

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

2021

WASH

WASH!

# OUR MANIFESTO

*A Love Letter to the Riot Grrrls*

**Eds .**

**Brandon Davis**

**Conyers Harvin**

**Jake Lopez**

**Katie Picataggio**

**Sasha Teague**

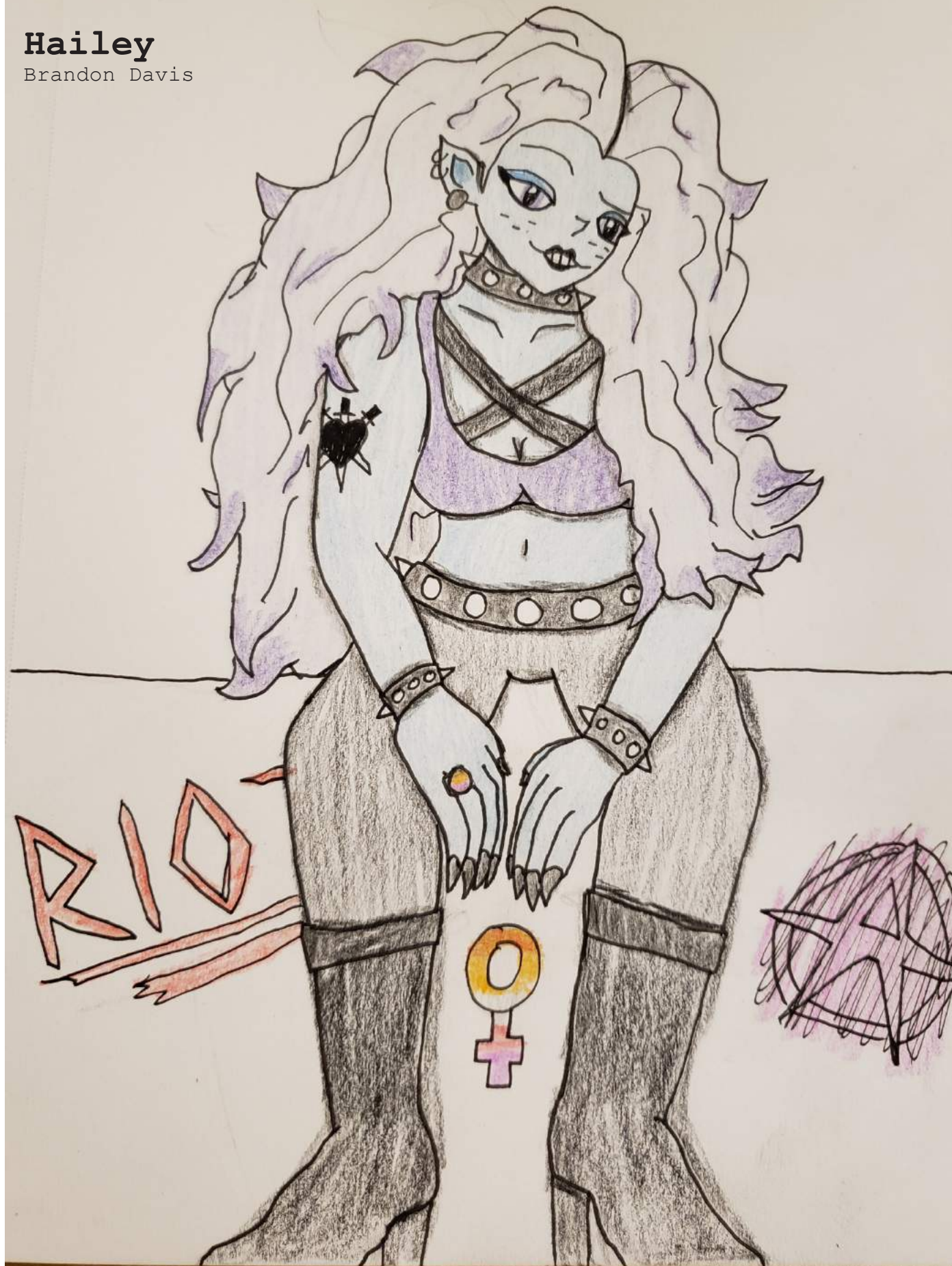
***In Coordination with  
CCU Women's & Gender  
Studies***

- 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 lke 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.



