

Y A R D
W I D E
Y A R N S

issue #7



by me - for you

**S
T
A
R
T**

You've heard it all before. I'm in the same situation I was a year ago. Of course, that's how long it's been since the last issue. That's how long it is between every issue, even though I hope for sooner. Six years and seven issues, so maybe it has been a bit sooner sometimes. I used to think introductions really set the stage, really made or broke the entire zine's mood. Not the case this time... This is always my last step to finish the zine - and it's 2a.m. and I want to sleep-cuddle next to Ernesto because tomorrow night I'll be trying to sleep-cuddle the window of A Greyhound Bus. Only a 14 hour ride this time. My socks & underwear still need washing, I've two more songs to learn for the tour, I've got to work tomorrow and the biggest deal is that I haven't thought of anything clever to make up for my missing my 1st year Anniversary.

Caroline of Brazen Hussy fame drew the cover. Margaret wrote "Something's Not right". I did everything else, including borrowing pictures found throughout these pages. My dad took the photo of me on the back cover. This issue is \$1 and stamps from me at p.o. box 12839, Gainesville, FL 32604. I'm a suck ass pen-pal so, try this for a quicker reply: *Jessica*
yardwideyarns@hotmail.com. Thanks.

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The three part (Girl Aged 5-12 / Teenage Years / 20-Something Woman Is:) series in here was inspired by an 1974 essay I read, "Woman Is" found in the Anthology, Sisterhood Is Powerful.

That essay definitely captured more of a universal ~~X~~ experience than I wind up pulling off here. Attempting the style and context in which that essay was written, my writing inevitably reflected more of my own experience than what how I envision a universal ~~Ox~~ experience in the late 1990s. No matter, really, what I attempted to do - because I came away after writing this feeling proud - like I had the strength to call up some of things that I've always kept down and hidden away.

Although this is a pretty exacting personal reflection, I feel like other women who read this may be able to identify with some shared experiences and if not, then perhaps be able to empathize. One example: My relationship with my parents as an only child has been unique and maybe most girls haven't had to deal with issues of gender confusion and a dad pretending you're his son - I don't know. But I do know that I have been inspired by writing like this and have been made to feel like my overall experiences of girl/womanhood aren't totally isolated. Others' stories have helped me cope with my own - a few of which are here - just scraped on the surface.

Girl Aged 5-12 was:

(part 1)

— Wanting to be in Cub Scouts instead of Brownies because Cub Scouts got to do sit ups and the Brownies were making paper dolls.

— Having your dad take you clothes shopping and he drags you into the Buster Brown section for boys.

— Unwrapping a Christmas present from "Santa" and it's a dark blue T-shirt with the word DAUGHTERBOY across the back in light blue iron-on letters.

— Being called "Sonny" by an old lady at the flea market because you are wearing a football helmet and cowboy boots, even though you purposely slung a purse across your shoulder as to avoid such confusion.

— Waking up before anyone else on the weekends so you could sneak peeks at your Dad's only copy of Playboy, *and*:

— Being very frustrated that there was not a single picture of a man and desperately wondering what a naked one looked like.

— Finally seeing a naked man - and being grossed out because it was a picture series of one naked man in bed with two naked women - found hidden in an underwear drawer belonging to your best friend's dad.

— Trying to imitate sex like you saw in some of those pictures, but with your best girl friend, both of you aged nine.

— Reading all of the books by Judy Blume, including your mother's copy of Wifey.

— Starting to sprout boobs in the fifth grade and the boy you like makes fun of them.

— Starting to wear a training bra to cover those boob sprouts up and the boy you like makes fun of you for wearing a bra.



— Stealing the inserts out of your mother's box of tampons because you're dying of curiosity but are embarrassed to just ask her about them because you've never heard people talking about things like that.

— Nervously calling your mom into the bathroom to look at your panties because you think you "started" and you wind up feeling silly because she tells you it's just a stain.

— Going to "that class" with all the other fifth grade girls while the boys went to "the other class."

There's a meeting in the Ladies Room.....

It's the second day of tour and I'm up to my usual tricks. Playing pinball, drinking free beer and copying graffiti off the walls of the girl's toilet stalls. Because I can't ever think of anything to write myself, I am easily entertained by others' potty talk.

This time I'm in St. Louis at a club called the Hi Pointe. And the copying process is quite tedious! Waiting until the show is over & people are loading up - I forgot that there was a separate bar downstairs & that it was almost last call & that lots of drunk girls would be coming in before leaving the bar.

It took about four sessions because I'd leave every time a new girl would come in. It's just uncomfortable sitting there silently copying the walls while the stall neighbor is doing her business, especially when my feet are facing odd directions depending on which wall I'm copying. One time, two girls came in together.


⑦

One went into the empty stall & the other stood outside of the one I was occupying & said that I'd better be doing something important like shooting up because I was taking too long. As I opened the door, I asked her if she was talking to me. She stumbled into the stall & said yeah, she was. I left. She was small & drunk & too easy a target to antagonize with petty reciprocity.

ST. LOUIS PUNKS ←
SUCK!!!

Tommy
can dance the
"RE-RUN"
but he won't
admit it.



Where's the everyone in
ST. LOUIS!
UNITY? 

People who think
wild, wild west,
Please stop it!!

are you really an
anarchist? or just a
wannabe? maybe you're

until 13!!!
just a
LOSER.

Life is like a DICK -
when it's HARD YOU GET
fucked + when it's
soft, you can't beat it!

EDGTE

those
dykes
Rock!!

ATTN: MIKE CONFIDE
IS NO LONGER A VIRGIN!
& ROBERT GUINNESS DID IT!

I ♥ to
watch
ROB +
MIKEY
masturbate.

ANDRÉ POWELL
has HERPES: be
very
careful.

my friends are named
★ POOP ★

Josh Marsh can't
skank worth shit.

DREW BENNION
NUTS BLUE CUM!!!

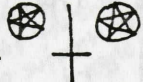
5.28.98

Today when I arrived I needed
to jerk off so I was "bating in
this stall + I came all over the
toilet seat. So in effect I came
on your ass Beatch.

♥, Mike
Bates

DON'T PRAY
TO FALSE
GODS OF
METAL!

FUCK YOU!
I fart like a
goddamn butt
trumpet



women don't fart

But they queef
like prize-winning
poodles!

Touch the MOON, juggle the STARS
The beauty of Life is in every thought
you imagine... I IMAGINE peace
on our heavenly EARTH & REACH
for the forgotten stars.

- Yeah,

Life is great
when you're a
fuckin' hippie,
huh? YUCK!

Hippies are cool.
Weed is good.
I'm not one & I
still say so.

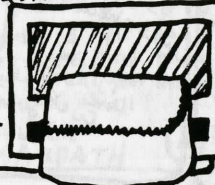
The world's best thinkers
were hippies, but
they are too stoned to
explain.

I'm afraid of HOOSIER BITCHES
With cellular phones who
COSS out their 11-year
olds at home alone.

Andy Confide has
a 12-inch penis.

Mike Confide has
huge PHAT large
pretty GIRLMOVUS
beautiful NUTS.

