

5TH ANNUAL R.E.D. ZINE.

REBELEMPowerDISMANTLE

SOLAR FLARE



For the past five years, Red Whistle Brigade has collaborated with students to compile and publish the R.E.D. (Rebel, Empower, and Dismantle) Zine. While the main theme of our zine is interpersonal violence, in recent years we have included submissions that portray expressions of other anti-oppression as well. Without the submissions of students, we couldn't make this zine happen and we deeply thank all those who submitted, especially in these special circumstances.

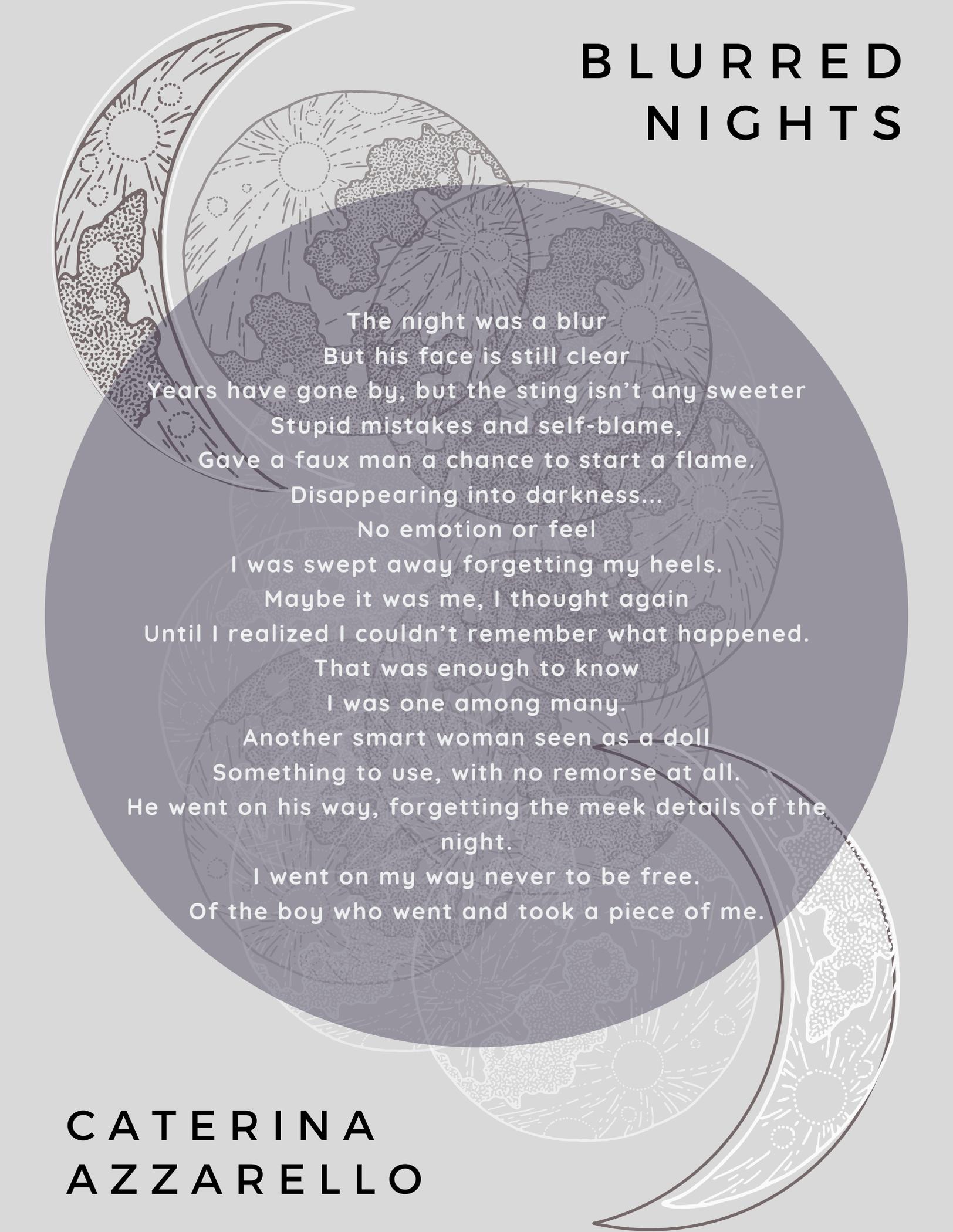
A Solar Flare is a sudden burst of increased brightness on the Sun that results from built up magnetic energy being released. For many of us, systematic and institutional oppression such as racism, sexism, homophobia, ableism, and more are the source of tremendous pain and pressure. Art, poetry, film, music, and other forms of artistic expression serve as a way to let go of that pain, and allow for freedom and pleasure to burst forth. The year of 2020 has not been easy, and this zine is a testimony that we will not let hardships extinguish our flames. In this collective and creative resistance, we encourage students to speak their truth and lived reality as a way of representing those communities that are marginalized in society.

