

I need FEMINISM because...

"I want a better understanding of myself and my culture."

"The articulation of the human experience, of my human experience, has been the sole reason for my life, light, soul and healing." -JK (Femme coercively assigned male at birth)

"My parents still believe my brothers are the greatest thing that has happened to them."

"We need to transcend this social and political dark age"

"Too much of our history and world are run by rich, old, cisgender men who try to keep women oppressed."

"People still ask what the victim was wearing."

"I want my daughter(s) and niece(s) to know they matter just as much as the next person."

"A preposterous orange monkey has gotten so far in this shit show election, and people are still hung up on Clinton's emails."

"Gender neutral bathrooms should be more common and in more areas. Going to the bathroom shouldn't be a battle."

"My WGS degree is just as valid as everyone else's degree."

"It allows me to move through the world with no restrictions based on my sex."

"I'm not your caretaker, nor am I sexually deviant for being bi."

"I identify as a woman. I move through the world as a second-class citizen and feminism helps to break and chip away at the patriarchy and this gendered hierarchy."

"Differences between humans should be celebrated, not used as a cause for oppression or hate."

"We need to deconstruct the perceptions and ideologies taught to us."

"It helps to think about 'my own' life not 'the side of my future-husband' life."

"I believe everybody has a voice, and should be heard. I believe regardless of your gender identity, you should still be treated as a human being."

"Trans women and queer folks of color are still being targeted. Protect our trans sisters." -Vee they/them

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TO THE FAGS, FREAKS, FEMMES, & FOLKS

FLAMES FOREVER FLICKER

GHOST SHIP

***Front Cover:** *My Body*
By: Bianca Gamboa

***Inside Cover (front & back):** *I need Feminism because...*
By: Brooke Klever

***Back Cover:** *Class*
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This publication was made during the Fall 2016 semester by Women and Gender Studies majors as a part of the “WGS 690: Senior Seminar” course at San Francisco State University (SFSU).

The Department of Women and Gender Studies examines the power relationships between gender formations and political economies, cultural productions, and embodiments. Understanding gender as co-constituted with race, class, sexuality, and nation, the department deploys an interdisciplinary and transnational methodology to build feminist archives, conversations, and tools for social justice. In developing and communicating its understanding of gender and power, the department pays particular attention to insights from critical race and postcolonial studies. Viewing the production of knowledge about gender as itself political, the department seeks, in its research, teaching, and community building, to explore both gender’s embeddedness in current forms of injustice as well as its past and emergent potential for transformative politics.

More information on the Department of Women and Gender Studies can be found at:

<https://wgsdept.sfsu.edu/>

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Welcome to America

By: Hunte

Hello, and welcome to the United States of America, I hope you will enjoy your stay in our beautiful Nation. Is this your first time in our country? Please, do feel free to completely be yourself at all times and do enjoy our sites and fellow citizens. Just make sure to enjoy it all in the right way, because there is a right and a wrong way here. Also, don't forget to love the skin you're in, embrace all your beauties and insecurities. But make sure not to love it too much though as we will be quick to criticize and tear you down along with your confidence. Don't worry about smiling, because too much of that will get you mean stares and doubts from passer-bys. And those same people worried about your smiling, will wonder why your frowning and looking so mean. We will tell you time and time again that you are a waste and are no good; we will tell you to stay silent and not make a sound, all the while keeping yourself invisible day by day. Then we'll cry along with everyone else as we watch your lifeless body get buried in the soil of this great Nation all because of something we created and enforced. Falling in love in our beautiful country is one of the most amazing things possible. Just as long as it is with who we have chosen for you, please remember that. Opinions are welcomed and encouraged, just make sure those opinions are shaped to our American views and standards and everything should be fine.

Again Welcome to America and please do enjoy your stay!

November 10, 2016

By: Ashley

In the wake of the recent U.S. election results, I am floored. I had to rewrite this piece many times in order to come to terms with what has occurred. Like many who voted in California, I voted against Trump. Even that statement shows the sentiment of this election. Instead of voting for Clinton or anyone else, I voted for whom I saw as the lesser of two evils.

I was caught off guard by the results. But not completely shocked. This election showed how many in this country feel, how racist people are, how sexist our society is, how ignorant people wish to stay. But it's beyond that. This election brought to light the systematic inequalities in place which uphold the social hierarchy. It brought to light how disenfranchised many feel. How desperate people are to have any change occur, even if it's terrible.

I am furious. I am worried. I am scared. As a feminist, I am furious. As a first generation child, I am worried. As a person of color with a Muslim mother, I am scared. I am furious that I am scared. As more reports roll in of person after person being assaulted by bigots and sexists and xenophobes and racists, I just become more scared. I don't know what will happen. I wish I could protest, but I am not willing to put my life on the line. I cannot afford that.

I am trying to not lose hope for a better future, but with every day that passes since the election results were revealed, there is just more and more violence. More and more anger. More and more protest. More and more unrest. I just don't know how to feel.

I want to empower myself and others. This system is flawed. The Electoral College system should be abolished. There should be a way to remove those elected if they are seen unfit, some sort of recall system. Many are calling for the impeachment of the president-elect, but nothing would change; if anything things would be worse given his vice president-elect's extreme level of conservatism.

We have to have hope. We have to keep living. It's the only way for change to happen. We cannot give up. We cannot allow ourselves to give in to those holding us down. Empower yourself. Empower others. Be the change you want to see happen.

To the Possessed Girls

By: Evalynn Olivo

Don't apologize
Wash the blood off your
curled fingers
You know how quickly it
stains
Don't worry
About the men on the bus
Or the ones on the street
Or the ones in your home
You have the Darkness on
your side now
(you have the Darkness
inside)
Wear whatever you want
Walk wherever you want
And when they look at you
with greedy eyes
Eyes that say they've never
been any good
At looking without touching
Don't be afraid to use your
teeth
Bite back when their words
feel like
Violence on your skin
Wear their heart on your
sleeve
Let others know
You've said yes
To the Morningstar on your
shoulder
You've kissed him on the
lips and let him in To the
broken spaces they've
created
You've nothing to fear now

Don't cringe
When they crowd in your
space
When they cage you in
You've nothing to fear now

And eve, oh eve
Didn't she just want to
know
What it feels like
To be free
When she bit the apple
It wasn't damnation she
sought
(it wasn't damnation she
found)
The snake offered her
Power
She didn't know
It'd come with
The knowledge
That she was
So much
Better
Than
This
That she deserved
So much
Better
Than
This

When you slip from grace
Don't despair
Fall
Into the welcome of
The Darkness, let it catch
you
Let it wrap you in its
embrace
And arm you
Let it give you
The Profane
To get up
To raise hell
To scream when they go to
Silence you
To fight when they go to
Subdue you
To make them regret
Touching you
You are not
For the consumption of men
You are
Light given darkness
You are
Sacred like Eve
And Eve didn't let
Others tell her she
Shouldn't
And if she had one regret
It wasn't that she ate the
fruit
It was that she didn't eat it
Sooner



Of the Dirt
By: Evalynn Olivo

Of the Dirt

By: Evalynn Olivo

The Greek philosophers called us dirtmixable...changeable...

