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THEZINE


A BIG THANK YOU TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS (in ordes of appearacace)
Adalee Raticz
Ireon Roach ELLEN MILLER

Melissaflurtado
Renelle Wilson Sofia Lesage
Daniela Tellechea JoelindaCoichy
\& Farah Sonde

## RANT H2O

my life is a never ending cycle of being fine and not fine ya know? fine. not fine. fine. not fine. im trying to learn to be okay with the not fine. cuz right now i'm definitely not fine.
but that's okay.


$$
\begin{array}{r}
\text { "LITTLE TO NO COVERAGE" } \\
\text { ADALEE RATYCZ }
\end{array}
$$


"JUST HAIR"
MORIAH MIKHAIL
"MARCHING AGAIN"
IREON ROACH

WMN EMPWRMNT: MARINA ALESSANDRA GATINHO MELISSA HURTADO

"UNTITLED COMIC"<br>ELLEN MILLER



BY ADALEE RATYCZ (SHE/HER/HERS)

A female has a complex relationship with herself. Perhaps, the most complex relationship she will ever have with anybody.

She lives in her body,
she survives the wars that scar her skin, while people only view them as imperfections to a lesser beauty.

She looks at herself in the mirror before going to the outside world, repeating the words that emphasize that she is enough, that she is strong, that she is her own kind of beauty.

Thinking that if she repeats them enough she will start to believe them.

Regardless of the monsters on the outside.
She knows
him,
or at least she thinks she does,
the little she knows of him at all.
The monster,
standing before her,
brainwashing her into thinking he is her haven.
He knows her struggles,
he knows her emotions,
he knows how little she believes in herself.

He sees that.
He uses that against her.
She does not see.
She does not want to.

But yet, she stands before him, in her skin, naked

She stands before him vulnerable,
a person has never before seen her so naked.
Literally.
Figuratively.

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And he says...
"You wear those kinds of underwear?"
Pause.
This female,

she stands before him, open, flawless
in a perfectly flawed way, her confidence is little but
she is fierce enough to do this.
Stand before him naked with little to no coverage. And he, he has this female,
a worthy female in front of him, and he comments on her clothing, her little coverage,
and claims that it is incorrect?
Not up to his demonizing standards?

That disapproval, the disgust in his voice, that phrase,
the first thing said
while she stands vulnerable, open...

## naked

with little to no coverage but his approval.
And he will not give that to her.
Not after the sight of the wrong underwear, her favorite underwear.
Those words are the words she will always think of when she thinks of someone undressing her, like she undressed her soul for him.

This is how she views herself naked and open now, nothing more than the wrong pair of underwear, nothing more than the piece of fabric that she enjoyed before he gave it a negative meaning.

Her armor was set in place.
ironed in the skin of her hips, sewn into the lining of her underwear, carrying their weight.

The armor she placed on herself to protect became overdue on her skin, on her mind, on her soul.


Because now, now she knows that although the first person to see her naked was unworthy, she will never make that mistake again.

Now, she only takes it off for those worthy enough to see, deserving of the satisfaction of seeing someone open, understanding of the courage it takes to do that in the first place.

Make sure they are worthy, little coverage or no coverage at all.


MEET THE $1=$ - ZINESTAFF

Kiara Perez
Gnnie Jonas
GRACE Mecha
AYODELE ABINUSAWA \&
Johaunah Coichy B

## JUST HAIR

White girl tried to tell me "it's just hair" She caught all the heat
There's hot combs, broken brushes and tender heads that would respectfully disagree
There's bald heads, $\$ 500$ weaves and 3 yr old getting kiddie perms that would say "girl you trippin"

There's young black girls yanked by their barrettes by teasing boys that cannot say "just"
Qualified women denied jobs for their cornrows watching the Kardashians praised for "Kyle Jenner" braids that cannot say "just" Me , as a little girl praying to a white God "oh please make me pret ty with STRAIGHT hair" that cannot say "just"
Ancestors plucked from their continents like cotton who could pereserve no culture than what was attached to their heads that could not say "just"

\& lm sorry if I cut you off but it's "just" because your "opinion" is rooted in the invalidation of my humanity, culture, history and value

