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MY TRAUMA DOES NOT DEFINE ME

by Alejandra Pacheco
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS:

I would love to express my honest gratitude and appreciation to all the individuals that have supported me through my educational and life journey. Because of your support and constant encouragement I have been able to overcome so many obstacles and hiccups.

To all my professors, who inspired me everyday that I came to class. You guys have provided me with so much knowledge and valuable information that I will forever carry with me. You guys have taught me to look at the world in a different lens. A lens that no one will ever take away from me. You guys provided a safe environment for me to talk, and voice my opinion. Because of everything that I have come to learn, I have found my voice and I will use that voice in a positive way.

To my mom and family thank you because you came to this country not knowing what would become of my siblings and I. You always provided a safe home, and unconditional support. Thank you to my sister who was a first gen to graduate from college with her BA, you helped pave the way for me. You guided me in my college journey to all the resources I did not know existed.
At the age of 5 I saw my dad die of cancer
They said I was too little to understand
However My emotions said otherwise
At the age of 7, 8, 18 and 21 I was sexually assaulted by a neighbor, cousin and an ex
Yet when I spoke up, it was my fault.
I was at the wrong place.
I am a girl, I should have been home.
At least that’s what my mom said
Most of my 20s I was in a relationship.
For nearly a decade I was with an alcoholic and a Narcissist
I would justify the abuse by saying
He yelled at me and be little’d me, but he didn’t “hit me”
I questioned myself, and hid the abuse from everyone.
I normalize it in my life
Why you may ask
It’s because I am a product of my environment
That was how my mom and dad were
I was taught as a woman I needed to tolerate it because he was the breadwinner.
As wives we must be submissive
When I gave birth to our son, I decided ENOUGH
I knew I wanted to raise my son differently
At the age of 28 I was diagnosed with a rare cancer
Less than 1% of women get it
Went through treatment

MY TRAUMA DOES NOT DEFINE ME, MY LIFE IN A POEM.
It’s now been 3 years I’m clear
A year after I was cleared from cancer
My body decided to start attacking itself
I was diagnosed with Lyme, an autoimmune and currently
have mass on my thyroid
that could possibly be cancerous, I have a blood disorder,
liver damage and more.
At the age of 29 I decided I would not let my diagnosis define me or take control of my life
My entire life I lived it pleasing others
I am constantly getting shamed
Because I’m not the traditional Mexican mom and wife now
I decided to break the toxic cycles that I was taught
I’ve learned that life is not guaranteed
I like to share the story of my life
Because I hope it can inspire one person Not to give up
I hope to inspire others to break away from toxic cycles that Society created based on gender, and to break away from toxic relationships.
There is so much change that can happen in the world. And it starts with us.
ABOUT THE WRITER

I was born in Hollister and raised in Gilroy, about 85 miles south of San Francisco. I am Mexican American, and the youngest of 3. My father passed away when I was 6 from cancer, so I was raised by my single mom. I grew up in a low income household, and throughout my life I have encountered several obstacles but never did I let them define who I am. In my life I have gone through a super rare cancer, domestic violence, I was diagnose with Lyme, an autoimmune disease, a blood disorder and a few other things. All that while trying to work on my mental health. I love to share my story because I hope I can inspire others not to give up. I currently work in the Mental health field helping many individuals get linked to the necessary resources and offering them mental health support. I hope that my art and poetry was something you were able to relate to and enjoy reading. I hope that you too, continue to reach for your goals and never give up.

Reminders:

• Give yourself grace
• You are doing the best you can
• Don’t be scared to ask for help
• You are worthy of great things
FOR MY MOM

BY

ALYSSA MENDOZA

Mother Daughter Painting by Lubna Al-Lahham
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Looking back on the challenging journey of the past seven years, pursuing my college degree has felt like riding a roller coaster. Through numerous late nights filled with hard work and emotions, I dedicated myself to my studies the past two years, while also working a full time job. Along the way, I’ve learned to appreciate the immense value of those who have supported me. While I understand that the effort was mine alone, I feel compelled to express gratitude for the support and guidance I received from certain individuals who played a crucial role in helping me reach this milestone.

Dear Michael - Michael, my Irish twin, our bond is truly special. With just 13 months between us, we’ve shared a unique journey. From childhood challenges to laughter-filled adventures, like skate express and riding our bikes on C st, we've been by each other’s side. I recognize the challenges you have faced, and I admire your resilience. Your strength and determination inspire me to work hard and persevere. I could not have reached this milestone in my life without you by my side. Thank you for being not just a brother, but a constant source of support, love, and inspiration.

Dear Geor gee - Among the first to introduce me to feminism, you have profoundly shaped my understanding of womanhood and advocacy for gender equality. From giving me my first book on feminism to encouraging me to embrace my identity as a bisexual woman, your influence has been immense. Growing up, you were a guiding light, offering support and encouragement. It’s remarkable to see how you have translated these values into your role as a father, instilling in your daughter a sense of self-worth and empowerment. Your understanding of the societal challenges women face and your dedication to uplifting them has not only shaped my journey but also helped me define the woman I am today. Thank you Geor gee, for being a vital piece of who I am.

Dear Taylor - Since you entered my life, you have shown endless kindness and love. Having you as my sister and Sofia’s big sister fills me with deep gratitude. Our girl talks have been impactful, providing comfort, wisdom and laughter in equal measure. Your ability to find the positive in every situation inspires me to approach life with optimism and grace. Taylor, you are truly the best big sister I could ask for, and I am endlessly thankful for the love and guidance you have given me. I hold our bond dear to my heart, and thank you for always supporting me.
Dear Sofia - You hold a place in my heart that words struggle to fully define. Since your arrival, you have been my light and strength, guiding me through my darkest moments. You are my angel, my source of joy, and I owe you everything. Despite your young age, you face challenges with courage and determination, proving to be one of the strongest people I know. Seeing you thrive over the past few years has filled me with immense joy and I want nothing more than for you to know that you can do anything in this world. Sofia, you are not just my little sister; you are a huge part of this milestone in my life. Your presence has brought light and love into my world, and I am endlessly grateful for you. Keep shining bright, my dear sister, for the world is yours.

Dear Anje - Your influence in my life runs deep, and I am truly thankful for all you have brought into my world. Thank you for introducing me to the wonders of San Francisco, a decision that has enriched my life in countless ways. Your warm embrace and unconditional love in your home have made a world difference to me. I cherish the guidance and support you have consistently provided along my journey. Your reminder that “nobody can take your education away from you” has been a guiding light during moments of overwhelm, helping me stay grounded and focused. Your kindness, wisdom and support have molded me in ways I’ll forever cherish. Thank you for being by my side along the way.

