

IMAGINING FEMINIST



FUTURES

w/ TRIOTA + friends

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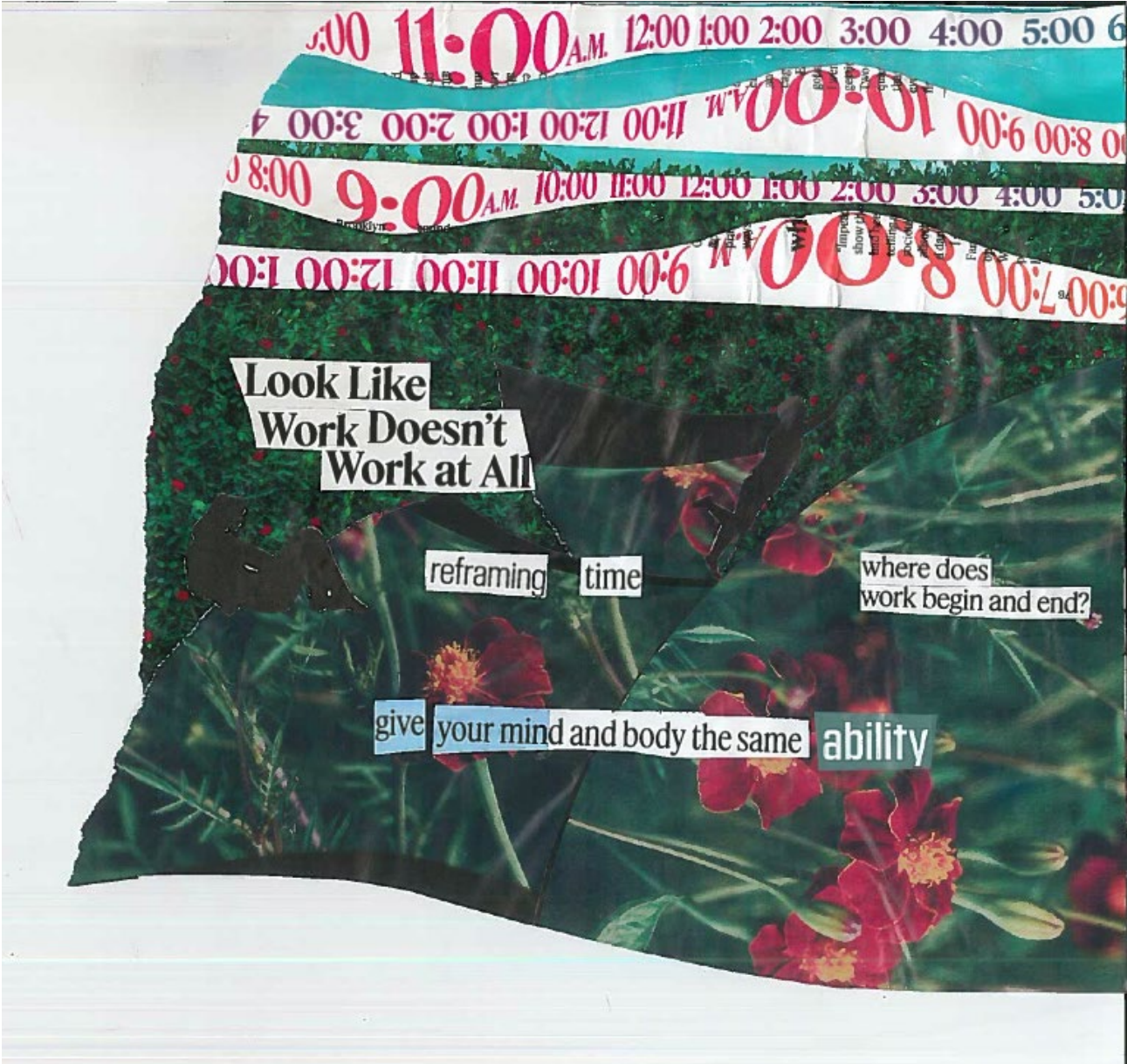
he/him

**FEMINIST FUTURES MADE
POSSIBLE BY:**

The Pets of Triota (II)



Pet page created by: Danni Patterson



Collage by: Lily Furgeson

Menstruation = Celebration: The Story of My Period

By: Emoni Harmon

At the ripe old age of eight, following the footsteps of my paternal grandmother, I looked down into the toilet not in fear but in surprise as my menstrual cycle had just announced its presence to the world in a grand and, at the time, only a little bloody fashion. I had just come exhausted but elated to have finally attended my first of many girls' nights: my twin best friend's birthday party sleepover.

