

Fixing HER HAIR

By

#1

Lib(E)rté
♂ ♀
♀

"She's looking in
the mirror,
Fixing her hair
And I touch my head
to feel what
isn't there."

-Ani
DiFranco

\$2 or
trade



Girl
Panties
(HANGES HER
WAY)
Man-ties
(fruit of
the Loom)

Welcome to my first zine. Here is me...all laid out, unedited truth.

Nothing is in any specific order...each piece was put in as it occurred to me to add. So feel free to just flip around.

Fixing Her Hair #1 is only the first of many to come. Years of not knowing how to say what I've always needed to have come out in this zine.

This process has been very good for me and I encourage everyone to make their own zine or to continue to make zines that they have already begun. Everyone should have a voice...make yourself heard. I want to thank some folks and concepts for their support.

First, I want to thank my partner/girlfriend/best friend Jennie Mutation/Jeff Subhumyn for her love and amazing support during this process and just in general. She shaved off my locks and inspired the name for this zine. She is also super hot and a lovely humyn being. I love you, baby. Everyone should check out her upcoming zine Worse Than Queer, Iss. #2,

**_\$2 or trade
c/o Autonomous Zone**

Chicago, IL



I also wanna thank, girl-I'm-seeing-that-I-dig-a-lot, Jessica. Who has also been very supportive about my zine and just good to me in general. Check out her zine Safety Pin Girl, 50 cents for issue #15, \$1 for Issue 14, Issue 13 is \$1.50. Any of the issues can be gotten for trade. The compilation book of issues 5-12 is \$5.



Racine, WI 53403

Love goes out to Kati Kaylor, good friend and crazy lady, all the Food Not Bombs crowd...you all rock, I love you.

Also, the Azone crowd for starting off rocking in the new space and just for existing. To trans/action also for existing and for a good new start.

To Debbie, I miss you girl, ...a good friend with no time to chill. To Paula, I miss you too...your openness with your life made me want the same honesty and thus this zine.

To Sebastian and Jerel who are good friends from high school that have seen me go through some serious changes and have stayed with me throughout.

Also, to my mom, who will never read this.

I love you all.

A non-paid
plug for my
favorite sex
toy shop.
Support smaller
businesses!

...vibrators...dildos...butt toys...bath stuff...condoms...massage oil...books...

early to bed



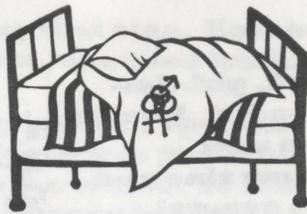
dyke-owned • queer- & women-oriented • all genders welcome

5232 N Sheridan | 773.271.1219 | www.early2bed.com

located between Foster and Berwyn Just off Lake Shore Drive. Three blocks from Berwyn El

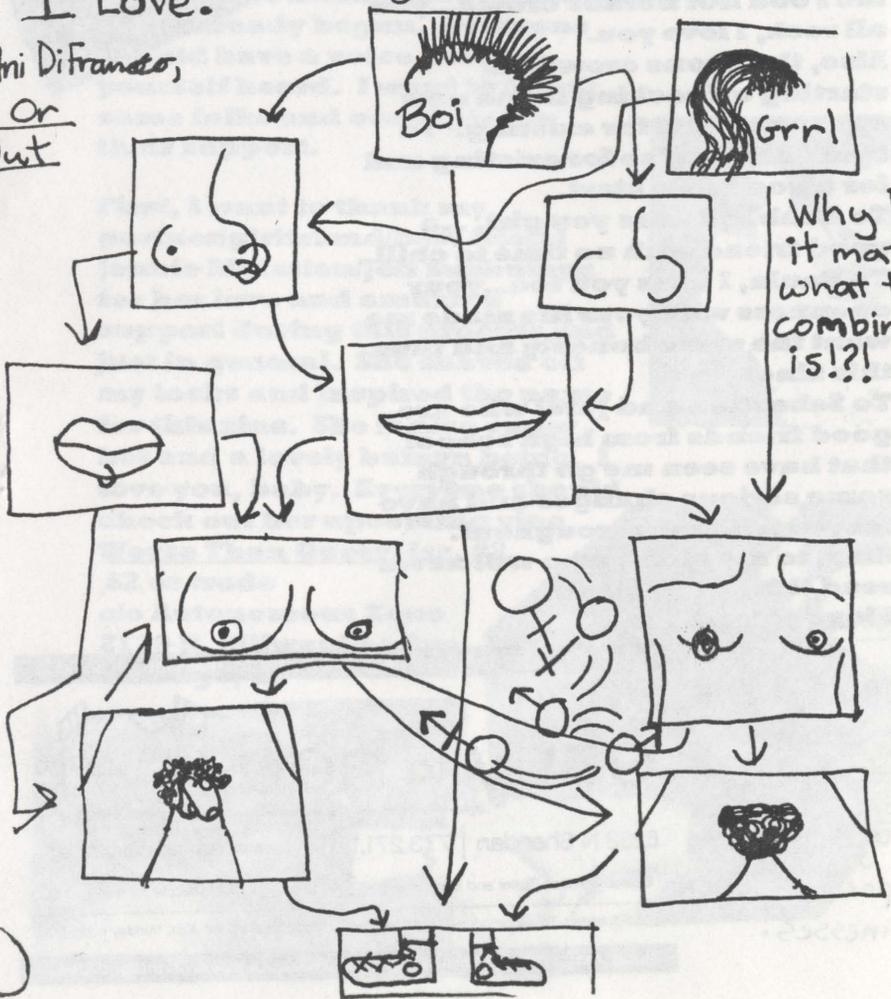
open Tuesday-Thursday noon-7:00 Friday noon-9:00 Saturday noon-10:00 Sunday noon-5:00

...lube...restraints...harnesses...dams...books...cock toys...vibrators...dildos...



