

THEY CALL US



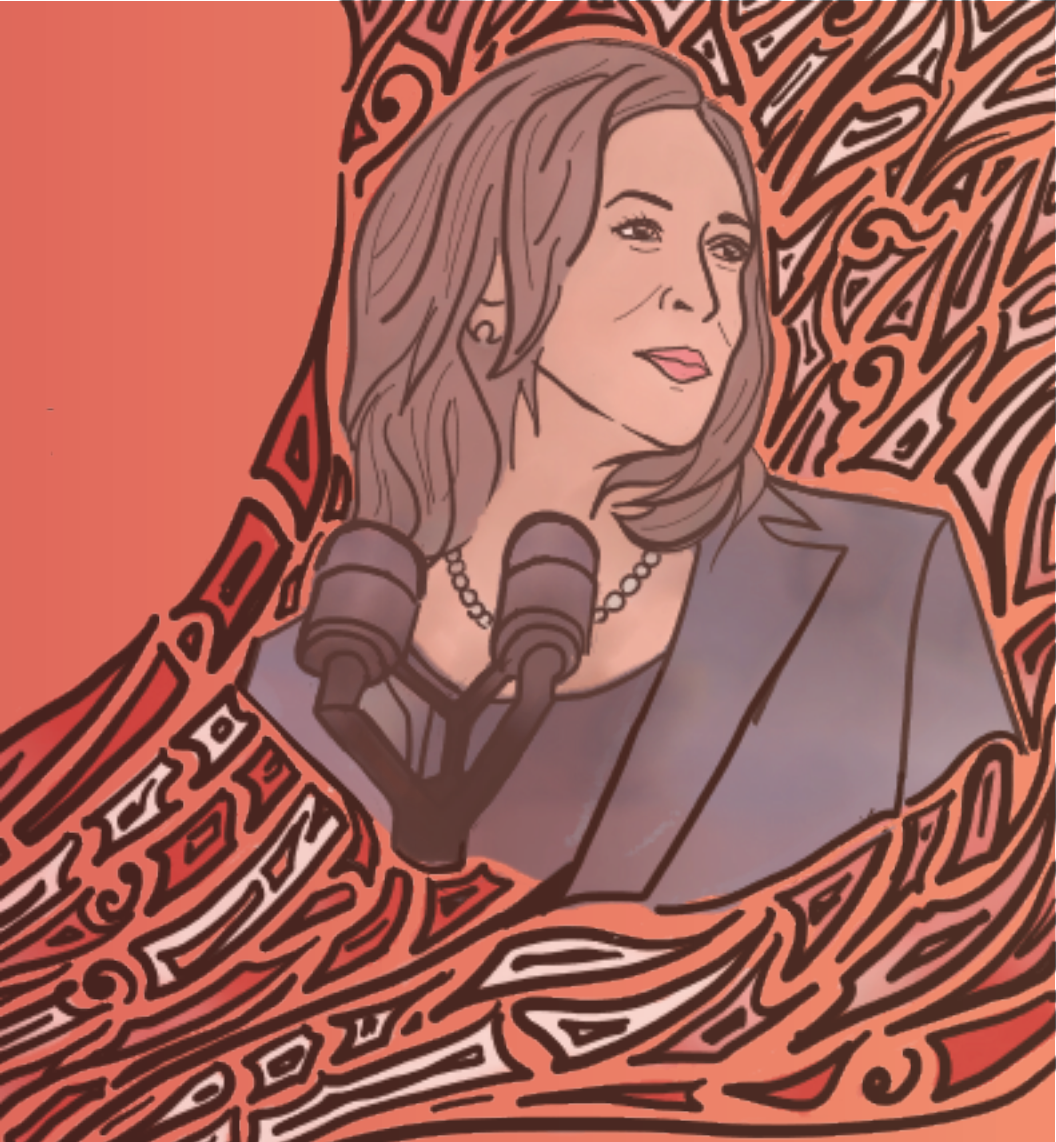
Edition #3

Winter 2021

OUR VOICES ARE OUR WEAPON

*This edition of They Call Us is dedicated to
Ruth Bader Ginsburg, the womxn that turned Bossy into
Notorious. Thank you.*





“While I may be the first woman in this office, I will not be the last. Because every little girl watching tonight sees that this is a country of possibility.”

~ Kamala Harris



They Call Us is a literary magazine created by powerful womxn wanting to empower other womxn. Using media, art, and literature as a means to inspire, *They Call Us* wants to tell the everyday struggles of womxn from around the world. The purpose of art is to create change, so *They Call Us* works to unite womxn and artists to tell the stories of those that are normally silenced. Our goal is to ignite conversation and encourage womxn of all ages, race, sexuality, nationality, ability, and the like to share their stories. *They Call Us* wishes to diversify the messages we see online and change the dialogue to give credibility to all of us womxn who have felt helpless and lacking a credible voice.



CONTENT WARNING

Themes of:

Sexual Assault and Harassment

Objectification

Body dysmorphia

Death

Purity and Sexual Awakening

Violence

Ableism

Gender discrimination and Christianity

Pregnancy and Childbirth

Mentions of:

Anxiety

Panic

Blood and Menstruation

Gender assignment

Please be aware that some of the language in this zine may not be suitable for young feminists

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WOMAN**





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I'M SPEAKING

A Foreword By Kailah Peters and Meg Harris

Artwork titled “KP by the L”
by Hannah Radeke
Modeled by Kailah Peters

The right to work for women has always been an uphill battle. Aside from raising children and tending to domestic responsibilities, which should be considered work itself, women had to fight for a paycheck and we're still fighting for the equality of that paycheck. Interestingly, progress on this front came in times of great suffering.

During the Civil War, women were eventually accepted into the workforce as combat nurses - some even cut their hair, went full Mulan, and fought themselves. WWI and WWII also saw significant increases in the female workforce. These stages were less progressive than they were given reluctantly out of necessity. Women in the workforce during WWII were marketed to the public as a temporary solution with the expectation that women would return to the home

come peacetime. It's non permanence was the best way to keep it socially acceptable. But there was one thing society didn't count on... we liked it.

