

hoochie.

THE ZINE



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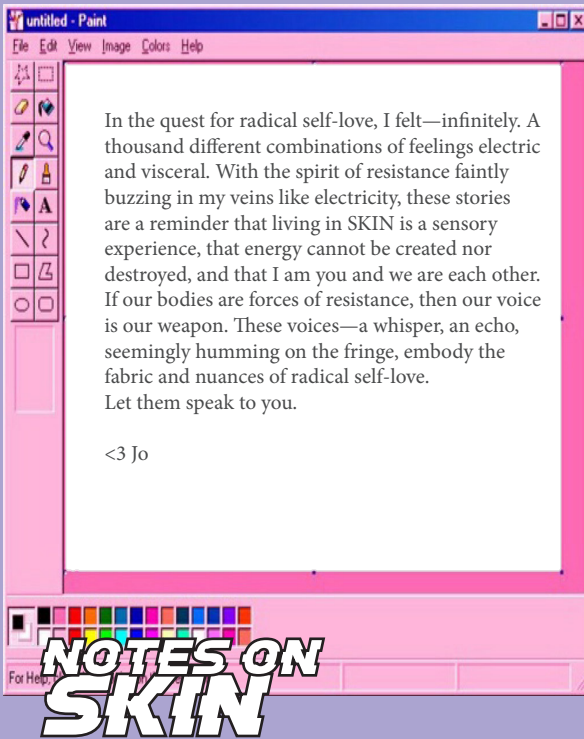


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READ THIS ZINE ONLINE!

blogs.bu.edu/hoochie



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Nico Leger
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ABOUT HOOCHIE

hoochie is a gang of RADass, BADass women, femmes, and folx striving to create a platform for inclusive feminism.

We have a **blog**, create **zines**, and collaborate on multimedia content with the aims of **uplifting** the tenets of **intersectionality** and the equality and liberation of all genders.

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> BY GLADYS VARGAS

ABOUT THE CONTRIBUTOR

Gladys B. Vargas (she/her) is a junior at Boston University majoring in Journalism and minoring in Visual Arts. When she's not making her friends laugh, derailing club meetings, or watching movies, she's writing about the world around her.

INSTAGRAM
@gladysbvargas

“high energy at the sinclair” is about how crushes can feel so out of reach when all you want is the chance to learn more about them, and to do little everyday things and share small moments the way we do with our friends and family. We dizzy ourselves with questions like “if you were here, this is what I’d imagine would happen. But what am I getting wrong about you?”

Ghosts aren’t supposed to show up when people are still alive, and yet, here they are. I saw Cormac all the time when he was far away, and now I see her. She’s not dead, and neither was he. They’re just farther away than I’d like them to be.

When I want someone closer,
but I have no way of telling them,
their ghost appears.

For her,
her ghost sits next to me in the dining hall,
holding my hand under, or across the table.
She hears the jokes I want to make under my
breath and laughs, she says a joke and makes
one of my friends laugh in conversation.
Little things that I don’t know what to think of.

Things like strumming her guitar softly at night,
singing in modest tones like the flowers.

Things like her whispering in my ear,
kissing my neck,
and leaning against me.

Rosy cheeks, soft hands, curly blond hair.
Is it wrong if I know the ghost better than I know her?
If the ghost can't scold me for daydreaming when I should be working,
or tell me to stop making up her personality like she's
just a character in a book, and not a person with their own life story?
It's harder to let go when you can just make up a
ghost that no one will have to live up to

until they do.

Mashrou' Leila was such a sensual show, and there
was a girl there who looked a little like you.
But she wasn't you, because she didn't smile or even dance.
I did, though, and your ghost danced with me.
In fact, your ghost made out with me while the lights flashed
and Sinno's warm vibrato filled the room like smoke.
And when the show was over your ghost pulled me along and we
walked through Cambridge, avoiding the T-stop so close by.
I took your ghost's hands and walked backwards into the alley,
and because it was dark and safe I kissed your neck.
And your ghost said "What about your mom..." and I said
"she can't see me if I turn my head like this,
and she can't hear me if my mouth is close enough to your ear,
and if you keep me close she won't be able to tell that your hair
belongs to you and not a boy."

And that was enough for you,
because you told me that if I positioned my body the right way,
she wouldn't be able to tell whose hands were whose
and where they were.
And that the stars were low enough to shadow our faces.

I hope I can let go of your ghost soon, because I held
on to Cormac's too long and it made it hard
to talk to Cormac when he was actually close, and his voice
was there,
and his face looked different from how I kept picturing it to be.

