

INTERSECTIONAL FEMINISM

ROOM 16



Room 16, is a collection of numerous pieces created by sixteen women and gender studies students. Illustrating various themes, and personal experiences, Room 16 aims to be an outlet for readers to explore freedom of expression, creativity, and to think critically about the social issues that riddle our minds. Each entry carries a piece of the author, and we only hope this collection resonates with you.

DEDICATIONS

Colly - To anyone who feels as though they are constantly holding their breath. To all of the queer and trans folks at all stages of life, you are beautiful and worthy of your dreams. Happiness is not something we arrive to, it is something that we find and lose and find again along the way.

Sunny - To all faculty, administrators, and staff in the WGS department and at SFSU I would like to say thank you for enabling me to learn more about myself and the world around me, I am deeply grateful. To my mom and sister, you both have my heart and I constantly look to you both for inspiration and strength. To all of my friends, thank you for your continued support and laughter along the way.

Esbeidy - For my parents and sister who always raised me to be the best I could be. And to all of my family and friends who inspire me everyday.

Kassandra - To all the badassess who continue, time and time again, to be resilient when challenged with the oppressions of a patriarchal society, we are rooting for you!

Cindy - To everyone in the WGS community and SFSU. I thank SFSU for allowing me to grow and learn more about being inclusive. To my best friend and boyfriend for constantly inspiring me and motivating me. I also thank my mom for the continuous support.

Sam - To my various mental illnesses driving me to write about them, all my amazing supportive professors who helped me through my depression + ADHD, and my best friends who loved me through everything.

Courtney - Thank you to everyone who has inspired me and saw what I have to offer, your believing in me is all that I needed.

DEDICATIONS

Keyla - I want to thank and dedicate this to the black, indigenous, brown and queer students in the WGS department who have contributed to teaching WGS courses by sharing their painful experiences and stories in relation to the articles, class readings assigned in class. To Sunny, Soha, Sidney and Nettie thank you for existing and sharing your experiences and teachings with me. Lox quiero!

Nancy - For my mother and sister who takes care of me and help me succeed in life. Many thanks to WGS department and staff.

Darlene - For my mom and dad, thank you for never giving up on me and having endless support. For my aunties, thank you for being an inspiration and paving the way of wanting to pursue a college degree. For all the girls out there who feel lost, keep on keeping on. Time has a funny way of playing out in life, and you will forever be learning new things. Trust the process, as I am still learning how to do.

Denise - For my daughters, Project Survive and the WGS department, with special gratitude to Martha Kenney for her encouragement and Kendra Harris for her hospitality and an open door.

Hayley - To the amazing WGS department faculty at SFSU.

Sanam - To my wonderful readers, the WGS department, my parents who raised me to be the best daughter, to my hubby who supports me through thick & thin and yo all those souls who are searching for truths off the beaten paths. A tribute to those who are unable to express themselves, however brilliant they may be! "Your value doesn't decrease based on someone's inability to see your worth"

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Swallow my feelings

A fiery tongue extends from my mouth, rage and fear arching over me. It is apart of me. It cannot be separated from my body. I can only scream louder and louder to expel it's toxic smoke and fire from my lungs. Yet, I do not always have the privilege to be in a fireproof room. So I close my mouth and attempt to snuff out the flames. I focus elsewhere. The pain remains as I am distracted from it. The closest I can get to being away from it. Smoke seeping from my body. I am still burning from the inside out yet I am constantly cold, like a disgusting fever that I ignore. One day it might kill me if I keep doing this. Others offer to put out my fire but they are 400+ miles away from me with the water. I can't reach the well and extend my ten foot long tongue in for relief. It is too long, too troublesome, too much. All I can do is cry out and release the flame when I'm in that fireproof room, alone.

-S.H.

The water works

Water washing around in my body, I try to squish down the rising waterfall. I redirect, redirect, redirect. I stopped the water from spilling from my eyes. I do not know or care where the emotions or the water goes. Just relief that it has finally passed again.

-S.H.

I've always wondered why people play that game where they see how long they can hold their breath underwater...

What is exciting about needing air and not having it?

Maybe it's the thrill?

Perhaps it is the validation of saying "I won, I lasted longer than anybody."

I've been holding my breath for a while now, diving further down into the deep end each passing day.

I think my heart levitated 5 inches and is
confused why it is now in my throat.

How can I hold my breath when my lungs
are already at full capacity?

I never knew why people held their breath
underwater,

But then I remembered how it feels to
come up for air.

I am the deepest end of the pool,
My heart is racing and my stomach is sinking,
and the heavy water gripping my body is
letting up.

Rays of light hit my teeth,
and I am laughing for everything I am.

I emerge from the water and all the oxygen
in the world is finally mine.

Looking down at the pool I can no longer
see all the things I was so worried about.

And I realize that holding your breath
underwater is for people like me,
Who want to remember how it feels to just...
breath.

When something is described as being spiritual it usually means that whatever is being talked about has some kind of effect on or relates to the human spirit.

When something is described as being spiritual it usually comes with a feeling of completion, understanding, and peace. Just like the human spirit, which seems to have no beginning or end, what can be considered spiritual has none either. I do not go to church or get down on my knees or pray often. Instead I enter my kitchen, prepare with my hands, and listen to those that came before me often. When looking for the connection to my spirit I find it through the steps of recipes. Measurements of ingredients, taste tests, and arguments over whether green apples go in dressing (they do!) fill me with completion, understanding, and peace like no other. Big problem or not. Bad feelings or good. I have these recipes to help guide me.

Oxtail Stew

Ready in 2 hours

Serves 6 people

Cook when...

it's a rainy day outside or when it feels rainy inside. Taste best after a hot shower and under a warm blanket. Help it digest with a phone call to a loved one right after.

Ingredients

- ! 1 pound of oxtail
- ! 2 teaspoons of minced garlic
- ! 1 teaspoon of thyme
- ! 1 onion
- ! " teaspoon of paprika
- ! 1 tablespoon of tomato paste
- ! 2 green onions
- ! 2 tablespoons of cooking oil
- ! 15 ounce of lima beans
- ! 1 bay leaf
- ! Salt and pepper
- ! 1 Tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
- ! 1 teaspoon of curry powder

Preparation

1. Season oxtail with salt and pepper
2. In a large pot, heat oil, add oxtail and saute until oxtail is brown.

3. Add onions, green onions, garlic, thyme, worcestershire sauce, paprika, tomato paste, curry powder and stir
4. Add 5 cups of water. Bring to boil and simmer for 2 hours until oxtail is tender
5. Add lima beans to stew during the last 30 mins of cooking

Sweet Potato Pie

Ready in 1 hour

Cook when...

the world hasn't been as sweet as you'd like, you need to apologize, you miss your mother or all 3.

Ingredients

- ! Pie crust
- ! 2 cups of sweet potato
- ! 1 cup of brown sugar
- ! " cup evaporated milk
- ! 2 eggs
- ! " teaspoon of nutmeg
- ! " teaspoon of cinnamon
- ! 1 tablespoon of flour
- ! 1 teaspoon of vanilla extract

Preparation

1. Boil sweet potatoes until tender
2. Remove skin on potatoes
3. Mash potatoes in a bowl
4. Mix potatoes until smooth
5. Add butter, sugar, nutmeg, cinnamon, ginger, vanilla, flour and mix until smooth
6. Pour into crust and back for 55 mins
7. Let it cool then enjoy



Here are images of a semi- happy person.

Yet, filters are limited and don't exhibit the faces we usual hide in the public eye.

For myself, a single mother, older non-traditional student. I have expressions that no Samsung or Snapchat filter can display.

This collage is a creation to represent my many faces, along with other identities behind the filter.

Many of us have fears, struggles or obstacles that limit our full potential.

Being a Women and Gender Studies Major-- I became aware and faced my own challenges, I gained strength and empowerment.

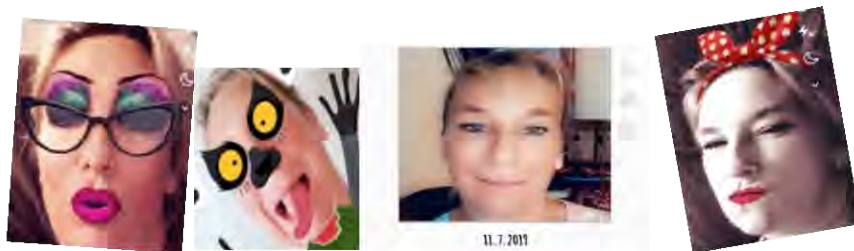
While ageism, racism, sexism, classism and ableism effect each of us in one way or another, WGS is a discipline to share, observe and learn.

This is me! My front stage persona—happy. It appears!

Yet, I have multiple stage physiognomies: mom, student, co-worker, partner and friend.

No matter the challenge or how shitty a day may be,

I make the best of it "one day at a time."



BRUJX SELF-CARE TIPS & RECIPES FOR BLACK AND BROWN STUDENTS WHILE IN ACADEMIA

CLASS

IT IS OKAY TO MISS CLASS
IT IS OKAY TO CHALLENGE THE
SYSTEM...THE SYSTEM ALSO INCLUDED
ACADEMIC SPACES... WHO ARE PART OF
CAPITALISM AND ARE BUSINESS AT THE
END OF THE DAY
ITS OKAY TO NOT SHARE YOUR PAIN IN
CLASS SO OTHERS CAN LEARN

HEALING CIRCLES

TALK TO THE PERSON IN CLASS THAT FEELS THE SAME WAY YOU DO
AND HOLD HEALING CIRCLES TO UNPACK HOW YALL HAVE BEEN
TOKENIZED AND CONTINUE TO TEACH THESE COURSES THROUGH
YOUR EXPERIENCES AND ANCESTRAL KNOWLEDGE.

CINNAMON TEA

1 HONEYCRISP APPLE
2 CINNAMON STICKS
SWEETENER
(AS MUCH AS YOU WANT)
BOIL 2 CUPS OF AGUA
ADD APPLES/CINNAMON/SWEETENER
FOR 6 MIN
DURING THIS TIME...
TAKE A BREATH & CRY IT ALL OUT.

Becoming Myself

1. High School...

Getting dropped off for the first time in front of the administration building. Aisha never thought she would have to start basically from zero. Learning a new language, culture and how to interact with people from different parts of the world with different views on everything and who basically where in a similar place as hers.

