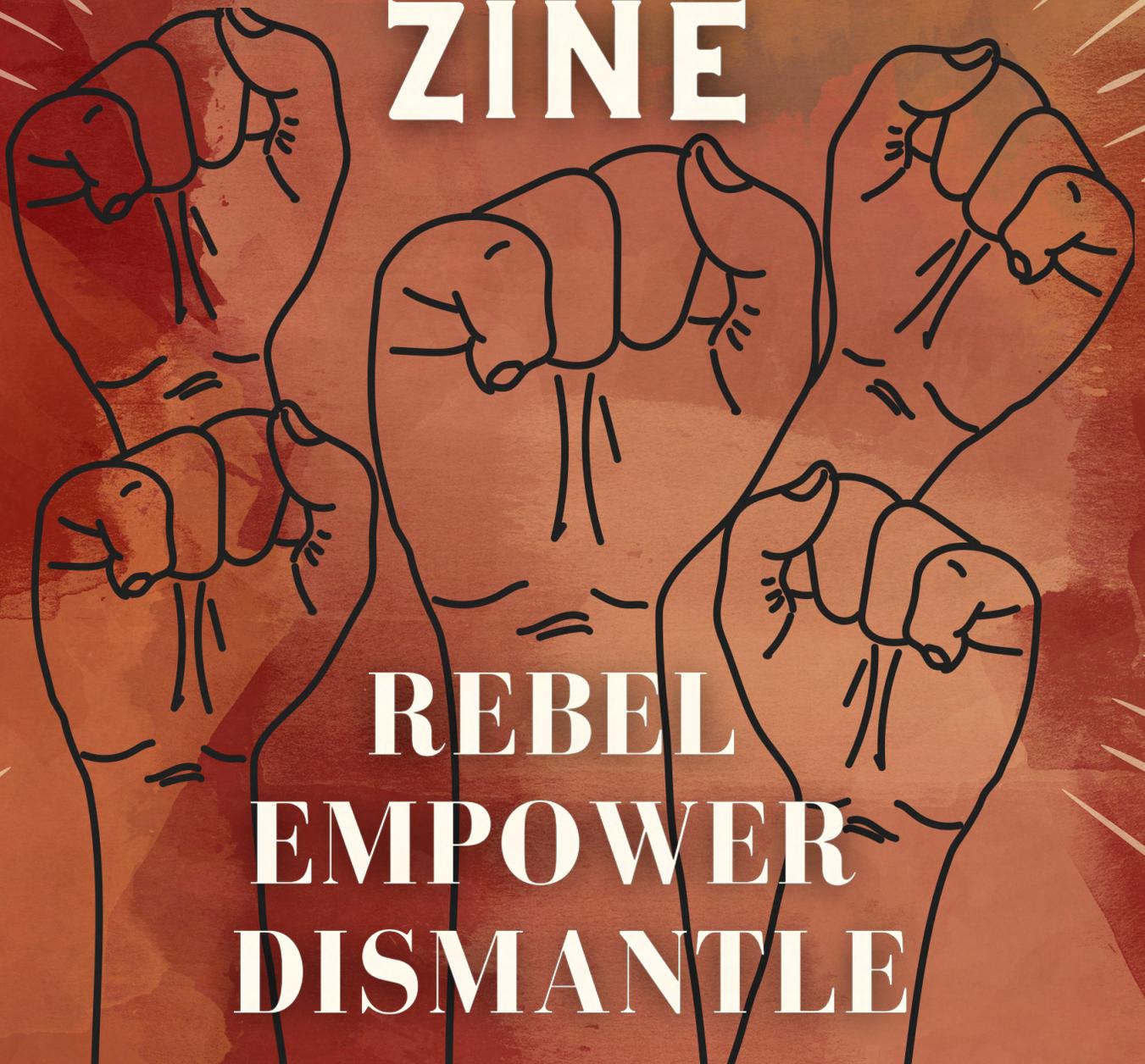


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ZINE



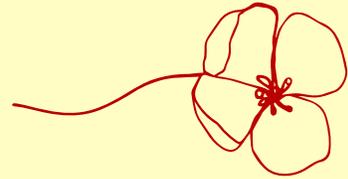
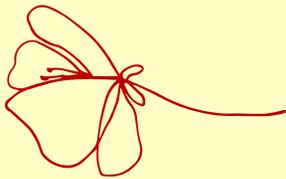
REBEL
EMPOWER
DISMANTLE

** We want to dedicate this zine to all of the survivors of interpersonal and sexual violence. We acknowledge the ways in which this year has been particularly difficult for survivors and in many ways we have had to continue to heal on our own. We hope this zine can offer comfort and a sense of community during this time. **

** To survivors: we believe you, we see you, and we are here for you. You are not alone in your fight and we are so proud of everything you have done. **

You matter. Your story matters.