Once entering the workforce and letting the taste of purpose marinate on our tongue, we couldn't let it go. As much as the 1950s are mocked as the phase of housewives and female domestication, that decade saw a dramatic increase in working women, with heavy restrictions of course.

Along with so much else, we can all thank Gloria Stienum and Ruth Bader Ginsberg for raising our glass ceiling a little higher, cutting through a lot of that red tape. With every passing decade we see a steady increase of female college graduates and the “working woman” as a norm. We're still working on the stigma, but this is progress.

The problem with this historical picture, as with so many of our context freeze frames, is it does not include women of color. All of the above, is, for the most part, the history of white women in the workforce.

For multiple reasons, be it pay discrimination against men of color, lack of resources, limited government assistance, or societal pressure, minority families have not had the luxury of living off of a single income and they were punished for it. A lot of beauty standards fetishized a women's small frame and delicate features. The marks of domestication were made synonymous with beauty excluding those that needed to work manual labor jobs. As much as we all love Michelle Obama's arms now, they would have once been considered unfeminine.

Women of color had to work long before white women started pounding the pavement. In fact, minority women have always had a higher workforce participation rate while simultaneously earning significantly less pay.

Historically, women of color have been employed in low-paying domestic jobs. The irony is that while dominant society devalued Bipoc women as mothers to their own children, they only employed them in the low-wage women's jobs that involve cooking, cleaning, and caring for white families. You can just smell the hypocrisy.

As the years progressed, women of color have branched out from these types of jobs, but still earn less than their white or male counterparts.

Today, these women are more likely to be employed in low paying 'essential' jobs than white women, putting them at a greater risk of encountering Covid-19. This isn't a coincidence and certainly not anyone's preference, so why is there such a racial disparity among jobs? Why are more minority women working essential jobs? (Hint: check our education system and hiring practices).

Okay, fine! You wore me down, I'll just tell you. Due to segregation and lingering effects of systemic racism, women of color have lacked the educational resources needed to progress to higher paying jobs.

Let me rephrase that from higher paying jobs to all around better jobs - because it's not just about the paycheck. Women of color often lack the workplace benefits that have enriched the lives of others. From maternity leave to overtime pay or simple affordable healthcare, entering the workforce is about more than a monthly paycheck. It's about establishing a lifestyle that enables happiness and well-being.

So, as you read this edition, we challenge you to think about how we can progress this feminist movement to include everyone. What must be done to better the lives of working trans women? Women of color? Differently abled women? Women who look like you and women who don't?



WE ARE VOLCANOES

by Anne Fricke

Artwork titled “Bossy President”

by Emily Sasaki

“We are volcanoes. When we women offer our experience as our truth, as human truth, all the maps change. There are new mountains.”

- Ursula K. Le Guin

I was told once that I ‘take up space’
as if I were an old leather sofa stashed
away in the corner stamped
with the age of time,
reluctant memories clinging to my
sun-ripened flesh as I wait to be
hauled out with the trash

I take up space, meaning
I talk too much
I often dominate conversations
I over-share

Yes, since I was a child in kindergarten and my
report cards scolded and labeled me as
one who “talks excessively”

I have known that I take up space
that the things I need and want to say
bubble over with erectification beyond my
control

I have apologized, and self-chastised, and
finally, after 30 something years
I have learned to accept and appreciate
this part of myself

my stories are for anyone to hear
I believe it is through the telling of our stories
the sharing of our truths,
that we make connections,
come to know ourselves
and allow others to see us as we truly are so
they can decide if our mountains
are worth the climb

I will not apologize for taking up space—
I will claim it for every woman
who has ever been silenced,
for every mother who wanted to speak
the truth of her experience,
for every little girl who just needed
someone to hear her suffering—
for every woman who was ever told
her story is not important,
the details don’t matter,
her pain just her sensitivity,
her anguish a denial of her duty in the world,
her complaints an inability to appreciate what she
has—
for every female who was taught history
and questioned its reality,
its factuality,
I claim the space for them.

With our history of violence,
in this culture of silence,
to be a woman who takes up space
is a fucking blessing
a god damned compliment
a reason to keep on talking

I am a woman who takes up space,
and I claim it proudly!
call it ego,
call it insecurity,
(it’s a bit of both)
call it what you will
but for too long women have given over
their space and their voice to others,
have emulated, as she was one called,
the ‘angel in the house’—

But, I see new mountains forming on the horizon,
we are angels no longer.





THEY CALLED ME BOSSY.

DOCTOR'S OFFICE, GOWNED AND GAGGED

By Cara Morgan

Artwork titled "Cluster"
by Khushbakht Islam
Ballpen and Acrylic on Canvas

I was *bossy* before I could find my own adjectives. Just another *girl*: demanding, selfish, superficial. A copied image on a child's face. So I learned to not be like other *girls*. Started washing my language in separate colors. What came out of my mouth was cleaner, softer: I think, *sort of, kinda, you know what I mean?* stain less than the truth.

Now, as I sit in front of this doctor, another doctor who looks at me with // *I don't believe you* // eyes, I try to gather my bossy self, bring her home. I imagine her folded arms, pouty lip. I want to take this daydream girl and wear her as a mask, let her use my tongue. The doctor watches me, glances at my hands in their gloves. He says there's no need for further testing. I can see it on his face: *another woman, another imaginary problem.*

He peels the daydream girl from my face, puts her in my mouth, and says swallow: here is your medicine. I know he hears me crying when he leaves the room. I waited months to be here. The hope I had for an answer screams sourly from my stomach. The dream girl rises in my throat and I swallow again — habit.



MASTERPIECE

By V.C. McCabe

Artwork by Anna Skladany

Her hips undulate carnelian fire.

Her hair splashes cerulean sea.