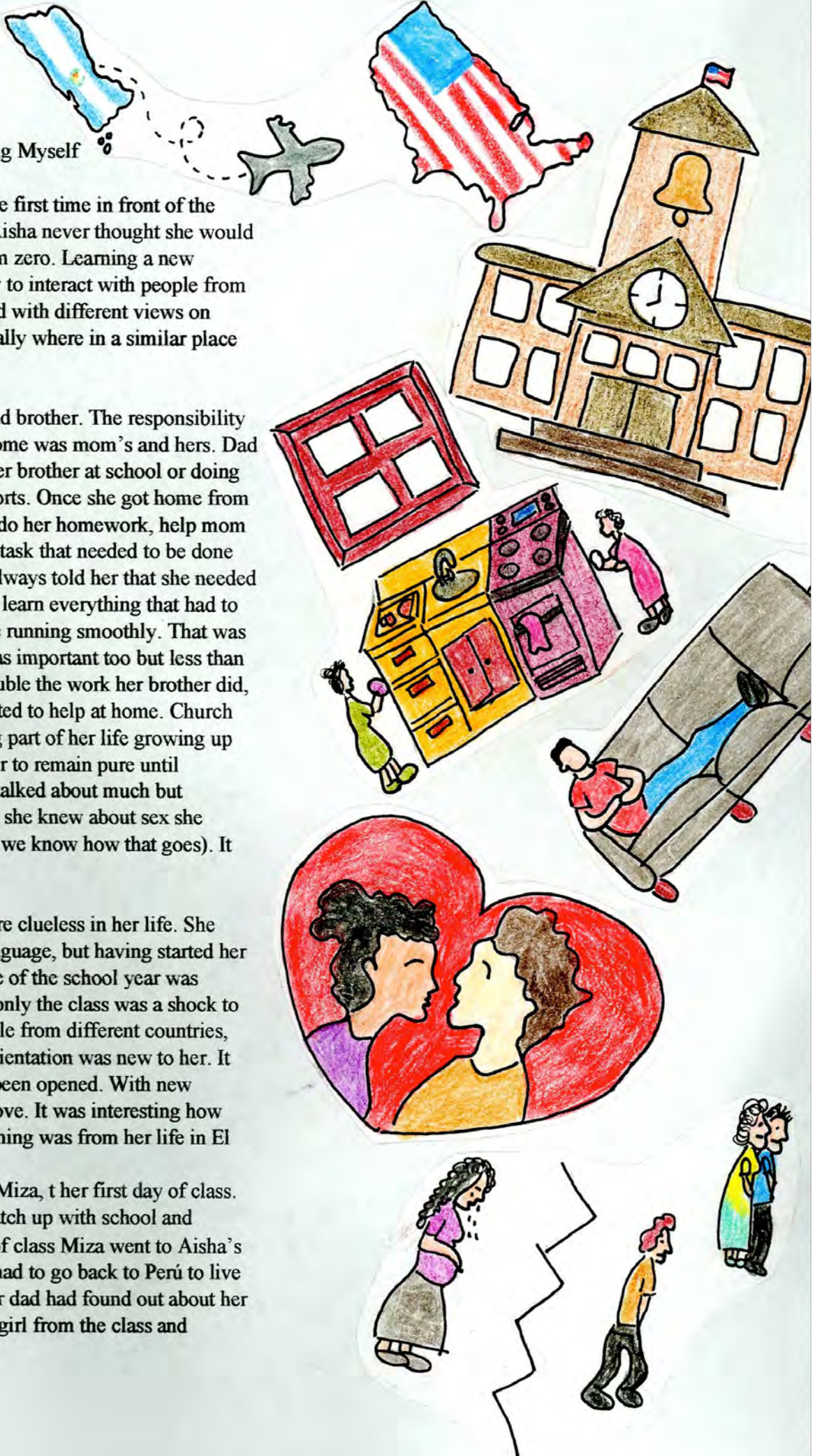
2. Life at Home...

Living with her parents and brother. The responsibility of most of the chores at home was mom's and hers. Dad was always at work and her brother at school or doing other activities such as sports. Once she got home from school she would have to do her homework, help mom with dinner and any other task that needed to be done for the day. Her mother Always told her that she needed to be a good daughter and learn everything that had to do with keeping the house running smoothly. That was a woman's job. School was important too but less than homemaking. She had double the work her brother did, because he was not expected to help at home. Church on Sundays was also a big part of her life growing up and the expectation for her to remain pure until marriage was a topic not talked about much but expected of her. The little she knew about sex she learned it at school. (And we know how that goes). It was a taboo talk at home

3. English Class...

Aisha had never been more clueless in her life. She knew the basics of the language, but having started her new journey in the middle of the school year was difficult for anyone. Not only the class was a shock to her but also meeting people from different countries, background and sexual orientation was new to her. It was like a new door had been opened. With new perspectives on life and love. It was interesting how different everyone/everything was from her life in El Salvador.

She became friends with Miza, t her first day of class. Miza had helped Aisha catch up with school and everything. The last day of class Miza went to Aisha's house to tell her that she had to go back to Perú to live with her mom because her dad had found out about her relationship with another girl from the class and



they had to say their goodbyes. Aisha lost the only true friend she had had since coming to the US.

4. Starting College...

The rest of High School had been a blur, she met more people and a few friends. She had relatively gotten used to everything. Her life at home was relatively the same. She had chores to do, homework and had to help babysitting her little cousins whenever their mom had a late night at work. College was when she started taking classes related to women and gender studies which opened up her eyes to many injustices committed against minorities and people who are considered outcasts and made her realize that she wanted to do something to help and change that.

5. First Boyfriend...

One day during her first semester at community college, she met this cute geeky guy in the hallway. They had a few things in common and a nice time together. James had grown up in a different environment she had. So when he asked her to go out and she would tell him that she couldn't, he didn't understand why. Being a boy in an American white household he had the freedom to come and go as he pleased and she was scared to even ask if she could go out with him. She did it anyway. They started going out. Skipping classes to be with him and it didn't end well. After 3 years together her parents had accepted her relationship but they were not too happy about it. James and Aisha were expecting a baby, and their relationship was crumbling. She was alone, James did not want to be a parent and her parents kicked her out. Her cousin helped her by letting her stay at her place for a while. She had more responsibilities now, like finding a job, helping with rent and bills, and still trying to go to school. She had no communication with her parents for almost 2 years. She had made mistakes but surely they were not perfect besides the past could not be changed. Little by little they started to repair that relationship that had been broken and she was starting to get more support from them.

6. Last Year of University...

Balancing everything with the help of her parents and a few years of practice, helped Aisha get to her last year of university. Her life didn't turn out how her parents had hoped and nothing like she had hoped for herself but a new adventure was just beginning. A partner who supported her in whatever decision she made. The end of a difficult chapter. The beginning of a new one that

looked more promising. Full of mixed emotions she could not dwell on the past anymore.

Her journey in women and gender studies helped her grow in ways she did not know she needed to. She was not scared of reclaiming her own place in the world and in her latino family. She knew that little changes could make a big difference. What she learned in class helped her had more open conversations with her mom about topics that usually Latino families avoid and to change the dynamics at home. She knew she could help change things and she began by trying to teach her daughter that she had a place in the world and that she should not be afraid to fight against what she thinks is unjust. And live her life without regrets.



LIVED IT

6 years old: Go play, little girls aren't supposed to help men fix and build.

7 years old: You read too much.

9 years old: Go help in the kitchen, men will take care of the outside stuff.

10 years old: Woke up to the start of first period.

11 years old: Heath and sex ed for 45 minutes in school. That is all. Ever.

12 years old: You're big for an Asian girl.

15 years old: Your face is supposed to be clear, you're Asian.

16 years old: You're getting too skinny.

17 years old: Don't you know how to start the lawn mower and take care of the weeds?

18 years old: Don't go out, stay home and read your book.

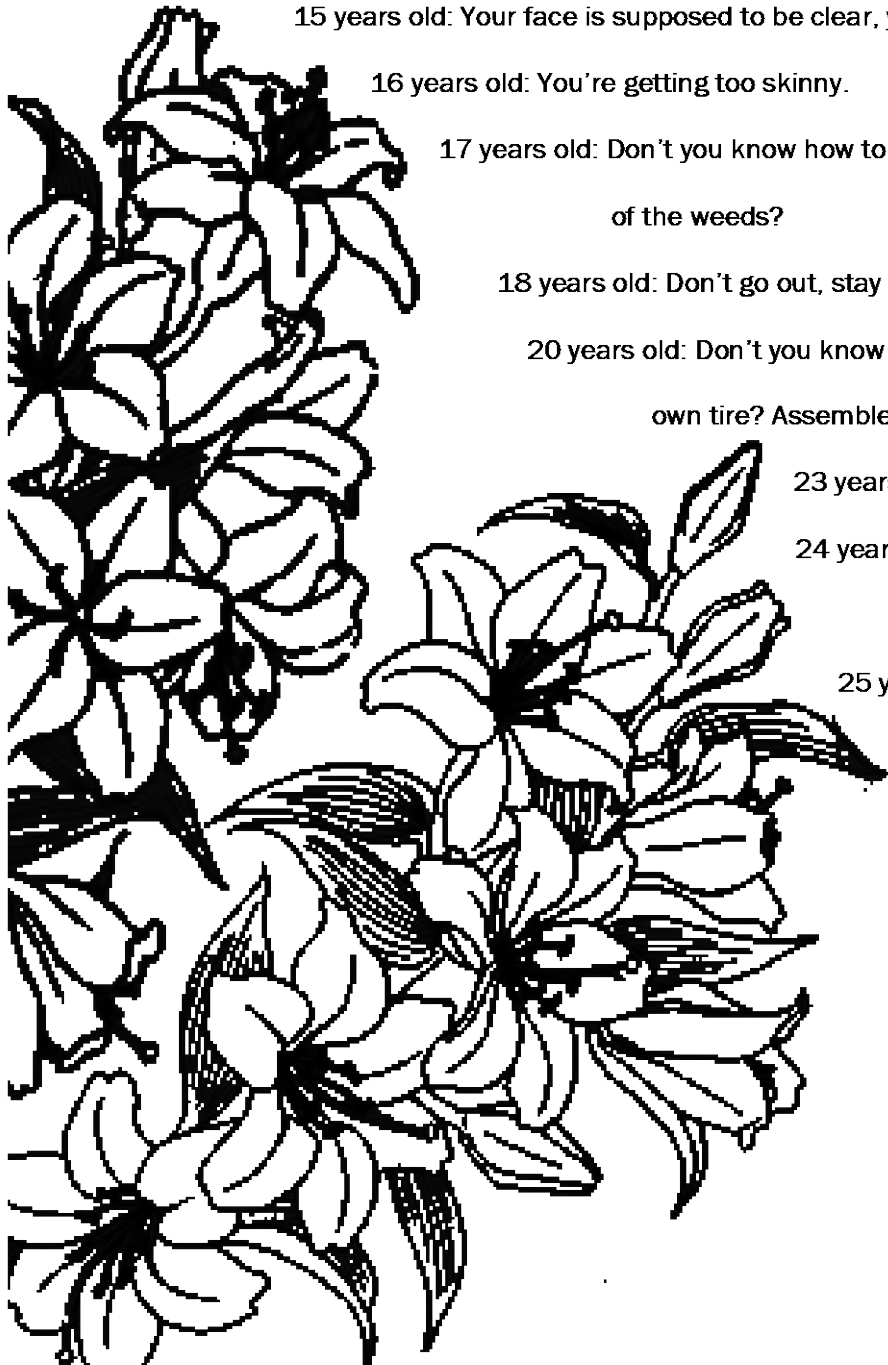
20 years old: Don't you know how to change your own tire? Assemble your own bookshelf?

