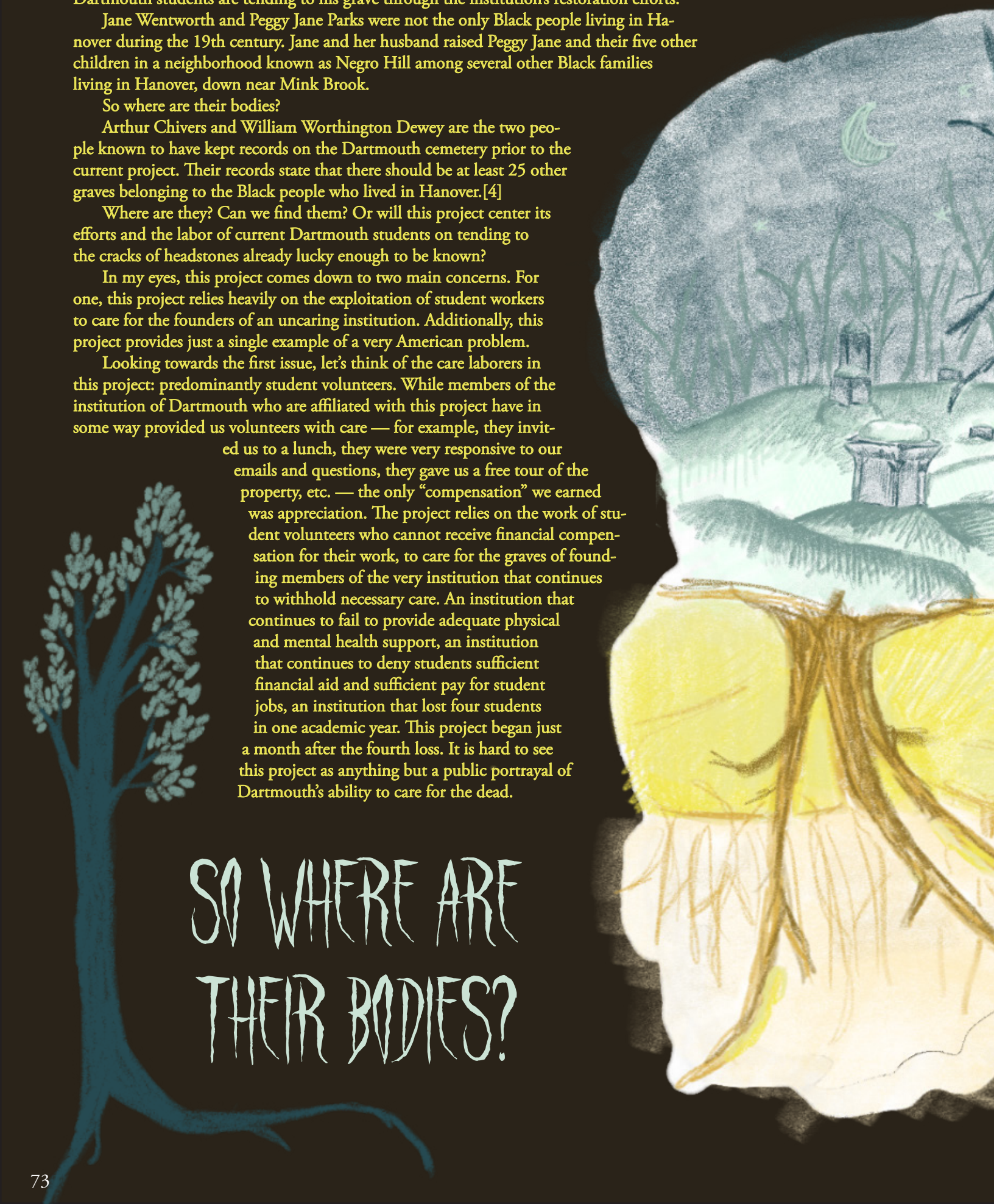
So where are their bodies?

Arthur Chivers and William Worthington Dewey are the two people known to have kept records on the Dartmouth cemetery prior to the current project. Their records state that there should be at least 25 other graves belonging to the Black people who lived in Hanover.[4]

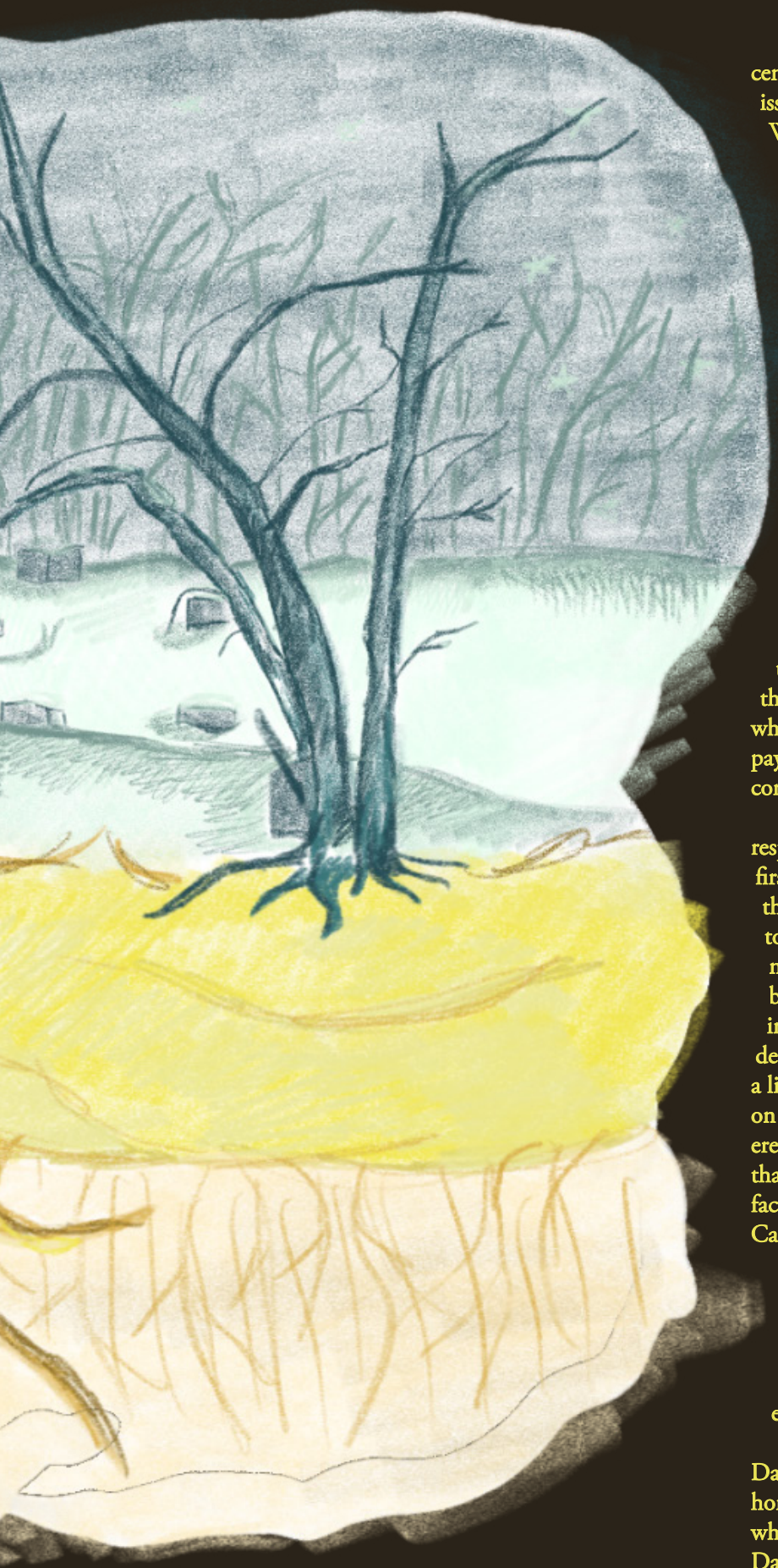
Where are they? Can we find them? Or will this project center its efforts and the labor of current Dartmouth students on tending to the cracks of headstones already lucky enough to be known?

