

**CHOOSE YOUR OWN ADVENTURE**

YOU'RE THE STAR OF THE STORY!  
CHOOSE FROM INFINITE POSSIBLE ENDINGS.

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# INCOGNITX

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BY SENIOR SEMINAR FALL 2018





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## "CARE"

JARRED QUARLES

*"Care" and "March On" are two poems created in the wake of conflict, conflict with self, life, and love. Nature and militarism play a key role in the search for the truth, but the truth will always be what you make it.*

Crossed up in life's battles  
 losing sight of who I am  
 Forgetting where I came from  
 and my purpose for being here  
 feeling the sun will never rise again  
 And now my life is suspended in fear  
 no one knows all the pain I feel  
 on this journey to the truth  
 but who should care.

The withering trees are whispering to me  
 saying don't give up on yourself  
 or your dreams  
 I'm being tested by nature  
 while my heart slowly bleeds out  
 the season changes  
 so now nothing looks the same  
 feeling the sun will never rise again  
 And now my life is suspended in fear  
 no one knows all the pain I feel  
 on this journey to the truth but who should care.

I've been pulled in every direction  
 never knowing my own self-worth  
 So confused about the future  
 because I've always handed it to someone else  
 It's sad that the image in mirror reflects a person without perspective  
 Trapped in a frame belonging to everyone else  
 Longing to be someone else  
 yet existing without self  
 feeling the sun will never rise again  
 And now my life is suspended in fear  
 no one knows all the pain I feel  
 on this journey to the truth  
 but who should care.

Should I be thankful  
 for this chance to finally speak  
 or is this my continued dead end.

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*Turn to the next page.*

## "MARCH ON"

JARRED QUARLES

**W**alking in despair and sorrow,  
 Feeling empty because of my past.  
 A trail of broken hearts follow me,  
 And there's nothing that I can do  
 So how did I become this,  
 Cold hearted soldier.  
 In this war on love.  
 And I'm to blame  
 Even though I've been bruised  
 It's no excuse  
 To fight a losing battle  
 Then end with all the scars.  
 I've got to get right  
 I've got to fix this  
 I can't exist like this  
 The wounds are becoming too severe  
 No one to mend what's been broken  
 So I march on  
 So I march on  
 The wounds are becoming too severe  
 No one to mend what's been broken  
 So I march on.  
 Looking deep within myself,  
 For the answers that I know.  
 Trying to hide my true feelings,  
 Behind this mask of loneliness

So how did I become this,  
 Cold hearted soldier.  
 In this war on love.  
 And I'm to blame  
 Even though I've been bruised  
 It's no excuse  
 To fight a losing battle  
 Then end with all the scars.  
 I've got to get right  
 I've got to fix this  
 I can't exist like this  
 The wounds are becoming too severe  
 No one to mend what's been broken  
 So I march on  
 So I march on  
 The wounds are becoming too severe  
 No one to mend what's been broken  
 So I march on.  
 I was built to with stand anything,  
 So why is this thing called love de-  
 destroying us?  
 My shield and armor  
 Was created from my pride  
 But now it's all gone  
 And I'm left alone. •

## "HELL HATH NO FURY"

SOPHIA LONGO

**H**ell is so many different things—a  
 scary story, a threat, a destination, a  
 constant state of mind.

Most of the time I feel like Hell is in  
 my head and my brain is on fire.

What Circle of Hell am I in even??  
 And how many circles below me does  
 that mean there are? Hell right now  
 is tiny moments, subdued rage, silent  
 tears, biting tongues, so tired over

and over and over.

Hell was having an abortion on  
 the day of Kavanaugh's ceremonial  
 swearing-in; Hell was listening to yells  
 about the Hell And Then Some that  
 he felt he was experiencing through  
 my headphones while I sat staring at  
 my phone in the Planned Parenthood  
 waiting room; Hell was thinking of  
 his hell and my Hell and absolute  
 Hell that awaits people in my posi-

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*Go on to the next page.*

tion And Then Some and Then Some More and has always awaited them. Hell was vomiting into a Home Depot bucket lined with a plastic bag while soaking through someone else's pajamas and sheets and mattress. Hell was a coworker I had confided in asking me if I had learned my lesson. Hell was feeling so so so stupid and still feeling so so so stupid. Hell is feeling like my body betrayed me at the same time as so many others had.

Hell is lying awake at night staring at the wall, wondering what could have been done and why I just did not do it. Hell is feeling powerless and realizing that sometimes my help is unwelcome and misguided. Hell is being forced to politely receive this unwelcome 'help' and spend the next hour or day or month or year or lifetime working to appease and deflect

and recover and undo and recover and undo and recover and undo. This is a circle of Hell that I know I toe the line of; sometimes the occupant, but more often the devil's hand pushing another into it unwillingly. Reflect reflect reflect, offer a so sorry sweaty slippery hand and hope that hand helps, even though I or another I who is not me but is still me did the hurt, hope I never do it again but know I will, reflect reflect reflect, and shop for the right glove even though none seem to fit yet.

Hellfire burns and blisters, but always scabs. Hellfire cooks my food and brews my tea and warms my home. Hellfire lights my path, exposes what I could not see, forces me to look and listen and learn and grow, illuminates the faces of loved ones and community members so beautifully. •




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*To follow Sylvia Ndusha down the rabbit hole, turn to the next page.*

Pre-nouns: We, Us Ours

If only we had we could  
We are floating in space  
Speck of dust

We are sinking in space  
Space is sinking in us  
Our fibrous roots  
Forever beckoning

Cooking beans in clay pot behind our home  
Through the bushes we can see the lake  
It is paradise here, birds intense specific  
So much mi

Desires go unquestioned  
A diasporatic subject  
Will go great in the study  
diasporatic object  
Forever beckoning

s s in  
g

Soul live  
Fluid in spine  
Radically through space & time  
Tongue in cheek  
Never underestimate  
The pedagogy of the undergrad critique

If only we had we could  
Forever becoming by way of  
Rwanda, Italy, Rochester  
We write ~~xxxx~~ from Ohlone land

Careful, for our experience could fill the pockets of professors  
coerced under fluorescent lighting

Critical pedagogy not western hegemony  
We are the actors, and subjects  
We, us, ours  
The writers, and directors

Beans are cooked  
We walk to the lake  
Birds intense specifics  
Fibrous roots, forever beckoning  
We listen, and laugh  
oh how we laugh  
we have, we can we are

-s r xn



We must learn to say "We" instead of "I," "Ours" instead of "mine."