This zine is meant to empower people and to cultivate community for those that are overcoming the challenges and trauma we might face in our daily lives. We hope that this zine can be a source of healing and power to all those who read it and who contributed to it.

You are your own solar flare, shining brightly in the face of those who seek to harm you. Shine on!

Warmly,
V Bellinger & Kaz Smith 
R.E.D. Editors

BLURRED NIGHTS

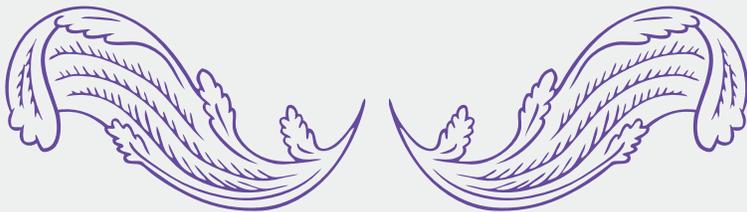
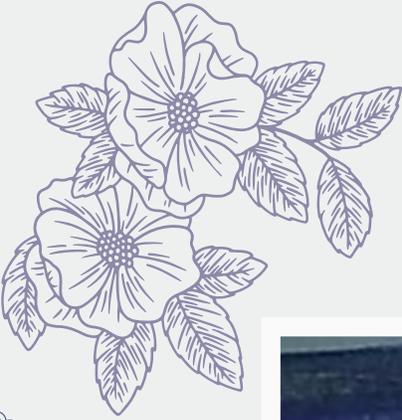


The night was a blur
But his face is still clear
Years have gone by, but the sting isn't any sweeter
Stupid mistakes and self-blame,
Gave a faux man a chance to start a flame.
Disappearing into darkness...
No emotion or feel
I was swept away forgetting my heels.
Maybe it was me, I thought again
Until I realized I couldn't remember what happened.
That was enough to know
I was one among many.
Another smart woman seen as a doll
Something to use, with no remorse at all.
He went on his way, forgetting the meek details of the
night.
I went on my way never to be free.
Of the boy who went and took a piece of me.

CATERINA
AZZARELLO

BE UNAPOLOGETIC

JASMINE DAVIS



I DIDN'T KNOW

You went into the garage
And took a baseball bat to the grandfather clock.
I imagined you,
Glass exploding around your face,
The anger exploding out of you.

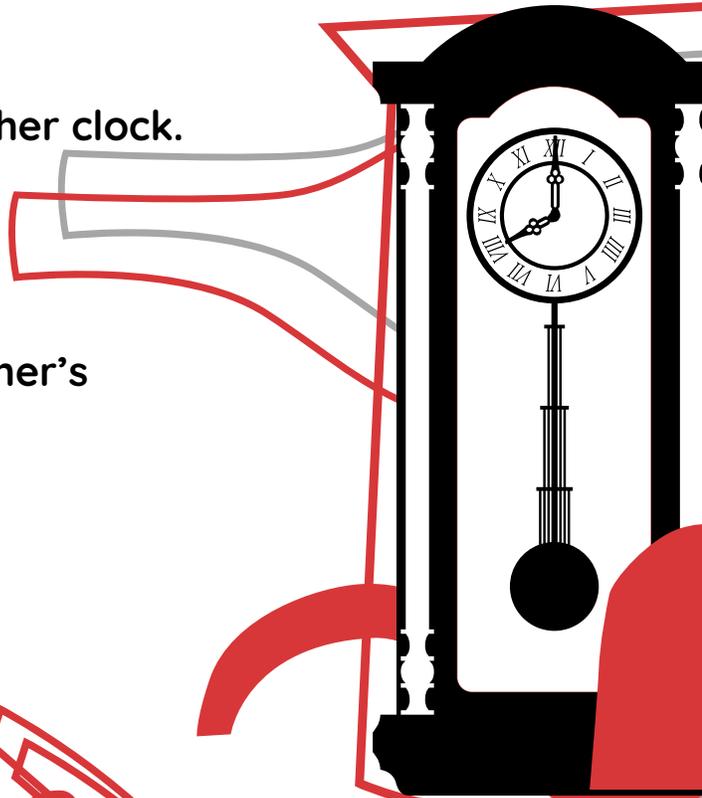
I knew that the clock was your grandfather's
My great-grandfather's.
I knew all about that clock.
How to clean it,
How it was always two minutes off.
I never knew about him.

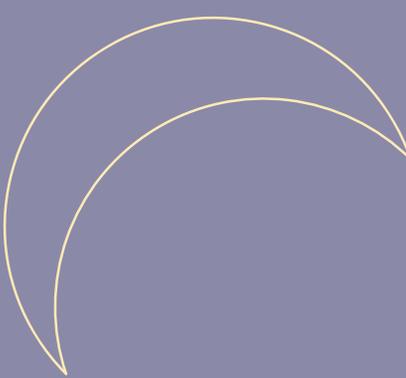
I know why you waited to tell me.
Young ears.
Young eyes.
So impressionable.
Never forget.