"Guess there's something wrong with me/
 Guess I don't fit in/
 No One Wants To Touch It/
 No One Knows Where To Begin/
 I Just Want More Than One Membership/
 To More Than One Club/
 'Cause I Owe My Life / To The People That
 I Love."

Ani DiFranco,
In Or
Out



Why Does
 it matter
 what the
 combinatio
 is!?!



Gay Man



Black



Lesbian



Where do I fit in?

PFLAG =

Parents & Friends of
Lesbians and Gays
(where am I?)

Gay and
Lesbian
Chamber of
Commerce
(huh?)

Queer Youth
Conference

Check One:
I am a:

- Gay Man
- Lesbian

CHECK THIS!

What!?!

Bi
Now
Gay
Later

(magnet at
Queer sex
shop)

Fuck You!

But you
have a boyfriend!

You're just
confused!

You're so
closeted!

But you have a
girlfriend

Hypersexed
Slut!

It's just
a phase!

You just want
heterosexual
privilege!

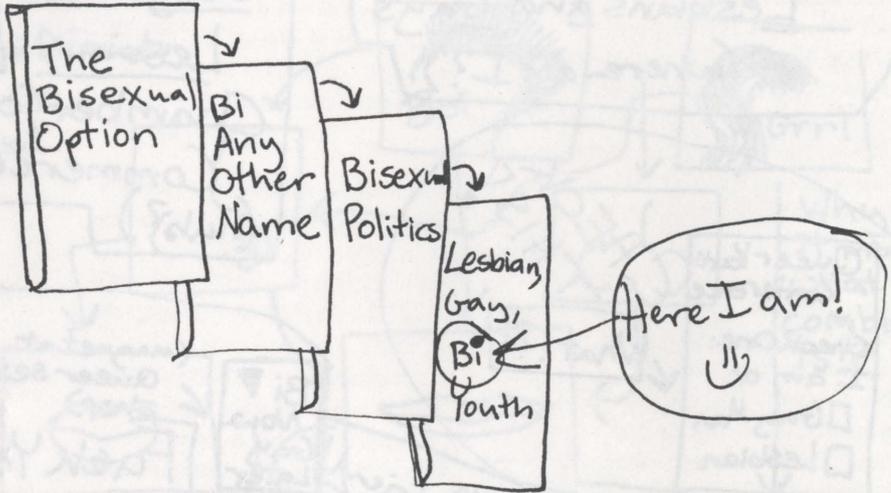
Fence-
sitter!

You'll just
leave me for
a woman!

You'll leave
me for a
man!



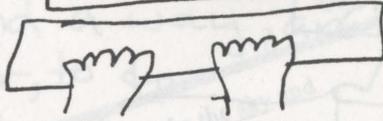
Then one day . . . (a week before my 17th B-Day)



" mmmmm ... books "

So now I know about the Bisexual Movement of the early 90s, being blamed for the spread of HIV to the straight "community," about the Christian Right's stand of "A queer is a queer is a queer," about the Kinsey scale, about bisexuals that are abandoned by lesbian friends once they come out →
But where are they? Where are all the others?

Internet Search Guide
Keyword: Bisexual

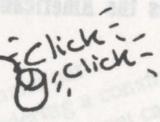


1
- Porn
- XXX
- Porn
- Porn
- Porn
- Porn
<pg. 1 of 2>

2
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isexual.org
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XX
<pg. 2 of 2>



Bisexual.org
chatroom
resources
events
links
Kinsey scale
Personals



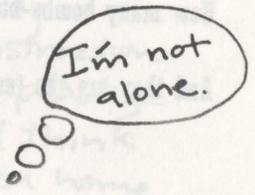
☺ Hello FreedBiArt, welcome (((((HUG))))))

☰ Hi Freed, first time?

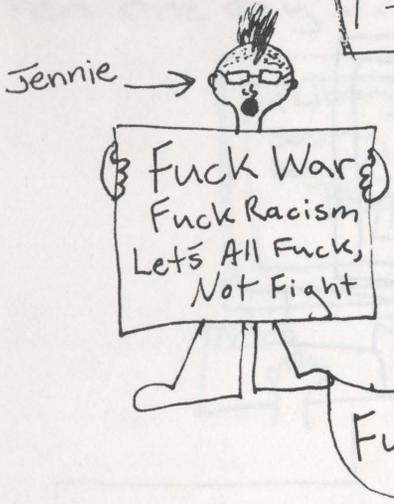
NEW Yes. Is everyone bisexual here?

Yes!
You bet!
Aren't you?

NEW Yes. Hi.



1st Anti-War Rally



That sign's offensive!



Yeah, fuck you. Wars "offensive"!

Twelve.

"A small plane crashed...7 American marines killed."

"That doubles the American death toll to twelve."

12?

Twelve?

Fuck you!

How many thousands of Afghans have died?

How many bombs have "we" dropped onto a basically unarmed people?

And they are the terrorists?

**WE PUT THE ARMS
IN ARMAGEDDON!**



In a time where we are all
fearing the sky and tall buildings and
every plane and feel so useless, so
angry, so very small and alone we only
hope to find a way, and you go to
feel better, to do and then
you go to a demo and else
who and you
with
e and
on

In a time where we are all fearing the sky and
tall buildings and every plane and
feel so useless, so angry, so very small and alone...

