



Monstro•city

WGS 690 • Spring 2019

DEDICATIONS

To my parents, to Maya, to Professors Janelle White, Evren Savci & Anita Silver - and finally to Ezra, Jaya, Sydney & Melika. Thank you for the inspiration, critique, and support that I will continue to draw from long after I leave the Bay. - Alina

To my boyfriend for being the strong feminist in my life. To my family and friends that supported me through everything. To the wonderful and patient instructors of WGS who have taught me so much and introduced me to Susan Stryker. I have grown so much because of all of you! -Jannet

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To my parents and the village that raised me, to my sweet sister Bianca and guiding light Iza, to my ancestors who have been screaming my name, to my partner Chris and your endless understanding and unrelenting support. I hear you, I see you, I thank you, I love you. - Alyssa Rose Avalos

To my family both here & there. To Kyna Collins, Evren Savci, Taylor Wondergem, & Nan Boyd, who helped me (re)learn & inspired me to teach. To Xana, who keeps me grounded. To Emily Joe Watterson, who keeps me going. To Erica Marie Robles, who makes me feel whole. - Faye

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To my parents and family whom I love so much. - Gisela

To the loved ones and mentors who helped shaped my path. - Alissa

To my family and friends, to my wonderful son, and to my amazing professors - my gratitude overflows. Thank you! - Sammy

To my sisters - Naomi



“The main trouble with cyborgs, of course, is that they are the illegitimate offspring of militarism and patriarchal capitalism, not to mention state socialism. But illegitimate offspring are often exceedingly unfaithful to their origins. Their fathers, after all, are inessential.”

—Donna Haraway

You see us as you want to see us, a monstrous motley crew. But what we ask of you while reading this, is to look further beyond your fear of the monsters that lurk in the dark corners of this city. Enter our world, and feel its ghastly effects. Witness our Collective healing as we rid ourselves of toxic constructs and ideologies. Experience the powerful effects that anonymity has on our storytelling, and ability to challenge ostentatious respectability politics. These are the things we’ve unlearned, these are the things that we have to share. Enter this city at your own risk, and prepare for a messy journey ahead. We are all here for a reason, for something. Why are you here?

Monstrous Authors:

Dust Bunnies



The dust bunny is a pesky little fiend that senses when insecurities are formed and attaches onto you. This tiny creature has little to no weight but it has the ability to multiply rapidly in number, size, and weight if it senses the insecurity growing or returning. It cannot stop growing if it has access to negative energy, which allows the dust bunnies to grow into a heavy mass that clings onto your shoulders and back. However, if you shine a light onto the dust bunnies, they immediately shrink into a single small entity. They return to their weightless form and become harmless. The dust bunny is extremely loyal, staying by your side no matter where you go. As long as these little bunnies are well attended to, they maintain their loveable, cheerful, and supportive demeanor.

Blind Contour



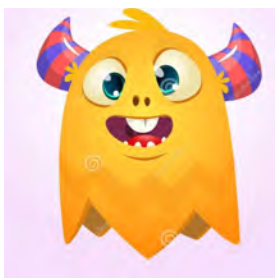
Blind Contour is a rollercoaster times four! Their emotions shift as quickly as the SF fog rolls in and they threaten to reveal many truths of the world, including their Inner Needs and Wants. They are not afraid of grief, adaptation, tenderness or eye contact, so beware.

The ManSlayer Oddra



Oddra is a fierce warrior. She soars gracefully above all the land and sea creatures and welcomes them with her warm eyes. But beware, if you anger the beast within her she will unleash a fire that you won't be able to tame. Oddra invites you to explore this strange world with her, unearthing many truths along the way, and fighting the patriarchy one day at a time.

Bubbles



Bubbles is a small creature that attaches to you creating anxiety and stress. It drives you to the point of experiencing panic or anxiety attacks. Once you are able to manage it and keep it under control it can bring calmness to your life.

Themselves, They, or Them that's in it



They are a tiny, extraordinary machine who works too hard. They think in false dilemmas. They feel threatened when there is no danger. They thrive on attention, and will diminish when there is none. They put all their power and energy into the people and things they love, but beware—if you betray them, they will burn you, and themselves, inside and out.