23 years old: You're big for an Asian girl.

24 years old: Darlene, talk to me about birth control.

25 years old: So what are you going to do with your life? You're supposed to know who you are and what you want by now.

- Darlene Patham



PRETENDED IT

6 years old: Thank you for wanting to be daddy's helper! Let me show you how these tools work and you'll be able to build and fix anything without me!

7 years old: Wow I love that you love to read! Your bookshelf is growing into your very own library!

9 years old: Thank you so much for wanting to help me in the yard, it's a lot of work but working together will get the job done faster!

10 years old: Waking up to see your own blood all over the bed must have been scary, but I am so proud of you for staying calm and coming to tell me right away. Go ahead and shower; I will tell you how to use these products and we can talk about it.

11 years old: I'm glad they introduced you to sexual education at school today. I understand that it is a lot of information packed in so little time. Is there anything else you are curious about or want to ask me?

12 years old: I think our family needs to be better at eating healthy. I want you to be the best and healthy version of yourself you can be.

15 years old: You are growing and changing, and your body will process this differently than other girls. Don't worry about how you look, everybody goes through puberty and it will all be okay, I promise.

16 years old: I'm glad that you are running more at school, and I am proud of you for working on your health! Your nutrition is important to me and I want to to be sure that we are eating right for the amount you are exercising.

17 years old: Come on, let's cut the grass and tend to the garden together.

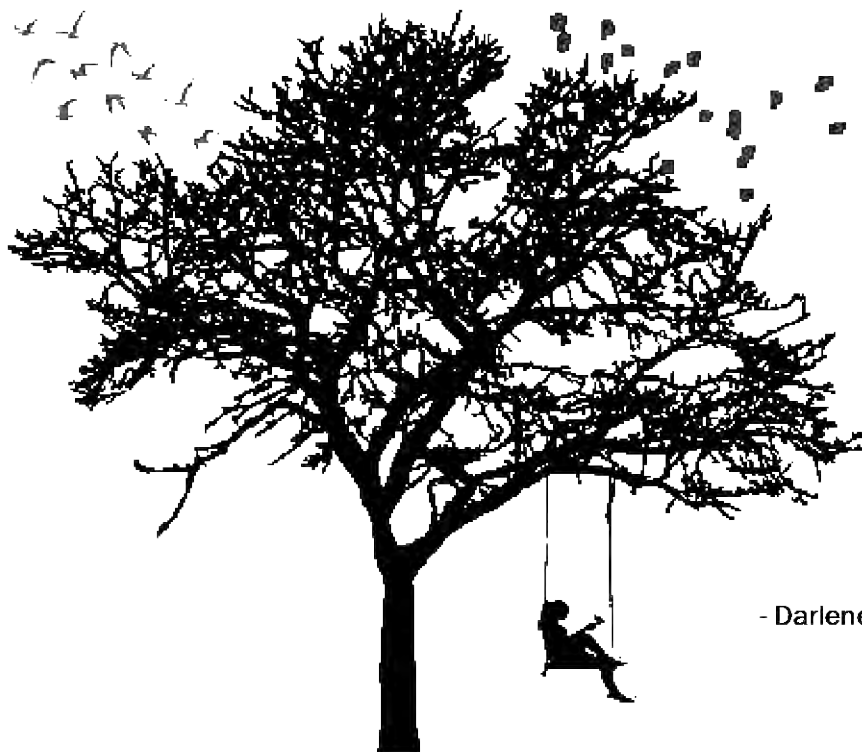
18 years old: I know you love it when I take you to the bookstore. Why don't we head over after dinner, come back home, and you can start your new book by the fireplace?

20 years old: Let me show you how to change your tire. There might come a time when you get a flat on the road and I'm not there to do it for you. We can go back inside and assemble your bookshelf together too.

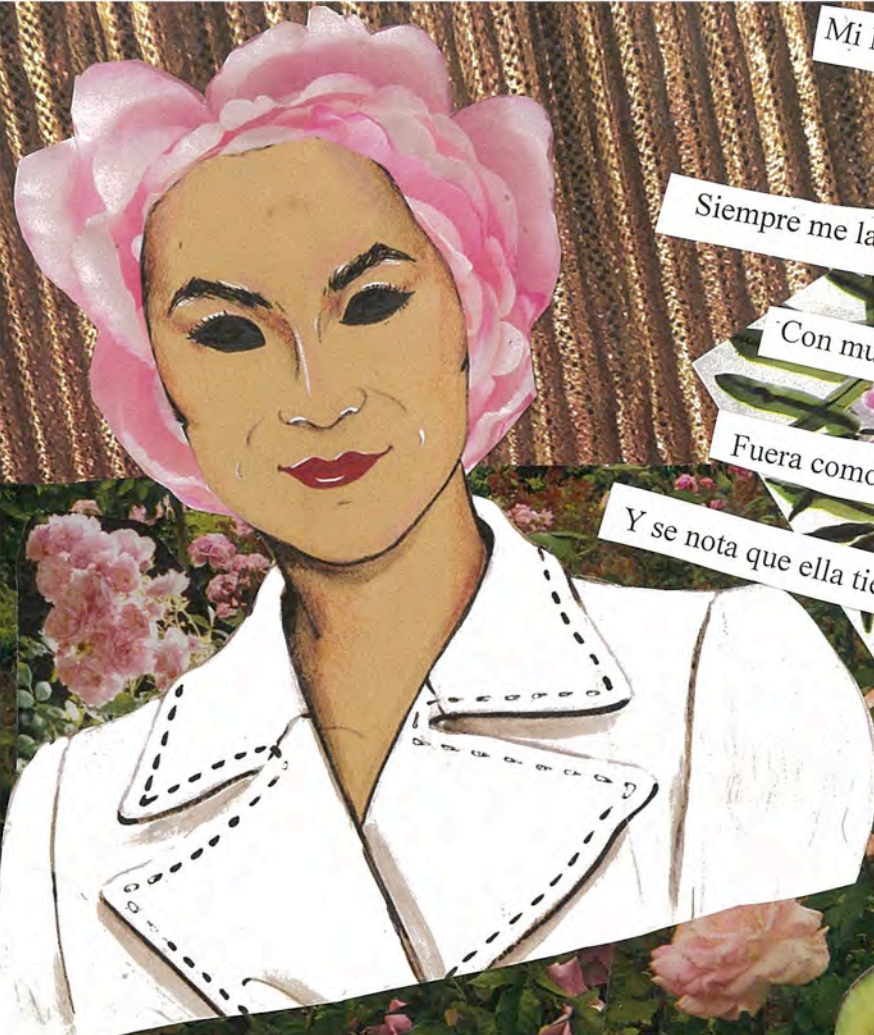
23 years old: I know you don't have as much time anymore on weekdays for the gym, but how about we do those weekly weekend hikes we used to enjoy doing as a family?

24 years old: I understand this wasn't something we talked much about together, but I have some questions and concerns about my birth control and I was wondering if there is something you learned that you can teach me.

25 years old: I am so proud of you for finishing school and paving your own path. I understand that plans change and your mind changes too, and I want you to know that it's okay if you don't know exactly where you'll end up in life. Things may fall apart so that better things can fall into place. So don't worry, you'll be where you're meant to be in no time.



- Darlene Patham



Mi Mama me enseñó el simbolismo de cuidar la naturaleza

Como si fuera algo íntegro de todos nosotros

Siempre me la imagino cortando sus rosales y plantando una maceta

Con mucho empeño ella alimenta su jardín con su amor

Fuera como si ella tuviera una esencia verde de la naturaleza

Y se nota que ella tiene un don especial que toda planta que toca florese



Enter if you dare

Be careful if you will

It's been kept untamed

Like a garden of roses in dry terrain

Mood Swings

It roams for miles and miles

Thoughts and dreams that are wild

Welcome to my mind

I was three years old when my family brought me to this country

This country of great opportunities and wealth

I only knew how to say hello and thank you

Now I know how to say fuck you to this country

This country that was birthed on taking away

Gendercide, Racism, Forced sterilization

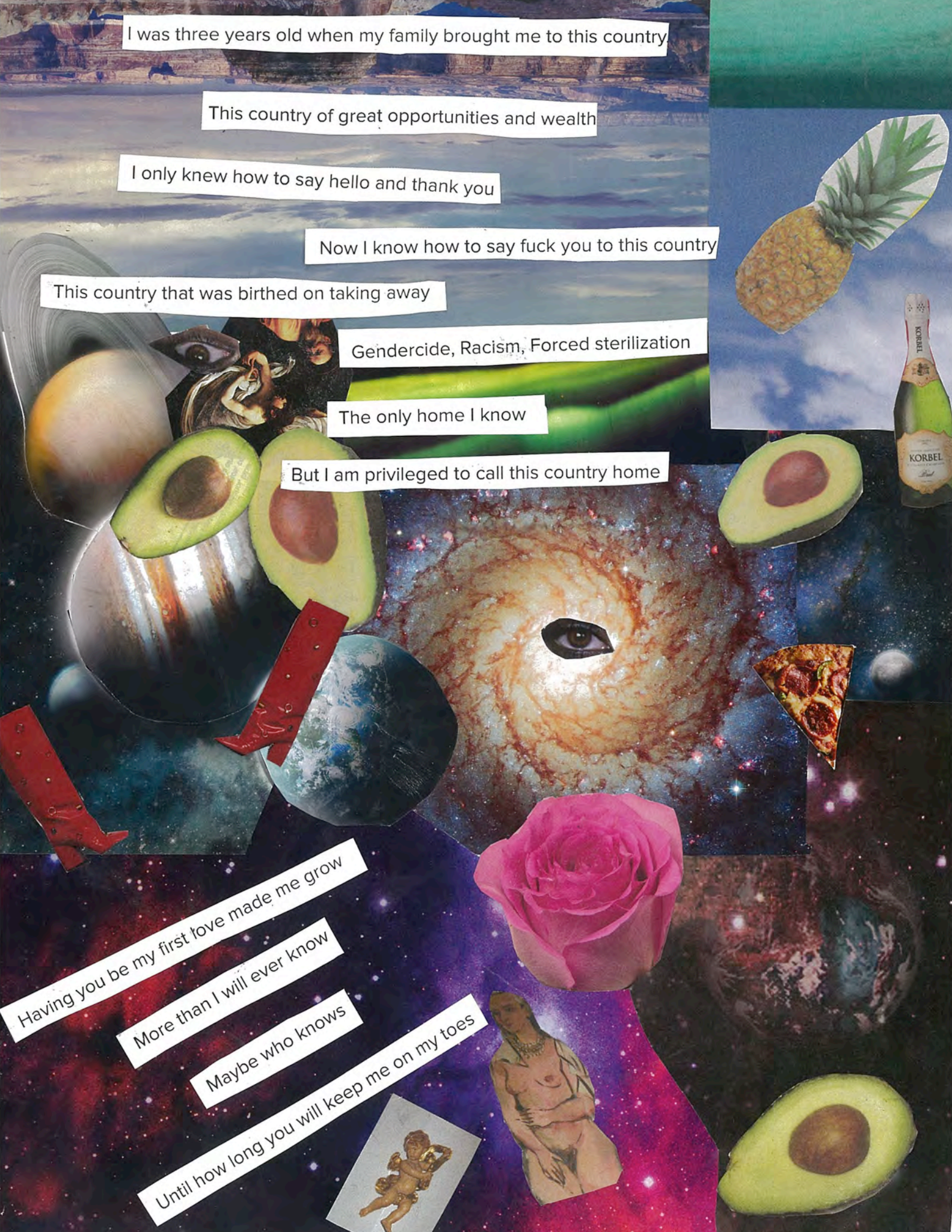
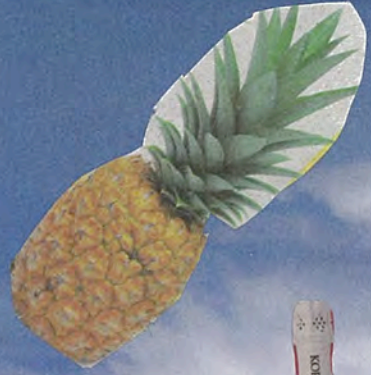
The only home I know