Enter my first period, the cherry on top of an already fantastic weekend. In those immediate moments following, I was not afraid; instead, I was overjoyed and yelled for my mom to bring me my first pad. Of course, she came with one of her heavy flow pads that fit oversized in my panties. Regardless, nothing could damper my excitement as what I had been anticipating for much of my childhood finally arrived; what I read about in my sister's hand-me-down copy of *The Care and Keeping of You* had finally arrived: puberty, menstruation, womanhood!

In the coming days, my mom would help me 'come into my womanhood,' aka tell all my immediate family I started my period. At first, it was definitely awkward and a little weird because I was terribly shy. Plus, I had no examples in Western media or from my classmates to draw upon, but I tried my best to lean into the process anyway. (I wanna insert here that I was never shy because I was shameful. I was mousy because I was a nerdy eight-year-old bean with almost zero confidence in her voice).

Though with every congratulation, I grew less uncomfortable and ultimately learned to welcome the celebration, happiness, and gifts (aka monetary donations to my pad fund) from my family members, especially the male ones. Later, with such contributions, my first trip to the feminine hygiene section of the store with my Mom was a no-pressure, informative affair as I learned about how each female often needs to have a variety of different pads (or tampons, menstrual cups, etc.) in their collection as one's flow tends to change based on weight, stress, etc.

I look back on this experience, this coming into womanhood, with great fondness as it brings feelings of warmth, belonging, and life. Since then, like everything else in my life, I've become much more feminist about my period, from supporting women-owned menstrual product businesses to using all cotton pads to encourage and leave space for choice and the inclusion of our values into the most regular, or irregular, part of many folks lives. Also, I've never shied away from making space for my period in my grocery list, sleep schedule, daily conversations, etc. Ignoring such a fundamental and healthy part of me my family impressed upon me would be a waste and a capitulation to the neoliberal androgenetic capitalistic view of the human body.

I share my story, my journey with my period, to impress upon you, dear reader, what an intervention into the menstruation = doom discourse might look like and offer hope for a future where every female that gets their period for the first time and 'monthly' thereafter can feel informed, supported, and like they belong in their bleeding not in spite of it as this blood "is the only blood not born in violence" (Maia Schwartz).



What was your sex ed like?

The usual... I learned about consent first. Then they taught us about setting boundaries and healthy relationships. After that, it was safe sex and STI's. We talked about pleasure! how sexuality is ever-evolving. It was empowering. Ya know, the typical sex ed everyone receives.





Drawings by: Danni Patterson

*Contemplating
beauty*

I am rain that rains harder.

HEAVEN

art tell us

Beginnings and endings

ON

EARTH.

After the storm.

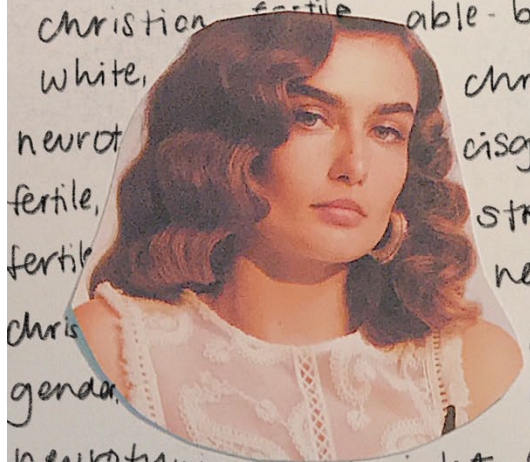
Collage by: Madeline Vogelmeier

Is there within my dimmest dreams
A heavenly future shine,
Wherein my life could finally breath
Untouched, unblemished, with nothing to confine?

Madeline Vogelmeier

straight, cisgender, white, wealthy, christian, fertile, able-bodied, neurotypical. straight, cisgender, white, wealthy, christian, fertile, able-b

THE CRITICS



neurotypical, fertile, fertile, christian, transgender,

christian, fertile, able-bodied, cisgender, white, christian, straight, neurotypical, able-bodied, christian,



THE END IS NEAR!