So "just" because you can roll out of bed barely brushing the hairs on your little white ad cur you got it like that and my equivalent of that is a 20 minute wash-and-go
Does not make it "just"

Moriah Mikhail (she/her/hers) is a sophomore on Pre-Law track minoring in Arabic language. She enjoys writing and specifically speaking on natural hair empowerment through poetry and her blog, Wokecurls.com which also bring to light social injustices and discusses Black Culture.
you ask why and how have i lost so much weight i say i don't know
mom told you i was starting
medication for my anxiety you laughed
said that'll just make me worse
you ask so much of me
knowing i am too weak to do so
i do everything ism asked
mainly because i hate disappointing people
for years i have done what ism told now when i try to do for myself
i'm a bad person
no.
try to understand what i have went through
try to understand
or stay the fuck away from me please
i do what i am asked
and don't even get a thank you
i do what i am asked
just to get home and cry my eyes out because i put on an act for too many hours
try to understand or stay the fuck away from me.

- jim


## Marching AgAlN

if solidarity is in the morning we will not place u where u do not belong and you do not belong here
we will not cry ourselves to bed or cry in bed or sleep in a bed made by any man in black
we don't need $u$ in our mourning

> if solidarity is the morning
> then tonight
i will meet my sister underneath a large tree
we will pull weeds from the roots and tell each other secrets we do not know yet

## if solidarity is in the morning then tonight

black women will cry because black women are dying and white women will hold their hands
until the sunlight proves them to be nothing more than the ghosts we knew all along
> if solidarity is morning
> i will watch the sun rise
> and be the only one that prays for its fall and we will see whose light follows them into the next one

if solidarity is in the morning
stay with me tonight
through all of it
through the whole thing

[^0]

ABOUT THE CONTRIBUTOR

Melissa Hurtado (she, her, hers) is an advocate for women. She understands that there is fluidity in the definition and wishes to create a platform where people can express their array of opinions through her WMNEMPWRMNT photography project. Melissa studies biological anthropology and archaeology. It is not odd to find Melissa working on animal remains in the zooarchaeology lab at Boston University since she spends most of her time there. When she is not studying, she is shooting film, going to community events around the Boston area, or bike riding. She often travels back home to Miami, FL where she enjoys the company of her family, her partner's family, and her dog. Clearly, she is a strong believer in inter disciplinary work and has confidence that she can make a difference in the world through her various passions.


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RANT \#I
NANCY JO.
THIS IS ALEXIS NEIERS CALLING. I'M CALLING
TO LET YOU KNOW
HOW DISAPPOINTED I AM IN YOUR STORY. THERE'S MANY
THINGS THAT I READ IN HERE
THAT WERE FALSE. LIKE YOU
SAYING THAT I WORE SIX INCH
LOUBOUTIN HEELS TO COURT
WITH MY TWEED SKIRT, WHEN
I WORE
FOUR INCH
LITTLE BROWN BEBE SHOES.


## WHEN I FIND MYSELF IN TIMES OF TROUBLE



## ABOUT THE COMIC

I had a friend interrupt one of my anxious rants about starting law school by asking, "How many mediocre white men do you think are marching in with fewer qualifications and none of those selfdoubts?" Since then, it's become kind of a personal mantra, as well as a reminder not to silence myself before I've had the chance to get started.
-Ellen Miller

## ABOUT THE CONTRIBUTOR

Ellen Miller, she/hers, is an extremely gay law student at BU and a devoted turtle mom. When she's not stuck reading court opinions written by dead white dudes, she enjoys drawing dumb comics, enthusiastically yelling about affirmative consent, and overcommiting, generally.

More comics at
INSTAGRAM: @ellencrystalmiller

THOUGHTS
ON THE KAVANAUGH HEARINGS
10/5/18-on the phone w/ my conservative
father after the Kavanaugh hearing

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IF ROE FELL

ABOUT THE CONTRIBUTOR
@clingal15 on instar, senior English major at BU, hoping to work in counseling or any position where I can use my privilege to help others. position where

BELIEVE
WOMEN!