They feared the wetness of dirt, the coolness

Perhaps too they feared the things that live in the dirt, and then what lies below

Deeper in the Earth, perhaps they feared what lay slumbering there

Dirt

As if they were above us...as if they had dominion over dirt...as if...they had dominion

Dirt was to be feared, to be loathed, to be controlled

And they tried

But dirt is life and death

And men don't have dominion here

(that is reserved for the gods)

I have plunged my hands into dirt, have had it warm my knuckles

Fingers coated in the wetness they shunned

Pollution, they called it...

Rot

But I have touched rot to my lips, tasted what they would call overripe

And have found

No sweeter truth than this-

Dirt

Purifies.

ANMOL

ਮੇਰਾ ਨਾਮ ਅਨਮੋਲ ਹੈ

my name is anmol
pronounced uhn mole
translated from punjabi,
meaning priceless or invaluable
the wealth and the words that withstood
centuries of conquest & colonialism
a language that wasn't lost
as seas were crossed
my body becomes
a bridge back
a birth

-

a homeland haunted by histories of harm
a people yearn for tides to turn
dispossessed and drowning
in oceans of oppression
waves of migration
brought by boats
displacement
diaspora
a death

-

given to me by mother,
taken from me by most others
my name is a story of survival
a tale told in two syllables
tarnished into a taunt
born out of burden
i become a beast
"animal"

ANIMAL

my name is animal
starting in second grade
spanning centuries
and still, even now.
somehow while saying my name,
you still center yourself.
your comfort. your willingness.
your subtle social cues.
i swallow whatever sound you spit out
this is the polite war the west has
always waged

-

a familiar tale of colonial warfare
foreign lands "founded" by
kings, christians, christophers
condemning our cultures
making a killing for the crown
brutalizing and burying brown bodies
bearing our very same names
thousands of tongues,
spanning millions of miles
a never-ending lists of names negated
refusing any, renaming us all
violence is the language of your
forefathers
but we will always be the savage ones
projecting primitivity
onto the "other"
and at once, we become one.
our one-size-fits-all name.
"animal"

spanning centuries
and still, even now
this is how
you make history out of my name

By: Anmol Singh

Dysphoria

By: Kyle Liddle

I'm curious why every trans poem is political
When was it that our story was reduced to
locker rooms, laws and toilets
When did we stop being people
My gender is not a construction site
I should know better than to sleep next to a
wet paint sign waiting for it to be taken down
It is left up to my lover to combine my mind
and my body
They call it sex I call it revolution
Affected doesn't begin to describe it
Tongue turning tables in my head
Her tongue a better therapist than any I've
had in the last 12 years
They call trans identity gender dysphoria
A disorder
The only dysphoria I have is when her skin
makes me forget what I am
They always told me I'm too small to be a guy
But in this moment with her eyes greedy I
have never felt more like a giant
Too visible
Like I could steal every light bulb
And she would still see me whole
She pressed her entire body into me
Past the blood that doesn't know how lucky it
is to remain in a trans body
Wrapped our skin too tight to be the barrier
it's suppose to be
This kind of intimacy leaves our bodies so
close there is no room for binary
Where do we go to thank the universe
For providing a space where I'm finally safe
A twin bed too small for society to fit in
She would lick away the wounds of my past
I played hide and seek for so long I forgot the
point is to be found

Under a show of clothes
Curtains raised like I was worthy of a
performance
Where my body didn't feel like a costume
These tits she memorized don't make me less
boy just make me more body
How did she learn my mine better than me
when I've had 22 years
20 something bodies
Countless identities
And she had one night
I gripped her scalp as she gripped every bit of
energy in me
Ask her to tell me what it is like to lye
With a mortal
When I called her goddess we both made the
mistake of forgetting there are more than one
She found a new lover who's pronouns she
wouldn't have to stutter over
I loved her even when she was misgendering
me
Trans or not don't we all stay with the ones
with ones that butcher us
Now I remind myself there will always be
another open bed
Open arms
Open wound
Or mouth
That I will exist. Trans. And this is not a death
sentence
I will fuck and love and fight.
I bet even the dead are sick of being written
about after they're already gone
I'm not an article yet
They don't write about when we fall in love
with ourselves

8 Things I've Learned as a First-Generation Student

By: Iris

1. **You deserve to be where you are.** And believe it. The Imposter Syndrome is so real, maybe especially as a first-generation student. This is something I struggled with from the very beginning of college. I had doubts about how much I deserved to go to college even though I had acceptance letters to show that I had the grades to do it. But even now as I'm getting ready to graduate, I'm not entirely sure I deserve to call my degree my own, and that's mostly because it wasn't a solo effort. I only got this far because of the support my family and friends gave me. But I think I have to recognize that I took the exams, wrote the essays, and read the books, so ultimately I deserve to be here and to give myself a pat on the back every once in awhile for keeping it going.
2. **Create your own community.** Finding a community is so key to surviving college. Do everything you can to find people you can be around and consider friends and community. You won't feel as alone or nearly as overwhelmed when there are other people experiencing the same things as you. Sometimes it takes awhile to find your people, but when you do, everything will click into the right place.
3. **Embrace the different.** Going to college is different, we all know that. You'll be challenged and made to reflect on subjects you really don't want to acknowledge, but it'll be ok! This isn't only about academic work, it's also about your life in general. I'm talking about the fact that you'll swear up and down that you're a clean person, but one day you wake up to a pile of dirty clothes on your desk chair and about six pairs of socks on the floor not really knowing how it happened. Embrace that side of yourself. Know that it's ok to let go of bits of yourself when you're too preoccupied with making a deadline.
4. **But know when to search for the familiar.** Ok, so maybe two weeks of moving that pile of clothes back and forth between the bed and the chair is too much. This is the point when I would try to find the tiny voice in my head that sounds suspiciously like my mother and start cleaning up. On days when you're struggling, search for the things that make you feel at home, that make sense to you.
5. **Self-care.** Figure out what self-care looks like for you. Is it staying in bed for a few extra hours? Binge-watching a tv show? Adult coloring books? Anything that lets you pause for a few hours and unwind. I'm a firm believer in having at least one day a week to dedicate to self-care. Sometimes it's going to be hard to prioritize anything that isn't work, but know that you deserve to have time off and come back to yourself.
6. **No matter how much you might think you don't need it, ask your parents for advice.** The fact that my parents don't have the college experience to help me through my own experience doesn't have anything to do with how much they can help. I've lost count of how many times I have called my mom and came out feeling better. Sometimes I just needed to hear one of my dad's corny jokes to put my life in perspective. Or if parents aren't an option, call a friend. Getting a second perspective on something can be of save you hours of stress.

7. **Academia doesn't always have all of the answers.** As someone who centers communities of color in their academic work, this is by far the most important thing I have learned. Knowing that knowledge extends beyond academia stopped me from relying solely on academia. You will find answers and questions and curiosity in your community, in music, art or literature. Academia was not built for students of color, the sooner I realized this, the sooner I was able to unlearn the idea that my community cannot teach me anything. From that point, I brought ideas and experiences from my life into my academic work, and unapologetically allowed them to thrive there.
8. **"How can we expect to be proud of our history, if we don't know it?"** A professor in my first semester of college said this in a class on gender and history. I remember this because I was taking my first Latina/o studies class that semester, and I was learning more than I ever had about Latino history in the United States. The pride I felt of being Latina, especially a first generation Latina student, increased exponentially. Knowing my history empowered me in an institution that constantly felt as though it was dragging me down.