In my eyes, this project comes down to two main concerns. For one, this project relies heavily on the exploitation of student workers to care for the founders of an uncaring institution. Additionally, this project provides just a single example of a very American problem.

Looking towards the first issue, let's think of the care laborers in this project: predominantly student volunteers. While members of the institution of Dartmouth who are affiliated with this project have in some way provided us volunteers with care — for example, they invited us to a lunch, they were very responsive to our emails and questions, they gave us a free tour of the property, etc. — the only "compensation" we earned was appreciation. The project relies on the work of student volunteers who cannot receive financial compensation for their work, to care for the graves of founding members of the very institution that continues to withhold necessary care. An institution that continues to fail to provide adequate physical and mental health support, an institution that continues to deny students sufficient financial aid and sufficient pay for student jobs, an institution that lost four students in one academic year. This project began just a month after the fourth loss. It is hard to see this project as anything but a public portrayal of Dartmouth's ability to care for the dead.



SO WHERE ARE THEIR BODIES?



Now, let's consider the fact that the Dartmouth cemetery project is merely one example of a larger issue. To consider this point, I looked outwards. While working with Darmouth's cemetery project, I looked into some articles that discussed other communities' cemetery restoration projects. Far too often, it seems that the communities that engage in cemetery restoration work are those whose dead have largely salvageable graves and available financial resources.

One article's themes centered on legacies of historic towns. It talked about a local cemetery that housed the settlers of a small town in Colorado.[5] This mentioned cemetery likely houses all-white people, specifically people who traveled west for the sake of "manifest destiny." The article was looking for individual donations and volunteers. Another article discussed a project that centered on familial ancestry.[6] It covered a small Irish Catholic cemetery in Illinois, a place that kept the bodies of people once highly persecuted in the United States. Still, the cemetery housed people who likely had the financial resources and abilities to pay for plots of land among members of their own community.

Both of these articles discuss our individual responsibilities as the living to preserve history. The first article states that "today, the Cleora cemetery is the only hint of where the small railroad town used to be," implying that losing this marker would signal losing tangible references to the town's colonial beginnings. Pride in place seems to be the most important propeller for care in this case. The article describes pushed-over headstones "that need at least a little bit of help."[7] On the other hand, the article on the Irish cemetery begins immediately with reference to ancestry: "An Irish Catholic cemetery here that is almost two centuries old got a much-needed face-lift last week thanks to the Reilly Family from California that has ancestors buried there."[8] Many of the stones at this site are described as having sunk beneath the earth due to a foundation made of sand. Both of these cemeteries seem to be salvageable. Care workers in these articles are depicted as heroic for marking the history either of place or of familial lineage.

These cemeteries mirror the social context of Dartmouth's cemetery to varying degrees. They are home to the bodies of people who were rich and white in life. Additionally, we cannot forget that Dartmouth's cemetery exists on unceded Abenaki

SO WHAT HAPPENS NOW?

land, like the rest of Dartmouth's campus. Thus, the social context of this project reminds us that while respecting the dead is an important practice, it is also a practice that perpetuates many racist global systems, systems in which Dartmouth participates and reinforces.

Recently, the New Yorker published the article "When Black History is Unearthed, Who gets to Speak for the Dead?" about the care labor involved in grave restoration.[9] It specifically discusses preserving Black history and the graves of Black people. The article discussed the people hoping to restore or memorialize lost gravesites. It also raises the political questions of what we should do with the remains of bodies politicized even in death.

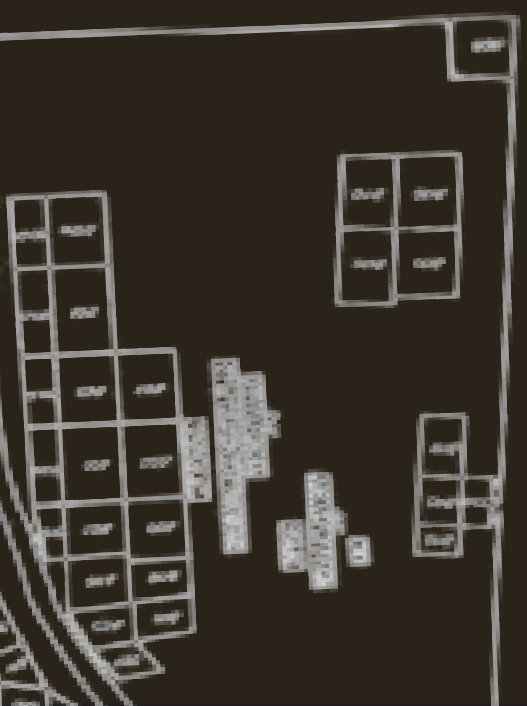
The graves mentioned in the article are primarily in Durham, North Carolina. We learn about Geer Cemetery, where only 200 headstones remain despite the fact that the site houses at least 1500 bodies. Other mentioned cemeteries include Hickstown and Violet Park, ones with no remaining headstones. Debra Gonzalez-Garcia, the president of the Friends of Geer Cemetery, is quoted in the article: "Hickstown's part of the freeway," she said. "Violet Park is a church parking lot."[10]

