A WGST310 STUDENT PROJECT
SPONSORED BY CCU WOMEN’S AND GENDER STUDIES DEPARTMENT

JUST RIOT!
OUR MANIFESTO
A Love Letter to the Riot Grrls

BECAUSE we ALL crave art that we can see OURSELVES in and relate to in our own unique ways.

BECAUSE we want a place for us to share our voices and our art so that we can spread the message to one another.

BECAUSE we want to MAKE that place, to prove the power of our voices.

BECAUSE viewing our work as part of a broader political-social-cultural tapestry makes clear how what we do engages with, perpetuates, and/or DISRUPTS the status quo.

BECAUSE we are becoming our dreams and making the revolution real.

BECAUSE we need to encourage each other in the face of our own insecurities, in the face of hatred and ignorance, in the face of those in our community who say our lives are not worth living or protecting.

BECAUSE we are making our own meanings, and refuse to assimilate to anyone else’s.

BECAUSE we are all TRUEPUNKROCKSOULCRUSADERS when we stand together.

BECAUSE life is about more than just physical survival, and self-actualization is needed to save the social- and psychic-lives of people everywhere.

BECAUSE we are dedicated to forming non-hierarchical communities and art based on empathy, understanding, and communication, NOT competition and arbitrary value systems.

BECAUSE engaging with cool art empowers us to have challenging conversations about how our lives are poisoned by evil bullshit like racism, ableism, ageism, speciesism, sizeism, classism, sexism, antisemitism, heterosexism, cisgenderism, etc.

BECAUSE supporting and empowering diverse artists is integral to this process.

BECAUSE we hate capitalism in all its forms and want to fight for a world that doesn’t commodify us for profit and exploitation.

BECAUSE we are angry at a society that tells us we are DUMB, BAD, and WEAK.

BECAUSE we refuse to let our real and valid anger be diffused or turned against us via in-fighting, internalized oppressions, and intra-community harm.

BECAUSE we believe, with our wholeheartmindsoulbodies, that we constitute a revolutionary soulforce that can change this world for real.

Eds.
Brandon Davis
Conyers Harvin
Jake Lopez
Katie Picataggio
Sasha Teague

In Coordination with
CCU Women’s & Gender Studies
Hailey
Brandon Davis

Wixie
Brandon Davis
The Apple of Eve
by Sasha Teague

They touch you with the tenderness
of a botched surgery,
fingers curling under ribs,
living flush against the heart.
Sterile commands feel like suggestions,
is it true that to love is to change?
Her heart is held together by his hands,
and the squeezing becomes too tight.
The skirt falls below the knees,
her smile is rotting her teeth.
When did love’s changes

turn her into his own creation?

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She can’t feel her chest,
the heart is caged by violence.
Does love exist
in the face of desire?
There is healing in open wings
being picked up by the wind.
Awareness lives in the bird’s-eye view
that the ground could never see.
She is not defined by her pain,
but she will be held to it.

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Why should she be blamed for releasing the serpent,
when he is the one with the apple in his throat?
On Being the Whole Sky

by Sage Short

There are hungry snakes storming Captiol halls, whose scales shine gold, whose skin sheds flaky dandruff, slithering into shattered fluorescent light. We feel the thunder of that storm here.

Sometimes, violence violates your right to scream. Sometimes, it looks like someone who could be your father. Sometimes, it is. Sometimes, violence is worshipped as a holy patriotic act.

There are rattlesnakes in Texas, whose venom liquor lures herds like candy. You cannot eat with them and eat with me, too. You cannot rest in two states at once.

Stalking bodily autonomy like pious flagellation is violence. I have no more poetry. Why be a snake when you can be an eagle? Why be an eagle when you can be the whole sky?
CHORUS OF GAY SPIRITS

After having made a bargain with the devil, with only thy doctor's soul at
loss, he hath finally
returned to the residence following a long daylight of partying heartily.
Surely behind his trailing coat we see
a beast of form blackened and rotted.
From months ago in another abode trotted,
that poodle which hath charmed the sire so.
And following him a foul stench doth blow.

FAUST

How sweet! To lie back upon my silkened bed,
for now we both may take our hardly deserved rest.
But to thou, my tailed servant, I say, wait!
Before I expire away for the night, and be left dreaming my unpromised
fate,
I beg thou hear my cry and ardent declaration,
that although our travels carry us long many month and day,
I have been scarce to rise above my person, so grant me the audience
tonight, that I may.
Relinquish the pelt of hound,
I need to see thine true face and cannot speak earnestly with thou in such
appearance!
Gaze at me not with such glistening eyes, deducing mine state in my
voice’s wavering sound!