A Decolonial Reading List

By: Iris

The following texts were in some way involved in my personal decolonial journey. They're books and articles that helped me understand the deep rooted colonialism in the U.S and around the world, and that provided steps to decolonize my being. It is an incomplete list on purpose. My hope is that it never stops growing as I continue this process of decolonization.

- Gloria Anzaldúa, *Borderlands/La Frontera: The New Mestiza*
- Falu Bakrania, *Bhangra and Asian Underground: South Asian Music and the Politics of Belonging in England*
- Maylei Blackwell, *Chicana Power: Contested Histories of Feminism in the Chicano Movement*
- Luz Calvo & Catriona Rueda Esquibel, *Decolonize your Diet*
- Miroslava Chavez-Garcia, *Negotiating Conquest: Gender and Power in California 1770s-1880s*
- Ramon Gutierrez, "What's in a Name?: The History and Politics of Hispanic and Latino Panethnicities"
- Saba Mahmood, *Politics of Piety: The Islamic Revival and the Feminist Subject*
- Miné Okubo, *Citizen 13660*
- Laura E. Pérez, *Chicana Art*
- Maura Reilly, "Introduction: Toward Transnational Feminism"
- Andrea Smith, "Heteropatriarchy and the 3 Pillars of White Supremacy"
- Deborah Vargas, *Dissonant Divas in Chicana Music: The Limits of La Onda*

Bollywood Divas

-Sheevena Singh

Queen

Starring Kangana Ranaut
as Rani
who goes on her honeymoon solo

English Vinglish

Starring Sridevi
as Shashi - a disrespected Indian woman
who enrolls herself into an English class

Chak De! India ("Go! India")

Starring 16 young woman
as the Indian women's hockey team
who aren't meant for "cooking and cleaning"

Nil Battey Sannata ("Good for Nothing")

Starring Swara Bhaskar
as Chanda - a high school dropout
who goes back to school - at her daughter's school

Highway

Starring Alia Bhatt
as Veera

who actually feels free during her abduction

Mardaani ("Masculinity")

Starring Rani Mukerji
as Shivani - a female police officer
who is cracking a sex trafficking case

Mary Kom

Starring Priyanka Chopra
as Mary Kom - a female boxer
who must balance family and her career

Bajirao Mastani

Starring Deepika Padukone
as Mastani - a warrior princess
who is called a prostitute for loving a married man

Gulaab Gang ("Pink Gang")

Starring Madhuri Dixit
as Rajjo - the leader of the Gulaab Gang
who fights against domestic violence, the dowry system, rape, and education

Dilwale ("The Big Hearted")

Starring Kajol
as Meera
who takes on the "like a man" role of a gang leader

Laaga Chunari Mein Daag ("My Veil is Stained")

Starring Rani Mukerji
as Badki
who becomes a call girl to help her parents pay the bills

ENGLISH VINGLISH

NIL BATTEY SANNATA

MARY KOM

Gulaab gang

BAJIRAO MASTANI

DILWALE

LAAGA CHUNARI MEIN daag

JOURNEY OF A WOMAN

Bollywood Divas
By: Sheevena Singh

“What I thought I knew, what I think I’ll know”

Dear Pre-WGS 200 self,

Before you even start to wonder about what WGS 200 can teach you, you’ve already begun to wonder why certain things are taught and omitted in school. You’ve become angry with the bias in particular classes that are from a cis male heterosexual perspective. You may not know the words to describe your anger but WGS 200 will open your eyes; this introductory class will teach you so much that you’ll want to crave more. One semester of Women and Gender Studies will make you fall in love with unlearning 12 years of repetitive teachings from grade school, middle school and high school.

At first you’ll be lost. You might stay lost throughout the semester, but it’ll click as the semester is ending, making you want to take another WGS class until you’ve had enough to fulfill a minor. First you started taking more WGS classes to count as General Education but after taking one or two classes a semester, you’ll want to choose WGS as a major because of the passion that fills you every time you hear about certain issues. You want your voice to be heard, you want your voice to matter, and you do matter. Don’t be scared to take more classes and expand your knowledge. What you’ll learn within WGS will go with you throughout college and beyond. You’ll be well **ROUNDED**, **COMPASSIONATE**, and **UNDERSTANDING** because you’ll see things through a different lens than just from a business perspective. All your life, you’ve wanted to know where you fit in. Taking a business class felt like the “natural” thing to take because 1. Everyone in your friend circle was taking Business classes, 2. Your family would say that a Business degree will take you a long way, and 3. You’d have it easy in life.

What no one told you was that taking WGS classes would open your eyes, your mind, your soul. Never would you have imagined that stumbling upon this course would change your life for the better. You’ll expand your knowledge of intersectionality, gender, and issues that people face on a daily basis for being discriminated against based on sex and gender. You’ll see why those who don’t have a WGS background don’t understand the issues people face. You’ll be frustrated trying to explain the concepts of heteronormativity and the binaries of gender. You’ll have your sexuality questioned. You’ll be questioned about your motives. You’ll have fear of your own safety because of the values you believe in. You’ll fear what people will say and fear that opening your mouth will lead to dire consequences. You’ll need to have the strength, and you will. You’ll know that the issues you will learn are ones you care deeply for. You’ll find that these issues have lit a fire in your soul to reach out and be heard.

Continue to keep an open mind and apply what you learn because the world is always changing but what you’ll learn in class will seem very recent in today’s world. Don’t be afraid to open your mouth and express your opinions. Who else would raise these issues and open people’s minds.

Take care, and be proud,
Jlyn

Dear Post-Graduation self,

Now that you've finished your undergrad career, how do you feel? Is life what you thought it would be? How relieved are you to finally be done with no one asking if you've switched majors for the umpteenth time, or hounding you for being in school forever. You might have taken a little longer than everyone else to be in school, but now that you've accomplished it, aren't you glad you didn't listen to anyone who was trying to bring you down for taking Women and Gender Studies seriously? For all the times that people have questioned you for even thinking it could be a major, aren't you glad to prove everyone wrong, especially knowing that this major was for you and only you. You may have also graduated with a Finance degree, but that was for everyone else, something for them to boast about or be 'proud' of, for them to be reassured that I'll be set for my future.