MANAGEMENT

straight, cisgender, wealthy, christian, straight, cisgender, neurotypical, straight, cisgender,

WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?

neurotypical, straight, cisgender, fertile, white, wealthy, christian, fertile, straight, cisgender, white, able-bodied, CRABBY

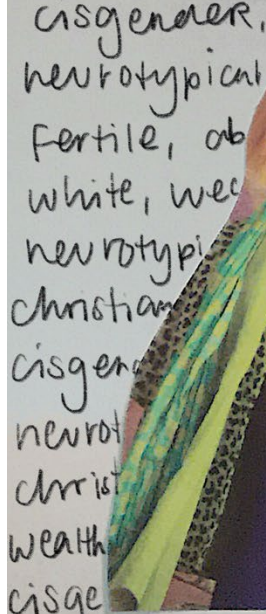
BRIDE



wealthy, christian, cisgender, neurotypical, fertile, wealthy,

christian, fertile, able-bodied, cisgender, white, straight, cisgender, white, wealthy, christian, neurotypical, fertile, ab

MR. HAPPINESS



white, wealthy, christian, fertile, able-bodied, neurotypical, straight, cisgender, white, wealthy, christian, fertile, able-bodied,

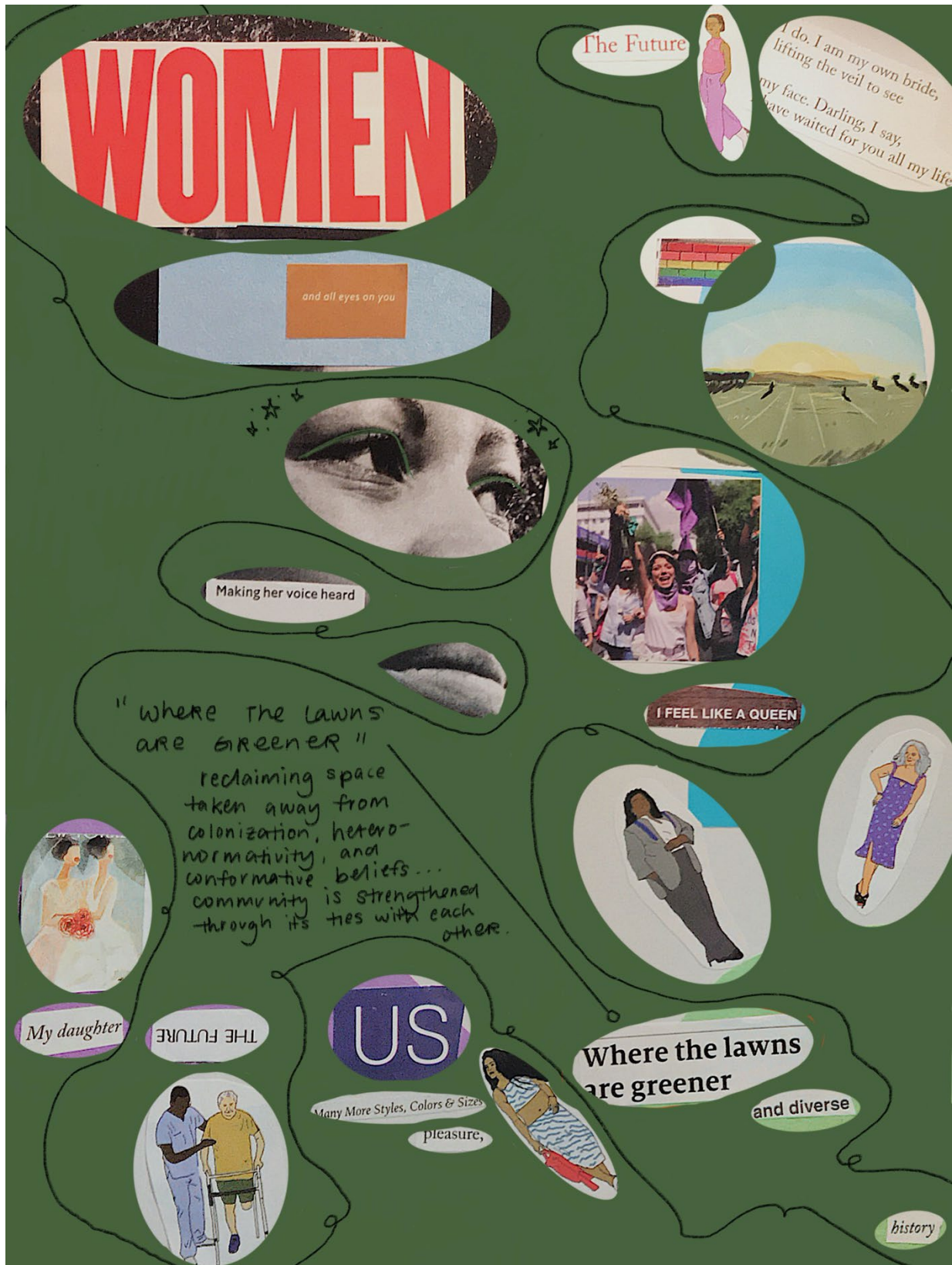
VIOLENT

straight, cisgender, fertile, able-bodied, cisgender, alone? wealthy, able-bodied, darling straight, christian, fertile, able-bodied, cisgender, white, straight, cisgender,

