

SaLTy

(adj.) 1. of relating to, or containing salt;

2. **engagingly stimulating or provocative**; a "piquant wit"; "salty language"

3. sharp, witty, as a joke or story;

(syn) *risque, spicy, suggestive*;

4. *caustic, mordacious, seething, trenchant*; 5. (ANT) *BLAND, REFINED, DELICATE, PRUDISH*



Your comfort

is my **silence**

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SaLTy Ladies: Editorial Team



Desirée Letoi Brown, a graduating senior at UC Riverside, has decided to take a hiatus in Togo to be with her lover before returning to the academic world as a graduate student. In honor of her grandmothers she is in the process of a legal name change that will incorporate their names and histories into her life. Soon she will be Desirée Josephine Rose Montague. Desirée loves entertaining and getting her groove on at parties. In her spare time, she writes poetry. She is also very good at giving free advice, but not after one in the morning. Her contact information is not being provided.

Piya Chatterjee writes poetry, collects TinTin comics, makes a pretty good Jamaican Rum Punch, and enjoys watching *Love Lucy*. She has grown up in Nigeria, India and the United States. She identifies as a tri-continental night owl, and finds it difficult to function in the morning — but manages to get conscious with two cups of strong coffee. She lives and works in Riverside where she is on the faculty of the Women's Studies department at UC-Riverside. Piya and Sheila are dreaming about La Casa De Mujeres/The House of Women — a community center for low income women which will combine social services with political education. If anyone is interested in these adventures, get in touch with her!



Sheila Givens is a daughter, nurse, wife, mother, military veteran and a student of life. She is a UCR graduate with a BA degree in Sociology. She is currently working throughout the Inland Empire as a private duty pediatric nurse specializing in the care of patients on ventilators. She says, "I am all of these things and now I hope to become one of many who willingly represent and fight against social injustice by ANY MEANS NECESSARY. The military trained me on how to fire M16 rifles and 50 caliber machine guns, it is now time to put the power of the pen to use."

Christine Petit is involved in struggles for social justice on many fronts. She is currently a graduate student in sociology at the University of California, Riverside. Her areas of interest are race, class, and gender inequality and social movements. Christine is editor in chief of *LOUDmouth* for the summer 2005 through spring 2006 issues. *LOUDmouth* is a feminist magazine that comes out of the Women's Resource Center at California State University, Los Angeles and has been an inspiration to *Salty*.



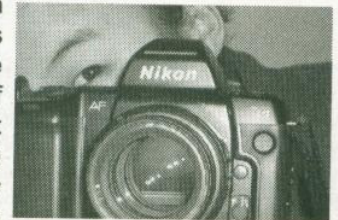
The views expressed in *Salty* do not necessarily reflect those of University of California, Riverside, Women in Coalition, or their students, staff, faculty, or administrators. Opinions are those of their respective authors and are not necessarily those of *Salty*.

Salty features feminist, anti-racist, anti-imperialist, pro-queer, pro-labor and pro-poor perspectives. Each issue will be structured around a broad theme. It emerges out of internationalist and U.S. "third wave" women of color theorizing around social justice. It recognizes multiple and simultaneous systems of power and oppression.

Based in the "Inland Empire" of southern California, *Salty* includes local, regional and international writing. *Salty* is particularly interested in transnational links and alliances with women's grassroots struggles in the global South.

Letters to the Editors and pitches for contributions can be sent to saltzine@yahoo.com.

Jackie Newton is a science nerd with a cat named ATP synthase. She was also hoping for the chance to name some cats "Photo," "Tofu," and "Surf Kahuna." But, she didn't want to get any more cats out of fear of becoming like the crazy cat lady on the *Simpsons* who throws her cats at you if you come near the railroad tracks. Jackie is a UCR undergraduate, majoring in biomedical sciences and minoring in women's studies. She hopes to become a gynecologist who empowers women by helping them to make informed decisions about their health and giving them access to safe and affordable medical treatment. Until then, she brings honor to her Vietnamese family by protecting the community at night as a ninja. (Oh wait ... I shouldn't have said that ... this zine will self-destruct in 3 ... 2 ... 1 ...).



TAKING MY REVENGE

one piece at a time

By Jessica Tiu

My face is plastered next to candy and cheap impulse buys, and you cannot buy milk without seeing me and wondering which new trends will break or make people this season.

My breasts are revealed on almost every beer ad, movie poster, rock or pop album cover, and vacation billboard. They'd have to be hidden under modified men's fashion to be ignored.

My ancient literary history was burned or buried and all that remains are shreds of papyrus. My philosophies or pamphleteering or theory discussing was eclipsed by my husband's, my brother's, my male rival's. My modern academic strength is a joke to too many people who don't see a reason to write.

My ideologies and best areas of study are simplified to the humanitarian, the liberal, the abstract, the homely and humble and low profit.

So I am not surprised that my body is marginalized, commodified, objectified and my mind is typified, patronized, satirized. I am not surprised at bruises or suicide scars. I am not surprised at medication prescriptions and "sent home" reports. I am not surprised at being constantly compared and found consistently inferior to men year after year by people I love and respect and was taught to idealize as I enter adult society.

I am angry.

But as the world stubbornly refuses to let go of the big, weak, small, strong, other, rich, us, poor -- I must speak the same language and the language is black and white, too simple and unjustly understated.

This is my revenge.

Though I want to -- I cannot sell men across borders for their bodies and their labor. I cannot sell their children. I cannot slap them, cut them, punch them, kick them, yell threats and obscenities at them, rape them, turn them into sexual slaves or tell them they are worthless and only exist because of my word while being recorded for profit and distribution.

Though I want to -- I cannot have laws in my favor that bind them to me, make them my property. I cannot regulate how many kids they can father. I cannot harm them sexually when they are my sons and nephews and then have history and outdated, biased psychological

theory point to them as the instigators. I cannot have serial magazines and pervasive websites issue after issue, selling them as nothing but toys and objects for my gratification.

Though I want to -- I can't kill scores of men out of fear of witchcraft, I cannot burn down the only complete archives of men's ancient literary genius, I cannot create a multi-million dollar industry upon the sole principle is deceiving men into thinking they are inferior and incomplete. I cannot own hotel chains and studios and retailers and magazine publishing houses that support and thrive on pornography. I cannot force a religion onto everyone that humbles and constructs men to impossible ideals. I cannot marginalize their research, make their writing and intellectual contributions obscure, make their most important features their bodies and define their most poignant weaknesses against my strengths.

I can't do any of these things.

I want to hit something, someone. But I cannot kick History to the curb, or slam The System into a wall, or force Dominant Culture on its knees with sheer hatred. My enemies are everywhere and no where, are faded in the past and looming in the future, are deeply ingrained within me and injecting themselves into a younger generation, so there is no way to fight back physically.



Photo by Ellen Butler

However.

I can write.

And the black and white of text will mask, as all binaries mask, the complexity behind the nature of being. One word at a time, one hint of hypocrisy at a time, one poem, short story, speculative dialogue, debate, thesis, conference, convention at a time. From the small world that is my narrative domain, to the academia that is continuously getting stronger, I will take my revenge. ○

Jessica Tiu is studying Political Science/International Affairs with a strong interest in gender gaps in international affairs, especially East Asia. You can reach her at jtiu001@student.ucr.edu.

Life in 2030?

A Real Estate Advertisement from the Newspaper "The Patriot"

By Maria de los Angeles "Cuca" Esteves

Aren't you tired of living in closed neighborhoods, cramped into 1,000 square feet?