**Hailey**

Brandon Davis



**Wixie**

Brandon Davis



## The Apple of Eve

by Sasha Teague

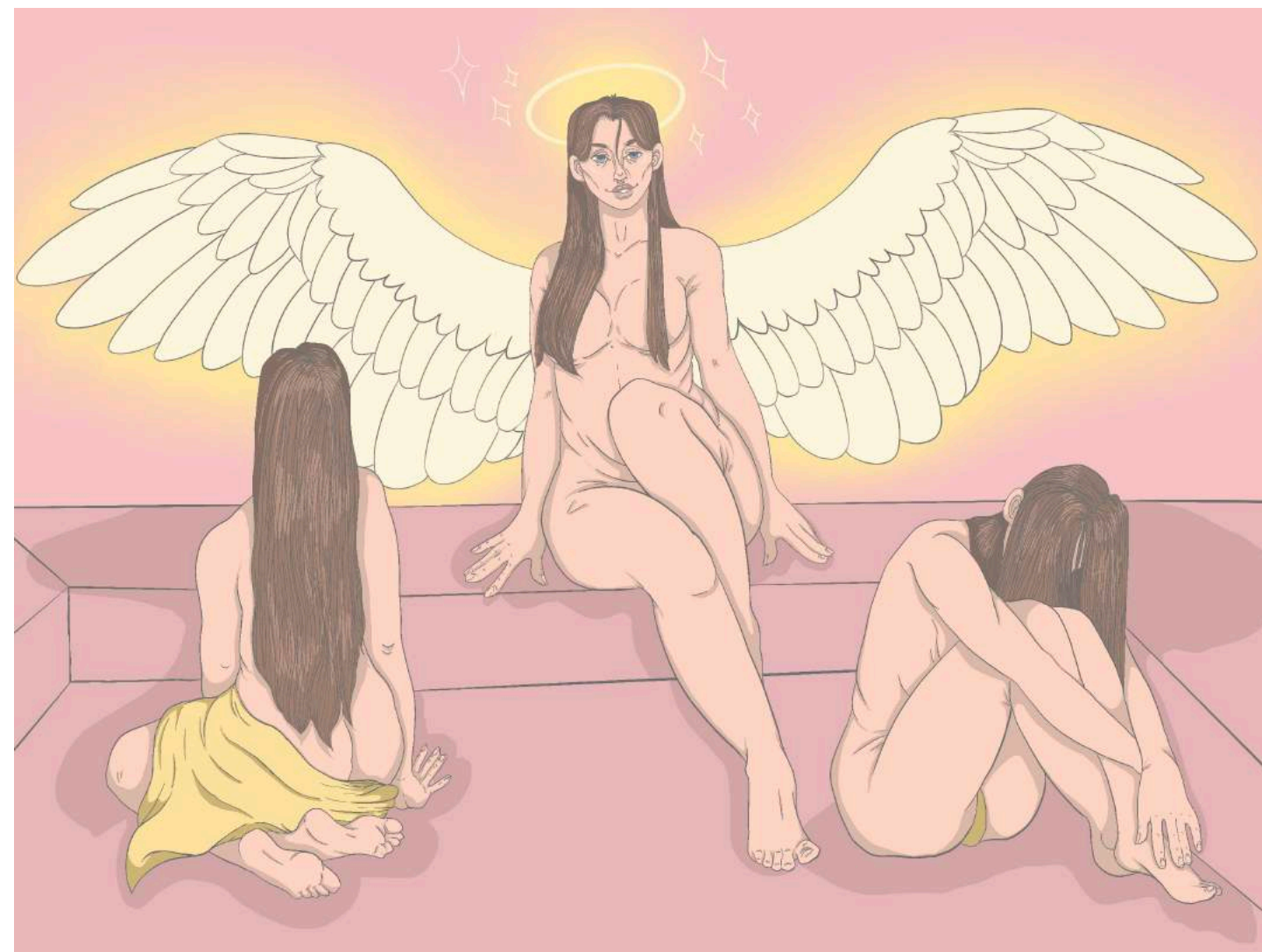
They touch you with the tenderness  
of a botched surgery,  
fingers curling under ribs,  
living flush against the heart.  
Sterile commands feel like suggestions,  
is it true that to love is to change?  
Her heart is held together by his hands,  
and the squeezing becomes too tight.  
The skirt falls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