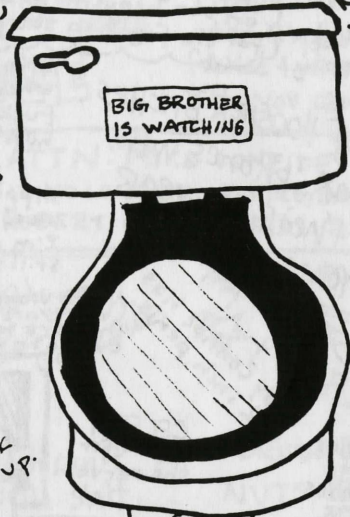
CELERY
- good for
the nerves.



NO MATTER HOW GOOD HE
LOOKS, SOME OTHER GIRL
IS SICK & TIRED OF PUTTING
UP WITH HIS SHIT!

Ladies,
what the mind
can conceive &
believe,
it can
achieve
- Nicole
George
12-98

To know that you
know what you
know and do not
know what
you do not
know -
THAT is
true
knowledge.



OI OI OI
Skinheads
↑
grow
the
fuck
up.

Here's
to the
men that
we love.
Here's to
the men
that we
lost.
Fuck them
all & live
to us!!

It's the meat industry that's
fucked up, not meat-eating.

If there was no
meat eating
there would be
no meat industry.

I ♥
pussy!

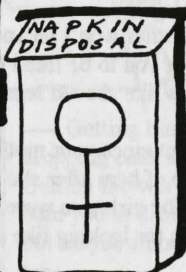
By realizing
this you should
stop supporting
them + go veggie!

Where do you
draw the line?

I'm all about BACON
veggies.

EAT A DICK
& SHUT THE FUCK UP!

It's only a matter
of time before this
greed will come back
to haunt us. Please THINK
before you consume.



Do you
wear
leather? Think
about it!!!

The world is full of
Kings + queens that blind
your eyes + steal your dreams
...it's heaven + hell!

-BLACK
SABBATH

Teenaged Years Were:

— Wanting to be a cheerleader but not passing the try out because your body is too tall, gangly and uncoordinated and your personality is too geeky and just as awkward as your body.

— Wanting to play soccer and passing the try out but you're told that girls can't play on the boys team and there is no girls team. Your dad calls the school principal, threatens him, and you are now allowed to be on the team.

— Originally trying out for the soccer team because you have a crush on one of the boys already on the team but then he winds up scared of you and nicknaming you "The Rock" because you are tougher than he is.

— Discovering masturbation and not stopping until you shiver & shake.

— Wanting to shave your legs but your mother won't let you, even though you plead that any potential for you to be liked by girls in the cool crowd depends upon things like shaved legs.

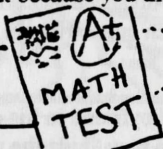
— Wanting to wear make-up to school, but since your mother won't let you do that either, you steal some of hers after she leaves for work. Upon arriving at school, the girls you were trying to impress promptly make fun of you for looking like a clown.

— Getting “it” for the first time and following your mom around the house that evening, not knowing how to tell her. When she asks if you have something to tell her and you finally do so, she says, “I thought so by the way you were acting.” She tells your dad and when he comes to tuck you in that night, he says, “I guess we can’t wrestle as much anymore.”

— Going to your first dance and having your mom sew you a brand new outfit for the occasion because “HE” is going to be there but he never shows up so you dance in a circle with your girlfriends instead.

— When your old elementary school best friend asks if you remember “being bad” together when you were nine, you tell her you have no idea what she’s talking about even though you do & are just scared to admit it.

— Picking a fight at the skating rink with an innocent girl who merely spoke to your ex-boyfriend not because you were upset but because you thought fighting would make you a cool girl.



— Getting hints that smart girls aren’t “cool,” unconsciously dropping back and never signing up for Honors classes. Getting the worst grades ever because the classes you are in bore you to death. Being liked by some of the cool kids at last, but maybe smoking cigarettes had something to do with that, too.

— Feeling comfortable with your body because your mom has always told you how nice you look in a bathing suit but learning to not show it because boys want something from it.

— Telling the boys “NO” but hearing at school that they got it from you anyway.

— Telling the boy you’ve been “going out with” for a week “NO” and he dumps you the very next day. You still have a persistent crush on him for two more years because he really broke your heart.

— Not understanding why your mom was upset when you came home and told her about the professional photographer man on the beach who shot an entire roll of pictures of you in your bikini. Your eyes lit up when he asked if you wanted to be a model. Years later, your stomach curdles because you now understand why your mom was upset.

— Becoming such a lazy learner that by the time you’re in High School, you couldn’t take an Advanced Placement class even if you wanted to and you switch out of Honors English to avoid hard stuff like Shakespeare.

— Being seventeen and having a boyfriend in his early twenties who constantly begs you to play “hide the salami.”

— Stopping wearing make-up at eighteen because you realize it makes girls look the same.

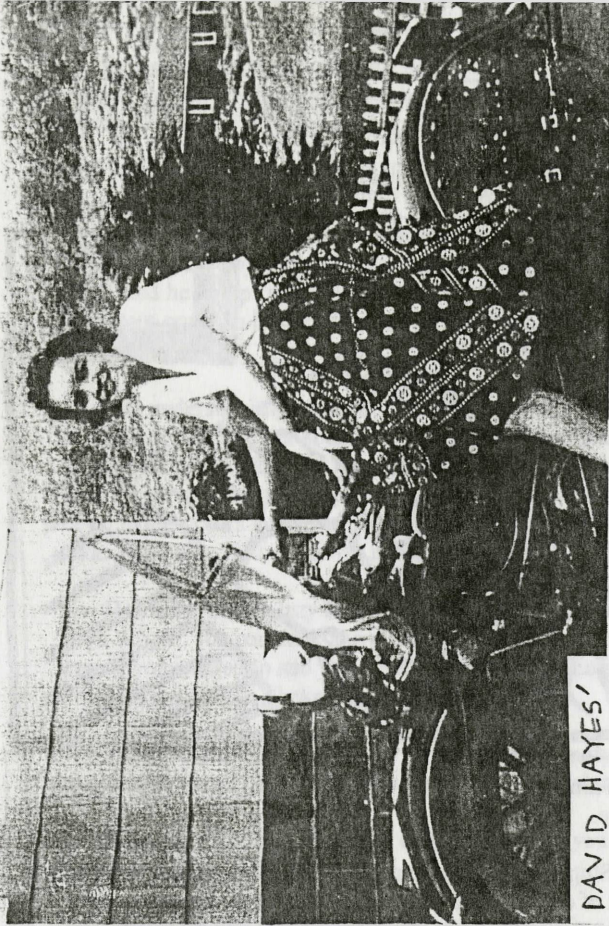
— Calling up that now ex-boyfriend three days before you go off to college just because you don’t want to go a virgin.

—— Finally having sex and it was so nothing you expected that you think you must have destroyed your own virginity by masturbating and then getting really mad when he asks, “Are you sure that was your first time?”



—— Him calling you a few months later to ask if you're still a whore.