Aren't you tired of living in a place where bums and beggars stroll night and day outside your gated community, where violent deaths rise by 3 percent every minute, and poor people line-up — full of contagious diseases — outside your county's public hospital, waiting to receive assistance? Don't you think that those are not desirable human landscapes for your children to witness? Don't you think that there has to be a better place to live, a place where your kids would be surrounded by their peers inside and OUTSIDE the gated community?

If you are looking for new horizons for development and investments, as well as for a new concept on lifestyle, you can't miss this opportunity! Feel the warmth of sunlight flooding in through your living room windows, walk along grass-lined promenades, or unwind by your private swimming pool. Open your doors to an evergreen professional golf course, or enjoy the morning breeze in your private tennis court. Where can you find this paradise? In the new conquered lands of Patagonia and Amazonia, of course!

Not only is South America the ideal place to finally enjoy the house of your dreams and bring to life your long desired company growth, but it is also the place for farming and cattle growing, which for generations have been the specialty of these regions. Here you have the space you don't have in the U.S. Thousands of square miles

waiting to be utilized for industry, mining, oil drilling, farming, livestock raising ... You name it!

If your company is suffering the effects of overpopulation and needs space to grow to satisfy the increasing demands of millions of new consumers, don't overlook these great opportunities. Call now and enjoy early-bird advantages such as reduced prices and great investment deals. These wonderful, spacious lands, and millions of workers — ready to serve for the lowest wages — are waiting for you. Call now! Offers like these don't last very long.

Here is one of our great locations: 700,000 square kilometers in Patagonia. This enormous space has yet to be explored. If you have a tourist company or envision an investment on land for livestock raising, or a mining or oil company, this is the place for you. Thousands of tourists are brought down here every year to admire the miracles of nature of the glaciers and the Andes' mountains, the whales off the coast, and the fabulous unlimited landscapes. Your company will be exempt of taxes, and no export fees are required. Remember that the Argentinean government has given up the exploitation rights over this territory after the invasion of American troops in the year 2015, due to suspension of payment on their debt to the International Monetary Fund. And even before that, as early as 2002, multinational companies had reached agreements of exploitation with Argentinean authorities in which the gain for gold and silver mining amounted to as much as 2.5 billion dollars! Isn't this great? Imagine the profit that this kind of agreement can bring to your company now that there is no more Argentinean control over it, and that vil-

lagers and local inhabitants have no right to protest! It is as easy as stealing candy from a baby ... or, as Argentines would say, it's pan comido!

All that land is waiting for investors like you to settle there and bring hope to the growing crisis of space in our homeland. Be patriotic and invest in our new extended territory in the south

of the world. George V will happily reward you with a tax cut of 20 percent for the next hundred years!

Who said that the Amazon jungle was dead? Take a look at our next offer, even greater than the one before: 4,900,000 square kilometers of land in Amazonia. Environmentalists were wrong when they announced the devastation of this fabulous land. They just couldn't see ahead of their time. Now this land is full of promises and is open for you. One third of the forest is available for wood exploitation, and the other two-thirds that have been already turned into a desert, are being prepared for a new investment: agriculture, with the new irrigation system provided from one of the biggest rivers of the world — the Amazon. This system will make the growing of corn, coffee, sunflowers and even cotton viable in regions where only useless trees grew before.

If you are worried about safety, don't forget that our loyal troops have been constantly working there since the change of regime in 2027 to assure peace and security to every American citizen who wants to start a New Life. They are the promoters of the new freedom in this land that has been for many years devastated by socialist regimes and dictators. Now that the new order is in place and the United States of All Americas has taken over the government from these inexperienced citizens, everything is safe and secure. You can walk on the streets with your family at any time, day or night, knowing that 20,000 soldiers are working to protect you. And don't worry about uprisings of the lower classes: they are so starved that if you give them a piece of bread, they will do anything for you.

So, what are you waiting for? Give your family what they deserve: a big ranch in the new lands of the conquered territories of Patagonia or Amazonia. The future is waiting for you!

We offer you everything you want, anywhere in the world. Because the world has said yes to our will of freedom, now we are free to move around the world, as if it were our homeland. Don't wait. Opportunity doesn't knock twice at the same door. ○

Maria de los Angeles Esteves (Cuca) was born in Buenos Aires, Argentina. She lives in the United States since September 2001. "Life in 2030?" won Second Prize at Saddleback Essay Competition in 2004.



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DOMESTIC *silence*

By Dolores Ortiz

I already am.

Silent, silent, silent
like mother
like grandmother

like women who cannot be
anything but silent at times ...

to listen to life
try to make sense of itself

Silent to stop and be strong

Silent to fight back

Silent to think, think, think
of how I am my mother,
grandmother, eternal woman

a silent thought: hope
daughters are never like me

but, they are
I am.
Alive, Wise

Sister, don't you see?
Look with eyes closed
See that of course I am
like you, in all the wonderful ways
a woman can be

Her Wonders:
her wiles
her wickedness
her fierce wisdom

That we must learn is not a weakness.
That we do learn from each other is
our strength
our gift
our power
our way
our light

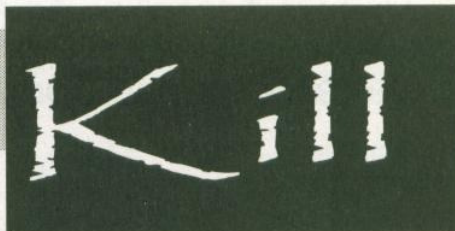
The loudest silence you never heard
My inner outrage
My inner rampage
My soul breakin' out from this cage
My words drippin' from the bottom
of this page

There's a domestic silence in progress.
There's progress in domestic silence.



Artwork by Jackie Newton

license to



By Gila Svirsky

It's been a terrible week. Our elderly cat was diagnosed with kidney failure, our newly-built basement flooded with water at the first winter rains, and Yelena was stabbed to death right over our heads.

I didn't hear Yelena's screams, as some of my neighbors did, but was awakened at 4:30 a.m. by the police trying to bash down my door, in the search for her apartment. When they found her one flight up, she was already dead, lying in a pool of blood with stab wounds to her neck and chest, two horrified daughters (aged 7 and 8) at her side, and a boyfriend who claimed that he killed her in self-defense because she attacked him.

Never mind that she was a graduate of a battered women's shelter and he had three complaints of assault filed against him. Never mind that she was 31, short and of slight build, and he 50, tall and solid. Somehow he had to stab her multiple times to protect himself.

This week we mark the International Day of Eliminating Violence Against Women, and I'd like to say a word about the culture of violence that is growing around us, in Israel, in the United States, and everywhere that people and nations which are big and powerful think they can solve problems by raising a knife or gun.

Killing, in all its many forms - crime, political assassination, suicide bombings, and the war against terror - doesn't work. Why not? Because killing ultimately destroys more than it saves. It destroys the victim, it destroys the families of the victims and perpetrators, it destroys masses of innocent bystanders, and it sends

a message that violence is legitimate, thereby inviting another round of it.

Ask the Palestinian survivors left to count the loved ones killed by a one-ton bomb dropped on their apartment building; also the home of a terrorist. Ask the Israeli parents who try to pick up the pieces of their lives after a suicide bomber has gutted a bus. Ask those whose loved ones were



wiped out in the Twin Towers. Or the Iraqi children who live in Falluja as the U.S. army gave them a demonstration of bringing democracy to the world.