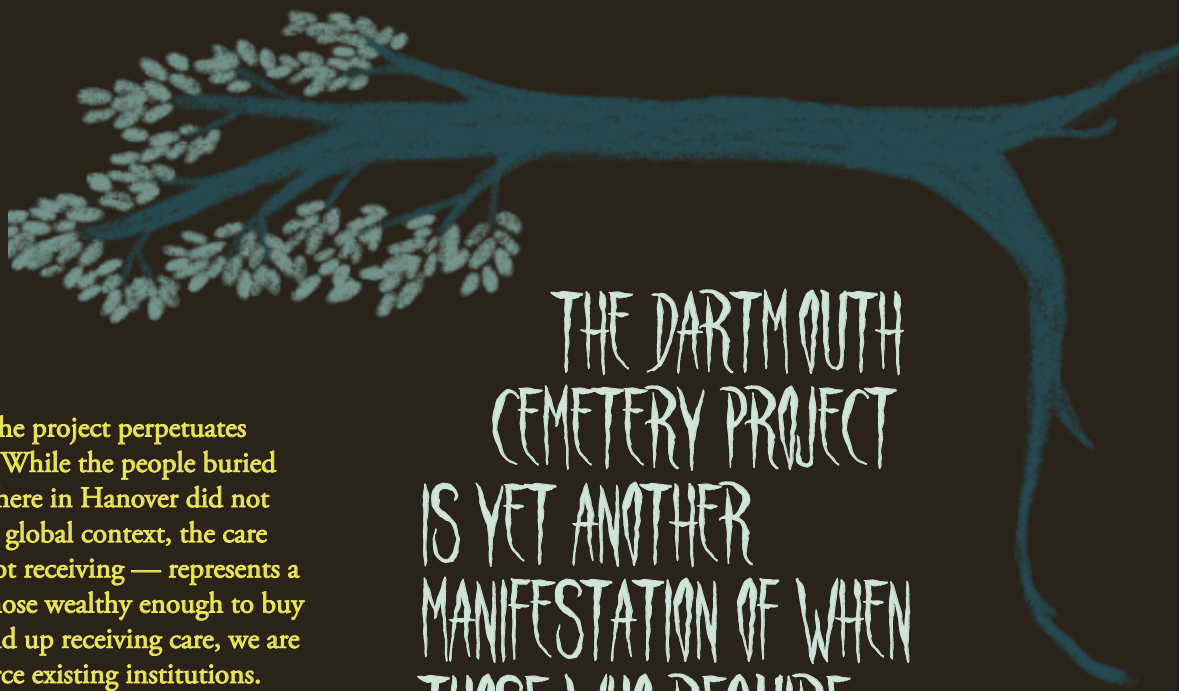
There is not a single right answer for how to care for the dead whose gravesites have turned into highways and church parking lots. Do we unearth them? Do we let the bodies rest? The article discusses a proposed law: an African American Graves Protection and Repatriation Act, a law that would function like the Native American Graves Protection and Repatriation Act (NAGPRA). The need for a law, for politicians to get involved at a time when teaching about the legacy of slavery in schools is already so debated, marks an important distinction between graves that house Black bod-

ies, particularly those of enslaved people, and those that house white bodies.

Dartmouth's cemetery is haunted by the same legacies of erasure and privilege. The project perpetuates inequitable care relations. While the people buried at the cemetery and elsewhere in Hanover did not live around the world in a global context, the care they are receiving — or not receiving — represents a larger issue. When only those wealthy enough to buy a plot are the ones who end up receiving care, we are only continuing to reinforce existing institutions. While this perpetuation may not have much tangible economic impacts, such as it would in an education or health care system, it is yet another manifestation of when those who require the most amount of care receive the least.

So what happens now? Dartmouth's Center for Social Impact is collaborating with the current cemetery project team and hosting a workshop to demonstrate how to clean headstones in the spring. I don't think I'll be there. I hope I can spend more time in the cemetery once the ice and snow have melted and the stones all show their faces alongside the growths of new spring plants. I hope it can remain a place of peace, a place to bring me closer to the dead. I will go with Jane Wentworth and Peggy Jane Parks in mind. Their names will add to the list of those I have to mourn. Maybe one day we'll find other missing lives and be able to add them to the list too.





THE DARTMOUTH CEMETERY PROJECT IS YET ANOTHER MANIFESTATION OF WHEN THOSE WHO REQUIRE THE MOST AMOUNT OF CARE RECEIVE THE LEAST.

Notes

[1] "Did you know that Dartmouth College has its own cemetery?," Rauner Special Collections Library, last modified January 24, 2011, https://raunerlibrary.blogspot.com/2011/06/did-you-know-that-dartmouth-college-has.html.

[2] Anna Koester, "Where are the People of Color," Tales of the Old Burial Ground (podcast), November 14, 2019, https://dartmouth-cemetery.podbean.com/e/episode-5-where-are-the-people-of-color/.

[3] Matt Golec, "Research helps Dartmouth confront the ties to slavery in its past," Valley News, September 9, 2019, https://www.vnews.com/Dartmouth-to-explore-past-ties-to-slavery-28085959.

[4] Koester, "People of Color."

[5] "For our founders: Salida woman hopes to restore historic Cleora Cemetery," Fox 21 News, September 9, 2021, https://www.fox21news.com/news/local/for-our-founders-salida-woman-hopes-to-restore-historic-cleora-cemetery/.

[6] Dean Cousino, "Respecting ancestors / St. John's Irish cemetery gravestones standing again," Monroe News, September 14, 2021, https://www.monroenews.com/story/news/history/2021/09/14/respecting-ancestors-st-johns-irish-cemetery-gravestones-standing-again/8305964002/.

[7] "For our Founders."

[8] Cousino, "Respecting ancestors."

[9] Jill Lepore, "When Black History is Unearthed, Who Gets to Speak for the Dead?," New Yorker, September 27, 2021, https://www.newyorker.com/magazine/2021/10/04/when-black-history-is-unearthed-who-gets-to-speak-for-the-dead.

[10] Lepore, "Black History Unearthed."

Podcast Highlight: The Red Nation Podcast.

Review and Design by: Sophie Williams

"Discussions on Indigenous history, politics, and culture from a left perspective. Hosted by Nick Estes with help from our friend and comrade Sina."

The Red Nation Podcast is one of the audio education media wings of The Red Nation—an Indigenous liberation coalition formed to "address the marginalization and invisibility of Native struggles within mainstream social justice organizing" and "foreground the targeted destruction and violence towards Native life and land" (The Red Nation). Hosted by writer and scholar Nick Estes with friend and comrade Sina, TRNP promotes honest and complex political education through interviews, conversations, and deep dives.

"Dead Horse" by Weedrat (an Albequerue band offering "angry pop punk from the land of enchantment") bookends each episode, leading us in with just the intro and taking us out with the full song. A steadfast bass line kicks into a driving oscillation of cymbals, bass drum and guitar amongst an atmosphere of cooing, unison vocalizations. Passionate and haunting, the song insists "Don't count on me" but ends

with the repeated reassurance, "It's gonna be okay, you're gonna be okay."

TRNP offers ongoing themed episodes, such as the YOTED series addressing conspiracy theories that have wormed their way deep into the settler imaginary, the group discussion Red Power Hour examining media and recent news,and the #NativeReads book review and discussion. There are also interviews, lectures, and histories with Indigenous organizers, writers, and community members around the world, with additional eps available behind a $1 Patreon paywall. Every episode offers a conversation that traces many different paths, forming coherent and expansive analyses, along with action plans and revolutionary dreaming — nation, international, local, and global.

In one such interview, Krystal Two Bulls—a Northern Cheyanne and Ogala Lakota anti-war veteran and organizer with About Face—spoke to Indigenous overrepresentation in the armed services, with "Native people enlisting at the highest rate per capita" of any group, often "to get away from poverty or addiction… the choice was taken from them by the system" (Veterans' Day & the Demilitarization of Indian Country w/ Krystal Two Bulls). About Face invests in combatting the "veteran mystique" (the culture promoting a story of military individual excellence and heroics) by politicizing veterans to transfer their skill sets.

Host Nick Estes emphasizes the economic and political implications of resistance as a threat to the US: "[It was] not only about the land, but also about the alternative world and political order that Indigenous people represented." It is exemplified with the Ghost Dance, a "new social phenomenon" which envisioned renewal of the colonized earth — a "articulation of Land Back" in defiant response to the American government orders of the day that criminalized dancing in full. The United States "deployed half of its standing army to combat that vision… which lives on today in Standing Rock… an unarmed prayer movement" that is met consistently with military personnel. All resistance is marked as "traitorous" to America, as combatant to "not just environmental policy, but entire history of bloody militarism."