I didn't like Cormac the same way I like you, because I knew
for sure that Cormac's ghost was not the same as he.
But you are so unknown that all I can do is wonder,
and hope that I get the chance to like you more
than any ghost I could have dreamt up.

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> BY NICO LEGER

ABOUT THE CONTRIBUTOR

Nico Leger (he/him) studies Creative Writing, English, and East Asian Studies at Brandeis University. As a transgender first-generation Canadian-American, he seeks to explore the intersecting themes of gender and cultural identity within his work.

INSTAGRAM @nico_leger_

“all of these feelings for 1800won” explores the theme of conforming to a more conservative cultural setting despite one’s queerness.

The speaker’s participation in Korean nightlife leads to self-consciousness regarding how their gender is read within this setting.

ALL OF THESE FEELINGS FOR 1800WON

Last year in my therapist’s office, i lamented the last time i cried was at the age of 9 over jaden smith’s *the karate kid*. the one where he moves to china and falls in love with a girl, who plays violin but can’t date. since, i’ve lived a decade of poking myself in the eye like tapping the glass of a fishbowl. nothing.

every weekend in seoul, my friends and i drink convenience store soju for 1800won. we buy tables like maybe we can make a home there, but still, like foreigners do, drift out of clubs like how we found ourselves in korea. i leave last; linger, let the music hit all of my bones and wonder after the art of a DJ.

at 3am, i am outside and alone with the mosquitoes, my headphones, a playlist called *if the weather had been better* on a night of clear skies. the first song, *back and forth 30min*, defines distance as the net of all stomach butterflies. *the distance between us, a 30 minute walk/i never know if i should take a taxi or a bus*. a kind of serum that makes them drowsy and flutter on the sidewalk. still, more romantic and feasible than my roadblock of a body, the combination of foreign sounds and words of a language

unspoken. some nights, i catch my reflection in club restrooms. like being bent over a toilet, it all comes out—

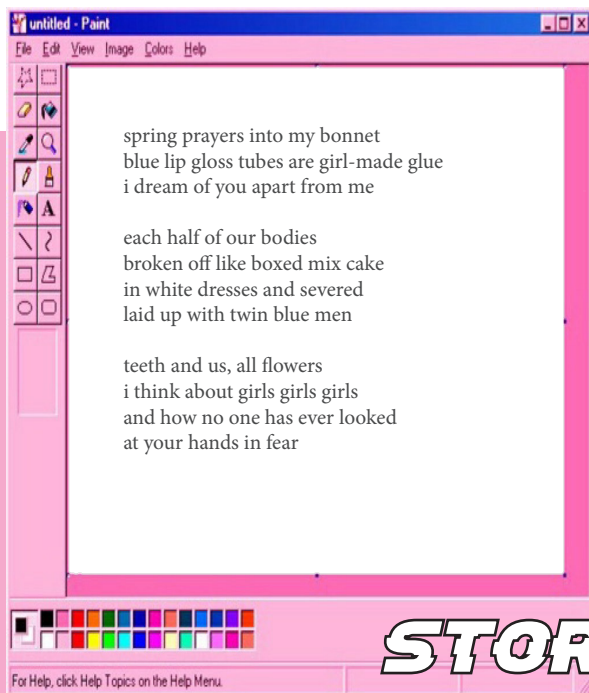
i am nothing but a collage-art project in a fine art museum. another shot and a canvas painted all black, trying to bury each individual stroke, scared that others will sober up and see through the fog of what might be abstract, or just another duplicate.

i think of my life like landing back in bed at sunrise, or forcing enough korean to tell the taxi driver where to go. is it better to arrive home safely? how many times will i tell him 이것은 괜찮아 and stumble alone?

last night, i did not drink. i took a taxi with 2 chinese girls. one, in the passenger seat, said *tell him about last night*. i thought, i had never told them he before. worried that maybe my body was at risk of becoming all soju. another bottle of fresh with no one to share it with.