Her belly births blue sky.

Her palms plant tones of earth,

brown, yellow, green grass

sprouts from her flicking wrist.

She stomps scarlet, bending

to kiss the wild canvas

her body brought to life.

WE MAKE TROUBLE LIKE OUR MESSIAH


by Ellen Huang

we get lost in the crowd
we make friends & cross the lines with dust & chalk
and who are my mother and father and brother?
these in the shadows and margins,
these dark-eyed dancers, tattooed poets
singing prisoners, those who dare a fantasy
those who handle serpents, those who ask
questions of the sky above us,
these who provide recklessly and encourage
scandalously, those who shout down the rains
those who let the dead bury the dead,
these who, with work to do, would still hear something new
eyes full of light, starving for stories
these in the crowd are our kin.

we panic in the storm, we shout and flail in the tempest
like any other mortal experience
but someday we shall be crazed enough
to laugh without fear of the future,
foolish enough to change the earth or lose our heads,
amidst the thunder and rollicking waves
anticipating a coming tide or parting of seas
miracles beginning where we cannot see,
we'd lay our heads down and sleep

we speak our truth and destroy
your lies, we hear you slam us and we destroy
your tricks, we cannot be tamed.
take this world, take this broken, broken world
but give us ourselves, resurrected and whole
temples built up in three days after you destroy
we tell stories, turn the world on its head
we leap in the waters, bathe in grace, eat fish for breakfast
we taste water made to wine, we are overflowing chalices
and on days we are not, we are banshee prayers the earth has never heard





we are ghosts and witnesses, souls and bodies reunited,
passing through your material world and moth-eaten riches.
we will have the wife-stealing, husband-stealing tyrants weep
shaken, brought to their knees at our tales of
woe to the rich, our tales of piteous sheep.
we are the same bearers of monstrous truth,
we are summoned furies and image simultaneously
moving the divine in the desert, we are mothers unforgotten
by the maker of heaven.

we scale your walls, we risk hell and back,
we are raised up, a rumble, throwing aside all your piled up chairs
we get our feet dirty, we spill perfume and wipe it with our long hair
we plant seeds in an abandoned garden
we burn in fire, come forth made of flame and light


we prophesize, we gather, we host
we will love each other back to life
in all our blazing, exploring, falling, and waking
we defy you, stars, and you who cast lots for our bodies

we make trouble, in a world that would make us
property. we make trouble, in a kingdom
that calls us wild-haired, brightly colored
beasts. we make trouble, in a world that
smiles with sealed lips and pats us on the head
with claw and golden rings. we make trouble, knowing—

this christ has spoken to *me*, when all would
walk winding routes to avoid this foreigner's well.
this god has given me hammer and peg,
in a world of wretched judges and kings.
this spirit has given me resistance,
a liar's tongue so slick to provide refuge
and welcome a new kingdom with rope out the window.

falsely prophesy all you want
about our vessel-ness, call us idols, temptresses,
forgetting it was you who put on a pedestal our likeness when lifeless.
claim us mannequins or else hollow statues
of fine-crafted stone, rock packed too tightly
otherwise crumbling pebbles too loose

to hold. you have underestimated
the dream-interpreting slave, the shepherd boy,
the carpenter on the cross, &
the terrifying presence of angels
just as much.



LA PIETÀ

Michelangelo, *La Pietà*, 1498-1499, Marble, 174 cm x 195 cm, St. Peter's Basilica, Vatican City

By Audrey Spina

Artwork by Anna Skladany

Like all good mothers, she loved her son enough
to hold him at her breasts in death,
his bare flesh receding
back into her own womb, absorbing. I read there is solace here,
a perfect splitting of life echoed
in the divots of the mother,
the folds of her careful Carrera skin, gorged like little mouths
that swallow her own flesh back again.
I notice her strained fingers,
a hand clutched on his back, splayed fat, a tiger's paw pressing
softly into the earth, the other pointing
southward, an invitation for our eyes
to feast on her child and his sunken ribs: We are eager
to eat a body dead,
recycle a soul into our blood
pluck bones to pick our own teeth.
Michelangelo must have thought so:
he made Mary
look like buttered linen, her son a sweet treat. Curators claim
he idolized her as youthfulness, a symbol
of incorruptible purity, like a lamb
before its slaughter, whiteness so bright you'll forget its blood
is blood and not cherry syrup, its throat slashed
and dripping slowly
into the bottom of a metal bucket. But I wonder how pure we think
of Mary when she was made by men:
their minds quick to synch