Other covered topics include: The "War on Terror" as a continued Western crusade; the cultural erasure of the "Ancient Aliens" HBO series; the Mormon imagination of white indigeneity; the colonial origins of the sex trade; the Bolivian project of building indigenous socialism; AIM and COINTELPRO; the Chamarro people's struggles in the face of the militarization of Guam; the US sanctions on Venezuela; the legacy of corporate-led genocide in Guatemala; and far more about resistance, community, and stewardship.

Tune in to The Red Nation Podcast for news, history, medicine, and struggle that puts Marxism to the service of challenging the specters of coloniality to build practices of non-metaphorical decolonization today.

Offering content especially consequential for those born or raised in the Americas, The Red Nation Podcast features discussions on Indigenous history, politics, and culture from a left perspective. Support the organization at Patreon.com/theredнation, and listen wherever audio media is found.

Bonus Episode Recommendation:
"Indigenous Resistance as an Antidote to Climate Crisis with Nick Estes" on Getting to the Root of it with Venus Roots

CASTEISM 101

The Specter of Caste in the US

By: Maanasi Shyno

Art by: Olivia Gresham Design by: Kaitlyn Anderson

Acknowledgement: The following is written by a caste-privileged Indian who was raised in the United States. The intention of sharing information is to alleviate pressure on the Dalit community and caste-oppressed to address caste violence and Savarna supremacy.

"It is unimaginable. Whatever you can imagine, it is much worse." These are the words my dad spoke when I asked him about caste for the first time, just this past January.

Prior to this, we did not talk about caste in my family apart from a passing remark about Hinduism. I figured this might be because it was less relevant for me and my sister since we lived in the US. But as I learned more about how casteism functions in the South Asian diaspora in my independent study, I knew this could not be true. I found myself looking for answers, trying to understand what kind of role Catholics like myself had historically played in caste discrimination. What I found confirmed what I had already known: if I never had to think about caste before, it wasn't because I was Catholic or because I lived in the US. It was because I am caste privileged.

"If you keep looking into this, you'll be ashamed to be a Malayali," my dad said with a somber laugh before repeating a line I'd heard frequently in my life: "Indians are the most racist people."

South Asians in America are reluctant to talk about caste for several reasons other than it being taboo, but the most problematic is privilege. Upper caste South Asians may excuse themselves from caste privilege, saying they never talked about caste in their families and so could not have benefited from this privilege. Others will dismiss caste as a problem of their motherlands or their parents' generation. Still others claim that talking about caste is Hindu-phobic and will add to the rampant racism South Asians deal with in the US, especially post 9/11. **To be clear, we must be careful not to reproduce anti-Asian racism by acknowledging caste within and beyond the South Asian diaspora.** Anti-casteism does not involve making generalizations about Hindus or Hinduism. But this does not mean hiding behind the slippery slope of Hindu-phobia as a reason not to interrogate casteism.[1] Nor does it mean forgetting that ignorance about caste or relegating casteism to the past is in itself a privilege. Talking about caste is uncomfortable for the caste privileged and tends to inspire defensiveness, but is extremely necessary.

The struggle against casteism in the US is gaining traction, recently making the *Times*. This February, California State University joined Brandeis University, University of California, Davis, Colby College, Colorado College, and the Claremont colleges in adding caste to its non-discrimination policy. Other institutions like the California Democratic Party have also added caste as a protected category as of last August. These victories, in addition to recent calls for anti-caste critique in universities by Dalit students, are monumental. All activists and proponents of intersectional feminism, South Asian American or not, must educate themselves on casteism and help Dalit activists incorporate it into mainstream activism.[2]

I'm writing this article because, as Dalit activist and transmedia storyteller Thenmozhi Soundararajan says, casteism is not a Dalit problem — it is an upper caste problem. Regardless of how exactly I am privileged from caste, I think it is important that as an Indian I commit myself to grappling with addressing caste-based violence in my community and homeland for the rest of my life. Since I began educating myself about casteism and the violence committed by my Syrian Christian community in particular, I've been haunted by my lack of awareness of caste. Casteism is incredibly pervasive in South Asian culture and society to the point that so much of it is invisible; there are so many ideas and mannerisms I consider Indian that I must untangle and interrogate for casteism. And with the small amount I've learned already, I've come to the conclusion that it is only right that the violence my ancestors and I have committed haunts me. That is, after all, the true premise of karma.

By no means is this introduction to casteism meant to be a definitive guide to understanding the pervasive nature of caste oppression. However, literacy in casteism is lacking in the South Asian diaspora, and it is our responsibility to dismantle caste hierarchy and inject mainstream social justice conversations with caste consciousness.

Understanding the Caste System

To start with, the following is an explanation of caste written by Dalit civil rights organization, Equality Labs:

"Caste is a structure of oppression that affects over 1 billion people across the world. It is a system of religiously codified exclusion that was established in Hindu scripture. At birth, every child inherits his or her ancestor's caste, which determines social status and assigns "spiritual purity"[...]

There are four main Caste groups. Those at the very top are Brahmins, who have traditionally been priests, scriptural knowledge-keepers, and legislators. Below them in status are the Kshatriyas, who were kings and warriors. They are followed by Vaishyas, or the merchant classes. People in these three Caste groups are often referred to as the "upper" Castes or Savarnas. Those at the bottom of the Caste hierarchy are Shudras or traditional peasants. Many of the lowest ranking Shudras are also termed Caste-oppressed.

Outside the 4-Caste group structure are people considered lower than the lowest of Castes. They go by the term **Dalit** meaning "broken but resilient", formerly known as "untouchables" and the **Adivasis**, or the indigenous peoples of South Asia. Together these Caste-oppressed groups continue to experience profound injustices including socioeconomic inequalities, usurpation of their land, rights, and experience brutal violence at the hands of the "upper" Castes.

Dalits under Caste apartheid are forced into segregated schools, villages, places of worship, and subject to violent oppression. Often they are denied access to public amenities including water and roads. This entire system is enforced by violence and maintained by one of the oldest, most persistent cultures of impunity throughout South Asia, most notably in India, where despite the contemporary illegality of the system, it has persisted and thrived for 2,500 years."

lower caste visionaries like Dr. B.R. Ambedkar — a Dalit scholar, jurist, activist, and one of the pre-eminent anti-caste theorists — to gain educational resources.[3]

Although caste oppression might function differently had India never been colonized, the British did not create it. According to Dalit scholars, it is more helpful to think of caste oppression as fluid and subject to change during all periods of change in South Asia, including British colonial rule. [3] While none can deny the contributions of colonialism in building the structure for modern caste oppression, upper caste people especially must tread carefully to not excuse centuries of pre-colonial violence against the caste oppressed when attempting to trace the roots of caste oppression.

It is also important to understand that caste exists beyond India and the Indian diaspora; evidence of caste has been found in all South Asian nations. In her article "It is time to talk about caste in

"Caste oppression operates alongside racial, class, and religious discrimination and is one of the oldest systemic oppressions in the world."

As described above, caste is a social category that exploits and subjugates a group of people in ways that function like class and racial oppressions, though it can not be essentialized into these categories. Caste is distinct from race in its religious origins and in the interplay of purity, professions, endogamy, and colorism. Although Dalits are often subjugated to lower class positions, caste is determined by birth and can not be escaped through economic mobility. Caste oppression operates alongside racial, class, and religious discrimination and is one of the oldest systemic oppressions in the world. As early Dalit scholar, Kumud Pawde, describes, "What comes by birth, but can't be cast off by dying – that is caste."