...we only hope to find a way,
any way, to feel better,
to do something and then you go to demo with someone
who feels like you do and
you're both ready to at least walk around
with an anti-war sign and
scream and be allowed to be angry and upset
and you get there and
everyone's too busy pushing their political beliefs on you
to the point where you wonder if they watched the towers fall
or the people running
or the "president" going on t.v.
telling the country to "buy, buy, buy"
and if they had to sit alone in their apartment while
they first saw the footage of the pentagon burning, ...
...you wonder if these people will ever realize what the word
"coalition" means...you wonder why they are fighting about Stalin
and Marx and you think that they don't know how to
...truly give a shit.

So you leave the demo early to make out
with your girlfriend on cement stairs bordering a construction site
while waiting for the "march" to pass by so that you can get on
the train and think about how much you should have stayed home
and fucked instead.

So
make out with your girlfriend on the cement stairs by a construction
site while waiting for the "march" to pass by
so that you can get on the train and think
about how much you should have stayed home
and fucked instead.

Fixing her hair

By Ani DiFranco

she's looking the mirror/
she's fixing her hair/
and i touch my head to feel/
what isn't there/
she's humming a melody
we learned in gradeschool/
she's so happy/
and i think/
this is not cool/
'cause i know the guy
she's been talking about/
i have met him before/
and I think what is this beautiful woman
settling for?

she bends her breath when she talks to
him/I can see her features begin to blur/
as she pours herself into the mold he
made for her/and for everything he does
she has a way to rationalize/

she says he don't mean what he do/
she tells me he called to apologize/
he says he loves her/he says he's
changing/and he can keep her warm/
and so she sits there like America
suffering through slow reform/

but she'll never get back the time/
and the years sneak by one by one/
she is still playing the martyr/
i am still praying for a revolution/

and she still doesn't have what she
deserves/ but she wakes up smiling
every day/ she never really expected more/
that's just not the way we are raised/

and i say to her/ ya know/ there's plenty
of ^{really} great men out there/
but she doesn't hear me/
she's looking in the mirror/
she's fixing her hair.



Dec. 17th, 2001

Not Here, Not Now

I'm thinking: This can't be happening!

I'm thinking: "Get down!" "Get her
down."

I'm thinking: She doesn't know about
the other times.
The other times this
has happened.

She's saying: "What do we do now?"

<What do we do now?>

She's saying: "I'm glad we were together."

"I'm glad you're alive."

"We didn't see anyone get
hit."

<We didn't see anyone get hit.>

I'm thinking: I want to call my mom,

I'm thinking: "I love you."

I'm glad you're alive.

"No one was hit."

I'm glad you're alive.

Then, I'm thinking: If one thing had been
done differently things would
be different.
If we had walked faster,

walked faster, things would be different.

I'm thinking: You could be gone right now.
"I love you."

She's saying: "That's so fucking scary."
"My heart is racing."
"I love you."

I'm thinking: Not here, not now.

Not here, Not Now

Gunshots echoed off the dark buildings —

Gunshots fired from a slow moving car —

Gunshots that forced me into hiding —

Here's a war, right here at home.

She's saying: "If the government would just legalize drugs..."

I'm thinking: "Yeah, the fucking government..."
Fuck the government.

The government almost, may have, sort of,
in a way, almost, kinda tried
to kill us.

Time Before the disease

I was just going through my girlfriend's copy of The Joy of Gay Sex.

I was looking for a section to quote in my zine on HIV/AIDS. There wasn't even a mention. My immediate reaction was "oh, how irresponsible of them."

Then I checked the copyright... 1978!

- AIDS has existed my whole life...

- There wasn't ever a time where HIV/AIDS wasn't heard on the radio or t.v. or from my mom or sister.

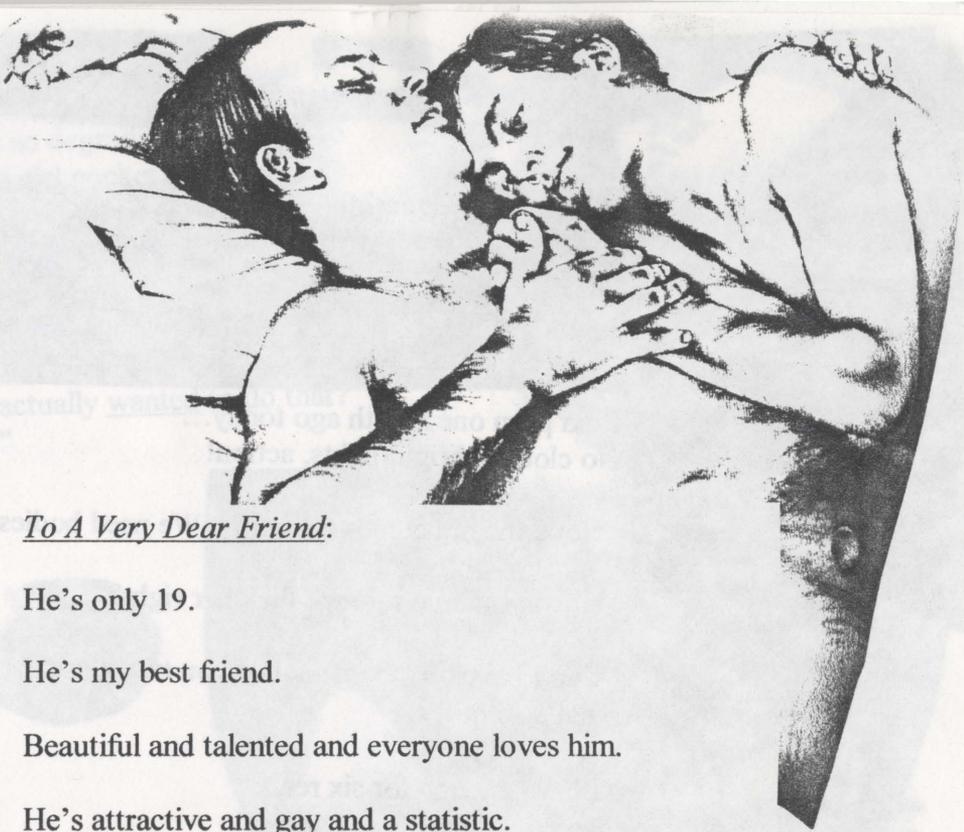
- It was/is everywhere.