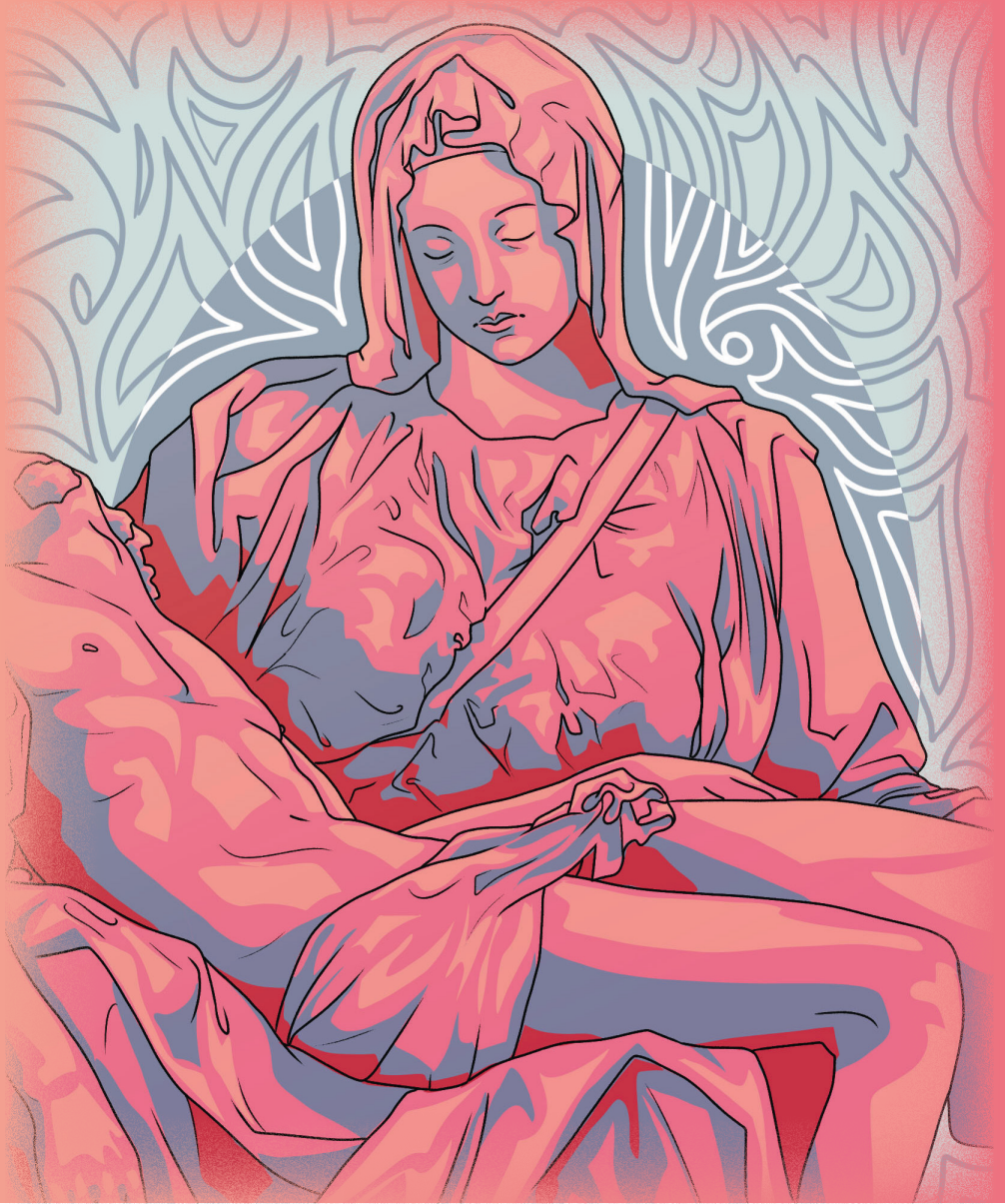
our hips, dull our throats from blades to blunts.

I bet Mary yelled and cried and fumed
and danced, licked oil

off her weather-beaten hands, curled her tongue back
behind the wall of her teeth clenched like a fist.

I wonder if upon learning of her fervent and swelling belly
she tipped her head back and ripped open

the earth with a chagrin fist, pitying herself?



GOD AS BOSS

by Sarah Lilius

She organizes births and disasters
with a drumbeat and a smooth face.
Her limbs gather oceans
when she needs a hurricane
to soothe anger and headaches.

We are cut out in her image,
tell the others.

The atmosphere blends
into her curls and most
say she's beautiful,
angelic, but she just needs
to get through the days.
They slash around her
but she refuses to bleed.
Her choice, she tells
us in our sleep, step up,
knead the bread faster,
kink out the pink ribbons made
to keep your hair up,
those knots are unbecoming,
they keep you from the dance
that rises from your two
bare feet.





THE SIZE OF THE WORLD

by Cynthia Good
Artwork titled "Bossy"
by Yesenia Gonzalez

I lose days, like arrows shot
Into woods. My home, my child,
My career, a garden.

I am a thing, special
Like my dog's walrus,
Torn, then restuffed, sewn,
Ripped, re-sewn and fucked.
Tossed by the teeth, left
On the floor with tusks

Tattered to fringe. Like being
Born in the dirt. All body.
All breasts and vagina.

NOT WHAT THE FOUNDERS INTENDED

by Joanna Collins

My mouth tastes like the bottom of a lake stocked with sturgeon
from chewing the bullshit you fed me last night

but you wake up unbothered

“We’ve always done it this way”
like the day we assigned God a gender

“Definitely a man!” and that was that
meeting adjourned

“We’ve always done it this way”
women are mothers or old maids

“We’ve always done it this way”

But a woman without children is not a flat line
from her body to the grave

she is not a forbidden fruit
meant to bear fruit or
a branch fallen from the family tree

There is sap curling out of her veins
There is juice bubbling up in her blood

The way we’ve always done it isn’t working
so I want to be different

I want to be a book so honest your aunt wants to ban it
A conspiracy theory so bold it just might be true
A woman created so equal she’s not what the Founders intended



PROFESSIONAL PREJUDICE

Research by Meg Harris and Kailah Peters

Artwork by Anna Skladany



airhead

abrasive

baby-brain

baby-we

barren

beaver

belle

biddy

bombshell

bossy

broad

bubbly

cheap

cougar

cold

coquette

cow

floozy

frigid

frumpy

girly

girly-girl

maintenance

hormonal

house-wife

woman

ladylike

let-herself-go

like

lost-rib

man-eater

man-hater

ma

moody

mousey

nag

neurotic

ov

prima-donna

princess

prude

sassy

spinster

tart

tease

tomboy

viva

working-mom

one

two

three

four

ALL WORDS



ight ball-breaker ball-buster banshee
bimbo birdie bitchfest bitchy blonde
catfight catty career-woman chatty
curvy ditsy diva easy emotional
gossipy heart-breaker heifer high-
hysterical irrational jail-bait kept-
e-a-girl little-lady little-old-lady loose
nnish menstrual mistress modest
ver-sensitive piece plus-size pretty
shrew shrill skirt slut soccer-mom
acious voluptuous wears-the-pants
r five six seven eight nine ten

FOR A WOMAN

by Trish Hopkinson



IMPRINT

by Brenda Nicholas

I ride my bike with my ten-year-old daughter
following me along a wooded path like a duckling.