Abyss



Isolation is an inevitable result and insidious tool of capitalism. Hyper individualistic western values and punishing social structures destroy communities, and people who struggle are encouraged to blame themselves, to see their flaws and obstacles as unique only to them. Abyss is a monster that drowns us when we feel most isolated. Abyss suffocates us during a mental health episode, after a public tragedy. We sink into it during a period of grief or painful growth. Capitalism is a force that begs you to separate further, baiting you into a fate that is only convenient for itself. Abyss is a monster that will ultimately spit you out, back into the arms of other people, because it knows healing cannot happen alone.

Toci, Aztec Goddess of Healing and Discord



Toci is stoic and seductive exuding confidence with each step leaving a trail of lush earth behind her. She brings peace to the forest and village alike. Her physical presence feels protective and all knowing. Toci's spiritual knowledge leaves lost and wounded souls in a trance, opening their hearts darkest secrets, raising their state of consciousness, and healing them. To enemies of the land she is a fierce warrior able to cause the earth to quake and the sky to fall. Madre Tierra many now call her, the essence of life itself, beautiful but unforgiving.

The Wamidal



The Wamidal comes into being from exposure to cruelty and oppression. This creature is a protector against villains who seek to cause harm. Last seen near San Francisco some time ago. Though ancient artifacts indicate that the Wamidal has existed on all parts of the globe for millenia, where stories have been told of those who have undergone great oppression turning into a fiery, fanged, kicking, righteously indignant monster that destroys those that hurt and oppress others. The Wamidal emits serpents who upon command, will aid in the destruction of the oppressor. When not facing hardship, both the Wamidal and the serpents, reside peacefully inside the human host, unknown and unseen to others.

MothMan



MothMan is a personification of the patriarchy. He embodies social policing and surveillance which WGS students work towards dismantling.

Rous



Rous is a small monster who hates the cold. She may appear distant and aloof, but she has a heart of gold and is fiercely loyal. Rous is rather materialistic and loves shiny things. She is a bundle of energy, enthusiasm and chaos. Rous amplifies emotion, feeding off those around her. She moves through extremes; from a sobbing puddle of insecurity, to a roaring demon, to a crackling fire of warmth and happiness. She is a spinning spiral whirlwind of contradiction, emotion and expression. Rous will sweep you off your feet, but strap in, you're in for a hell of a time.

Emerald of the Redwoods



A mossy forest creature, Emerald sleeps nestled in the soft greenery of the redwood forest floor and bathes in the sunlight that pierces through the morning fog. When she dips her toes into a stream, she breathes life into it—lily pads sprout from the surface and kaleidoscope colored dragonflies glide atop the water's surface. When Emerald exhales, monarch butterflies cascade into the air, dancing in the golden light that beams between the trees like shadow puppets in the wind. Incidentally, she is the only one in the forest who can get a hummingbird to slow down long enough

to have a conversation (and chatty ones, they are!) But there is not always peace in the Redwoods for Emerald. In her cloak of evergreen leaves, she appears sheltered. However, ... Be tender! For if you pluck one of her leaves it will turn into a thorn. Her one great weakness is that for as much life as she can give, she is vulnerable to the selfishness of others. Others take and take her leaves. They come to the forest and trample wildflower patches, swat insects, and leave behind a trail of their adventures. When the forest is not healthy, Emerald's leaves shed, leaving behind jagged thorns. Eventually, this vibrant creature, exploited by those with little care, will be a body of decaying thorns. When she loses her last leaf, she will perish and return to the earth. Ultimately, Emerald's giving spirit is her downfall in the forest.



Monstro•city



Application for Naturalization

USCIS Form N-400 No. 1615-0052 03/31/2019



For USCIS Use Only

Remarks

START otherwise in your Form

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Case MSC1791306760

A piece from my partner, artist Filip Skrziesinski's 2017 Thesis Exhibition, you're not (t)here: bona fide, in between, mocks the absurdity of the bureaucratic immigration process, displaying an N-400 form obscured by thick strokes of pink paint, covering the bulk of the page. The color and fleshy texture of the paint render the form—an extension of a violent system of citizenship—turned inside out, casting a sort of vulnerability.

