

THE SIREN

FEMINIST MAGAZINE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OREGON

MY HAIR IS...



RANDOM WAVES GALORE

FLAMING AND COW-LICKED

DARK, THICK, DAMAGED

UNTAMED, ADAPTABLE

BIG, BEAUTIFUL, WILD

THICK AND CURLY

THICK, WAVY, FRIZZY!

NATURALLY SPRINGY

COMFY, PRETTY, LONG

SALT, PEPPER AND STRAIGHT BANGS

IN THE LANDFILL!

MESSY AND UNRULY

FINE, CURLY, FRIZZY

LIGHT, FLUFFY, INDEPENDENT

SPONTANEOUSLY SEXY, WINDBLOWN, COMFORTABLY FRIZZY



THE SIREN

SPRING 2012

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OFFICIAL BUSINESS

The Siren is published and produced by the ASUO Women's Center. We are the only student-led feminist publication on campus. It is our mission to cover contemporary feminist issues and act as an outlet for the creative and intellectual development of women. Our staff consists of an editorial board of Women's Center staff who solicit contributions from volunteer writers and artists.

COVER PHOTO BY HAE MIN LEE

TABLE OF CONTENTS PHOTO BY KRISTIN TAYLOR

INSIDE COVER ART BY RACHELL HUGHES



THE SIREN SPRING TWENTY 12 INSIDE THIS ISSUE



The Women's Center held auditions on Tuesday April 10, and Friday April 13, for their new Queer Glee Club. Although mostly assembled for the fun factor, the group has hopes of performing at OUT/LOUD, their Queer Women's Music Festival, on June 9.

- CONTRIBUTORS **04** CREDIT WHERE CREDIT IS DUE
EDITOR'S LETTER **05** HAIR, HAIR, EVERYWHERE. BUT IS IT FAIR?
NEAT//HURL **06** DEAR PATRIARCHY EDITION
POETRY **07** MARIPOSA, AND MICHELLE LEWIS
MOMENTUM **08** REMEMBERING ECOFEMINISTS
OUR BODIES, OUR HEALTH **10** AN UP CLOSE AND PERSONAL LOOK AT HAIR REMOVAL
DO-IT-YOURSELF **12** A STEP BY STEP WALK INTO THE STYLE OF STRAIGHT BANGS
RECIPE **13** HOMEMADE SHAMPOO LETS YOU KNOW THE CONTENTS
WIGS AND POP CULTURE **14** A HUMOROUS LOOK AT FAUX HAIR IN MEDIA
CREATIVE WRITING **15** BRANDY OTA SHARES A STORY OF HAIR DYE AND BONDING
THE GAY HAIRCUT **16** THE POLITICS SURROUNDING QUEER HAIR
POETRY **17** JULIA RILEY
REVIEWS **18** GOOD HAIR, DAMNED HAIR, AND THE AMERICAN MULLET
WONDER WOMAN **20** FUZZY-FACED FRIDA KAHLO
FEMINIST FUN **21** SHAVE YOU PIT HAIR? PSSH. DYE IT A COLOR OF THE RAINBOW!
REAL TALK **22** A NEW FEMINIST'S EXPERIENCE WITH GETTING THE CHOP

CONTRIBUTORS



MICHELLE LEWIS

Michelle Lewis is a senior in the Ethnic Studies department at the University of Oregon with a minor in creative writing. This is her second year as an Office Assistant within the ASUO Women's Center. "I couldn't be happier with the love and support I have received in my time here. Poetry is healing for me, and nothing makes me happier than to share my words in a way that offers empowerment to those who have the opportunity to read or hear it in order to experience their own healing!"



RACHELL HUGES

Rachell Hughes is a junior Art and Dance major at the University of Oregon. She has a love for big dogs and doughnuts. Rachell works at the EMU craft center and hopes to someday run one herself. She has a pet snake named Nosey. Rachell enjoys lollipops, doing front and backflips into pools (and other bodies of water), and finds climbing trees sexy.



MARIPOSA (A.K.A MARÍA TERESA FERNÁNDEZ)

Mariposa was born Maria Teresa Fernandez and is an award winning Nuyorican poet from the Bronx. A freelance writer, actor, educator, visual artist and human rights activist, Mariposa has performed at over 100 colleges and universities throughout the United States, as well as the Institute for Puerto Rican Culture and the Nuyorican Café in San Juan, Puerto Rico; the World Conference Against Racism in Durban, South Africa; and the 2001 Essence Music Fest in New Orleans. Mariposa's poetry has been featured on the acclaimed HBO documentary "Americanos: Latino Life in the US." In 1999, Mariposa was awarded The Van Lier Literary Fellowship by The Bronx Council on the Arts, funded by the Edward and Sally Van Lier Fund of the New York Community Trust. In 1997 Mariposa received "Lo mejor de Nuestra Comunidad" award by El Comité Noviembre for her poem Ode to the Diasporican.

HOPEFULLY YOU'VE SEEN OUR TUMBLR. NOW YOU CAN:

FOLLOW THE SIREN ON TWITTER

**WHO IS SPORTING YOUR FAVORITE, OR MOST RECENTLY SEEN, FEMINISTLY
BAD-ASS HAIRSTYLE IN POP CULTURE?**

IN HONOR OF OUR HAIR ISSUE, POST YOUR ANSWERS TO OUR TWITTER

@SIRENMAGAZINE1

AND DON'T FORGET TO LIKE OUR FACEBOOK PAGE!

CHANGING THE NAME "HAIR ISSUE" FROM ITS OPPRESSIVE ROOTS

Fluff. Fur. Fuzz. Locks. Mane. Mop. Tresses. Tuft. Do. That stuff that grows on my head.

No matter how you prefer to address it, it's hair. Almost all of us have it. It's what makes us who we are. It's how we express ourselves.

In the past it has kept us warm, and been a way to attract lovers (although it still is). But hair has also slowly morphed into just one more way for mainstream mass media to keep us oppressed as women and to assert white normality.

If your hair is not exactly the way the media says it should look: you better fix it.

At least that's what most of the content of your average women's magazine "Hair Issue" suggests. At least once a year those multiple books of ads and ideologies that line the grocery checkout are simply full to the brim of "How To"s and DIYs about keeping your hair in the norm.

This is why we came up with the idea to publish our own Hair Issue, an issue where we can express our feelings about our hair, the happiness it brings us as a way to be unique and express creativity, as well as the anger it brings us when we're challenged and ridiculed for doing what we want.

My feminism has been a way for me to truly learn to love my hair, which is something I have never done before. It has always been thick, frizzy, and unruly, but after learning that there was actually nothing fundamentally wrong with it being that way, I just let it do what it wants. I cut most of it off, dyed it the color I like, and rarely brush it. It's my hair, and I love it purely for the fact that it is mine: no one else's.

I think the hardest ongoing challenge for me is confronting issues concerning my other body hair, because no matter how much society tries to convince us otherwise, women have body hair. Having grown up with patriarchy, I was taught to shave by my mother, and told to continue if I let it lapse. I know her only concern was for the bullying I would receive if I didn't, but it still seems a crazy notion to me: women teaching their daughters to change themselves to be more attractive. So after years of being told to, it just became routine.

People will say that an act such as shaving is harmless, but let's face it, shaving stinks! Razor burn, cuts, itching, in grown hairs, sometimes I think the process of shaving makes those body parts way less attractive than if we just left them alone. But gods forbid you should wear a swimsuit in public and not be attractive to someone looking close enough at your bikini line. How about, keep your eyes to yourself?

I still shave my body hair regularly, purely for the fact that it bugs me otherwise. It's a guilty pleasure I'm coming to terms with. But you'll never hear me telling someone else to shave or see me sitting idly when someone decides to criticize another's personal choice of not shaving their own body hair.

But for this reason it's hard to see in myself that strong feminist that I see in those individuals who go through their lives with all body hair intact, braving criticism from both men and women.



I can't help but think which of my friends and family would be disgusted and give me a lecture if I did decide to quit shaving. Not to mention a true test to my self-identified feminist male partner.

This issue is meant to leave you with new confidence and questions to challenge your own feminist hair routines. There are discussions for both sides of the body hair conundrum. One Women's Center volunteer gives an account of her experience with Brazilian sugaring, while another Siren writer reports on the health benefits and up-sides to letting your pubic hair grow free.

Three writers, Maria Teresa Fernandez writing as Mariposa, Michelle Lewis, and Julia Riley, show us what meaning hair, both good and bad, has brought to their lives and minds through poetry.

Because hair can inspire many different feelings in different people, Jessica Rojas was reminded of Ecofeminists who have inspired her, but lost their lives to cancer.

Our reviews section encompasses both the 'hurray' moments in hair topical media, and let downs after looking at something with a feminist lens. Our reviewers look at "Hairstyles of the Damned," a book once loved in earlier, slightly more naïve days, as well as "The American Mullet," documenting the hairstyle often judged in mainstream, but loved everywhere else. Finally, one of our writers looks at Chris Rock's "Good Hair," which directly off the bat is seen as problematic because of fact that this story about black women's hair, is being told through the eyes of male producers and narrators. Although the story being told is an extremely important one to give voice to, it begs the question: why aren't we letting these women tell their own stories?

This issue is all about taking back the theme of the "Hair Issue." It is how we want our hair to be talked about, and the conversations that should really be had about hair. Our hair is with us through every part of our day and our life, so why should it be reduced to styling tips and images of what patriarchy thinks your hair should look like.

If there's anything the staff wants our readers to take away from this issue, it is that everyone's hair is different, they should be able to do, or not, whatever they want with it, free from ridicule, sideways glances, and normalization.