///

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.

///

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



**Femme Divine**

Sasha Teague



**Super Feminine**  
Katie Picataggio

## **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?



## Faust 2: In the Arms of the Devils

by Luciano Castro

### CHORUS OF GAY SPIRITS

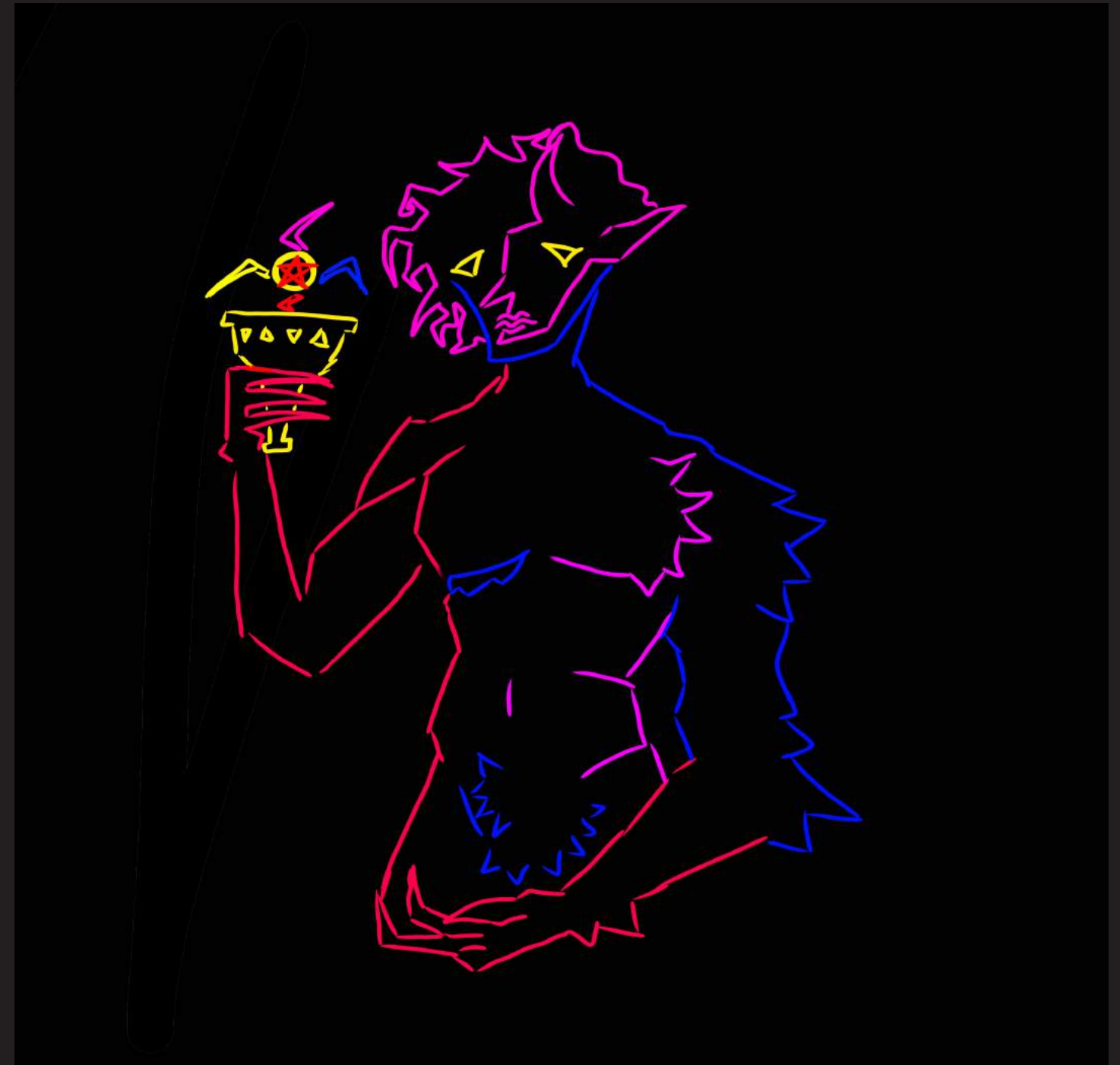
After having made a bargain with the devil, with only thy doctor's soul at  
loss, he hath finally  
returned to the residence following a long daylight of partying heartily.  
Surely behind his trailing coat we see  
a beast of form blackened and rotted.  
From months ago in another abode trotted,  
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 thou 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 2**  
Luciano Castro