But I am privileged to call this country home

Having you be my first love made me grow
More than I will ever know

Maybe who knows

Until how long you will keep me on my toes



What I Missed in Sex Education

I really wish I had learned that there were so many different types of birth control out there! That it's not a one size fits all kind of thing! I struggled finding what worked best for me! Don't be afraid of asking a professional some questions, and always do some research!

The decision about what kind of birth control option to use is extremely personal, and there is no single choice that is safest or best for all women or couples. A woman should carefully weigh the risks and benefits, along with the effectiveness of each method before choosing a birth control method. A thorough and open discussion with a healthcare-professional can help in this decision process. The choice of birth control method depends on many factors, such as the desire for reversible birth control or permanent birth control methods.

Types of Birth Control

Hormonal birth control methods work by preventing ovulation, so that a woman is temporarily infertile. Hormonal options of birth control involve the use of hormones to prevent ovulation in a woman. Birth control pills, Injections, Hormonal patches, Birth control implants, Vaginal ring, Some IUDs.

Barrier options prevent fertilization of the egg by a sperm cell. These either prevent contact between egg and sperm via a physical block or kill sperm cells before they are able to fertilize an egg. Diaphragms, Condoms, Cervical caps, Spermicides, Sponges

Intrauterine devices work by preventing a fertilized egg from implanting in the uterus and causing a pregnancy. IUDs or intrauterine devices are implantable devices that create an environment in the lining tissues of the womb that is unfavorable for implantation of a fertilized egg.

Surgical sterilization is a form of permanent birth control that is available for both women (tubal ligation) and men (vasectomy). Sterilization implants (a small coil is inserted into the fallopian tubes to block them) are a more recent type of permanent birth control that is available for women that allows women to avoid the surgical procedure associated with tubal ligation.



The Patch

The transdermal contraceptive patch is a safe, simple, and affordable birth control method that you wear on the skin of your belly, upper arm, butt, or back.

-Put a new patch on every week for 3 weeks, and it releases hormones that prevent pregnancy.

-91%-99% effectiveness when used properly

- \$0- \$150

The Ring

You wear the small, flexible ring inside your vagina, and it prevents pregnancy by releasing hormones into your body.

-Needs to be replaced and changed on time, every 3 weeks, monthly.

- 91%-99% effectiveness when used properly

- \$0- \$200

Injection

The depo shot (AKA Depo-Provera) is an injection you get once every 3 months. It's a safe, convenient, and private birth control method that works really well if you always get it on time

-To get the shot's full birth control powers, you have to remember to get a new shot every 12-13 weeks. That's about every 3 months, or 4 times a year.

- 94%-99% effectiveness when used correctly

- \$0- \$150

Implant

A doctor inserts the implant under the skin of your upper arm. It releases the hormone progesterin to stop you from getting pregnant.

-last up to five years

-more than 99% effective.

- \$0-\$1300. Implant removal can cost between \$0 and \$300.



Birth Control Pill

Birth control pills are a kind of medicine with hormones.

-Birth control pills come in a pack, and you take 1 pill every day.

- 91%-99% effective when used properly

- \$0-\$50

IUD

Intrauterine Device (basically: a device inside your uterus). It's a small piece of flexible plastic shaped like a T. Sometimes it's called an IUC — intrauterine contraception. An IUD is a tiny device that's put into your uterus to prevent pregnancy. IUDs are divided into 2 types: copper IUDs and hormonal IUDs. It's long-term, reversible, and one of the most effective birth control methods out there.

-Once in you can keep it in 24/7 for 3 to 12 years, unless you want it out earlier.

-more than 99% effective

- \$0 to \$1,300

Birth Control Sponge

The birth control sponge (aka the contraceptive sponge or “the sponge” for short), is a small, round sponge made from soft, squishy plastic. You put it deep inside your vagina before sex. The sponge covers your cervix and contains spermicide to help prevent pregnancy.

- 80%- 91% effectiveness when used properly

- \$0- \$15

Condoms

Condoms are thin, stretchy pouches that you wear on your penis during sex. Condoms provide great protection from both pregnancy and STDs.

- 85%-98% effectiveness when used properly

- \$0- \$2

Diaphragm

A diaphragm is a shallow, bendable cup that you put inside your vagina. It covers your cervix during sex to prevent pregnancy. The diaphragm is a barrier that covers your cervix, stopping sperm from joining an egg.

-In order for a diaphragm to work best, it must be used with spermicide (a cream or gel that kills sperm)

- 88%-94% effectiveness when used properly

- \$0- \$75



Belen: Is it compulsory for a woman to bleed their first time having sex?

Jennifer: No. I know of women who did not bleed during their first time of having sex. Women were created differently, and this means that the hymen is not created equal. There are so many things that can wear the hymen, including intercourse.

Belen: What are these things?

Jennifer: Think of a hymen like a tissue paper. A hymen can tear, stretch, and it can easily rub away. A hymen is a thin membrane that is found on the external opening of the vagina. Some women can see a few drops of blood after sex, yet other women might not experience this at all.

Belen: Does the hymen have any blood supply?

Jennifer: The hymen does not have a huge blood supply that is why some women can bleed while others will not bleed. People and society have made a significant deal on bleeding the first time one has sex. They think it symbolizes purity. However, the idea of popping one's cherry is not the momentous event that individuals believe it is.

Belen: You are right. Virginity is not a medical condition but a social construct. There is no medical definition of chastity, but it is built on social beliefs and norms.

Jennifer: I would say that these beliefs control women, but I would advise you to be comfortable with your body. You do not need to worry about what is going on down there, relax.



Some People grow up thinking that virginity means bleeding for the first time of having sex. On the contrary, it is not like this. People can fail to bleed during their first time of having sex. In many communities, virginity has always been a big deal. People have become obsessed with the issue such that today, they have forgotten to understand the idea of virginity from different perspectives. These are some of the things that I wish I were taught in high school. I have always believed that being a virgin means that one has to stain the bed sheets the first time of having sex. But it seems I was wrong.

Years ago, I had an opportunity to meet a friend of mine from high school. After a long conversation with her, Alexandria said that her husband divorced her because he thought she was not a virgin because she did not bleed on the night of their wedding. Growing up watching women and listening to their stories made me wish I had learned about the issue of sex education. After extensive research, I realized that women were created differently. Some women are born without the hymen, and everyone's hymen does not look the same. This explains why some women have the likelihood of bleeding during sex while others do not. Some activities



like riding horses, gymnastics, biking can have the hymen broken. In these circumstances, it is tough for one to notice it. This is a misconception that made me think that sex hurt, yet sex should not be painful. Expecting blood anticipates pain and not pleasure, fear of one's body, and fear of pain. It

was then that I understood why Alexandria did not bleed that night.

WHAT I LEARNED NOW: BREAKAGE OF HYMEN IS NOT THE ONLY REASON THAT CAN MAKE YOU BLEED AND CAUSE YOU PAIN.

Hayley Smith (she/her)

What I Wish I Learned in Sex Ed: Basic Description of Abortion

There are two types of abortions: medical and in-clinic. A medical abortion is commonly known as “the abortion pill,” but it’s actually two different pills. The first pill is called mifepristone, which works to block the body’s natural production of progesterone, a hormone that allows a pregnancy to develop. The second pill, called misoprostol, causes strong abdominal cramping that expels the pregnancy tissue. These two pills can be taken at the same time, but misoprostol *must* be taken within two days of taking mifepristone in order to work. This type of abortion can only be performed safely within the first trimester, up to 10 weeks into a pregnancy. Most people feel they can go back to work or school the next day, but everyone should refrain from strenuous activity for at least a few days while the pills work. These days may feel similar to a heavy menstrual period or early miscarriage, with symptoms like vaginal bleeding and abdominal cramps. These symptoms can be treated just like you would a period; pads, tampons, and menstrual cups can be used for the bleeding and over-the-counter pain relievers like ibuprofen can help relieve the cramps (but avoid aspirin, which can increase the bleeding). Depending on where you live, you may be required to have a preliminary and/or follow-up visit where you receive the pills; sometimes an antibiotic is prescribed to prevent infection.

For pregnancies past the first trimester, abortion must be performed in-clinic; however, in-clinic abortions may be performed during the first trimester as well. There are two types of in-clinic abortion procedures; the first is the suction abortion, the second is called dilation and evacuation, or D&E. The suction abortion, also called vacuum aspiration, works by using gentle suction to empty the uterus of pregnancy tissue. Before the procedure, some patients are prescribed medication to help open the cervix, and sometimes small absorbent dilator sticks called laminaria are placed into the opening of the cervix a few hours to a few days prior. The procedure itself begins with the insertion of a speculum into the vagina, followed by the injection of numbing medication into or near the cervix by way of the vaginal canal (you *do not* receive an injection into your abdomen *through* your external stomach area during a normal suction abortion). If laminaria haven’t already been placed, they will be following the injection. At last, a small tube is inserted through the cervix into the uterus; this tube is connected to either a suction machine or a hand-held suction device which empties the uterus of pregnancy tissue. It is important to ensure the complete removal of a pregnancy, as remaining tissue can lead to infection which can be dangerous; a small surgical tool called a curette may be used to remove any remaining tissue. The suction abortion is the most common in-clinic abortion procedure; it only takes 5 to 10 minutes and is typically performed up to 16 weeks into a pregnancy.