- Kylie Wray

KYLIE WRAY, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Dear Patriarchy

EDITION

(WITH A HINT OF SARCASM)

HURL: Dr. Pepper

WORDS BY KYLIE WRAY

Dear Dr. Pepper,

I would first like to start by clarifying my love of pop (or soda, being an Oregonian, pop is my term of choice to refer to carbonated beverages). Despite being a feminist vegetarian who tries to eat healthy as often as possible, pop is my weakness. I usually drink only water, preferring it to juice or other drinks, but when I go out to eat, I enjoy indulging in an ice-cold glass of pop. And my number one choice to partake of has always been Dr. Pepper. That is until recently.

I can't tell you how greatly appreciative I am that you decided to make your most recent commercial readily available on any TV station I watched over my winter break from college. This particular commercial, for your new Dr. Pepper Ten, was extremely helpful in informing me that you didn't want my money. Which came as a huge surprise. I had always thought that my almost daily purchasing of Dr. Pepper drinks by the bottle, cup and can were helpful to your business. But apparently, because I am a woman, my money is of no use to your business' revenues.

I'm glad that your business finally collected enough of my money, along with that of my many female friends who have enjoyed Dr. Pepper for years, in order to produce this action-packed, eye-catching commercial that stated your new slogan "Dr. Pepper Ten, It's not for women."

As I identify as the gender that makes up a little more than half of your consumer demographic, I appreciate your campaign to improve my health. Since your commercial informed me that you weren't in want of my money anymore I have cut down my consumption of pop and been forced to drink nothing but coke when I have a craving.

I wish you luck in your future endeavor to reduce your company's profits.
Sincerely,
A Satisfied Former Customer

NEAT (?): Gender Binary

WORDS BY JULIA RILEY

Dear Gender Binary,

I just wanted to write a little note to say thank you. Thanks for making my gender all about you and for your innovative use of public embarrassment to let me know when I've crossed the line into unacceptable female attire.

If it weren't for your presence, there in the airport calling me sir or staring wide eyed in horror in the womyn's bathroom, well I just don't know *what* I would do!

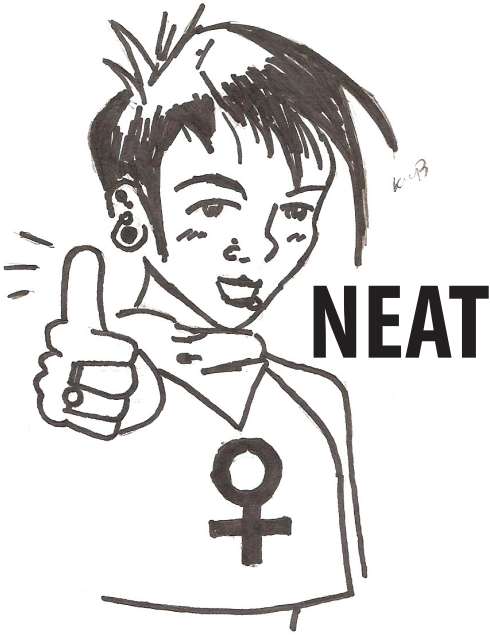
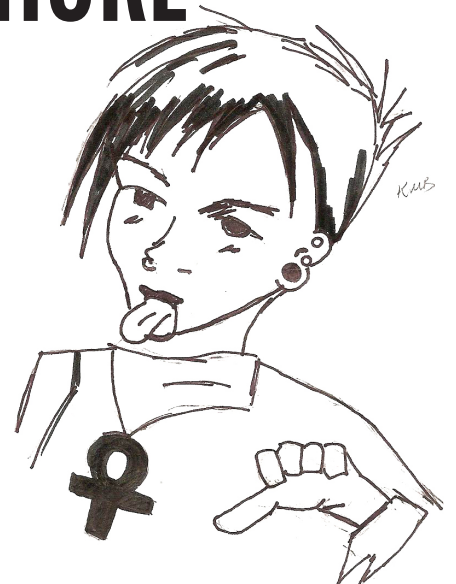
I'm just so touched that you would take the time out of your busy schedule to loudly explain to me while in line at the grocery store that you thought I was a guy because you weren't really looking, have been at work since five, or broke *two* nails and are having like the worst day.

If not for your constant gender vigilance, well I might even fall into that unacceptable habit of actually being comfortable in my style choices, and we all know what a disaster that would be!

So thanks again for keeping that pesky self-confidence of mine in check!

Send my regards to Homophobia.
Sincerely,
Happily Androgynous

HURL



NEAT (?): Helpful Politicians

WORDS BY ANNA BIRD

To all the male politicians who are placing so much importance on regulating women's liberties regarding sexual and reproductive health issues, I would like to extend my deepest gratitude.

I, as a young female college student, would be lost without your rules. The constrictions you put on my sexual health will help guide my lifestyle choices and take the guessing out of it for me -- which is a relief. With your insistence on regulating women's health and the choices we are able to make regarding our health issues, we will certainly be guided in the direction of morality. Upon your success of setting women's liberties back 50 years, the avoidance of the sinister days of free birth controls and unmonitored abortions can be temporarily expanded.

You congressmen teaming up with male religious leaders to make decisions that affect women seems like the best idea since women would be too involved and biased in the matter. Men will have the objectivity necessary for making such choices, since women's health issues have no affect on their lives.

So to you, leaders of our nation and religious communities, you have my thanks and best wishes for further controlling women's lives through domineering conservative legislation and upholding the patriarchy with your smart, and definitely not unnecessary, tactics.

Poem for My Grifa-Rican Sistah Or Broken Ends Broken Promises

(for my twin sister Melissa, who endured it with me)

Braids twist and tie
constrain baby naps never to be free
braids twist and tie
contain / hold in the shame
of not havin' long black silky strands
to run my fingers through.
Moños y bobby pins
twist and wrap
Please forgive me for the sin
Of not inheriting Papi's "good hair"
moños y bobby pins
twist and wrap
restrain kinky naps
dying to be free
but not the pain
of not having a long black silky mane
to run my fingers through.

Clips and ribbons
to hold back and tie
oppressing baby naps
never to be free.

Clips and ribbons
to hold back and tie
imprisoning baby naps
never to have the dignity to me.

Chemical relaxers
broken ends / broken promises
activator and cream
mixed in with bitterness
mix well.
The ritual of combing / parting / sectioning

Hairsanity

Bone straight... to avoid the hate.
Bone straight... so they'll appreciate your gait.
Bone straight... that's the way it ain't!

I am big...curly... AND nappy!

A comb will never be my friend, but
My pic will be there until the dreaded end.

Products marketed to remind me they will make me pretty,
In reality, a commodification of how they think I should be.
Didn't you know I'm already there for free, and naturally!

the greasing of the scalp / the neck
the forehead / the ears
the process / and then the burning / the burning
"It hurts to be beautiful"
my mother tells me
"¡Pero mami me PICA!"
and then the running / the running to water
to salvation / to neutralizer / to broken ends
and broken promises.
Graduating from Carefree Curl
to Kitty curl / to Revlon / to super duper Fabulaxer
different boxes offering us broken ends and broken promises.

"We've come a long way since Dixie Peach."
My mother tells me as I sit at the kitchen table.

Chemical relaxers to melt away the shame
until new growth reminds us
that it is time once again
for the ritual and the fear of
scalp burns and hair loss
and the welcoming
of broken ends
and broken
promises.

Black hair is beautiful.

¡Que viva pelo libre!

¡Que viva!

— *Mariposa (María Teresa Fernández)*

The mirror doesn't lie. What you see indelibly all the
Beauty you will ever need. Every curl is perfect, every
Twist is tight, every nap in yo fro positioned just right.

Fighting with a piece of you is a losing battle,
Embrace the ways you were told not to be,
Your hair will love you forever unconditionally!

— *Michelle Lewis*

IN MEMORY OF...

WOMEN ACTIVISTS WHO FOUGHT FOR THE HEALTH OF THE EARTH AND DIED FIGHTING CANCER

WORDS BY JESSICA ROJAS

NILAK BUTLER (KELLY JEAN MCCORMICK) 1953-2002

American Indian Activist, one of the founding mothers of the Indigenous Women's Network as well as part of the Nuclear Free Native Lands Campaign for Greenpeace, Nilak was born September 3, 1953 and departed December 26, 2002. From the Inuit people of Alaska, Nilak was adopted out and never enrolled in her tribe, therefore she was not able to access Indian Health Services. Outside of her activist career, Nilak was one of the first Native American actresses to have a major contract in a Hollywood film, titled *White Dawn*. She was loved by many, as a sister and auntie. According to activist Winona La Duke, "Nilak viewed her illness much as a mirror of the illness of Mother Earth: toxified, ill cared for, and challenged with constant crises. She challenged all to work harder to defend Mother Earth, and to care for each other in difficult times, now and in the future."

PHOTO FOUND ON THE INDIGENOUS WOMEN'S NETWORK



RACHEL CARSON 1907-1964

Amarine biologist and conservationist, Rachel is most known for her ground breaking book, *Silent Spring*, which brought attention to the irreversible harm pesticides were causing and would later lay a foundation for the nationwide banning of DDT and other harmful pesticides. Her work and writings have contributed greatly to the environmentalist movement, but not without harsh criticism from those who didn't believe or conceive of the harms of pesticides. She is the recipient of the Presidential Medal of Freedom, presented by Jimmy Carter, has had her picture on a postage stamp and was the inspiration for many environmentalist movements, conferences and programs, including Earth Day.

PHOTO TAKEN FROM WIKIMEDIA COMMONS



WANGARI MUTA MAATHAI

1940-2011

Founder of the Green Belt Movement in Kenya, and advocate for human and women's rights and the environment. Wangari is a past recipient of the Nobel Peace Prize and has served on parliament. In the 1970s, Wangari noticed that her homeland was suffering from deforestation so she started a movement that would be led by those who feel the effects of deforestation the most, the women who collect firewood and water in the rural areas of Kenya: The Green Belt Movement. The Green Belt Movement is responsible for the planting of millions of trees in Africa. But Professor Mathai did more than plant trees, she planted a revolution that would free their political prisoners (also led by women) and eventually reshaped her country's politics and practices. The most powerful image in my mind is when this woman is walking by all the soldiers in her country, that once attacked her and her supporters, but now salute her and plant trees. In the words of a fellow soldier (From *Taking Root*) "We believe that soldiers and trees are brothers as they are both responsible for protecting the land."