All killing is a crime. And killing by governments becomes a role model for others. Take Israel as an example, though this could be applied to Palestine, the U.S., or any country whose leaders practice or condone violence.

In the past four years, as the Palestinians justly seek their independence from occupation and Israeli leaders try to prevent it, violence has spiralled on both sides. The results are not only more death in political action, and more bitterness and hatred, but also more violence in civilian society: In the past four years in Israel, we have had more rape, more killing of women by their male partners, and more violence in schools by children. The overlap between the "war on terror" and increased violence in the streets, homes, and

schools is no coincidence.

A culture of violence filters down into society when its leaders use force to resolve problems. This culture of violence - loosening the reins on the use of force - is not an invention of TV and movies (which have certainly overdone it), but begins by personal example of those who influence our values and norms: parents, political leaders, the most powerful nation on earth. What are we to learn when a superpower, with all imaginable means at its disposal, uses violence?

So at a time when we are thinking about how to end violence against women, I submit that you can't wipe it out without also addressing the example set by the state. When power and violence dominate political strategy, governments are issuing a license to kill, and that trickles right down to us and the apartments over our heads. ○

Gila Svirsky is a peace and human rights activist who lives in Jerusalem. She is Co-founder of Coalition of Women for a Just Peace, Women in Black-Jerusalem, Bat Shalom, B'Tselem, and the New Israel Fund. Her writings about political activism in Israel and Palestine have appeared in many languages and she was recently awarded the German PEN prize for her writing on behalf of peace.

Visit the Coalition of Women for Peace on the web: www.coalitionofwomen.org

CINNAMON GIRL DREAMS

an open letter to prince about arab american representation

By Stephanie Abraham 

Dear Prince,

Your new album "Musicology" is finally out, bringing with it the long awaited song and video about the experience of an Arab American girl. It seems with the "Let's Go Crazy" days behind you, the halcyon life can't fulfill all of your adrenaline-rush needs and you've decided to intentionally spark some "Controversy." (Disclaimer: From now on I am going to attempt to resist integrating the titles of your songs into this letter. While I recognize that this is not a "Prince - The Hits - Madlibs," I must admit, I love that album and it's one, to quote Depeche "I just can't get enough [of]". So, while I'll try, I'm not sure how successful I'll be.)

Congratulations. You single-handedly have invited us Arab girls into pop culture, making us the latest spice girls, with your new song "Cinnamon Girl." Yet, I can't say I'm thrilled about this. While I'm certainly fed up with the lack of representation of Arabs in pop culture, and on some level appreciate your attempt, I'm more than apprehensive about the catchy name you've given us. Among other things, it sounds like a lipstick from Cover Girl's "ethnic" line, like a new exotic Barbie, and like one of Strawberry Shortcake's best friends. While I spent a lot of time with Strawberry and her crew in my childhood, I am not thrilled about revisiting the friendship in this way. Besides, I can't help but notice the "color + object = great hit" formula in your work: "Red Corvette," "Raspberry Beret," "Pink Cashmere." And now, your latest, "Cinnamon Girl." At the risk of naming the obvious, us girls are living, breathing [human] beings, not lifeless commodities to be exoticized for your artistic advancement.

So, you've brought us to the small screen. (Or, almost. At the time of this writing MTV was hesitant to run the video because of the hullabaloo and were launching it first on MTVU, its universities-only channel to gauge the reaction of viewers. VH1 and BET remain undecided.) And, I must say, you have a lot of us thrilled. My inbox is filled with emails that exclaim, "Wow! A song about us! By Prince!" with lots of :) and ;) to reiterate the bubbly excitement. "Too bad I can't feel

"blend in" (read: pass as white) until a major catastrophe happens (like 9/11) and you're suddenly categorized as the enemy, legislation like the Patriot Act is passed making it legal to round up and detain you for months without legal representation or being charged with a crime, hate crimes increase against your people and you find your community trying to "blend in" - there's that term again - more than ever. To be simultaneously racialized and invisible (read white) is an interesting space to exist in. It means you're targeted or ignored and nowhere near the Richter Scale of "Pop Life." (Sorry the TV show *I Dream of Genie* doesn't cut it.) One effect is that you end up starving for representation. Remember that French queen who, when told her populace was starving because they didn't have bread for nourishment, proclaimed, "Let them eat cake!" This, my dear prince, is what you've done. In spite of your "I Feel for You"-allure, a mere bread crumb is what you've thrown us

Of course, some would say something is better than nothing. And a lot of Arabs are saying just that. Admittedly, you've done a strong job exploring the difficulties our communities face after September 11th. The video starts off with a group of teenagers watching planes overhead, presumably witnessing a "terrorist" attack. They go into school and watch the TV news which point to Muslim women who look like our cinnamon girl (CG) (Keisha Castle-Hughes, 14, the oscar-nominated actress from the movie *Whale Rider*). Suddenly she is seen as "other" and her blond straight-haired schoolmates begin to alienate her. Once outside the school, they attempt to physically harm her. She successfully flees on her bicycle and on her way home she rides by an Arab market where a Muslim woman in her twenties stops and hugs her. She is in the middle of covering up the store's Arabic sign with one that reads "UNITED." Graffiti sprayed on the storefront window reads "Terrorist Scum." The glass has been broken. You sing, "Cinnamon girl mixed heritage/ Never knew the meaning of color line/ 9/11 turned all that around/ When she got accused of this crime.

Suffice to say, the media paid very little attention to this alienation experienced by many Arabs, Muslims and people perceived as them including Latinas/os, South Asians and Sikhs, as the first part of the clip does. Upon viewing the video Rana Abbas, deputy director of the Midwest chapter of the American Anti-Discrimination Committee in Dearborn, Mich., voiced her support. "It was shocking, but in a good way. Prince is the first major recording artist to address the prejudice and issues that (Arab-Americans) are facing after 9/11 and I think he has done it in a very powerful way.

Yet, not everyone agrees. Because of the second half of the video, both Fox News and CNN have criticized it and the New York Post said it "might be the most tasteless video ever." Let me give you a play-by-play, in case you've forgotten. When CG arrives home, instead of finding comfort from the

chaos of the outside world she finds herself in a confrontation with her parents who are yelling at her and pulling at her hair. Although she is in a private school uniform, she is seemingly too immodest for her guardians, who both wear robes and head coverings. She manages to push them out of her room and slams the door. The she lies down on the bed and stares at the ceiling, demoralized. You sing, "Don't cry, don't shed no tears/ One night won't make u

Growing up as what you might call an "invisible racialized minority" wears on you. It means most of the time you "blend in" (read: pass as white) until a major catastrophe happens (like 9/11) and you're suddenly categorized as the enemy...

the music, I wish I could," one woman wrote, as if it could play in the background like our own little "Nothing Compares 2 U" theme song.

Please don't take this the wrong way, but this enthusiasm has very little to do with you. It's got more to do with their experience living in this country. Growing up as what you might call an "invisible racialized minority" wears on you. It means most of the time you

feel / Cause we know how this movie's ending." With this, CG gets out of bed and in front of a video camera she has set on the table she lights a candle, and, fully veiled performs a "ritual cleansing" of prayer. Then she takes off her *hijab* and goes to the mirror where she puts on dark brown lipstick and a leather jacket. She crawls out the window and heads "Uptown" to the airport. There, she is given a passport by an unidentified white man. Once inside, she opens her backpack and reveals a bomb. She holds the button in her hand and looks up to the sky, seemingly questioning if she should do it. She does. The airport terminal blows up. But, within seconds it has returned to normal and no one has been harmed. She looks around, disoriented, and wipes away a tear. The last scene shows you and your band, yet again, playing your instruments above the metropolis, in the clouds, underpinning the religiosity of the video clip.