We left our phones at home, stepped away from devices
because they dull what should be sharp.

It's America, after all, home of abundant choices.

We peddle our way to Diane Landry's museum display,
and the first piece we see is a washing machine.

Digital heads of women hover:

their blunt eyes stare, unsmiling, handicapped of joy,
jostling back and forth like fabric,

these girls and mothers from the past
dutifully wash as if washing will end.

I watch my daughter's dismayed reaction
to progress standing still in our nation.



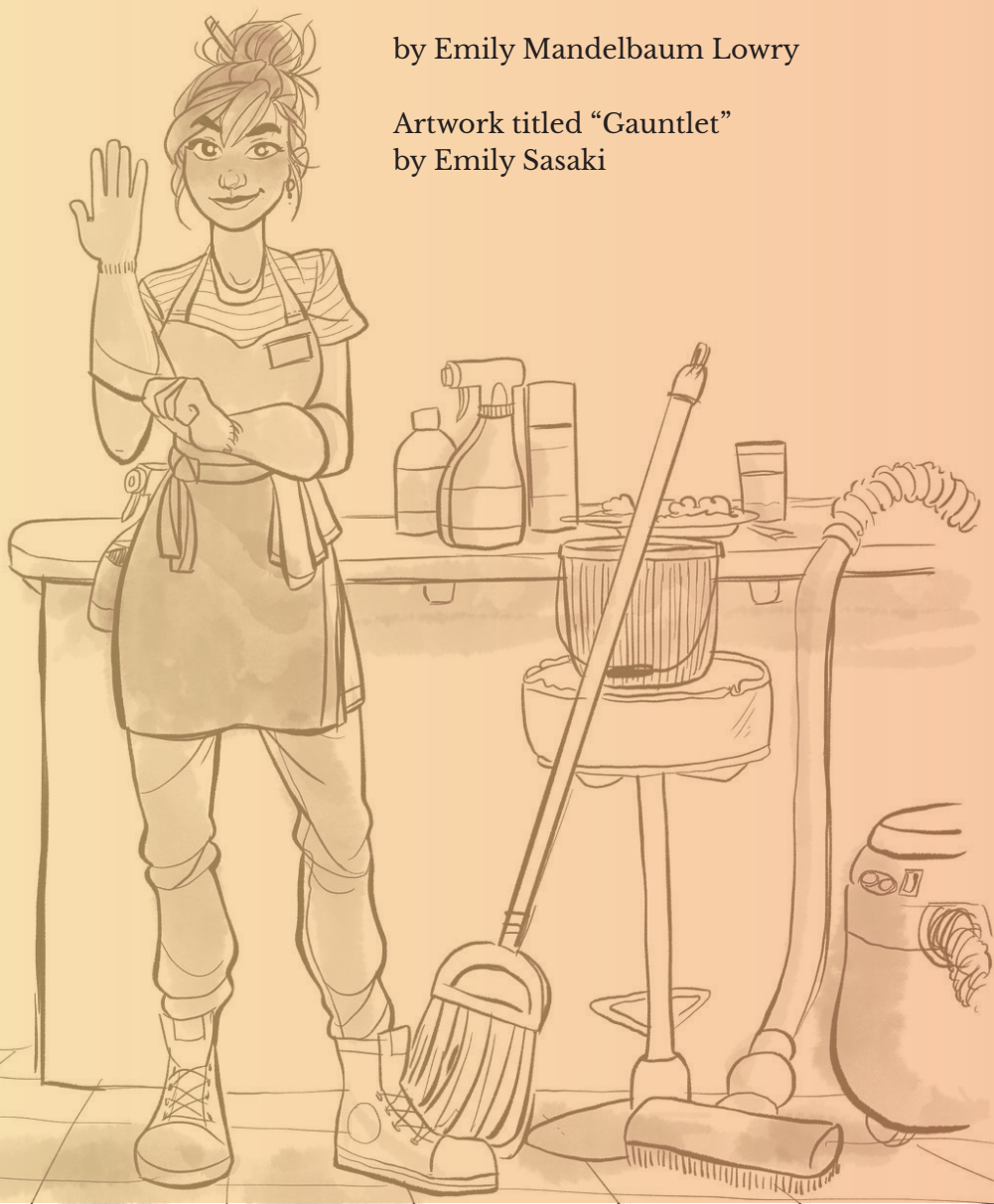



Artwork titled “They Call Her an
Environmental Scientist”
by Kristen E. Willmot, PhD
Modeled by Charlie and Emmy Willmot

OVERALL GIRLS

by Emily Mandelbaum Lowry

Artwork titled "Gauntlet"
by Emily Sasaki





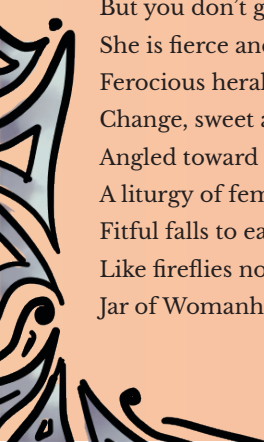
We were once overall girls
Rough, tumbled, unafraid
Facing the world with our hair pulled back
Fading, wading into modern day pinafores
Petit fours petty petrifying
Putrefactive defiance of pulchritudinous nonsense

We were never pretty girls.
We were overall girls.

We once were wind-blown war-torn tormentors, mentored and centered,
Censured sisters of fortune, soldiers soldering
Rivulets of blood, rivets of steel
Stealing knowledge with apples, ripe with enlightenment,
Lightening our thunderous answers to please politeness,
No thank you.

No, thank you.

We were curious once:
We overall girls,
Legion and legendary,
Engendering truth made ruthless,
Toothless and beaten but undefeated
Fettered strength, scarred and scathed and all the better for it,
Bet for it, but for overall girls, sudden denials or
Miles of ribboning, boning bone-in mawing and pawing
And stifling our sweet strong overall girls.