PHOTO TAKEN FROM WIKIMEDIA COMMONS

APOLONIA SUSANA SANTOS

1954-2006

According to her website dedicated in her memory, Susana Santos (1954-2006) was an "Artist, Activist, Art and Cultural Liaison and Indigenous Warrior". Susana, was a traditional fisherwoman, part of the Tygh Band (Confederated Tribes of Warm Springs) and Yakama Nation. What stands out to me the most about this woman was her love for the salmon, whether it was evident in her artwork or in her inspiring and yet blunt words of activism, as she brought attention to the effects of nuclear waste on tribal fisheries on the Columbia River. On art in her own words: "When I sit as my ancestors did perched on a wooden scaffold above the waterfalls at Tlxni in Oregon's Central Plateau, I am connected by heritage to Nature and the natural elements. My paintings aim to reflect our homelands and Indigenous way of life. My study of the night sky, wind and water has taught me to use my paint brush as a dowser to capture the Sacred, the heart and mystery of the unconscious."

PHOTO FOUND ON APOLONIASUSANASANTOS.COM



WHAT DO YOU SHAVE?

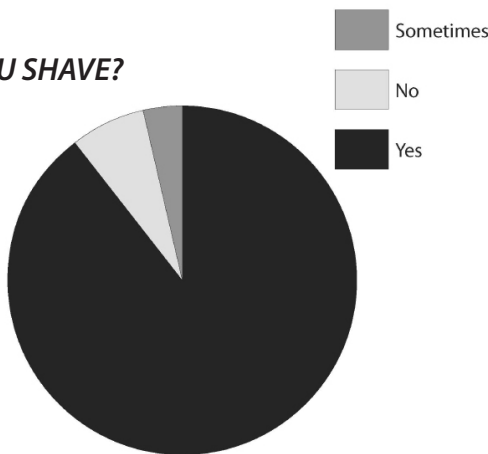
Legs ^{Chin} Pubic ^{Nothing} ^{Arms} ^{Everything Else} Armpits

SHAVING: THE NUMBERS

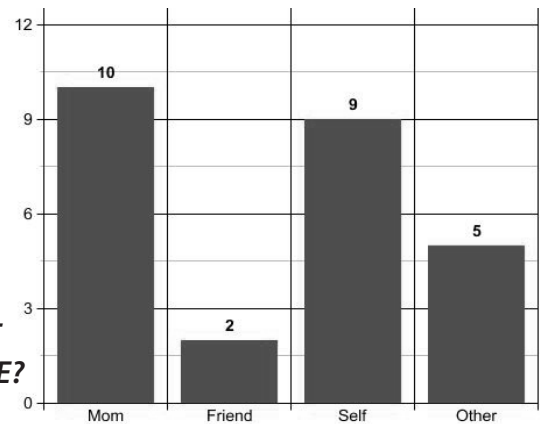
DATA AND GRAPHICS COMPILED BY KYLIE WRAY AND ANNA BIRD

In honor of the Hair Issue, we curious cats at the Siren conducted a brief survey to answer our questions about shaving: the who, what, and why. We have all felt the pressure to make our bodies smooth, hairless, and goddess-like to satisfy the expectations of society. Here, data from 26 female-identified students gives you a representation of how the need to shave has infiltrated our minds.

DO YOU SHAVE?



WHO TAUGHT YOU TO SHAVE?



HISTORY BEHIND SOCIETY'S OBSESSION WITH SMOOTH

WORDS BY NADUAH WHEELER

Being a female identified person in American society, I am expected to be a hairless being at all times. This means having to spend both time and money on razors and shaving while avoiding accidental personal injury (which isn't that easy since I'm rather uncoordinated). With all of this societal pressure to be constantly smooth I began wondering about both the history of body hair removal and whether there was any health purpose to body hair.

What I found was shocking. Shaving has been around since as early as 3,000 to 4,000 B.C. In fact, Ancient Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans all disapproved of body hair and removed it using natural waxing or homemade creams (like prehistoric Nair). It wasn't until the middle to late 1500's that body hair began to come back into fashion with Catherine de Medici in France who thought shaving was associated with mental illness. Modern ladies get to thank the industrial revolution in the 1920's for bringing hairlessness back into the mainstream with the increase in shaving companies such as Gillette, Schick, and Wilkinson. Fashion changes in the twenties

also contributed. As hemlines and sleeve lengths shortened, the demand for hairless arms and legs increased. Shortened swimsuits in the 1940's introduced pubic hair removal.

Unlike other body hair whose purpose has basically been replaced by clothing, pubic hair still serves a definitive health purpose (at least for those with vaginas). It helps keep your vagina bacteria free! Less bacteria means less infections and a healthier, happier vagina. Pubic hair also helps you get laid. It helps trap pheromones, which are like sexual catnip. Pubic hair also helps protect your vagina during sex by keeping that area moist and preventing micro-tears. Not to mention that bringing a sharp object or harsh chemicals in direct contact with your naughty bits is a hazardous undertaking unto itself.

Even though the porn industry seems intent on promoting a naked pubic area, the hair down there serves a purpose. It keeps your vagina happy and healthy! And as for the rest of body hair, unless you're doing it for yourself, follow in Catherine de Medici's footsteps and say, "bring on the hair."

FEELING LIBERATED THROUGH REALLY SEEING ONE'S BODY, SANS BLANKETING FUZZ

One Women's Center Volunteer describes, in detail, her experience with regularly receiving Brazilian Sugaring, a more natural alternative to Brazilian Waxing.

WORDS BY MARY KILLEEN

"Wow you have really deep roots." It's my first time getting a Brazilian 'sugar' and Vanessa, the woman I just met with her hands all over my labia, is so calm when she delivers this dreadful message. "Oh great," I say sarcastically through gritted teeth and between my heavy breathing. My hands are clutching my sweatshirt, and my back is soaked in sweat. I feel like an infant, getting my diaper changed, as she throws baby powder on my nether regions to keep the moisture at bay. And yes, I signed up and paid for this. And oddly, this isn't the first time I have had all the hair off of my labia painfully removed.

Why do I do this to myself? Is it something I feel pressured into by the beauty standards of society? Or by what my partners want? And how does getting a Brazilian every month work with my identity as a feminist?

Every time I get a Brazilian, I pull out my wallet to pay and it forces me to reflect on why I do this in the first place. It can be painful, expensive, and requires constant upkeep. The removal of pubic hair has been traced back to ancient Greek, Roman, and Egyptian cultures. Through ancient art and literature, it has been analyzed that smooth hairless bodies symbolized youth (and therefore beauty) in these cultures. Cultural preferences for body hair have fluctuated throughout history. Shaving legs and armpits was not popular among American women until the late 19th and early 20th century when more revealing clothing was becoming commonplace. When bikinis started to become fashionable for young women in the 1940's, pubic hair removal became widely practiced. Issues of *Penthouse* and *Playboy* from the early 1970's also display women with little to no pubic hair, which could explain the shift in the cultural trend of pubic hair maintenance among women.

Brazilian sugaring is a process of removing all of the pubic hair with a substance first used by Ancient Egyptians. Persian women used a paste called *moum* to remove body hair because the standard of beauty prized youthful and innocent female

bodies. The sugar is made of water, sugar, and lemon--it is all natural and safe enough to eat. Sugaring removes hair in the natural direction of growth and does not stick to live skin cells, which makes the process less painful than other methods and the cleanup afterwards easier as well. Sugaring can remove shorter hairs, which means less time in between treatments to wait for regrowth. It is more sanitary because bacteria cannot breed in the substance, and there is no double dipping in the process. Unfortunately this was not the first method of hair removal I tried.

My relationship with my own pubic hair began when I was 14. I started shaving because my first "real" boyfriend suggested I get rid of it all because he liked it that way. I was sort of confused, but I decided to try it anyway. My hair in that region had not been a concern for me, but because it was my boyfriend's preference I changed my appearance. Compared to my high school self, I am glad that I am more independent and self-assured today--then, I didn't understand that I was shaving for *my boyfriend's comfort level* and not my own. I remember the first time I did it, I had a feeling of being totally liberated. I really saw what my body looked like down there for the first time. It made me feel sort of sexy, and when I did shave in the shower, there was something about the smoothness of my skin that made me feel a lot cleaner afterward (although the hair is there to prevent bacteria and keep you "cleaner" in the first place). I had always shaved my bikini line but this was something totally different.

The initial bliss of feeling mature and hairless (ironically) quickly faded when the reality of pubic hair maintenance set in. After the few first times, it was miserable. I got razor burn frequently. I wasn't very careful with my razor and had a few close calls in important places; shaving your pubic region takes precision and artistry (think about all the curves and crevices you have to look out for). A couple of days after shaving, it was always itchy, and taking care

of that problem in public is not seen as socially acceptable. And to top it off, my regrowth was, in my opinion, unreasonably quick.

My relationship with shaving ended on my 18th birthday when my best friend and I went to get Brazilian waxes. Apparently the hair wasn't long enough, but I insisted the woman waxing me try anyways because I had spent the whole week building up the courage to go. It was painful, a lot of my follicles bled, and I was squeezing my best friend's hand so tightly you would think I was pushing out a child. I left the salon hobbling to the car.

After getting any type of hair removal in that area, you are supposed to avoid tight clothes, exercise, and moisture. The experience continued to go downhill when I did not abide by those rules and had a romantic encounter with a partner that very same night. I sat on the toilet later and it felt like I was peeing corrosive acid. I had to lay still and try to fall asleep while in throbbing discomfort. How was I not turned off by this experience?