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 bade!

**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! Hark! 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!



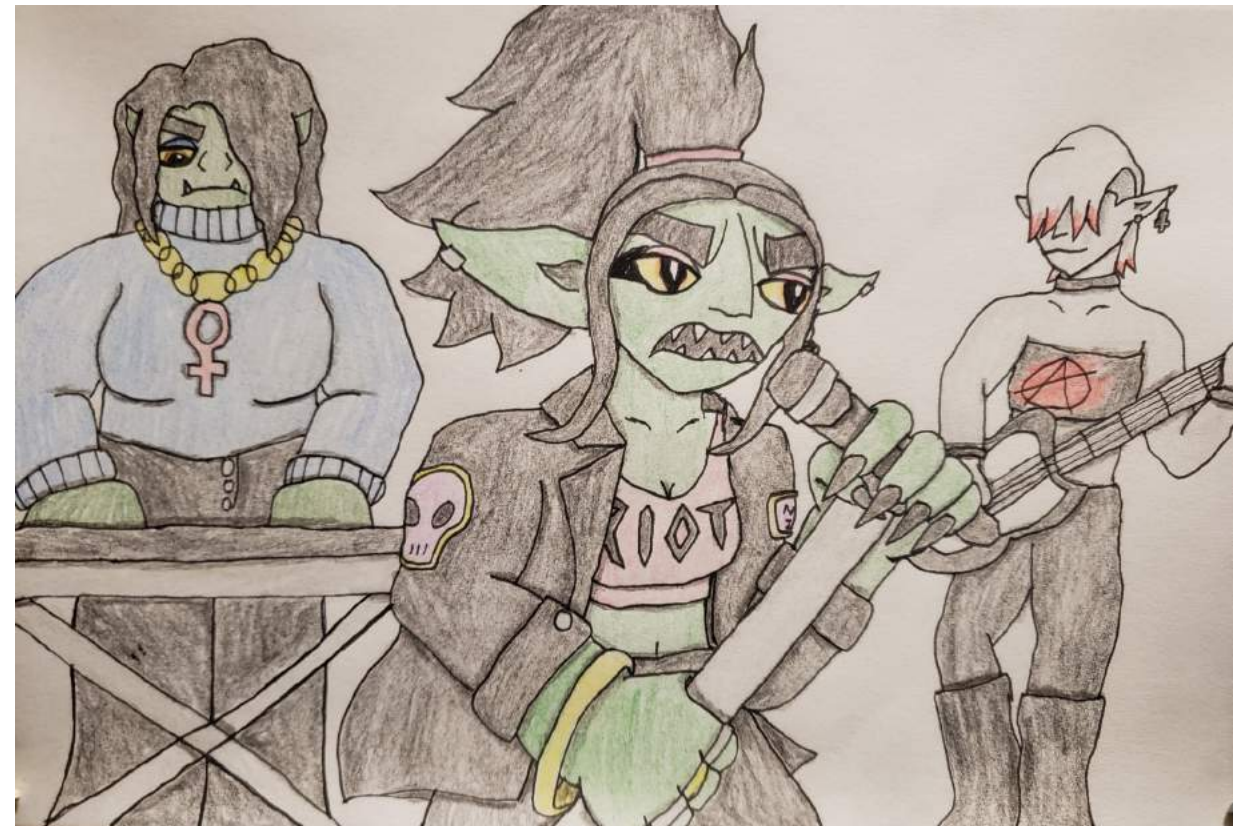


Graphic by  
Jake Lopez

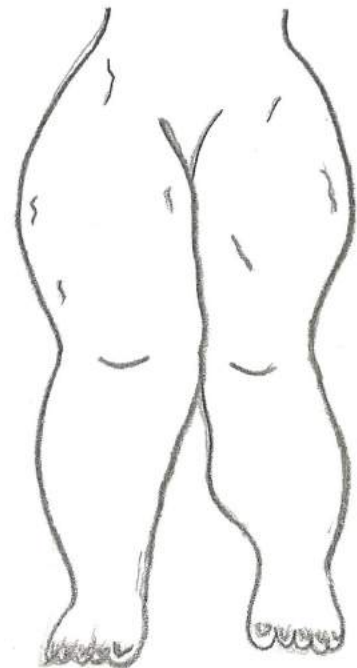
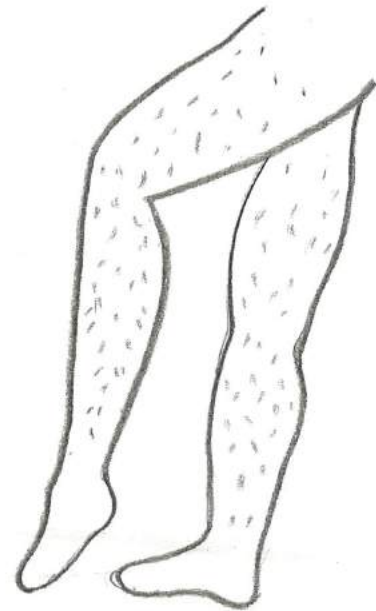
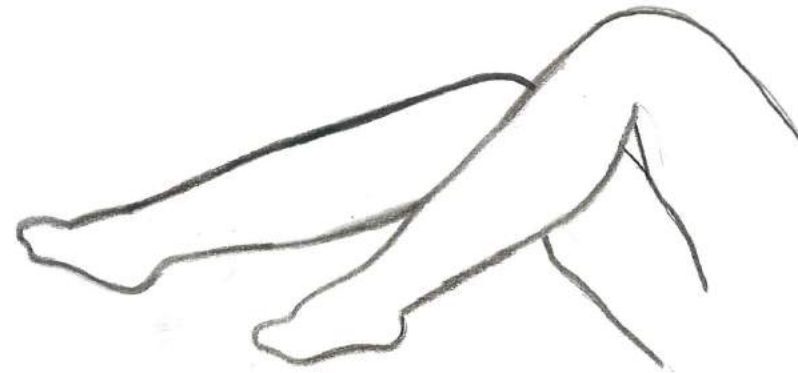


**Lesbians! Kissing!**  
Brandon Davis

**Riot Grrrls**  
Brandon Davis







Who says  
your opinion  
matters?

Katie Picataggio

## 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.

## Hide the Body

by Brandon Davis

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.