—— Stopping shaving your legs at nineteen because you can't think of one good reason why you should do it anymore and you're sick of trying to shave around the seemingly permanent skateboarding boo-boos.



DAVID HAYES'

MOM ON A HARLEY IN 1942, EMPORIUM PENNSYLVANIA.
IT WAS HER BROTHER HARRY'S BIKE.
HARRY DIED IN THE KOREAN WAR. HE WAS A FLYING TIGER.

MOTORCYCLES

I'm always wide-eyed when in New York City. But this time I'm without my usual cautious feeling else I might be eaten alive. This time, I'm in control. I'm alone.

I just finished racing through the motorcycle exhibit that my dad made me promise I'd check out for him.

And for some out of the ordinary reason, I'm conscious of my choice of clothes and their comfort. Decade worn blue jeans, a white T-shirt and scuffed boots are my "classic black dress." Who could possibly stick out in the REAL NYC? Here in Guggenheim tourist trap world, I might usually, but not today.

Surrounded by couples, languages, and a few formally dressed men who

appear to have either their sons or wives under control, I blend in and my gut wrenches.

Throughout the age of motorcycles, marketing and women come to mind. The women here, I overhear many times, comment on the aesthetics alone. The guys here are macho with engine power knowledge. Some guys are even funny, biking to the bike exhibit, some of them predictable walking billboards of logo and image. Of course their "girls" are planted on the back with their tight asses holding them in place and their hair flowing, feigning freedom. Very 90s.

No eye contact was made as I strolled through the exhibit, focused on the next bike, skimming placard captions. I feel like my dad...

not because I'm here for him,

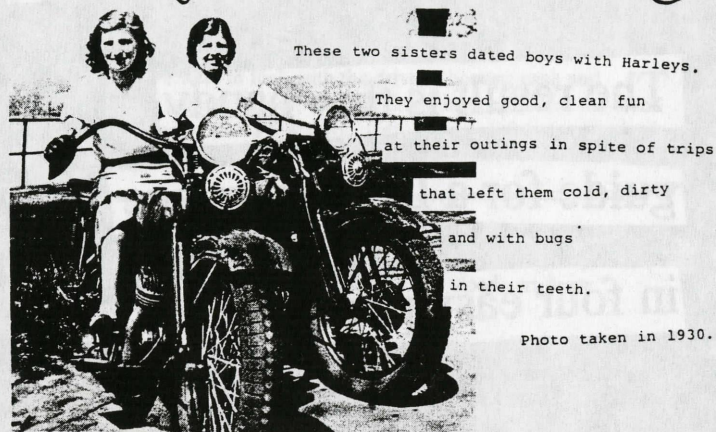
(18)

but because he's more comfortable when he's alone like I am here. We like it better that way.

And we'd be wearing the same thing except his jeans would be free of holes and stains. His belt would not be studded with spikes and his boots would not be clodhoppers. Our eyes and hands and butts and dreams would look the same though. Our dreams would look like being on the road on bikes.

Together.

(19)



These two sisters dated boys with Harleys.

They enjoyed good, clean fun

at their outings in spite of trips

that left them cold, dirty

and with bugs

in their teeth.

Photo taken in 1930.

I didn't wake up nervous;

I was just excited.

As soon as his mom left
for work,

we called the court house.

The result is this handy
guide for a DIY marriage
in four easy phone calls:

CALL #1 This call was to the Justice of Peace whose clerk told me the first thing I needed was a marriage license and second, an appointment with the Justice if we wanted him to marry us.

CALL #2 I called the Marriage License office. I was asked two questions: Have you ever been married before? Are you both over 18 years old?

I answered no and yes respectively, the correct answers, so the woman proceeded to tell me that I needed four things before she could issue us a license:

1. A pre-marital blood test for rubella.
2. A driver's license.
3. \$30.25 cash.
4. Our parents' full names, including maiden names and the states in which they were born.

The woman said that once I got to her office with those four things, the process would only take 15-20 minutes and that the license would be good from the moment they issued it, up to six months.

We were in luck with the driver's license, cash and knowing our parents names. But the first thing on the list, the blood test, was going to take a few days. Ugh. So much for our exercise in spontaneity.

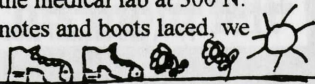
CALL #3 I called the medical lab place and they said I could come on down with \$14 and have my blood certificate tomorrow by 3pm.

CALL #4 Another call to the Justice of Peace. Since we'd have the blood certificate by 3 tomorrow, and it only takes 15-20 minutes to then get the Marriage License, I made an appointment with the Justice of Peace to marry us at 4:30.

They said to bring the Marriage License and two witnesses with us. Great, we don't know anyone in this town.

X X X X X X X X X X X X X X

With information gathered and appointments made, we sprang to action. I flipped the phone book open to the town map so we could find our way to the medical lab at 300 N. Wilson. With a few mental map notes and boots laced, we began our tromp across town.



Along the way, we spotted a show flyer for THE DONNER PARTY.

Wow! I got so excited.

My band had just played with them back in Gainesville a few weeks prior.

This flyer was for a show a few days away. If only we could get them into town early, they could be our witnesses at 4:30 tomorrow. We decide that the club listed on the flyer, Zebra, will be our hunting ground tonight for witnesses.

★ THE ★
DONNER
★ PARTY ★
FRI. 9/18
at the ZEBRA

YA
SA
? Sam
Pride
WHERE'S
THE PUNKS?

22



At the medical lab, it was going to be a while, so Ernesto left to gather food for lunch. While I waited for my name to be called, I read a *National Geographic* article, BRIDES OF THE SAHARA. In the Sahara, where marrying cousins is a norm, camels bring family members to the bride's town for the seven day ceremony. Part of their traditional customs involve attendants elaborately dressing the bride's hair and henna wrapping the groom's feet and hands. For the first full year of their marriage, the groom lives with the bride at her parents' house.

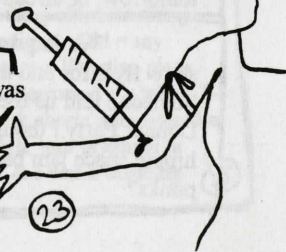
Not exactly what we're doing, but I take the marriage vibe as a sign none the less.

My name finally called, I skirt around the corner and am sat down in a narrow nook behind a door. The chair is wide, steel and throne-like with super wide arm rests. Supposed to be comforting, it's coldness was intimidating and sterile.

I've been pricked for a blood sample before; I've even donated a pint here and there, so I wasn't nervous at all having to get this blood test. Perhaps I was just anxious to tell a stranger my eloping plans because when the nurse started probing that needle around in my forearm crease, three strikes and I was out.

I came-to quickly.

During the few seconds when my world was swirled black, another lady had rushed over and stuck my vein good on her very first try.



23

I stopped bleeding, though, with the tube only half full. I flexed and flexed my forearm, but no more blood would flow. They told me I could stop trying to bleed more because they were confident they had drawn enough for the test. I hoped I wouldn't have a big bruise there tomorrow on my big day.