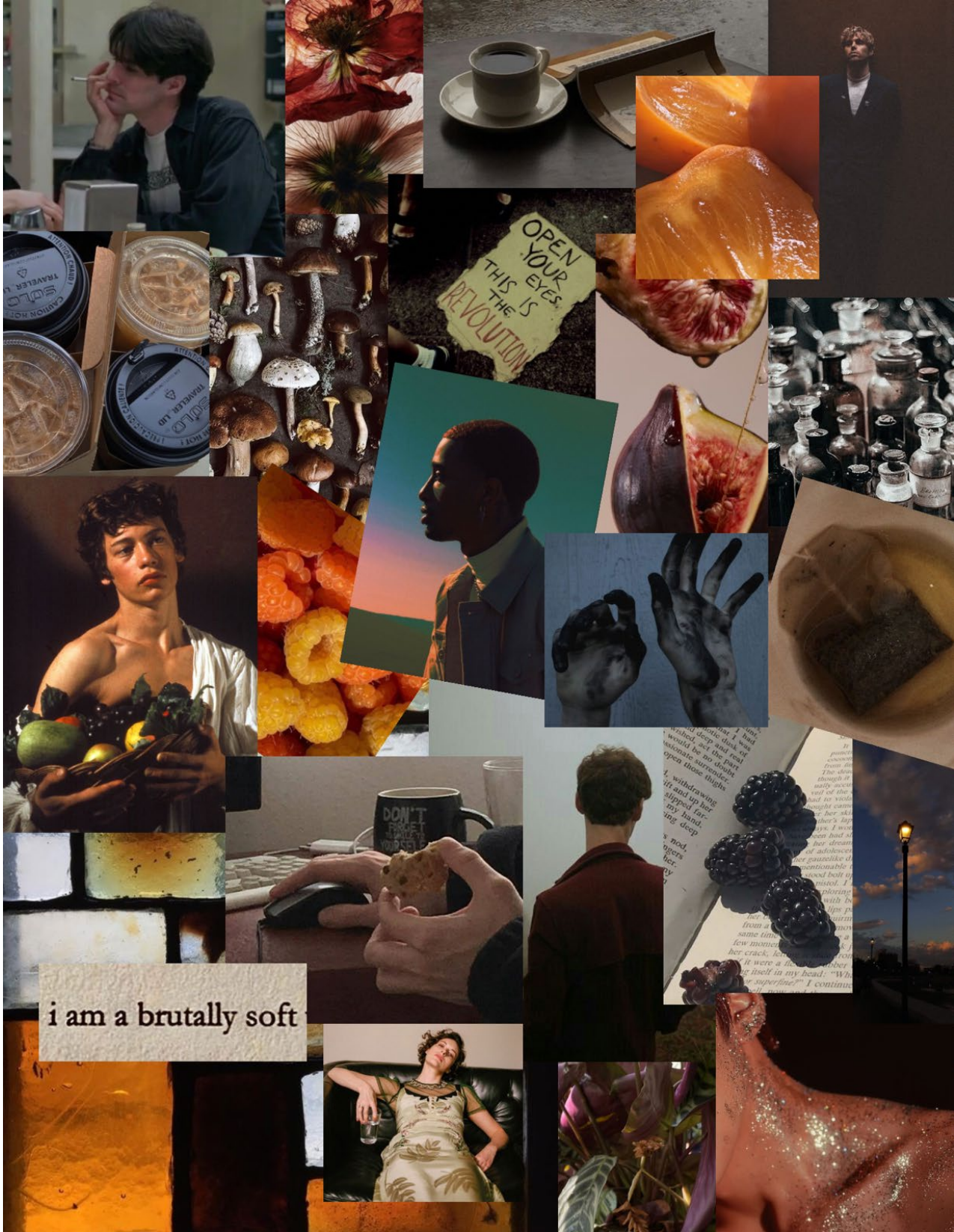
BOYS AND GIRLS

IMBALANCE OF POWER

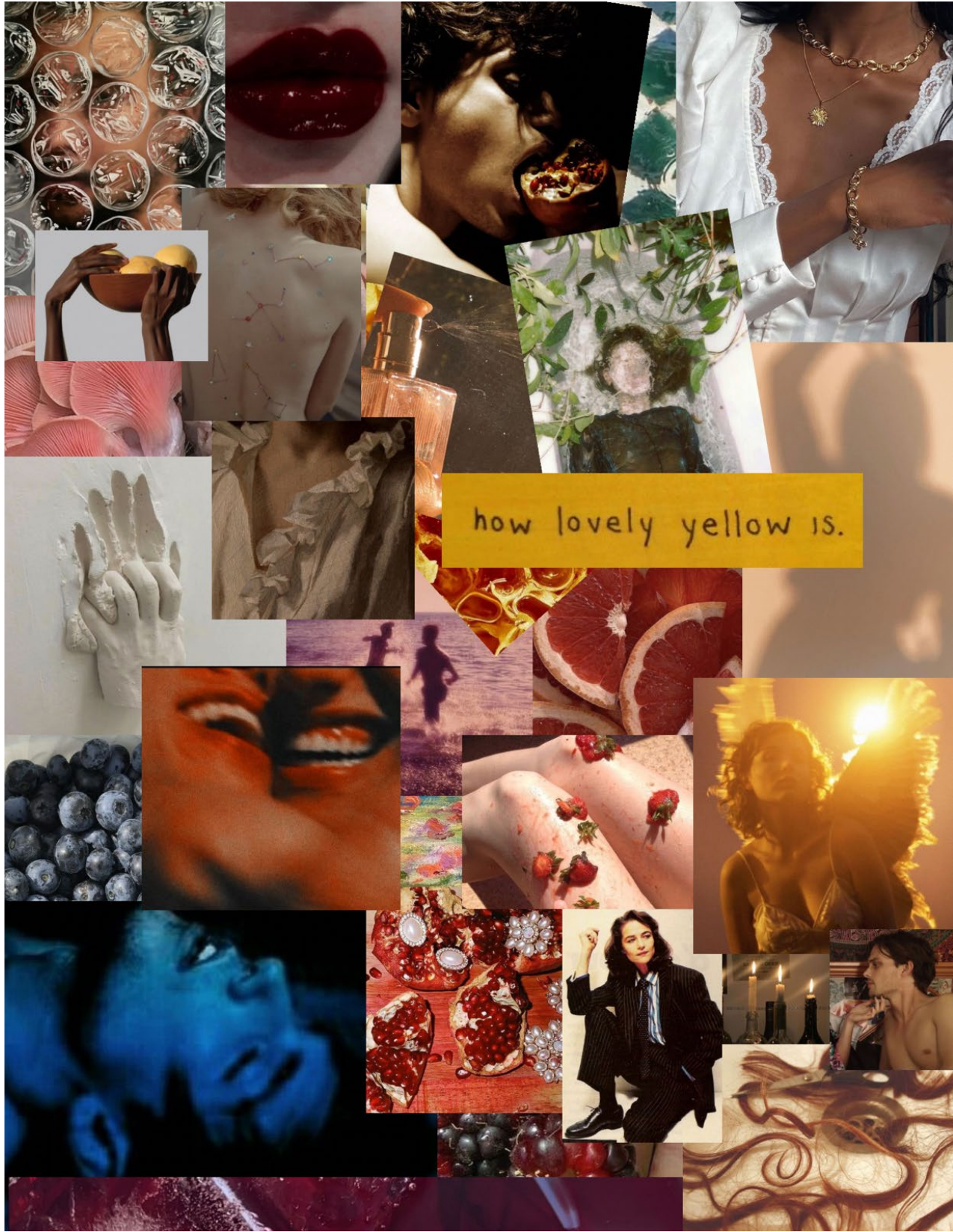




Collages by: Clayton Boor and Prisella Valdez



i am a brutally soft



how lovely yellow is.