Caste is dominantly reinforced through religious ideologies in Hinduism but, throughout centuries, has traveled into non-Hindu contexts as well. It should be noted that British colonial administration exacerbated the divisions of caste by systematizing previously informal hierarchies. For example, education during British rule allowed for the creation of an upper caste elite that would succeed the colonizers. However, this also allowed

Pakistan," Professor of Critical Muslim Studies at UC San Diego Shaista Abdul Aziz Patel argues that "violent paradigms are interconnected and know no borders." Patel discusses the ways in which the Brahminical concept of purity combined with Muslim ideas of cleanliness, when upper caste Muslims claim that lower caste people from Hindu and Christian minorities eat haram food. Rather than simply being imported to other South Asian nations, caste is ingrained into and justified through existing social practices. Not only does this highlight that casteism is relevant to all South Asians, but also the ability of caste to take root in the cultures of diasporic communities — including South Asian America.

The historical origins and functionings of the caste system are extremely complex and can not be summed up or articulated perfectly in a small section of this 101 article. For more information on the origins of caste and how it operates please explore texts written by Dalits like Ambedkar's *The Annihilation of Caste, Castes in India: Their Mechanism, Genesis and Development* also by Ambedkar, or *Karukku* by Bama Faustina.

Caste Oppression in the US

In July 2020, tech company Cisco Systems was sued for the the discrimination of an Indian engineer by other Indian employees. The engineer had been "outed" as Dalit, after which he was told that he had only gained college admission due to affirmative action (known as the reservation system in India). In the United States, Dalits often have to hide their caste identity or risk social exclusion or discrimination from casteist colleagues or managers.[4] Most Human Resources departments do not have strong understandings of caste or how it manifests in the US, leaving them unequipped to address complaints involving casteism. According to the lawsuit Cisco not only failed to address this engineer's complaint, but sidelined him in violation of the Civil Rights Act and California's Fair Employment and Housing Act.[4]

In May 2021, a suit was filed against Hindu organization Bochasanwasi Shri Akshar Purushottam Swaminarayan Sanstha (BAPS) coercing 200 Dalits to construct a large temple in New Jersey. According to the claim, the workers traveled under R-1 visas, which are meant for those in religious occupations, and had their passports taken upon arrival to the US. The workers were told they would be arrested without passports, and were forced to work 13 hours a day for $1.20 an hour. For several years, they were heavily monitored and unable to leave the site without a BAPS supervisor. BAPS has close ties to Prime Minister Narendra Modi [5] and has supported several right-wing activities, including the building of the Ram Mandir, a temple built on the site of a mosque destroyed by Hindu nationalists in Ayodhya.[6] Despite these abuses, they are being called "artisan volunteers" by BAPS.

Both of these cases highlight the varying degrees to which caste oppression manifests in the US. However, caste oppression happens largely at the individual level by upper caste South Asian Americans who uncover the castes of their peers through last names, religion, or family history and then treat them accordingly. As practiced in South Asia, questions that serve as social locutors allow South Asians in the diaspora to determine the caste positionalities of our peers. The graphic included from "Caste Privilege 101: A Primer for the Privileged" shows the ways in which seemingly simple questions are designed to reveal a person's caste.

Sample Social Location Questions	Dalit, Bahujan, Adivasi Answers	Savarna Answers
What is your family's last name?	Kamble, Khobragade, or even Christian last names	Rao, Iyer, Iyengar, Patel, Jat, Nair, Reddys, Yadavs, Jats, Gownders, Patels, Rajputs, Thakurs, etc.
What religion do you practice?	Bhuddist, Ravidassia, Christian, Atheist, and some Hindus. But, in general, Hinduism is not a safe space for us, as we are not recognized equal before god.	Hindu, Sikh, and other traditions emphasizing purity.
Who does your family associate with?	Dalit, Bahujan, Adivasi Friends	Friends from same linguistic, cultural, and caste background.
Do they eat meat?	Yes. We are very proud of recipes that feature our eating tradition. Whether it's beef or scavenged meat, there has been much shame put upon what began out of families' exclusion from food networks in the system of caste apartheid. As a result, our hard-won food decisions are a form of culinary self-determination.	No and sanctimonious about vessels, plates, and even being present around the eating of meat.
Do they have land?	Not always, but if so, may hide location because it locates caste identity due to caste apartheid in village areas.	Yes and are landowners.
Who have they wanted you to marry?	Other Dalits, Bahujan, and Adivasi and inter-caste with trepidation.	Definitely same caste or higher. Will often talk of good matches and good family as a code for caste and class.
Did your parents hide when they came abroad?	Yes.	No.

Source [15]: Soundararajan, T., Varatharajah, S. *Caste privilege 101: A Primer for the privileged*, 2015.

Through these practices, caste continues to shape relationships within the South Asian diaspora and caste biases continue to oppress caste oppressed peoples. Many upper caste South Asians were able to immigrate to the US as highly skilled professionals, recruited through selective immigration laws like the 1965 Hart-Cellar Act that abolished (in name) the previous immigration quota system as racist and unwelcoming, but bolstered the supply of cheap, temporary, and skilled laborers for American employers.[7] As such, caste bias and logic were imported with South Asian immigrants, priming the US to be a land where caste continues to haunt Dalits. Many Dalits in the US hide their caste from other South Asians for fear of seclusion, being denied promotions or hiring, and other effects of stigma.[8] Those whose identities become known often become isolated from South Asian communities or choose to work in companies without South Asians.[8] Even students face discrimination from their peers — who learn casteism from their parents — and professors who lack proper sensitivity to caste.[8] According to the 2016 Equality Labs study, 41% of South Asian Americans of lower caste have experienced caste discrimination in schools and universities while 67% experienced caste discrimination in the workplace.

- **25%** of Dalits who responded said they had faced verbal or physical assault based on their Caste.
- **ONE IN THREE** Dalit Students report being discrinimated against during their education.
- **TWO OUT OF THREE** Dalits surveyed reported being treated unfairly at their workplace.
- **60%** of Dalits report experiencing Caste-based derogatory jokes or comments.
- **40%** of Dalits and **14%** of Shudra respondents were made to feel unwelcome at their place of worship because of their Caste.
- **20%** of Dalit respondents report feeling discrinimated at a place of business because of their Caste.
- **OVER 40%** of Dalit Respondents have reported being rejected in a Romantic Partnership on the basis of Caste.
- **ONE IN TWO** of all Dalit respondents and **ONE IN FOUR** of all Shudra respondents live in fear of their Caste being "outed."