SRXN  
=^^=

*Turn to the next page.*

## "NOT UNDERSTANDING"

ELLE FIGUEROA

*This piece, at its simplest, is a part of my grieving process, or at least that is what I choose to believe. It is an expression of self, a place I went to spill my emotions in a way that is cryptic but comfortable to me. The lines in this poem were cultivated during times that I didn't know how else to communicate the darkest thoughts in my mind. With that said, it is also an attempt to relate to others across these very unique moments of grief, trauma, pain and reflection. This poem was written over a period of several weeks wherein I felt I was struggling to maintain balance and productivity while mourning the very sudden loss of my mother. I was living in an extremely somber pace, where alcohol and other recreational substances became an easy crutch to numb the incredible amount of cynical over-thinking, I am capable of. Do not misunderstand me, these shadows of the mind still linger and are ever-present, but I have found that finding an outlet to pour into can help heal us and teach us maybe just a little more about finding moment to moment happiness among the darkest of hours.*

**N**ot understanding  
At a loss for thought  
Misunderstood  
Retreat!  
Find the warmth  
The fleeting warmth of dim isolation  
It's comfortable there  
Dad lived there to escape  
mundane realities  
of love  
and loss

I dig myself a quiet hole  
Eerily similar to that place  
One that is solitary  
Hidden from the human cyborgs that  
pervade my head  
One I know I can escape but simply  
cannot find a reason to  
Sunken  
The venture into my emotions is not  
worth it  
Surface level  
Any deeper-  
terror

My white middle class crisis  
So far alienated yet so far privileged  
Willful darkness  
Purposeful repression  
To escape  
mundane realities  
of love  
and loss  
So far separated  
What in this bastardly realm is worth  
finding the light?  
Retreat!

I learned of second derivative misery  
Angry that I find myself circling in a  
perpetual whirlpool of macabre  
Sad that I'm sad  
Leaning into the darkness  
can be helpful  
Staying there too long is frightening •

## “LAMENT DEL OCEANO”

BRIA QUALLS

*All cultures have expressed their experiences through monsters. Combining reality and fiction has allowed us to communicate our values. Nevertheless some things remain lost in translation. Language is as fluid and diverse as we are, and sometimes it doesn't make sense, but not understanding often creates unnecessary fear.*

*This poem is a mesh of Spanish, English. Influenced by the African and Indigenous cultures that forged new roots in the Americas after the European invasion of the Americas. This poem is a tribute the survival of unity in diversity of our ancestors. •*

## “RE-REPRESENTING”

SEMIYAH SOBAYO-MAHMOUD

**R**e presenting

N. this is what I am

This is what I am

In all of my black skin

My drappings

Rough hands

un-feminine

I caress paint and adorn them anyway

Space I take up

I know I wasn't meant to survive

Here I am

Repetition of self

See me in a place

Through which I survive

All my parts that make me

That shake me

I am comfortable with

Learning to be

alive •

## “MONSTER IN DISGUISE”

MAGGIE FORD

*This collage is a representation of the internalized feelings of monstrosity and predatoriness that can come with growing up a queer girl. Young me is looking out a window at a handful of women/characters that I've loved either as a tiny lesbian or now, but around the window are monsters and chaos, all shouting out my greatest fears about my sexuality. I tried to keep the look childish and colorful to show that this reflects my experiences as a young kid. It's messy but cute—just like my feelings about girls at that age. •*

*If you decide to explore Bria's web of languages, turn to the next page.*

*If you choose to gaze upon Semiyah's self-portraits, turn to page 10.*

*If you decide to stare with Maggie out the window of her childhood bedroom, turn to page 12.*

# Lament Del Oceano

Carried by the breath of the sea to the surface  
*Flotando por los primeros suspiros de vida*

How turbulent a current that carried her from the Atlantic  
*El corriente caudaloso que nos pacifica*

Though by night she arose, it was by the light of darkness  
*Luminosa, hermosa y prieta*

She cried at night  
*Mio dio', dio'mio donde fueron?*  
 Where, where have they gone?

*Sin despedirme*  
 Where did you take them?

*Robaste mi tesorxs*  
 Robbed of my seeds







*A donde les ofreciste?  
Al mar, perdidxs  
Condemned across the depths of the sea  
Partieron al cielo de noche?  
No me digas,  
Have they gone to the dark with the stars*

*Ojalah que no sean oscurecixs  
God forbid this is where the sun sets*



*Baptize me in the ocean and set my sins on their way  
No se que he hecho por un castigo tan fuerte*

*Send me floating over time on an eternal sojourn  
De la arena de la tierra voy flotando*

*If I go to find you gladly I will lose me in the high sea  
Prefiero morir en el sueño y acabar con mi corazón en alta mar*

*I'll make my heart to wait,  
Que se muere mi corazón, pero se espera  
Que necesito morir contigo en las arenas de oro  
It will find it's end when I find my treasures married in the shores*







---

*Turn to the next page.*









Turn to the next page.