What they never realized was that the passion you've had for Women and Gender Studies never died; even when you had not taken a WGS class in more than a year, your heart yearned for the day you would come back. Knowing you were never good at writing or being original or creative, you found a way to mold your passion within your own scope within WGS. You've learned, grown, and made yourself aware about what transpires across cultures and nations. You're more knowledgeable about the world and people around you. To know that you're not a robot, crunching numbers all day with no emotion; rather, you are someone who cares deeply about people and their experiences, wanting to help in any way possible. Do people ask what you'll do with your major, particularly with WGS? Or how a person with Finance and WGS will navigate careers? How do you respond? Do you tell them that being a WGS major requires skill and patience? Do you tell them that to have a WGS major, one needs to be compassionate? Do you tell them the desensitized youth today should have the passion you have for these issues? Do you attempt to explain the recent protest surrounding the election? Do they attempt to understand the underlying issues that people face, specifically people of the LGBTQ community? Do they attempt to listen to the public and know that they have their own privileges? Do they accept their individual privileges and accept that everyone has different experiences? Do you explain that you are trying to educate them about these issues? Does life feel even more difficult when you're tired, thinking you've wasted your breath? If you believe life isn't what you thought it would be, it only lasts a moment, then everything around you changes. Your perspectives and goals will morph right before your eyes, you've been blessed with the tools and skills needed to navigate through life.

You are well rounded than most graduates, which created your awareness of the public versus private; the idea of the prison industrial complex, and the marginalization of female bodied people everywhere. To think that when I was younger I wondered how someone, a server, would address someone if you didn't know their gender. Little did I know would the WGS major open my mind and my eyes to the possibilities of the spectrum of genders. Little did I know that my inclination to know the answer to this question would lead me to realize the complications and violence towards misgendering, directing me to a completely new path. A path that I will forever be grateful for. A path I will never take for granted. A path I will never forget.

Forever keep the flame alive,
Jlyn

Incomplete Image

By: Enkhmaa Enkhbold

This is another immigrant story. Immigrant stories have been told and retold, made into books, documentaries, movies and so forth. Why tell another immigrant story? Because it is vital to keep the image incomplete! The image of an immigrant has been predetermined, developed, produced and distributed. The category of "immigrants and immigrant communities" are too broad -mashed into one or two images- that it/they dismisses/dismiss many lived experiences of people of all walks of the world (now being categorized as "immigrants" as one item or one experience" in this country.

Why do I feel the need to share my story? I believe these are the reasons: first, I hardly ever come across persons like me in our discourse, WGS. Second, every page that I read in our discourse I seek those who share my struggle and reality. Third, I hope to offer to the narrative of immigrants.

My mother was the first one to immigrate to the states in 1999, then follows my father the next year and me in 2002. Mom, engineer, Dad, high ranking officer and a professor. The country just transitioned from socialism to free market economy after 70 years of socialism in 1991.

Huge change, great change, scary change. Messy! Two honest and hardworking parents of three try their best to prepare for their daughters futures. As a brilliant engineer, my mother had traveled the world attending conventions, designing and building machineries that recycle water because of her brilliance it was possible for her to come to the states (getting visas were much harder back in the day). At the age of 39, she landed in Oakland, CA with a hope to spend only few months to work, save and head back home to reunite with her family. Oh, how much I missed her! I used to sit in the closet just to be near her, closet full of her clothes, closet full of her smell, it felt like she was giving me a hug. My mother is one of the first Mongolian immigrants in the Bay Area. Her stories are amazing, sad but amazing. One day, I saw my dad, washing the windows of our big balcony, he was smoking and he had tears rolling down his cheeks. I had never seen him cry before. I knew that he also missed her. I don't know how it happened but one day I learned that my dad was also leaving us for America. Then he left. For two years, the three daughters were on their own.

January 2002, Demonis Iowa. I searched my mother in the crowd and there she was--the most powerful woman that I have ever known was now smaller than me yet she remains her power in my heart even after what had immigrant life had done to her. What a joyful moment it was, hugs, tears, and kisses After two days being in Oakland, I had my first job, night janitor. My coworker was my dad, our shift starts at 10pm and ends at 6am. The day I arrived in Oakland, I became an adult. I skipped teenaghood. I was a college student who works fulltime, who pays rent, pays tuition (out of state tuition was \$2500 for community college so that I could keep my F1 student visa).

The desire for assimilation rushed through, I noticed how differently I was being treated as soon as I open my mouth to speak. The accent. It somehow made me appear weaker, stupid, not worthy of others' time. I hated it so much. I would watch a movie over and over again, observe how American people speak and interact, how they use idioms, and how they change their tone of voice in different scenarios; I would work with a mirror, speaking out loud in order to correct my accent. This had continued until six years ago when someone

asked me, "What's wrong with having an accent?" Seriously, what's wrong with that?! I stopped stressing and stopped trying so damn hard. The daily stress to communicate with Americans was grand. It is at that moment, I realized that I hadn't used my mother tongue for so long; my Mongolian had become weak. This realization was sad. I started reading in Mongolian, writing in Mongolian. Even more, I found myself doing interpretations and translations.

This is what I think today: I am bilingual which allows me to have access to literature in two worlds and for this I am grateful. Every now and then I run into those who treats me

differently because of my accent, but it only makes me smile at their ignorance.

Another assimilation: my name. At my first restaurant job, the boss couldn't/wouldn't want to pronounce my name and told me to "just make up a name." I didn't think much of it then and said, "emma." This name stuck with me for over a decade. Four years ago, in a car, a coworker named Oscar asked my *real* name and then said, "Why don't you use your real name?" Yeah! Why don't I?! Right there and then I am Enkhmaa again. I started telling friends and family to refer to me by my *real* name. What a change! This transition from emma to Enkhmaa was liberating. The name "emma" was an

oppressed name as it rose out of people's ignorance. Every now and then, I am asked, "Don't you have a nickname?"

NO!

Now, everyone refers to me by my name except my parents (they're still working on it!). How ironic! When I correct my dad, he would say, "It is just a name." I shout that it's more than that! It's actually very political! My mom and dad named me Enkhmaa, and I am reclaiming my real name; I am reclaiming what I am and who I am. No more assimilation! No more making it easier for others, no more accepting ignorance! My name is Enkhmaa.



Abstract in Two Pieces
By: Kate Amunrud

Abstract

Open
transform
acquit

this work **will**
be difficult

unlearn
relearn
commit

moving
against
your known

your previous
understandings protected

split

Show up and
be shown.

By: Kate Amunrud

November 9th-14th, 2016

Day one was a lot of mourning.

Hate isn't just an opinion when it's in the hands of those with power.
That's how systemic violence works.

"Oppressive language does more than represent violence, it is violence." - Toni Morrison

I'm not the first one to say this, we aren't the first young generation who will live under discriminatory leadership. I'm just so sorry. I'm sorry for the pain and distress this has caused. I'm sorry for the pain it will cause.

The reaffirming weight of oppression
to sexual assault survivors that someone who commits acts of violence, and willingly admits, and brags about it
To people with disabilities
To women
To POC
To immigrants
To those who are LGBTQ
That someone
who mocks, discriminates, pledges to take away your human rights, and incites violence against you
Can be elected, endorsed, will be celebrated, by almost 60 million people (and hate groups all around)

Magazines that accused him of sexual assault weeks ago publish the story of his "triumph"
and run heartwarming pictures of his daughter and her children
Our current president and the media will tell us to give him a chance

When fox "news" mocks how the mourning and laugh at cancelled college classes and at people in mourning
when my dad tells me he's disgusted by property ruining protesters in L.A.