Dear Oscar - I want to express my heartfelt gratitude for all you’ve done. Your influence has profoundly shaped who I am. I’ll always cherish the memory of you driving two hours to help me move into my college dorm, a pivotal moment in my life. Your endless support has been my anchor, and I am grateful for how you have embraced me as family. Your words have motivated me to push through, providing wisdom and perspective. Your genuine care for me shines through every action, and I am thankful for your presence in my life. Your love and support have left an impact on me, and I want to properly thank you for everything you have done for me.

Dear Tania - I feel incredibly lucky having you as my sister-in-law. You have been a steady source of support and guidance when I have needed it the most. Your constant presence in my life has earned my trust and admiration and I feel fortunate to have you beside me, supporting me throughout the years. I have learned life lessons from you, particularly regarding feminism and advocating for what is right. Your influence has empowered me to embrace my identity with confidence and pride. Your example as a woman and mother has taught me about strength, resilience, and self advocacy. Thank you for being an inspiring role model and a constant source of support. I am grateful for your guidance and lessons you have shared. You have left an incredible mark on me.
Dear Dad - Dad, our bond has always been unbreakable, a connection that no one else can replicate. Even during your own struggles in early adulthood, your love for me never wavered. I am profoundly grateful that you chose to pursue a better life for yourself, enabling you to become the father that your children longed for. You've not only filled my heart with love but overflowed it with warmth and affection. I trust you with my life, knowing that you always have my best interests at heart. Your transformation into the father I see today brings me immense joy, and I cannot thank you enough for everything you've done for me. Dad, your love, guidance, and unwavering support have shaped me into the person I am today, and for that, I am eternally grateful. Thank you for being the incredible father that you are.

My dearest mom - As I try to put these emotions into words, I realize that no language can capture the depth of my gratitude for you. You are not just my mother; you are my hero, my guiding light, the very essence of my being. Your endless support and selfless sacrifices have been the bedrock of my journey, and I owe you everything.

Since the days of middle school, you have been my number one fan, instilling in me the value of education and the belief that I could overcome any challenge. I witnessed your tireless efforts firsthand, from working multiple jobs to ensure my needs and brothers' needs were met to attending every softball game despite your exhaustion.

Your dream for me to pursue higher education has been a driving force behind every step I have taken, and now, as we stand together at this milestone, I want you to know that this achievement is as much yours as it is mine.

Mom, you are my rock, my everything. Without your unconditional love and support, I would not be the person I am today. I promise to care for you just as you have cared for me, and to be there for you in every way. From one woman to another, I want to express how appreciative I am for showing me the true essence of strength, resilience, and selflessness. You've taught me that I can overcome any obstacle and achieve anything I set my mind to.

This piece is a tribute to you, to your constant love, and to the countless sacrifices you have made. I love you more than words can describe. Thank you, Mom, for being my whole world.

WITH ALL OF MY LOVE,
ALYSSA MENDOZA
In the conversation of single motherhood, single mothers always seem to encounter a story woven with threads of sacrifice, societal pressure and a lack of support—yet within these trials, mothers provide unwavering strength and resilience on their own. Tanya’s (my mom) journey as a single mother of three undoubtedly sheds light on the numerous obstacles faced by single mothers everywhere. From navigating reproductive justice issues to combating societal stigmas, Tanya’s story is a testament to resilience and strength. At just 23 years old, Tanya found herself raising three children all on her own, working multiple jobs to make ends meet. Despite the challenges she faced, her love and dedication to her children knew no bounds.

Tanya shouldered numerous sacrifices, from setting aside personal aspirations (she wanted to be a cop), to tirelessly juggling work and parenting responsibilities. Society often imposed unrealistic expectations, urging Tanya to meet traditional roles while also telling her she should be providing both financially and emotionally for her family. Despite all these challenges Tanya faced, she frequently found herself without the resources needed to ease her burdens.

Yet, it is in the middle of these challenges that her true resilience shines through. Even while facing all of the odds, Tanya rises to the occasion with determination and boundless love for her children. She meets each obstacle with grace and perseverance, refusing to be confined by societal norms and limitations.

With that being said, it is my honor to recognize the immense strength and courage displayed by Tanya. She embodies resilience in the face of adversity, demonstrating an unmatched ability to overcome obstacles and care for her family against all odds. Through this interview with Tanya, I was able to shine a light on the triumphs and challenges of single motherhood while also honoring Tanya’s endless support and sacrifice for her children.
INTERVIEW -
TANYA’S OWN WORDS
ON SINGLE
MOTHERHOOD

What was the first year of motherhood like for you?
- The first year of motherhood, especially at 17, was extremely hard and scary. It was an eye opening experience, you truly don’t know how much work comes with having a child until you go through it. There was a constant fear wondering if I would be a good enough mommy to raise my innocent beautiful son, that is dependent on only me. Sleepless nights, washing and sterilizing bottles, doing laundry, going to the doctors, all at just 17 years old.

What do you want or wish most for your kids?
- I want nothing but complete happiness for my children, defined by their own standards, not by mine or society’s. Their desires may be different, but I want them happy in the form that makes them happy. Above all, I wish them the utmost feeling of comfort, security and knowing they are more than enough. I want them to be themselves, and never feel the need to conform to anything or anyone. I want them to never forget they are loved unconditionally and I’ll never leave their side.

What have been the best and worst parts about motherhood?
- The best part of being a mom is experiencing the unconditional love and sense of pride that your babies bring to you. But the worst part of motherhood is the constant worrying if you are doing the right thing. Carrying the responsibility of knowing that you are shaping a human being and hoping they grow into a responsible, productive adult can be weighing. I did not have guidance or examples of what a healthy parent looks like. So I have had to do my best and learn as I go, I often hold a feeling of guilt, hoping I did it right.

What did you want to be when you grew up?
- I wanted to be a police officer, I even took a police Academy course through ROP in highschool.
What was it like when you found out you were going to have a baby?
- At 17, I experienced many emotions when I found out I was going to have a baby. I was so scared and happy all in one. Scared that I was responsible for this little baby who depended on me. And happy to know that I will be able to experience true love. A love that I had never experienced before and I would always have somebody who would love me back.

What did you wish you had help on?
- I wish I had an example to give me wisdom, guidance, and support.

What were you like at my age (your eldest daughter)?
- At 24, I was married and raising 3 young children primarily on my own. I was getting lost in motherhood and being a wife, and lost myself.

What does it feel like to be a mom?
- Being a mom is my greatest accomplishment. My children are everything I wished I was.

What do you want your kids to remember most about you?
- I want my kids to remember that I love them unconditionally and I will always be there for them. I'm sorry for my shortcomings, but I always meant to do right by them. While I struggled due to my upbringing, I know it is not an excuse. I did the best I could at that time, and I am still growing. I have had to learn a lot along the way, and I am sorry for not being perfect. But I promise I love them more than anything, and my efforts always had the best intentions. They changed my life and gave me a purpose in my lost, lonely, disappointing life.
Did you feel more confident about raising kids with each child you had throughout the years?