Source [8]: Soundararajan, T., *Caste in the United States.* https://www.equalitylabs.org/castesurvey/#key-findings

Despite this, caste is not a protected category in the United States. Privileged South Asians continue to claim they "do not see caste" or have abandoned their caste as Americans, without truly interrogating casteist practices in their communities. Upper caste South Asians have come up with many arguments against recognizing caste as a protected category which rely on our minority status in the US, but this status should not be weaponized to absolve privileges and uphold oppressive structures.[8]

Savarna Supremacy: The Diasporic Mainstream in America

Recently I read "Never Have I Ever and the Commodification of Identity Politics," an article by Indian journalist Sharanya Deepak which critiques the way caste is portrayed in Mindy Kaling's Netflix series *Never Have I Ever*.[9] She opens her analysis by referring to the familiar stereotype "Indians are vegetarians" as a "cute cultural quirk" that is actually a Brahmanical construct.[9] In fact, the consumption of beef, pork, fish, and other meats are an important part of not only non-Hindu diets, but that of Dalits and other castes as well.[10] Consuming beef in particular has historically been politicized in India: student group festival stalls serving meat have been rejected because they "create caste and communal tensions;" targeting of cattle traders has been legitimized by cattle trade regulations; and college students have been segregated in dining halls based on meat consumption. India utilizes secularism to impose laws made by the powerful Hindu, upper-caste majority that are not secular at all.[11] As a result, lower caste communities can be policed for their beef consumption, despite not subscribing to Hinduism or being part of a beef-consuming caste. So are all Indians vegetarian or is this simply a packaged idea of Indian-ness based in Savarna (upper caste) hegemony? When casteist narratives like "Indians are vegetarians" come to define understandings of South Asian American-ness, we allow violent hegemonic ideas to take root in the diaspora beyond South Asia. To benefit from such reductions and consequences is a privilege in and of itself.

Amidst the dozens of articles in the conversation around the portrayal of caste in *Never Have I Ever*, "Never Have I Ever wasn't Hinduphobic: and that's precisely the problem" by Medium writer Mohini S. is a clear example of Savarna fragility. In their article, they showcase tweets from Indian American author and educator Dr. Mathangi Subramanian who

criticizes the show's decision not to discuss caste while portraying a Brahmin family. Subramanian points out indicators of the lead family's caste: the mother's mangal sutra, the swami names, and their love of Modi— and problematizes Kaling's decision to utilize these upper-caste symbols as signifiers of the family's Indian-ness. She warns that the show allows Indian-ness and Hinduism to be reduced to Brahminism. Mohini asks, "Why are Brahmins being singled out? Why are Brahmins the only ones to be subjected to such comments?" and construes Subramanian's questioning of Savarna hegemonies with "racism" towards Brahmins. Mohini picks through Subramanian's tweets and the works of other activists like Monica Mohapatra, condemning them as misogynistic, sexist, and divisive. What struck me most about this piece was how defensive Mohini was about criticisms of Kaling's storytelling, going as far as to attack Equality Labs for anti-semitism and cherry-picking history to showcase violence against Hindus by Muslims, as if Hindus have never enacted violence. Mohini's disgust with South Asian Americans who have brought caste into conversations about *Never Have I Ever*, showcases a deep-rooted ignorance or disregard for casteism in South Asian America. Their rebuttals and cries of reverse-casteism are reminiscent of white fragility for a reason: their objection to discussing caste comes from their privilege and upper-caste guilt. This is Savarna fragility at its finest.[12]

Why am I talking about *Never Have I Ever*? Kaling's show is one of very few that claims to show the struggles of a South Asian American, and its relative popularity and success demonstrates that this narrative of South Asianness is legible to American audiences. While many Indian American youth, myself included, do not feel represented by *Never Have I Ever*, there are also many who do and don't feel the need to question what narratives are made invisible. When living in an environment of narrative scarcity, as defined by scholar Viet Thanh Nguyen, poor representations that uphold casteism— and our support of these representations— shape mainstream American understandings and imaginations of what it means to be South Asian American in the image of Savarna privilege. Savarna hegemony renders invisible marginalized South Asian American experiences and overshadows other pressing problems, like casteism, in the diaspora. This is not to say that our community shouldn't engage or like Kaling's show; we are allowed to have relationships with characters like those in *Never Have I Ever*, as shaky or uncertain as they may be. Rather, we need to ask, why did Kaling decide to have the divorcee outcast tell Kamala to marry the Indian man her family picks for her? Why not highlight how Aneesa being Muslim makes her different from Devi? Where are the poor South Asians? The Sikhs? In an economy of narrative scarcity, we need to ask for better storytelling and give ourselves room to question the ways our stories uphold power structures. We need to address Savarna supremacy within the United States, give up Savarna privilege, and tackle Savarna fragility.

To build solidarity within the South Asian community, especially in the United States, we need to bring caste into mainstream social justice discourse through narrative representation and other avenues.

> *"We need to ask for better storytelling and give ourselves room to question the ways our stories uphold power structures."*

Material Ghosts of Caste Privilege

One of the most striking points made by Soundarajan in her Firstpost Podcast "Caste in the USA," was that many South Asians in the United States stood in solidarity with Black liberation struggles and POC movements in the United States because it is much easier than confronting casteism in our own communities.[10] In the US, South Asians have historically been excluded and continue to be treated as perpetual foreigners. While we have benefited in some ways from the model minority myth, we have also suffered from it and other forms of racial discrimination. Ultimately, white people are the hegemonic race that we as people of color in the US are oppressed by.

But when it comes to being a caste privileged South Asian American, the divide between oppressed and oppressor is not so simple. Upper caste South Asian Americans, and Brahmins in particular, hold the most privilege in South Asia. Immigrating to the US and locating ourselves within a racial hierarchy where we are not nearly as privileged does not erase Savarna privilege. Nor does being born and raised in the US absolve that privilege. Because migrants bring the purity-pollution complex and other casteist mentalities into the US, upper caste immigrants will continue to uphold casteist ideas, consciously or not, and instill them into their children. In our own communities and our relationships with other brown people, caste privileged South Asian Americans continue to uphold Savarna hegemony.

Many South Asian Americans are surprised to find that what they were raised thinking were simply cultural ideas are actually based in casteist practices. For example, endogamy is something I always interpreted as South Asian without really digging into why it is so favored, even by immigrants living in the US. Once when I made a joke about one of my friends ending up with a friend from a different sect of the Syrian Christian community, my parents told me that that sect only married people within that sect. They told me that my friend would technically be excommunicated from the community, extremely high stakes for South Asian Americans who rely on their communities to survive in racist America, even though excommunication doesn't manifest so seriously nowadays. While that idea struck me as constrictive at the time, I chalked it up to a cultural tradition I didn't understand. I only recently unpacked this practice as casteist, rooted in the goal of caste endogamy in hopes to preserve upper caste purity within that community. Second-generation Indian family friends have endlessly joked about their parents insisting they marry someone with the same last name as them — a marriage practice intended to preserve caste that I believed was just a strange tradition. Even within my own family, I have been told that marrying within "our culture" would "make things easier" because my spouse and I would share many experiences and understandings, the subtext being that marrying another Malayali would be the easiest. While having shared understandings can be very helpful, the further subtext here is that I wouldn't share that with just any South Asian. Only recently have I begun disentangling all of these preferences from my 1.5-generation perception of Indian culture and recognizing them as rooted in Savarna hegemonies of worth and desirability. And yet, it all seems so obvious now.

This untangling is even more complex for South Asian Americans who engage with their caste in more explicit or influential ways than I have. There is a sense of connection and value ascribed to caste pride in Brahmin families in particular that is challenging to let go of in the United States where Brahmins are not at the top of the racial hierarchy.

When my dad repeated that phrase, "Indians are the most racist people," in the context of our conversation on casteism, he was trying to convey the severe intolerance he and others have witnessed that goes beyond prejudice and violence against other ethnicities; this intolerance has other dimensions including color, religion, gender, sexuality, etc. It's important to note that in every other case that I have heard this phrase, it has been a tongue-in-cheek way to excuse Indian prejudice as inherent and uncompromising. But Indians, and South Asians in a larger sense, have always been radical and dynamic people.[14] When it comes to addressing casteism, we should not hide behind recently invented ideas of our idleness and stagnancy as a people.