And when my classmate shared a story of a young muslim student being attacked by a white student at her school,
And when my best friend shared the story of a Saudi Arabian student that had been beaten to death in Wisconsin
And suicide hotlines have been overwhelmed

It's all a resounding reaffirmation
That your oppression isn't valid

In the morning I wandered around the city aimlessly, feeling defeated and restless and hopeless
And somehow made my way back to campus just in the hopes that I could receive some kind of generational wisdom from the professors who had been through things like this before.

I am restless and answerless and hopeless. Other than to make sure we
be there for each other. And take care of each other. And help each other survive.
We all resist in our own ways.

"Abortion in El Salvador"

By: Martha Medina

"existe un impedimento absoluto para autorizar la práctica de un aborto por contrariar la protección constitucional que se otorga a La persona humana desde el momento de La concepción," (There is an absolute impediment to authorize the practice of abortion for going against the constitutional protection of the human person is granted from the moment of conception). This it is the first amendment of the Constitution of the Republic of El Salvador. In other words, the first amendment says that it prohibits abortion even if the women have being rape or they have an ectopic pregnancy. Due to this amendment, 17 women have been sent to jail and they were forced to serve 30-40 years in prison. As a result, a movement started in El Salvador call #LibertadAlas17 which is a hashtag created by "Las 17" (The 17 women)--an organization that helps women in El Salvador.

As shown above, women in El Salvador do not have the right to control their own bodies. As a Salvadorian, I think is unfair what happened to all of these women who had an abortion or a miscarriage. In fact, I believe that abortion should be "pro-choice" because it should be the woman's choice to do what she think it is right for her. Nobody, including religion, the government, or

politicians, should be making decisions for them. In other words, women should be the ones who decide what to do with their own bodies.

It is poor women who are the targets of these unfair laws because they do not have enough money to pay for a lawyer to speak up for them. I personally believe that in El Salvador women are being treat like slaves because they follow every single rule that is created. Men control everything in El Salvador and it is upsetting that they still wanted to control women's bodies. Like I said before, the most harmed are the poor and uneducated women who suffer from the consequences of these laws; only if they could teach about sexuality maybe they would be able to protect themselves and prevent unwanted pregnancies.

In addition, it is hard to be a woman, especially in El Salvador, because it seems that women are just there to be a wife and mother. Meanwhile, men can do and say whatever the please because they know they are the ones that have control over everything that happens around El Salvador. It is frustrating for me that the Las 17 might be in jail for 40 years for something that they never wanted to have happen. We must not forget that these women can be anyone's mother, daughter, sister or aunt.

Why It's Hard to Be Excited About the Selena Mac Collection

By: Bianca

It is nearly impossible to avoid, but we often find ourselves supporting controversial brands, stores, celebrities, etc. MAC Cosmetics, owned by Estee Lauder, has been subject to criticism for racism against people of color, yet many are not aware of this. Almost 40,000 people, mostly Latinas, signed a petition asking MAC to release a collection in honor of Mexican-American singer Selena who was murdered 21 years ago. After realizing there was potential of making a lot of profit with the idea, MAC announced the collaboration celebrating Selena's legacy. While most Selena fans were eager to get their hands on the anticipated MAC collection, others questioned MAC's racist history. The Selena Collection was released on October 1, 2016 online and MAC's website was flooded with buyers anxious to purchase. This collection is significant because it is the first MAC collection that is catered to Latinas and I acknowledge that it was long overdue. It is great to finally see Chicanx/Latinx individuals being represented in the mainstream beauty industry, but it is hard to forget that MAC tried launching a makeup line romanticizing Juarez. Ciudad Juarez is a place filled with violence and misogyny against women. It is a place where thousands of women are kidnapped, raped, and murdered, but nothing is being done about it.

In the last couple of years, MAC and other cosmetic lines have been trying to gain access into the Latino market in the United States. However, this approach was done in very poor taste. In 2010 MAC Cosmetics released collaboration with high fashion line Rodarte. This new collection was titled "Juarez." Kate and Laura Mulleavy, the two designers behind the Rodarte fashion label, claimed to have been inspired by a road trip to Ciudad Juarez, Mexico. The two were inspired

by Juarez's desert landscapes along with the women that would walk to their factory jobs in the middle of the night. The Juarez collection included names such as "Del Norte," "Ghost Town," "Factory," "Bordertown," "Sleepwalker," and "Quinceañera" for products such as nail polish, blush, eyeshadow, and lip gloss. Nearly 1,500 women have been killed in Juarez since the 1990s and it is still an ongoing cycle of violence. This number does not take into account the women who have disappeared—without a body, authorities do not have proof they were murdered. Juarez is home to a countless number of factories known as *maquiladoras*, which are owned by wealthy corporations.

Thousands of the unsolved deaths are of women who are trying to make their way to and from these *maquiladoras*, attempting to earn money and make a living. I don't understand how being exploited and only earning a few pesos can be glamorized or seen as fashionable enough to be made into a makeup line. It is clear to me that these women have an appalling privilege and they are not using it for good. After their "vacay" road trip to Juarez, they return to their rich companies and plan on how they can make money off these women by claiming they have been "inspired" by someone else's pain and suffering. Really?! I don't think so. The violence against women in Juarez and the lack of justice for their families are the reasons why everything about the MAC/Rodarte Juarez collection is so straight-up damn offensive. Not to mention the advertisement for the campaign of the line included models that resembled corpses. They used white pale thin models that looked like ghosts or zombies to represent the factory workers in Juarez. I am still not sure how pale models looking like death is an accurate representation of the

complexion of most Mexican women. These types of advertisements are simply reinforcing the violence against women in Juarez. Death all of a sudden becomes trendy or fashionable.

After a ton of bad press and criticism within the fashion blogosphere, both MAC and Rodarte issued apologies for the “unfortunate choice of names” and confirmed they would change the names of the products. Soon after they announced that \$100,000 of their profit from the line would be donated to charities that raise awareness and support the women of Juarez. Donating some funds sounds like good idea, but it looks to me as if they were just desperately searching for a solution to make all of it go away. MAC and Rodarte will still be profiting off of the name of a city that is in agony. Donating money does not justify their initial decision to put the line on the market. It only demonstrated the lack of

awareness of violence against the women in Juarez that has only escalated in the past 20 years. This is romanticization and exploitation at its finest and, to top it all off, it is bordering on racism.

MAC's ignorance and cultural insensitivity have pissed off many people for glamorizing and sexualizing women's oppression and violence against women. Without a doubt, this controversy has raised awareness of the dangers that hard-working women are facing in Juarez. It is great to see that so many people all around the world were concerned and worked together to bring change for the better. Although many might say MAC is trying to redeem themselves among the Latino community with the new Selena collection, I say that people might forgive, but they definitely do not forget.