# "THERE'S A MONSTER IN THE MIRROR"

SHERRIE WEST



**O**nly I can see the real you.  
 In the morning, you look a slothful,  
 Behind closed doors I care for you,  
 During the day I protect you from judgment,  
 In the mirror, you're all I see,  
 Looking wild,  
 Looking too free and untamed,  
 I can not help but to care about your health,  
 Without you I would not have nothing,  
 You do not define me,  
 But you have a control over me,  
 And it is a struggle to control you,  
 I look at others who are proud to have you growing,  
 But I can not be proud of you in the public,  
 You are too compact,  
 When I tried to handle you  
 I am the girl in the hoodie,  
 I don't understand you,  
 Yet you are who you are,  
 Growing from my head,  
 You are a monster puffing in my head,  
 You're challenging at all times,  
 You won't let the comb through  
 And  
 You broke the brush. •

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*On the next page, you come across a ramshackle house.*

# "FEMINISM THE MONSTER"

FRANCESCA SOARES ALATI



There is a house that sits in the middle of the city, dilapidated and condemned for many years. When the wind blows you can hear the walls howl due to tiny cracks from years of shifting the tectonic plates have done. The yard is uneven. Many gopher holes litter the ground surrounding the house. If you were to step inside you would find peeling wallpaper and the odor of wet dogs. Top to bottom are the curled edges of old books. Some of them carry titles like "Intersectional Feminist Agenda",

others hold the words of authors like bell hooks and Audre Lorde. The house is seemingly vacant but everybody in the city knows it is not. Children crowd around the house on Halloween and tell folk stories to try and summon the creature that lives inside the house. The monster inside of the house is freakishly small and all of their clothes are littered with moth holes, moth balls fill the pockets. Horns adorn their head and their teeth are jagged. This monster only eats beets because of its sensitive

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*If you are brave enough to continue exploring the haunted house, turn to the next page.*

*If you are frightened and want to turn back, this is the end.*

stomach. People often mistake the beets for children's hearts because of the red stains on the monster's teeth and mouth. "I heard she doesn't shave her armpits!" screamed one child. "I heard she believes in splitting the bill!" another one hysterically laughed. A child creeps out of the corner, "I heard...she doesn't even go by she!" They all gasped and trotted away leaving garbage at the front steps. Some say that if you go near the house you can hear the monster breathing through vents between the windows and the poor insulated walls. Many people still do not even dare to go near the creature's house. There is much to be said about this

creature that lives in this house on the utmost fringes of society. People from around the city have plotted to have the monster killed but none have truly succeeded in their endeavor. There is something about this particular monster that will not be erased- which society has tried to do in the past with burnings, hunts and silencing for millennia. The feminism monster remains in the dark hallways of society seething, ready to bring down patriarchy and all forms of violence to the marginalized people, people of color, queer people, or any other person that has been pushed to the fringes of society by harmful institutions. •

## "ORANGE"

SYDNEY PETERSON

*Transit creates worlds enclosed within worlds, private and public in contradicting and inconsistent ways. This is an excerpt from a larger poem about unlearning pieces of myself while in transit. Specifically, here, I was coming to terms with my own histories of possessiveness in love and relationships by seeing them reflected in their full, unpromising monstrosity in someone else's behaviors. This is a call to action to release the impossible ideal and section the orange slowly, for savoring. The image attached is from another equally important subway car, leagues and years away, when these words were just beginning to become ideas.*

**E**arlier that week, on a different side of that same brutal sun, a hulking man had boarded the 27 *loudly* and slammed himself down into two seats as the bus lurched forward. in an enormous palm attached to a limp, almost possessed forearm, he clenched a grapefruit-sized navel and i couldn't help indulging myself in a smile as i tapped my finger in greeting to the demon on my calf. but then i watched in absolute horror as his fingers ripped into the thick peel and tore away large, uneven chunks which he let crash to the floor of the

coach. i could see the spray in the air as his clumsy fingers roughly dimpled the flesh and, worst of all, when he had exposed half the globe (still dusted with pith to its equator) he sunk his teeth straight in and bit off a large mouthful of fruit. four more sets of mandible marks left with unholy clarity in a treat so accustomed to delicate sectioning; for a moment, his head and arm lolled back and his eyes retreated into lids with unconscious, victorious, animal ecstasy while thin ribbons of juice dripped down his chin. snapping out of his

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*To explore the haze of the orange's misty perfume, go on to the next page.*



stupor, he lobbed the remaining half onto the ground next to the shards of skin (face down, to add insult to injury) and exited the bus faster than the

haze of sweat following him. it took me too long to realize why i found this whole ordeal so revolting. •



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*A thick cloud envelops you and a booming voice calls out to you from the haze. To discover its source, turn to the next page.*