For a wide variety of legal, financial, personal and medical reasons, abortions are sometimes performed further into a pregnancy. For pregnancies lasting over 16 weeks, the D&E is the only safe abortion procedure. D&E abortion requires the preparation of the cervix and some level of sedation, ranging from strong muscle-relaxers to full-on anesthesia (meaning that you may be totally “asleep” during the procedure). For later second-trimester abortions, an injection through the external stomach area *may* be necessary. The D&E procedure is very similar to the suction abortion, but requires more preparation time and usually takes about twice as long to perform. It also requires more time spent in-clinic, including time to sign the necessary

forms, prepare the cervix, and then to recuperate afterwards; most patients need less than an hour of recovery time before they leave the clinic. Depending on where you live, you may be required to have a preliminary and/or follow-up visit to the clinic where the abortion will be/was performed. (Information sourced from [plannedparenthood.org/learn/abortion](https://www.plannedparenthood.org/learn/abortion))

"This is the age of sin. Reject the order of creation. Revel in the annihilation of man as the image of God. Destroy. Plot designs of death. Disfigure the face of man and woman."

Being taught sex is about a man on top and a woman lying underneath together, I oft end up laying sideways. Because when there are two paths, there is no other place to go except a strange third mid way journey between them, despite the nature of roads and how they can continue to fork, split off, and change. Depending on who would lay in my bed, my body would become possessed with otherness and malleability. I could not physically withstand a singular form. My teeth becoming fangs to feast on flesh, a demonic tail to wrap up my prey, and my mouth to feed on their energy. Between man and woman, there was no humanity in my bed except for my partner. The axis of where I am visually perceived. From this axis my form is cast. Cis men who wish to be mounted find comfort in my hips. Cis women enjoy my creative sinful tongue whispering in their ear. Fellow trans folks are deeply enthused by my monstrous collection of phallic members. I am the Incubus Girlfriend. Many seek my company for that of a female companion, yet long for bedside chaos. My body produces the Rejection of the order of gendered human creation. Disfigured and hauntingly beautiful, I will not be stopped. Even man, the once thought of image of God, is tempted by my otherworldly talons to dig into his being. My infinite hunger will consume all.

-S. H.

Her Marriage Certificate...

Heavy are his breaths on me
With each breath I try to count the heartbeats
Strangled in the shackles of fear
Cold tears roll down my cheeks
Then he moves to his side
And sleeps a complete stranger beside me

Yet again I lay in total numbness
Numb with acceptance of my fate
Aching with sufferance of my body & soul..

A man who doesn't understand her sorrow
No permission, no ecstasy,
Only satisfying his needs till tomorrow..
"I'm his wife, its my duty,
"its his right"-- I repeat

She told her mom, showing her bruises,
To her surprise, she said, "that's how life goes"
If you don't listen to him
You will be in great loss"--

But don't worry--as the morning will come
The stories of my weary nights will be combed
Into a painting of pride & honor
I should hold my broken self in
And make breakfast for the man
Who raped me last night

An ideal daughter-in-law who is exchanged
With a marriage certificate for a consent of her soul

"I stand straight & calm"
Bearing the marks of uncountable nights..
"That's what marriage is"?
"That's what I deserve?"
She repeated these lines till her last breath...

de dos países

My name is super Mexican. Esbeidy Gutierrez. Gutierrez gives it all away, and Esbeidy is just the worst to pronounce. There is no denying my mestiza roots. From my dark indigenous hair, to my unapologetic Spanglish. My parents came to this country in the 1980s, my father, Juventino, who was previously married before meeting my mother and had a son, crossed through the mountains with a coyote to find work in the U.S. My mother was stolen from her home by my father during a visit back to Mexico in the small town of Placeres del Oro, where she was raised. She was 20 years old. I say she was stolen because after only three months of dating my father was going back to the U.S and wanted her to join him in el Norte. During this time it was a great shame for a woman to leave her home unmarried but if she was “stolen,” the shame was lessened because she was the victim, even if this stealing was completely consensual. By June 1986, my parents were still unmarried and living in Anaheim, Ca and had just welcomed their first daughter, Elizabeth. Twelve years and three other sons later, Froylan, Raymundo, and Flavio, I was born on September 7, 1998. My mother had gone into labor on Labor Day of that year. According to my parents, I was born with a pitch black birthmark on my right thigh, and it would haunt me during my childhood even though it had faded significantly. But I hated that birthmark until I realized that I was being ridiculous.

I don't have a first language. My mother tongue is Spanish because I identify as Mexican. But my first language was both Spanish and English. My parents would speak to me in Spanish because they never even learned English, and all of my older siblings would talk to me in English because they didn't like speaking Spanish. I grew up the same way, thinking that Spanish was only for the home and that English was better because more people could speak it and being American was better. My friends never actually heard me speak Spanish unless I was talking to their parents. The only part of my Mexican heritage I embraced was the food and the tradition of the quinceañera. I love everything about Mexican food and the splendor of food at parties. But that's only one part of being Mexican out of a million beautiful aspects of my mestizaje.

I wore my cultural shame very quietly, never acknowledging that I hated being Mexican but rather simply saying that I was American and my parents happen to be from Mexico. I think it made other people more comfortable too, especially in conservative Orange County. But now I embrace my culture with pride. *Yo tengo el nopal en mi frente sin vergüenza*. Through my studies and social interactions I have seen the oppression that black and brown people face and how we are shamed for our indigenous characteristics yet popular cultural now capitalizes on these same

characteristics if they are on white people. The first time I felt the pride and anger of being Mexican was when I learned about the horrific murders of the women in the U.S-Mexico border town of Juarez that began in the 1990s and persists today. The idea that the lives of these women mean next to nothing to both the Mexican and American government, filled me with rage. Mi raza was being murdered and nobody cared. After learning about the feminicide in Juarez that is still happening today, everything changed. I began asking my parents questions about their life in Mexico and their journey to the U.S. I began actively listening and wanting to know more of what they were saying whereas before I just wanted them to finish talking quickly.

I have never felt more proud of being mestiza. Or of being the daughter of two Mexican immigrants who never finished middle school. All their labors were for my success and it fills me with a joy that cannot be attained other than through the sacrifice and pain that is the way of life for a person of color in the U.S. Los estados unidos, no son libre, no para la raza, ni ningún otra persona de color. Este país no puede sobrevivir sin nosotros, y todavía el gobierno y la sociedad quieren que nos regresemos a nuestro país. Yo soy mujer de dos países. Y voy a continuar luchando para una vida mejor para inmigrantes y grupos marginados.

Below are some great books that helped me realize the power of being Latina, and the resiliency of communities.



Hayley Smith (she/her)

“Chirp, Chirp” A short-short horror story

You hate taking evening classes, but you *need* to take this course for your minor. It doesn't end until 7:45, so the walk back to your car is always after sunset. On a typical Thursday, you carpool to this class with your former roommate, but tonight she has food poisoning and you have to go alone. You'll have to make that solitary walk through Park Merced, the one you've dreaded having to take since you reluctantly signed up for the class all those weeks ago. *You won't have to do this again, you won't have to do this again*, you recite quietly to yourself as class lets out and the room fills with the chatter. After getting your bag packed, you're out the door and quickstepping out of the building.

The night is painfully crisp and damp, like the air is misty with carbonated water. You don't even check your phone, that would only slow you down. You just keep walking as fast as you possibly can while street lamps illuminate a path to where you parked. You're pretty sure it's in your back pocket, you'll check it when you're locked in the car. *Just keep moving and this will be over soon.*

All you can hear is the sound of your own boots, hitting the sidewalk path in a panicked rhythm, until the rustling starts. The rustling appears to be nothing but birds in the shrubs planted all around the apartment houses, but grows so violent that it could only be explained by larger creatures. You don't want to look, what lies in your peripheral vision is too much to handle, and suddenly you've broken into a jog. Something runs in front of your feet, something bigger than a cat, and you trip over a pronounced crack in the sidewalk. Your hands are able to catch the pavement as you fall on your side, saving your hip from the direct impact, but you can't help but

let out a shriek. The ground is even colder than the air, and the rustling has risen to an overwhelming vibration of your surrounding environment. Your eyes are shut tight as you cling to your knees and try to catch your breath. Five seconds, maybe even less, and the rustling comes to a screeching halt.

Against every instinct in your body, you slowly open your eyes. Two eyes, black, surrounded by black fur. Two more, and three more, you eventually stop counting. As your vision adjusts to the darkness you are able to make some sense of what's surrounding you: a swarm of at least thirty raccoons in a semi-circle, centering you as their subject of interest. You stare back, unable to speak, as one of them abandons the mob and approaches you. They have a limp, as if one of their front paws is holding something to their chest. What are they holding? Is it emitting light? Is that... what you think it is? The brave raccoon holds out your phone, their small dark paw strangely resembling a human hand with its opposable thumb.

A chirp, a stutter, a *voice*, that whispers:

“You dropped this.”

Good days drown me in music,

Bringing life to metal machines,

Fading the honking and inching

Of bottleneck traffic.

Cars rush ahead,

Squeezing, cutting each other off,

Searching for clear roads,

That are non existent.

Cars excel only to find

Cement serpents so

Earth-gorged they

Bulge and

suffocate the throat.

When mindless, I drift
to 5 am Mexico mornings.

Cool crisp air, dark skies,

and long fuel lines

brown faces

Starved daily for fuel.