- I didn’t feel more confident with my older children, but I did gain confidence with my youngest, who is now 10. Perhaps slightly between my 30-year-old and my 25-year-old. My older daughter taught me to see things from different perspectives, showing me that not everything is black and white, and sometimes I needed to take a step back. She humbled me.

This interview shows the tough realities single mothers face, especially those who start motherhood at a young age. It explores single mothers’ journeys, highlighting the challenges and victories of raising children. Tanya, becoming a mother at 17, deals with fear and uncertainty while taking on the huge responsibility of parenting without an example to show her guidance, love and support. Despite financial problems, lack of guidance, and societal pressures, Tanya demonstrates resilience in providing love and care for her children. But, she openly admits to the effects these struggles take on her self worth. Through Tanya’s narrative, she challenges the traditional notions of motherhood and highlights the importance of self-love and resilience in the face of adversity. Overall, Tanya’s story shows the strength and resilience of single mothers, all while highlighting the joys and hardships that come along in their journey alone.
POEM
A DIFFERENT WORLD

In a world where my mom loved herself first,
She prioritized her own worth,
She became so self-assured, never crossed paths with him,
Resisted his hollow promises.
Perhaps she found love elsewhere, grew, healed her soul
Somewhere chasing her dreams, achieving her goals,
We may never have crossed paths in this life we share,
But in her journey, she found her own world.
She wasn’t trapped by love’s empty embrace,
Instead, she was living a life of self-love, living in her own world.
Tanya’s world.
BIOGRAPHY

Alyssa Mendoza passionately supports feminism, embracing her identity as a bisexual Latina and advocating for women’s rights. Growing up in a patriarchal world, Alyssa found empowerment in feminist principles, bringing her deep peace and understanding about society. As a first-generation college student, Alyssa’s journey to graduation is a significant achievement that she holds with immense pride. Alyssa understands the importance of this milestone, realizing she has broken barriers not only for herself but for future generations in her family.

Through dedication, she has shown that receiving a college degree is a reality for Latina like herself. Raised by a single mother, Alyssa has always admired women’s strength and resilience. This admiration and passion for feminism is what led her to pursue obtaining a Women and Gender Studies degree. With dreams of becoming a professor in the field, Alyssa aims to devote her life to educating others about feminism. Women and Gender Studies have played an important role in shaping Alyssa’s identity and view of the world, inspiring her to embrace her femininity and challenge societal norms. Through her advocacy, Alyssa strives to create a more inclusive and fair society where everyone can thrive, regardless of the intersections of identities they have or don’t have.

SELF-LOVE

Prioritizing self care is essential for maintaining overall well-being and inner peace. When life feels overwhelming, Alyssa turns to multiple activities to nurture her mind, body and spirit. Journaling has served as a therapeutic outlet, allowing Alyssa to express her thoughts and emotions in a safe private place. The act of fifteen minutes a day helps provide clarity and relief for her. In addition to journaling, Alyssa finds comfort in the healing properties of crystals, specifically rose quartz, which symbolizes self love. Keeping crystals close to her allows her to tap into their energies and promote emotional healing and balance. Alyssa also enjoys roller skating outdoors. Gliding through empty parks, the gentle breeze gives her a sense of peace, liberation and joy. Coloring and scrapbooking cherished memories bring her pleasure as well as relaxation. Overall, Alyssa believes these hobbies help nurture her well-being and bring personal growth.
Healing through Self-Concept

by Daniela Guadalupe Perez
Acknowledgments

This publication is dedicated to my family. Mama, Papa, Victor, Gaby, and Andres. You all are my world, I would not be who I am without you all. I love you endlessly.

This is for my ancestors and grandparents: may you rest in peace: Abuelita Guadalupe Ponce, Abuelito Santos Cisneros, and Abuelita Victoria Meraz. I am a part of you and you are a part of me.

To my Abuelito Andres Perez Cisneros Sr, meeting you at the age of 25 and witnessing your visa being approved after almost 20 years of my family trying to have you here with them after 20+ years of seeing you and hugging you is single handedly one of the most beautiful memories that plays rent free in my mind.

To mi mami te quiero con todo mi corazón. Te debo tanto, verte ser una mujer que tiene un don como el tuyo, compasión como nadie que conozco, y la habilidad de sin parpadear darlo todo por nosotros me deja sin aliento.

Papi por todo lo que has hecho por darnos un techo, gracias. Yo sé que somos muy diferentes pero nos queremos tan fuerte. Tu don de siempre dar sin nada a cambio me deja sin palabras.

To Don Vic, thank you for being my protector and for letting me lean on you, you are truly my best friend. Con todo!

To Gabs, I love you more than you will ever know, you are such a brave and fearless woman. I am so proud to be your sister.

To Cuate, I am beyond proud to be your sister. Seeing you handle so many adversities and continue to stay true to who you are even through going through so much is truly inspirational.

To Jane, thank you for being the oldest sister I have always dreamed of. YOU inspired my healing journey. To my best friend Perla, you have shown me that true friendships exist. I cannot wait to see us blossom into more of ourselves.

A mis compadres, tías, tíos, primas, primos, y amig@s los adoro. ¡Gracias por ser parte de mi vida! To my Women and Gender Studies classmates and friends, I am so happy to be part of your graduating class. We will change the world regardless of where we end up.

Lastly, this one’s for ME. We have faced so much. For SO LONG in pursuing Higher Education. From Chico to San Francisco, 8 years on and off. Thank you for sticking with me through it all. I would not want it any other way. You deserve the world. Your light is limitless. I love you.
Hello hello❣️ If you are reading this.. I am so happy to share with you one way to approach healing, if you are up for it! If you are not ready yet, that’s totally okay! I will be here whenever you are! Always remember to give yourself grace and I am happy that you are here. If you want to try something new, let’s get started!

When I think of myself growing up, I think of everything that I felt like I needed to do in order to make others happy. The thought of me being happy was something that did not occur to me until recently. When I became aware of this, I made a commitment to slowly start sharing with others in my life some of the findings that came out of this. One of the main takeaways that I found was that me feeling “lost” was due to the fact that I was so far from home. (In this context home will be our best and highest selves. You can think about this as if you were back to being a child. Children usually have the highest joy/happiness because their energy is untapped. When we start thinking about it like this, we realize that we were once children who had dreams and aspirations and felt like we could do it all. This was before we heard somewhere or by someone close to us telling us that that is/was not true.)