I paid my \$14 and walked back across town.

x x

As I got back to the house, I ripped the bandage off my arm so no one there would be suspect to our plans. What could I have said to the question, "What happened there?" A reply of, "Oh, I just felt like donating blood today," would have been too transparent. I'd be lucky if his mom didn't notice the needle mark, let alone the emerging bruise. I went for long sleeves.

Later, our search for two witnesses was on. The first place we went was to the food co-op where his mom works as the vegan baker. We knew she wouldn't be there, so our coast was clear. Others in the deli area, we thought, would be safe keepers of our search, and they were, but none could step to the witness stand because they had to either work at 4:30 tomorrow, or already had prior commitments.

We inquired about the club, Zebra, that we saw the show flyer for and decided it wouldn't hold any luck for us. Someone told us the Donner Party on the flyer is not the Donner Party I thought it was. This Donner Party was a local hippie space jam band. No thanks. Didn't this town have any punks?

We called the witness search off and instead found a game room on the local campus. Rounds of pinball, Dig Dug and a game of bowling pacified us.

X X

Traditional bells rang in my head later that night when we laid down together for sleep. We weren't supposed to be together the night before our wedding day. And we weren't supposed to see each other at all tomorrow before the actual "ceremony".

Since we weren't tying our knots traditionally, I hoped this unavoidable situation wouldn't hang dark clouds over our giddy heads.

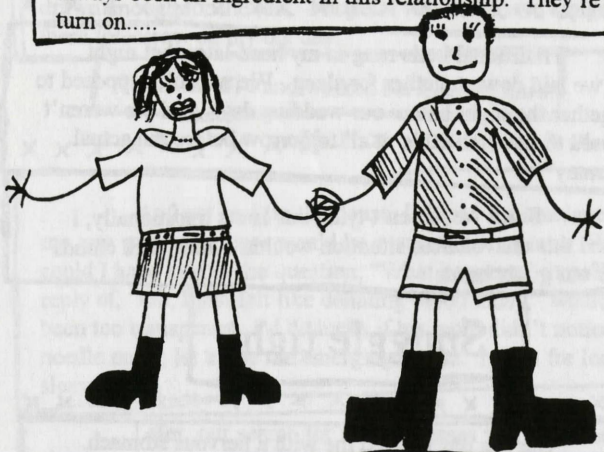
Snuggle tight.

X X

Our big day greeted me with a nervous stomach. Stress was definitely gripping our conversation. We both knew the score, so our collective tweekiness ended up being simple, silly giggles.

My obsessive-compulsiveness kicked in and what we would wear became an issue. Since the not seeing each other before the ceremony was blown, I went for the something old, something new, something borrowed, something blue tradition. Old = my motorcycle boots given to me by my dad. New = a Venetian glass bead necklace my mom had just given to me. Borrowed = a white T-shirt from Ernesto's mom's closet. Blue = work shorts dumpstered a few months ago back home. Add my bullet belt, hair brushing, a little brown mascara and some purple lipstick & I was a blushing bride-to-be.

Ernesto went for some borrowed shorts from his mom's partner, a not-too-wrinkled dumpstered button-up shirt, a shave & his big black boots. The black boot factor has always been an ingredient in this relationship. They're such a turn on.....



Another tradition reared its head when we thought about the "JUST MARRIED" decorated vehicle. Our vehicle was borrowed bikes, so we thought to bring a backpack full of empty beer cans, rocks to go inside the cans for weight, string to tie the cans to the back of our bikes, and signs to be duct taped onto our backs. Ernesto grabbed the "JUST" sign. I wore, "MARRIED."

After hours of joking about having a two-person parade through the town's streets, including noise makers, stolen flowers in my hair, and silly songs, we settled for our original Critical Mass of two. We just needed to find the string.

It was time!

With \$30.25 in my pocket, our parents' full names & places of birth memorized and our driver's licenses, we rode our bikes to the medical lab to pick up the last requirement, my blood certificate. (By the way, it was a test for rubella, the German measles, which can effect an unborn child. That's why only the woman is required to take the test.)

Amazing. The blood test certificate was ready when they said it would be. 3 p.m. We had an hour and a half to get to the court house, get the marriage certificate and make our 4:30 appointment for the Justice of the Peace to marry us.

The actual process for getting the marriage license felt like an interview. We were sat side by side on the other side of a woman's desk where she sat with a typewriter and her official forms. We told her our parent's names and stuff and showed her our driver's licenses. We answered funny questions like, "Are you related?" with, "We hope not." She typed our answers on what looked like a permission slip.

I paid her the required \$30.25. (Just like my grandmother who eloped last Spring, I paid for my own wedding.) She then handed us a "NEWLYWED SAMPLER" plastic bag filled not with condoms and KY, but dish washing soap and fabric softener samples.

She told us we could make our way downstairs and wait for our certificate to be delivered to the Justice's office.

Of course the wait seemed like forever. We switched from chairs to a bench, from hallway to hallway, made a few visits to the bathroom to kill time and laid all over each other giggling. I was goin' outta my mind.

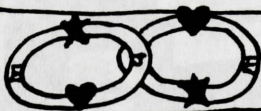
Oh shit! We didn't have witnesses. We popped back into reality and bolted to the counter behind which the Justice's secretaries worked. We explained sweetly that we knew no one in this town and had no luck recruiting strangers. They agreed to stand up and witness our marriage.



One of them showed us to our very own private court room and told us Judge Smith would be in to marry us as soon as he finished wrapping up a case upstairs. We waited impatiently, rearranging the court room's furniture and playing with the flags. Bouncing off the walls!!!

FINALLY!!! Judge Smith emerged. The two secretary-witnesses followed him in & stood to the side. He was an older man with gentle looking hands and soft blue eyes. He affirmed that we could have the furniture placed here & there as we wished. After all, it was our wedding. He told us about his wonderful marriage to a wonderful woman for over 40 wonderful years. They probably had wonderful children and wonderful, wonderful grandchildren.

Before the ceremony began, he told Ernesto that it was obvious why he wanted to marry me, but gave me three chances to change my mind & escape. I told him I was sure. He asked if we were opposed to God being included in the ceremony. We weren't. He asked if we had rings to exchange. We did. I pulled them from my pocket proudly & told the three of them that I had made them myself. Impressed, they stepped closer to get a good look. "Ooh, Aah." And both for under \$10!



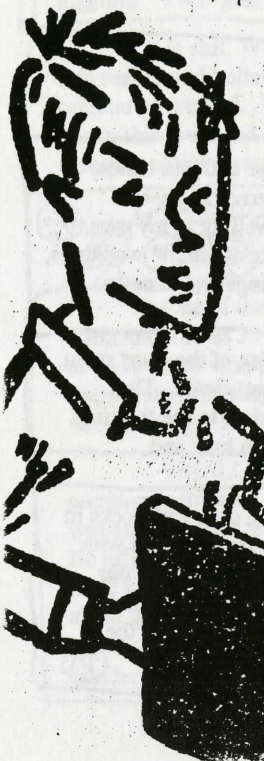
We were asked to face each other and join hands. Our hands were sweaty clams with bad nerves in the air conditioning. Short & sweet, with tears welling in my eyes, hanging on to every word I've heard before at others' weddings, we said "I do" to each other, exchanged rings and Ernesto kissed me, the bride.