Overall, girls are meant to be sugar and spice,
But you don't get that with an overall girl.
She is fierce and feral,
Ferocious herald of
Change, sweet angel,
Angled toward effigy
A liturgy of female.
Fitful falls to earth,
Like fireflies now captured in a
Jar of Womanhood.

AUBADE TO DELICACY

by Audrey Spina

Grandma gifts you a paper vase,

its bones brittle like starved dirt.

Cupped in your palm, the vase sits a soft, blue lie,

light but lethal, & she presents it to you

like some forgotten jewel or a feather fished from the field

where her dead husband dissolves like wet tissue

into the warm & waiting ground. Its skin creamed like stolen alabaster, the hips

neatly tucked into perfected form. Your hand slips up

its body & pauses at the neck, waiting

to be told where it should clamp: gripped at the neck,

like grasping the dead rabbits you discovered behind your house,

or

clutched in your arms sucked against your own breasts?

She says, *we women know how to hold the most delicate & fragile things,*

as you struggle to restrain your own strength from breaking its swanned neck

another shattered throat later to be found molding like plums.

But you know you've seen your brothers cry tears like stones dropping heavy

into their thin hands, waxy & paper cups;

You wondered how the bottoms didn't burst

open & spill onto the floor. Yet you always waited for that sharp sound of marbles,

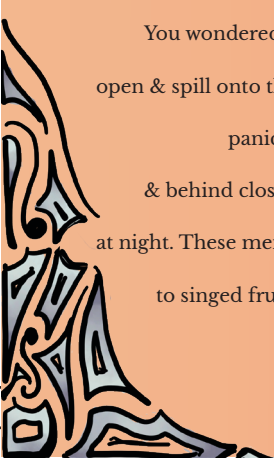
panic coming for their lungs slow like morning fog,

& behind closed doors you know your father has hanged his own breath

at night. These men have seen their mouths transform from fire

to singed fruit burned brilliantly over open flame: the flesh peels right off.

Hold it up and see through it.



THE OWL-SHAPED WINE CUP

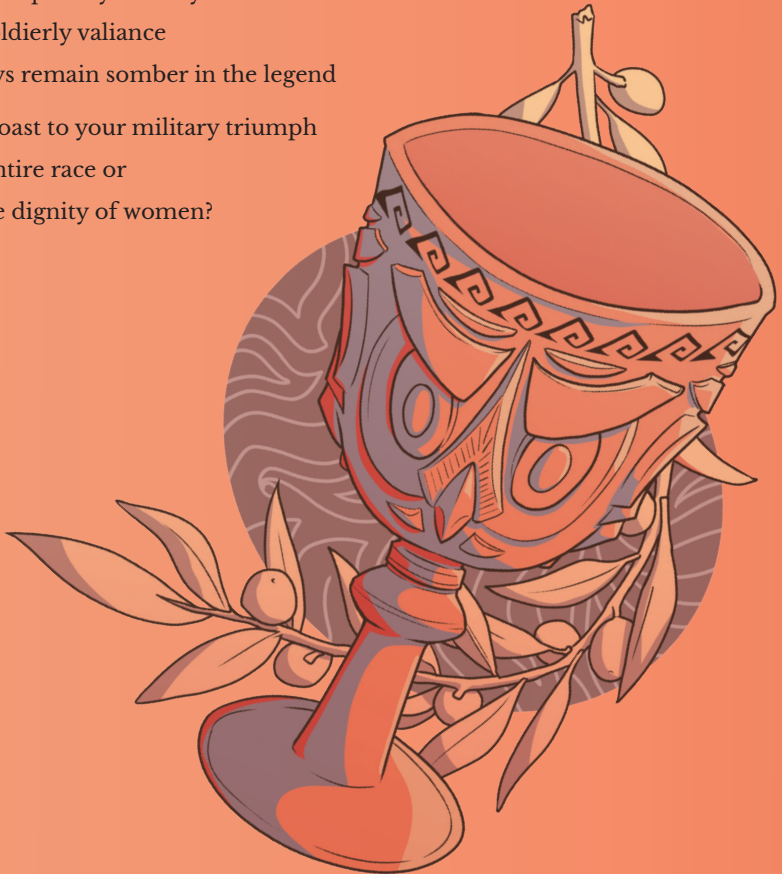
by Yuan Changming

Artwork by Anna Skladany

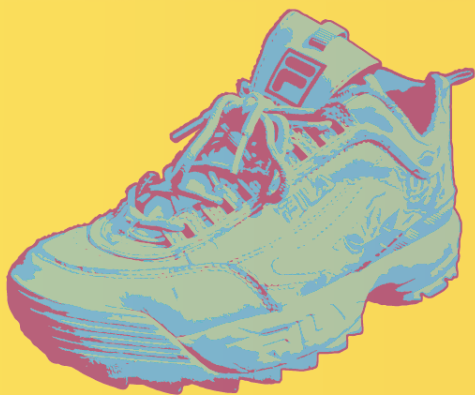
Three thousand years of history solidified in bronze
With all the blood & fire of war accumulated
Thickly at the bottom of this newly unearthed container

Given your queenly nobility
& your soldierly valiance
You always remain somber in the legend

Did you toast to your military triumph
For the entire race or
Just to the dignity of women?



Artwork titled "Shoes to Fill"
by Kate Roca





THE GREATEST BENEFIT TO HUMANKIND FROM THE NEW BOSSES

By Evie Groch

*Girls doing science are like bears riding bikes.
Possible, but freakish. (from a graduate school advisor to his
female student in The Overstory)*

To humankind's benefit, Ghez, Charpentier,
and Doudna turned a deaf ear on this comparison,
putting it swiftly to shame.
Not relegated to simply nibbling on the Milky Way,
horoscoping Sagittarius, clearing dust as a domestic,
getting her hair waved at certain lengths,
Ghez pioneered a path in Physics, was just
awarded a shared Nobel Prize for her discovery
of a black hole in our galaxy. They call it Sagittarius A.