Through gratitude, self-concept and reshaping our inner world we can change our external world! SELF-Concept and creating our own inner world can help us create and shape our external world. Sometimes we feel unhappy, lost, sad, amongst more. This is not good or bad. It just is. By identifying our emotions, triggers, and fears slowly, but surely we can come back home to ourselves. If we allow these emotions in, we can gain a bigger perspective on why we are feeling a certain way. When we allow the space to analyze why we feel what we feel or why we think what we think, more times than not we will realize that it is due to our conditioning (society, family, friends, school, etc.). Remember you are the driver of your life. You can choose to switch lanes or turn around at any point. You can choose what you want to believe! You are in control. With Gratitude we can see the good in our lives. not only seeing the good, but also meaning it to be as good!

On the next page, you will find a set of questions that can be very powerful for you. Be very intentional when you answer. Answer them all or answer ones that are calling to you. I am so glad that you are here. Here’s to your healing Journey. I am rooting for you!
The Work *:

Three things that you are grateful for? (don’t overthink, no judgment here.)

Do you Journal? Why or why not? (If not, What’s stopping you, be honest.)

What are three things that you do for yourself, out of self-love?

List three things that bring you Joy. How often do you do these things? (If your answer is not often or occasionally maybe consider adding these into your daily life somehow. Remember, there’s always time in the day even if it’s a few minutes.)

What does your dream self look like?

What would they be doing? What would they be prioritizing? How would they show up for themselves?

What is one thing that is not making you feel your best? (Be honest with yourself, only you will see this.)

Can you change it? If you can, what is one small habit that you will start incorporating into your life? (Remember small consistent habits add up!)

If you cannot change it, how can you find a way to accept it?
Meet the Creator of this Piece

Daniela Guadalupe Perez is a first generation elementary, middle school, high school, and college graduate. Born and raised in the bay with Mexican roots. Arriba El Bordonal, Michoacán, México!! She lives through her WGS lens and questions it all! She loves to walk, listen to a good podcast, have conversations with others, and go on late night/ early morning drives. She loves her two dogs King and Bruno, and her cat Pepper. Her journey to pursue higher education has been on and off for eight years, but she is in her last semester. 11 more days until graduation!

Class of 2024 !!!

My version of self-care is spending a lot of time and solitude. This includes adventuring with myself, trying new restaurants, trying a new cafe, going somewhere close to Nature and regrounding. Along with this, my vision of self-care is taking the time to do my makeup, nails both hands and feet, and making sure that I am staying hydrated by drinking a lot of water and by applying lotion all over my skin! I also give myself permission to rest and to feel my emotions when need be. I fuel my body with as much nutritious food as I can, and take daily walks for my mind and body :)
TRAUMA AT THE INTERSECTION

BY
DANNY RAMIREZ
THEY/THEM/ELLE
The road to graduating with my Bachelors in Women and Gender Studies and a minor in Human Sexuality has come with grief, displacement, mental health strain, and lots of unlearning and healing. It’s been a life changing & rewarding experience that I couldn’t have accomplished without my chosen family.

To my partner Ian,
thank you for lending me your laptop when mine died in the middle of finals week, keeping me fed when my life became homework, giving me feedback on my essays, and keeping our home afloat the multiple times I went on disability leave. I love you and I love our life. To many more years of adventure buddies.

To my best friend Adriana,
Te quiero muchisimo,
gracias por ser un gran apoyo en mi vida y por amarme como soy. Eres mas que una amiga, eres mi hermana. En estos proximos anos que advance mi carrera, quiero regalarte el mundo por ser mi apoyo mas grande cuando me divorcie. Se que siempre puedo contar contigo y quiero que sepas que siempre puedes contar conmigo.
Acknowledgements

To my bae, Jenn,

Where do I even begin,

congratulations to you too! I am

so proud of you for getting your Masters in

Psychology, you already are a stupendous therapist.

We fucking did it dude, vidas paralelas! I can’t ever put into

words what your emotional support has meant to me in the very

dark times I encountered this school journey; divorce, Chato
dying, being displaced from my home, being hospitalized

for a 5150, endless heartbreak, multiple disability

leaves, and best of all, all of the moments of

joy and accomplishments over the years. You are

my platonic love, ride or die Bae.

I love you mucho.

To myself,

This was an exhausting and

painful journey. You had to sacrifice

so much to finish in just 4 years. Many times

when you were so mentally low you wanted to give up,

not only on school but also life. I’m really glad we are

alive. Maybe now we can stop living in the future and for the

first time slow down and embrace the present moment. You

dererve all of the love and support your community

shows you. The grief of the loved ones that

chose to get left behind will subside,

that is their loss. Congrats kid,

we did it!
Queer Child of Immigrants: The Disrupter of Reality

NI DE AQUI NI DE ALLA
NI EL O ELLA

MY LIFE WOULD NOT BE POSSIBLE WITHOUT IMMIGRATION
I AM MIXED LATINE CHILD
SOMEHOW NOT MEXICAN ENOUGH
NOT QUITE PERUVIAN ENOUGH
TOO BROWN TO BE AMERICAN ENOUGH
WHY DO I HAVE TO BE AN EXPERT ON 3 CULTURES
WHILE YOU ONLY MANAGE 1 OR EVEN 2?
EVEN AT 30 WISE YEARS I STILL FEEL LIKE I WILL NEVER BE ENOUGH
HOW CAN I BE THREE WHOLES?

BISEXUAL...
ANOTHER BALANCE PEOPLE JUDGE
ALL YOUR EXES ARE MEN!
HAVE YOU EVEN HAD SEX WITH GIRLS?
THAT'S NOT MANY...
IT'S JUST A PHASE
SO MUCH BIPHOBIA IT'S HARD NOT TO INTERNALIZE IT
SOMETIMES I HATE MYSELF FOR MY ATTRACTION TO MEN
AM I NOT QUEER ENOUGH FOR YOU?
DO I HAVE TO WEAR MY SEXUALITY SO LOUD JUST TO JUSTIFY MY
PRESENCE IN THIS NIGHTCLUB?
"YOU WILL CHEAT ON ME OR LEAVE ME FOR A WOMAN!" HE CRIED