Signs on buses, in classrooms, mentions in every sex book... lots and lots and lots of fear → everywhere.

It's so easy for me to forget that not everyone's life was full of AIDS Awareness conferences and safer-sex talks...

There was a time before...

before the disease.



To A Very Dear Friend:

He's only 19.

He's my best friend.

Beautiful and talented and everyone loves him.

He's attractive and gay and a statistic.

He's only 19.

He works, he goes to school, and he is HIV positive.

He's only 19.





I did porn one month ago today...
No clothes, bright lights, action!

“Now, the bra comes off right? We need bodies.”

“Now, you aren’t gonna fuck her right?”

“Can I have one more shot of you two kissing,
That’s so hot!”

“I have enough for six reels.
Now, just sign these papers.”

Hands shook and there was a check for \$75
sitting in my hand.

\$75 for having incredibly hot sex with my lover,
on film.

I did dyke Internet porn with my gender-fluid
girlfriend who happens to have boy parts.

We had already tried so many things,
why not film?

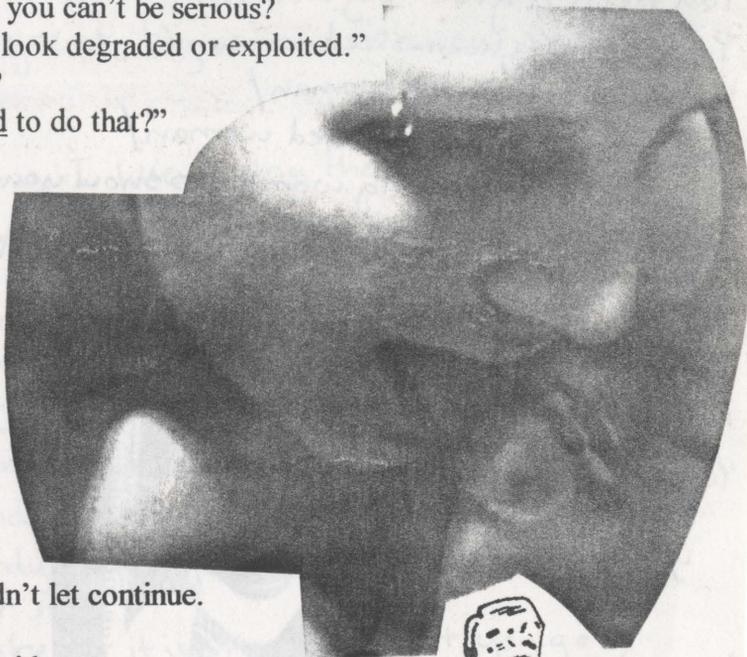
Before the night was over my money was spent.
Sex toys, soy milk, and bath wash.

I am a relatively large womon-identified womon.
And I just did porn.

Not discreet porn but rather
pretty-popular-with-my-friends porn.(ssspreload.com)
Spent my life thinking porn wasn’t an option
for my unshaved, non-starving, curvy self.



Recently my mother made an old-school feminist statement of "that's so degrading" referring to a nudie girl pocket picture book done by a famous New York photographer.. To which I responded, with a laugh, "What do you mean, you can't be serious? Those womyn don't look degraded or exploited." "What do you think? They actually wanted to do that?" "Yes."



A fight that she wouldn't let continue.

I wanted to chime in with...

"I was in porn ...ask me if I feel exploited?

Ask me if I feel degraded?"

I got paid for something I enjoy doing daily.

I had fun...

loving sex and enjoying your own naked-ness

is not degrading...it's liberating.



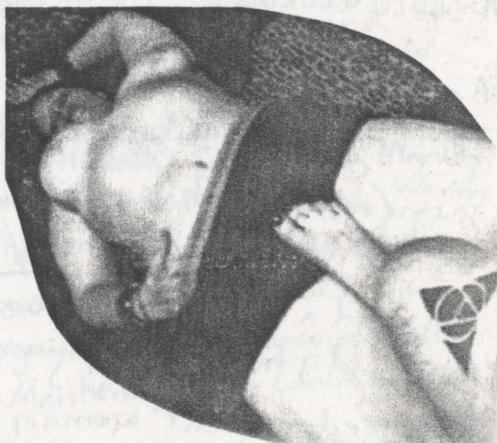
Any day now it should be up...

intimate moments brought into the light for everyone to enjoy.

They know we're in love and

now they will know a bit more about it.

And I'm cool with that.