She imaged infrared wavelengths,
visible light once blocked by heavy dust,
now seen by her.
An advisor has been schooled.

Once considered girls who play
with building blocks,
soft science literary pundits,
seamstresses with shears
on which to practice,
Charpentier and Doudna
split the Nobel Prize in Chemistry
to correct disease-causing mutations,
applicable to building blocks of life.
Their discovery of clustered regularly
Interspaced short palindromic repeats
(Crispr) offers genetic scissors to snip
out damaged DNA molecules.

Reverberating messages to young girls:
Help rid the circus of bicycle riding bears,
and teach the naysayers that the word
freakish now describes them.



RED WOMAN

By Alyssa Sineni

I will not write another poem
about a woman blooming,
finally risking everything for
a life that she deserves.
I don't know, maybe I'm cynical
or maybe I'm just tired of flowers.

It's romantic and poetic
to compare a woman to a flower,
but honestly, at this point,
I rather be a weed-
strong,
unyielding,
resilient,
and pissy.

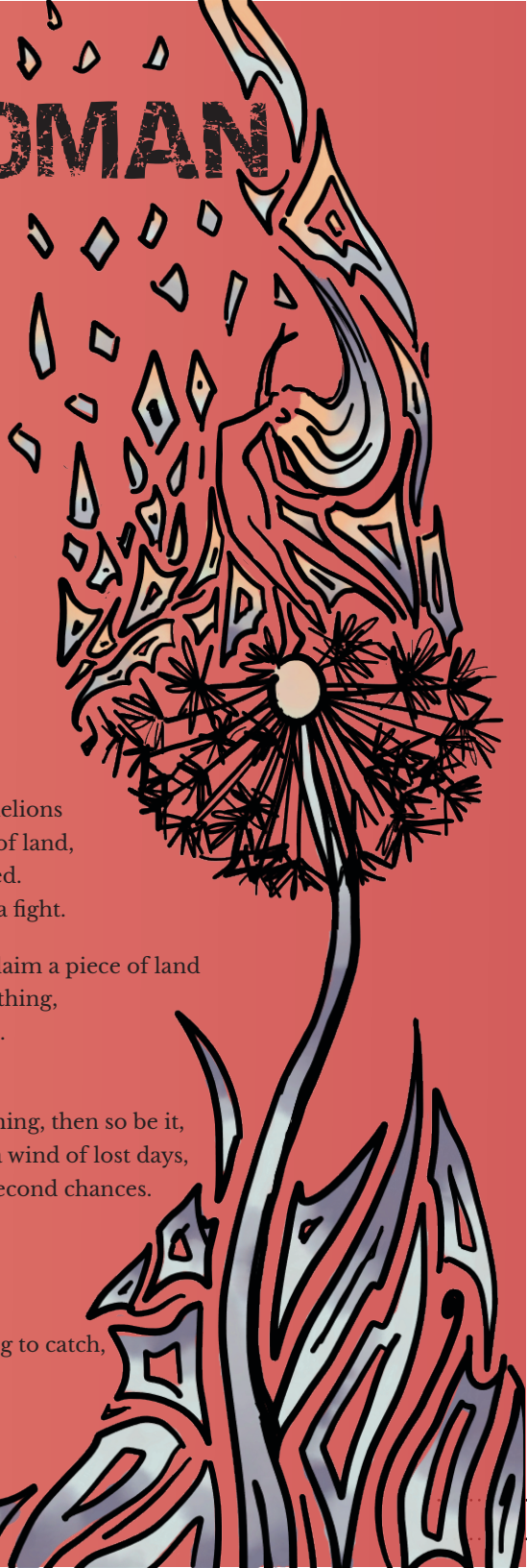
I've had some colossal wars with dandelions
who not only kept claim to their plot of land,
but conquered, divided, and multiplied.
These bitches don't go down without a fight.

Now, it's not so important for me to claim a piece of land
or have my roots tied tightly to some thing,
but it is important that I claim my life.
My life.

And if that involves risking and blooming, then so be it,
because I have been a seed buried in a wind of lost days,
but now, I am reimagining a field of second chances.

Instead of petals falling,
I will send out a legion of seeds,
those unbelievably fuzzy white seeds,
the ones we spend summer days trying to catch,
the ones that make wishes come true.

Because you know, dandelions,
they can survive anything.





I'M SPEAKING

MONEY AS FACTORY

-For all of the women politicians out there

by Brenda Nicholas

Artwork titled "I'm Speaking"

by Sara Rodriguez

Honey, in this town diluted cotton and linen pulp pours
into a mold to be smoothed into wet sheets and dried.
Presidential portraits roll off the press in a blur,
and I use them to buy pearls for my ears and throat,
a suit hemmed below my knees, use the green
for my short, tidy hair, a statement of feminine-
masculine initiative that gets the job done. Politics,
after all, is where it's at, is where I'm heading
to the pulpit for a broadcast on women's rights
in surround sound; while the media asks me,



TAKING

“Who takes care of your son when you’re
off campaigning?”

And they may call me aggressive, fierce, hard,
“ball-busting and overemotional.”

And they will comment on my appearance, regardless
of the iron-clad care I exert for that display,
even though across town I see business owners
pin dollars on walls behind registers for luck,
pin up my sisters on walls in back rooms
as if they might leap down and dance
some shimmy, so well hidden behind dignity’s surface,
and fellow senators in this town will shove fistfuls of bills
down bras—the lips of presidents
smashed against their skin
to imprint value on them.

M/F

by Yuan Changming

To masturbate or to fuck
To masculinize or to feminize
To mock or to fake
To manipulate or to facilitate
To mother or to father
To move down or to fill in

That is the question:

Whether it's more accurate to declare
My biophysical (or spiritual) identity by ticking
M/F in this tightly enclosed box, since I was born
With a willy, but have lost it in my mind. Hesitating
To pick my sexuality or humanity, I wonder
How it is relevant to male fantasy or female modernity?



