

Dearest World,

*Slut.* was a process. And by process I don't just mean I had to do it in steps or whatever; I mean it was a big fucking process. In all honesty, this project has called for more, time, attention, care, creativity, and lovin' than any other final paper or project I have ever been assigned. Want to know a little secret, though? I think I have also learned more through crafting this project than I have learned in many of my other classes. I mean, I've learned a lot at college so far—about gender stereotypes, calculus, computational thinking processes, rhetorical locations, multimodal texts, Title IX, autism, journalism, comma splices, assistive technology, and the history of the clitoris in the medical world. Although all of the aforementioned tidbits of my academia procured lots of thought, learning about feminist activism and creating *Slut.* both proved invaluable in my college career thus far.

While creating the project, I learned that the process was necessary because feminism is a process, and so is rhetoric. In both arenas there exist a ton of rules that bring on the baggage of history, thought processes and choice. Even though all of this is important, I think choice is the most important part. In life, choice is ultimately everything. It allows us to be free people, or try to at least in a constraining society. Society puts stigmas around everything, feminism included. It is the guiding force in creating slut-shaming (the first section of *Slut.*), telling our youth that it is ok to put a woman down and disregard her based on what she is or isn't wearing. You know what, society? You have no right judging me for what is in my closet. Clothing is a form of expression, and what we do and do not wear is a part of us and should not be made into something of a mockery.

This is why we need a comeback, America. We need to ban together and reclaim our bodies and ourselves, from politicians and religious groups who think they own us. I am starting to learn that things like Slutwalk and Take Back the Night (the second section of *Slut.*) are needed just for this purpose: to form a true sense of unity and sisterhood amongst women everywhere. If we do not support each other, who will? And, if we continue to support each other and rebuild our name as women, we will have the freedom to be happy with ourselves no matter how we identify—slut, whore, bitch, straight, gay, whatever (the third section). Only we as individuals have the right to label ourselves.

All in all, *Slut.* wasn't built in a day. And you know what? Either was the stereotype. Reclamation is needed in a world where claiming already exists, and so too exists a need for a dynamic revolution surrounding negatively-connoted words. We are women and we are the future. Go ahead and reclaim yourself, I will not judge.

Sincerely,

Annie Mandart, a budding feminist