Ah, where to begin with this second half? Maybe I'll start off with, "Why You Want to Treat Me So Bad [When You Know I Love You]?" Of course, I know to hear back from you I can't show you my "Soft and Wet" side, but need to be more robust, like the "Thieves in the Temple." Although, according to your publicist you won't comment either way because you prefer people to make up their own mind. Then there's the claim that you gave creative freedom to Phil Harder, who directed the video, (and has more than 130 videos under his belt). Harder is quoted as saying your main motivation was to "get people to talk about it."

So, Purple One, let's talk. While contradictions arise between generations, especially due to the Americanization process the children of immigrants go through, do you really think on a day like 9/11 CG's parents would attack her? And then, do you really have her veil herself and do a ritual cleansing before the bombing? Watched *The Siege* lately? This demonification of Islamic prayer is in more Hollywood films than can be listed here. In the book *Unthinking Eurocentrism*, Ella Shohat and Robert Stam historicize this phenomenon within the framework of colonialism, suggesting that these images are shot through a xenophobic orientalist lens. Really, I expect more from you, and don't give me any "I Can Never Take the Place of Your Man" baloney.

When CG takes off her veil she goes to the mirror and vamps it up, putting on a shade of Cinnamon Girl lipstick. This beautification process before bombing is reminiscent of the semi-documentary *The Battle of Algiers*, wherein the Algerian women, who are part of the anti-colonialist movement, Westernize themselves (unveiling, cutting their hair and skirts and applying makeup) in order to get by the French soldiers without being searched. This way they carry bombs in their purses that they place in French quarters throughout the city. Furthermore, your Christian viewpoint shines through as the dialectic suggests a virgin/whore dichotomy, the same either/or women are always offered. It seems to me that "When You Were Mine" you had a bit more to say about the "Sign 'O' The Times."

Harder suggests the video "resolves itself peacefully." Many critics (and Arabs) are suggesting that the bombing is a dream sequence. Granted, right after the explosion and the rewind of it, CG seems to be jolted awake and looks around, wondering what she's doing there. That's the point. She's there. If in fact she had fallen asleep on her bed, shouldn't she wake up in her room? But, literalism aside, even if she is dreaming, doesn't this suggest that there's something about the psyche of an Arab (even if born in the US) that dreams about blowing things up? That, even if she isn't a "real" terrorist acting on her impulses, the impulse is there?

It is worth noting that you chose Castle-Hughes, a Maori woman, as our Arab American protagonist. Usually white women

are cast (Liz Taylor in *Cleopatra*) while Latinos or other men of color play Arabs (Rudolph Valentino in *The Sheik*). One Arab American wrote me saying, "I'm not sure why he did that. She does pass for Arab, [an interesting concept] but when are they going to cast one of us?" Let me reiterate how starved my community is for representation. Don't take advantage of that, please.

To be simultaneously racialized and invisible (read: white) is an interesting space to exist in. It means you're targeted or ignored and nowhere near the Richter Scale of "Pop Life,"... One effect is that you end up starving for representation.

Arab or not, this video offers us the same old formula: Arab = Terrorist. Granted, there's a humanist twist which seemingly says "Look, this is why Arabs bomb things, because of the racism they experience." Although, there's no mention of US imperialism with regards to the jets flying overhead that are flown by who we must assume are Arab terrorists. Damn shame really. There was so much potential too. Just look at your lyrics in the last segment: "As war drums beat in Babylon/ And scorch the blood red sky/ Militants bomb the foreign gun/ Both sides truly die/ Cinnamon girl opens the book she knows will settle all the scores/ Then she prays after the war that there will not be anymore." Everyone knows "Babylon" is used as a critique of US foreign policy. And when she opens her backpack with "the book" line – what you could have done with that! Instead of going by herself and meeting some random patriarch who is using her as a pawn to kill, imagine her going instead to a friend's house or the mosque – to her crew of "7 – New Power Generation." She and her friends could open up books of poetry and more, written by feminists, by revolutionaries, etc., truly signifying knowledge as power. Instead, you chose to take the easy way out keeping her rage and action within an individualistic framework. The same one found in *Thelma and Louise* and *The Red Lantern* that suggests that the only destiny for a woman who stands for herself against racism or patriarchy is suicide. Talk about boring.

Granted, this representation definitely has a sexier bass line, and a sweeter protagonist than usual. It's not easy to demonize Castle-Hughes in the same way one can bin Laden. Still, I must say, you, my dear, may be able to afford "Diamonds and Pearls" and have many fans that "Adore" you. You may even be able to predict "When Doves Cry." Yet, even if you and your band are up in the clouds and you're constantly putting together your hands as if you're praying, you're not holier than thou. Yes, consider this a scolding. (By the way, what's up with the number 5 painted in black both backwards and forwards on your forehead? Some religious reference that in spite of researching, I still don't understand. Frankly, it makes you look like a devil. An *au courant* style that not even you can pull off.) I expect as much from you today as I did in "1999." Maybe I'll see you soon on "Alphabet St." If I do, don't worry about getting away, not all Arabs carry bombs in their bags. And besides, I'm not one to hold a grudge. ○

Stephanie is the founding editor of LOUDmouth magazine, and an Arab American who prefers mint over cinnamon. Contact her at lamuallim@sbcglobal.net.

queer RADICALS at the RNC

Text and photos by Natalie Newton

Reclining my chair-o-meat (leather), I watch news coverage of the Republican National Convention. In preparation for the RNC events, the NYPD locks down Manhattan. News coverage of the unlawful arrests of some three hundred Critical Mass bicycle-riders makes me fear my own arrest.

I'm out to meet Queer Fist New York, a radical queer activist group mobilizing against the RNC. Queer Fist flyers decree, "The drive for gay marriage serves to redraw the lines of right (married) and wrong (not married) for queers, imposing on us conservative sexual and social ethics." Furthermore, "Gay marriage is a distraction from the War in Iraq, and on people of color and working class people around the world."

Gay Shame activist Durward Rackleff explains, "Radical activists organize things that make people uncomfortable. We're more confrontational. ... [W]e point out deeper problems in our society instead of trying to make quick fixes."

I meet Durward the day after I arrive. I spot his wrinkled, soiled pink handkerchief hanging out of his equally



disheveled, cut jean shorts. I meet him at the Brooklyn Bridge during the day's action entitled "Always a Bride's Maid," a sub-demonstration within the larger, more mainstream March for Women's

Lives (reproductive rights). Queer Fist called on people to wear their ugliest brides' costumes as a mockery of the institution of marriage.

Craning his neck as he talks on his cell phone, Durward wears a yellow t-shirt as faded as his blonde hair. He phones other Queer Fisters walking way across the Brooklyn Bridge, so



that they can meet after the march.

I spot Eric Stanley, someone I had met during another radical queer meeting in San Francisco. As we walk toward the Queer Fist gathering scheduled after "Always a Bride's Maid," Stanley tells me, "More people disagree with us [radical queer activists] than agree. We have such a small voice, and it often stays within a certain subculture." Stanley's favorite misconception that people have about groups like Queer Fist is that they are homophobic.