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> BY BRIANNE ALLEN

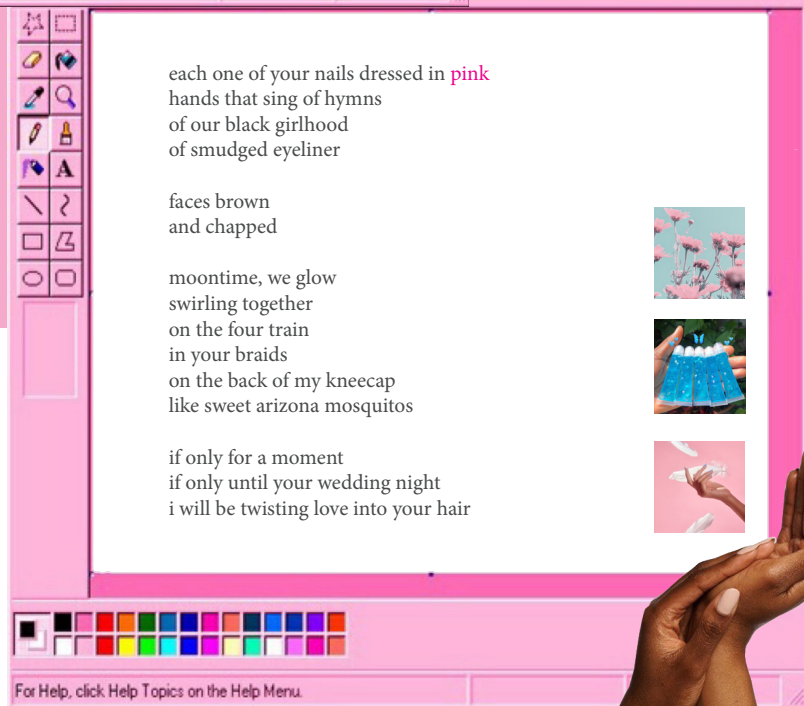
ABOUT THE CONTRIBUTOR

Brianne Allen (they/she) is a writer from New York City and a student at Emerson College. She was named a 2019 National YoungArts Finalist in Writing and has additionally been recognized by the Scholastic Art & Writing Awards.

INSTAGRAM @cncermoon
TWITTER @brianne_na

“stories” is a love poem under the constraints of presumed hetero marriage.