I know why you constantly asked me
If I was sure my grandpa didn't do anything
When he and I were alone.

You were little when he did that to you.
Young ears.
Young eyes.
So impressionable.
Never forget.

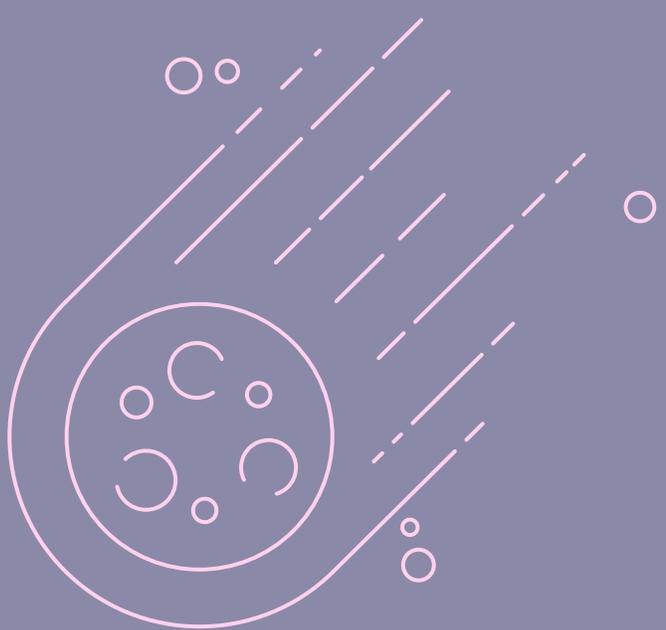
When you called me
And told me you went into the garage
And took a baseball bat to the grandfather clock,
I couldn't stop smiling.





BOLIDE SORROW

V BELLINGER



heavy with secret wishes, hurling
myself through the
galaxies,
a last testament to my
shining brethren still glowing bright,
'til they too
fall from the weight
of carrying their heavy hearts.
can you see my shining
tears, streak through
the lonely night sky?
call out to me,
so that I may know your pain.
i will carry it
in fire.
lovingly,
tenderly.

SURVIVOR'S INSTINCT

YOSELY RUIZ

Verse 1

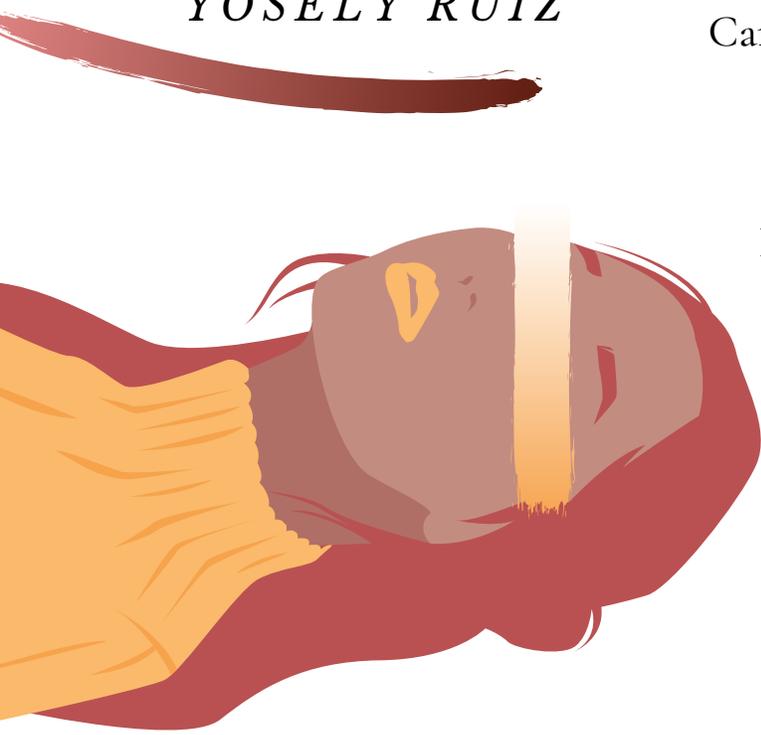
Can't avoid walking these neighborhood streets,
Windows rolled down hollering at me,
Barely ever make it to the corner peacefully,
Never stop and turn but they keep following.
Following my behind like a parade,
Dumb blinded like crazy ants
Like roaches high on raid,
Cat calls but not getting in my pants.
The kindness always gets mistaken,
Got that southern hospitality,
Draw a boundary trust issues get shaken,
Then blamed for my dress and morality

Hook

Won't be meat in your market,
Words, money ain't convincing, stay distant.
Knife in my pocket not afraid to unlock it,
Got fists ready with my survivor's instinct.