Remember their patience

Lined by hundreds

Cars immobile

Cement serpents are

Unbalanced. Eat

Too much in one

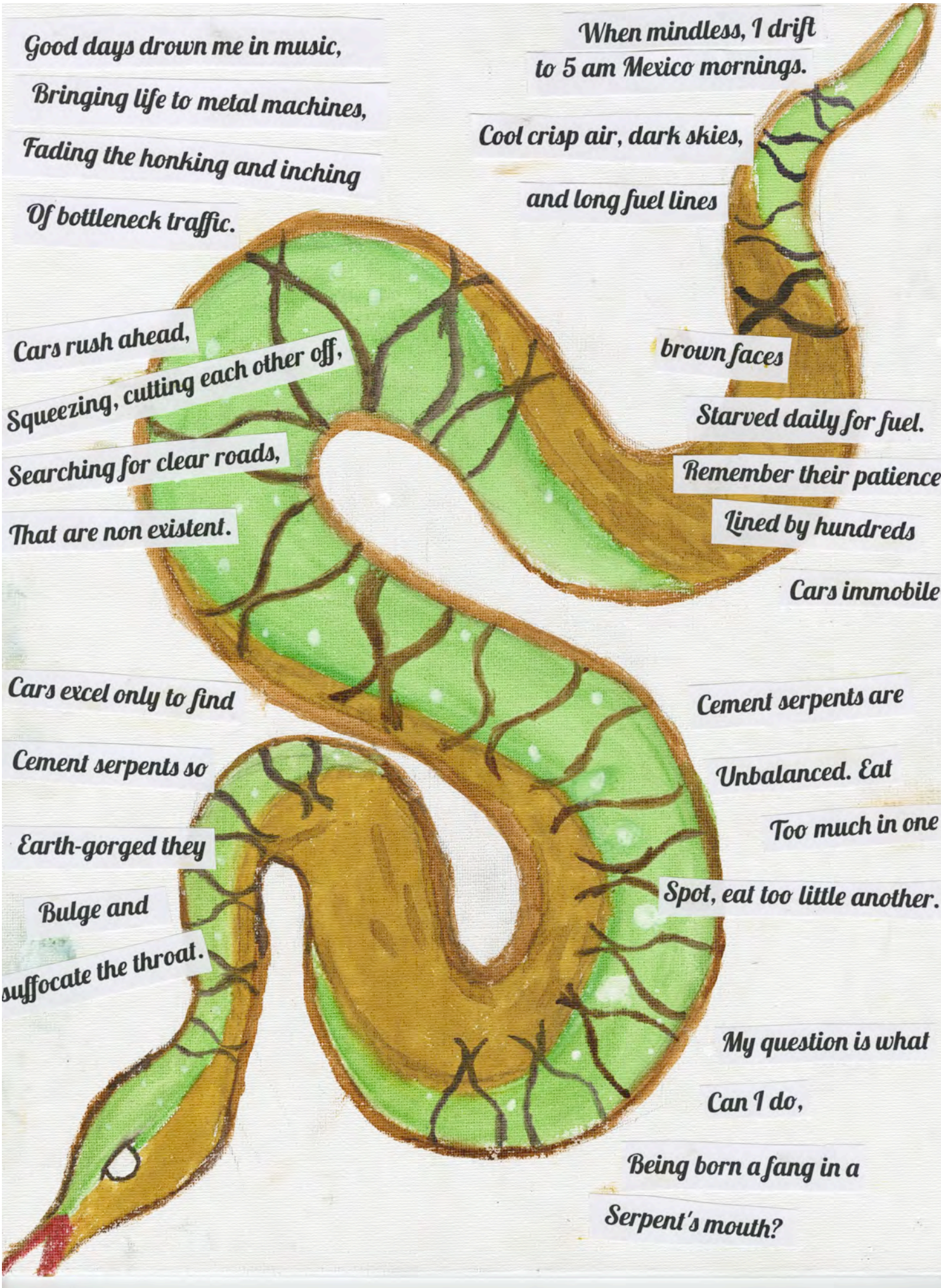
Spot, eat too little another.

My question is what

Can I do,

Being born a fang in a

Serpent's mouth?



I'll never forget my 1st WGS class. We introduced ourselves not only by name but was asked to state the gender pronouns we go by. This was the first time I was ever asked + the first time I realized the importance of inclusivity for non-binary people. A space was created for them to be their full self without fear. I believe in the importance of creating a safe space for everyone. In the next couple of pages there are coloring pages and helpful tips to be inclusive using they/them pronouns. Have fun and share the activity to open dialogue.

For more info:
mypronouns.org

ASK

you can't tell someone's name + pronouns just by looking at them



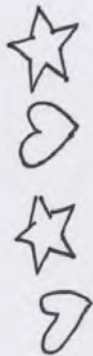
RESPECT

It's not up to you to decide someone's identity. Respect their pronouns.



PRACTICE

If you have difficulty using someone's pronouns, practice.





your voice...

RESPECT

THEY MATTER

THEY ROCK

Allyship

your voice:

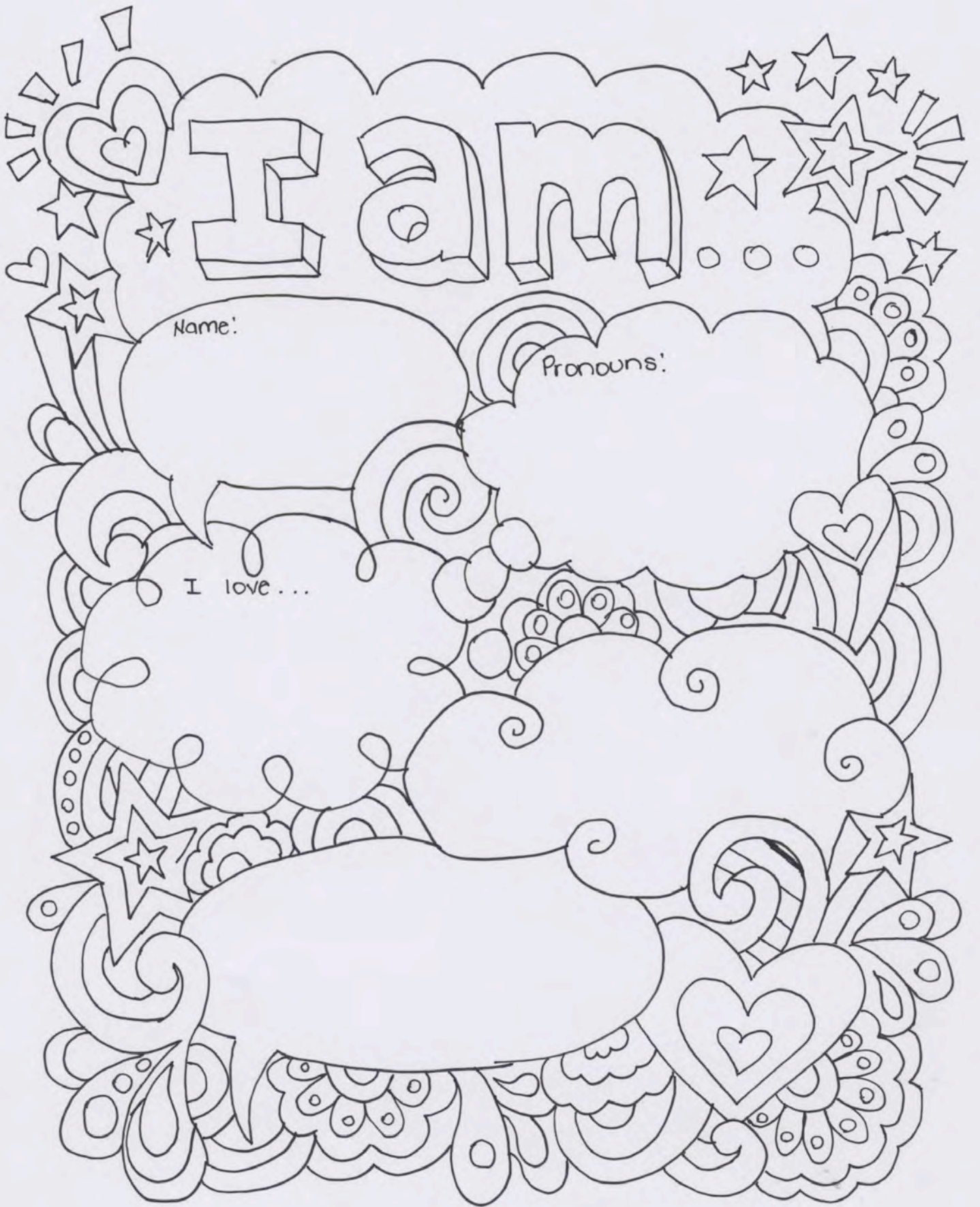
you know how

did you know that?

Inclusive

NON-BINARY

Community

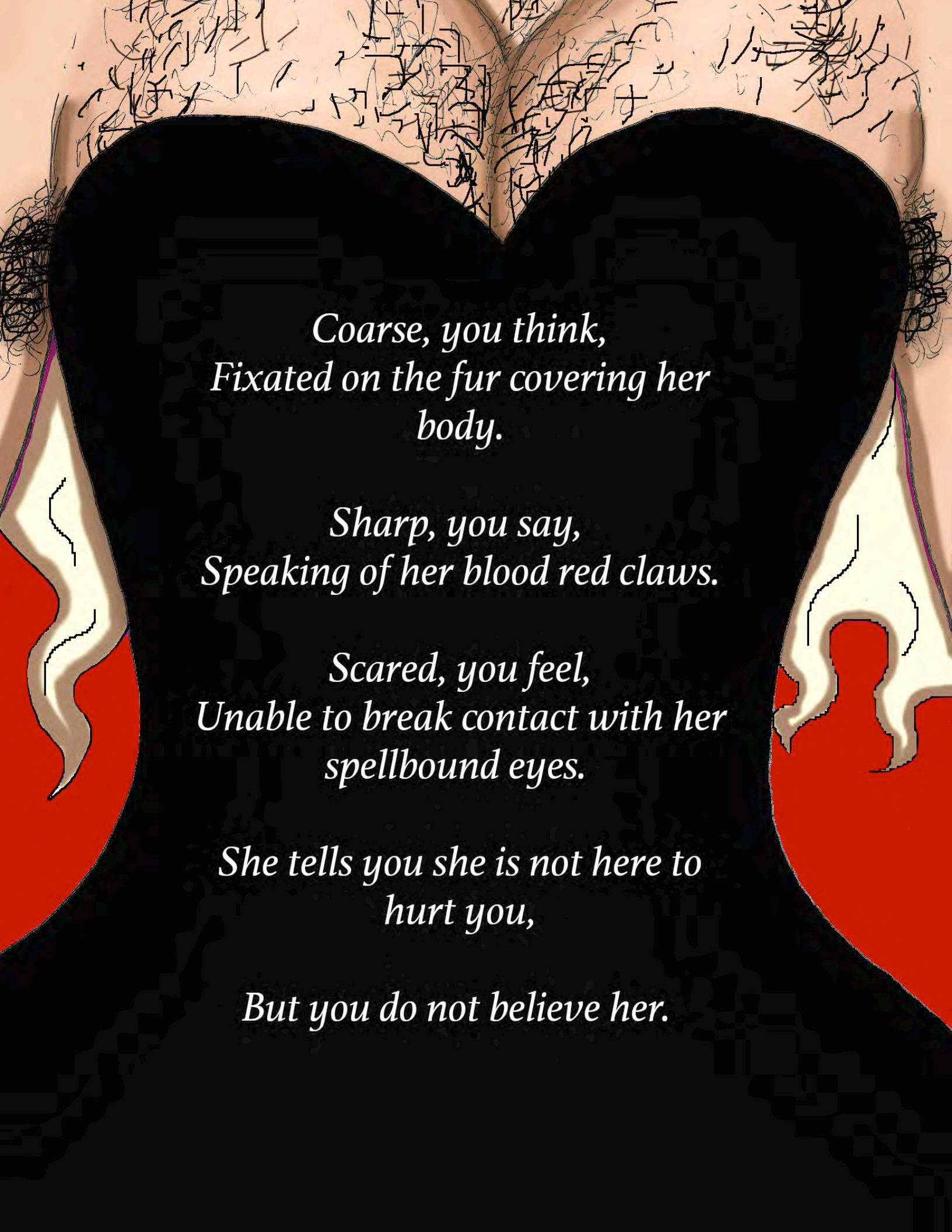


Name:

Pronouns:

I love...