## “LOKI BOUND”

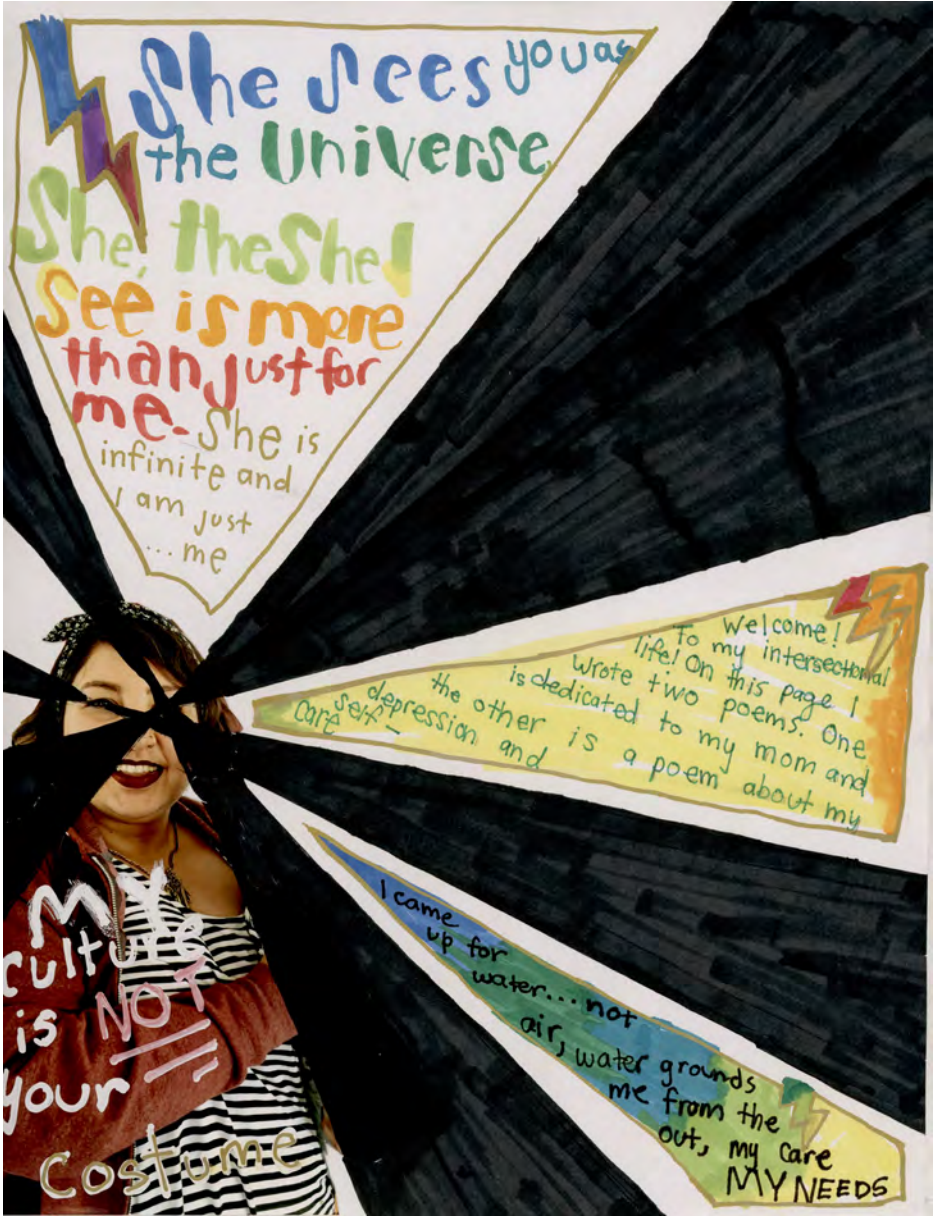
FRANCESCA EDHLUND

*I began with the idea of Loki Bound, a Norse myth about the god of mischief, bound by the entrails of a slaughtered son, he sits beneath a serpent as its venom slowly drips onto his face. The billowing clouds of smoke appear whole, uniform and appear to be coming in around the figure, and it is unclear whether or not it is a malevolent or benign entombing. One of the figure's unmatching eyes is human and looks on in shock and horror at the self sabotage before it, while the other seems soulless and wandering. The venomous snake coils out, dead from the mouth of the figure and drips upon a blade. It is unclear for whom the blade is intended. To me this piece represents my relationship to femininity. An intangible root in chaos, a softness, a feeling of fear yet absolute power. •*




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*Now that you have confronted your fears in the smoke, go on to the next page for Juhee Joshi's colorful poetry and empowering playlist.*









# "GENTRIFICATION & TRAUMA IN SAN FRANCISCO'S MISSION DISTRICT"

VIVIANA ONTIVEROS

The money emerging from tech companies and their employees has flushed into the Mission District, but has not contributed to the survival of the community. The gentrifiers occupying space within this neighborhood are single-handedly consuming rapidly without supporting the community they have chosen to repopulate in. There is no aid being given to the existing community of color who are typically in a lower socio-economic standing, but rather the incoming demographic is occupying space while displacing the "poor" members of the

community. Gentrification, as defined by Sharon Zukin in, "Gentrification: Culture and Capital in the Urban Core", is "(...) the conversion of socially marginal and working-class areas of the central city to middle-class residential use(...)"(129).

Gentrification is essentially the geographical reshuffling and displacement of communities of color and poor communities to welcome a more desirable demographic along with urban development that caters to said demographic.



2964 24th Street, San Francisco, CA

The trauma caused for families by their removal was seen as an inevitable and necessary part of the "economic revolution"- their loss was deemed bearable because their bodies have always been easily disposed of or "moved". The focus on the new restaurants/bars is identified

as gentrified consumption- one of the first signs of displacement that proves that "once a community can no longer afford to consume, they are forced to make different choices, ultimately leave the area." There is this idea of white bodies and spaces reshaping the neighborhood/commu-

*Turn to the next page.*

nity into something more desirable and “safe”. This dangerous mindset leads us to the inevitable- brown and

black bodies seen as threatening and undesirable within these increasingly white spaces.



*700 Valencia Street, San Francisco, CA*

Gentrification is not a new “form” of colonialism, but is a new manifestation of it. Understanding how gentrification is a new “manifestation” of colonialism is a way of understanding how this is not a NEW phenomenon- this is just a modified way of maintaining marginalized communities, marginalized and dominated under this new manifestation

of colonialism. The policing of brown and black bodies for the benefit of gentrification can be easily seen through the mass criminalization within these communities and the harassment many deal with from the police if they are “hanging around” a white space of an increasingly white neighborhood.