Verse 2

Don't wave at me, not your server,
Over my life you're not taking over,
Everyone can see you perverted observer,
No alibi still a crook when you're sober,
My dignity I will preserve it.
Smile at comments not because I like it,
Amused you presumed we're easy prey,
You're persistent but it needs to quit,
Cliché but I'm just gonna walk away.

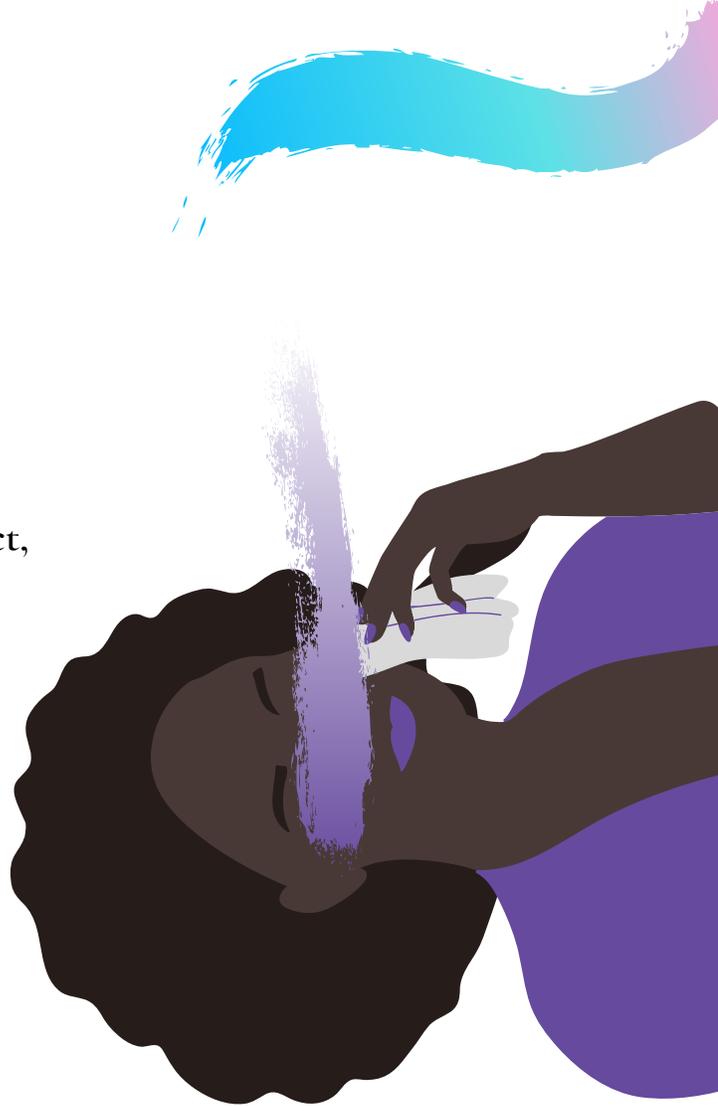


Hook

Won't be meat in your market,
Words, money ain't convincing, stay distant.
Knife in my pocket not afraid to unlock it,
Got fists ready with my survivor's instinct.

Verse 3

This instant kicking with my survivor's instinct,
Could be living in your early decades,
Or pushing into higher wisdom,
Not interested on either decays.
Trying to feed your snake,
Breaking your neck nothing but pigs,
Cruising around for the next victim,
Unsafe world to live for the kids,
Innocents got no choice when taken.
Sex chains torture realistic,
Only got one self to fight for preservation time to awaken,
Highest present form of slavery gotta diminish the statistic.



Hook

Won't be meat in your market,
Words, money ain't convincing, stay distant.
Knife in my pocket not afraid to unlock it,
Got fists ready with my survivor's instinct.

The end.



PIECE OF ME | JOSEPH ORTEGA

AT THE TIME YOU WERE EVERYTHING I NEEDED

YOU STOLE MY HEART

AND I THOUGHT I DID THE SAME.

A PERFECT LOVE STORY

OR SO I THOUGHT

BUT SOON THE MASK YOU WERE WEARING CAME OFF

AND THOSE SWEET WORDS YOU USED ON ME STARTED TO PAY OFF

YOU HAD ME HYPNOTIZED

AND WITH A SNAP OF YOUR FINGERS

YOU STARTED TO TURN ME INTO SOMETHING I WASN'T

YOU HAD ME IN YOUR HANDS LIKE A PUPPET

MAKING ME THINK I NEEDED YOUR CONTROL TO FUNCTION

WHEN IT WAS YOU WHO WAS CAUSING MY DESTRUCTION.