Before walking down the aisle out of the court room, we five had to sign the official marriage certificate. The witnesses, with little tears in their eyes asked to see the rings again, shook our hands and wished us much luck and happiness.

Back at our bikes, we ditched the cans with rocks in them idea for a lack of string to tie them onto our bikes with. We even ditched the "JUST" & "MARRIED" signs on our backs idea in favor of a slow, calm hand-in-hand bike ride down the road's center lane with the sun bouncing off the mountains and reflecting off our smiles.

The Zine Library at the CMC

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them by the CMC
1021 W. University Ave.

A black and white photograph of three women, identified as locomotive mechanics, sitting on the front of a large steam locomotive. The women are dressed in work clothes, including overalls and caps. The locomotive behind them has a large circular headlight and a number plate that reads '940'. The scene is set outdoors on a railway track.

WOMEN LOCOMOTIVE MECHANICS

WW 1 - 1918

YARD WIDE YARNS





WWI - 1918 WOMEN LABORERS

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

Twenty-Something Woman Is:

- Having real true girl friendships for the first time ever.
- Realizing that while growing up, most of your friends were boys and that they all eventually ended up trying to hook up with you, just like your mother always warned they would.
- Watching a porno in a room with some guy friends and suddenly feeling very unsafe.
- Passing out alone in your friend's room at her party and being woken up by a guy laying next to you, feeling you up, urging you to remain quiet. Laying there frozen with fear.
- Taking the pill for a year and a half because your boyfriend suggests it, but hating it because it completely fucks with your emotions. Him telling you that you should like it because it's made you lose weight, your complexion has cleared up and your boobs have gotten bigger.
- Quitting the pill and feeling like you never completely got back to how you felt before you started taking it.
- Having crushes on and being attracted to girls for the first time but never really doing anything about it because you're so damn boy crazy.



oh, she's re-



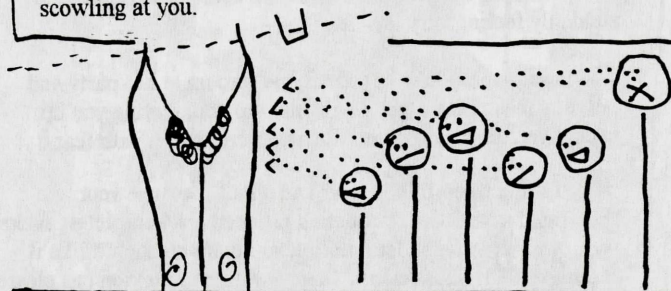
oh, he's cute!



— Realizing that your dad's attitudes towards you have changed as you've grown up. He helped raised you to be strong and independent, but now he seems disappointed with you, commenting that you are unfeminine and uncompromising.

— Absolutely hating that you have subconsciously held onto some of the more dubious of traditional male qualities your father instilled in you.

— Not shaving your "bikini line" and noticing kids at the water park staring at your crotch all day long and their parents scowling at you.



— Being in a band with all boys and having one of them tell you in so many words that you're not a lady like his girlfriend is.

— Having your mom think it must be so great to just be one of the guys in the band when all you do is try desperately try not to be. Cringing when you hear yourself use the word "pussy" just like they constantly do.

— Talking with your mother and being told how she is so proud of you for doing things she would never have had it in her to do and realizing just how held back she has been, by society, your father and herself - and loving her even more.

—Wishing your mother wasn't so far from any consciousness-raising thought because you love her so much & it hurts when she refuses to think or talk about anything remotely political.

— Getting angry because you realize the only political, intellectual or financial awareness your mother does have comes from what she hears from your father and knowing that he expects it and likes it that way. Realizing how he has unforcefully kept her quieted for thirty years.

—Feeling sad for your father because he has felt the pressure to be such the traditional macho guy and suppress the emotions you see just aching to come out of him.

—Dating a guy who is considered a "professional" and therefore, your parents fall head over heels in love with him immediately. When you break things off two months later, your dad faults you by saying you were probably too radical and uncompromising when in reality it was because he was a complete opportunist who treated you like a trophy "wild girl" and who did not understand the word "NO."

— Telling a guy that you consider yourself a feminist and he is immediately offended, offering up, "Oh, well then I'm the opposite, a machoist."

— Sharing what you consider awesome women's writings with a guy you like and when you ask what he thought about them, all he says is, "They sounded angry. What have they got to be so mad about?"

— Him asking why it's taking so long for you to come as if it has nothing to do with him.

— Him pumping you for three minutes, gasping three quick breaths, collapsing and then falling asleep in three minutes.

— Realizing that the job you're trained to do is traditionally a "woman's" job and not wanting to do it anymore for that very reason.

— Eloping and having everyone wonder if you're pregnant.

— Having people assume you changed your last name when you got married. Explaining to your family time and time again that you didn't, but they still address letters to you with your husband's last name written on them.

— When you do get pregnant, being badgered by your family about what the baby's last name will be.

— Having your dad tell you that he bets your husband would really like it if you prettied yourself up and wore some make-up.

— Feeling responsible for another life just when you were starting to look out for your own well-being more than everyone else's.

— Praying you won't subconsciously slip into detestable patterns of gender-coding your baby or repeating any of the things you hated that your parents did to you.

Hey, baby!

Just like I snuck a call from his mother's phone to the Courthouse so we could elope last year, I snuck a call from his mother's house to Planned Parenthood. I needed an appointment. When the voice on the other end of the phone asked what service I wanted an appointment for, I mumbled, "a pregnancy test," so no one in the next room could hear me.

Ernesto said he could just look at me and tell I was pregnant. I told him to shut up his wishful thinking because my period was late only because we'd been whirlwind traveling all month & that hitchhiking & train hopping & nasty food eating & sleeping in precarious spots would make any girl's cycle irregular. I attributed my extra sore and bloated boobs to some sort of extremely wild PMS. I was shushin' him & rationalizing my body's behavior because I didn't want my hopes built up. In the privacy of my own head, I was prayin' for a lil' one to be grabbin' hold in there.

I peed in the cup & gave it to the nurse. She said the test takes about four minutes to fully develop & that she'd be back that soon to give me the results. She came back in less than a minute flat with a positive result. That second pink line showin' up said I was pregnant for sure!

Ernesto & I could barely find the door, let alone open it to let ourselves out of the clinic. We could barely get the car's door opened & the key in the ignition, let alone drive the thing. I reparked & we had to walk. And walk and walk. I wanted to start eating right away.

Years ago, I decided that giving birth to and having a child in my life was an experience I wanted to have. I have never been able to intellectually rationalize that decision, though. It certainly doesn't fit in easily with my lifestyle, or my financial reality, or other things...but my body and emotions took over.

Still, finding out I was pregnant didn't truncate our couple months whirlwind of traveling with little direction. I still hiked the Appalachian trail for four days, although it was 100 degrees HOT & food & water were not in ideal quantities. And after that, we were able to make our way up to and all around PEI and Nova Scotia for a couple weeks of beach hopping. Some may think that having to dash into woods to seek nighttime sleep shelter is roughing it, but we had a tent, sleeping bags, a cook stove, and beautiful beaches with birds, rocks, jellyfish, cliffs, whales, seals, and sometimes even no other people!