THE POET (AFTER EMERSON, 1844)

By Audrey Spina

For all women live under the broken
thumb of violence, desperate
for the loud gash of expression.
Our truth. In love, in politics,
in the pain of our sweating
labor, our breath rips open our raw
secret like a womb. The woman is
only half herself: the other half, spliced

by her tongue, slicing the dawn
air like a serpent.

Artwork titled “Pukaar (Calling)”
by Khushbakht Islam
Ballpen and Acrylic on Canvas



Artwork titled “Lips”

by Kate Roca



CALL US BOSSY

by Natosha Locken

They call me Bossy. They call me Nasty. They call me Mean. I don't give a fuck anymore. I wear each of these monikers. They are my badges of honor, bestowed upon me for being a difficult woman. For misbehaving. For being the very thing which threatens their fragile egos. I am bossy, nasty, mean, difficult, and I am more.

I am rage.

I am vengeance because justice has failed.

I am the righteous anger borne of a thousand tears shed by those who mourn their victims. The blood of the witches you couldn't burn flows through my veins. My heart beats in time with my ancestors standing beside me.

They call us Lonely. They call us Weak.

They are desperate to ignore that we stand, bruised and bloody, together as one. Pain does not stop us. Loss does not stop us. We step forward, we carry those who cannot walk anymore. We are harbingers of change, as if we are the embodiments of the moon herself. They know they cannot fight us. They cannot stop the tide's changing. They throw words which fall, useless at our feet. They cry and scream, they assure themselves that their god will save them from us.

But we know better. We all *know* the old gods and the new. We hear the songs sung by our great grandmothers, our grandmothers, our mothers, and our siblings. We raise our voices to join them.

They call us Bossy, their attempt to assassinate our leadership, our ability to organize. To march. To continue the work of those who came before us. And to ensure that the work continues at our lives' ends.

They call us Nasty. They are afraid of who we truly are. They fear the true power found in every single one of us who does not think, feel, or act as they deem appropriate. They have chained us to their primitive ideals for too long, and they now find that they can no longer contain us. We are too much for them. We always have been. We always will be.

They call us Mean. When my sibling is attacked, I destroy their attacker. I bare my teeth and I rip into the tender flesh of their enemies without regard for safety. I am grizzly. I am ruthless. The idea of being "mean" is almost comedic; they have no concept of what we truly are. We are ferocious, unyielding, and our efforts will not fall. They wish we were mean. If we were mean we would be simple, petulant, easy to dismiss. We are complex, we are Boudicca avenging the lives of husband and her daughters, standing against Rome, a sole force against a seemingly unstoppable army.

They call us names because their weapons fail against us.

They see their end on the horizon.

We are their end incarnate.

"Go ahead," We smile knowingly. "Call us 'Bossy'."



RESOURCES & RECOMMENDATIONS

Artwork titled “Free Like a Unicorn” by

Kristen E. Willmot, PhD

Modeled by Emmy Willmot

MOVIES & TV SHOWS

HIDDEN FIGURES

9 TO 5

The Iron Lady

MONA LISA SMILE

Bhutto

G.I. Jane

FRIDA

THE POLITICIAN

The Marvelous

Mrs. Maisel

GLOW

OCEAN'S 8

Miss Congeniality

THE QUEEN'S

GAMBIT

PEARL

MEDIA

THEY CALL US

BOSSY - *Spotify Playlist*
by Kailah Peters

THE MICHELLE
OBAMA PODCAST

She Makes Money
Moves Podcast

THE PRICE OF SHAME

TED Talk with
Monica Lewinsky

BOOKS

**WOMEN WHO
RUN WITH THE
WOLVES** by Clarissa
Pinkola Estés

**REJECTED
PRINCESSES:** *Tales of
History's Boldest Heroines,
Hellions, and Heretics*
by Jason Porath

BECOMING
by Michelle Obama

**A Darker Shade
of Magic**
by V.E. Schwab

**RAGE BECOMES
HER:** *The Power of
Women's Anger* by Soraya
Chemaly

HARD CHOICES
by Hillary Clinton

#GIRLBOSS
by Sophia Amoruso

BOSSYPANTS
by Tina Fey

I AM MALALA
by Christina Lamb and
Malala Yousafzai

RESOURCES

WOMEN 2.0

ELLEVEST:
A Financial Company
for Women, by Women

I WANT HER JOB

WHW2N:
*Women Helping
Women 2 Network*

THE HELM

PWR: Professional
Women's Resource

COVEN CONGRESS

The concept of a witch originated from a societal fear and hatred of independent womxn. Any womxn who dared to challenge societal order, to not have children, to take up work outside the home, to think for herself was tortured and burned. Though the punishment is less explicit, the hatred of the witch remains.

In defiance of this stigma, we are reclaiming the word. We are witches and the Coven Congress is our little sabbath. For each edition, we gather witches from all walks of life to talk about our experiences, opinions, and ideas. Next, we let the discussion inspire content included in *They Call Us*. Coven Congress allows us to amplify the voices of a variety of womxn so the world can hear and learn from our tales.

Special Thanks to our Coven Congress participants, for bravely sharing their stories and allowing us to use them as inspiration, and for putting up with one more Zoom call during this wild year to help us dismantle the patriarchy.

Samara Harris	Alexis Kail-Ackerman
Annabeth Thorsen	Megan Moore
Jessie Buckley	Tanya Jain
Meredith Bowen	Sophia Paul
Shirali Shah	Rebecca Galk

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Our new art team members, Anna and Cassidy, you're killing it!

All the badass womxn rolemodels in the workplace during a GLOBAL PANDEMIC.

All of our families, both forced and found, for keeping us alive while we embarked on this crazy adventure.

Our readers, aka YOU! We couldn't have done this without you.

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**THEY
CALL
US**



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If you're interested in submitting work for our next edition, please email us at theycalluszine@gmail.com or visit our website theycallus.com.