*Coarse, you think,
Fixated on the fur covering her
body.*

*Sharp, you say,
Speaking of her blood red claws.*

*Scared, you feel,
Unable to break contact with her
spellbound eyes.*

*She tells you she is not here to
hurt you,*

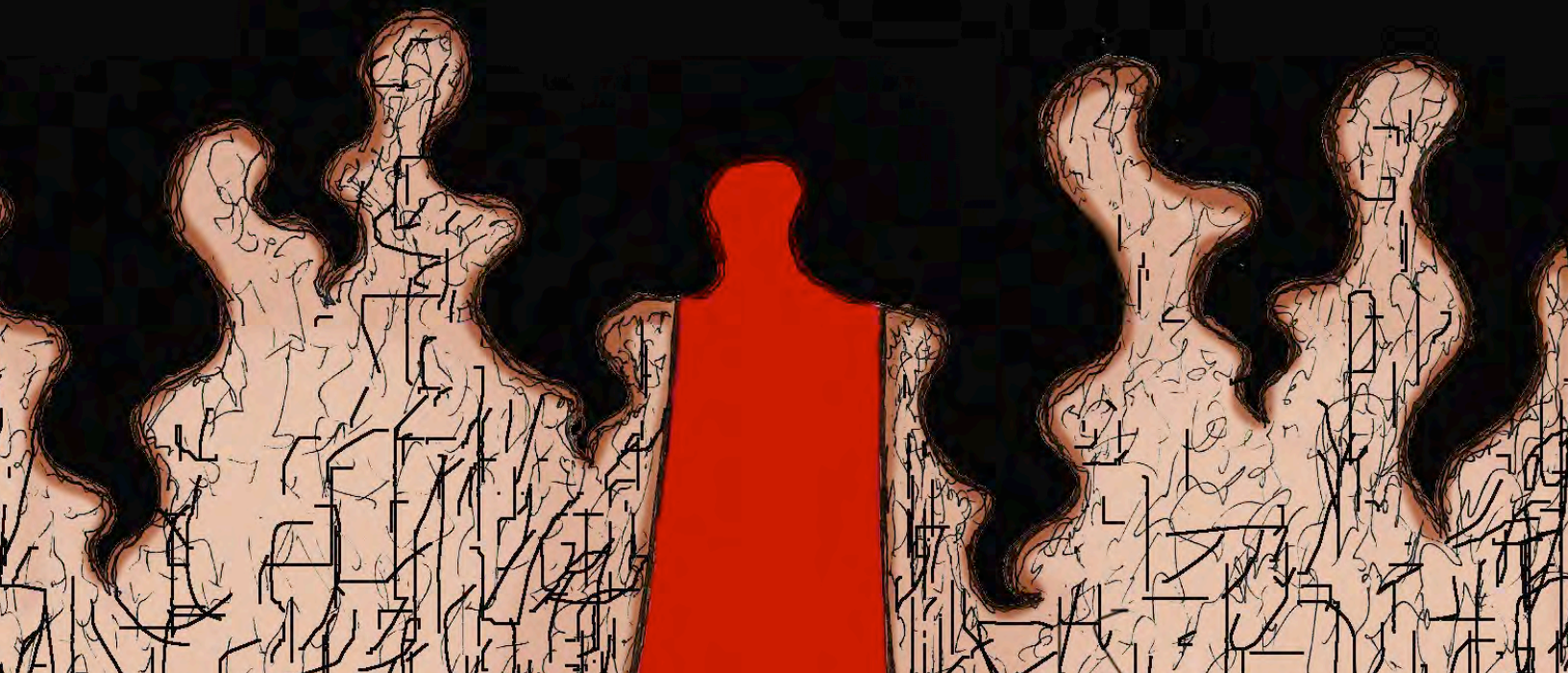
But you do not believe her.

Her fur keeps her warm through the long cold nights,

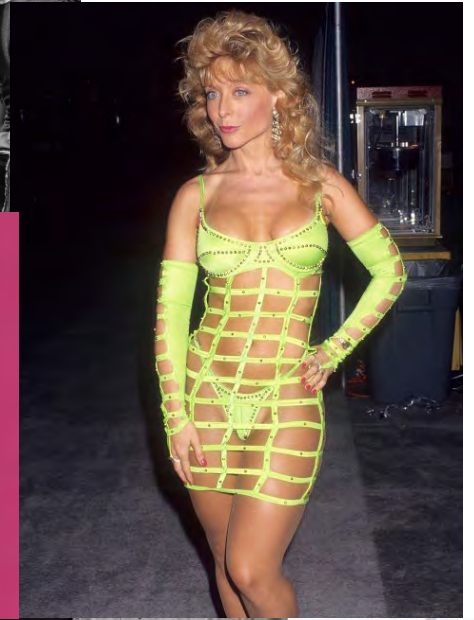
*Her claws are not used as weapons but as tools
To pry open hands that grab her too tight,
They are not swords,
But shields.*

*Her eyes scare you because they tell you her truth,
And truth can be frightening,*

*A monster, you decide,
After watching her shriek and cry.*







'The Happy Hooker'

Let's talk about *Sex*! Most of us do it and love it, so why is it that when members of our community want to profit off sex, they are suddenly inferior to society? As we know sex work has long been stigmatized in American society. Why? Because sex itself is stigmatized. The perceptions surrounding sex work from non-sex workers are that they are performing sinful, wicked acts, and only encouraging the objectification of womxn based to the fact that sex work is a criminalizing behavior. Where do I even begin? Sex work is work, and it's about time we as a community start protecting these hard, working, money making, entrepreneurs from the political and social dynamics that prevent them from receiving the proper rights they so desperately deserve. There is an existing misconception that by encouraging sex work we as a whole are then perpetuating violence against womxn/mxn. When in truth, by decriminalizing sex work, we are then able to regulate the profession and provide equal rights like any other labor job, such as protect workers from discrimination when given legal recognition, reduce the spread of STI's due to regulations in a safe environment both for the workers and johns, ultimately allowing the profession a chance to be socially accepted. Spoiler alert, not all sex workers work against their will and genuinely enjoy their job. A sense of agency empowers workers in owning their body and autonomy, yet due to the negative perceptions surrounding sex work, there is a safety issue within the profession. By policing sex work, we are socially alienating them, and feeding into a patriarchal system which allows for men to believe they have ownership over ones body. Engaging in sex for profit does not define ones identity nor worth, too often when a sex worker openly presents themselves as a sex worker it is hard for the public to see anything else. Voluntary sex work is not exploitation, if given the proper protection and rights like any other profession it can certainly benefit a society and create a more visible distinction between sex work and sex trafficking. Legalize sex work! Protect sex workers!

Kassandra Samayoa



The collage about Islamophobia; this collage represents Muslim Woman with her colorful head cover. It written all over her words that expresses the stereotypes of Islam such as Hate, Courageous, Immigrants, Terrorist, Discrimination, Refugees, and Violence. And this is the image of Islam and Muslim people in the society. Also, there is law against Islam and Muslim people in the United States Such as Muslim ban or Travel ban. President Trump signed the Executive order 13769, Titled “ Protecting the Nation from Foreign Terrorist Entry Into the United States.” on January,27,2017 and become affective that day. The impact on Student Visas and second impact on the families who had Greencard’s, Muslim people who were traveled outside of the United States can’t come back home to their families inside the United States. This Ban badly impact seven Muslim countries such as: Iran, Libya, Somalia, Syria, and Yemen. From the article the data shows, “As a result of these examples of family separation, at least 16 babies have been born while loved ones (parents, grandparents, siblings) await adjudication on a visa or waiver; 24 individuals have delayed starting a family and having children of their own; 13 individuals missed or may miss a loved one’s funeral or the chance to say goodbye to a loved one; and 13 individuals have either been forced to cancel, postpone, or miss a wedding”(1). In Quebec Canada, the government passes a bill that shall teachers, police officers, judges, and public employees from wearing a religious symbol in the workplace, which means civil liberties had been under attack “under the Canadian constitution, the Quebec government does not have the legal right to legislate the relationship between religion and the state. But challenging the bill in the courts could prove difficult because to insulate it from potential court action, the government invoked a rarely used constitutional loophole known as the “notwithstanding clause,” which empowers Canadian legislatures to override some constitutional rights like freedom of religion or expression.”(2) Dispute the stereotype and the discrimination in the society; I like to share a successful of Muslims women with their head cover challenging the image of Islam in the society and their own gender norm culture. From the article, “But they didn’t remain silent. If anything, Muslim women lead the charge in advocating for the rights of minority groups and taking America to task for its ongoing failure to uphold its founding values of “life, liberty and justice for all”. (3).



The first women, Ilhan Omar became the first Somali-American Muslim women elected to a state legislature.



The second woman, Ibtihaj Muhammad, the first U.S. athlete to compete at the Olympics in a hijab.



The third women, Rana Abdelhamid, founder of the women's initiative for self-Empowerment, teaches self-defense workshops for Muslim women.



The fourth women, Nura Afia, Muslim beauty blogger sponsors by CoverGirl which appear in commercials, billboard in New York's Times Square.



The fifth women, Amirah Sackett, Dancer and hip-hop group, founded in 2011, three women performance group executes flawless hip-hop. (3)



On the other hand, there are Muslim women without Hijab are successful as well such as; Shehzil Malik, is a designer and illustrator with a passion for design for social change and storytelling with heart. Her art challenge gender norm and culture against women (4)

For more info. please visit:
www.bridge.georgetown.edu
www.nytimes.com
www.huffpost.com
www.shehzil.com

Nancy Marzouk

These spells are a pick me up to the witches out there who need a reminder of how magical they are. Your coven is with you, the universe is with you, I am with you. Remember to love yourself for all the magic you possess. Remember all the things that make you who you are have power in itself & makes you that much more magical & important.

Web Spell

WARNING: *This spell is dangerous & needs the participation of the whole coven for safety reasons.*

This spell is only to be used when a witch gives indication that they're in need of help or feeling alone. This spell is only to be used when a witch feels at a total loss, when they're in dire need to be reminded of what makes them truly magical.

This is a spell of self love & support. Beings are never alone during this, as the coven members are right by their side during the trance helping them.

Coven will form a comforting circle around the witch.

When there, the witch in need is showered with Brahmi leaves & thoughts of fellow coven.