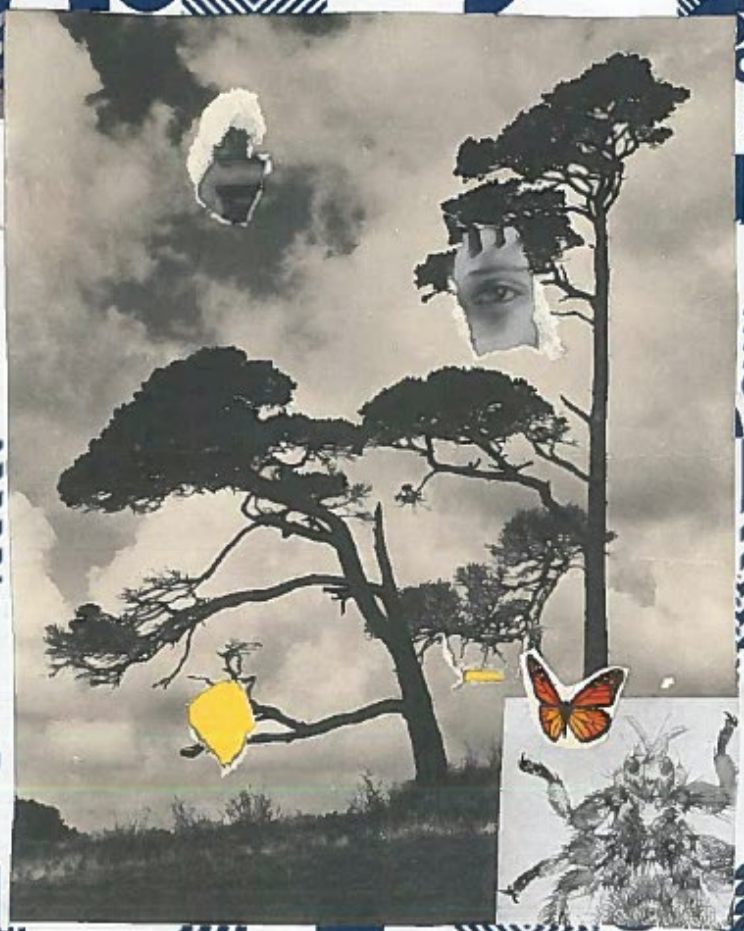
What does it mean to become? To let go? To evolve? How do you honor your past as a means of moving forward? How can you create a more inclusive world? What do you wish your youngest-self knew? Where is your safe place? What is with? How do you feel? Your safe place? Who do you surround yourself with? How do you grieve, heal, change, pray, read, listen, laugh, make love, sound, dance? Are you right? Are you safe? Moving fluidly. I am loved - You ARE Loved - SOMEbody



· Liberation
· Love
· Comfort
· Safety
A world of love, respect, and joy. A world where one can live their life



openly
A world where we a community of individuals with goals, passions, and futures we have imagined for ourselves
Can it be taken from us



Continue to educate myself and have open conversation with friends, family, peers.
De-centering myself.
Participating in movement.
Activism.
Revolution.
Peace. Being thankful, creating, maintaining safe-space.
Becoming fluid-less rigid learning unconventionally.
Honoring my P is and pre-sch

I am | am | am : becoming, being, free

Appreciating my story.

By: Hope Regalo

Intersectionality - Emoni Harmon

Intersectionality is the daughter of black feminism in every sense of the word. She was birthed into existence out of her mother's desire for companionship and meaning in her youth. Throughout her infancy, she absorbed all her mother's anxieties, fears, traumas, triumphs, joys, and passions alongside the life-giving nutrients in her mother's breast milk. Later, when it was time for her to be a big girl, she left the sanctuary of her mother's home to attend school, but always came home to her ever-loving arms. It was between those arms that she learned that which she can now recite at any moment of the day verbatim, like the Lord's Prayer. "Certainly, there are very real differences between us of race, age, and sex. But it is not those differences between us that are separating us. It is rather our refusal to recognize those differences and to examine the distortions which result from our misnaming them and their effects upon human behavior and expectation" (Audre Lorde 1). These are her mother's words that now live on in her mind and sometimes in her mouth when across from another sister (or brother) suffering under the crushing weight that is the always demanding more, domineering interlocking system of racial, sexual, heterosexual, and class oppression that is the white male rule of then and of the now (Combahee River Collective 1-2).