From what I have experienced, a lot of women shave because men prefer it that way. In feminist theory, this reflects the patriarchal idea that men prefer women to be infantilized; having a bare reproductive region makes a woman seem pre-pubescent and more innocent, and thus it takes away her power and maturity. I agree that this can be very problematic due to society's infantilization of women by almost requiring that they be hairless everywhere but their heads.

However, I also agree with the feminist notion of choice in performing gender or identity. Just as some women wear makeup as a type of guilty pleasure. Although they understand that patriarchal society has normalized the idea that women look better, feel better about themselves, and are more feminine by wearing it, it might feel natural to wear makeup and perform gender in this way. I believe no woman should be judged or ridiculed for the choices she

CONTINUED ON PAGE 12

DO-IT-YOURSELF

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

makes with her gender identity as long as she has made those choices for herself. I don't think of shaving one's sex parts as a specifically feminine choice. Since I've been in college, I have noticed a larger number of guys manscaping to their heart's desire. And I think it really doesn't matter what you decide to do. I have never had someone tell me to put my pants back on and leave the room if I am not perfectly groomed that day. And if that does happen to you, then you should definitely not be hooking up with that asshole in the first place.

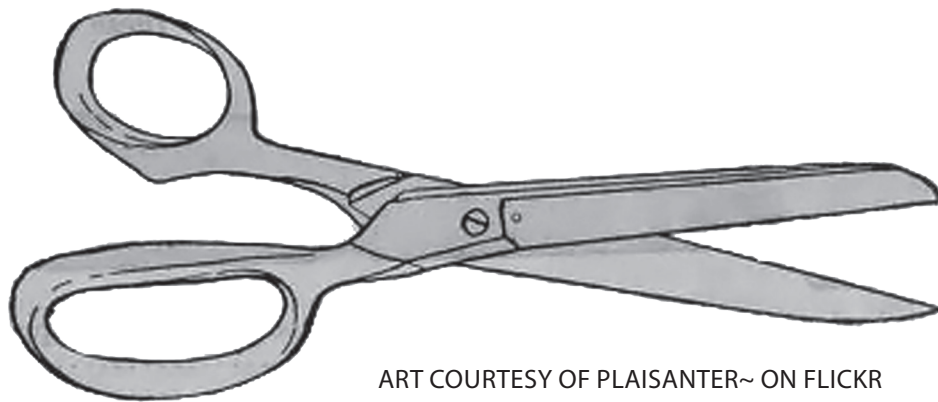
These days, I am still hair free down there. I found a method that works for me. I don't choose to get it for anybody but myself. I don't have to spend an extra ten minutes in the shower with my leg against the wall and my head between my legs trying not to forever ruin a part of my body. I don't have to worry about wearing a swimsuit or tiny panties. I don't itch or am uncomfortable down there every three days.

I prefer sugaring, which is an organic and less painful process, because the grow back is much slower (I have minimal hair that is softer in 4 weeks). My first visit took about 30 minutes- now they take about five. When I go consistently (about once a month) it is less expensive. I haven't been able to find any salons in Eugene that sugar, but there are plenty of places in nearby cities (I go to a salon in Seattle).

I feel powerful and liberated looking in a mirror and being able to see *all of it*. It doesn't feel like my body parts are hiding behind anything. I can have control over what the hair on my body looks like to match my preferences. It is all right there, shamelessly showing off to the world. It's sort of like Natalie Portman's shaved head- edgy, shocking, and courageously beautiful.

If I decide to let it grow out one day, then so be it. Maybe I will decide the money isn't worth it.

Because culturally accepted beauty norms are fluid, maybe the next generation will grow up in a culture where body hair on any gender is super sexy and people will be running to salons to get creams or vitamins to help them grow more. And maybe all those people who got laser hair removal will look like fools. But I don't care what mainstream culture accepts or doesn't, I am going to do what I want with my own body. And if that means letting a stranger get a more intimate look at my vagina than most partners of mine do, well then that is the burden I am willing to carry.



ART COURTESY OF PLAISANTER~ ON FLICKR

HAVE STRAIGHT HAIR? MAKE A STATEMENT WITH MATCHING STRAIGHT BANGS

WORDS BY NINA NOLEN

For those of us who have straight hair, the best part is having to put little effort into it in the morning. The perfect cut for this genre of hair is straight bangs! You never need to style them, they never get in your eyes, and they make you look fucking fierce. Why pay for someone else to do it when you can do it yourself? Here are a few simple steps to give you perfect straight bangs.

STEP ONE: Find a very clean pair of craft scissors in your desk or buy hair-trimming scissors at the store. The should cost under \$10.

STEP TWO: Find a friend to hang out with you for moral support.

STEP THREE: Wash and air-dry your hair without putting in post-shower product. Let your bangs dry in your eyes. You can stand in front of the mirror and pretend you're the girl from *The Ring*.

STEP FOUR: Wear a shirt that you don't mind getting dirty (or, don't wear anything at all!)

STEP FIVE: In your sink, lay down a towel (preferably paper) to catch all the little prickly hairs

STEP SIX: Practice the motion that you've always seen the hairdressers use where you hold your hair between your first and second fingers at a straight angle. Depending on the look you're going for, and how nervous you are about cutting your bangs wrong, hold your hair at right below your eyebrows.

STEP SEVEN: Cut straight across! You may not be able to cut cleanly through the first time, but just keep snipping through until you've cut a clear line.

STEP EIGHT: High five yourself in the mirror because you are such a badass.

STEP NINE: Repeat step 6, moving your fingers up your bangs until you reach the length you think looks best on you. I suggest small steps--yes, your hair will grow back but why not get it perfect the first time?

STEP TEN: Stare at yourself intently in the mirror and make small cuts until your bangs are even straight across.

STEP ELEVEN: Sweep up the leftover hair and go on with your life. Welcome to the world of straight bangs!

TAKING THE SCARY OUT OF LABEL READING

A RECIPE TO COMFORT YOUR HAIR. MAKE YOUR OWN NATURAL SHAMPOO

RECIPE SUBMITTED BY NADUAH WHEELER

Sometimes, a daunting piece of the glory of having wonderful hair is the maintenance. The questions that plague you in the grocery aisle can be agitating. ‘Which wonderfully colored and expertly marketed shampoo should I use? Should I buy the matching conditioner? Do I really want to be referred to as a dumb blonde by a plastic squeeze bottle?’

But the true stuff of nightmares are the terrifying names given to the multiple chemicals stuffed into the lather you’re about to rub on your priceless cranium.

Fear not! There are natural alternatives to Shampoo.

STEP ONE: Bring the water to a rolling boil in a glass saucepan. Remove the pan from the heat, add the herbs, cover and allow the mixture to steep for 15 to 20 minutes.

STEP TWO: Strain the herbs from the liquid and discard the plant material in the compost pile or garbage bin. Allow the liquid to cool completely.

STEP THREE: Stir the liquid castile soap into the cooled liquid, then add the vegetable oil, essential oil and additives, if using. Transfer the shampoo to a plastic bottle with a flip-top lid.

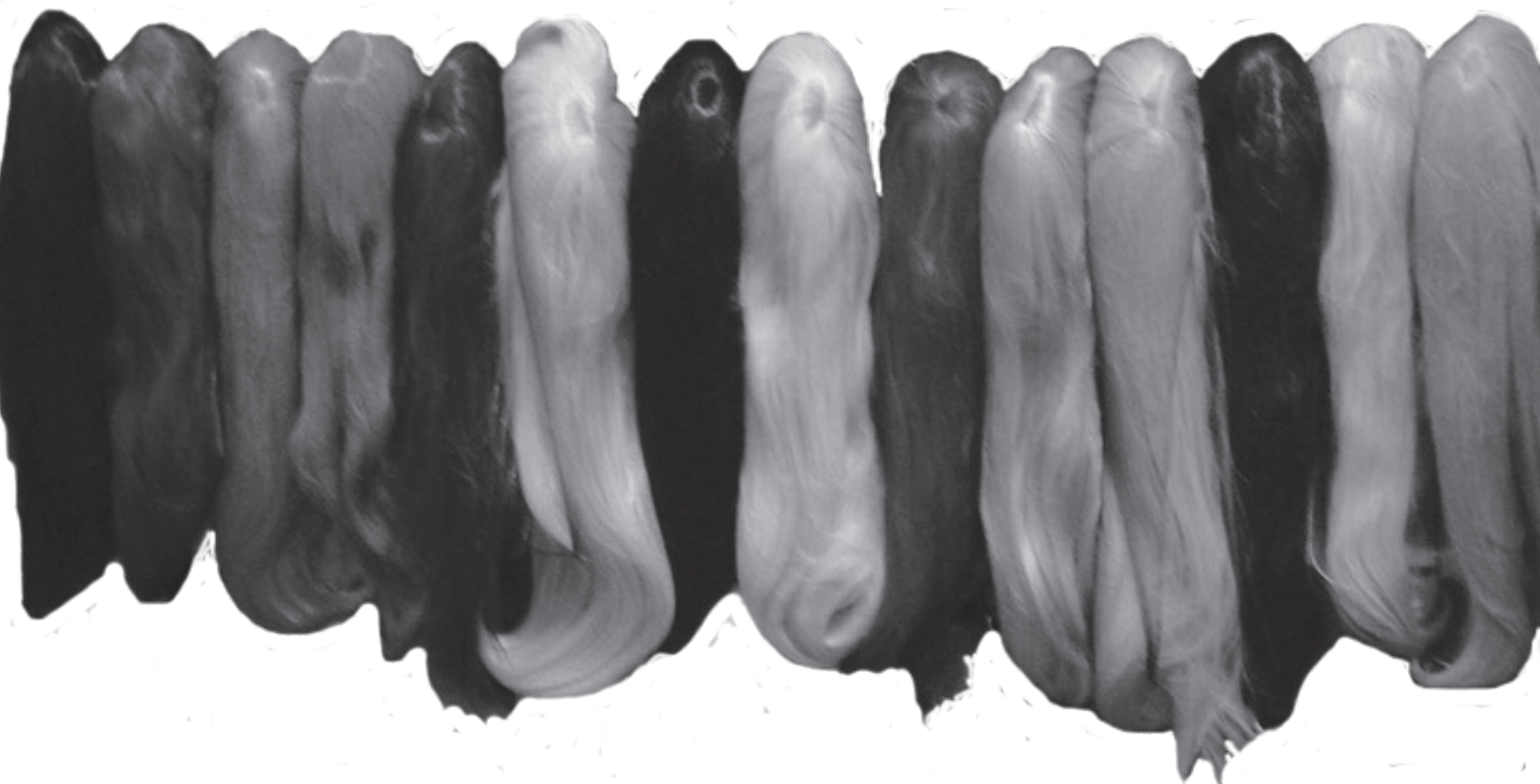
STEP FOUR: Store the shampoo in the shower and shake well before each use. Keep in mind that this shampoo works gently and will not produce much lather. However, it will leave your hair clean, shiny and healthy.