STORIES





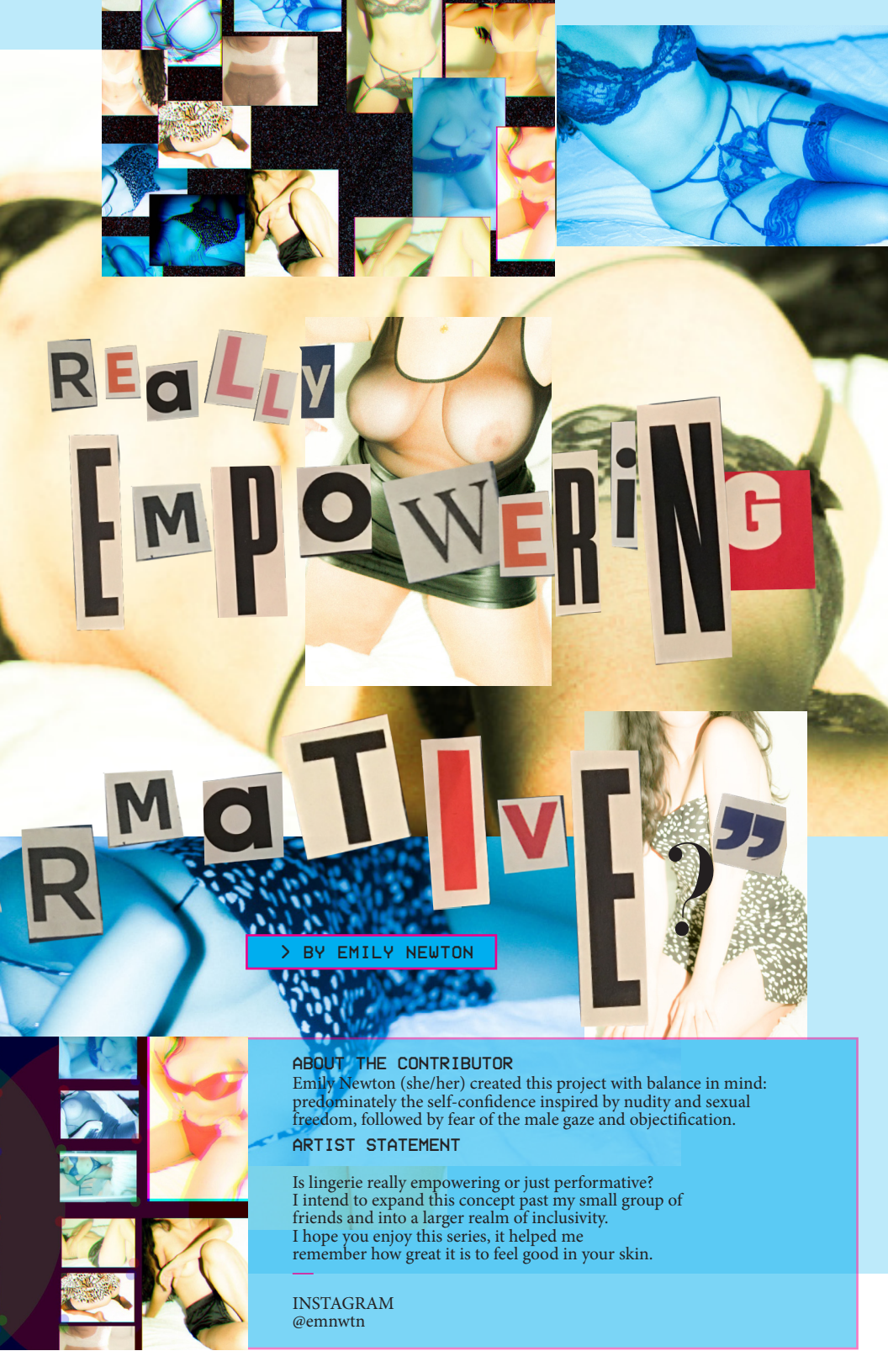
IS

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OR

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Really Empowering

Romantic ? ”

> BY EMILY NEWTON

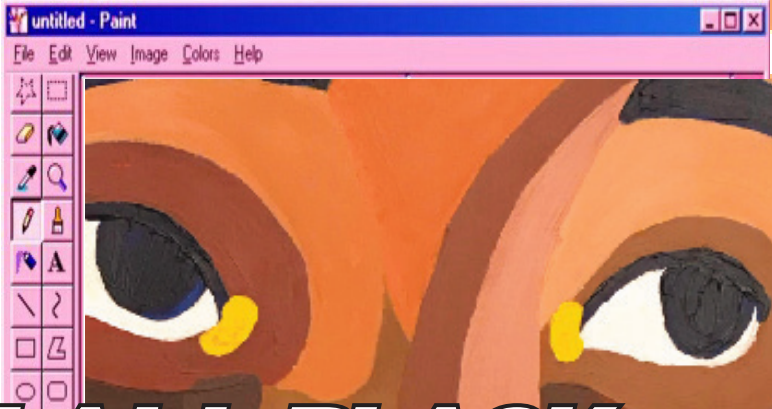
ABOUT THE CONTRIBUTOR

Emily Newton (she/her) created this project with balance in mind: predominately the self-confidence inspired by nudity and sexual freedom, followed by fear of the male gaze and objectification.

ARTIST STATEMENT

Is lingerie really empowering or just performative?
I intend to expand this concept past my small group of friends and into a larger realm of inclusivity.
I hope you enjoy this series, it helped me remember how great it is to feel good in your skin.

INSTAGRAM
@emnwtm



WE ALL BLACK IN THE REPRIEVE OF THE SHADE

> BY CYRUS ROBERTS

ABOUT THE CONTRIBUTOR

Cyrus Roberts (he/him) is a writer and performer from Baldwin Hills, Los Angeles. He is the author of his self-published works *i* (2017), *esoteric* (2018), and *carpe forma* (2018).

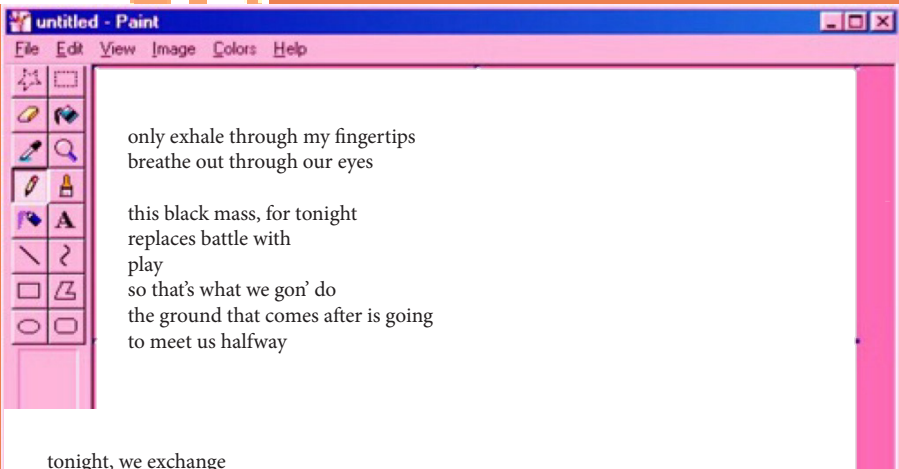
—
“we all Black in the reprieve of the shade” is about relinquishing the stress of Black skin in exchange for a celebration of it through the love I share with my Black girlfriend.