Stanley and I sit in a circle among ten others at the meeting, who are mostly white, except for me and a couple of Chicano/Latino people. All appear in their 20s, except one 35-year-old transman. There are about as many men as women in the group. A couple of other people do not care what gender pronoun people use to address them. People at this meeting have come from Texas, Detroit, Boston, Florida, San Francisco, New York City, and Hamburg.

As we eat packages of marinated tofu and baby carrots Luke Dutch found unopened in the dumpster, Queer

Fisters discuss legal support and last minute organizing for the main event to happen tomorrow, Sunday August 29th, entitled "Married to the State."

They plan a march around the Log Cabin Republicans' party in Bryant Park in Manhattan. Periodic "marriages" of effigies of institutions such as the police, corporations, the government, the military, the queers who reinforce their power, and other conservative forces are to happen as well. Brief discussion about the kiss-in after Married

to the State occurs during the meeting's end.

Married to the State is unleashed the next day at noon. People dawn colored veils, some wear tuxes and wedding gowns, and everyone, including myself, looks like their hair needs washing. I see no police during the entire action. People are married on almost every block as we march around the LCR party in Bryant Park. Vows include ironic statements like, "Do you promise to work for a huge corporation, get married, adopt children, and send your children to Iraq no matter how many people get killed?" March chants include, "Fuck your gender... Fuck fuck your gender." Approximately 50 people attend Married to the State, a demographic similar to the one at the Queer Fist meeting where we ate dumpster-food.

At 4 pm, the kiss-in planned in coordination with Mouse (anarchist) Bloc and Bike Bloc occurs. At a kiss-in, queer people gather to make-out in public as a protest against heterosexism that would rather have us keep our public displays of affection to ourselves. Queer Nation and AIDS Coalition to Unleash Power (ACT UP) frequently used

direct action strategies like this in early 1990s AIDS activism.

The atmosphere darkens as the cops close in, and police in riot gear line up in front of us. Since the 300 arrests during Critical Mass two days before, almost anyone on a bicycle who looks slightly dirty or "radical" is prone to surveillance and, often, arrest. About two hundred people are gathered now, and time crawls.

At 4:08 pm, a policeman with a megaphone tells us to get off the sidewalk. NYC law deems a crowd of more than 20 people that block a business entrance a "mob" that is subject to arrest unless they disperse. (Did I mention the NYPD security tab for the RNC was \$65 million?) To avoid arrest before our event even starts, we all step back off the sidewalk onto the steps of the New York City Public Library, and the Bike Bloc rolls on toward the kiss-in's destination, 48th and Broadway Avenue.

We start toward Broadway, chanting but remaining peaceful: "We're here. We're queer. Republicans don't fuck with us!" The always entertaining Radical Cheerleaders perform their choreography: "Republicans, you U-G-L-Y, you ugly."

We have our first round of kissing at 5:00 pm in Time Square, a few blocks away from our final destination. The men kissing men are the most rigorous kissers: full tongue, very open-mouthed, for extended periods of time. I kiss three women. The media take pictures like hungry piranhas.

As we cross the street, things heat up. Five police on horses push us on the crosswalk. I turn around, and suddenly five cops swarm on top of one guy and pull him away. The crowd chants, "Shame! Shame! Shame!" I make my way across the street with the Queer Fisters at the front to get away from the police.

As we get to the sidewalk on the other side of the street, we turn the corner as the motorcycle cops whiz by us. I converse with Abby Schkloven, an activist from Detroit, whom I had befriended.

Then, cops throw metal fencing in front and behind the group. The police pull a few people into the pin. They tell us to get on our knees, because we are under arrest. It is 5:30 pm; we

are at 45th and Broadway, three blocks from our final destination.

People frantically dial numbers on their cell phones. The National Lawyer's Guild volunteered to advocate for the RNC protesters, and Queer Fist collected people's information during yesterday's meeting to give to our legal liaison in case any of us got arrested. It takes the police approximately two hours to get everyone off the sidewalk where the entrances of various businesses were obstructed. Our "unlawful" protest was always moving and lasted thirty minutes.

The remainder of this article is in past tense because I could not take notes in jail. My belongings were confiscated, and I was put in plastic handcuffs along with everyone else.

We were held in a makeshift jail at Pier 57, built specifically in preparation for the RNC arrests, with approximately thirty people to a cage. Luckily, the people arrested at the kiss-in were all put together.

The pier was extremely humid, fluorescent lights glaring above our heads, dirt, oil, and grease on the floors we slept on. We were all sweaty and tired. No one received medical attention. I was handcuffed for five hours until we finally got off the buses and out of the long lines they had us wait in as they booked us.

We played spin-the-tampon in the women's/transmen pen. The guards sat grimacing. Spin-the-tampon turned into an arm wrestling match on the three wooden benches, and this evolved into a dance-choreography competition between us and the gay boys and other men in the cage next to us.

I stayed at Pier 57 until approximately 2:30 am, after which I was moved with a group to the Central Booking Station in downtown Manhattan. Contrary to popular belief, no one "gets one phone call" when arrested. I only accessed a payphone after several moves and waiting inside the Central Booking Station (the Tombs). I was lucky enough to reach my friend and told her to call my sister to tell her I was okay. But many people could not make phone calls because they did not have spare change.

In the Tombs, the police moved us from cell to cell, hallway to hallway.

Police would keep us in one area and literally not realize they'd left us there until one of us hollered in discontent due to some physical malady. They finally took inventory of our medical problems at 8 am, fifteen hours after they stopped us on the street.

I was given a Desk Appearance Ticket for "disorderly conduct." Abby, who did not do anything different from me throughout the entire event, was charged with disorderly conduct and parading without a permit. She was arraigned the day she was arrested and stayed in jail for approximately 30 hours. I was detained for 18 hours.

We were both offered an Adjournment in Contemplation of Dismissal (ACD). This means that if we do not get arrested in New York anytime during the six months after our arrests, our charges will be dismissed, and our cases, sealed.

I was released at around noon the day after my arrest. No physical injuries, no emotional trauma. I consider myself extremely lucky, because I escaped relatively physically and emotionally unscathed, and I got the chance to acquaint myself with many queer radical activists.

Some people did get hurt, though, and are now suing the NYPD. Of the people in my cell in the Tombs among the seventy-five of us who were arrested, one person's elbow was fractured, the person who tried to help was pepper sprayed, and another person Julie Gross got a chemical burn from the motor oil on Pier 57's floor.

Abby reported post-traumatic nightmares from her arrest experience. David Portugal in the men's cell next to us had a claustrophobic episode in the buses the cops used to transport us.

This is the unfortunate reality that our electoral government creates. Injustices like our arrests happen all the time, every day, and to people who are not as fortunate as I was. The RNC and the entire electoral system only encourage this police state. ○

Natalie considers herself a genderqueer, dyke, vegetarian, 2nd generation Vietnamese-American, feminist, radical queer activist, and anti-cell phone menace. She is graduating from UCLA and will be attending UCI's graduate anthropology program to study queer women's sexuality in Vietnam.

RESISTING

DEMOCRACY IN GUAM

By Michael Lujan Bevacqua

If you believe the hype of American imperialism, something called freedom is on the march, and "democracy" is being spread across the world's oil rich nations. Democracy is invoked like a blessed universal, something which can traverse any border and be spread to any region of the world; bringing the light of civilization with it. Equality! Fraternity! Justice for all! How could anyone who hasn't committed mass genocide be against it?