When we finally made it home, the first place I went the very same afternoon was to The Birth Center to get myself hooked up with a midwife. They signed me up and gave me a free tour, but I still had to wait a week and a half for my initial prenatal exam. Ooh, I was anxious to hear that everything was OK in there. What if it's twins? What about that cramp I had two weeks ago? What about those beers I drank before I knew I was pregnant? The cigarettes? The joints of BC green?

When I told my mom the news, she squealed with excitement, "I'm so ready!" You see, I'm an only child. My dad, I think, was in shock. He always joked that I wasn't even allowed to date until I was thirty. My grandmother thought it was a false alarm and a month after I told her said, "Oh, you really are

pregnant?" This is going to make her a great-grandmother. I could have sworn she had a tear in her eye.

At my first appointment, I heard the heartbeat and fell deeply in love, quicker than the beats themselves at 165 beats per minute strong. My midwife thought I was farther along than I thought I was and she scheduled me an ultrasound so we could find out for sure. Another week and a half wait. Meanwhile, possibilities of why she might think I'm 16 weeks along instead of 12 swirled in my head and made me incredibly anxious for reassuring news. Did I have a fibroid tumor? Was that period three months ago really not a period and instead was me miscarrying a twin?

The appointment was yesterday & I was right on time at 4:30. The Doctor's office lobby was full of other women, some of whom had a few young 'uns with them. The first hour of waiting, the kids were calm.

The second hour of waiting, they started to wiggle and annoy each other, including the moms. I started to question whether I wanted that in my life.

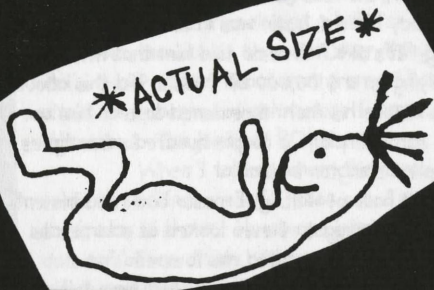
The third hour, the kids were giving each other dares and one little third grade boy named Justin was crash landing a dollar bill airplane, cheering, "It's JFK." Ernesto told him that if it was really JFK, he'd be flying on a \$100,000 bill. Justin did this about 50 or a million times before his mom threatened to tear him up. So then, he flew the same airplane a couple hundred more times saying it was George Washington instead.

By the fourth hour of waiting, Ernesto had read his entire book and I, all the zines I brought. I even looked at a lame ass mainstream Pregnancy mag that wanted me to spend "an affordable couple grand" on a dream nursery. And here I thought I

was getting space ready enough for the baby by selling my drum set.

Finally, the doctor poked his head into the lobby and started taking patients. He had been called to the hospital for an emergency. I had missed band practice already when I was just getting prepped for the ultrasound. The machine had a super gross, porno looking dildo probe thing hanging from it & I prayed it wasn't going inside of me. I was already freakin' enough because the doctor was male.

He finally came in & was really cool instantly, excitedly wanting to see all my tattoos. He quickly got to work on me, sans the creepy probe. Whew! A little jelly stuff on my tummy & a smooth thin plastic wand rubbed over it was all he needed to have a picture of my 60mm lil' one on the screen with an immediate expected due date (February 29 making it a leap frog baby), probable date of conception, an estimated 12 weeks and 3 days along, assurance of no fibroid tumors, and confirmation that I was not carrying twins. Ernesto did a little dance of relief in the corner of the room.



← A genuine traced copy of LIL' ONE from the ultrasound printout!!!
(hair not included.)

Riding my bike home today in a super smiling mood, I guess the white newness of the newly repaved curb blinded me & I didn't see its elevation correctly. There I went flying over my handlebars, after they wrecked themselves in my stomach, of course. Before I even chin-planted on the road, I was well aware of the constricting pain in my gut & my lack of ability to take a good breath. All tangled with my foot caught in the foot strap, I was trapped. Out of the corner of my eye, I could see several cars stopped at the red light next to me with their windows up as to hold in their air conditioning. If the people inside weren't laughing at me, then they were just plain staring. Not a window cracked. A nice older woman came over from the car wash to help me. I definitely needed it.

I was more rattled and scared than hurt and I nearly made it all the way home before bursting into tears. I took one step inside the front door, whimpering and totally scuffed from chin to knees and Ernesto jumped up to see what had happened to me. I immediately started crying harder & he was super sweet to me until I calmed down. That was probably only the second time he's ever seen me cry, so he knew it wasn't just because I was scraped up.

I decided an out of character bubble bath was what I needed & there I sat among the Miss Piggy Pink Banana Bubbles reading my "What to Expect When You're Expecting" book for at least an hour. I talked to my tummy and told the lil' one sorry about the bumpy ride earlier and that I hoped it wouldn't inherit my Klutzy lack of agility and grace.

(43)

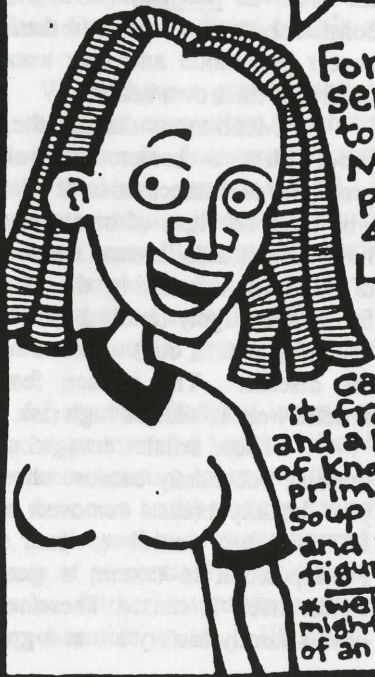


For exercise and bonding, these girls took 10-15 mile bike rides during the '30s in Salt Lake City, Utah. They'd borrow bikes from neighbor boys, or take their brothers'.



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The ASSASSIN and the WHINER is the auto-bio comic that most everyone* is talking about. Do yourself a favor and check out an issue.



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*well...that
might be a bit
of an exaggeration



Something's not

right here.

I recently stumbled upon two articles, which at first glance intrigued me. One was in Time (1-25-99) and the other in McCalls (5-99). Both articles boasted about new studies in the field of breast cancer prevention and how women can take control of their own health.

Much to my dismay, the articles were about elective breast removal surgery - prophylactic mastectomies - wherein women who have no signs of breast cancer chose to have their healthy breasts removed out of fear of someday developing the disease. Their fears were largely induced by a family history (mothers, sisters, etc.) who had succumbed to the disease. The women featured in the articles were labeled as high risk.

These articles enraged me for several reasons, but mostly because choosing to have your healthy breasts removed out of fear is NOT taking control of your own health. Predisposition to cancer is genetic, but the cancer itself is not. Therefore, those who have a family history are at a greater risk, but



environmental factors make or break the actual development of cancer. Lifestyle choices such as diet, tobacco and alcohol consumption and toxic chemical exposure all contribute to the development of the disease. Thus families who have the same health practices, or lack thereof, also tend to develop the same diseases. Point is, it's not just genetics.