Along with Abalone shell to give healing energy,

Agate for strength,

Amethyst to relieve their stress & pain,

Aquamarine to clear their mind of dangerous thoughts,

Azurite to help the witch to get back to their desired path,

& bloodstone to detoxify & rejuvenate the witch.

This will create a trance where the witch will slip inside themselves

& see all the things that connect them, the aspects

& experiences that make them who they are & have given them the magic they hold.

Helping the Witch

Find the tallest tree you can find,
Sit at the base & nuzzles & sink into the roots.
Grab stones that you've collected over the past
Couple of weeks or days.
(This spell is powerful & requires a lot of energy)
Place them in your palms & on your chest.
When embedded & relaxing in the roots
listen to the beings of magic of your past.
Listen to where they've been, who they are, & talk with them.
Let them show you your inner being,
all the different ways you're connected with the world.
Travel through the roots.

Healing Spell

For any magical being in pain or in need of rejuvenation.
Go to where you consider home.
There grab a trinket or herb with healing or
calming sensation; shells from the sea, lavender.
Lay down, absorb everything that makes your home what it is
while holding your trinket or herb.
Sit, breathe in & out deeply and then release
your stress or pain into your surroundings to be
destroyed by the protection of your home
and let the trinket or herb give you
ease of pain and shower you with calmness.

'Undressed'

In solitude I seek a way out of the silent torture
Denied the right of speak out against the torment, I weep
It releases pain they say; but mine is an act of love
Or so I tell myself in the endless meetings with self
Is this what it takes, have I no say in the pleasures our union,
Are my sisters and mothers victims of the same, or is it even normal?
Such thoughts can only enjoy the freedom and loneliness of my mind
It is a taboo to speak against such, they say
Then tell it to the perpetrators, I figure
But no one dares to speak against the head
In meeting the demands of my parents for our union, he gains control
How foolish I was to dream, love indeed is a mystery
Whose repeated consummation in the sacred union leave life-long scars
Only mended by endless flow of tears with no shoulder to cry on
But enough is enough, or is it?
I have decided, my body, my rights, my choice
Our union is not a guaranteed access to my pleasure points
Oh, the joy and pleasures of marriage you shall have
But not again, never again as a right you purchased
By Tenderness, love, kindness, and care you shall knock
Upon such keys will the doors unlock at my approval
But never again guaranteeing your entry
In solitude I shall face the admonitions of society
Speaking against the folly that has long imprisoned my sisters and I
For better or for worse we shall stand
Yes we shall stand, united against this violence
We shall call it out for what it is, burst the "moral codes" we shall
But we shall not denied our right, say, and role in consummation of our
sacred unions
No longer will we be victims of the silent torture from companionship
The pleasures of our union we shall reap together
Through love and tenderness in the place of force and ownership rights
As the latter we shall rebuke and condemn



Colly Kachigian is a non-binary faggot drag queen from San Diego, CA. They completed their undergraduate degree in Women and Gender Studies at San Francisco State University, minoring in LGBT Studies. They like long walks to the liquor store, red lipstick, and cooking large pots of pasta al dente. Colly is specifically interested in dismantling the gender binary and interrogating the ways in which dichotomous gendered thinking is ingrained in every aspect of people's lives. Colly is particularly invested in providing resources for queer and trans communities, using art, communication, and radical vulnerability to work through struggles LGBTQ folks face due to marginalization constructed and maintained by heteronormative systems of oppression. Colly has been a working drag queen in the cities of San Francisco and Amsterdam, in which they incorporate political activism into their performances bringing awareness to sexual health and safety, transgender liberation, and freedom of expression. They are currently studying to be a queer and trans therapist.



Sanam Haq (حق صنم)

is a Pakistani born American carrying her identity & culture with pride. Holding a degree in Social & Behavioral sciences from CCSF and majoring in Women & Gender studies at SF State, she has a passion to empower women and instill a huge sense of compassion for disadvantaged and oppressed groups. She calls herself a “feminist killjoy” who knows how to “speak up” against inherited and systematic injustices. Sanam has a cat *Shere khan*, who taught her how to live a happier life. She is a feminist feline who advocates against oppression and believes in the fact that nobody will do it better or do more for you than you. Just like cats devote most of their lives to ensuring their own well-being, it is OK to be a little selfish, it is OK to say NO and think only about yourself and must start by accepting and loving yourself.



Nancy Marzouk is a Women and Gender Studies major at SFSU who transferred from her local community college. In her free time she likes to read fiction and goes on road trips with her family. Nancy is very proud to be an American Citizen and enjoys learning about the culture and food. As a WGS major and as a woman of color, she has a passion for women's rights and feminist movements. She currently volunteers for nonprofit organizations to be involved in social movements.



Hayley Smith is a senior at San Francisco State, double-majoring in History and WGS. She loves musicals, old cats, hot baths, and scary stories. Her dream is to live on a small farm, raise goats, and cultivate an edible garden. Until then, she plans on teaching history and social sciences to high schoolers. Hayley hopes to disrupt the status quo of teaching history to young people,

encouraging a critical examination of the past and present with an emphasis on creative solutions for the future.



Kasandra, a first generation student from the Bay completing their undergraduate as a double major in both Psychology and Women Gender Studies and having several break downs along the way! Local intersectional feminist, activist and aspiring sex educator, Kasandra has been involved in the anti-violence movement since she was 15 and hopes to be apart of the change that sees sex work decriminalized in her lifetime. In her free time, Kasandra loves long talks about sexual health, tequila, and dismantling the patriarchy that continues to oppress marginalized communities through non-profit work here in San Francisco.



Cindy E Bejarano was born and raised in the Bay Area, CA and is the first in the family pursuing a college degree as her parents fled El Salvador during the Civil War in the late 80s. She is majoring in Women and Gender Studies and hopes to minor in Latin Studies. She loves her major because there are so many fields one can go into with the major. Cindy hopes to use everything she has learned at SFSU and adapt it to the Latin community, especially undocumented families and make her mom really proud. Her next chapter after graduating Spring 2020 consists in obtaining a Master's degree at the University of San Francisco or move to Portland, OR for a year to get to know more about herself. She loves reading, shopping and spending time with her boyfriend, best friend and mom.



Sam Hengesbach is a college senior hailing from Upland, CA and is frantically planning where their life is going next. They have a long list of eclectic achievements. They have an in depth history of Trans activism stemming from work they did at their high school and are very proud of being non binary. They designed a tux dress which went viral in many queer circles of the internet. Sam has been in various newspapers from LA Times to the SF chronicle for their work in cosplay, polyamory workshops, openness on their mental illness, trans activism, and self defense. In the past they taught a class through the experimental college on Love and Intersectionality. They are currently studying to become a Self defense instructor and wants to become an ass kicking intersectional feminist activist. Sam loves writing and creating zines in their spare time.



Esbeidy was born and raised in Anaheim, CA and she is the daughter of Mexican immigrants. She is the youngest of five children. She decided to pursue a degree in Women and Gender Studies at SF State because she was determined that the status quo for the treatment of women and all marginalized individuals was not right and it must be changed. Currently, she is the site coordinator for a non-profit tutoring company in San Francisco and hopes to pursue a career in the non-profit sector helping others. She loves to read, dance, rock climb, hike, and spend time with animals, her family and friends. Esbeidy is currently a fourth year set to graduate in Spring 2020.



Alejandra is a quirky college student majoring in Women and Gender Studies. She enjoys long walks on the beach and spending time with her fur baby named Bombon. Alejandra loves to eat mushrooms and asparagus on a daily basis and her ultimate favorites are nopales with frijoles. As a Mexican American, identity is important to her because she can help empower people like her to be proud of who they are. She is passionate about social justice and envisions herself being active in her community helping immigrants.



Sunny is a delicious non-binary, proud, brown, word-nerd, education geek, singer, and poet living in Oakland. Sunny grew up in Utah, and was raised by their single mother who was an undocumented immigrant. Seeing the struggles that their mother faced, as well as the instability they experienced inspired Sunny to start learning about the world from a young age. A passionate first-generation college student, Sunny is determined to pursue an education that will enable them to improve the communities around them and on a broader level by understanding the ways in which social inequities and wealth inequality function and are facilitated. Sunny hopes to see the day when there are no more prisons, no more borders, and global redistribution of wealth and resources occurs. In the meantime, Sunny hopes to use whatever they learn and practice as a method for empowerment, truth-telling, medicine, joyous expression, and community building.



Denise Walker arrived in San Francisco from the Tri-Valley area five years ago. Denise became part of the Project Survive Community at City College promoting healthy relationships, that empowered her to transfer to SFSU as a double major in Sociology and Women & Gender Studies. Denise is an inspiration to her four daughters that she is driven, dedicated, but also funny. Denise plans to support victims and survivors of domestic violence through a local non-profit organization.



Sara was born in El Salvador and moved to the US when she was 16 years old. She is the daughter of Salvadoran immigrants and the first one to attend University here in the US. Currently she is majoring in Women and Gender Studies at San Francisco State University. In her free time she enjoys reading a good book, watching movies and baking desserts for her friends and family.



Darlene was born and raised in the Central Valley in California, an only child of two Asian parents. She's visited San Francisco many times throughout her childhood and fell in love with the beautiful city. It was only fitting that she attended San Francisco State University. She is now pursuing a degree in Women and Gender Studies with a minor in Human Sexualities. In her free time, she enjoys spending time with family,

sticking her nose in a book, and exploring new places.

Nettie Bonds -

Nettie Bonds is a 21-year-old queer black student currently living in San Francisco. She grew up in the Central Valley of California and decided to move to the Bay Area at 18 after spending her entire childhood in love with the city. Nettie is pursuing a degree in Women and Gender Studies at San Francisco State with the hope to one day be apart of meaningful change for the black and brown individuals in her community. When she is not at school, she enjoys volunteering at local organizations, eating and cooking different kinds of soup, seeing her favorite musicians live, and reading.

Courtney Rouse -

Courtney Rouse is a super senior at San Francisco State, majoring in Women and Gender Studies. Courtney comes from the East Bay where she was born and raised, and is the first in her family to attend college and work towards her degree. She chose Women and Gender Studies as her major because it was the only thing she could understand and connect with; discovering WGS opened a whole new world for her and showed her hidden strengths. WGS classes have helped her learn to understand and see the world from different perspectives, and has equipped her with self awareness and confidence that she needed. Courtney wants to better herself to become a helpful person in her

community. She often reflects on the ways she moves through the world and how she can improve the way she moves, and the space she creates. Her favorite way to disconnect is to snuggle and have conversations with her doggies, as well as stare and tend to her plants.



Keyla F. Santizo Gonzalez -

Keyla is a queer undocumented immigrant Brujx living in California. Born in Guatemala and is the first in her family to graduate from a University. Keyla enjoys challenging the system while wearing a beat face and gold hoops. In their free time, they enjoy baking and spending time with their furry children.