"But that's just it: He isn't just one man on a bench. He isn't just a Republican on a bench. He's a conservative Supreme Court Justice nominee who wants to take away a woman's right to choose.


ARE GOING TO

if he succeeds in taking that right
AWAY."



"The Body, A Love Language"
by renelle wilson (she/her/hers)

ABOUT THE CONTRIBUTOR
Renelle Wilson is a graduate from
Boston University c/o 2018, currently based in New York City.
She is the founder of CPrints, an art shop where she sells her paintings, stickers, and prints.

## SOFA LIESAGE <br> (she/her/hers)



An artist living and creating in the UK- find her watching Buffy reruns on her couch

INSTAGRAM AT @INKBLOTDEMON

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 EMIPW/RMMi


A: When it comes to women empowerment, I make my own contribution by uplifting women. I am not afraid to positively "hype" someone up if I see a fellow female living their best life. For example, if I see one of my girlfriends working hard and doing well, you must believe that I will applaud her. I think it's important to support one another because a sweet gesture like that can make someone's day and as females, I believe we all need to be more proud of each other.

> ApHoTo $S E R I E S-$ ,

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It's hard to love yourself. To comfort yourself on good days and the bad ones. To look at yourself in the mirror and love what you see.

It's easy to hate yourself.
To compare yourself to others.
To criticize your shortcomings and illuminate your flaws. Loving yourself takes work, dedication, time and care.

It's the day you bought a water bottle so you can keep yourself hydrated. It's knowing when to say no and prioritize what you want. It's standing up for yourself in the face of condemnation. It's treating yourself with or without a reason to. It's acknowledging the voices that say you're not good enough and reminding yourself that they don't matter.

It's important to love yourself.
Because you're the only you that you have.



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"dEAR WHITE
EVANGELICAL PASTOR"
JOELINDA COICHY
"GOLD HOOPS"
DANIELA TELLECHEA
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MEMOS FOR THE DEAD
FARAH SONDE

## RANT

honestly
fuck
everyone,
no one is innocent of bullshit
and lies!
like who can we trust nowadays, not even your parents, family, and friends.
no one is actually on our side.


I am so over you.
And it is kinda sad because, you see, I used to be all about you.

I begged my mom to leave the church of people that looked like me so we could be amongst the first few in a church that looked just like you.

I listened to everything you said and wrote it in my notebook.
You said it was all about life.
That we were all God's children -brothers and sisters.
That it was all about speaking the truth no matter what. About sharing the Good News with those that need it.

I wrote down the letter of every word. And every acronym.

I argued with the pro-choice girl in my class.
Because you said abortion was wrong.
I stood alone at the flagpole.
Praying for America.
Because this was a Chosen Land.
I went off to college,
and fought "the gay agenda."
Because you said marriage was between a man and a woman.
I used my energy,
and reputation
to do what you said.
Because my identity was rooted in God

- and what you said.

Eventually, I even went to seminary.
There, the men who were training to work on staff with you, wouldn't even look me in the eyes.
It was weird,
but it made sense
because you said you used the Billy Graham rule.

As I grew up a bit, I started to see people that looked like me were shot down in the street. You said that Jesus was about Life, so I asked you to speak out.

You said it was best not to be political.
So, you said nothing.

## Still,

I put my head down and dutifully kept working for you. I was on your team even though, clearly,
you were not on mine.
And one day, I said that maybe we, as an evangelical church, should step back, reconsider some things.

And it wasn't just me.
Many others raised their hands.
Can we talk about the way we treat women?
Can we talk about how our church feels toward the LGBTQ community?
Could we maybe not plant one more campus?
Can we talk about the Spirit more?
You said you were listening to us.
But really, you didn't hear.
Because, you did nothing.
comfortable for you.
And that every word you said
protected your status
and kept you in power.
So today, I am coming to my senses.
I am no longer blindly listening to what you say. Because you won't return the favor, anyway.

Instead,
I am daring to believe that it is not only about you.
And that it is not about me.
But rather it is about 'them' --
the forgotten,
the hurting,
the "illegal,"
the poor,
the other.
But I am sure you won't hear me, because really, you care mostly about you.