You Need a Great Big Woman

by Candye Kane

You need a great big woman/
You need a queen-sized woman/
You need a big butt woman/
You need a well-rounded woman/
You need a great big woman to show you how to love/
You need a great big woman/

You need a big-haired woman/

No diet-plan woman/
No slim-fast woman/

You need a great big woman to show you how to love/



Candye Kane: Blues singer,
Porn star, stripper,
Bisexual, Polyamorous)

You need a great big woman with a little meat/

No flat-bed woman gonna fall asleep/

A sauce-cooking woman feed you right/

A great big woman keep you warm at night/

You need a great big woman to show you how to love/

You need a great big woman/

You need a big rig woman/

You need a soft curvy woman/

You need a heavy hip-py woman/

You need a great woman to show you how to love/

- You need a great big woman/
- You need a smooth riding woman/
- You need a big-legged woman/
- You need a **big-fat** woman/

You need a great big woman to show you how to love/

(spoken)

* Well, yakknow, I like to sing the virtues of the big girl/

I guess I never did see myself, or women like me on the cover of Cosmo or Vanity Fair/

I only saw myself on the cover of Plumpers, Big Women, and Hefty Mommas/

But my message to you is you've got to love your body, love yourself, and love everyone else's body if you get the chance.

It works for me.

And while you're at it just work what you got, whether it's a little or a lot, just work what you got and love what you got, 'cause it's yours.*

You need a great big woman,
I could keep you warm on cold winter's night/
Cause you know baby, I got a lot of love to go around/
That's right, more to grab, more to hold onto, and
more to love.

Resources: www.fatso.com, (the book) Fat! So? by Marilyn Wann
naafa.org (National Association to Advance Fat Acceptance) Wann
Big Big Love by Hanne Blank, The Beauty Myth by Naomi Wolf
www.everythingbbw.com, www.largeandluscious.com,
www.nolose.org (National Organization for Lesbians of Size)
Wake Up, I'm FAT! by Camryn Manheim, www.camryn.com
www.sizewise.com

INTRODUCTION

Any woman who considers using **Plan B**™ should understand the benefits and risks. The following information should help your understanding, but it is not meant to replace a discussion between you and your health care provider.



Planned Parenthood
chicago area

HOW SUPPLIED: Each **Plan B** tablet contains 0.75 mg of the active ingredient levonorgestrel, 18,19-Dinorpregn-4-en-20-yn-3-one-13-ethyl-17-hydroxy-, (17 α)-(-)-, a totally synthetic progestin. The inactive ingredients present are colloidal silicon dioxide, potato starch, gelatin, magnesium stearate, talc, corn starch, and lactose monohydrate.



7011

*Why one earth would this need to be here?
I'm a vegetarian & forced to consume an animal product just because I don't want to be pregnant.*

Plan B tablets are supplied in packages of two tablets each. The tablet is white, round, and marked: INOR.

Store at 25°C (77°F). Excursions permitted to 15–30°C (59–86°F). See USP Controlled Room Temperature.

CAUTION: Rx Only.

Date of Manufacture
Expiration Date: c
Lot Number: W05
NDC: 64836-000

701-11

Drug-Drug Interactions
No formal studies of drug-drug interactions were conducted.

1

Take the first tablet as soon as possible within 72 hours of unprotected sex.



Actual Size

2

Take the second tablet 12 hours after you take the first tablet.



exactly

Make sure to take an anti-nausea pill at least 1/2 hr. before you take either pill!!!

WHAT IS PLAN B?

Plan B is intended to prevent pregnancy after unprotected sex (if a contraceptive fails or if no contraception was used). It contains levonorgestrel, which is a synthetic hormone (progestin) commonly used in birth control pills. **Plan B** is for emergency use, and should not be used in place of regular contraception since it is not as effective as regular contraceptives.

Plan B does not protect against HIV (the virus causing AIDS), or any other sexually transmitted disease.

\$48 = 1st visit
\$15 = there after = \$38 fee for filling out paperwork!



plan B™ (LEVONORGESTREL)

(2 tablets, 0.75 mg)

HOW EFFECTIVE IS PLAN B?

Plan B reduces the risk of pregnancy following a single act of unprotected sex from about 8% down to 1%. This represents an 89% reduction in risk of pregnancy for this single act of unprotected sex.

Plan B is more effective the sooner treatment is started following unprotected sex.

WHO SHOULD NOT TAKE PLAN B?

Plan B should not be taken if you are already pregnant or if you have an allergy to any ingredient in **Plan B**. Do not use **Plan B** if you have unexplained vaginal bleeding.

WHAT IF I AM ALREADY PREGNANT AND TAKE PLAN B?

Plan B is not appropriate if you are already pregnant; it will not work. However, if you take **Plan B** and are already pregnant, it is unlikely that this would affect the pregnancy. Several studies involving the long-term use of progestin hormone-containing contraceptives have not shown any effects on the fetus.

Most Common Adverse Events	Levonorgestrel N=977 (%)
Nausea	23.1
Abdominal Pain	17.6
Fatigue	16.9
Headache	16.8
Heavier Menstrual Bleeding	13.8
Lighter Menstrual Bleeding	12.5
Dizziness	11.2
Breast Tenderness	10.7
Other complaints	9.7
Vomiting	5.6
Diarrhea	5.0

do not take the pills on an empty stomach;

WHAT ARE THE RISKS AND SIDE EFFECTS OF TAKING PLAN B?

Menstrual bleeding is sometimes heavier and sometimes lighter than usual after women take *Plan B*. After taking *Plan B*, most women (87%) get their next period within one week of when it is expected. If your period is more than one week late, you should check with your health care provider to see if you are pregnant.

Progestin contraceptive pills used for routine daily contraception can increase your risk for a tubal (ectopic) pregnancy. *Plan B* contains progestin. It is unknown if two doses of *Plan B* would increase the risk of tubal pregnancy. You should contact your health care provider if you develop severe abdominal pain, since this can be a warning sign of a tubal pregnancy.