GUILT
SHAME
FEAR

AND YOU KNOW WHAT, I DID LEAVE HIM
BUT NOT FOR A WOMAN OR ANYONE
BECAUSE HE WAS ABUSIVE AND COULDN'T LOVE ME IN MY TRUTH
YOU WEREN'T RAISED TO DIVORCE
RECKLESS
WHAT A SILLY CHILD
SEE YOU WERE WRONG
THEM CALL YOU THE BLACK SHEEP
ALWAYS WANTING TOO MUCH
STOP FLYING AND STAY ON THE GROUND!
BUT DIDN'T YOU TELL ME I WASN'T MEXICAN, PERUVIAN, OR AMERICAN
ENOUGH?
DIDN'T YOU SAY I DIDN'T DATE ENOUGH WOMEN?
DIDN'T YOU CALL ME GREEDY?
FUCK IT, I'LL BE GREEDY AND FIND MYSELF IN LUST
CHEATER, IS HOW THE WORLD PERCEIVES ME
BE SATISFIED!
ONE PERSON FOREVER OR YOU ARE EVIL
BUT WHAT IF IT'S OK TO WANT MORE?
WHAT IF IT'S OK THAT I LOVE SO MUCH?
WHAT IF THAT DOESN'T MAKE ME BAD?
I'M ALREADY SO MUCH
MEXICAN, PERUVIAN, AMERICAN, BISEXUAL...
ETHICALLY NON-MONOGAMOUS?
ESO NO SE HACE!
ES PECADO!
NO MAMA THERE ARE MORE PEOPLE LIKE ME
WE COMMUNICATE
WE ARE OK WITH MORE
WE LOVE AND HAVE THE CAPACITY TO LOVE MULTIPLE PEOPLE
SILENCIO
I'M NOT ENOUGH FOR ANYONE...
MULTIPLICITY

WAIT, WHAT'S NONBINARY?
ENDLESS NIGHTS OF DISCOVERIES ON THE INTERWEBS
TEARS FILL MY ENTIRE BEING... NOT MORE
OH NO...
THERE THERE LITTLE ONE
ITS OK... WE LOVE YOU NO MATTER WHO YOU ARE
YOU ARE ENOUGH
YOU WILL BE OK
IN FACT, IF THEY THINK THEY ARE TOO MUCH LET THEM GO
THEY CANT HANDLE ENOUGH
GENDERFLUID
YOU ARE FREEDOM
I AM MANY THINGS
I ALWAYS HAVE BEEN
SUDDENLY IT ALL MAKES SENSE
THEY TRIED TO PUT ME IN SMALL BOXES
THEY TRIED TO CONTROL MY BEAUTY
I TERRIFY THEIR REALITY
LIFE ISN'T THAT SIMPLE
MY EXISTENCE IS COMPLEX
MY EXISTENCE SHATTERS YOUR PERCEPTION OF REALITY
SOLITUDE
LOSS
PAIN
CHILD OF IMMIGRANTS
GENERATIONS OF UNIMAGINABLE TRAUMA
HUMAN TRAFFICKING
DOMESTIC VIOLENCE
SEXUAL VIOLENCE
CHILD ABUSE
SO MUCH BLOOD
MY EXISTENCE WAS NECESSARY
MY DISRUPTIVE EXISTENCE EXPLODED YOUR SENSE OF REALITY
I FEEL MY ANCESTORS ALL AROUND ME
THEY HEAL WITH ME
THEY HOLD ME
I ASSIST THEM BY BREAKING GENERATIONAL CYCLES
I AM MORE THAN ENOUGH
I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN MORE THAN ENOUGH
I AM MEXICAN, PERUVIAN, AMERICAN, QUEER, TRANS, ETHICALLY NON-MONOGAMOUS, DISABLED, AND SO SO SO MUCH MORE
INTIMATE PARTNER VIOLENCE
DANCE VIDEO

Society has painted sexual violence to come from someone that hides in alleys, but the truth is that more often than not we experience it from people we know.

Unfortunately, abuse: sexual, physical, and/or psychological can be experienced in our romantic relationships, also known as intimate partner violence (IPV). Violence against women has made it their job to deem certain women rapeable and use any opportunity to blame survivors for getting raped. In fact it wasn’t until July 5, 1993 that marital rape was officially illegal in the entire United States, (Kennedy Bergen & Barnhill, 2006, para 1). Trauma is already so difficult to process, but to experience it at the hands of someone who you love and isn’t supposed to hurt you, comes with a confusing and debilitating layer. How do we make sense of such cruelty? How do we trust? How do we feel safe again? How do we forgive ourselves for whatever blame we have mistakenly absorbed? In this dance video I attempt to tell the story of that pain and inner conflict through movement. For your viewing pleasure I dance to Happier Than Ever by Billie Eilish.

Works Cited
My creative vision is to produce this into a dance film that displays me dancing this through various places I inhibit. For example at home, work, grocery store, etc. I want to show how PTSD caused by IPV affects your everyday and doesn’t care for your convenience.
My name is Danny Ramirez and I am a Mexican, Peruvian, American, nuerospicy, mad, queer kid. Prior to the pandemic I was a professional dancer who owned La Tormenta Dance Company where I taught weekly classes, led multiple performance teams, organized social dancing events, and taught private lessons. In the midst of processing a divorce, lockdowns around the world began. I will forever be grateful to how this time forced me to stop, slow down, unlearn behaviors and heal. I used to live my life in the fast lane, and when the world stopped I realized it was all a front to hide the deep pain. While I was running my dance company I knew I wanted my art to mean more, do more, not for me but for others hurting others who need the outlet to feel joy and process or to simply find meaningful community. These desires led me back to school. Along the way I stumbled into Women and Gender Studies, and let’s be real the content is HEAVY and depressing, but it gave me my fight and the intersectional lens I was missing. While at school I came out as genderfluid, accepted my identity as a person with disabilities, and unlearned all the unhealthy norms society shoved down my throat about who I am supposed to be and how to act. Grace was the lesson I learned at San Francisco State University. Where I will go from here, I’m not too sure. I have so many passion projects I want to see realized, how I will get there is a mystery, but what I know in my soul is that I didn’t bust my ass in school to not go after the world I want to create. Congrats 2024 Women and Gender Studies graduates, we fucking did it! Enjoy your well deserved sleep, and may the lessons we learned here follow us on our path.

Listen y’all, if there is one thing Danny does often, is CRY. I love a good cry, but as someone who has PTSD, sometimes my crying and emotions associated (mostly the latter), will debilitate me for weeks on end. I have learned that self-care for me often looks like feeding my inner child. That often looks like comfort foods like gorditas, a Mexican breakfast dish, and as I call it, choccy milk. It looks like watching childhood movies wrapped in a blanket. I have many activities that can spark joy, but it always comes down to listening to my body. What do I need/want: rest, nature, food, creative outlet? Give yourself grace and listen to your body.
My mission in life is not merely to survive, but to thrive; and to do so with some passion, some compassion, some humor, and some style.

MAYA ANGELOU
Gender Studies, for me, has been a journey of unlearning, understanding influences that shape our traditions and roles, and knowing what and how to pass this knowledge to my children so they may experience a more equal society. I want to acknowledge the women in my birth and chosen families and those I have met in my journey who teach and inspire me.