*2598 Mission Street, San Francisco, CA*

The Mission District has long been home to communities of color- the Mission's reputation grew to one of a "sanctuary" where immigrants and refugees could find protection, community, and a new-hard- working life, but this was not to last. In a nutshell, "(...) the rapid gentrification of the area with it's high-end housing, up-scale retail, and expensive services, and consequent displacement and destruction of existing communities, especially low-income communities of color(...)(106-7, Keefer)", is usher-

ing in the end of the Mission as we know it. The gentrifiers occupying space within this neighborhood are single-handedly consuming rapidly without supporting the community they have chosen to repopulate in. This phenomenon can easily be linked to settler colonialism- the conquering and overall domination of a region/area through the rapid consumption of space and resources while displacing and criminalizing the existing inhabitants. •



*Mission Skateboards, Mission District, San Francisco, CA*

## **"PIECES OF ME"**

ANNIKA GUADIANA

*Every day I am discovering new pieces of myself and my surrounding environment that influences my identity, morals, thoughts, and ideas. For this piece, I wanted to do a visual representation of some of the thoughts, words, and ideas that pop into my head. Each thought influences and represents a piece of my identity, like a piece of a puzzle, when all the pieces are put together it creates my identity. Identity is never fixed, but I wanted to represent a little snippet of the little monsters that run through my head. But it's also important to realize that not all monsters are bad, some can be motivating and inspiring. •*

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*To get familiar with Annika's monsters, turn to page 28.*

*If you need to take a break for some self-care, turn to the next page.*

## "SELF-CARE"

ELLE FIGUEROA, FRANCESCA ALATI, SYLVIA NDUSHA, &  
CELESTE ROBLETO

### BREATHE!

#### PROSE FOR BREATHING TECHNIQUES WHEN PANIC ARISES

**P**articularly among our darkest moments, we have a chance to find the most tranquil peace in the here and now.


This is one of the most difficult tasks, but can be accomplished by simply remembering to breathe.

In  
and out.

Moment to moment at the highest summits of your pain, in the deepest oceans of your trauma; simply listen to the inhalation and focus on the exhalation over and over again.

You will find that your breath lets you laser-focus on your tiny world right now.

Breathe. •

- 
1. Let go of Comparing.
  2. Let go of Competing.
  3. Let go of Judgements.
  4. Let go of Anger.
  5. Let go of Regrets.
  6. Let go of Worrying.
  7. Let go of Blame.
  8. Let go of Guilt.
  9. Let go of Fear.
  10. Let out a GOOD LAUGH.

### HEADACHE SALVE (READY IN TEN MINUTES)

#### *Ingredients/Materials*

- Two Glass Bowls
- One cup Coconut Oil
- Empty Container/Tin (avoid plastic)
- Peppermint Essential Oil
- ½ teaspoon Cayenne Pepper

#### *Preparation*

1. Melt the coconut oil over medium heat in a glass bowl on top of a small pot with boiling water (double boiler)
2. Add 2 drops of Peppermint oil
3. Add Cayenne make sure it dissolved completely
4. Pour mixture into tin and wait for it to solidify over night!

#### *Tips:*

Remember to track your headaches and look for triggers by keeping a diary of your foods and stress levels. Stay hydrated and get eight hours of sleep a night when possible. •

1. Dejemos Comparaciones.
2. Dejemos Competencias.
3. Dejemos de Jugar.
4. Dejemos Enojo.
5. Dejemos Arrepentimiento.
6. Dejemos Preocupaciones.
7. Dejemos de Criticar.
8. Dejemos Penas.
9. Dejemos el Miedo.
10. Demos una RIZA. •

**W**hat if mental illness could be traced to histories of colonialism, genocide, slavery, legal exclusion, displacement and everyday segregation and isolation that haunt our lives, rather than to be biochemical imbalances? -SRXN

"Psychologists have constructed a myth – that somewhere there exists some state of health which is the norm, meaning that most people presumably are in that state, and those who are anxious, depressed, neurotic, distressed, or generally unhappy are deviant." I'd here supplant the word "psychologists" with "white supremacy," "doctors," "your boss," "neoliberalism," "heteronormativity," and "America." - Starhawk •

## SUGGESTED FOODS TO HELP RELIEVE STRESS

CHERRIES



BROCCOLI

BANANAS



CABBAGE



GARLIC



PRETZELS



ASPARAGUS

APPLES

SEEDS &  
NUTS

ORANGES





## The Pocha Tongue Is Survival

### **Biliteracy:** noun /Bi-literacy

The ability to read and write fluently in two languages. When speaking two languages, people delegitimize our ties to either language, it's as if we have to choose one. Chicanx have internalized our language as illegitimate Spanish and then have used language differences against one another. Biliteracy's a mode of navigating through life, weaving in and out of Eurocentric culture, where English is assumed and mandated. Centering on biliteracy as resistance and empowerment, the Pocha tongue, is survival.



### **Pocha:** noun / Po-cha

1. A Mexican-American female [Chicana] with a limited Spanish vocabulary and speaks with a clear Americanized accent. 2. We have a clear accent and often speak in spanglish, interchanging words in English and Spanish. 3. A derogatory word used on Chicanas to make them feel ashamed of our ethnic language, otherwise known as Chicana Spanish.

The importance of lived experience inspires me to continue writing, and hopefully have a book of my own one day. I want to bridge the generational and educational gap between my abuela and myself. I want to go into higher education, to represent Xicanx in a male dominated space, to resist, and to unlearn hegemony.

## The Bocha Tongue Is Survival

Querida Jess,

Eres chingona! No estas haciendo. Aunque muchas cosas malas han pasado. Todavía estas aquí logrando tanto. Isaac esta tan orgulloso de ti. Todo que haces, lo haces pa él. Ha honorarlo. Eres chingona. No te olvides. Yela y Yela te quieren muchísimo. Tus papas te adoran. Sabella te ve como una hermana, un ejemplo pa seguir. Ha has escrito tu libro. Aloraste mucho pero por buen causa. Tus lagrimas no se han hecho a perder. Has sufrido mucho y estoy tan orgullosa de ti. Te quiero. Estas en buen camino.

Sigue la luz,

Jess.