Again, those arms would return when her college-aged body needed a mother's touch to soothe the insecurity, the existentialism, and the period cramps. She would be mama's baby forever and always, so many a late-night mother would stay up till she could not anymore with her hands in Intersectionality's hair, braiding into her box braids affirmations of purpose, confidence, meaning, worth, and dignity. Her mother's work and eventual arthritis would not be all for naught, as Intersectionality would grow into her own and establish her own notoriety, standing bolding against those, in class and out, who try to degrade or redefine her to maintain the exact system that caused her mother to suffer so much in an effort to bring her into the world.

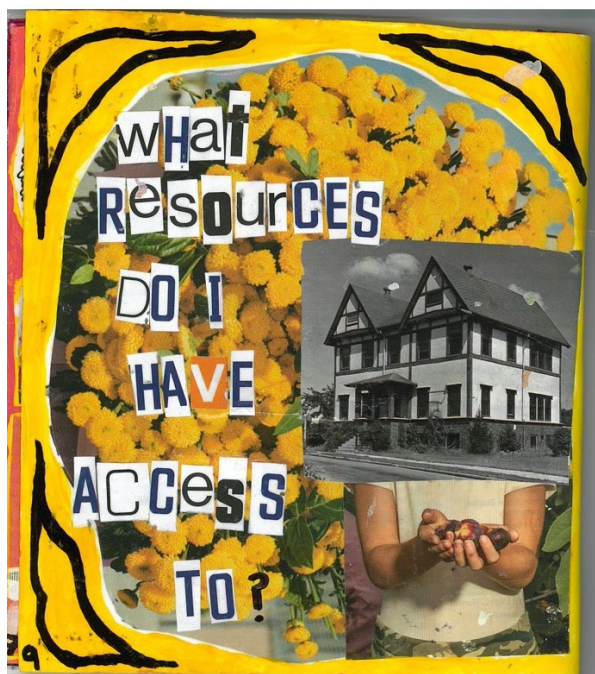
Today, she is, as black grandmas love to say, real grown, and with that comes the typical difficult questions and conversations we all love to have over Thanksgiving dinner. Her mother is concerned, naturally, about whom she hangs out with and her continuing to realize her purpose, as Liza Mügge et al. outline in their piece entitled "Intersectionality and the Politics of Knowledge Production." Intersectionality knows that behind all these questions and late-night phone calls are her mother's love and encouragement. After all, what is a mother to do besides worry as only a mother can for her daughter when she lives in a cruel world that will not hesitate to hurt her if given the chance? Yet, what her mother does not know is that every morning Intersectionality looks in the mirror and sees her blackness, her womanhood laid bare. It is in these quiet moments of the morning before the performance begins that she centers herself with the words "if black women were free, it would mean that everyone else would have to be free since our freedom would necessitate the destruction of all the systems of oppression" (Combahee River Collective 7). Those were her *mother's* words to her, and now *her* words to the world.

This is a semi-biographical short story of Intersectionality, a young black woman and the daughter of Mother, and my own attempt at personifying black feminist thought, with special attention paid to the unique combination of emotionalism and actionability demanded of those that engage with and/or identify with this particular type of feminism.

Within this piece, I synthesize some of my own experiences as a young black girl with those of other black women to create a sort of master narrative of 'our experience' from which I then weave in quotes and concepts explored in Audre Lorde's "Age, Race, Class, and Sex: Women Redefining Difference" and the Combahee River Collective's "Statement" of a similar name. While these pieces never directly mention intersectionality, they all but birth the term and its resulting framework into existence with their words and calls to action. Thus, I thought the relationship between a mother and daughter would best personify the loving and dynamic relationship between black feminists and their, now everyone's, critical framework.