PERSONAL PIECE I - AJJEE AND RISAH’S SKATEBOARD ADVENTURE

I wrote a story about an interaction between my mom and daughter. I wanted to honor the simple ways our female ancestors have instilled equality in us through daily occurrences. Usually, significant social movements, art, speeches, etc., get all the recognition. Although I agree they are very much needed to inspire and motivate us for the cause. We sometimes tend to ignore how a simple act of encouragement fosters confidence to achieve something great.
Risah woke up feeling super excited and got ready in a jiffy! It was Saturday morning, and this one was extra special because she was heading to her Lata Lata Ajjee’s (Grandma’s) house for Spring Break. Risah and her brothers absolutely loved their time with Lata Ajjee - she wasn’t just any Grandma, she was a super grandma, always up for adventures and trying new things!

The sun was shining bright in the blue sky, with no fog in sight, the air crisp, and with a spunk in their step, Risah and her brothers—Rishabh, her older brother, and Rishaan, her younger brother—jumped into the car. Their journey to Berkeley over the Bay Bridge was a blast, filled with laughter, car-karaoke and pointing out animal shaped clouds. Lata Ajjee’s place sat on a peaceful cul-de-sac, embraced by tall, stunning trees. As they neared her home, Risah’s heart beat faster with happiness.

When they reached Lata Ajjee’s house, she was standing on the balcony eagerly awaiting their arrival with her big smile. She welcomed them with open arms, enveloping each grandchild’s face in her soft, cloud-like palms to kiss their cheeks. Her house always smelled of incense sticks (sandalwood) and jasmine flowers. It was warm, comforting and tranquil. Since it was lunchtime, Lata Ajjee guided them inside towards the dining table, which was spread with all their favorite dishes - puran poli (sweet rotis), potato and peas curry, vegetable biryani, grated cucumbers in yogurt sauce, and, of course, the fried papadums. They quickly settled down to satisfy the rumbles in their stomach with the food lovingly prepared by Lata Ajjee. Her food was always the absolute best!
After their satisfying meal, Lata Ajjee suggested they take a stroll. Risah's brothers groaned at the idea of exercise, but Risah couldn't pass up the chance to discover new spots with her adventurous Lata Ajjee. They wandered through the local park, enjoying the vibrant flowers, exploring bugs, and playfully chasing butterflies. During their walk, Lata Ajjee entertained the kids with tales from her own childhood, sprinkling humor in her life lessons.

Rishabh, Risah's older brother, had brought his skateboard and was zipping up and down the sidewalk, flaunting his impressive skills. Risah watched with admiration, quietly wishing she could be as fearless as her brother. Intrigued, she grasped Lata Ajjee's hand and pointed. "Lata Ajjee, can I learn how to skateboard too?"

Lata Ajjee, always so encouraging, flashed a warm smile. "Why not, Risah? Let's give it a shot!" But Risah hesitated. None of the girls she knew were into skateboards, and what if she took a tumble? How embarrassing would that be? Sensing her grandchild's hesitation, Lata Ajjee cheered her on, getting on the skateboard herself, much to everyone's amusement. Seeing her Ajjee's adventurous vigor gave Risah the courage to give it a shot.

With a deep breath, Risah stepped onto the skateboard. Initially wobbly, with some fumbles, tumbles, and minor scratches, she soon found her footing. Rishabh offered tips and words of encouragement while Lata Ajjee and Rishaan, her younger brother, cheered her on. Risah's confidence soared, and she even dared to try a few tricks, all with a huge smile on her face. She also realized Rishaan was looking up to her in awe and felt proud of being a role model for him, just like Ajjee was for her. The thought made her heart full.
This experience wasn't just about skateboarding for Risah; she also learned a valuable lesson from Lata Ajjee's encouragement. She discovered that trying new things might seem scary initially, but the sense of achievement and happiness when you overcome your fears is truly rewarding. She started joining Rishabh on the skateboard and building her skills. Now, Risah is excited to embrace new experiences and tackle challenges fearlessly.

The sun was setting, and Risah's brothers were starting to grumble about feeling tired. But Ajjee had a fun surprise planned for them - a picnic dinner under the stars! She laid out a cozy blanket and pulled out a bunch of snacks and treats from her bag. While they savored their food, Ajjee excitedly pointed out different constellations in the night sky, sharing the stories behind each one. Risah felt so thankful for her wonderful family and her awesome Ajjee, who always knew how to make every moment extra special. Drifting into the depths of sleep, she wondered about what other adventures Ajjee had in store for them.
At the beginning of the class this semester, Professor Kenney introduced the semester's theme, "How to grow the world we want." The term "grow" really resonated with me. In India, the banyan tree symbolizes vitality and fertility, especially for Hindu women seeking children or praying for their families. I see a strong link between this symbol and feminism. Like the banyan's deep roots, feminism has a rich history, and its strong trunk signifies the enduring power of the movement. As its branches reach out, the tree embraces the diverse tapestry of feminism, weaving inclusivity and recognizing interconnectedness.

Feminism, like the banyan tree, nurtures and uplifts, advocating for equality and freedom. The tree's resilience mirrors the movement's persistence and its vision for a fairer society. The banyan tree embodies feminism: strength, growth, unity, and determination. Even Buddha received enlightenment sitting under a banyan tree.

As women, our unique ability lies in our nurturing life. Given the recent challenges to our reproductive rights, this piece reflects my thoughts on abortion restrictions. When we have the power to make our own choices, we can truly thrive, nurture, and blossom ourselves and our communities. To me, a woman embodies the essence of the "tree of life."
My name is Harsha Hooli and I am a junior at San Francisco State University. I was born and raised in India and moved to San Francisco on February 11th, 1999. I am blessed with three beautiful children and a wonderful husband. I love to cook and eat with my family and enjoy experiencing life with and through them.

I restarted my educational journey after my mom's passing in 2020. It was my husband's encouragement that pushed me to fulfill my mom's dream and for me to deal with the grief of her absence. I transferred to San Francisco State in the Fall of 2023 and am pursuing a double major in Women and Gender Studies and Sociology. I hope to work for immigrant women and girls/ women who are victims of sex trafficking.

My self-care

I love blasting my music and singing along while driving. The car moving forward feels like progress, and belting out songs helps me shake off any negativity from the day. Another favorite thing of mine is sipping my coffee in peace on the deck or by a window, enjoying the calming start of the day with the rising sun. I am my most creative, positive, and vulnerable self at this time of the day. My “healing” garden is another escape, where I tend to plants and rejuvenate my spirit. Seeing my plants thrive and hearing the birds, along with the bees, butterflies, and hummingbirds, enjoying their beauty fills me with deep gratitude and awe, like nature is smiling back at me and I am special.

Self-care, to me, means giving myself priority. Women are often taught to prioritize others, so I make a point to dedicate time in my day just for me, reconnecting with the wonder-eyed girl inside.