When your home planet exploded a few hours ago but a man you just met is feeling sad about his martial-arts mentor

Me tryna get that 4.0, keep up with friends, eat veggies, text this boy, maintain brows, pay rent, check on parents, register to vote, smile

when the catcall goes from "nice ass" to ugly fucking bitch"



LIFE

Ready To Feel Like A Failure? Joan Of Arc Was Only 19 When She Was Burned At The Stake

Posted Sept. 25, 2014



when he's down to end the imperialist racist misogynistic capitalist heteropatriarchy



something traumatic happens

Me: I'm not gonna worry about it for now it, it wasn't THAT bad

Me 3 years later:



when you appreciate and understand the importance of parallelism in the turning of the rhetoric from "the rapist's life is ruined" to "but the survivor's life is ruined even more so," as well as of allowing each survivor to tell their own story, but it's still hard to read when you also have to tell yourself every day that your own life isn't ruined or over, but you still share the posts out of solidarity anyway



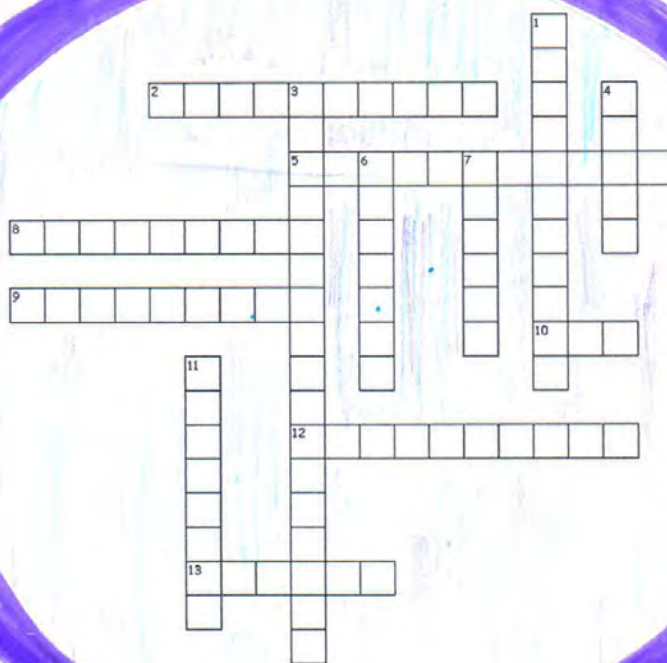
when you realize women are mocked and belittled for literally anything they do so you decide to do whatever you want for the rest of your life



AREA MAN UNSURE HOW LONG HE HAS TO READ BELL HOOKS IN PUBLIC BEFORE WOMEN NOTICE

Feminist Memes
By: Victoria

Feminist Pedagogy



Across ♂

2. A male-dominated power structure
5. An individual who does not conform to conventional notions of m/f gender
8. A person who identifies with their gender assigned at birth.
9. Social set of advantages
10. biological identification
12. limitation of human rights by system/people
13. prejudice against women

Down ♀

1. exploitation + conquering of land
3. term coined by Kimberlé Crenshaw
4. a reclaimed term used to express fluid identities and orientations
6. the discriminatory prejudice against individuals with disabilities
7. socially-constructed identity based on biological sex
11. belief in the social, political, and economic equality of all the sexes

[Untitled]

By: Natalie

School has never been easy for me, so when it was time for me to transfer to San Francisco State I thought my only option for getting accepted was to declare a Women and Gender Studies major because it was not impacted. I was so focused on getting accepted that I did not even look at the description of Women and Gender Studies or really understand what I was getting myself into. If I had it my way, I would be majoring in Child Development or Communications. I took a couple communication classes and a couple Early Childhood Education classes at Santa Barbara City College and I was really interested in both of those topics. Many of the students who major in Women and Gender Studies are very passionate about feminism and truly making everyone equal. I grew up in a house where my mom stayed at home and took care of her three daughters, while my dad went off to work to make money to support his family. Feminism was never present in my house, so the material that I was learning about was very new and different to me. My entire family is also Republican, so listening to my teachers and peers talk so highly about Democratic views irritated me because I did not grow up with the same views that they believe in. Going back to my childhood and high school years, I was placed in a very heteronormative and patriarchal space, so that is really all I knew. My first semester at San Francisco State, I would complain non-stop about my classes and what they were teaching. My parents told me to just try and have an open mind and learn as much as you can even if I did not agree with what they had to say. After I talked with my parents, I started to have an open mind and really tried to understand where my peers and teachers were coming from. The advice that my parents gave me about having an open mind changed the way I thought about Women and Gender Studies. I never thought of myself as a feminist and honestly, still don't think of myself as a feminist, but I have become more aware and more educated on the issues revolving around feminism and I agree with a lot of what my professors are teaching me. My view on Women and Gender Studies has changed me for the better from my junior year to my senior year. I am happy that I was able to step out of my comfort zone and the bubble that I was living in and learn about different races, sexualities, and genders. This major has really helped open my eyes to the oppression that people experience worldwide. I believe that I have learned so much from choosing to major in Women and Gender Studies and I think it will impact my life forever.

QUEER TEARS

By: Enkhmaa Enkhbold

I broke down on Market Street. The street- full of color, loud music, cameras, nudity, tourists, and the glorious rainbow FLAGS everywhere. I stood against a wall and watched the parade. My aunt was with me, she pushed people around to get to the front of the line for better view. I, standing against a wall, was chain-smoking and watching. Suddenly, I broke; tears rolled down my cheeks and I was desperate for human connection. I was surrounded by people yet I felt completely alone. I was desperate for queer connection. Hundreds of people on the street and there I was--disconnected. Ever so alone. I hated the fact that my aunt does not see me as a non-hetero person. She fishes but I refused to be caught because I am not ready, yet I want to her to. It was a special day. Her enthusiasm along with all others' with their cameras and their objectifying gazes made me furious and sad. *I was desperate for queer-human connection.* I texted my sister in tears, telling her how could she not called me today--it's a parade day. It is my first parade since I came out. She responded by saying, 'This is also new to me.' I ended up understanding her. Then I thought to myself, when is my turn? When will someone be there for me? I was finally tired of being strong, I wanted to be completely vulnerable. I called a friend, said the same thing. Her response was same as my sister's. *I was desperate for queer human connection.* I wanted to break away from my ever-so-hetero aunt, I wanted to be alone. I needed to drink. So I did. Broke away and headed to Castro. Just walking around, rainbow flags comforted me; yet, I was desperate to belong and desperate for queer-human connection. I stopped at Harvey's, had few drinks. I wrote down a few thoughts. A thought struck me like a bullet--a girl that I hurt. A single kiss hurt her. The consent! I kissed her without her consent. No one ever asked for consent to kiss me. I was lost. Then the delusional heteronormativity became nostalgia. Sick. I walked some more in Castro. It was a very hot day! Then I went into a barbershop for a haircut in an attempt to make myself even more queer. Silly, really. Yes, that buzz cut will do it, I thought to myself! Greeted by the barber and asked to be seated in front of the mirror. Eyes puffy, nose red. "What would you like today?," he asked. I wanted to say, make me visibly queer--queerer than now. What does that even mean?! I poured my heart out as he listened. He had no questions, he only listened. I loved being in that barbershop. The chair, the atmosphere, it was like a hug from my mother. A "thank-you-for-everything" type of hug! Then I left. Where to go now? I walked to Dolores Park...sat there and drank alone.

Telling this story intends to reach out to those who are like me as it intends to offer a moment of truth and moment of sorrow. It is for those who are immigrants or bicultural and for those whose intimate immigrant community has no queer visibility. As someone who "came out" at the age of 30, it is astonishingly difficult to build new friends and community and I still struggle with having the courage to come out to my parents. Ultimately, I seek decent human connection and understanding. Telling of this moment was inspired by a book called, *First Person Queer*. The stories in this book had offered me many hugs that were needed and missed.