We all have a greater control of our health than just consenting to whatever the doctor recommends. Incorporating things like positive thinking, exercise and creative relaxation techniques into our daily lives are all means of controlling our own health, as is using the knowledge that certain foods fight cancer while others cause it. What we choose to put into our bodies greatly contributes to our health.

I am mortified that instead of taking positive steps toward a healthy lifestyle, some women are choosing to ignore the role they play in their own health and are opting to have whole, undiseased body parts chopped off - in the name of prevention! That's absurd. Our bodies are neither our enemies nor are they incomprehensible to us. Ill health is the





opportunity to better understand ourselves. Sickness is a challenge - one which we can meet head on when armed with knowledge, positive thinking and the belief in our own ability to heal. When we dig down deep to the root of a problem, we figure out where it comes from, why it's there and what we can do about it. The surgical removal of a potentially cancerous body part is a quick fix, one that will not last if lifestyle changes are not made. Sickness will manifest itself somehow and somewhere else because the underlying problem was not addressed.

Our children and others around us learn by example. Therefore, let us teach them that we can induce health and empower ourselves with nutritious foods, love and appreciation of the beautiful bodies we were born with. **We women have lived in fear and without trust or acceptance of our bodies for long enough!** We become our own enemy when we doubt our ability to heal and thrive. Everyone should think positively and envision themselves as whole, vibrant beings who are strong and able to overcome any obstacle in their path. Let's grow and

learn from our mistakes and make changes for the better.

And I can't help but to question:
Why is it rare for a man to lose a reproductive organ to cancer but common place, and even considered a preventative measure for women to do so? Something is definitely not right here.

write me:

Margaret Briggs Arroyo
in c/o of this zine or at
moxiemutineer@juno.com



49



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"A woman in childbed"

...is an old term used to refer to a woman who is in labor, about to give birth, or postpartum. As early as the 5th Century B.C., Hippocrates made the observation that a woman who suffered from what would become known as "childbed fever" would usually die. Prior to 1855, Puerperal, or childbed fever, was the cause of the great majority of deaths of mature women before menopause.

Although a few doctors (as early as 1651) began to catch on to what the fever was and what was probably causing it, it wasn't until 1843 when Oliver Wendell Holmes published *The Contagiousness of Puerperal Fever* that an attempt was made to bring this life-saving knowledge to the attention of American doctors.

The scientific evidence was simple: The disease only struck women whose midwife or doctor had recently been in contact with another infected patient. The fever was more likely to develop if hands or instruments had been introduced into the birth canal.

The prevention was obvious: CLEANLINESS.

But Oliver Wendell Holmes' work was dismissed by most physicians as nonsense. He suffered greatly under criticism, only had a few

supporters and women continued to die in childbirth.

It wasn't until four years later that another doctor demonstrated conclusively what Holmes' had been proposing. Even then, most doctors refused to heed the advice to wash their hands in antiseptic solution before helping in childbirth.

Slowly, if grudgingly, doctors began to take the suggested precautions necessary to bring the disease under control and in 1855, a second edition of Holmes' book came out.

FINALLY! It was greeted with respect. Doctors began washing their hands before childbirth and surgery, and infected patients were isolated to prevent the disease from spreading.

Still, once a woman contracted the disease, there was practically nothing that could be done to save her life. But long before the invention of drugs that would knock the disease out after it was contracted, the numbers of women who were being infected were dropping dramatically... because doctors were finally taking those two whole minutes to wash their grubby doctor hands!

The Eyeliners

The Eyeliners are: Laura - drums & lead vocals; Gel - guitar & backing vocals; Lisa - bass. **YWY** = Jessica.

YWY - Initially, what got you interested in music, or what was your first interest in music?

LAURA - We've all always loved music, since when we were tiny, so it was an eventual thing. They learned how to play guitar first & they kept playing guitar & were like, "Hey, let's form a band, so Lisa decided she'd play bass & Jill guitar & it kinda went from there. I was just singing with them. I didn't know how to play drums.

YWY - How old were you when the three of you first started playing together?

Gel - We were in our twenties, but Lisa was still in High School. We had to sneak her in to clubs. She had a fake I.D. It was pretty crazy.

Lisa - I used her birth certificate & things so I could get my picture on an I.D. just to be able to play.

YWY - Was it intentional that you be an all-female line-up? Or did it just happen out of friendship?

Gel - It just happened. We were looking for a drummer & we couldn't find one. They're scarce in New Mexico. We didn't set out to be an all girl band or anything, we just needed a drummer. So we couldn't find one & we were borrowing a drum set & Laura just sat down & was able to play and sing, so...

Laura - I discovered I could play a beat & sing at the same time, so we kinda went from there. I learned as we went. We played our first show a month and a half later. It was scary for me, but it was really fun.

YWY - What special dynamics occur in your band in terms of friendship? Are you still a band because you're friends or are you still friends because you're in a band?

EYES - We'll tell you a secret. We're pretty close. We're all sisters.

YWY - That helps!!!

Gel - We tried to keep it a secret forever. We didn't want any of the jokes or anything, but we finally decided that people could tell we looked alike & stuff.

YWY - Can you site then, collectively in your household, when you were young, what was your first attraction to music? Can you give me a specific musician, a favorite group, male or female?

Laura - My first two bands I was ever into were Elvis & Herman's Hermits when I was like six.

Gel - A lot of 80's stuff. I remember kids going crazy over New Wave. We liked New Wave. But the oldies, definitely. When we were tiny, we would go crazy for it. When we started getting into things like the Ramones, & stuff like that, we decided, "This is what we want to do. We want to form a band. We can do this kind of thing." That's what got us really inspired.

YMY - Any specific aspirations for the band? Or individually, as a musician?

Gel - Just to keep playing & have fun, you know? To survive this month long tour. This is the first time to the East coast for us. So far we've been lucky with just playing and having a good time.

YMY - It's important for people know that. It's really hard to explain to people who aren't involved in grassroots or DIY type music that it's about having fun & to meet people & share experiences. They think you have an agenda of being a star & they don't understand why you wouldn't want that.

Laura - Along those same lines, when we first started, we were just all about fun. We were playing in a garage. We were like, "Cool! We wrote a song!" And it just kinda kept going. We started to play out, we made our first DIY

record & it was for ourselves like, "Oh my god, I can't believe we have a record." So it's cool how things go along. We just have fun with it.

YWY - Then you must realize how unique it is for three sisters to be playing together. That's pretty special I think.

Laura - We didn't even think anything of us being a "girl" band when we started. And then when people started to find out we're all sisters, they were like all freaked on it. It was kind of a negative thing because people didn't want to book us because we were all girls.



YWY - That's a really neat consciousness, that you didn't even think about that & that you had to have an outsider say, "Hey..." And that also kinda sucks because then you start second guessing & it places limitations, like you said, people didn't want to book you?

Gel - In Albuquerque, we were the first all girl punk band. There were alterna-country girl bands.