THERE WERE SO MANY TIMES I WANTED TO LEAVE

BUT YOU PULLED ME BACK

MAKING ME BELIEVE YOU WERE GOING TO CHANGE

AND SO I WAS BLINDED OF WHO YOU ONCE WERE,

IT MADE ME GO BACK TO THINKING IT WILL BE BETTER.

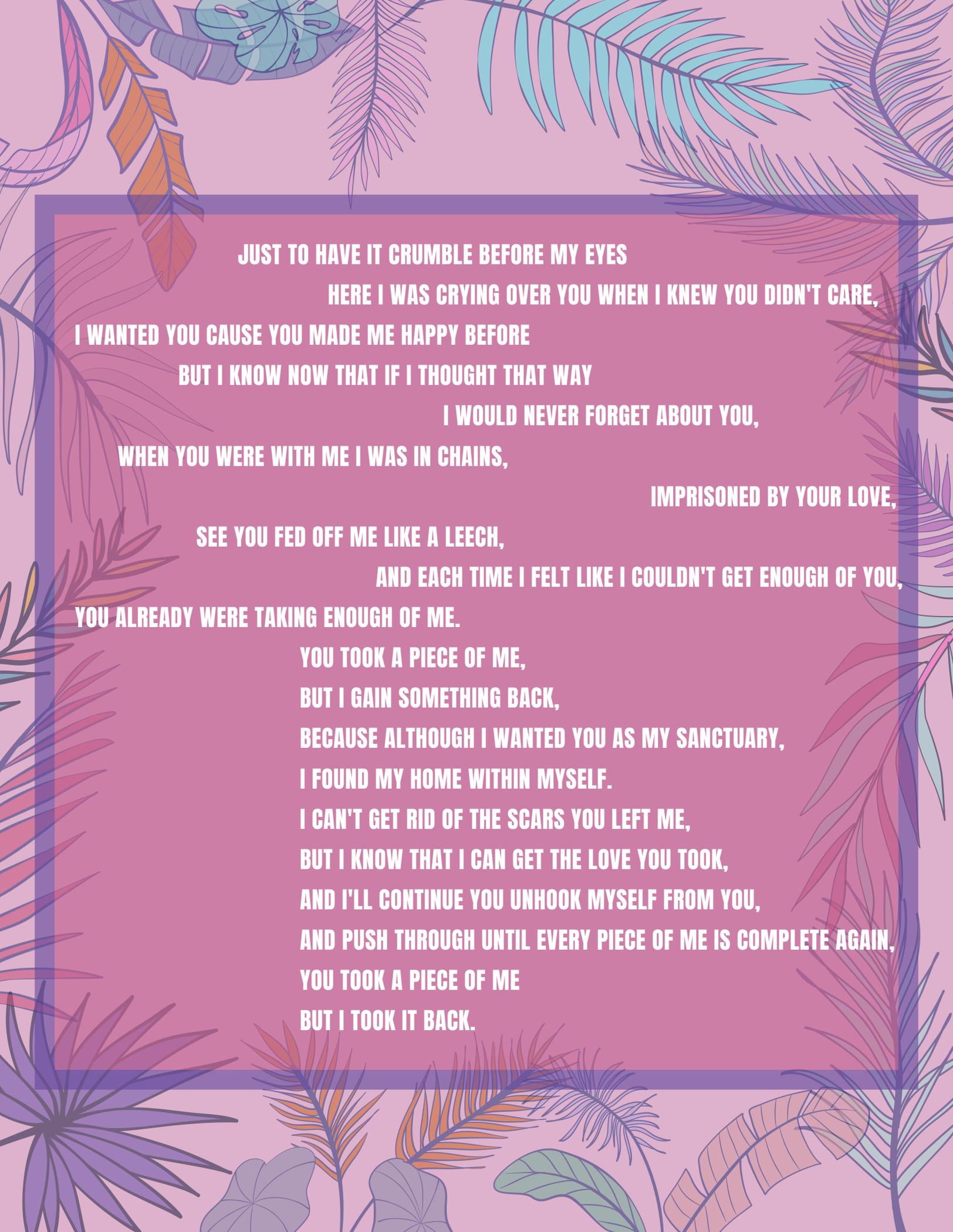
FROM THE DAY YOU SWEEP ME OFF MY FEET

YOU TOOK A PIECE OF ME

AND I WISH I COULD HAVE SEEN IT BEFORE

YOU GAVE ME THE ILLUSION THAT I WAS IN HEAVEN,

A PARADISE I LOATHED FOR SO LONG

A decorative border of various tropical leaves in shades of purple, blue, green, and orange surrounds the central text. The leaves include palm fronds, monstera leaves, and other broad-leafed plants.