INGREDIENTS:

- 1 cup distilled or spring water
- 2 tbsps. dried herbs or ¼ cup fresh herbs
- 1/3 cup liquid castile soap
- 1/4 tsp. vegetable oil
- 25 drops essential oil
- 1 tbsps. additive of choice, optional (see chart below)

Let’s face it, there is no one type of hair. So here is a chart of additives, herbs and oils to make your natural shampoo in-the-works your very own.

<p>NATURAL SHAMPOO FOR NORMAL HAIR</p> <p>Herbs: lavender, horsetail Vegetable Oils: almond oil Essential Oils: lavender Additives: aloe vera gel</p>	<p>NATURAL SHAMPOO FOR DRY HAIR</p> <p>Herbs: comfrey, burdock root Vegetable Oils: jojoba oil Essential Oils: sandalwood Additives: vitamin E oil</p>	<p>NATURAL SHAMPOO FOR OILY HAIR</p> <p>Herbs: lemon balm, basil Vegetable Oils: almond oil Essential Oils: lemon Additives: white vinegar</p>
<p>NATURAL SHAMPOO FOR NORMAL, BLONDE HAIR</p> <p>Herbs: chamomile, lavender Vegetable Oils: almond oil Essential Oils: chamomile Additives: aloe vera gel</p>	<p>NATURAL SHAMPOO FOR DRY, BLONDE HAIR</p> <p>Herbs: calendula, parsley Vegetable Oils: jojoba oil Essential Oils: carrot seed Additives: honey</p>	<p>NATURAL SHAMPOO FOR OILY, BLONDE HAIR</p> <p>Herbs: yarrow, chamomile Vegetable Oils: almond oil Essential Oils: ylang ylang Additives: lemon juice</p>
<p>NATURAL SHAMPOO FOR NORMAL, RED HAIR</p> <p>Herbs: chamomile, red clover Vegetable Oils: almond oil Essential Oils: chamomile Additives: aloe vera gel</p>	<p>NATURAL SHAMPOO FOR DRY, RED HAIR</p> <p>Herbs: comfrey, calendula Vegetable Oils: jojoba oil Essential Oils: sandalwood Additives: honey</p>	<p>NATURAL SHAMPOO FOR OILY, RED HAIR</p> <p>Herbs: red clover, peppermint Vegetable Oils: almond oil Essential Oils: ylang ylang Additives: grapefruit juice</p>
<p>NATURAL SHAMPOO FOR NORMAL, DARK HAIR</p> <p>Herbs: rosemary, sage Vegetable Oils: almond oil Essential Oils: rosemary Additives: aloe vera gel</p>	<p>NATURAL SHAMPOO FOR DRY, DARK HAIR</p> <p>Herbs: parsley, marjoram Vegetable Oils: jojoba oil Essential Oils: patchouli Additives: vitamin E oil</p>	<p>NATURAL SHAMPOO FOR OILY, DARK HAIR</p> <p>Herbs: rosemary, basil Vegetable Oils: almond oil Essential Oils: rose geranium Additives: apple cider vinegar</p>



WIGS, WIIG, AND.. A MERMAID TAIL?

Pop Culture's newest accessory comes in the form of any hairdo that you can imagine. From Saturday Night Live to a Lady Gaga video, this article reflects on how media producers are wearing their faux hair.

WORDS BY RACHEL HATCH

In a recent interview with some of the favorite lady-members, past and present, of Saturday Night Live, the interviewer asked what the biggest factor was in developing a character. "Wigs!" they all answered, almost simultaneously.

Take my imaginary best friend Kristen Wiig, for example. Wigs are an essential part of Wiig's (well, this is going to get confusing) transformation from one character to the next. In one night Wiig can go from saucer-haired Target Lady to permed Gilly to Kat of the always-prepared musical duo Garth and Kat. One could say that Wiig is very fond of wigs.

Outside of late-night comedy, wigs are becoming increasingly visible in music all the cool kids are listening to. A few weeks ago I got an email from a friend titled, and I quote, "Is Nicki Minaj self-deprecating? Or maybe it's third-wave feminism? Help me understand!!!!!!!" It was Nicki Minaj's new video for "Stupid Hoe." Maybe I'm just getting old at the ripe age of 21, but I didn't really understand either. I did notice that Nicki Minaj's hair magically grows longer and turns different colors five times throughout the three minutes and thirty second. One answer: Aliens. Or wigs. Most

likely wigs.

Quick side note: the song is a lot better if you replace "hoe" with "horse." You a stupid horse, you a you a stupid horse. Aww yeah, that's my jam.

One review for Nicki Minaj's single "Starships" actually criticized her penchant for wigs. It begins "*As if all the wigs weren't enough evidence of Nicki Minaj's Lady Gaga influence, Nicki's Grammy performance turned out to be the sort of theater-class absurdity that Gaga has firmly entrenched in the pop mainstream.*"

This review by Stereogum has received some backlash from social media users, one person responding, and "Telling a black woman she's stealing the idea of wigs from a white lady, oh lord."

Well do you know who wore wigs before Lady Gaga? Cher. And Tina Turner. And Dolly Parton. And before them? Grand Duke Constantine Pavlovich of Russia. Aww snap!

Wigs began as a solution for Ancient Egyptians to protect their beautiful bald heads from the harsh sun. They later evolved into status symbols in 16th Century Europe. Aristocrats and military leaders would demonstrate how high in society they were with their swanky toupees.



CONTINUED ON PAGE 16

GENERATIONAL BONDING THROUGH BOXED HAIR DYE

After reflecting on the life changing and sometimes purely relaxing bonds that can form between a hair stylist and the stylee who's hair getting trimmed, colored, or put up, Brandy Ota tells the story of a more intimate bonding experience, in the form of family, hairdos, and a small bathroom.

WORDS BY BRANDY OTA

Hair. Could there be a more perfect elixir for female bonding? Whether cutting or etching, removing unwanted hair, dying it or getting a weave, highlighting, relaxing or perming, few things bring women together more than hair. Sharing stories and chisme, showing off photos of each other's children, learning about good books and/or movies, the conversations connect us to one another. And that doesn't begin to touch on the physical aspect of hair play. Deep tissue massage, warm sudsy water, aromatic shampoos and conditioners; some of the best head massages I've ever had have been sitting in a salon getting a wash, cut and style.

The relationship between hair stylist and client has been well documented by many researchers and business organizations alike. Programs such as *Salons of Hope* and *Cut it Out* have long recognized the value of this connection so much that states such as Alabama, Kansas, New York and Nevada offer trainings for stylists to learn how to talk with their clients about domestic violence. Looking for support and guidance, women across the country have reached out to countless stylists, telling their story and hoping to be heard. Without training, many hair stylists felt unequipped to cope with what they were hearing. Organizations like *Cut it Out* and *Salons of Hope* work in conjunction with local shelters and agencies, offering trainings on the cycle of violence and resources so that stylists are better equipped to help their clients.

This particular story however, takes place with family and friends in my bathroom.

It was a Sunday afternoon. My sister-in-law, Shae, and my brother decided to come for a visit to Eugene. Having never visited before, Shae was curious to see where I live, eat some good food with friends and family, and most importantly, get to know her nieces a bit better.

The nieces (14 and 4), a neighbor kid, Shae and I agreed that hair would serve as the vehicle for bonding. The five of us, shaggy hair and exposed roots, clambered into my car to visit the local Sally Beauty Supply in search of hair dye. Representing almost every decade from 4 to 40, we set out in search of the perfect shade of brown. We'd moved past the reds and pinks, we were bored with burgundy, and while some of us had dabbled in purples and blues we were currently interested in the rich shades of hazelnut brown.

Picking out the hair dyes turned out to be quite an event in itself. Without the hair stylist as a consultant we had too many colors to

choose from. Back and forth between chocolate moose and caramel brown, wondering which box contained the perfect shade. An hour later with four boxes in hand, we jumped back into the car, read through the instructions, peeled the cheap plastic gloves off the paper and got started. But first, the haircuts.

The goal was for the teenagers (Circe and Kelsey) to cut Shae's hair. Bangs and a trim, nothing major. Shae and I grabbed a beer, ordered the pizza and sat down to get ready for the big adventure. Circe and Kelsey grabbed their scissors. After some disagreement, Circe settled on trimming the back and Kelsey would cut Shae's bangs. I sat back wondering how Shae would react if she didn't like the cut. I have friends who have told me that they are so specific about how they want their hair done that if it isn't exactly perfect they'd be pissed. Fortunately, Shae loved the haircut.