YWY - Alterna-country?

Gel- That's what we call them.

YWY - That's a new one to me.

Gel - Maybe it's a New Mexico thing.

YWY - Because you're sisters, how do your parents play into this? Have they been supportive? Are they musical? What do they think?

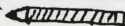
Laura - Our mom's family was musical, so she doesn't think it's odd at all.

Gel - At first I think she was very apprehensive. She was like, "What are you girls doing?" But her brother was in a 50's Rock 'n Roll band and her dad was in a band in the 30's. We don't know what they were called. We just found out about it. They were local bands.

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BOOKS TO CHECK OUT...

In the Way of Our Grandmothers A Cultural View of Twentieth-Century Midwifery in Florida by Debra Anne Susie

Bein' in that family way has me down at the library more, so I can figure out exactly what's goin' on inside me & what I can expect to be happenin' when it's time for me to deliver this child. This book was a definite score with 150 pages of interviews with African-American rural North Central Florida midwives from the 1920s and up to the 1980s. Some of these women were still delivering babies well into their eighties! But some of these women were forced out of midwifery without ever being told a straight answer as to why.

Around the 50s and 60s, groups of doctors were lobbying FL legislature to "do something about the midwife problem." Of course they got their way. And of course there's a bit of irony involved. First, the midwives were conclusively documented as having better track records than the doctors! And second, welfare started paying big bills for the women to have their babies at hospitals instead of paying a modest sum to a midwife. One can only speculate on the government/corporate interests here, huh?

While I'm on the subject of expenses, traditional midwives received their licenses after attending five to fifteen births and all of a sudden, new laws were calling for these old women to go back to nursing school to become "certified," which these days can cost upwards of \$20,000! The

book has lots more to offer, too, in terms of cultural heritage and learning about the roles these women played in their communities and just how babies were delivered in the face of rural isolation and poverty.

Sisterhood is Powerful

An Anthology of Writings From the Women's Liberation Movement edited by Robin Morgan

Like a required textbook for any one studying the feminist movement in the U.S. Published in 1970, this collection of writings gathers many voices from the second wave of feminism, including photos, poems, articles and manifestos. Over 50 contributors, all women, bring their voices ranging from detachment to outrage.

This book IS an action. This book IS a herstory. And that's exactly why I assigned it to myself for summer reading. I came away beyond inspired and definitely schooled on issues I always felt in my heart but may have not had the confidence to be able to discuss or act on them. EMPOWERING. Like mentioned earlier in this issue, one piece in particular (Woman Is:) inspired my writing for the three part piece included here. (pages 5-6, 12-15, 35-38).

Another favorite was "The Politics of Orgasm" which exposes Freud as a myth perpetratin' fraud as far as his theories of female sexuality go. The scientific facts are in that WOMEN GET MORE PLEASURE FROM SEX. Women are naturally multi-orgasmic! The dichotomy of vaginal orgasms is ENTIRELY FALSE! (Which of course means that with clitoral orgasm, woman's sexual pleasure is independent of a male's!) "The most intense orgasms experienced by the research subjects were by

masturbatory manual stimulation, followed in intensity by manual stimulation by the partner; the least intense orgasms were experienced by women during intercourse."

What Every American Should Know About Women's History 200 Events That Shaped Our Destiny by Christine Lunardini

Yeah, it's a cheesy title, but definitely an informative book. And easy to read! The 200 events are each written in a few hundred words in journalistic story style. The dates covered range from 1607 to 1993 and cover issues of social reform, political, professional, family life, and the struggle for equal rights.

While reading this, I began to gain a more chronological and holistic understanding of events long ago taught to me in public school from the white male perspective of HIsTory. One major thing I realized was how intertwined the struggles to end slavery and the beginnings of the women's rights movement were.

This is a great book to launch you into further study of specific radical women, issues and events. And then I'm left wanting to know, "What about all the other events beyond this 200?"

Awkward, Definition and Potential #1-4 Auto-Bio comics by Ariel Schrag

My friend Ian first turned me onto Ariel's comics a couple years ago when she had only one book to her credit, a 50 page comic titled Awkward, documenting her 9th grade school year. And it was fucking brilliant! Talk about talent!

Then came the book documenting her 10th grade year, Definition, which wound up getting

picked up by Slave Labor Graphics. It too was amazing.

Now there's Potential, a more traditional comic book lay out done in four issues to document her 11th grade year. This one gets pretty sexy! I can't wait to read her 12th grade year.

At the time I first read her comics, I had just finished teaching two years of high school English. And the first thing that came to my mind was, "I'd get in trouble for teaching material like this!" Really! It is so real and honest both emotionally and physically that I think a lot of adult types would think this is "too naughty." Whatever. It's reality - more reality than what they're pretending to give their own kids, I'm sure.

If she was my student, she would have gotten an A on all her report cards for producing this, even during CLASS TIME!

Elysian Fields

A Fucked Up Love Story by Jessica Erica Hahn

(Passing Through Publications - 1920 23rd St. - SF, CA 94107 - get yourself a copy for \$15 or something to trade that money can't buy.)

The most raucous, punk, squat-style travelin' novel ever - Una and Malakai are a whirlwind of volatile love. Jessica's writing style is unique & BREATHTAKING. This, her first novel written when she was 19 years old, made my stomach tie in knots & swarm with butterflies! After reading her other book, Transient Ways, I was ecstatic to come across another title by her.

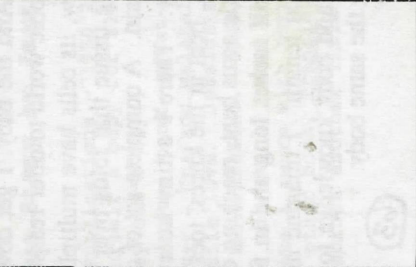
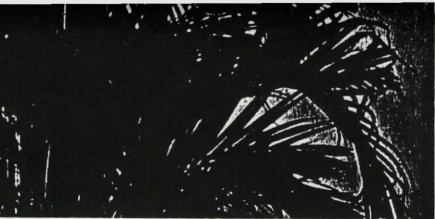
Lying on my back with closed eyes, I am conscious of my shallow breaths.

Without forcing them, I breath heavier, pausing after inhalation and imagining I am sinking deeper with each exhalation. I want to go to that place where the baby is; I want to visit its world. I imagine an encasing of muscle, my uterus and its newly expanded walls, ready to stretch even more. Inside its walls rests a clear bubble of placenta, an entirely new organ my body has created for what floats inside of it. There's a beautiful light bluish wavy umbilical cord anchoring the baby I am growing to its bubble. And the baby. I get down close to my baby, inside its bubble world to offer reassurance and calm and love. By now, its cells have multiplied millions of times over, creating tissue that folds over on itself to form the spine and brain. A complete set of organs rests inside of its own body. There's a tiny little butt with little legs extended out, bent at the knees, toes on the ends starting to form. Little arms bent, reaching out. My baby is only two and a half inches long and in four more weeks will be double that length. I imagine my inner core having the wisdom and body knowledge to create this life, two lives sharing the same body.

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To:

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