In particular, I focus on two core aspects of intersectionality highlighted by these pieces: acknowledgment of difference and the notion of interlocking systems of oppression. The former naturally grows out of Lorde's reflection upon difference and the crucial place its recognition plays in all liberation. The latter is seen through the Collective's beautiful synthesis of the oppressive hierarchies at hand in the black feminist movement's fight for justice. Finally, at the end of the story, I call attention to the ongoing debate surrounding intersectionality and how it gets used by academics and laypeople alike.

Questions meant to spark conversation about moving towards an ideal feminist future
By, Zoe Shook





On Tár: The Vilification of the Masculine Lesbian Emily Stanciu

Maestro Lydia Tár (Cate Blanchett) silently takes the stage, prolonging the suspense before the burst of music. She is the leader of the Berlin Symphony, their incumbent conductor, and at the prime of her career. Always in muted tones, silvery blues, pleated pants, and button-downs, she epitomizes the modern feminine masculinity of a lesbian seductress. The film *Tár* is a psychological thriller that is not so psychological, a critique of cancel culture with an antagonist that may not be worth empathy, a piece on tempo, time, and the gap between generations. The film is unsure of itself and left open to the interpretation of the viewer. The interpretation of masculine women as deviant though, is not one I hope viewers will internalize.

The lesbian seductress, or seducer, as Tár would likely prefer the male indicator, is deviant. She evades all predictability and therefore comfort. To be a lesbian and to seduce, you must wear with you an air of unconquerable charisma or risk a façade breakdown, and Tár (or Cate Blanchett in her second lesbian performance) has no trouble doing so. Yet there is a fine line between confident and predatory, especially for a butch lesbian.

To understand the context of this movie in our current culture, one must first consider the history of the queer-coded villain. Take, for instance, Ursula from *Ariel*, a true “Bull Dyke”, large with short, athletic hair. The villain archetype has a nasty history of showing subtle traits that are associated with queer stereotypes, especially in children’s films.

Although Disney has shown some redemption for its negatively queer-coded characters in its more recent live-action films, social media has been on a butch-hating frenzy lately in its attack of lesbian basketball star Sedona Prince. The criticism started when Prince cheated on her ex-girlfriend and has since spiraled into hateful comments about her masculine figure and persona. The stereotype of a “Hey Mamas,” a masculine lesbian who is unintelligent, promiscuous, and unloyal, is also propagated on TikTok and other popular social media platforms. The media has its masculine lesbian enemies, and *Tár* is one more to add to the list.

With *Tár* comes both great love and great fear – the movie is a beautiful piece of art that unfortunately adds to the legacy of evil lesbian characters. It is dangerous to the LGBTQ+ community because Lydia Tár is another stereotypical lesbian villain much more realistic than *Ariel*’s Ursula. Tár finds pleasure in her domination over women, from her gentle caresses to her assistant Francesca to her manipulation of Berlin’s first violin, Sharon, her wife. A self-proclaimed “U-haul Lesbian”, Tár admittedly moves fast, likely having sped up her union with Sharon to finalize her ‘marriage’ to the Berlin Symphony from a guest conductor to a more permanent position. Sharon describes Tár’s relationships as “transactional,” meaning they are used only for personal gain. Tár is a borderline psychopathic genius who seemingly emulates the rise and fall of the corrupt musicians before her, of whom she can describe the lives of on a whim. She lives in stereotypes, not only as a predatory lesbian but also as a tortured genius who must destroy herself through her work.

Media is a strong influencer of the subconscious, often causing bias against masculine women through subtle cues such as with the queer-coded villains. However, *Tár* is blatant in its creation

of a villain. I hope an audience can see Tár as an exploratory, complex character, not one with a fate decided from conception as a masculine lesbian.

As the feminist movements that used to be for the white, cisgender housewife diversify themselves, I urge feminists to be sure to include masculine-presenting women. With masculine characteristics, it can be easy, almost reflexive, to exclude these women. Masculine women are often pushed into limbo, not quite man and not quite woman, despite using she/her pronouns and identifying as a woman. For feminism to become intersectional, we need to support masculine women, including eradicating the predatory masculine lesbian stereotype. After all, the trope was created by men afraid of strong women and enforces rigid gender norms that uphold the patriarchy. Although it is difficult to support fictitious Lydia Tár in her abusive behavior, real-life masculine women are worthy of support, respect, and acceptance from the feminist community and beyond.

i M a G i n i n g

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F U T U R e

F e M i n i S t

W O R L D



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