Next we moved on to hair coloring. Sadly, we quickly discovered that some of us forgot to get developer. A second trip back to the store (thankfully still open) and thirty dollars later, we were ready to dye. We piled into the bathroom, gooped the toxic chemicals onto our hair, filled the room with noxious smells and sat there waiting for the magic to take place. In our boredom we ate through the pizzas, Shae and I had another beer, the girls had soda and Melia, the youngest, got a choppy A-line haircut.

The day ended with a spectacular diversity of browns and the hint of an ongoing tradition. Shae and Kelsey's "natural brown" turned out a bit more black than brown, Circe's and mine were almost identical and Melia and Shae were sporting fancy new do's, complete with bangs. The bathroom survived, however, it looked like a small tornado hit it. Hair everywhere, a couple of ruined bath towels, a clogged drain or two... but it was worth it. We managed to fit in the small 8 by 10 bathroom and we all had fun. The event had been successful.

Whether a trip to a salon or dying each other's hair in the bathroom, nothing screams bonding like hair. We can have our mother/daughter disagreements during the week, our fights over which clothes to wear; we can wonder if the days are going to get better and/or if we have the strength to climb out of bed and face the day. But on that day, we were the exception. We laughed, we joked with one another, complimented Kelsey when she went into a panic over her hair being too dark, and giggled at Melia with her new hair style. We did it. And we had fun.

THE BATHROOM SURVIVED, HOWEVER, IT LOOKED LIKE A SMALL TORNADO HIT IT. HAIR EVERYWHERE, A COUPLE OF RUINED BATH TOWELS, A CLOGGED DRAIN OR TWO... BUT IT WAS WORTH IT. WE MANAGED TO FIT IN THE SMALL 8 BY 10 BATHROOM AND WE ALL HAD FUN. THE EVENT HAD BEEN SUCCESSFUL.

THE GAY HAIRCUT:

Confessions of an [Invisible] Femme

WORDS BY JENNA LYNCH

Hair. It is a really big deal for a lot of queer folk. Or at least for me. How often do you see a stereotyped lesbian with a mullet? Or a shaved head? Or an asymmetrical buzz cut? Hair serves as our secret, non-verbal form of communication in our community of queers. It's what gets you the head nod or the knowing smile from the only other queer in the library, or at the straight bar, the one with the faux-hawk or the undercut. I can't help but think, as I'm writing this, what does it even mean for hair to look gay? That is the big question I have been dealing with for years now. The question that I am constantly asking myself because I can't help but want to be noticed, to not be passed over in the queer community. I guess you can say I am an invisible femme. And most days it is really hard. Sometimes I don't feel like coming out over and over again. I just want people to take one look at me and know that I am gay. It is exhausting to have to defend myself at gay bars, or to convince that cute girl that, yes, I really am one of you!

You cannot imagine the lengths I sometimes go to in order to look more queer. To be seen. It becomes sort of an obsession. I feel like I am constantly aware of it and thinking about it as I get dressed or go about my day. Do they know? Do I look too straight today? Oh my god, I look sooo straight today. Yes, this may seem ridiculous, superficial, and pathetic. But it is just instinctual to assume everyone around me is straight. It is just—I don't know—ingrained in me. Which leads to the conclusion that everyone is assuming the same thing about me. I don't want to be "just another nerdy straight girl" as Leisha Hailey so adorably stated while rocking her hot pink dreads in one of my favorite lesbian movies, *All Over Me*.

One of my friends recently had an incident at the hair salon where her stylist cut her hair way too short. And what did this lead to? Her freaking out that people would think she is a lesbian. Of course my immediate reaction was anger and offense. How dare she stereotype us! We don't all have short hair! We don't all look like Ellen! But, once I thought about it for a moment, I realized that, wait a minute, I am constantly stereotyping myself; constantly contemplating cutting my hair or dressing more butch in order to be recognized as gay.

So what am I to do? If I only I lived in New York City where there are stylists who specialize in the gay haircut! I first read about Soozeecuts on my favorite lesbian blog, *Autostraddle* in an article on "alternative lifestyle" haircuts (their term, not mine). Apparently not only is Soozee a bad-ass DJ in New York City, but she is also a stylist with a large lesbian clientele, all looking for just the right cut to get them noticed. She classifies the gay haircut as being "very short, very edgy" and one that "has a lot of kick." Hm. Well, I have very long hair. So, what does this mean for me? Is my hair not really gay? No. My hair is queer because I am queer. There are days when I can't bear the thought of having to come out to another person, and then there are days when I am thankful I can "pass" as straight (and other days this plagues me with guilt).

My feelings about this subject change on a daily basis. As much as I don't want my hair to be my identity, I also can't stand that I am constantly being misread or mislabeled. But, for now, I am going to rock my long hair and I am going to rock it hard, because us queers CAN have long hair. And fuck it, I love my hair.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

Well do you know who wore wigs before Lady Gaga? Cher. And Tina Turner. And Dolly Parton. And before them? Grand Duke Constantine Pavlovich of Russia. Aww snap!

Nowadays the biggest wig connoisseurs seem to be pop stars and members of Parliament.

In a very informal survey, my friends and I counted wigs in multiple Top 40 music videos. In every video the singer seemed to have at least two dramatically different wigs. Five wigs in the video for "Countdown" by Beyoncé, three in "You Da One" by Riana, and nine wigs and a mermaid tail in Lady Gaga's "You And I."

So why are wigs suddenly regaining popularity among female pop artists? Some are concerned that the trend of over-the-top costumes, make-up, and wigs suggest that singers are more sex objects than individuals with a fixed look, hence a fixed identity. On its blog, *Wilshire Wig* states that "*Wigs are empowering because it represents a woman's ability to exert control over her aesthetic. Sometimes that means attempting to create an organic look with human hair wigs, and sometimes it means boldly donning a costume wig that clearly isn't real.*"

I don't know if I would go so far as to say wigs are a feminist statement, but I think there is a lot of validity to this opinion. Wigs are just one more tool that let people, ranging from drag queens to chemotherapy patients to pop artists, have more flexibility with their appearances and identities. Not everyone can naturally grow a bubblegum-pink colored bob (at least I hope not) or have locks worthy of Led Zeppelin circa 1977, but wigs can help you achieve whatever crazy hairdo your temple aspires to have.

YOU CAN'T IMAGINE THE LENGTHS I SOMETIMES GO TO IN ORDER TO LOOK MORE QUEER. TO BE SEEN. IT BECOMES SORT OF AN OBSESSION.

Repunzel, Repunzel!

Once there lived a girl, quite nice, whose beauty was renowned,
And when she came of proper age her suitors did surround.

Though she didn't really like them, she did like all the attention,
And so, about her dislike, she to none of them would mention.

It went like this a while, gifts and parties every night,
Until she finally settled to date the suitor deemed alright.

He was a charming lad, though he, her passions didn't stir
But she decided one day, nonetheless, to give sex with him a
whirl.

Things seemed to go quite smoothly, he unlaced her dress with
ease
And then made for her stockings with a thank you and a please.

But then upon his face did grow a look of strong disdain,
For what he *there* discovered was a wild and furry mane!

He gawked and cringed and laughed and laughed, until his
face was red,
And then he took his coat and hat and from her chamber fled.

As one could quite imagine she was furious and sad,
For she knew that he would tell of this to every other lad.

She considered all the pruning, sheering, mowing she could do
But then she just resolved that with all dating she was through.

She became rather despondent, though she could tell no one
why
And spent her weekends lonely, declining offers with a sigh.

One day she went out walking through the sunset melancholy
And came upon a woman oh so beautiful and jolly.

They got along quite nicely and had things in common aplenty
They conversed and walked and even laughed 'til it was ten and
twenty.

They parted then that night, though with each other on their
minds
And soon they met for coffee, though not sure what they
would find.

It wasn't long before these two fine ladies were involved
And every day it was that their relationship evolved.

But still the first was plagued with fear of how she'd be
received,
To lose this lover now would surely leave her quite bereaved.

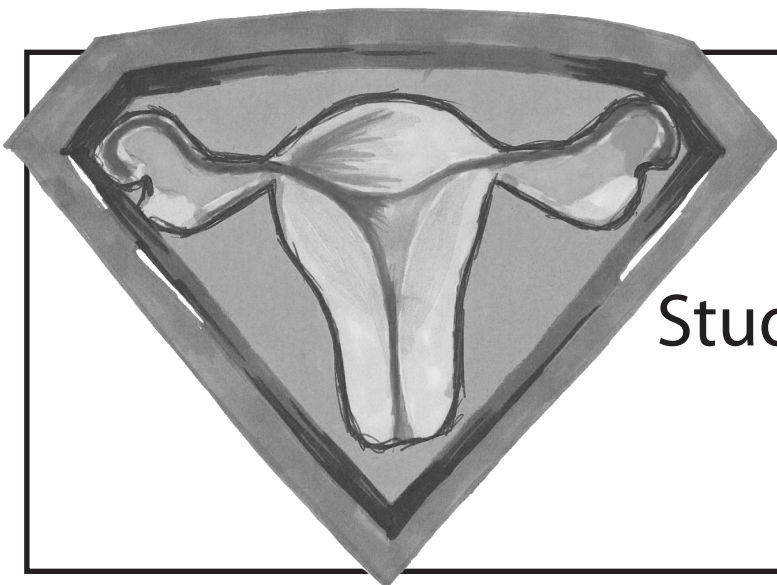
Nonetheless it wasn't long until they found themselves in bed
And as the night proceeded on, many clothes were shed.

Thus it was that this young maiden, by the pale moon's softest
light,
First witnessed and discovered the other's golden forest in its
might.

By this fuzzy revelation neither lady was deterred,
And in the night their joyous cries throughout the land were
heard.

The moral of this story is: Never let what you think you lack
stop you from pursuing love, or a good romp in the sack!