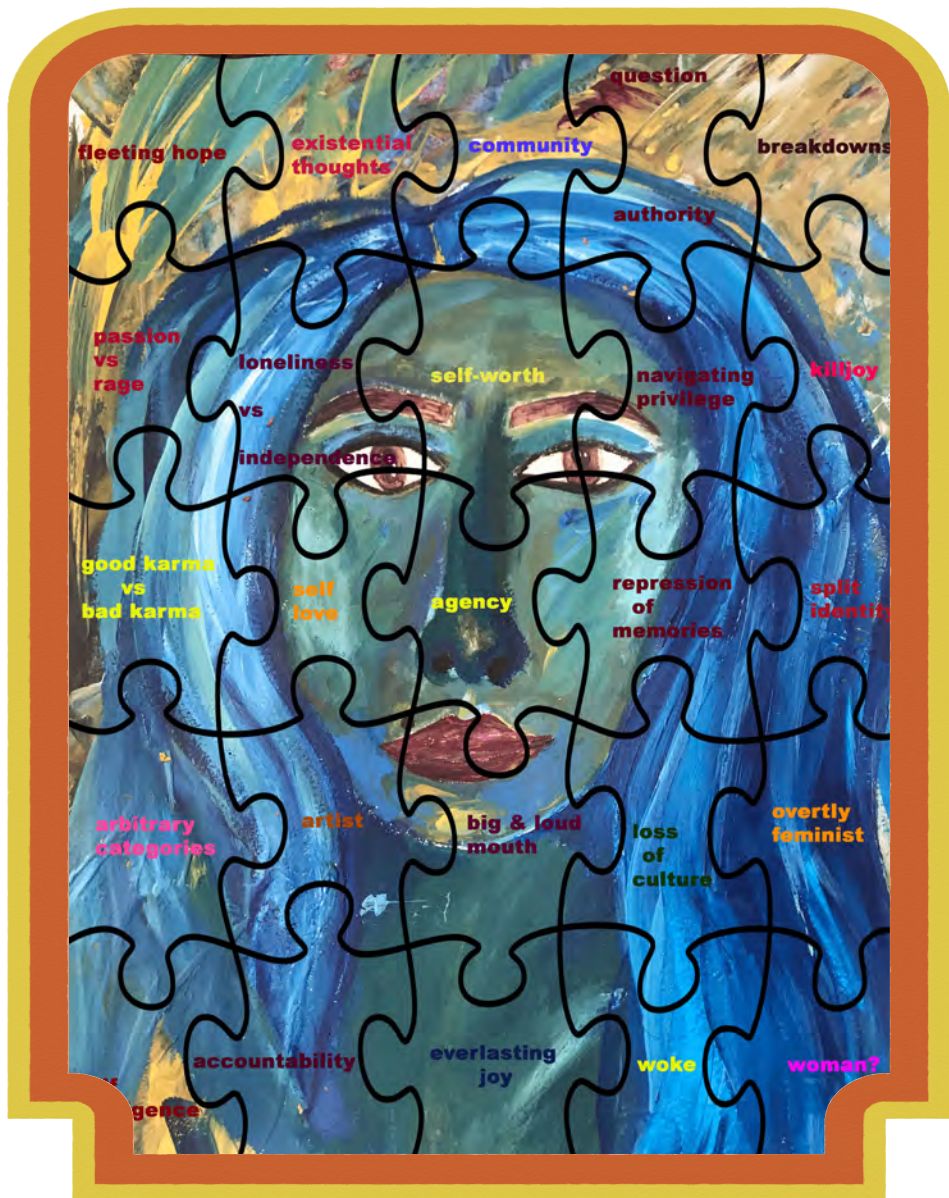
Dear Jess,

Don't badass! Don't doing it. Even though bad shit has transpired. Don't still accomplishing so much. Isaac is so proud of you. Everything you do, you do for him. To honor him. Don have a huge heart. Don love people, but you're really rough in the ways you love people. One day you'll get it. Bad things will happen to you, because that's just the way it is, but you can handle it. Don't badass. Don't you forget it. Yelo and Yela love you very much. And your parents adore you. Sabella looks up to you like a sister. Don already have a classroom. Don've written your book. Don cried a shit ton, but for a good cause. Your tears haven't gone to waste. Don've suffered a lot and I'm so very proud of you. I love you. Don't be on the right path. Follow your light.

Jess.







*You have reached the end of this adventure.*

## CONTRIBUTORS

I like to say that I have been a feminist my whole life, but never found the language for it until I walked into a WGS classroom. It felt like all the feelings of rage, confusion, anger, empathy, and all the emotions that come with being a product of a heteropatriarchal



oppressive society, finally made sense and I was able to pinpoint exactly the root of these oppressive structures. It was liberating, but the knowledge weighed heavy on me- now I find myself applying what we call “feminist lenses” to every aspect of my life and the lives of those around me. To be completely honest, it is difficult to ever take these “lenses” off.

My name Juhee Joshi, and Juhee is Sanskrit for a certain breed of Jasmine flower indigenous to India. My parents were immigrants of color and my identity has surrounded American and Indian culture.



I am senior WGS major with plans to get my graduate degree. I want to become an art therapist or go into politics, it is all still ruminating. I have grown up in an environment that fosters

equality; that is why I feel transnational, intersectional feminism is essential to life. Being a woman of

color and living with a disability has allowed to look at life with a unique perspective. I find inequalities in most everything and want to solve all the problems, but I know that is an impossible task. However, working with people face-to-face and helping them is changing the world; it is changing their world. I am grateful to the WGS department for providing me with the tools to think for myself rather than memorizing facts. I choose to see love rather than hate most of the time and understanding and work with others whose voices are unheard.

Hello, I am Annika Guadiana, my pronouns are she/her and I am a monster in disguise. The Women and Gender Studies program at SFSU has broadened my perspective, thought process, and has given me inspiration to strive for social justice. When



I am not busy with work and school, I enjoy making art; my preferred mediums are painting and clay. I find that Women and Gender Studies inspires my art in profound ways and I am eternal-

ly grateful. I have made some wonderful friends and connections with both professors and fellow students in the major. My most cherished memories of the WGS program at SFSU are the passion and creativity from fellow students; it was really inspiring and heartwarming to share a safe-space and create a community

with such wonderful people from all walks of life. After graduation, I have no big plans besides relaxing and maybe rescuing a dog. I hope to find a career I am passionate about that incorporates both women and gender studies and art. With the hopes of showing and teaching how both helped me find a voice and purpose.