MEPHISTOPHELES

My master, I hear thine whim and its subsequent command.
With little disdain do I shed this covering of my form canine
from which I could only, from your side, lap at custard and wine so fine!
I hope you do not seek cause in the complaint for reprimand,
but ah, that is not so, because I see how you tremble!
Alike the first night, where we met under incantation dark, doth thine
form resemble!
I restrain myself as much as infernal nature allows, to not infer, implicate,
but doth thou intend to deliver the message of import in such a state?
FAUST

Yes, I do. What yearnings I have stowed away in my breast with full force for all our journey of bliss, through venture and volume of indulgence and delicacy. With bated breath and ignoble shame that the lowest of devils admire that a philosopher, wise and elevated, that a man like myself should desire!

MEPHISTOPHELES

For what could thine gentle and handsome frame be in need? I give freely to thou the greatest of pleasures, the most exquisite delight! Though I myself am born of destruction, I can produce thine wishes through power of night! Tell me in what direction thine chained soul flees, I will see to it that it is freed!

FAUST

Ah! But what generous nature thou truly exhibits! In infernal nature bound by laws, only neat and fair! As for our agreement, I gave not but a drop of blood and yet thou’d give the world whole! To me, a scrupulous braggart, who held such little regard for his own soul! Thou, of hair oiled and waved like a sea upon which my better judgement is wrecked. Thou, whose horned countenance I have begun to anticipate at the end of each day, like a promise of a pained tumultuous flood in my damned soul, ne’er to pass again!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Wherefore thou tread, my dear mortal, a slight few have tread before! In realm where there have been more than appendage and organ broken! Be wary of thine words, for they will not return to thou as beautiful as they were first spoken!

FAUST

Thou, who try to fend me away from the pain which I seek! Free me! Not from any bargain which I hath made, but instead from the ill-humor that this partnership initially had!

MEPHISTOPHELES

What?! Of this outburst I am lost in, could thou slow thine thought and advance? I will not admit that I could ever be in trepidation at thine approach, but even my wings and tail curl as upon sight of the fearsome lust thou encroach!

FAUST

You lie! Wark! To play at the devil’s advocate one last time before I ask to drown? To drown in those ruby stones beset in thine snarling look! I ask for knowledge given to none other than the most inquisitive, to be beset by a daimon such as that of Socrates! And if that is not enough suggestive! The nature of Incubi, Concubine, and Succubus is known to me in word, but I want to be learned of it in Dionysian verse. Please, Mephistopheles, answer my confession or leave me to this yearning curse!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Oh, Doctor Faustus, thou art a nasty little bitch! Thine words flow to my pricked ears like honey from the vine! Now when I part my lips near thine, I am nearly disgusted by this flavor, at its center divine! Come then, into my arms and let me become thine teacher! I warn, once though hath such salacious lessons, thou’ll embrace none other creature!

FAUST

I would hope so, since I would be sorely disappointed if I conferred with a devil of lesser power! So then let us resume this partnership, queer and anew, in the name of philosophical pursuit! Then let us become wiser together and be rewarded for this stunt, Impale me much as the laborer impales his hay! Please, destroy mine cunt!
"Do you think we should catch and imprison more murderers or fewer murderers?"

"Where do you go to Church?"

"WHAT PERSONAL HIDDEN AGENDAS DO YOU HARBOR?"

"DO YOU AGREE WITH THIS BOOK THAT IS BEING TAUGHT TO KIDS THAT BABIES ARE RACIST?"

Lesbians! Kissing!
Brandon Davis

Riot Grrrls
Brandon Davis
Give Me Space

by Brandon Davis

Give me space, let me breathe—
you say I’m not enough,
but your words mean less than
you think they do. No plan
could guide me through these tough
times, when crisp, autumn leaves

blow, fretless, in the wind.
I gather up a bunch
and marvel at the red-
and-yellow hill, a bed
of Fall, whose soothing crunch
sings sweetly to the skin.

I see a strange woman
in bathroom mirrors. Her
eyes say she’s all alone.
It’s someone else’s home
through which she now wanders,
devoid of all human

contact. Where are my friends?
My people? My lovers?
Who will tell me they’re proud
to know me, singing loud
for the undiscovered
artist who cannot fend

for herself? Is our space
not sacred? Is there not
some magic in bedroom
meetings that shapes a tomb
into an art house, rot
into life? In the face

of fear, your “love” and hate,
our spaces make our goals
concrete— we’re uplifting
while you’re busy sifting
our bodies through the holes.
Witness what we create.
Dear Lover,
Don’t let my mother find the body.
Don’t let her wake up in the morning
to grey, Summer skies
and her daughter hanging by a thread
from her childhood treehouse.

Dear Lover,
Don’t let the crows tear it to shreds,
because even if that body is no longer mine,
my heart still belongs to you,
not to the murder of black wings
gathered on the lawn.

Dear Lover,
Don’t let me fade away.
Don’t let my weakness be my legacy,
the smudged eyeliner, run-through by tears.
Don’t let my bare feet dangle
forever amongst the fireflies.

Remember me like this:
with the chest I was told I would never have,
in the dress I was told I should never wear,
with the face I was told could never be loved.
Know that I loved you,
but that not even your glowing light could save us from the dark.

Catherine
Brandon Davis