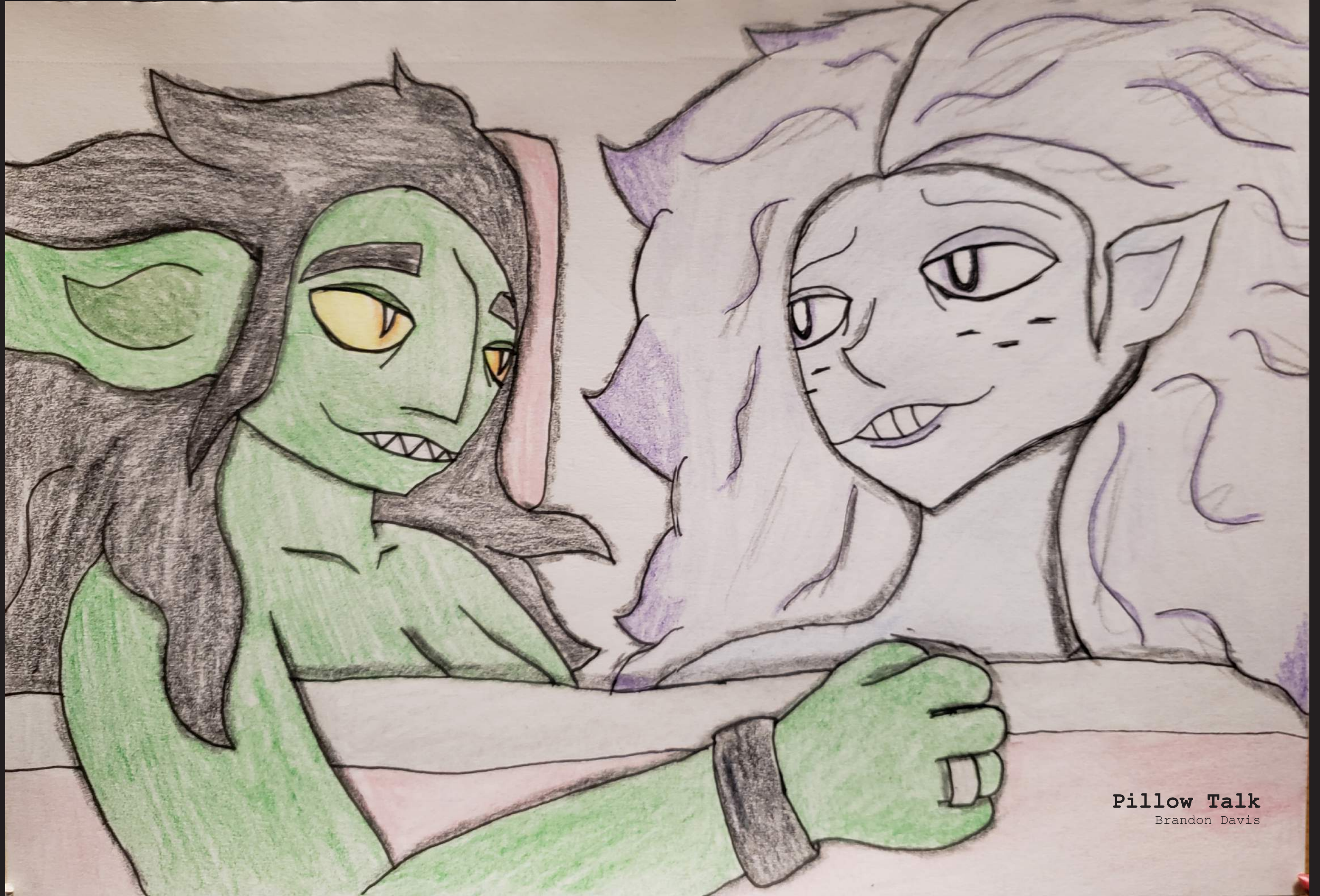
Dear Lover,  
Don't let me fade away.  
Don't let my weakness be my legacy,  
the smudged eyeliner, run-through by tears.  
Don't let my bare feet dangle  
forever amongst the fireflies.

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





**Pillow Talk**  
Brandon Davis