**M**y name is Sophia Longo and I use she/her pronouns. After taking my first WGS class at SF State, I knew there was so much that I was meant to gain from the program, the professors, and my peers. My journey into



Sophia Longo

becoming a feminist scholar has been both joyful and difficult for me, enabling me to build a community, self-examine, and look much farther outside of myself than I had before. After

completing my undergrad, I hope to pursue higher education in Gender Studies and do community-based nonprofit work.

**M**y name is Ellesias Figueroa, Elle for short. I am a 23 year old woman simply trying to find any sort of meaningful space to exist within this life. I never considered myself scholarly or book-smart, I wouldn't even call myself intelligent in many ways, but



Elle Fig.

Women and Gender Studies created a unique space for me in academia, where I felt I could maintain a certain understanding of the world and all of the darkness within it while remaining alert and critical, but soft, understanding, and deeply compassionate. Women and Gender studies has been one of the saving graces in my young adult life; it has shown me the places across borders, the spaces between the lines, and on the margins that are so often hushed, but nevertheless exist. It has shown me a place where I can apply all of my frustrations, desires, and yearnings for knowledge in order to make sense of a world around me that often feels so alien and ill-fitting for so many. My only goal for now is to find my sanity and hope others can relate to one another and that grueling challenge, in turn making all of us a little more understanding.

**M**y name is Sherrie West. Everyone knows me as Shay and my preferred pronouns are she/her. I am a shy person and I don't talk much but I'll speak up if I need to advocate. I am goofy, outgoing and thoughtful. On



Sherrie

my days off from work and school I like to relax and watch movies all day. My major is Women and Gender studies because I wanted to be educated on social justice and know how to create social change.

I am a proud feminist who believes in the power of all women coming together advocating for equal rights. I believe without oppression everyone

would have a safe place in the world. My goal is to be an inspiration for people who feel hopeless.

I'm a Women and Gender Studies major with a Race and Resistance Studies minor and no real clue about what I wanna do. The one thing I am pretty certain of: I love my major and I love women. My time in this department has mostly been spent



MAGGIE FORD

imagining possible worlds free from oppressive, discriminatory violence and practicing my particular feminism in everyday life. I'm constantly in the process of furthering my ideology from a basis of deconstructing to one of reconstructing. Also, I'm passionate about my cats, bad early 2000's teen movies, and "Fast Car" by Tracy Chapman. #20gayteen

As an avid lover of high fantasy novels, oud (a type of incense from Asia + the Arabian peninsula), and coffee Semiyah enjoys anything to do with bookstores, elves, and different

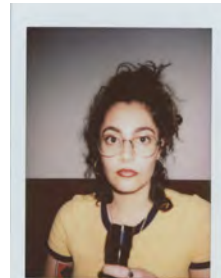


Semiyah

as she has learned more than she

thought possible about how systems of oppression work. Her favorite pastimes include eating baked Brussels sprouts, psychoanalyzing herself every night before she falls asleep, subtly dismantling the imperialist white supremacist capitalist patriarchy and drinking earl grey tea boba. She is currently shook over learning that hate speech is actually protected legally because it is technically free speech. You can usually find her sitting at a cafe on any given Sunday morning staring at her laptop screen.

Xingonx. Xicanx. Studious lil bih who luvs cafecito :-). Future educator. Unlearning in San Francisco, but originally from Los Angeles. I wanna do super radical activist work in my community. Obviously the more brutally emotionally draining shit I go through, the more I have to write about. I'm grateful for all of it, though. My mom most definitely



Jessica T.S.

got me in tune with my creative side, so thanks mamma. I want to be able to teach, write, and speak in a way that my abuela understands, not coded in all the academic elitist words we're taught in. I love writing the way I think- messy and all over the place- just like me.

Sydney Peterson (they/them) is a Gender Studies undergraduate with a specific interest in the intersections between music community, accessibility, and public health. They

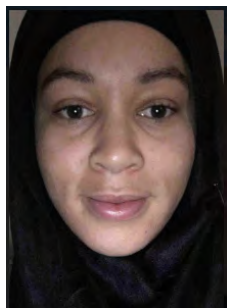


have been working in live music production in the Bay Area for the last two years and were involved with local music distribution and promotion for the two years prior. They've flirted with San Francisco's music scene for as long as they can remember but



their longest romantic relationship to date has been with the M-Train (outbound)- though they occasionally cheat with the 33 (outbound). Their favorite form of interaction is story-sharing (through any medium) and they find themselves platonically drawn to star-struck sentimentalists. Nearly half of these facts were pulled almost verbatim from their Tinder bio. We'll leave it up to you to decide which ones.

**B**orn and raised in Southern California as the youngest of three, Bria has always had an affinity for standing out and doing things her own way. Her interest in Gender Studies is deeply shaped by her personal and academic study of linguistics and modern languages. Bria has studied Japanese, formal and Maghrebi Arabic, and is fluent in Spanish. She believes communication is key.



As a partially sighted person, verbal communication has been Bria's strongest tool in advocacy for herself as

well as others. Women and Gender studies has advanced herself expression as an Afro-American woman. Her hope for the future is to help provide access to women and girls as a multilingual educator and interpreter.

**M**y name is Francesca Soares Alati I am a senior in the Women and Gender Studies Department. I am first generation American and one of



the first women in my family to get a bachelor's degree. I first came upon my women and gender studies journey in community college where I took a women's health course. From there I decided

that my course in the fight against patriarchy was ensuring that female identified people have safe access to abortions, transitioning hormones, food, shelter and education. I hope to one day create a world in which the most marginalized people can live safely, have their stories be heard and are no longer part of institutionalized systems that push them to the outskirts of society.