**JUST TO HAVE IT CRUMBLE BEFORE MY EYES
HERE I WAS CRYING OVER YOU WHEN I KNEW YOU DIDN'T CARE,
I WANTED YOU CAUSE YOU MADE ME HAPPY BEFORE
BUT I KNOW NOW THAT IF I THOUGHT THAT WAY
I WOULD NEVER FORGET ABOUT YOU,
WHEN YOU WERE WITH ME I WAS IN CHAINS,
IMPRISONED BY YOUR LOVE,
SEE YOU FED OFF ME LIKE A LEECH,
AND EACH TIME I FELT LIKE I COULDN'T GET ENOUGH OF YOU,
YOU ALREADY WERE TAKING ENOUGH OF ME.**

**YOU TOOK A PIECE OF ME,
BUT I GAIN SOMETHING BACK,
BECAUSE ALTHOUGH I WANTED YOU AS MY SANCTUARY,
I FOUND MY HOME WITHIN MYSELF.
I CAN'T GET RID OF THE SCARS YOU LEFT ME,
BUT I KNOW THAT I CAN GET THE LOVE YOU TOOK,
AND I'LL CONTINUE YOU UNHOOK MYSELF FROM YOU,
AND PUSH THROUGH UNTIL EVERY PIECE OF ME IS COMPLETE AGAIN,
YOU TOOK A PIECE OF ME
BUT I TOOK IT BACK.**

GENEVIEVE BARNETT



BODY OF ART

good admissions ~~_____~~
be using your application ~~_____~~
see you are able to separate
yourself ~~_____~~
your ability to write a fantastic
~~_____~~
~~_____~~ a crucial ~~_____~~
the application process ~~_____~~
first ~~_____~~ fresh ~~_____~~
~~_____~~ trans ~~_____~~ because
~~_____~~
miss ~~_____~~ look ~~_____~~ beyond ~~_____~~
the ~~_____~~ standard ~~_____~~
~~_____~~ and really ~~_____~~
know ~~_____~~ ident ~~_____~~
~~_____~~ that ~~_____~~ mind ~~_____~~ not ~~_____~~
~~_____~~ to say ~~_____~~
essays really can ~~_____~~
break you.
~~_____~~ it's ~~_____~~
~~_____~~
you ~~_____~~ Here ~~_____~~

The docile side

of the Northeast, Dew said ~~_____~~
These sensations ~~_____~~
~~_____~~ today here on the
~~_____~~ becoming ~~_____~~
~~_____~~ compressed time ~~_____~~
~~_____~~ full spec-
trum visual language after years
of studying ~~_____~~ lack ~~_____~~ a
red, which the artist describes ~~_____~~
~~_____~~ breaking a long fast ~~_____~~
~~_____~~ color

of Essay:

ERASURE POETRY BY
KARA PERNICANO

"ESSAYS REALLY
CAN BREAK YOU"

TO MY BODY.



I have written apologies to my body
so many times, sometimes I think
my mouth can only spell “I’m sorry’s.”

Sometimes I think,
that my soul takes ownership
of how other people burden it,
burrow into it, ‘borrow’ it.

Sometimes I think,
my heart and head
become so heavy,

I have to let go,
but I don’t want to
give another part of
myself to people who have
already taken so much.

But I have to let go.
I have to replant the unwanted
trauma they have buried into me,
so that I can grow into
something more beautiful.
So I can embody a love

I have never been given.
For the sake of my body,
I have to let go
of the people who didn’t
listen when I said no,
of the people who scarred
my heart forever with
the way their words ripped
me apart,
the way their hate

has made my most powerful art,
of the people who get under my skin
just by the way they left me empty,
of the people who felt just because
they wanted me, I was theirs to take,
of the people who belittled me and
called me names for pushing their
hands away,
of the people who entered my life
so easily, but left me to scrub away the
memories ceaselessly.

JASMINE DAVIS

And so, I am trying to let go.

Let the weight lift off
my body.

Let me learn the right
way to love it.

Let me remember that
just because they took
parts of me,
does not mean I am
incomplete.

I am not broken.

I am woven parts of experiences
that opened a strength
that mends me whole.

And so,
I apologize to my body.



I am sorry,
you were born into a world
that equates your femininity.
to the word yes.

That sees your curves,
your clothes, your existence
that equates your femininity.
to the word yes.

That sees your curves,
your clothes, your existence
as something that means you
were asking for it.

That no matter how many times you outline
how much he was out of line,
you're not taken seriously.

I am sorry,
that no matter how safe you try
to be, how modest you try to dress,
how polite you try to speak,
It will not make these situations
happen less.

I am sorry,
The world makes you have to do this.

I am sorry,
they will make excuse after excuse,
claim, "at least, you're attractive enough for him to want you..."