In the open air
between our lines, find
where we touch

I am grateful, eternally, for the places
where our bodies meet
for now there is no smoke
to breathe exhale institutionalized fires
no steel between
our trunks

I can't break down the division anymore
only fly

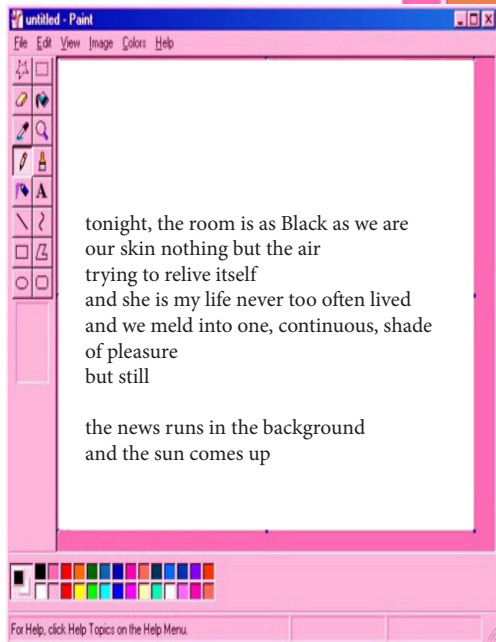
ARTWORK BY THEA GAY



tonight, we exchange
bullet holes for ecstasy kisses
rope burns : sensuality
instead of blood to wash me over
I am yet anointed by Cantu
and vaseline
Holy elixirs in the dead of night
my love has skin as sinister as prayer
as dark as gold and light as charcoal
when Winter's whispers reach our silence
tonight, my neck is not a puzzle piece for a
noose Jigsaw but
an ethereal solution to a sensitized problem
when I taste my love's skin, I will not
process the salty release of orphaned mothers
but instead I will relish in the shade of this
love, Black

her skin and mine, when in the world, bear
targets with magnetic strips in them
impossible to miss

but tonight, under the sounds of voices from
bodies with skin as wealthy as ours
our physical barriers are anything but
and the shackles fall
and I taste home where terror has only
ever been known
where it will be known again but



LEGS HIGH ON A SATUR

> BY CHAD RODRIGUEZ

it's saturday night and i didn't have plans already so i guess that meant yes to
lying still, on my back, knees pinned to my chest
and watching the fan blades spin around while I think
that i would not have chosen to chase this much vodka with anal

i used to lie in the middle of my mom's king sized bed
head back watching the laminate oak ceiling fan spin around and around
bobbing my head to the rhythm until my stomach bubbled and tried to flip
my mom had hung a butterfly painted by my sister in her bedroom
purple, orange, and green Crayola watercolor
shining over white dollar store poster board
it said "happy mothers" in big letters and "day" in smaller letters near the right
when i was too dizzy from the ceiling fan I would find it
and fix on it until the spinning stopped

at some point between then and now i wrongly decided to trust men
and revealed to this one the dangerous secret that I like abstract art
which i guess could have been taken as flirtatious lying except
i actually did like the collage he had up before i was stuck at this angle
here, the once stunning fashion model cut-out judges me
when i negotiate with her to find out how I went from talking about her upright
to staring at her horizontally, she says I should watch what I drink
i watch her smile like a smug protestant and shift back and forth



ABOUT THE CONTRIBUTOR
Chad Rodriguez (they/them)

"legs high on a saturday night/
prom night on thorndike st." is a
poem performed in the style of a
Malcolm in the Middle aside about
manipulation, hallucination,
and being alone.