The most common side effects include nausea (23% of users), abdominal pain (18%), tiredness (17%), and headache (17%). Dizziness and breast tenderness occur in about 10% of patients, and 5–6% of patients experience either vomiting or diarrhea.

- Nausea: Occurred in 23% of women taking Plan B* (compared to 50% with Yuzpe)
- Vomiting: Occurred in 6% of women taking Plan B* (compared to 19% with Yuzpe)

- the next period may be earlier or later than usual,

and be heavier or lighter, depending on when you took ECPs.

* FYI: I got my period 3 weeks early and had it consistently for 23 DAYS!

Emergency contraception can work in three different ways:

1. may prevent the ovary from releasing an egg (ovulation)
2. may suppress hormones necessary for pregnancy
3. may prevent the fertilized egg from implanting on the uterine wall

Rate
No formal studies have evaluated the effect of race. However, clinical trials demonstrated a higher pregnancy rate in the Chinese population with both Plan B* and the Yuzpe regimen (another form of emergency contraception consisting of two doses of ethinyl estradiol 0.1 mg + levonorgestrel 0.5 mg). The reason for this apparent increase in the pregnancy rate of emergency contraceptives in Chinese women is unknown.

you can get something for nausea at the drugstore without a prescription (like Dramamine or Bonamine) to take one half hour before taking ECPs if you want to,

Support the Chicago Women's Health Center

Accessible
HealthCare,
What a thought

Chicago Women's Health Center
3435 N. Sheffield
Chicago, IL 60657
773 - 935-6126

visit our website at:
www.chicagowomenshealthcenter.org

- Free counseling for all prenatal clients

Who We Are

We are a group of doctors, nurse-midwives, social workers and health educators working together to provide high quality health care to women. At Chicago Women's Health Center, our goals are to provide services in a manner that respects the dignity of each woman, and to make this care accessible to all women, regardless of income. We are also the longest operating women's health collective in the United States.

Our Mission

- Provide quality health care to women, regardless of their ability to pay
- Help women learn to advocate for themselves in the medical system
- Provide health education through community outreach
- Work in coalition with organizations doing advocacy on women's health issues

• Doula services available throughout pregnancy and during delivery

• Education about & referrals for alternative care, such as nutrition and Chinese herbs

• Street-level accessible exam room for women with disabilities

• Woman-centered therapy services

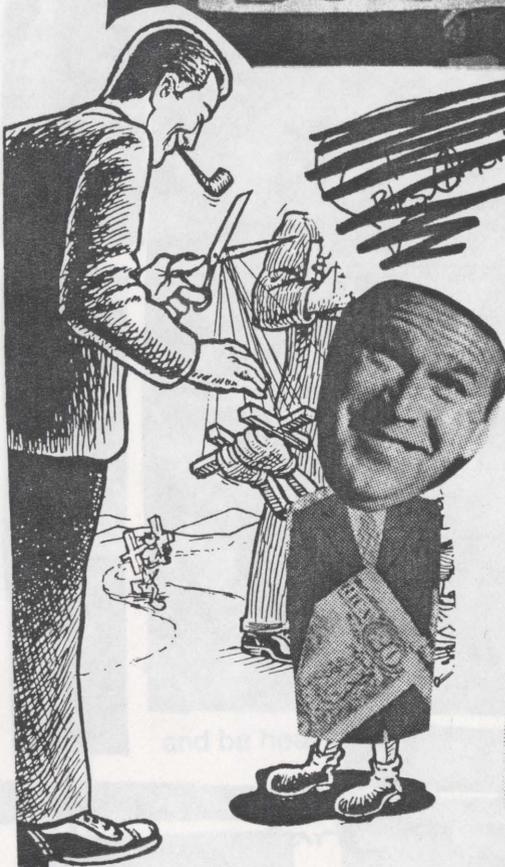
• Affordable emergency contraception

• Cervical cap fitting

- Zero-based sliding scale for basic gynecology services
- Sliding scale fees for most other services
- All woman staff
- Long appointments - scheduled in half-hour and 1 hour time slots
- Focus on client concerns
- Emphasis on preventive and self care, including breast & cervical self-exams

• Post-partum home visits available to prenatal

clients



~~PLEASE DON'T
BUY
ANYTHING
FROM
THIS
COMPANY~~

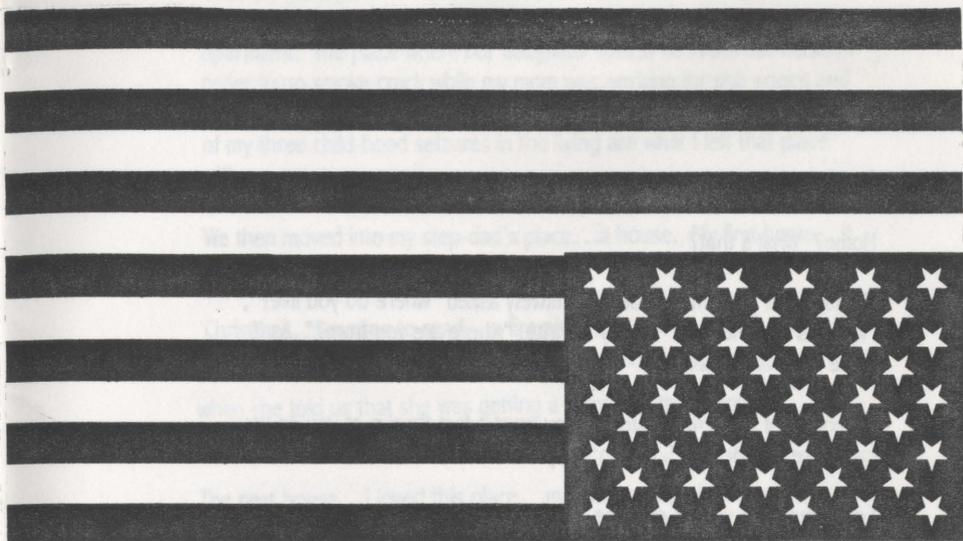
FUCK YOUR LIES!