Gender Shopping

By: Jlyn



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Gender Shopping

By: Jlyn

***wife beater** (n.): A sleeveless undershirt.

Why can't we call them white tank tops? The term was given because of its appearance in American movies from the 30s and 40s to explain what white heterosexual males wore when beating their wives behind closed doors.

***pussybow blouse**: formed as a euphemism for female genitalia but was synonymous as being similar to a bow tied on a feline, essentially a type of "girlie tie"

***skater jeans**: form-fitting jeans typically worn by a group who associates within the skater community

***boyfriend jeans**: the style cut originates from the first blue jeans created in 1873, this "boyfriend" cut was loose fitting and thought to be a kind of masculine beauty

***swim trunks**: essentially the same as swimsuits, yet is explained to have come from when people wore underwear that covered the entire trunk of their body to their feet, usually worn by men as women get arrested for going topless in some countries

***combat boots**: typically worn by soldiers in the military branches and was personalized to wear in everyday society

***muscle tees**: a sleeveless Tshirt, often close fitting, that shows off muscle development

***flats**: usually used to describe an apartment but also used to explain a type of shoe typically worn by female-bodied people

***bathing suits/bikini**: taken from a French designer when the two-piece women's swimsuit was introduced, naming it after the Pacific test site for nuclear weapons Bikini Atoll

***bow ties/suspenders**: bow ties & suspenders became a staple in male wardrobe in the mid 1880s, following the cravat ties worn inside a dress shirt

***night gowns**: why not call them pajamas? Nightwear for female-bodied people that were also called "baby-doll" gowns

***spaghetti straps**: tank tops with straps the size of spaghetti, typically worn by female-bodied people

Fucking tuition

By: Kyle Liddle

To the professors that tell us we drink too much
Anything that goes into my body is not your business
And in the mist of your judgements did you ever stop to ask
why any person might need to consume this much poison
I try to light this goddamn cigarette in the wind
A bottle of champagne in
Wondering if this is what an escort looks like
A borrowed tank top from my roommate and an excuse to wear the jeans I accidentally ripped to
inseam
The hair I wish I didn't have was hanging in a stringy ponytail still dented from the bun I usually
hide it in
I recall how on the website he asked me if I was trans
Said he was sorry, he just had to ask these days
As if being trans is offense
I know what he really means to ask is if I am a trans woman
And God already this was more than I cared to explain
to a man I have to spend 30 minutes with to pay for this liquor
I know how all the feminine in me comes out when I'm drunk
And swiveling my hips that puberty gave to me like a Christmas present I didn't ask for
I took another sip reminding myself that when I can't see straight it's lot easier to blur the binary
in my brain
A person can't understand drinking on the job until they've forced down a bottle to trade their
female body for an identity they're still fighting for
Face painted for public consumption
Smiling from the liquor or maybe it's the little girl I killed to get here
My roommate tells me she wants to get into sex work
And already I know I have made the mistake of making it look easy
Wearing the mask of pride to hide the shame of selling another queer body to the patriarchy
How many rainbow flags am I burning?
How many posters of lesbians screaming how their identities are not the result of having the
wrong dick am I erasing while doing this?
My partner is always checking my Venmo to find out exactly how much it takes to make me cry
The first time I told her what I do she looked at me like I'd just been handcuffed for serial killing
Until her, the only person I was killing was me
I tell her how when they tug on my binder I think of how much tighter my budget is
They say to be trans is to be deceptive but is it still deception if I'm pretending to be cis for this?
I layer my gender and education between me and them like candy corn
So when they grip my throat
I imagine the choke hold this government has me in
And when they grow inside me
I picture my student loans shrinking
I watch wasted spilled wine flow back into my glass and then out of my eyes
As I lie saying this is the last time
I'd have to do this

FLAWED

By: Hunte

I am LOYAL and OPTIMISTIC to the people and situations I encounter
I wonder if WE as a people will get our rightful place in SOCIETY
I hear the CRIES of the SOULS that were taken too soon
I see families SUFFERING, just so they can see TOMORROW
I want to wake up next to someone who truly ACCEPTS me for the troubled SOUL I really am
I am LOYAL and OPTIMISTIC to the people and situations I encounter

I PRETEND to be HAPPY even when I am not
I feel PAIN, when I listen/watch how this SOCIETY is “growing”
I touch LOVE but never really FEEL it
I worry that I will NEVER be ENOUGH
I CRY when there is no OUTCOME
I am LOYAL and OPTIMISTIC to the people and situations I encounter

I understand that there will NEVER be true EQUALITY
I say LIVE life with no REGRETS, even when your back is against the wall
I dream of a SOCIETY where one can be their true self without any JUDGEMENTS
I try to be the LIGHT in other people’s DARKNESS
I hope that all the Black souls LOST were not in VAIN
I am LOYAL and OPTIMISTIC to the people and situations I encounter



By: Nicole Rodriguez

I know you didn't think you would make it.
I know the pain that you endured hurt so bad.
Door after door closed and it was dark and you saw no way out.
Look, you overcame the obstacles that was meant to tear you down. You made it.
The curse is broken; what gave you pain will in turn not only bless you but others as well. Things
sure did work out for the better. It's written that the end of one thing is greater than the
beginning and this season had proved that you can beat the odds. The system meant to tear you
apart has given you knowledge and insight on how to make the world a better place. Just
remember everything that you went through is to help someone else break through.

Torshideh

By: Ashley

You should cook for him, don't you want him to marry you?
You should pour him tea, like a proper Persian bride.
You should wear make-up,
You should dress more feminine,
That way he will marry you.
Proper brides should be seen, not heard.
Just smile.
You don't want to be *torshideh* like her daughter, do you?

1 Torshideh: an unmarried daughter usually in her mid thirties or older.

Derived from the word *torshi*, which is the pickled vegetables often served with Persian cuisine.

"Torshideh women are undesirable women who are 'behind schedule' for marriage"

--Haideh Moghissi

A Ella

By: Martha Medina

Ella había perdido su mirada entre blancas paredes,
Y, yo sin saber lo cuanto que la extrañaría
La abraze, la mire, la besé
y me fuí

Me fuí, sin saber cuando la volvería a ver
Tome lo poco que tenía, por sueños grandes que aun poseía
Pero a Ella, la pinte en mi mente
gravando su ausencia, y añorando que fuese una ilusión

Que ¡Tonta! fui,
¿Porque me fuí?
Sabia, que todos los momentos que pasamos me atormentarían
Sin saber, que a Ella le dolería

Pero sabía que a Ella no la olvidaría,
Es más-le hablaría todos los días
porque sin Ella yo me moriría.