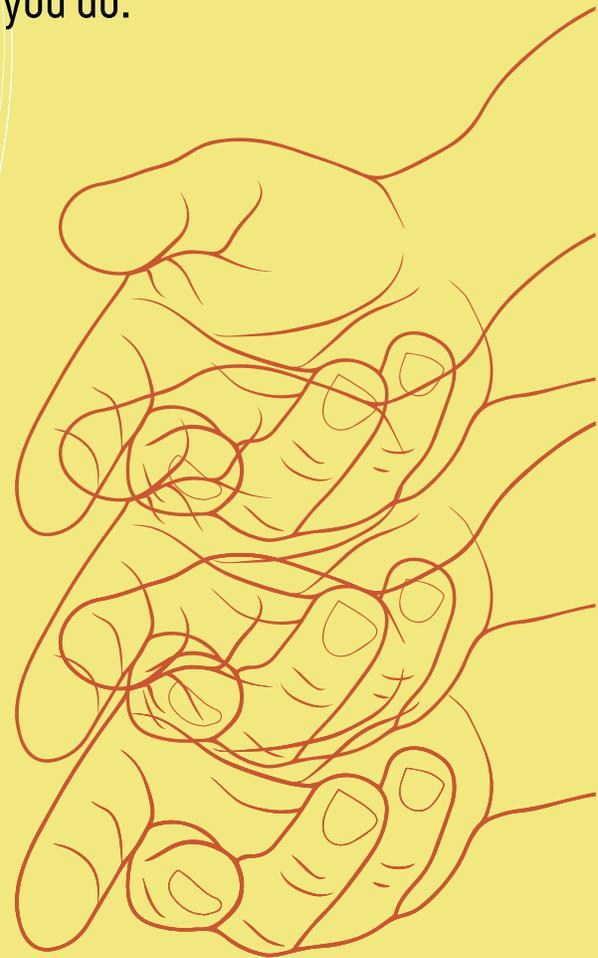
I am sorry,
they will sexualize you, fetishize you,
your brownness, your curves, practically
anything you do.

I am sorry,
for every racist remark
that has left your body bruised and stark.

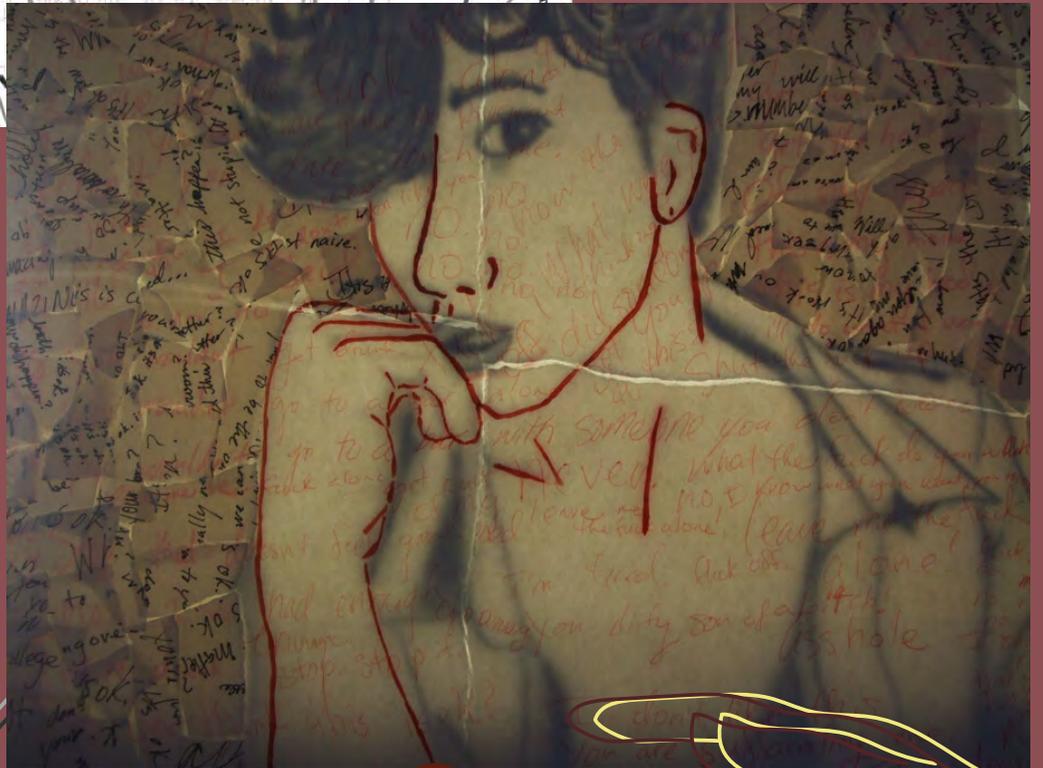
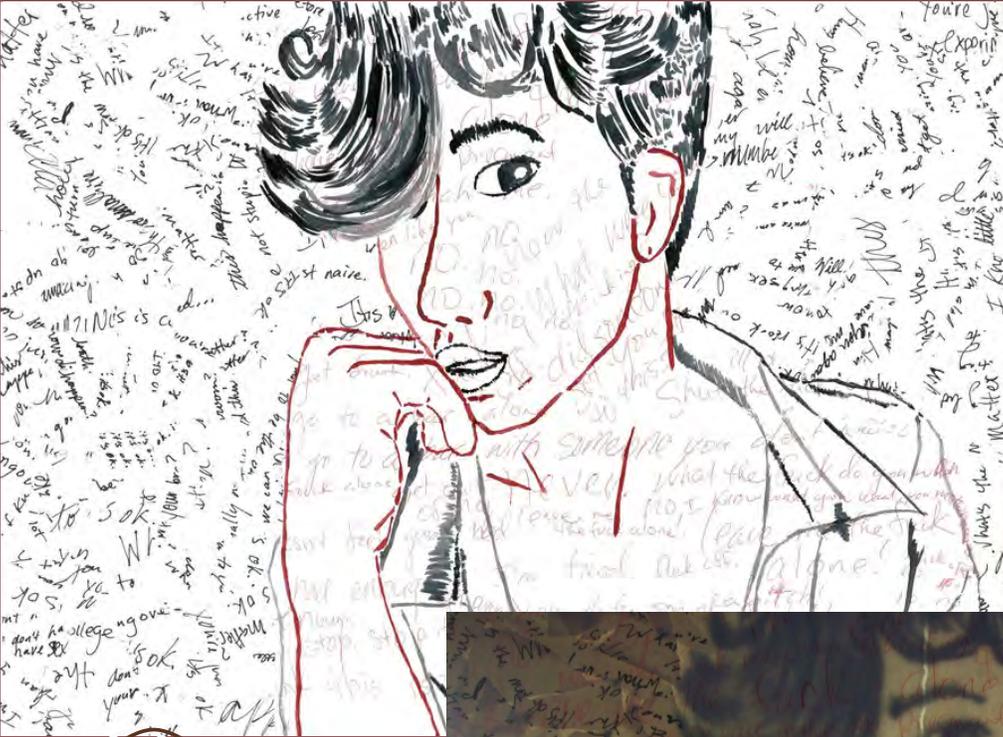
And I am sorry,
To my skin,
to my brownness,
to my curves,
to all the things that embody
this beautiful, brown, woman body.