Paradoxically, because of this overwhelmingly positive imagining of democracy, so many terrible things can be done in its name. "The hand that gives, rules," says a Bantu proverb, describing perfectly the hidden side of "democratic" dispersals. There is no doubt that President Bush would refer to U.S. nation-building in Iraq as a "gift" to the Iraqi people, thereby excusing his illegal war on democratizing grounds. But far from an innocent act, Bush's war was an intervention designed to dictate and map out the future of Iraq, based on American strategic desires. "Democracy" was the means through which the country could be invaded and then confined within certain political and ideological limits.

Iraq is a violent example, but more subtle processes can be found across the world, as nations such as the U.S. create neo-colonial empires. This leads me to my island of Guam. A strategic U.S. military colony since 1898, it was given "democracy" in 1950 with the establishment of a local representative government, fashioned after the American model. Since that time, however, public discussions in Guam have bemoaned how this blessed gift is constantly being threatened, and not by terrorists or Diebold voting machines, but by the culture of the island's indigenous inhabitants, the Chamorros.

Throughout Guam's new media and Internet presence, the incapacity of Chamorros to fulfill the promises of American democracy can be found. As one person on <http://www.chamorro.com> cynically posted, "saying democratic Chamorros is like saying democratic Talibans." Even Guam's politicians join in the attack on culture, as one noted in the 2002 elections, "only when we can learn to let go of our traditions that hold us back, from getting the American dream of democracy and capitalism, then we can move forward." To be more specific, Chamorro culture is articulated as a corrupting influence in Guam, keeping the island from being properly democratic. Practitioners of the culture are spitting in the face of American politics by focusing on family networks and relationships first, and the island's polity

second. In this context, Chamorro culture is equated with nepotism, illegal political favors and government waste.

Why is American democracy seen as the uncontested ideal that must be lived up to and for which culture must be sacrificed to achieve? Why is Chamorro culture relegated to a kink which must be ironed out? In analyzing these attacks, we can see American power being maintained through the defense of "democracy."

Since 1898, the U.S. has desired to control Guam's strategic space. All of the island's governments since then have fulfilled this task. According to one Governor of Guam, despite the democratic appearance of the Guam's current government - with its three branches, a system of checks and balances, et cetera - it does not provide more autonomy for Chamorros or for Guam. It instead enhances the colonial authority of the U.S. by trapping Guam within a particular form and culture of government, namely an

In many ways, cultures like that of the Chamorros learned to deal with their environment and social relationships better than what exists in a world addicted to capitalism and militarism.

American one. This democratic gift came filled with American symbols and principles and exists not as a testament to anything Chamorro, but instead to the greatness of America. The colonizing of Guam therefore continues, but in more subtle ways, as Guam's continuing existence is dictated by explicit political and ideological connections to the U.S.

As the U.S. military shifts its troops from Europe to Asia, Guam's value as a strategic outpost continues to grow. The American character of Guam's government will ensure that Guam remains intimately linked to the U.S. Issues of decolonization and more autonomy for Guam will never be seriously considered, because of the invisible hegemonies the establishment of American democracy has instilled. The island will therefore remain "democratically" linked to the U.S., as a forward military base and a footnote to its empire.

Those who attack Chamorro culture as something intensely corrupting are defending this control. Convinced of American ideological dominance through education, the media or public discourse, they see Chamorro culture as something which must be neutralized. Why? Because Chamorro culture offers alternative common sense notions about how society should function and where everyone's place is within it. American liberal democracy is maintained by the great/noble lie of "everyone being equal" within the polity. This idea has a way of masking and excusing social inequalities, by saying that those who are less equal have only themselves and their abilities to blame.

When people on Guam attack Chamorro culture

as being a rampant source of political favors for family members, they are attacking the cultural proposition that it is more important to serve the needs of your family than some mythical idea of a political collective. It recommends something that contests the imagined community that liberal democracy requires in order to exist. Chamorro culture asserts a different form of social collectivity, between people and the world around them, which conflicts with American political culture. It recommends living through *inafa'maolek*, or reciprocal interdependence, through which tangible links amongst community members, families, clans or groups should be made as opposed to imaginary ones.

In these lessons in how to exist we find small ways in which American ideological dominance is complicated, but more importantly small sites of resistance. This is what Subcomandante Marcos is addressing when he says that resistance can be found in our cultures, our arts. In that which the First World disregards as "culture" or threats to modernization, we can find important ideas for how our futures should be. Arundhati Roy has said that the "American way of life is simply not sustainable," and this is particularly true on an island, where balance equals survival. In many

ways, cultures like that of the Chamorros learned to deal with their environment and social relationships better than what exists in a world addicted to capitalism and militarism. And it is important that we recognize the possibility of a better past in order to make possible a better future. This can be done by critiquing the ways that seemingly benevolent ideas such as democracy are employed to further colonize indigenous cultures; thereby helping us to avoid futures dictated by imperial or neo-colonial powers and instead reflecting the hopes, dreams and traditions of peoples such as the Chamorros. ○

Michael Lujan Bevacqua (mlbasquiat@hotmail.com) is a graduate student in Ethnic Studies at University of California, San Diego and the editor of Minagahet, a Chamorro zine dedicated to the decolonization of Guam. Check it out at <http://www.geocities.com/minagahet>.



Photo by Jackie Newton

STRUCTURING DEMOCRACY IN FEMINIST COLLECTIVES

By Jessica Hoffmann

Though the president might beg to differ, a system isn't democratic because you say it is or abstractly want it to be. It's democratic because – if – its people share self-governing power. As theorist Iris Marion Young suggests, feminist democracy should take this further, sharing decision-making power amongst *all* voices, including minority/marginalized ones.

My experience in multiple "structureless," "leaderless" feminist collectives has affirmed Jo Freeman's 1970 assertion in "The Tyranny of Structurelessness" that some structure is integral to ensuring democracy in organizations. We know white folks don't suddenly become not-racist when we embrace anti-racist politics. We know none of us feminists are free of internalized sexism. So why should we, products of a hierarchical society in which some voices are persistently privileged over others, believe that because we *want* to value all voices equally and *want* to work together non-hierarchically and *want* our groups to be democratic – voila! – it'll just happen?

In this twenty-first century shout out to Jo Freeman's thoughts on structure and democracy, I offer illustrative examples of some anti-democratic pitfalls of "structurelessness" – all real, all from recent experiences in feminist collectives. In every case, I believe, everyone thought she was acting in the best interests of the collective and with feminist principles in mind.

Lack of Collective Coherence

Twenty-or-so women are planning an arts-activism festival. There is no agreed-upon decision-making process. Sometimes, the group engages in lengthy discussion aimed at reaching consensus. Sometimes, an impromptu decision is made by majority vote of those present at a meeting. Sometimes, a decision is made by one of several committees, with no explanation to the larger group of how the decision was reached. Often, different committees make different – and conflicting – decisions on the same matter. By the week before the festival, the group is divided into several small cliques that are hostile to one another, and there is little commitment to any group decisions. This results in problems including in-fighting, unequal organizer workloads and disparate pay for participating artists.

Consolidation of Power Amongst Cliques

With no collective agreement to avoid lobbying or polling outside the collective process, some members regularly engage others in one-on-one/small-group conversations about collective members and matters. Some of these conversations are innocuous. Others involve persuading members of one viewpoint on a particular issue by mis- or not representing other views to those who have missed collective discussions; arguments/strategies unlikely to be used in open collective discussions (e.g., personal attacks against individual members); exploiting friendship loyalties to rally support for a position; and/or the marginalization of group members who do not belong to any cliques within the collective.