—
INSTAGRAM @chad.info
TWITTER @chadaustinnr

DA Y NIGHT

prom night on thorndike st.

on prom night my mom told me to
watch out for spiked punch
having seen the later seasons of full house
I knew what to watch out for:
teens acting shifty around the snack table
opening their jackets near the punch bowl
I wanted to get home safely, I did,
and she was there in the morning to check
she asked if I had fun and said yes
and thank you to her and the full house cast

tonight I can't stop the dizziness or find the butterfly poster but I don't throw up
i look away from the model in the collage and ask empty bottles and glasses for help
they tell me to relax, that it will be over soon. i count and recount them to pass time
i don't feel anything except that it's over, with their help I get up and pull my pants up
I maintain eye contact with the empty cups and bottles
my head spins while I stumble downstairs, but I manage
on thorndike street at 3 a.m i sit down on the steps
and i just want to call my mom



WHAT I'VE LEARNED

> BY NINA TAYLOR-DUNN

ABOUT THE CONTRIBUTOR

Nina Taylor-Dunn (she/her) is a senior in architectural studies and dance at Boston University. In her free time she likes to create little songs, dances, and poems that reflect her life.

INSTAGRAM

@ninataylorimdone

This poem is essentially a rumination of all the things that constantly echo in my mind from growing up in the Eastern Orthodox Church. There is a particular focus on the friction between what I want for my life and the path I feel obligated to follow, drawing inspiration from specific memories of coming out.

isolate yourself from sensuality
this happiness is false
and temporary

be afraid
lest infatuation deceives you
this kind of love is not
allowed for you to know

*don't you know you're one of
my best girls?*

pleasure is your weakness.

be careful—
prayer will help you keep control
for a lifetime of sober refusal

don't sell your soul to your desires
temptation is useful
for us to get closer

(but you must succeed in repressing it)

picture your salvation
and save yourself
begin immediately
by avoiding those thoughts

savor the state of constant weariness
one day you'll regret this youthful
carelessness

*this body isn't yours
tame it to feed your struggling spirit
when it dies it becomes the Lord's
then you'll understand why you
suffered to preserve it*

your affection for her is unnatural

*learn to overcome your emotions
God gave us marriage
(so you can give us children)*