- I am a patriot.
- I am a terrorist.

Check none!
You have multiple choices!



"You've got recognize privledge
But refrain from using it gain
an edge. There are a million people
in this world today, working jobs
they hate, going artifically braindead
for cripling a cu." Ember Swift!



GOVERNMENT IS VIOLENCE

www.wordsandstuff.org/harmfulmatter

Where I'm From

The concept was always so elusive to me.

Home? What's that?

Through out your life you are repetitively asked "where do you live?", "where's your home?" Or, my favorite, "where are you from?" As if there were one place...

Do you want to know my story? You want a fact thrown at you so you can store it under file 5 million: subject: LIBERTE

I only know the names of some of the places...sometimes I actually remember addresses or at least street names...I used to be really good at knowing the layout of each house, apt., friend's place, and hotel room...I used to be able to count the locations and maybe even remember the carpet or which pets lived through how many moves and which back yards they are still buried in.

I was born in San Antonio, Texas...totally not my fault. My mom had only been in Texas for the last portion of her pregnancy and left three weeks after my birth...and yet I did actually spend ten years in San Antonio. I lived in trailers in Kansas...there are pictures. One of me being 1 1/2 and clutching my favorite doll to my face. A doll that my mother had made at a doll-making sweatshop that she was forced to work at when she was blacklisted from the Kansas "healthcare" system for taking on the corporation that was letting patients die for stupid mistakes that they wouldn't admit to.

I was born to this world with nothing and all I was given was what my mother made from her blood...her love and me. Now the world is mine...I work for what I have and others give others what they can and I give back what I make with my blood, my work, and my words.

I love when I can and she taught me that...for what things that she couldn't give...like shelter and sometimes lunch money...or even education when the 2 mo. teacher's strike put me behind others for the rest of my formal education, she made up in endless support and love...and the hugs that I didn't know other children weren't so lucky to have.

Once my parents were separated...we moved, mom-sister-and I...to San Antonio again. We lived with my grand parents...then in our first apartment. The place where our babysitter locked us in the bathroom in order to go smoke crack while my mom was working for shit wages and forced to leave her kids with this stranger. This memory and having two of my three child-hood seizures in the living are what I left that place with.

We then moved into my step-dad's place...a house. My first home...if that word was to exist before Chicago.

Christmas...learning to read...a fire place...stuck up cats...a buck bed...walking in on my parents having sex...and watching my mom cry when she told us that she was getting a divorce...these are the memories that I take.

The next house...I loved this place...my own room, a back yard, the place where we threw out my mom's fiancé for planning to send my sister and I to boarding school once he moved us to Canada, where my favorite cat died, and the repaired glass window that I broke with my palm, on purpose, when my step-dad's and mom's divorce was finalized, age ten, exactly...to the date. We were completely wiped out (robbed of everything) twice. My sister came home first to discover the first robbery and I, the second...Desilu Ave. I lived there when my grandmother was diagnosed with Alzheimer's and when my grand father died and there was brown carpeting...this is what I took with me. I don't know why we left...but we did.

Then the apartment we lived in when I stopped being okay with my body. It was in that apartment that I stopped walk around naked when my sister made a comment about, "oh, cute...you have pubic hair"...and also, the same place when she said, "wow...you have weird boobs." The beginning of feeling just wrong about the skin I was in. Also, the townhouse where I had my first alcohol and also learned that Santa wasn't real.

We moved to Oakland, Ca after that...where I became a vegetarian at age 11 only to learn that activism wasn't part of every kid's vocabulary...ostracized for being aware...the beginning of that and also being called a racist everyday for being from Texas...this is Oakland to me. We lived in lots of places...there was the way too expensive house that we moved into because it was mom's new fiancé's dream home...(he was the reason we moved to Oakland in the first place.) We promptly threw him out for his alcoholism and his mental abusing of me, ~~which~~ he was ~~completely~~ a complete racist...he hid it until he couldn't stand the blonde-haired, blue-eyed 11 year old that stood before him when he ~~threatened~~ threatened violence.

me

There were so many after ...that I'll just say...all of them in the dangerous part of Oakland...the house where our car was broken into twice...and the street near by when I was jumped by ~~tree~~ girls with knives that called me "whitey"...and said, "check her bag...this white bitch is crazy to be caught here." I was 12.

Then the house that we never should have gotten...the house that my mom was determined to fill with nice things...and she did. With a credit card with no money to back it...she just wanted us to finally be normal...and it would have worked except for the lay off. She was laid off for 6 mo...and when you're already poor, the house was gone and most of the things.

We moved in with my sister's friends...my sister worked three jobs while trying to finish her senior year and still managed to get into college.

We lived in hotels mostly...it took me four years after all of this to not be nauseous whenever I saw a hotel sign. It meant, still no bed of my own...it meant only peanut butter sandwiches...it meant doing my homework in a poorly it room with a pencil I had to steal from a kid a school in order to have something to write with. It meant...being embarrassed at school because my hair was always so ratty...the small bottles of shampoo don't work for three people.