(
And, shame on me, because
it was only then that the scales fell from my eyes. Only then, did I bother to really look and see that to you:
'Life' was for the faceless unborn but not the 12 year-old boy in the park,
'Brotherhood' was really only for the white, male boys' club,
'Speaking the truth' was about preserving the status quo, and the 'Good News' was that the football players were no longer filmed kneeling during the anthem.

It was only then that I realized that evangelicalism
is founded,
at its core,
to create a world that is

# RANT H27 <br> I have a crush on AOC. 



## GODC

 MOOPSBy DANIELA TELLECHEA

## ABOUT THE CONTRIBUTOR

Daniela Tellechea is a sophomore majoring in Public Relations at Boston University. She is a proud Hoochie Feminist who loves Hip Hop music, french toast, her family, and her
Mexican Heritage.

$\sqrt{n}$

MARIANA'S hair is gelled with pomade in a slick ponytail. Her mom brushes it while it's wet, smooths it back with the palms of her hands, reaches for two hair ties, and wraps them three times around her deep brown hair. A pair of tightly twisted gold hoops match her ponytail.

LIZ has straight, glossy hair. Her mom buys her $\$ 100$ shampoo to make sure the gloss doesn't fade. Little diamond studs compete with the shine of her locks.

ALIEXANITRA'S hair is coated in mousse. Her mom pumps two large handfuls of foam into her hands and scrunches up her strands, bottom to top,until she has hard, crunchy curls. Her chunky gold hoops mimic her thick ringlets.

EMMIIV has blonde wavy hair. Her mom takes her to get
highlights at a salon an hour away, leaving not a hint of brown on her head. Her goldstar studs are dull compared to the bright blonde.

My frizzy hair got curlier over the years. I keep it in a sloppy bun so you can't tell if my hair isn't straight or glossy. My mom gets me thick Goody hair ties. I have a pair of thin gold hoops.
＂You know who＇s hot？Zack Tyler，＂says Liz， combing Emily＇s hair with her fingers．
＂He＇s funny too，＂Emily chips in．
＂We should try to hang out with him．
PEAK．SPPAK．SPEAK． DPAK，SPFAK，SPFAK． PAAK SPEAK，SPFAK． PPAK．SPPAK．SPPAK． DPAK SPPAK SPPAK． PEAK，SPEAK，SPAAK， P届AK．SPEAK．SPPAK． P户AK，SPPAK．SPPAK． PEAK，Sp：AK，SPEAK． P居AK．SPFAK．SPFAK． DPAK SPEAK SPPAK paAk Spank Spank． PFAK．SPPAK．SPEAK． DPAK．SPPAK．SPPAK． PEAK，SPEAK，SPEAK． PPAK．SPPAK．SPEAK． PPAK．SPPAK．SPPAK． PEAK，SPEAK，SPEAK， PPAK．SPPAK．SPFAK． PPAK．SPPAK．SPEAK． PEAK，SPEAK．SPEAK．
＂He＇s in my art class，＂I say， already wishing I hadn＇t because I know what comes next．
＂OMG，you talked to him？＂
They both look at me with their big blue eyes and pretty hair．

＂He＇s never looked at me，＂I respond．
Liz looks back down at Emily＇s hair．
Emily rolls her eyes and says to me，
＂How come boys don＇t talk to you？＂
＂I don＇t know．＂
＂Maybe you should start wearing your hair down．＂
＂It＇s frizzy，＂I say．
＂Get a straightening iron．＂
＂Won＇t it ruin my hair？＂
＂Maybe．＂
＂But if you want guys to look at you， you have to have nice hair．＂
＂O．K．＂I say，thinking of Mariana’s slicked back ponytail and Alexandra＇s crunchy curls．
＂That means straightening it．＂
＂Oh．＂
"You should get new earrings too."
"Oh?"
"Yeah, get a pair of studs like ours."