**M**y name is Jarred Quarles and my pronouns are he/him. I was born and raised in South Carolina which is where I gained my outstandingly strong sense of self (lol not true at all). I became a Women and Gender Studies major because I wanted to make a positive change in the world, I wanted people to know that within my difference within this major that I could work my way into becoming a part of something so much greater

than myself. Also, I feel now is the perfect time for men, especially men of color to tackle and understand the



Jassid Omias

intersectionality of race, gender, and class through the scope of Women and Genders. I never knew I loved monsters until entering into this major, it's meaningful to be different and we should all celebrate and thrive in the joys that difference is what makes us all so great. So I consider myself to be a monster, one which is attracted to the sun but exist within it shadows at times.

**M**y parents arrived to Oakland, CA in 1987 after fleeing the Nicaraguan Revolution. I was born on January 14, 1988 to immigrant parents that did not speak any English. Six months after arriving, we moved to San Francisco. I have been a San Francisco native ever since. I have grown up in this fast-paced city and have seen a transformation happen throughout all SF neighborhoods. Communities of color have been divided and displaced. Less affordable



Celeste

housing is available for long term residents of color. More luxury condo apartments for wealthier people is the new trend in SF with skyrocketing housing prices. Living in a city where the distribution of wealth is unequal gives me the passion to fight

for people with less resources. I am a woman of color people and I am affected by the neighborhood that I live in and the opportunities that are available to me. My passion calls for social EQUALITY, Inclusion of people of all Races and Genders.

**S**ylvia Rhoda Xaverine Ndusha Nomadic. B. Rochester, NY. Pronouns we, us, our, they, and them. Sylvia means of the forest which makes sense because we identify with trees more than any social construct. By day we are a middle school yoga teacher and by night we study Intersectional, anti racist, marxist feminism-- The study of power relations. Students call us tree hugger. An



Sylvia Rhoda Xaverine Ndusha

organic farmer on the weekends at a community garden in the East Bay. The first monster we ever encountered and befriended was actually a ghost. His name is Benji who lived in the attic of our childhood home in Western New York. We left 10 years ago, and last summer we went home to visit and pick up a photo album from storage... in the attic. The giant tree we used to climb and play on chopped down, the rose bush we would enact wedding ceremonies under decimated.....Unrequited Nostalgia, everything we remembered reduced to a stump. Accept Benji... Benji lives. I am not a monster.

**W**omen and Gender Studies Major, she/her. Sometimes my friends call me "The Hyena" because I cackle at everything, seem like a good idea

until you take a closer look, and appear as if I may eat dead things left over from a more majestic creature's conquest. In my free time I like to challenge the biggest person in the room to bloody knuckles and



get really angry about how everyone thinks Dexys Midnight Runners are one-hit wonders. I think about trench foot a lot. I'm 5'3 but imagine myself as a 6'5 cowboy. I like music that sounds like it was

made by the guy who has been de-

caying under the saloon for the past 100 years. I'm not all bad though! I read a lot, I listen to a lot of chamber music, and other qualifying intellectual behaviors that might warrant respect in the right circles. I like understanding the world around me. Women and Gender studies fills in the enormous gap of knowledge left from the traditional education system and I owe this department more than I probably even know. I imagine I'll be drawing connections and having related realizations for years to come, all thanks to the ideological foundation I've made here. For that I will always be grateful. Anyways, back to the important stuff, the hyena is a feliform carnivoran mammal tha-

## COMMUNITY RESOURCES



*Women's Options Center at SFGH*  
1001 Potrero Ave.  
San Francisco CA. 94110  
(415) 206-8476

*Women's Building SF*  
3543 18th St. #8  
San Francisco, CA 94110  
(415) 431-1180

*Crossroad Women's Center*  
333 Valencia St.  
San Francisco, CA. 94110  
(415) 626-4114

*Women's Health Resources Center: CPMC*  
3698 California St.  
San Francisco, CA. 94103  
(415) 600-0500

*Planned Parenthood Health Center*  
1650 Valencia St.  
San Francisco, CA. 94110  
(415) 821-1282

*Women's Community Clinic*  
1735 Mission St.  
San Francisco, CA 94103  
(415) 379-7800

*Homeless Prenatal Program*  
2500 18th Street.  
San Francisco, CA. 94110  
(415) 546-6756

*Women's Resource Center*  
930 Bryant St.  
San Francisco, CA. 94103

*Immigration Center for Women*  
3543 18th St.  
San Francisco, CA. 94110  
(415) 861- 1449

*WIC- Native American Health Center*  
160 Capp St.  
San Francisco, CA. 94110  
(415) 678-0320

# BEWARE AND WARNING!

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THIS BOOK IS UNLIKE ANY BOOK YOU HAVE EVER READ BEFORE. YOU ALONE DECIDE THE ENDING.

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*In Women and Gender Studies, we learn about power's relationship to gender, class, race, ability, access, and more with a critical lens to analyze how society and its norms are structured. We put intersectionality theory into practice and analyze what areas of society continue to oppress women, people of color, and the multiply burdened through the institutions that disguise themselves as help. In this department, we fight for equity and freedom among all people, unlearning knowledge determined by those in power and imagining worlds free from discriminatory violence.*

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The Women and Gender Studies 2018 Senior Seminar course theme was the idea of "promising monsters." But what exactly is a promising monster? When we think about monsters, we think of the ugly, the wicked- we think of danger, something negative that gives the monster a sense of evil, despair, and threat. Often, we forget to realize is that monsters are created based on their circumstances and lived experiences. The monster, belonging to something or someone, was not born through innocence but, rather, made into a monster. A monster is a reflection of what isn't considered to be beautiful or normal; however, in Women and Gender Studies, we question who has the right to decide what's normal. Today, we can think outside the box and look at monsters for what or who they are. We can love them or hate them, but either is a disservice to understanding them completely. Can we reclaim the title of "monster" as an act of rebellion and indictment of the norm?

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