We stayed in the car for a while until one night when I caught a guy creeping up on the car with a knife out and I woke my mom up and she sped off in time. I was 13. There was a man with a knife...we had nowhere to go and I was 13.

No matter where we were in Oakland...we were scared and poor and no one gave a shit. We were white...we didn't need anything.

We finally moved to L.A., that's where my sister was to go to school. We lived with artists friends of my sister's cousins (not my cousins...we have different dads...many other long storie)...My mom and I were housemaids for two heroin-addicted L.A. based musicians (no names...but you wouldn't believe who). We also took care of their horses...this was in exchange for housing...not respect...just housing. I was 14...and picking syringes up to throw away after parties...my mom was nurse and she stole gloves from work for this purpose.

My sister lived in the dorms...pretty much a free ride for school. She gotta away, it took me four more years. When she turned 18...it was a good day. That was when we felt better because if the government ever tried to take me from my mom (because that is what they are known to do if they know that a child is living in poverty) then my sister could take me. Things are things that others my age...at least directly around me...we not thinking about.

L.A. ...Basically a good experience...too much money...lots of unrecognized privilege, and I got to go to Arts High school for theatre...my escape...despite moving a lot during that time too.

We finally got a house...for a good deal...my own room...I actually had two of my own rooms. One bedroom and one "studio"...it was dedicated to my theatre life...books...plays...costumes...posters...my home. The house was sold (out) from under us...we had to leave...no notice.

We lived in the guesthouse of the mayor of Sierra Madre (suburb of L.A.)...long story there too.

So had my 18th birthday...no presents...not even food that day...in that house.

I got ready for prom in that non-home...wearing a dress that cost \$80...my sister got it for me...and with a prom ticket that my boss paid for out of pity.

So I went...and loved it.

Then we were kicked out of that house because they wanted to make it into a library.

We were in hotels. again...I vomited as soon as we walked into the room. And did so a couple times after that.

I graduated high school...and while others were celebrating at restaurants and parties...I was back at the hotel...wishing I weren't.

Over all this...I got into school...with a horrible financial aid packet from highly ignorant government...and prepared to moved to Chicago for school...and freedom.

I moved here. I lived in the dorm. A home that no one took away...they couldn't. It was there...and it was mine. The move to Chicago was the first voluntary move I had ever made in my life.

Though I'm not in school now...I vowed to stay in Chicago. I got my own apartment...I'm still looking for a way to pay the rent. I haven't paid this month and maybe I'll be able to pay eventually...but no matter where I am in Chicago. It is more home to me than any place that I've ever been...because it's on my terms.

So...that's where I'm from. How 'bout you?



♫ Polyamory, Poly-Poly-
amory, Polyamory,
won't you try it too! ♪
-~~some~~ someone once sang to
me

*Polyamory is (to me)
Responsible Nonmonogamy.

Jessica (was boyfriend, I love ^{so very} much, Dan, -not pictured, it must be awesome use he loves her)

Me (loves me, how cool is that!?) (I really really really super like her)

Jennie/Jeff

↓
• I believe leads to healthier honest non-power based relationships.

I am happy when my lovers are happy with their lovers.

I'm in love with Jennie, and I'm seeing and caring about both her and Jessica, who is in love with her boyfriend Dan.

Jennie and I are in an open relationship and Dan and Jessica are too which makes it possible for Jessica and I to see each other without hurting our lovers.

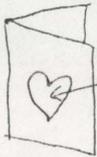
I believe that monogamy is alright for those that ~~can't~~ really choose it & not merely assume that it is the only way.

We ~~at~~ chose nonmonogamy and I am happy for it.

Suggested T-shirt slogans:

☑ I'm not gay but
my boyfriend's boyfriend
is.

Valentine's Day Cards for Poly People:



HAPPY ♡
Valentine's
Day to
my girlfriends
girlfriend. ♡

HAPPY ♡
Valentine's
Day to
my lover's
lover's
girlfriend
boyfriend
and
partner ♡

Nobody Knows
I'm a Bisexual
Polyamorous
Anarchist

← Sticker
Jennie designed

Resources: The Ethical Slut by Dossie Easton
↑
my favorite & Catherine A. Liszt

Lesbian Polyfidelity by Celeste West

Polyamory: The New Love Without Limits by Dr. Deborah
M. Anapol

polyamory.org, harmfulmatter.com,

Loving More Magazine, Movies: Splendor, French Twist,
Bandits, Velocity of Gary



Hi Liberté
I LOVE you!
I'm writing
on yr ZINE!
Ha ha ha!
♡
Jennie
(JSUB)

Liberté
c/o Autonomous Zone

[REDACTED]
Chicago, IL 60647

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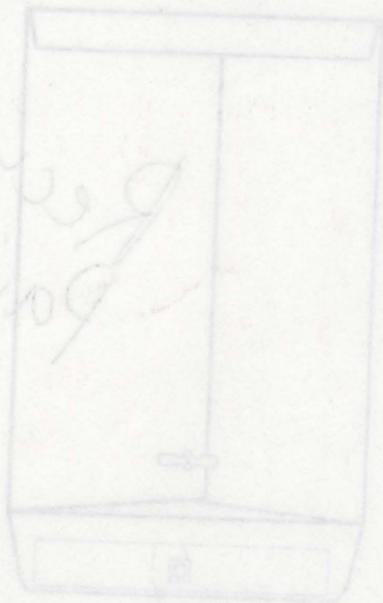
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