I am a Woman Phenomenally. Phenomenal Woman, that’s me.

MAYA ANGELOU
To my Fam:
Thank you for loving me unconditionally. Without y’all I would’ve found myself cast adrift. Y’all have made me into the beautiful woman I am today. I promise to give my all.

Acknowledgement to myself:
You have been true to yourself. Realizing that your flaws make you who you are. Never giving up. Don’t let future obstacles stop you.

To Women and Gender Studies:
I have learned what it truly means to observe my sensory. I have become more awoke with everyday teachings and happenings.

To The Earth:
I love how life is going because of you revolve. You have a different story and lesson every second.

To Self Care:
Self care Has Kept Me Sane
Awareness for Care in the SF Tenderloins

This community is of many different oppressed groups: LGBTQ, Blacks, Latins, Arbics, people with disabilities, low-income, seniors, and more minority groups. Walk down this street and based on the records you are expect to find Sex, Drugs, and Debris. Sex and Drugs skyrocketed during the 1960's. Many come from around the world to stay in this area just for the drugs and comfort. The self care of this community the care for the people in the area has left the chat. Sex Workers have no safety instituted. Drugs are passed out every second. Now the area is known for its high-crime, violent street crime, robbery, assault, drugs, and dirty streets.

Can We Change this with CARE for the community and ourselves?
Facts about the Tenderloin:

“15,461 Native citizens, 5,587 Naturalized citizens, and 8,107 noncitizens, 10,594 White, 9,004 Asian, 2,898 Black, 4,796 Hispanic living in the TL’s”.

“433 Female householder, no husband present”

“Between 2019 and 2023, homelessness in California increased nearly 20%, rising from just over 151,000 people to more than 181,000”

“In 2021 about 80% of the deaths were fentanyl-related within the TL’s.”

How can we help?

Not having people who live down there mental health addressed or even having access to healthcare is part of the problem. We as everyday human being can not fix this problem single handedly, but we can start. How about trying to speak to people in this area instead of being intimidated. A simple are you okay, how have you been, type of question can get the care going. Not only for the person you're asking but yourself also. You simply bring back humanity by checking on somebody. Now that is one way to making some one is okay and it show true self care.
Realizing who I truly am has been a journey.
24 and lost
24 years and in distraught
Has the path just begun
Life and me, a one on one.
Should I leave SF and explore
Assure of the feeling of wanting more

A new comparison everyday
Make it a metaphor,
Life is like a race
No one moves at the same pace
We all need our own lane our own space

Enlighten myself set me free from fear
All these different pathways
What will I do after college
What will be the next blockage
How will I get over any discourage

Women and Gender Studies has made me
Showed me all mistakes are displays for better days
Hope is always right around the corner
Run and grasp what you want to conquer

Venture the world make it yours

Yearning to make the right choices
As I graduate
Im set to face new challenges

Never the less I know I’m always blessed.
By finding an active hobby. I bling out shoes to help other people to feel empowered and confident. I make sure each shoe has a statement piece connected what defines them. I travel to give out these shoes allowing me to have a peaceful drive. Then to deliver the shoes and see people happy is the best. Self care is simple.

What is Self Care-
- Is what brings humanity to life. It is what make you realize you need to take time to get yourself together
- Is making sure that you are looking after your own health by using the knowledge and information available to you!
- Self care is good for our physical, emotional and many other parts of your well-being.

Why Self Care -
help you manage stress, lower your risk of illness, and increase your energy.

How I Self Care-
By finding an active hobby. I bling out shoes to help other people to feel empowered and confident. I make sure each shoe has a statement piece connected what defines them. I travel to give out these shoes allowing me to have a peaceful drive. Then to deliver the shoes and see people happy is the best. Self care is simple.

You can self care however you may want to as long as at the end of the day it has had a true difference to how you feel.
Saba Chu-Farwell

Mothering
Acknowledgements

First and foremost, I would like to express my gratitude to my daughter. Her name, Muna, means “desired one” or “greatly wanted” in Arabic. I yearned for her long before she existed in my womb. Her life has incentivized me to shift my perspectives and my approach to how I practice loving and living. Prior to my pregnancy, I believed that I had previously resolved the contradictions of adoption, that once wracked my brain. Muna’s life within my womb and earth side, has compelled me to interrogate most everything that I once believed to be true and the critical elements of my life that I negated to examine. Despite the strenuous nature of the time in which I carried and gave birth to her, Muna has been a consistent joy, a glowing light and a constant reminder of why I must remain steadfast in my commitment to justice.

I would also like to express my gratitude to my adoptive mom for her enduring love and patience, throughout my life. Her unrelenting support, care and compassion for me for the first year and quarter of motherhood and during my pregnancy, has been life-saving and transformative. In addition to caring for me and my daughter, my adoptive mom provided ceaseless support to my adoptive Dad as he was dying from cancer and suffering from dementia. Outside of the context of familial carer, my adoptive mom has been committed to social justice and equity throughout her career as an educator, organizer and researcher.

Finally, I must express my gratitude for my birth mother. From the outset of my pregnancy, I felt a deeper kinship to my biological mom. While I have not met her since infancy, my birth mother has remained a spiritual force in my life. Carrying a child in my womb, the only biological relative in my immediate family, known to me, was the most prolonged and transformative spiritual experience in my life. I felt my birth mother’s arms around me, throughout the pregnancy. During labor, I felt my mother beside me, as I gave life to her granddaughter. My birth mother, whether she is earth side or amongst the stars, guides and protects me as I navigate adverse situations and celebrates with me, as I achieve my desires.
“Birthing” is a poem about the psycho-emotional and physical process I experienced while giving birth via C-section to my daughter, Muna Grace. I am an adult adoptee who, prior to giving birth to my daughter, firmly believed that I had reconciled with the enormity of the carnal loss of my birth mother. This poem came about as I reflected on the existential crisis of relinquishment and unhealing wound of disconnection. Only recently, have I come to recognize that I have always wavered between visceral pain and desensitization, as a result of my perpetual unknowing. I knew, prior to birthing my daughter, that I would keep her, and I love her. Yet, there are moments, in which I have struggled to engage with my feelings, in the wake of a deeply transformative, jubilant and excruciating year. “Birthing” is a recognition of the feelings and thoughts that I could no longer submerge, as I gave birth to my daughter. It is also a celebration of an unyielding bond between mother and daughter, traversing space and time.
Birthing

I yearned for her life
before
I knew how to love my own.
The woman who bore me resides in me
Yet
I do know her name
As the surgeon pulls forth my daughter
I birth
my mother
My child’s vernix skin
drenched
in the blood of her ancestors
and
my descendants
Who will incessantly ask
of her origins?
As people ask of mine
Who will demand of her
an explanation
for her existence?
As people demand of me
Fade into blaring color
I see my daughter
Fading out to black
I look for my mother
My arid throat
A yearning
unquenched
Am I still in theater?
Has my abdomen
been
sewn closed?
About me-

I was born in Addis Ababa, Ethiopia in late August 1996. I am of Eritrean and more broadly Horn of African descent. At the age of two-months old, I was adopted by a couple from the U.S. Between the ages of nine months old and fourteen years old, I lived in Berkeley, California, Seattle, Washington, Nairobi, Kenya and Asmara, Eritrea. As an adult I have lived in Pasadena and Berkeley, California. I am currently a student within the Women and Gender Studies Bachelors and Master’s program at San Francisco State University. I plan to work as an archivist of feminist, particularly Black feminist histories and literature, as well as research and write about the misogyny within social welfare systems and the impacts of relinquishment and adoption on domestic and international Black adoptees and birth Mothers.