Privileging Seniority/the Status Quo

Every new member (less than two years' involvement) of a media collective is supporting one or both of the collectively developed proposals for democratizing the group, citing various ways the current lack of structure is confusing and/or marginalizing and/or disempowering. Several long-standing members insist that the current structure *is* democratic and should be maintained, eventually blocking a vote on proposals to democratize.

I don't presume to know what form of democracy is right for your organization. I do want to encourage you to collectively develop one that is – one you'll all be committed to because you made it (and continuously remake it) together. ○

Jessica Hoffmann has written for numerous publications, including Kitchen Sink, Bitch, Clamor, pindeldyboz.com and Rain Taxi. She was editor in chief of LOUDmouth from summer 2004 to spring 2005. Reach her at jess@jessicahoffmann.com.

For more notes on developing transparent, egalitarian feminist democratic collective structures, check out:

Collective Book on Collective Process:
www.geocities.com/collectivebook
SRLP's Collective Handbook:
www.srlp.org

My Words By Christine Petit

My words are twisted, withered
Liked daisy petals
Smashed and pulled from their sockets
Dragged across cement under a boot

My words are stifled
Caught in the back of my throat
What is unspoken is unnoticed and no
one is the lesser for it

My words creep up as blood hot in my
cheeks
Stuttering
Sputtering
Trying to hide in the corner

My words breathe underwater
Shouting at the top of my lungs
Then coming up for air
And spilling out of my eyes

My words boom
Fill the room
The room where I, in the mirror, react
to what I say

My words fill my head
Haunt my dreams
Ask to be spoken
Not pulled from their sockets
Ask to be spoken
Not caught in my throat
They ask to be spoken
Not left to boil in my face
To be spoken
Not hidden
Not drowned

Heard.

Untitled
By Yazmin Araiza

Close your eyes and imagine the
beauty
of a dead bird flying a cross a broken
sky.

Imaginate que mis lagrimas brotan y a
nadie le importa
Womyn are raped every day
Can you hear me as I as I speak to
myself?
She's crying and screaming as he
penetrates her,
and fumigates her world with the smell
of his semen.

The dead bird flying across the broken
sky at sunrise
Awakes me with a painful hunger for
respect in this world
Our sister's history has turned into lies
And at times thrown into the trash and
soon
Disappeared into thin air
Where's my sisters history?
Or can only white man create a
change in this life time
Because I don't know about you
sisters but
I'm tired of getting raped
I'm tired of these lies

What happen to the democracy we
claim to have?
He stands on a pedestal and preaches
a democracy
And every four years it's the same shit
Why do we even bother anymore?

As he preaches we fight the war, we
die and kill to survive
But the war should not be between me
and him
Or bet

redemptionsong
By Desirée L. Brown

We fought
belligerent eyes
hostile minds

and together

we marched
struggling against
the gnarling teeth
of ravenous shepards
and the blistering rains of hoses

and so

we prayed that
obstinate hearts will surrender
and fierce souls will settle

and still

we lived
with exposed battle scars
set like tribal markings
against our delicate flesh

but yet

we've ascended
rupturing boundaries;
the obvious
and invisible

and now

we sing
resuscitating the memories
of kin lost in bondage, of those
whose bodies adorned
the oaks and maples
our cries move deep
from bowels, forcing
our bodies to collapse

and thus

we shall never forget.

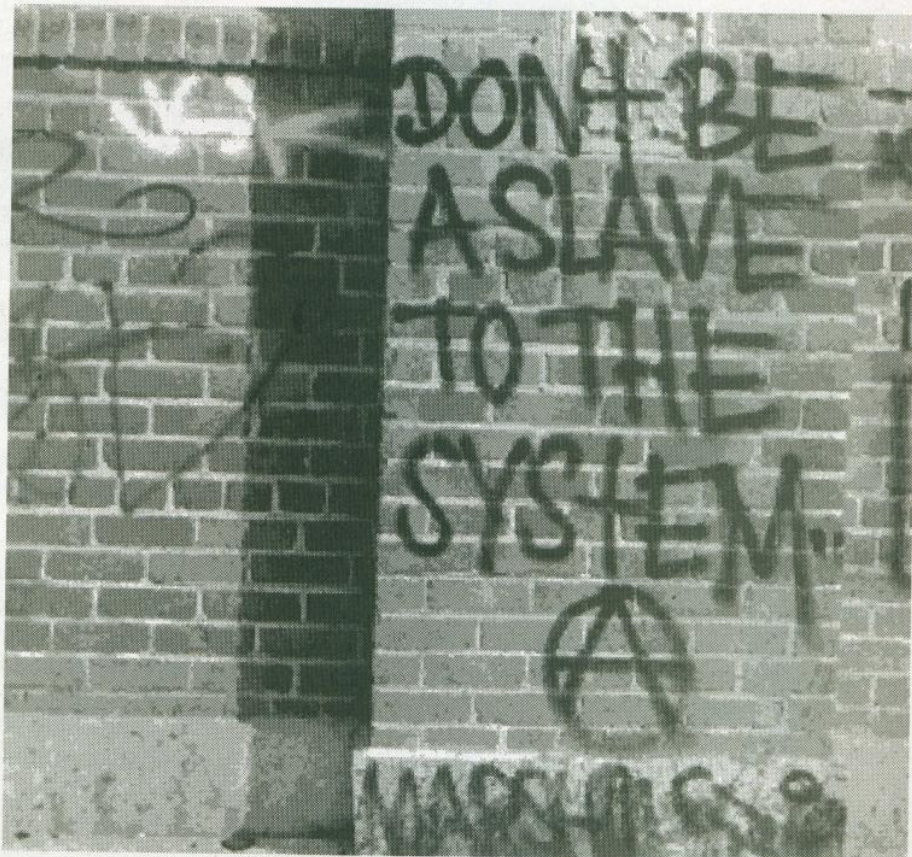


Photo by Ellen Butler

WOMEN'S HUMAN RIGHTS AND ORGANIZING IN THE GLOBAL SOUTH

In every issue we will feature a grassroots women's organization doing work in the global South. Let us know if you would like to showcase the work of an organization that you have heard about, would like to know about, or are involved in supporting. Send a note to saltyzine@yahoo.com.

Dooars Jagron: A tea plantation women's organization involved in rural leadership and organizing. North Bengal, India.

Principles

Empowerment from Within. We believe that educating and empowering women is central to the education and empowerment of their families. We believe in providing service but we do not believe in service as traditional charity. In fact, from the outset, plantation women we work with have been at the very core of planning and organizing. Therefore, because our work is integrated with women, we listen to their knowledges and facilitate those knowledges into social action. We do not believe in imposing one's languages and beliefs from the outside — rather we want to combine our insights (and privileged literacies) with the extraordinary creativity and power of plantation women's own ideas of social justice and equity. We are partners in the deepest sense — with intimacy built from years of knowing these communities.

Organic Service. We remain deeply committed to "organic service." By organic service, we mean that we take the lead from women in conditions of extreme deprivation who assert what they need — right then, right now.

Human Rights/Organic Service. We do not see organic service as separate from Human Rights. We work within a basic human rights framework. Therefore, the practice of "organic service" is always linked to all sorts of rights and entitlement issues. We cannot think of these separately. So the right to food, to work, to existence, to medical care is all part of our combination of service and human rights work. We are particularly interested in linking and working against all forms of violence: the structural violence that causes this level of deprivation; the political violence of the state and its apparatus, and impunity; the customary forms of violence against women. *Most importantly, we believe the battle for human rights is a struggle in which plantation women, at the bottom of a highly exploitative laboring regime and social system, must be leaders: on their terms, with their extraordinary courage and resilience. We seek assistance to build that core of leadership.*

If you would like to support Dooars Jagron, or want to know more about our organizing, send a note to piyachatterjee@yahoo.com.