But just know,
I am nowhere near sorry,
for being you.

Because being a woman, a
brown, bisexual, loud woman,
is one of the most powerful things
one can do.



EVER AND EVER, 'F*CK OFF', MAGGIE SAYS TO ME (JUST NOW)



KARA PERNICANO

"I DON'T REGRET COMING OUT AS BI TO MY FAMILY"

LUCA WILLIAMS

It's May 1st, 2020. The pandemic is in full swing and there are the normal responses. Grocery stores running out of non-perishables, small businesses being told to close. Everyone gathered around each other in this time of need. Well, almost everyone. When the virus hit, I heard stories of people being asked to leave colleges if possible and to stay away if already gone. My sister was among those who were required to leave. She was in her senior year at a small California college, and I was in my first year of being a dropout from CSU. My father made sure that she had a plane ticket home to Boulder CO, and a bed to sleep in upon arrival. I didn't receive a call that week. The next week, radio silence. The week after that, still nothing. I had assumed all 8 of my family had forgotten about me. The Saturday of the 3rd week of quarantine, my oldest sister Lexie texted me and asked if I had everything I needed. I just gave a generic answer back: something about being fine, a joke weaved through it to make it feel light. At that moment I asked myself the question that had been waiting at the back of my mind. It had been waiting there since March 19th. I have asked myself over and over, and it went something like this:

"Why out of all of my parents' children was I not called home during a crisis? Maybe they had just forgotten to call me."

All 8 of them had phones.

"Why was I not called home? Well maybe it was distance." Isabel was flown from California.

“Maybe there wasn’t enough space in the Boulder house.”

Billy owned a mattress company and could afford a house in Boulder.

“Why didn’t anyone come to pick me up?”
They’re less than an hour and a half away.

No matter what the reason was. The impact is still there. It seems to be present in the rest of my family. Apparently, on Easter, my grandfather had arranged an online video call with the whole family, save me.

After I came out, my mother told me, “You will always have a place in our home.”

And my father told me, “I don’t agree with this, but I love you, and you’re still my son.” Evidently not during a crisis.

“I don’t regret coming out”
Maybe I do.



**GENEVIEW
BARNETT**



BABES OF SIN

IF YOU'RE INTERESTED...

TO CONTRIBUTE TO NEXT YEAR'S ZINE, AS WELL AS GETTING MORE INFORMATION ON THE RED WHISTLE BRIGADE OR THE WOMEN AND GENDER ADVOCACY CENTER, EMAIL US AT:

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