*would you believe me if
I said I loved you?*

*keep her as a friend instead
I wish you'd find a pious husband*

—

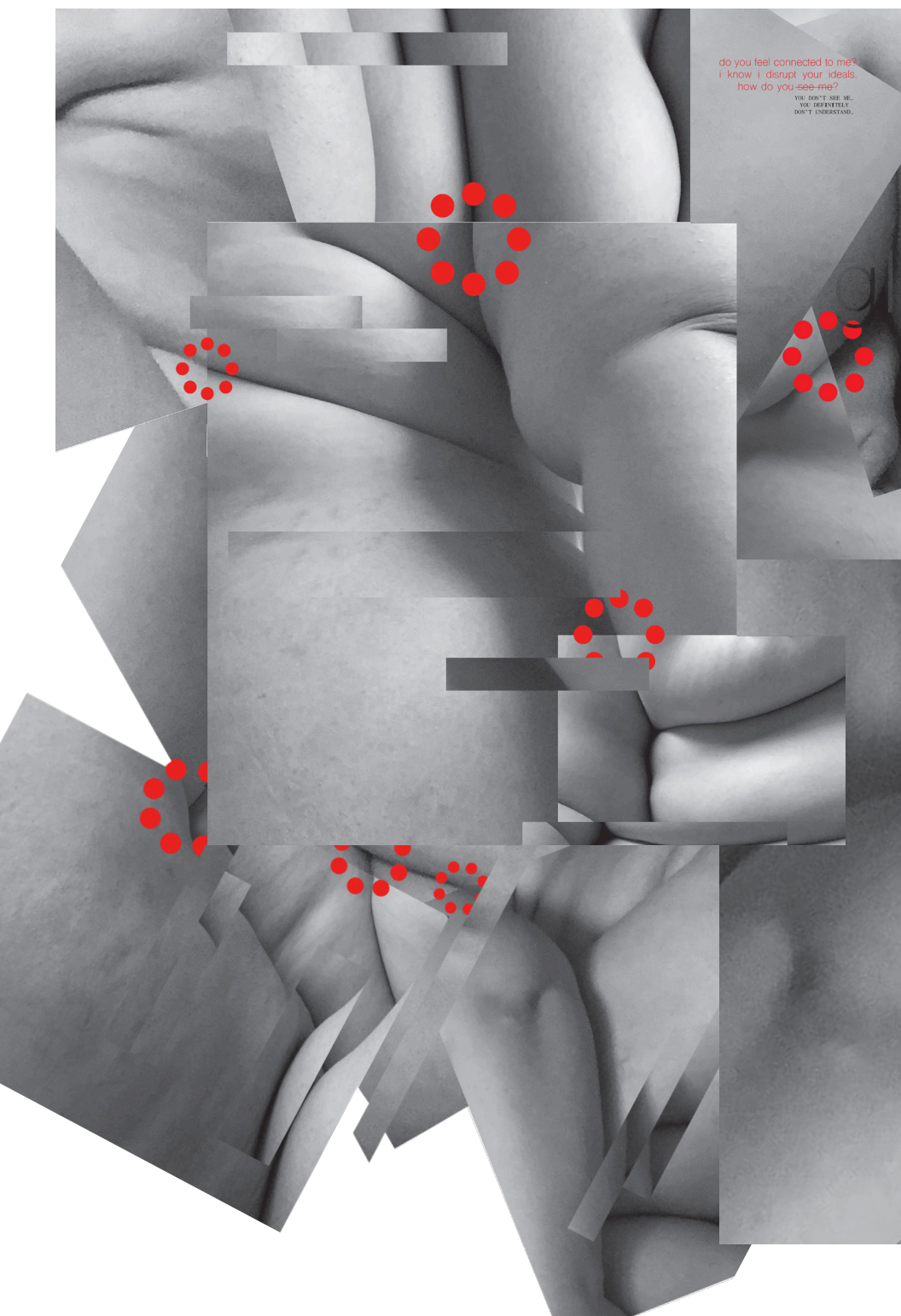
*silly was I
the day I opened up*

*I was searching for acceptance
I instead learned the truth about being in love*

*they tell me the body is earth to which it will
soon return
to ignore and stifle what is deemed unnatural
will be the only thing that I know*



do you feel connected to me?
i know i disrupt your ideals.
how do you see me?
YOU DON'T SEE ME.
YOU DEFINITELY
DON'T UNDERSTAND.



ITCH
THIS AFFECTS
ABSOLUTELY EVERYTHING
IN MY WORLD.
a usually minor defect or
malfunction that causes a
temporary setback.
THIS WON'T
CHANGE.

> BY GABRIELA FERRARI

ABOUT THE CONTRIBUTOR

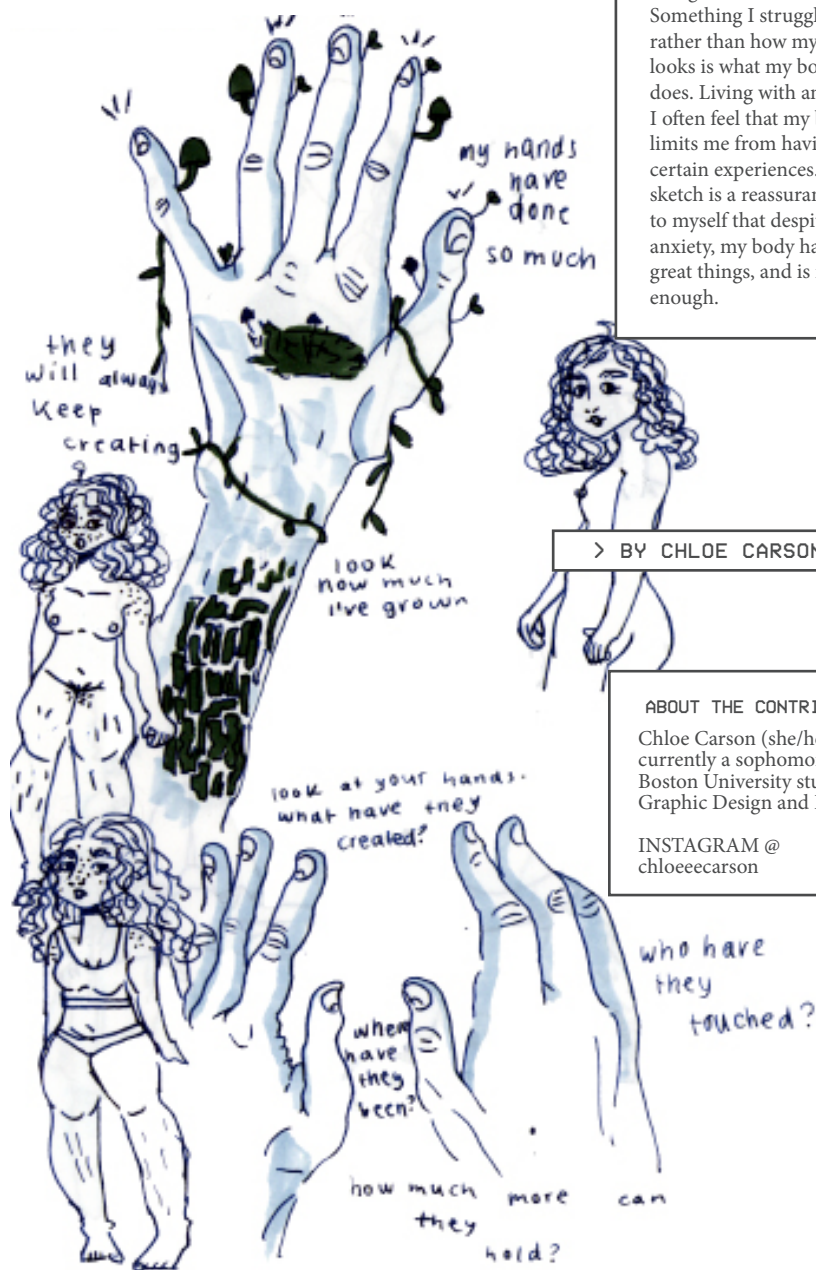
Gabriela Ferrari (she/her) is a visual artist interested in investigating the body through photography, painting, drawing, and design.