Because I'm...

mother Independent ambitious
W O K P R Beautiful HER **Latina** Brave Asian
powerful Successful I know I can do it SURVIVER
wonderful white
WOMAN Educated Strong/wife
Passionate IT Self-worth WGS
Wise EQUAL feminist
Black LGBT THEM Capable
Immigrant HE humble bilinguual **SISTER** Indigenous
lower-class

Ella
By: Martha Medina

Learning to Scream

By: Janette Gutierrez

As I grew up I was told to be quiet. I spoke too much, talked too loud, said so much never actually said anything. "it's not ladylike to speak so much." The phrase "It's better to be seen than heard" comes to mind so often. I was constantly being monitored. As I grew, I learned to keep quiet, that "no man wants a girl who speaks too much." I learned to quiet myself in order for a man to feel comfortable, to find me accepting, and to love me. Over the years, my voice fell to a silent hum. I never felt comfortable talking in class in fear of what I had to say was wrong, or in fear that someone was going to say I had no idea of what I was talking about. Maybe I didn't have any idea of what I was talking about, but that didn't matter. I was now silent. I was now unable to speak. I fell silent to the horrible things I saw; I fell silent to things I shouldn't have. Even when taking WGS classes, I still fell silent, thinking "well it's not my place to talk," or "I'm not an expert on this so my opinion isn't as important." The first time I spoke up was before I took any WGS classes. My sister and her boyfriend were fighting. It was ugly and it was in the living room. I got so angry and frustrated I quietly said, "shut up." It was quiet, but it felt like the loudest thing I had ever said in my life. As I started to argue, I got louder and louder. I felt like I was being heard. I felt like I was speaking for me, for my sister who didn't know what to say, and for everyone in my family who has ever let a man speak to them in a disrespecting manner. My mother came up to me after and thanked me. She never wanted me or my sisters to ever go through what had happened. When I actually started to take WGS classes I was so interested in the material. Learning ways in which women are silenced, and how it is something so common and in so many cultures. As I learned all about this, I slowly started to find my own voice. I started to speak up, started to get braver, started to feel like I was being heard. My opinions are valid, my voice is mine, and I'm allowed to not be quiet. I look back to when I was in high school and I feel sad for my teenage self. I was quiet because I didn't want to come off as

rude or as a "know it all." This is a fear most women have. Women are supposed to be smart, but never smarter than a man. A woman is supposed to challenge opinions, but the only opinion that matters is a man's. I am less afraid to speak up now. I am slowly learning that I have a voice, and my voice is just as important as anyone else's. My voice is something I will forever be appreciative for. I remember that day so well. Everyone telling me they were sorry, giving me the same sorry face. I remember feeling like I didn't want their sorry. I didn't want their sympathy; I was angry that I was a statistic. I didn't want to be just another number, just another person who was assaulted, just another person that has felt victim to the horrible truth of living in a big city. As time passed I grew less angry, I became more of myself again. I remember repeating the story over and over to my family and friends during the Christmas time. I never wanted to, but I still told them. The day still lives with me, every time I go to work a little too early, or when I go out and come home a little too late. I'm more on guard. That's just a side effect I suppose. As time went on, I tried to put that part of me away in a small box in the back of my mind. But still it never left. I believe that the past is a part of you. It stays with you and makes you who you are. It's a fact actually. So I tried to become stronger. I became less afraid, because before I was so afraid. I remember the day after it all happened I needed to go to Walgreens to get medication. Such a simple task made me so nervous. I kept thinking, "will people stare my stitches on my face?" "Will people ask me what happened?" "What if I think I saw the people who did this to me?" I was so afraid. I channeled the feelings of being afraid to strength. Taking any emotion, you have, from being angry to afraid, and putting it into strength. No two people have the same story. No two people have the exact same experience, but two people can channel their emotions and stories into making them better people. Many people would ask, "why me?" and others would say, "I'm glad it was me and not someone else." Both are okay.

I am going to be honest

When I arrived at San Francisco State I honestly had no idea what Women and Gender Studies was. Before I was happily welcomed into the WGS program, I was obsessed with getting into a nursing program and getting on with my career. I wanted my parents to brag about what I have accomplished. But what I realize now is that WGS is the best thing that has happened to me in a really long time. I have received my associate's degree in Biology for Health, Psychology, and Sociology; in WGS I can use all three of these degrees altogether. I want to achieve more in life than listening to others that it is ok that I get paid 80 percent of what men earn. I know I am worth way more than that. I want to challenge myself and aspire for so much more in life.

Whenever anyone mentions Women's Studies, we are asked "Do you hate men?" or "Are you a lesbian?". During my first semester as a WGS student, I was completely LOST. I know that I had no idea what any of my professors were talking about and I looked scared. What had I gotten myself into? What was I going to? I couldn't quit college, so I decided to lay low. Nothing clicked for me until I took WGS 200 over the winter. I was happy to voice myself in class and speak my mind. My advisor was teaching the class and she was most happy that

I was coming out of my shell and I was happy that she thought that. I was making progress, I was starting to understand all the readings, and I was happy.

So, I am at that point where I am about to graduate and I don't know what I want to do next. Do I continue on with WGS or do I stop and move onto nursing? Why can't I just combine the two? What if I did nursing, but kept my focus on women's health? DECISIONS.

**I know can make it work,
because they have both
become my passion.
Because...**

**WGS applies to everything -
politics, theory, literature,
history, sociology, and
psychology.**

WGS is relevant - until men and women are completely equal WGS will always be relevant.

WGS is on the right side of history - you don't study WGS for just yourself, you learn it for your partner, your family, and your future. WGS opens the door to a whole new world.

We don't have to just learn one skill in college, it is a chance to pick up as many skills as you possibly can. So why not pick up as many skills, take them out into the world, and make the world AWESOME!

-Sheevena Singh

I need FEMINISM because

"Gender norms will pressure my nieces to stay oppressed. With feminism they will be free to choose who they want to be without fearing social pressures."

"Women do not always have access to birth control and safe abortion."

"It's the only support/reminder I had after my rape to tell me it wasn't my fault, and help me heal/recover." -M.G. WGS-552 they/them

"It reminds me of the power I have even as a woman, and even when external factors tell me otherwise."

"I want my voice to be heard as a queer woman of color."

"It's not just about creating equality between all genders or more specifically, men and women. It's a sociological paradigm that helps us transcend boundaries and use analytical tools to understand perspectives other than our own."

"I am not free while any woman is in chains." -Audre Lorde
-Kaylee Fagan

"I don't want to see other women defined as weak gender."
"I need to feel safe coming to school and work"

"I have lost millions and millions of words to fear. Tell me that is not violence." - 'the deaths' by Nayyirah Waheed, Salt.

"Equality should be free."

"My abuser thought he was a feminist."

"I am living my life as a woman in a brown woman's body...so...fish gotta swim and shit."

"I am the voice for women of color in the past that were silenced."

"My first belief system failed me."

"In my country there are still many women whose progress are still held back, not only by the patriarchal system but also neoliberalism, and capitalism."

"I work as hard as the next man and deserve equal pay. I love going braless, showing my hardened nipples without being scolded. Also breastfeeding my baby in public was amazing. I FUCKING LOVE TALKING ABOUT SEX OPENLY WITHOUT BEING LOOKED AT LIKE A WHORE..." -L. Williamson Amber Rose #SLUTWALK!!

"It shows me a new perspective." -Evan Eulner

"I would like to enjoy everything in life."