We also want to dedicate this zine to all of those who did not survive their experiences with violence.



We love you and we grieve for you. We will continue to resist oppression and fight for a more just future in your name.

*- Ellen, Leah, and Kaz
R.E.D. Zine editors*

***In the state of Colorado,
consent consists of three
elements:***

***1. Cooperation in act and attitude. A sober
and enthusiastic "Yes!"***



***2. Exercise of free will. This means there is
no fear, coercion, or pressure used to force
someone into sex.***



***3. Knowledge of what is happening.
Someone is not too intoxicated to consent.***

***All three elements must be present for
consent.***

Poetry by Adrienne Bell

LOST

I am losing myself
Trapped in the dark corners of my mind
That are being consumed by ever growing fears and emotions
Sending me spiraling out of control
Into an abyss of overwhelming uncertainty and trepidation.



BETRAYAL

Thoughts and emotions
Swirl through my head
And tears course down my cheeks
As I gaze at the pieces of my heart that are
Scattered at your feet



My Shadow

Erin Kerby

Everyone has a shadow that trails them
But I have a room that lurks and waits to summon
him

Shadows are supposed to dissipate
But my room swallows me whole when the sun
loses its weight
Shadows should fall silent and keep you company
But my room speaks very suddenly

"Can I be honest. I didn't finish"
Was it the crying or the hiding that helped your
desire diminish?
"If you leave I'll get sad"
I can see in your eyes you mean you'll get mad
"You're a slut and you like to be choked"
How can I tell you I don't. when you're crushing my
throat?

My room speaks to me any time any day
When I see boxes of shoes or even the color blue I
become the prey
Sometimes I'm tired of running
So I let it scoop me up in its teeth and remind me he
was so fucking cunning
Many days I put up a fight
Even though my room will forever have an appetite
But sometimes I wonder
Now that you have your lawyer. maybe that room
doesn't just hold me under

where are your wounds?

acrylic on canvas by Leah Snyder



This piece is about the ways in which being socialized as a woman in this society can be very damaging and exploitative and often leaves us wounded both physically and psychologically.



WHO DO YOU THINK I AM?

Kaycee Cones

The daughter of the bosom who shelters me from the darkness; She would never see it fit for the soul who inhabits that being, made from light and love, to be given less than is earned. The woman whose crown is such that it should not be touched by anyone, lest she see it fit, for it is hers and hers alone.

She will not be talked over, for her words are twines made from the daisies picked out of the garden where she sows her intentions of unity. She will not be trampled down. Though she is as delicate as the thread with which she mends the hearts of the broken, she is steel; forged in the hottest flames, hammered down and tried in fires of humanity innumerable times.



She is a quilt, more precious than that of Joseph, for it is a small piece of the women whose faces are tanned and blistered from the sun. The women who take up arms at a moment's notice to keep their young safe, those whose backs ache from the bearing of new souls, knit from their own skin, and whose hairs are silver, but their hearts still golden.

She will look in the mirror, and to the horizon, and ask, "Who do you think I am?" Then, meekly but with all the strength I can muster, I will answer, you are womankind.



WOODBLOCK PRINT ON MULBERRY PAPER BY ALEXIS RUFF

This woodblock print on mulberry paper is meant to reflect the way that my experiences with sexual assault make me feel. Unfortunately, my relationships with men have been particularly damaging sexually, emotionally, and physically. We live in a society that enforces rape culture and views women as disposable sex objects. This piece disrupts these injustices because it addresses these issues head-on.



On Loss



Keiko Friar

Tremendous loss is the antidote to fear.

A whole world disappears from around you, and you crumble into just being alive. Into just breaths and gasps and feeling it all. As you're dying, imagined possibilities die away.

Let yourself die in sadness. Open the channel and release the floods. No materials necessary. Sit down somewhere you can rest a while, perhaps a couch. Grab a soft, fuzzy blanket and wrap it around you. Make yourself some hot tea, if you are able. Tea is perfect for breathing and holding. Smell it, blow on it. Let it warm up your dying fingers, your dying palms. Allow yourself the space to think about the precious thing that is no longer with you. It is bigger than words, bigger than any photo, any memory. It is irreplaceable. It has passed from your circle outward. If you are lucky, it has left you open and tender and hurting. Often the extent to which you have loved is proportional to the hurt in its absence. It is not going to go away overnight.

When you feel you can sit with yourself and remember your life still exists, the dying may dissipate. It may not. Give the body what it needs. Try to remember the child you within. Hold that person in your grief.

Tremendous loss is the antidote to fear, because when your world has gone away, there seems like nothing left to go badly. Perspective may come back with time. The only consolation in loss is your survival. Protect it. Protect the person you will become and heal into, however far away that future seems. There is nothing to be done now that things have collapsed. There is no immediate remedy. Nothing lasts. You feel this in your gut, where your dying is buried. Sit in the sadness, as it lingers or drifts away. We are not built to subsist on the intensity of it. Know this. Nothing lasts, and so you too will not be here forever.