I look at Liz's diamonds and Emily's goldstars. They're nothing like the tightly twisted hoops or chunky gold ones that Mariana and Alexandra have.
"I don't have any."
"Well, get some because you look
kind of like those Mexican girls you used to hang out with.
What are their names again?"
"Mariana and Alexandra."
"Maybe that's why Rack won't talk to you."
Before she can say more, I reach for my hoops and shove them into the pocket of my jeans.
"So much better."
"Definitely."

They go back to talking about Back Tyler. I think of where I'll get a straightening iron and studs, my finger tracing the outline of the thin gold hoops cowering in my jeans pocket, erasing Mariana and Alexandra from my memory.

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## Congresswoman ALEEXANJRIA OCASIO-CORTEZ

was sworn in on January 3rd, 2019 and she did so in BRIGHT RED LIPS and BIG, BEAUTIFUL GOLD HOOPS.


Throughout middle school and high school, I tried my hardest to ditch my Mexican heritage -- my hoops -- because I didn't think it was "cool." Mass media and societal norms had told me it wasn't "cool."

It took me nearly 17 years to become aware of this issue, just in time for a president who outright hates on my people and my culture. I'm hoping that with powerful women like AOC, making statements and, speaking out through her hoops, 12 and 13-year-old Latinas everywhere can ignore our president's scornful words, society's demeaning glare, and can start to realize a little sooner how cool we really are.

I know I wish I could have.

- DANIELA





So I'm really mad at how guys can do whatever the fuck they want and get away with it, especially if they're white.

And even guys that you're close to will stick up for the other guy. So as I'm telling a close friend about being groped at work, a month or two after it actually happened, he responds by justifying the other guy.

Not that I need validation or empathy or whatever of bullshit I'm stereotyped to need as a girl, but the person who's claimed to care about me chose the other side.

And that fucking hurt. Bc here I am telling the truth and confiding in a friend, only for that friend to essentially say

No the because you're pretty.
No that's not why.
Older guys grew up being encouraged to catcall and objectify women, and our generations guys don't have the courage to stop them

This Pussy ROARS WHEN IT GRABS BACK入 $\underbrace{\text { CR. (@) }}_{-25}$

## Fuck trump

## RANT HM

I am really tired of how much we hate on Trump.
It is a dangerous catharsis.
Don't get me wrong,
Trump is unstomachable.
But we are, too
because Trump is US.
Trump is a reflection of the U.S. consumerism, greed, ignorant, selfish entitleism.
And instead of hating on Trump we need to own that this is where our nation's values take us. And then turn away from it in ourselves and be better.
Liberals kill me because they cannot see that they are part of the problem.

Conservatives, too,
because they insist
on the status quo.
Trump is the painful proof of all this.
So if we want change, we need to buy less shit, own up to our greed, and stop pretending Trump is the root cause of it all.



## ABOUT THE CONTRIBUTOR

Farah Sonde is a first year at Boston University, currently on track to complete a dual degree in International Relations and Film and Television. After broaching the topic of unrecognized trans death in class, Farah decided to construct a poem documenting the trans struggle in 2018 juxtaposed with the Trump administration's erasure of trans folk. Farah has a deep seated hatred of social media and therefore has none, but contact Farah at fjsonde@bu.edu for some stimulating conversation on gender identity and how hilariously explicit British teen dramas from the 2000s are!

AT LEAST 27 TRANS INDIVIDUALS WERE KILLED IN 2018.
$\mathbf{8} \mathbf{2} \%$ of the victims were women of color.
$\mathbf{6} \mathbf{2 \%}$ of the victims were under the age of 35
$50 \%$ OF THE VICTIMS LIVED IN THE SOUTH.


## RANT $\# 27$

we are outraged.
and we are hurting.
but we are STRONG too...
and because of this
we REFUSE to be SILENT.


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[^0]:    ABOUT THE CONTRIBUTOR
    Ireon Roach (she/her/hers) is in her second year of pursuing a BFA in theatre arts from Boston University and currently serves on the board of The Yard Theater Company out of Chicago. An actress and writer, she is your 2016 August Wilson Monologue Competition champion and Louder Than a Bomb Indy Poet champion. Ireon's work is centered around the uncovering of the marginalized narrative, the B-side of history, and the song of excavated bones. Ireon is represented by Paonessa Talent Agency.