— *Julia Riley*



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REVIEWS

WORDS BY KIM KURIN

In Chris Rock's 2008 documentary, *Good Hair* he explored a topic that I full-heartedly admit I had NO idea about: hairstyles in the black community and its impact on black culture. I found his engaging conversations with celebrities such as Dr. Maya Angelou, Reverend Al Sharpton, Raven Simone, Ice-T and others were as entertaining as they were informatively well done. Sparked by his three year old daughter's desire to have "good hair," Rock embarks on his journey to hair salons, beauty schools, hair competitions and even India to understand what lengths people go to in order to have "good hair."

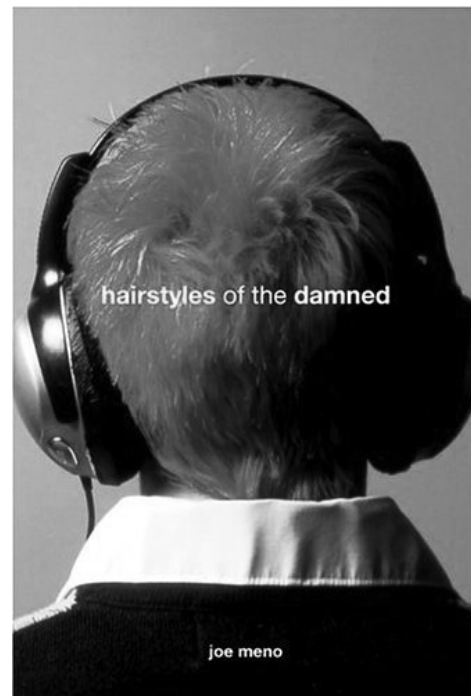
In Dr. Angelou's interview, she comments that hair "is an important aesthetic facet of our identity". But what happens when the forms of expressing that identity had its roots in racist conformity? I personally haven't ever needed to use relaxer, a chemically heavy crème used to break down

proteins in really curly, coarsely textured hair. In the film, women refer to this as "creamy crack", because so many women want to make their hair shiny, sleek, and straight. But why? Why the hell is this process so popular? As a white woman with moderately frizzy (and moderately boring, long brown hair) I flock to the afro-glorified images of Angela Davis or Lauryn Hill with awe and wonder why I don't get to see similar styles every day. But after learning of the racism even behind hairstyles, with black women's hair being historically second to what is considered to be the "good hair" of white women, I am starting to understand why this creamy crack is so often used in spite of the risks.

Chris Rock also explores the lucrative industry of weaves as well; with customers paying up to thousands of dollars for hair that is mostly shipped from India and is another example of what is considered amongst black women to be "good hair".

In the film, Reverend Al Sharpton spoke to these hairstyles; saying they were based in African culture now, albeit having been emulated from white culture then.

Furthermore, the hairstyles of today's black community should not be delegitimized because of its racist beginnings. The hairstyles of relaxing and weaving are inextricably linked to the identity of black men and women, just as all hairstyles are connected to the person who owns the hair. *Good Hair* is documentary that speaks to the dichotomy between the roots of one's identity and how that is transformed over time into what is an aspect of one's current identity.



WORDS BY NINA NOLEN

When Badass-In-Chief Wray asked me if I knew any books about hair, I was reminded of a book I read when I was in highschool. It's called *Hairstyles of the Damned* by Joe Meno and covers the junior and senior years of friends Brian and Gretchen. They are stuck in catholic school trying to survive Chicago in the 90s. Brian and Gretchen are searching for a "scene" in which to fit in, and have had decided to infiltrate the punk movement. Some of their biggest acts of rebellion are when they manipulate their hair -- dying it pink, shaving parts of it off-- against the wishes of their catholic school administrators. It's a coming of age tale with a punk twist.

When I was in high school, I thought this was the greatest book ever. They swear in almost every sentence, the main feminine character is chubby and gets into fights, and they listen to good music the whole time. But with this reread I constantly found myself yelling "Really? REALLY?!" The author uses the word faggot at least once per paragraph, rape jokes are not uncommon, and Brian won't date Gretchen because she is "fat." There are a few moments where Meno redeems himself and has his white, straight, cis, male character discuss privilege, but it only lasts a paragraph.

This book is good if you can ignore all the signs of homophobia and sexism. In the end you ask yourself: where are the feminist coming of age stories and why didn't I read one of those instead?



IT'S TIME TO GET IT STRAIGHT
FROM PRODUCER CHRIS ROCK
GOOD HAIR
HBO FILMS PRESENTS A TRISTAR PRODUCTION AN ANTIPODAS PRODUCTION CHRIS ROCK'S "GOOD HAIR" WITH RAVEN SIMONE, ICE-T, MAYA ANGELOU, AL SHARPTON, AND RAVEN SIMONE
CASTING BY CHARLES COOPER, CHRIS ROCK AND KEVIN TONNEL, EDITOR NELSON GEORGE, PRODUCTION DESIGNER JEFF STICKER, EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS LANCE DUBOISE AND CHRIS ROCK, PRODUCED BY JEFF STICKER
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COMING SOON

WORDS BY RACHEL HATCH

Business in the front, party in the back. The Tennessee Waterfall. Achy-Breaky Hair. The neck warmer. The Bram Tchaikovsky '79. The short-long, the sho-lo, the shlong. Whatever you call the mullet, you're bound to have an opinion on it.

Stereotypically, the mullet is most popular amongst two communities that could not be more different. "Lesbians wear it. Working class white guys wear it, who would never be caught dead hanging out with lesbians. Lesbians would never be caught dead hanging out with them," says one interviewee. However, as seen in the documentary "American Mullet," their love of the infamous coiffure unites them and countless others across the country.

On the surface American Mullet, created by—get this—Party in the Back Productions, is about exactly what it sounds like. Mullets. In America. Director Jennifer Arnold and her crew travelled around the

continental U.S. interviewing people who boast the hairstyle about what the mullet means to them.

"I like long hair but I can't make a commitment to it. I like short hair but I don't want to look military," says one interviewee with a shrug. "Most styles like I say are a commitment to one style or another. This one does blend two styles."

In addition to the bikers, DJs, Billy Ray Cyrus impersonators, doctors, older lesbians, David Bowie fans, and other mullet enthusiasts, several hairstylists expressed their opinion of the mullet.

"I think anytime you get a vast dichotomy of one inch on top and six feet in the length there's just no way that that's ever going to balance out," says one hairstylist. "I don't like the mullet, I try not to give the mullet. It's an ugly haircut," adds one of his co-workers.

On a deeper level, American Mullet also

examines how a haircut can be directly tied to one's identity. It catches you off-guard the way the film considers issues of race, gender, class, and sexuality in relation to the mullet.

"It's not really kosher anymore to poke fun of somebody's sexuality or poke fun of somebody's class status, so you know, they're going to poke fun of something that symbolizes that," says one mullet aficionado. "My haircut isn't just an expression of my sexuality but an expression of my transgenderism really, meaning transcending gender as a category."

American Mullet is definitely worth a watch if you're looking for something just under an hour that makes you laugh and maybe think a little. If you're a blossoming mullet enthusiast or your love of the mullet is already in full bloom, this is definitely your kind of film.

Fourth year, Greg Kirby, is a mullet enthusiast and avid fan of the documentary "American Mullet." When asked if we could photograph his hairstyle to accompany the review, he was honored.

PHOTO BY KRISTIN TAYLOR



EDITORIAL CARTOON BY RACHEL HATCH

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FRIDA KAHLO

AND OTHER FUZZY-FACED FEMINISTS

WORDS BY CHELSEA PFEIFER

Characterized by her dark, single brow and shaded upper lip, Frida Kahlo painted self-portraits that reflect a kind of beauty rarely appreciated today. Our dominant culture constantly measures beauty as having fair, stubble-less features despite the majority of the world's population having dark brown or black hair. In response to this standard of physical appearance, many women bleach, pluck, shape and wax any hint of hair from their face. This hypersensitivity to something as natural as a trace of testosterone can be frustrating to witness through some feminist lenses. Feeling shamed and unattractive because of a dark shading is illogical, and as we see with these women- it's just plain untrue.

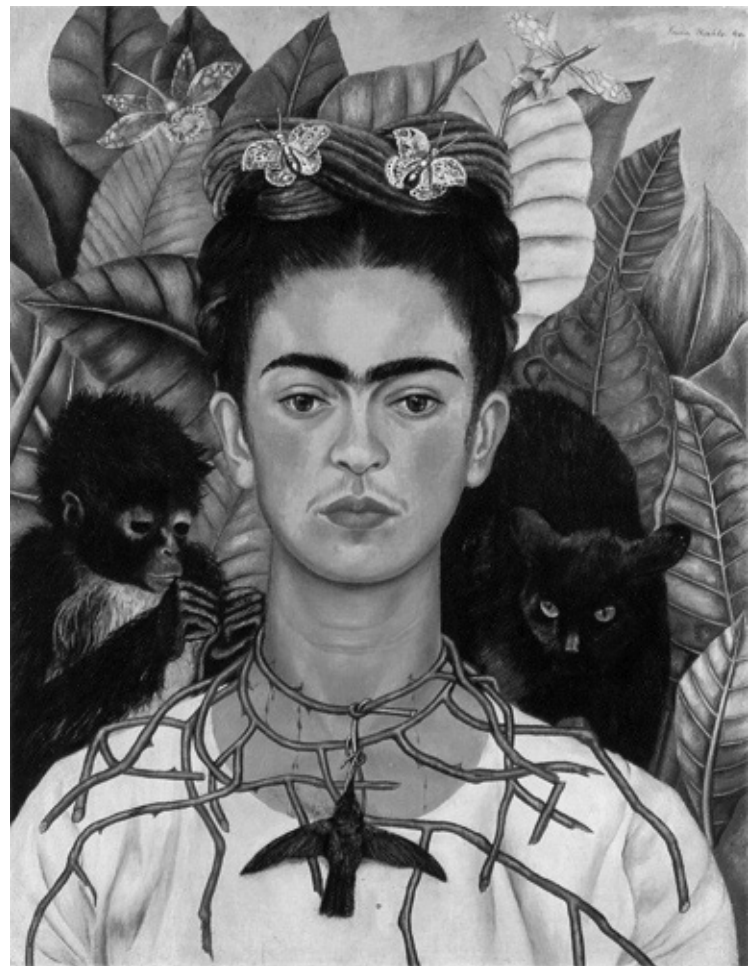
Frida Kahlo grew up in the Mexican city Coyoacán at the beginning of the Mexican Revolution. She was the third born, including her two older half-sisters, and she often reflected on living in a world surrounded by females. At the age of six, Kahlo contracted Polio, which thinned her right leg far more than her left. Regardless of this disadvantage, she remained active in sports such as boxing. As she grew older, she attended an elite Prep school as one of only thirty-five female students. She initially desired to study medicine.