In order to truly expel these ghosts from our lives, we must first acknowledge our privileges and use them. We can not continue to hide in our ignorance or rest in our complacency. Upper caste people can not continue to see ourselves solely as marginalized peoples in the US struggle; we must afford ourselves the complexity of also being oppressors that need to address harm done in our own communities. We need to start talking about caste in the US alongside other oppressions. Because, at the end of the day, Savarna privileges manifest much like white privileges: translucent and always present.

To learn more, explore:

- Brahmanical patriarchy
- Dalit Feminism
- Women and caste
- Caste in South Asia and its diaspora beyond India

Notes

[1] These arguments, in a nutshell, are that the struggle against casteism villainizes Hinduism and therefore Hindus, which will prompt racism against Hindus. (Does the argument sound familiar? Maybe because you've heard similar arguments about not teaching Critical Race Theory.) I'm critical about concerns of Hindu-phobia, not because the potential for that doesn't concern me; anti-Hindu and anti-brown racism has always been a problem in the US and is especially pressing since 9/11. However, when upper caste people like Hindu American Foundation Executive Director Suhag Shuka raise these concerns, they often serve to undermine important developments and conversations in the struggle against casteism under the guise of concerns about racism. To set the record straight, caste protections are not anti-Hindu!

[2] Rohit Chopra and Ajantha Subramanian, "The Movement to Outlaw Caste Discrimination in the U.S," Time, February 11, 2022. https://time.com/6146141/caste-discrimination-us-opposition-grows/.

[3] Ananya Chakravarti, "Caste Wasn't a British Construct — and Anyone Who Studies History Should Know That," The Wire, June 30, 2019, https://thewire.in/caste/caste-history-postcolonial-studies.

[4] Vidya Krishnan, "The Casteism I See in America," The Atlantic, November 10, 2021, https://www.theatlantic.com/ideas/archive/2021/11/india-america-caste/620583/.

[5] Right-wing leader of Bharatiya Janata Party who, despite promising to address casteism through economic measures, has intensified caste disparities through his neoliberal project.

[6] David Porter, "Suit: Workers Lured from India Paid $1.20 per Hour for Years," Associated Press, May 12, 2021, https://apnews.com/article/india-business-religion-599de5789d-519c822e6d4ff15ed2c642.

[7]Chopra and Subramanian, "The Movement to Outlaw Caste Discrimination in the U.S."

[8] Produced by Thenmozhi Soundararajan. Caste in the USA, 2019-2020. Firstpost.

[9] Sharanya, "Never Have I Ever and the Commodification of Identity Politics."

[10] Kancha Ilaiah Shepherd, "Kancha Ilaiah Shepherd on Beef as a Democratic Right," The Caravan, November 1, 2019, https://caravanmagazine.in/reportage/fight-beef-democratic-right.

[11] Shepherd, "Beef as a Democratic Right."

[12] Mohini S., "Never Have I Ever Wasn't Hinduphoic: And That's Precisely the Problem," Medium, June 28, 2020, https://medium.com/@mohini./never-have-i-ever-wasnt-hinduphoic-and-that-s-precisely-the-problem-5b9f9064059d#:~:text=24%20min%20read-,Never%20Have%20I%20Ever%20wasn't%20Hinduphobic%3A%20and%20that's%20precisely,girl%20in%20a%20negative%20light.

[13] Viet Thanh Nguyen, "Asian-Americans Need More Movies, Even Mediocre Ones," The New York Times, August 21, 2018. https://www.nytimes.com/2018/08/21/opinion/crazy-rich-asians-movie.html.

[14] Vijay Prashad, The Karma of Brown Folk (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 2000).

[15]Thenmozhi Soundararajan and Sinthujan Varatharajah, "Caste Privilege 101: A Primer for the Privileged," The Aerogram, February 10, 2015, https://theaerogram.com/caste-privilege-101-primer-privileged/.

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"Casteism ≠ Racism: Prof Shaista Patel on the Failures of 'Postcolonialism'" Produced by Liz Wayne and Dr. Christine "Xine" Yao, 2021. PhDivas.

Trapped Pathetic Worthless Unlovable

Compassion

Lost Ignored Useless Alone

By: Sophia Gregorace
Design By: Naya Lunney
Art By: Sophia Gregorace

A Shadow
In the corner of my eye.
There she is once again.
Roaming the halls,
Trailing the walls,
Always lurking.
She peers through doorways,
Sits on the staircase,
Stands on the kitchen counter,
Leans over my shoulder.
I avert my gaze
and ignore her tantrums.
I have seen her form before.
If I were to lay my eyes on her again,
Devastating, dark, consuming.
I hear her footsteps in the attic,
Relentless and loud,
Frantically looking for attention,
For a place to settle in.
But I do not let her.
I try not to let her.
If I am not careful,
A whisper turns into a screech,
A footstep, a cacophony,
A faint entity, a smothering wretch.
She laments and wails,
A child, inconsolable,
Dragging me into her anguish,
Into the person I used to be.
But I do not let her.
I try not to let her.
And yet, she stays.
Roaming the halls,
Trailing the walls,
Always lurking.

Psycho

An essence
Outside my kitchen window.
There she is once again,
Phantasmal and resplendent.
I catch glimpses of her
In the garden,
Tending to the sage and edelweiss.
In her faint presence, I can make out
A few wrinkles,
Crows feet, and their source -
Always a calm smile.
She is content.
I hear her humming as she
Knocks on my door,
A light tap tap tap,
Wanting more water for the flowers.
When the Shadow does not look,
I let her in.
She tells me of her garden,
Of the aloe I have never seen up close,
And the frequenting aphids that
disturb her blooms, nibbling on the
Chrysanthemum leaves.
Despite the pests,
her garden remains ever radiant,
Captivating and brilliant.
She tells me she does not hurt them,
trap them, or flick them off the stems.
She takes care of them.
And with this,
A metamorphosis ensues.
With wings
dazzling in the afternoon sun,
Iridescent butterflies pollinate her flowers.

Unfair

Unwanted

Angry

"Charles Courtney Curran, "Lady on a Hillside Picking Flowers", 1919"

A thump.

There she is once again.
It is time for my visitor
to take her leave.
Melancholy washes over me
As she smiles with
Eyes like mine
And opens the door
back to her garden.

Louder footsteps.

Now, among her sprouts,
I watch the spirit lean down
and take a small insect
In her hand.
She closes her other hand
On top
And kisses her knuckles.

Running down the hall.