2004 Organizing Highlights

▼1. **Offering Medical Assistance.** Because of starvation deaths and serious malnutrition, we began work immediately with medical relief. Four medical camps were set up in labor lines with plantation women and local men working to provide relief. 850 people were treated in total with follow-up care.

▼2. **Constituting Mahila Samities.** Using the basic Self Help Group organizing template, we constituted informal groups in five plantations. We have over 12 *mahila samities* that are in full swing — with about ten women in each group. We have a federated structure but have some basic rules for membership in Dooars Jagron: (i) money cannot be raised with interest; (ii) there are no caste and religious hierarchies; (iii) arbitration for disputes will be a prime concern; (iv) assistance to open bank passbooks in the local bank if group desires; (v) union and party affiliations will remain but cannot interfere in work.

▼3. **Creating Shikha Chakras — Literacy Circles.** We have started seven informal schools in five plantations which are being run by women and girls who have basic literacy skills. These informal schools were started "on demand" by women themselves. Dooars Jagron will be building these as a "base" activity in the next few years. Basic literacy will be combined with political/human rights literacy.

▼4. **Mahila Jagron Manch Steering Committee.** Out of Mahila Samities and Shikha Chakras, we are building a representational structure for core organizing and policy making. Two women from each mahila samity sits on the MJM.

▼5. **Alliance Building and Participation in Human Rights Tribunal and Hunger Report, Jan-March 2004.** Members of Dooars Jagron have been actively involved in doing alliance work at the height of the starvation crises. In March 2004, a people's tribunal was organized and Dooars Jagron organized the Katalguri Lok Adalat (people's court) where plantation women were actively involved in deposing to the tribunal. Formal depositions were also made in Jalpaiguri, March 2004.

(Not current)

S a L T y summer issue 2005 : MILITARIZATION & WAR

Salty. (adj.) 1. of, relating to, or containing salt; 2. engagingly stimulating or provocative; "a piquant wit"; "salty language"; 3. sharp, witty, as a joke or story; (syn.) risqué, piquant, purple, blue, spicy, suggestive; 4. caustic, mordacious, scathing trenchant; 5. (ant.) bland, refined, delicate, prudish.

**Salty seeks intelligent and edgy contributions
for its 2nd issue!**

MILITARIZATION AND WAR

photos, political analysis, poetry, short stories, interviews, art/graphics & essays

Salty features feminist, anti-racist, anti-imperialist, pro-queer, pro-labor and pro-poor perspectives. Each issue will be structured around a broad theme. The zine emerges out of internationalist and U.S. "third wave" women of color theorizing around social justice. It recognizes multiple and simultaneous systems of power and oppression.

Based in the "Inland Empire" of southern California, *Salty* includes local, regional and international writing. *Salty* is particularly interested in transnational links and alliances with women's grassroots struggles in the global South.

**the deadline for
PITCHES* is JUNE 30
and
1ST DRAFTS is JULY 30**

**All contributions should be sent as
Microsoft Word attachments to
saltyzine@yahoo.com.**

Topics of Interest:

- Women, welfare reform/cutbacks and military expenditures
- Gender, prisons and wars: sexuality, race and connections to imperial histories
- Sexual violence, rape and war
- Women, race and genocide
- Definitions of security
- Women, ethnicity/race, class and experiences in the US military
- Women, children and refugees
- Women and external occupation
- Gender, race & constructing the "enemy"
- Connections between "private" violence and increased militarization
- Indigenous communities, war and conquest (from native women's perspectives)
- Considerations of conditions during "peace"
- Recruitment/counter-recruitment efforts
- Women theorizing and acting peace/justice during conflict
- Models of conflict resolution

*If you have an idea please pitch it as soon as possible. Pitches can be sent to the editorial team at saltyzine@yahoo.com. A pitch is basically something that you are interested in doing but you would like help with expanding or fine-tuning your idea. We are looking for pieces between 500-1500 words.

Salty is a production of Women in Coalition, University of California at Riverside.

(NOT Current)

▶ SALTY ◀

(adj.) 1. of, relating to, or containing salt; 2. engagingly stimulating or provocative; "a piquant wit"; "salty language"; 3. sharp, witty, as a joke or story; (syn.) risqué, piquant, purple, blue, spicy, suggestive; 4. caustic, mordacious, scathing trenchant; 5. (ant.) bland, refined, delicate, prudish.

a new ZINE:

**SEEKS INTELLIGENT AND EDGY CONTRIBUTIONS
FOR THEIR FIRST ISSUE!**

Contributions can include, but are not limited to:

photos, art/graphics, poetry, short stories, interviews, political analysis & essays.

This zine features feminist, anti-racist, anti-imperialist, pro-queer, pro-labor and pro-poor perspectives. Each issue will be structured around a broad theme. The zine emerges out of internationalist and U.S. "third wave" women of color theorizing around social justice. It recognizes multiple and simultaneous systems of power and oppression.

Based in the "Inland Empire" of southern California, this zine includes local, regional and international writing. Salty is particularly interested in transnational links and alliances with women's grassroots struggles in the global South.

Theme of the first issue: **DEMOCRACY**. Draft deadline: **NOVEMBER 22.**

TOPICS OF INTEREST:

Women, Welfare Rights and Democracy
Women of color and the US electoral process
Prisoner's Rights: Gender, Race and Citizenship
International human rights, women's rights and democracy
Immigrants, immigrant rights and elections
Race, gender, class and citizenship in Free Speech Debates
US government, free speech and civil rights in the Post 9/11 Era
Two Party Systems
Workers rights, union organizing and democracy
Sexualities, sexual orientation and citizenship
Women's Collectives and Organizing: leadership, decision-making, hierarchies
Media, reportage, democratic rights
Sovereignty, Native American nations, democracy: Gendered Intersections
Women's rights, violence against women and legal systems (US and international)
Gender, race and genocide in the contemporary period
Women of color, health rights and democracy
Gender, the military, and the Iraq War
Your own take on democracy from any angle ... pitch it to us!

If you have an idea please pitch it. Pitches can be sent to saltyzine@yahoo.com. We're looking for pieces between 500-1500 words. All contributions should be sent as Microsoft Word attachments to saltyzine@yahoo.com.

A Production of Women In Coalition, University of California at Riverside

a new ZINE:

(Not Current)

SALTY!

(adj.) 1. of, relating to, or containing salt; 2. engagingly stimulating or provocative; "a piquant wit"; "salty language"; 3. sharp, witty, as a joke or story; (syn.) risqué, piquant, purple, blue, spicy, suggestive; 4. caustic, mordacious, scathing trenchant; 5. (ant.) bland, refined, delicate, prudish.

SEEKS INTELLIGENT AND EDGY CONTRIBUTIONS!

Photos

short stories

political analysis

interviews

art/graphics

poetry



Theme of the first issue: **DEMOCRACY**. Draft deadline: **NOVEMBER 22**.

If you have an idea please pitch it. Pitches can be sent to saltyzine@yahoo.com. We're looking for pieces between 500-1500 words. All contributions should be sent as Microsoft Word attachments to saltyzine@yahoo.com.

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