Tragically, in 1925, Kahlo was riding a bus that collided with a trolley car. The accident left her body badly broken, including broken ribs, spinal column, collarbone, and pelvis. She suffered numerous fractures in both her legs, crushed her right foot and dislocated her shoulder. Her abdomen and uterus were punctured, rendering her essentially infertile.

This experience shaped the course of her life, as she decided to take up painting as she was healing. She painted fifty-five self-portraits; many of them expressing the physical pain she constantly felt as a result of the accident. Critics and admirers still comment on the vivid honesty of Frida Kahlo's self-portraits. Kahlo was quoted to admit, "I paint my own reality. The only thing I know is that I paint because I need to, and I paint whatever passes through my head without any other consideration." (Brainy Quote)

In light of the trend of facial hair masking and removal, Frida Kahlo didn't censure her appearance and rather drew attention to her facial hair. Though it was never necessarily the focal point of her piece, Kahlo's proud display of her bold features contributes to her life as a feminist.

Kahlo isn't the only woman who has unashamedly claimed her facial hair. Some female performers have gone out of their way to



This piece, "Self portrait with Monkeys," was painted by Frida Kahlo in 1940.

add facial hair. Cocorosie, for example, often sports moustaches on album covers, in photo shoots, and on stage. Though the freak-folk/electronica musical duo rock their facial hair with artistic motives, they still earn feminist cred with songs like "God has a voice, she speaks through me".

Many women over the course of history have confidently dismissed tweezers, bleach and razors to honor their naturally dark complexions. But with screen personas like Missi Pyle's character Fran from the film "Dodge ball", women aren't exactly encouraged to put down any products. It's undeniably difficult to reject such pervasive instructions on how to attain and maintain beauty, particularly when challenging the "masculine" rite of passage that is facial hair. As these women, and many others not mentioned in this article, have refused to "treat" their brow/lip/cheek/chin, so could many more if we incorporated less-sculpted hairlines into our idea of beauty. The world could use some more faces like Frida Kahlo's.

In light of the trend of facial hair masking and removal, Frida Kahlo didn't censure her appearance and rather drew attention to her facial hair. Though it was never necessarily the focal point of her piece, Kahlo's proud display of her bold features contributes to her life as a feminist.

DYE YOUR ARMPIT HAIR

*Throw Shaving to the Wind, Grow out your armpit hair!
And look no further than here for its accessories.*

WORDS BY CARLI BARNUM
PHOTOS BY MEG GRIFFIN



STEP ONE: Buy the dye. If you feel comfortable using lightening powder and developing cream that is what I suggest in order to get the best color results. If you're less experienced with dying hair, just getting the lightest boxed blonde that you can find. Manic Panic also works the best, lasts the longest, and has a lot of beautiful colors to pick from.

STEP TWO: Follow the directions on the particular box of dye that you got. Let the bleach sit on the hair for a long while, because the lighter you can get your armpit hair, the more vibrant your color that you picked will be. *CAUTION - if the bleach begins to burn your armpit, wash it away immediately. You can retry only allowing the dye to touch the hair. Slight skin irritation is normal.

STEP THREE: Be sure to rinse all of the bleach from the armpit and the surrounding area. Before adding your super special color that you picked, it is imperative that you let the hair and skin dry completely. If the hair has water or bleach already absorbed, it won't take the color properly.

STEP FOUR: Using gloves (unless you don't mind brightly colored hands for three days) apply the color to the armpit hair generously, being sure to coat the hair all the way to the root. The longer you let the dye stay on your armpit hair, the darker the end result will be.

STEP FIVE: Rinse the dye with cool water. Expect the color to fade in a few weeks, and for the first two days wear shirts that you don't mind the armpits being stained with coloring. Wear a tank top and rock your awesome new fashion statement!

Bre Senate agreed to be the test subject for our Siren Writer's documentation of this issue's feminist fun.

Due to the nature of our usual feminist magazine sized budget, the black and white print does not lend as well to the bright orange shade of armpit hair that Senate is now sporting.



SNIPPING AWAY EXPECTATIONS: A FEMINIST'S HAIR CUTTING EXPERIENCE

One young feminist experiences the freeing feelings that come with cutting inches off of the hair-do she felt she was expected to have. This choice, which, when made before ended in a teary departure from the salon chair, lead her to the conclusion that 'hair is just hair,' and doesn't need to be weighted down by patriarchal expectations anymore.

WORDS BY ANNA BIRD

Recently I went from long, flowing locks to a chin-length bob of which I am very fond. Previously, my days were burdened with blow-drying, straightening or curling to keep my hair in orderly fashion—just as I felt expected to do so as a heterosexual female. I was wrapped up in the version of myself that wanted nothing more than to carry out society's expectations and stay within the boundaries of normality. I didn't want to stand out; I didn't want to go against the grain too much; I didn't leave the house without makeup on; and I dreamt of having the kind of hair that every girl envies, the kind that magazines deemed superior.

In my early days (the successful middle school and junior high years) I had conservatively experimented with my hair enough times to know of what to steer clear. For example, I knew that jet black hair in the dead of winter was a poor choice for my happiness, and chunky, blonde streaks in brown hair don't bode well when you still have braces. Early on in high school I chose a shoulder length 'do to mix things up, but as a result I cried for months feeling as though my femininity was out the door and my dream of looking like Blake Lively was dashed. With the most recent hair catastrophe of 2010, I vowed never to cut my hair short again, or dye it any color but brown, and soon I would have the attractive, lengthy locks that dominate views of beauty and femininity.

Now two years later, out of nowhere, I made the defiant choice to brave the chop yet again. With hope in my heart and courage in my veins I defied my own expectations and got 'the bob.' It was certainly a nerve-racking experience since I remembered so clearly the disdain I had for my last "short" hair cut and this time I was going 3-inches shorter. But with every snip I could feel an indescribable weight falling not just from my head but from my soul. As the barber chair spun around, I saw my new look in the mirror and ran my fingers through what little hair I had left on my

head, and I literally squealed with delight.

What had the potential to be a recklessly emotional experience, like my previous hair melt-downs, turned out to be rather thrilling—I felt great. Gone was my worry that shorter hair came with masculinity; gone were my concerns for looking like another product of a materialistic patriarchal society; gone was my hair. On my walk home from the salon, a pep in my step and a bounce in my bob, I came upon the grandest of all realizations—hair is just hair.

You don't need to listen to the advertising industry and mass media that tell us we are not living up to our true femininity unless we have bouncy, full-bodied, long, luscious locks with just the right amount of shine and highlights, no frizz and certainly nothing outside of prom queen or red carpet eligibility.

The dominate views on "beautiful hair" in mainstream society have changed through time, but I hope to one day live in a society that doesn't associate the length of your hair with your sexuality or hygiene practices. For every person there is a hair type that is comfortable or most representative of their personality, and these are the hair styles that should reign—not just the ones that Pantene commercials impress upon you, or Cosmo magazines tell you is the one that every It-Girl needs to have. Personal style is a head-to-toe process, and the fact that I have no idea how to do a "blow-out" or curl my hair in just the right way will no longer have an impact on my hairy woes.

I love my hair, and it will likely be a long time before I grow it out again. After many years I have finally let go of my hair inhibitions and found something that suits my personality in a way that long hair never did. So buzz away, dye whatever colors you fancy, and chop till your heart is content and your hair will be as sassy and wonderful as you are, OR grow your hair long, long, long if so desired. The choice is up to you, not the critics nor the haters.

FOR EVERY PERSON THERE IS A HAIR TYPE THAT IS COMFORTABLE OR MOST REPRESENTATIVE OF THEIR PERSONALITY, AND THESE ARE THE HAIRSTYLES THAT SHOULD REIGN--NOT JUST THE ONES THAT PANTENE COMMERCIALS IMPRESS UPON YOU.

Shatter the Silence

They told me it was my fault, that I should have, could have done something different.
They told me it was too dark, too late and I was too "alone."
They told me what I did wrong, and made me place blame upon myself.

It has been years, but finally I have something to say back.
Finally I have found the words to shatter the silence.
Finally, I have found the strength to stand on my own two feet.

The strength to tell them I did nothing wrong, that there wasn't anything I should have done different.
I have my voice to tell them it wasn't too late. That I should live in a world where it is never too dark for me to be alone.

I have the strength to shatter the silence.
I have the strength to stand up, whether alone or with all of you, and say this has to stop.
I have the strength to say society has to change, to demand an end to the culture of violence

Finally.
Finally, I have the strength to take back the night.

TAKE BACK THE NIGHT

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MITIN * MARCH
ALZAR NUESTRA VOZ
PARA ELIMINAR
LA VIOLENCIA
SEXUAL



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TO END SEXUAL
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JUEVES, el 26 de ABRIL, 2012 • 6PM • ANFITEATRO DE LA UNIVERSIDAD DE OREGON
THURSDAY, APRIL 26TH, 2012 • 6 PM • U of O EMU AMPHITHEATER



THE HAIR ISSUE



THIS IS WHAT SOCIETY WANTS MY HAIR TO LOOK LIKE. BUT...