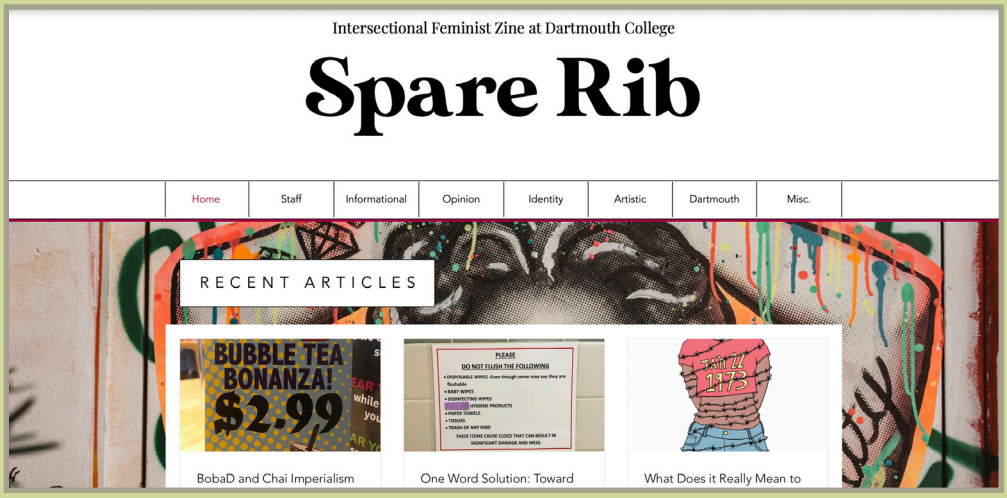
Already trying to escape,
A butterfly emerges from her hands
And lands on a
Forget-me-not.
She has been doing this for a while now.

Pounding feet
Coming down the stairs

I am still watching my visitor
As the Shadow makes her way
Into the kitchen with me.
Tears in her eyes,
Ready to scream and flail,
I take a breath.
I face her,
outstretch my arms,
and smile.

"Claude Monet, "Poppy Field,"1881"
"Claude Monet, "Spingtime Woman Sitting in Green Field with Flowers,"1872"

Our Socials



Website:
spareribdartmouth.com

Instagram:
@spareribdartmouth

Twitter:
@SpareRibZine

Thanks to our wonderful Marketing team!

Spotify:
[Spare Rib Dartmouth]

want to

JOIN

Spare Rib?

Like what you're reading? Intrigued by the art and design work you've seen? Interested in joining a group who is passionate about intersectional feminism? *Join the Spare Rib family!*

There are many ways you can get involved:

- Writing an article
- Creating a personality quiz or a crossword puzzle
- Creating art to accompany an article
- Creating standalone pieces of art (digital, photography, traditional, etc.)
- Working with Adobe InDesign to create the layout for an article
- Creating art for the cover
- Working on our social media
- Working on meeting logistics and planning events
- Developing our community and presence on campus
- Working on special projects of your choosing
- Helping to guide future interest in Spare Rib
- Or just coming to meetings to make new friends!

We create a magazine each term, focused on a theme (like this edition's theme, Apparition!). You can be as involved as you can each term. Our space is always open to all! Slack is our most used form of communication, and we use it both as a workspace and social space. If you're interested in joining, contact us at spareribdartmouth@gmail.com or spare.rib@dartmouth.edu!

We'd love to have you!

Our S

Would you believe this is the first time we've needed two staff pages? Our membership has grown tremendously, and this edition represents the work of 27 direct contributors, and even more people whose contributions exist behind the scenes. Part of what makes our community so special is how many ways there are to be a member. We are artists, writers, poets, when2meet makers, Slack experts, Excel sheet pros, thinkers, dreamers, and listeners, and each of us contributes to the vivid and meaningful community *Spare Rib* has been working so hard to create. Thank you to the newbies, to the founding members, to the just-getting-involved's, to the we-couldn't-do-it-without-you's. We *really couldn't* make the magazine without you, and we are privileged to have been able to work with you. Here's to many more magazines!

With love, the 22W Design Leads
(Caty Brown, Abigail Bordelon, and Kaitlyn Anderson)

Want to Get to Know us Better?
Check out our Staff Highlights!

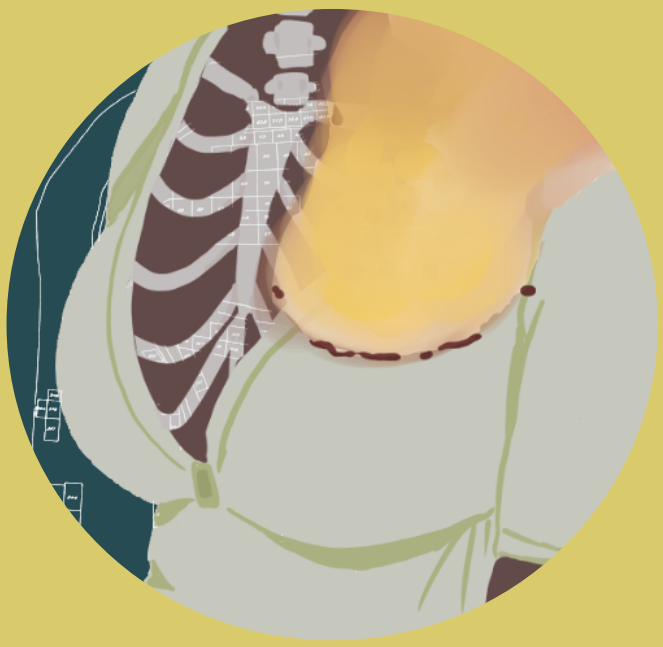
Hear about our favorite jokes, our darkest secrets, what else we do on campus, and more!

Staff

- **Abigail Bordelon '24** - Content, Page Design, Art, Layout Review, Cover Design
- **Amon Ferri '23** - Art
- **Ana Noriega '24** - Content
- **Aoibheann Holland '22** - Editing
- **Ari Morris '24** - Content
- **Ari Rojas '25** - Content
- **Aryma Moore '25** - Page Design
- **Camila Bustamante '23** - Content
- **Caroline Balick '24** - Editing
- **Caty Brown '23** - Page Design, Layout Review, Cover Design
- **Chloe Jung '23** - Art
- **Elaine Mei '23** - Content
- **Eliza Holmes '24** - Content
- **Ella Grim '25** - Content, Editing
- **Esmeralda Abreu Jerez '25** - Content
- **Hayden Elrafei '24** - Content, Editing
- **Irina Sandoval '23** - Editing
- **Julie Gnany '25** - Content
- **Justin Herrera '24** - Content
- **Kaitlyn Anderson '24** - Page Design, Art, Layout Review
- **Maanasi Shyno '23** - Content, Art, Editing
- **Milanne Berg '24** - Art
- **Naya Lunney '25** - Page Design
- **Olivia Gresham '22** - Art
- **Peyton Bond '24** - Art
- **Raegan Boettcher '24** - Content, Editing
- **Sabrina Eager '23** - Content, Page Design, Art, Editing
- **Sadie Weil '25** - Content
- **Sarah Berman '25** - Art
- **Sanjana Raj '25** - Content
- **Samantha Blais '24** - Page Design
- **Serena Suson '25** - Content
- **Shena Han '25** - Art
- **Skylar Wilkins '25** - Content
- **Sophia Gregorace '24** - Content, Art, Cover Design
- **Sophie Bailey '22** - Content, Page Design, Art
- **Sophie Williams '23** - Content, Page Design, Art, Editing

Note:

Content: Authors of articles
Editing: Editors who gave more official feedback on articles
Peer Editing: Editors who gave feedback on articles
Page Design: Designers who created the layout of each page of the magazine
Art: Artists of the various artworks
Layout Review: The "final eyes" on the design work done for each article
Cover Design: Creator of the formatting on top of the cover art
Cover Art: Artist of the cover



INTERSECTIONAL FEMINIST ZINE AT DARTMOUTH
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The Apparition Issue

Website

Thank you for reading.

INTERESTED?
JOIN US!