Afterward

I grow deep as the iron
Watchful as the cliffs, the gulls
Splashing, wings
I return as the life at the roots
Of burning harvests
You scorch me
And I learn to bloom.



poetry by Keiko Friar

Dried flowers
Dried flowers
Mummified between pages
Long pale and waiting for a fragile flicker into dust
Fresh flowers
Then picked by chance by romantics
Aromatic and spontaneously rushed
The love there, too
Once vibrant, eye-catching
Caught now in two dimensions,
Shivering for freedom and return.



Missing Pieces
Ellen Louise

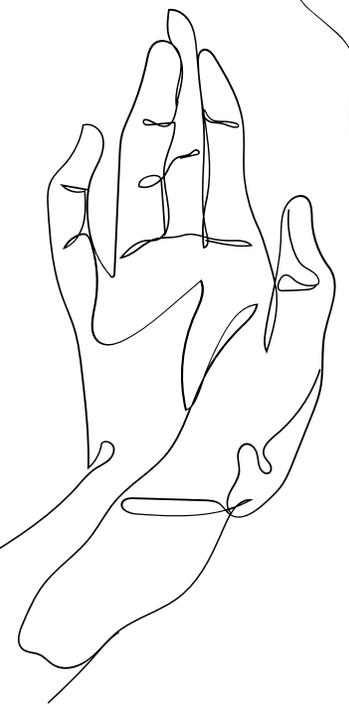
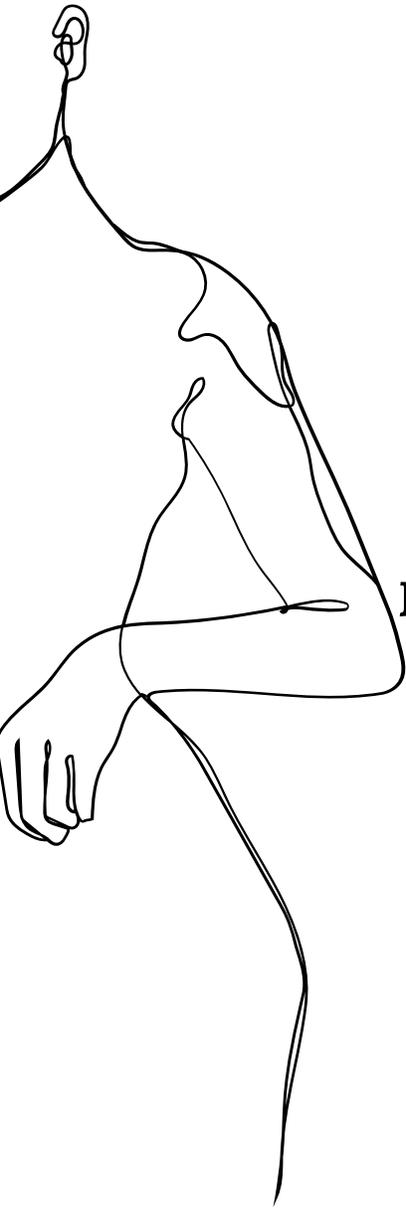
**I've stopped keeping track of all you've taken from me
I used to be so happy and carefree
Now I flood my organs with coffee and tea
Hoping to stop feeling so empty**

**You took pieces of me over time
Until nothing felt like mine
Not even my own body,
My innocence,
My voice**

**You took and took until you felt full
Until one day you grew bored,
And fled when I ran dry**

**I was left to play connect the bruises
From lips to stomach to hips to thighs
Nothing was untouched
Even when I screamed for you to stop**

**Now here I stand, a year from date
Hoping it's not too late
To find all the pieces you laid bare**



**Master Copy With a Skeleton: Judith and Her
Maid servant**
by Kaz Smith (He/They)



This is a master copy I made of one of my all time favorite pieces of art, named: Judith and Her Maid servant with the Head of Holofernes, ca. 1623-1625 by Italian Baroque artist Artemisia Gentileschi. It depicts the scene of Judith and her Maid servant in the moments after decapitating Holofernes, Judith (in this case, the skeleton) is looking beyond the candlelight, and her Maid servant is wrapping the head of Holofernes in cloth.

Gentileschi's art is autobiographical, she depicts her own experiences, trauma and revenge fantasies on the canvas. She was truly "ahead of her time" as some say. Seeing and learning about her art was the spark that helped me to begin my own healing process.



If you are interested
in contributing to
next year's zine or
want to learn more
about Red Whistle
Brigade, email
wgac.colostate.edu



To speak with a
confidential advocate,
call the Victim
Assistance Team Hotline:
(970) 492-4242