Artist - Yeggy Michael
Since becoming a Mom, I have severely negated to indulge in effective self-care practices. Listening to music on my drive to campus in the morning and to the grocery store, is temporary relief from the rigor of mothering and coursework. It is imperative that I invest more concerted time and energy into the developing a disciplined approach to caring for my body and mind.

Within the past year, there have been moments in which I have been felt profound physical weakness, psychological overwhelm and thinned patience. Instead of investing in nutrition, exercise and social activities, I have often chosen to self-isolate and binge media that distracts and discombobulates my psyche. In recent days, I have resolved to return to my old habit of drinking five cups of warm water and ingest two nutritious meals per day, in addition to taking regular walks. While I have observed some improvement in my capacity to complete tasks and my physical stamina, I am aware that habit forming requires consistency. When I was pregnant, I was deeply driven to improve my health through a daily regimen that centered exercise and a balanced diet. I have found it difficult to regain the momentum I had when I was in the latent stages of pregnancy. Now more than ever, it is essential that I provide my body with sustenance. I must replenish my body. I must return to the spaces and foods that once gave me joy. I must return to the music, to the sweet smells and the light at golden hour. I must delight in delicious flavors and exquisite textures. I must return to the essence of myself and the essence of love.
Community Collective

↓ READ MORE ↓
Alejandra: The Hate You Give and The Fault in our Stars
Alyssa: Inside Out by Pete Docter
Daniela P: Bajo la Misma Luna and Think like a Man
Danny R: Poor Things & Selena
Harsha: Devil Wears Prada & Lapatta Ladies
Raevyn: Poetic Justice
Saba: Daughters of the Dust & Earth Mama
• Alejandra: This is me Letting you go by Heidi Priebé
• Alyssa:
  ○ All About Love by Bell Hooks
  ○ Accept Nothing Less Than the Life you Deserve by Drew Afualo
• Daniela P:
  ○ Not your Perfect Mexican Daughter by Erika L. Sanchez
  ○ The Mountain is You by Brianna West
  ○ Self-care for Latinas by Raquel Reichard
• Danny R: Neon Girls A Stripper’s Education in Protest and Power by Jennifer Worley
• Harsha: The Alchemist by Paulo Coelho
• Raevyn: Street Life: Poverty, Gangs, and a Ph.D. by Victor Rios
• Saba: Song of Solomon by Toni Morrison and Beloved by Toni Morrison
• **Alejandra:** My Mind & Me by Selena Gomez, Fight Song by Rachel Platten and This is me by Keala Settle & The Greatest Showman Ensemble

• **Alyssa:**
  - Self Care by Mac Miller
  - Good Days by SZA
  - After the Storm by Kali Uchis

• **Daniela P:** W.A.Y.S BY Jhene Aiko, Love Yourz by J. Cole, and Mas Alto Que El Everest by Jasiel Nuñez

• **Danny R:** Mood by Jessie Reyez

• **Harsha:** 3 Hour Drive by Alicia Keys and Sampha & L’appuntamento by Ornella Vanoni & Put your Record on by Corrine Bailey Rae

• **Raevyn:** Closer by Goapele

• **Saba:** Transkei Moon by Thandiswa & First Time I Ever Saw Your Face by Roberta Flack
- Alyssa: The Comment Section by Drew Afualo
- Daniela P:
  - Baddie B Mindset by Stephanie Madera
  - The In Flow Podcast by Ani B & Nadine
  - Latinx Therapy by Alejandra Alejandre
  - Unbreakable Latina
- Danny R: Locatara Radio [A Radiophonic Novel] by Mala Muñoz and Diosa Femme
- Harsha: Ask Lisa: The Psychology of Parenting & MasterClass by Oprah Winfrey
- Raevyn: The Breakfast Club Podcast
- Saba: Adoptees Crossing Lines
**Daniela Perez:**

- Neville Goddard self-concept explanation by Leeor Alexandra
  
  https://youtu.be/3GczKskyd5Q?si=jU-o3ZYPoYsOJGI

- Self-concept: Self-concept is the perception that we have of ourselves, our answer when we ask ourselves the question “Who am I?” It is knowing about one’s own tendencies, thoughts, preferences and habits, hobbies, skills, and areas of weakness.
  
  https://positivepsychology.com/selfconcept/#:~:text=Self%2Dconcept%20is%20not%20self,skills%2C%20and%20areas%20of%20weakness

- Baddie B podcast with Stephanie Madera
  
  https://open.spotify.com/show/4VPMPxUUzmedTCTYgOiYoC?si=8ad63775fO264187

**Alyssa Mendoza:**

Bars in SF I find safe: Blondies, Butter

**Alejandra Pacheco:**

- Friendship Line: 415-750-4111 (crisis intervention hotline and a warmline for non-emergency emotional support calls for older adults)

- Bill Wilson Center San Jose: Contact Cares (408) 850-6125
  
  Peer counselors and trained volunteers provide confidential help lines to anyone experiencing a crisis such as: depression, anxiety, grief, loneliness, parental stress, or general hard times.

**Crisis Services:**

- National Suicide Prevention Lifeline: Call or text 9-8-8
- Santa Clara County Behavioral Health Services: 855-278-4204
- National Sexual Assault Hotline: 800-656-4673
daniela ramirez:

- Oakland LGBTQ Center https://www.oaklandlgbtqcenter.org/
- Bay Area Women Against Rape https://bawar.org/
- Medicine for Nightmares Bookstore and Gallery https://medicinefornightmares.com/
- SF LGBT Center https://www.sfcenter.org/
- La Casa de las Madres https://www.lacasao.org/
- East Bay Food Not Bombs https://eastbayfoodnotbombs.org/

raevyn williams:

Planned Parenthood --
https://www.plannedparenthood.org/health-center/california/san-francisco/94110/san-francisco-health-center-3997-90200
growing fifty shades of brown