She uses themes of trauma, fatness, and glitching in her work.

INSTAGRAM @art.gabbi

"glitch" examines what it feels like to live as a fat woman in a fatphobic society that seeks to erase and undermine the existence of fatness.

AM I ENOUGH?



ARTIST STATEMENT

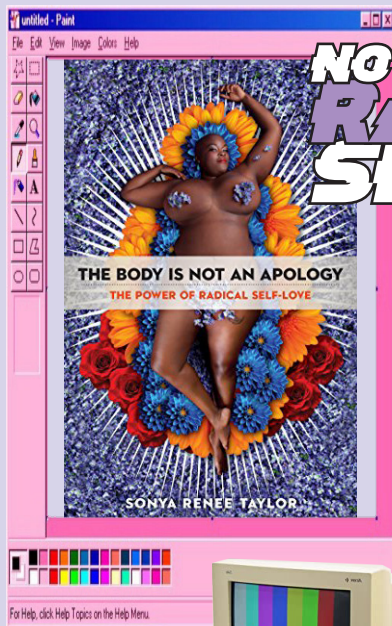
"Am I Enough?" is a personal sketch I did about living with mental health. Something I struggle with rather than how my body looks is what my body does. Living with anxiety, I often feel that my body limits me from having certain experiences. This sketch is a reassurance to myself that despite my anxiety, my body has done great things, and is in fact, enough.

> BY CHLOE CARSON

ABOUT THE CONTRIBUTOR

Chloe Carson (she/her) is currently a sophomore at Boston University studying Graphic Design and Painting.

INSTAGRAM @
chloeeecarson



NOTES ON RADICAL SELF-LOVE

In her Ted Talk “Bodies as Resistance: Claiming the political act of being oneself,” **Sonya Renee Taylor** delves into the radical practice of self-love.

Bodies as Resistance recognizes the inherent politicization of our bodies by oppressive structures and systems. Therefore, living and loving life in systems which deem some bodies more worthy than others is an everyday act of **resistance**.

Radical self-love means deconstructing the systems of oppression that were built to control, deny, convict, and kill our bodies. Self-love is radical not because we dare to love ourselves unapologetically, but because we dare to see our relationship with ourselves as part of a greater whole of bodies interconnected.

As Renee Taylor puts it, “radical self-love is not independent—it is *interdependent*.” The world as we know it depends on this interdependent relationship.

“Radical self-love summons us to be our most expansive selves, knowing that the more unflinchingly powerful we allow ourselves to be, the more unflinchingly powerful others feel capable of being. Our unapologetic embrace of our bodies gives others permission to unapologetically embrace theirs.”

The weight of the world is in our hands, and in the words of SRT, only through the active practice of radical self-love can we gain access to a more just and equitable world.



SCAN HERE!

**WATCH THIS
ONLINE!**

MORE ABOUT THE BODY IS NOT AN APOLOGY

TBINAA seeks to engage people in the individual work that fosters self-love — and, just as importantly, we seek to dismantle the structural and systemic emotional, psychological, and physical violence that plays out against “different” bodies all over the planet. We believe it serves those who profit from our self-hatred to minimize its impact and to disconnect it from the larger social framework of violence and intimidation that allows oppression and injustice to thrive.

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INSTAGRAM

@sonyareneetaylor