A significant aspect of my college experience was the aftermath of the 2016 election, which was simultaneously devastating, as well as hopeful & beautiful, as my long-time partner, Filip & I subsequently eloped. The Women & Gender Studies Department at San Francisco State has helped me critically examine the cisheteropatriarchal institution of marriage, the failures of citizenship, white privilege in the immigration process, and the undeniable truth that **no human being is illegal**. The pure bureaucracy of citizenship became clear to me via endless stacks of paperwork which referred to my partner as 'alien,' and the interview (for which we waited over a year to have) where a USCIS agent combed through our love letters and photographs in an attempt to stamp our relationship bona fide. It was in that interview that the institutions I had been entrenched in my whole life, been made to believe were sacrosanct institutions of justice and freedom, *unraveled*.

...You zone out as the agent begins to rapid-fire formulaic question after question in the direction of your partner. You leave your body. You question everything you'd ever known. You have the profound need and acute awareness that you mustn't cry.

“Have you EVER ordered, incited, called for, committed, assisted, helped with, or otherwise participated in acts involving torture or genocide?”

You realize how disgusting you feel, being looked at in this situation as the “safe, trusted American” who could “sponsor” him, vouch for him, affirm his truth, without ever being asked these invasive and absurd questions.

“Have you EVER committed hijacking, sabotage, kidnapping, political assassination, or use of a weapon or explosive to harm another individual or cause substantial damage to property?”

You start to realize that you have not earned... any of this—this citizenship, this “golden pass,” this coveted status. Nobody will ever ask you these questions. The U.S. government will never ask you to prove your body worthy of presence on this land.

“Have you EVER engaged in prostitution or are you coming to the United States to engage in prostitution?”

You feel sick but you force yourself to smile as you remember you are acting in this theatre of dehumanization. Not even for citizenship. Just the first step. Just a green card. A green card he has waited 16 years for.

Even as you anticipate the flick of the agent's pen to deem him worthy, you know that this too, this green card, these laws, could all be subject to change. Violent rhetoric. Public outcry. Executive order. No safety. No freedom.

— Not Free
— Free



“Anyone who doesn’t have a great time in San Francisco is pretty much dead to me. You go there as a snarky New Yorker thinking it’s politically correct, it’s crunchy granola, it’s vegetarian, and it surprises you every time. It’s a two-fisted drinking town, a carnivorous meat-eating town, it’s dirty and nasty and wonderful.” —Anthony Bourdain

These are just a few of the places in the first city to steal my heart, that kept me sane during a time in my life where I found out everything about this world is fucking insane.

- Legion of Honor
- Windmills at Golden Gate Park
- Japanese Tea Garden and Botanical Garden at Golden Gate Park
- California Academy of Sciences and De Young Museum at Golden Gate Park
- Conservatory of Flowers at Golden Gate Park
- Golden Gate Bridge
- Wave Organ
- Palace of Fine Arts
- Aquatic Park/ Beach
- Marshall Beach
- Musée Mecanique
- Bread and Cocoa Café
- Balmy Alley and Clarion Alley
- Tierra Mia Coffee Shop
- Diego Rivera Mural at City College
- Lake Merced



Self-care is important to practice once a day in our lives. It might be hard with our busy schedules and high demand from school. It is important to practice one of them at least once a week. Below you will find easy steps that don't take that much time to practice self-care.

Meditation:

1. Sit or lie comfortably
2. Close your eyes
3. Make no effort to control your breathe, simply breath naturally
4. Focus your attention on the breath and how the body moves with each inhalation and exhalation. Notice the movement of your body as you breathe. Observe your chest, shoulders, rib cage, and belly. Simply focus your attention on your breath without controlling its pace or intensity. If you wonder return your focus back to your breath.
5. Practice 2-3min to start

Deep Breathing:

1. Sit or stand with your elbows slightly back. This allows your chest to expand more fully.
2. Inhale deeply through your nose
3. Hold your breath as you count to 5
4. Release the air via a slow, deep exhale, through your nose, until you feel your inhaled air has been released.

Calm nervous system, more focus, and reduce stress.

Things to relax or reduce stress:

1. Talking with friends
2. Going for a walk or a hike
3. Warm shower
4. Chamomile tea

medication

d e p r e s s i o n

define me

change me

i'm afraid

of what?

which part is me? which part is the depression?

how much will I change?

medicated

why do i yearn to be fixed

why is my brain "imbalanced"?

for whom or what reason do i need to

change for?

p r o d u c t i v i t y

push and push

pushing me into a corner

my worth is my capital

capital

capital

capital

fear of capitalism

fear of overdiagnosing

fear of inadequacy

fear

fear

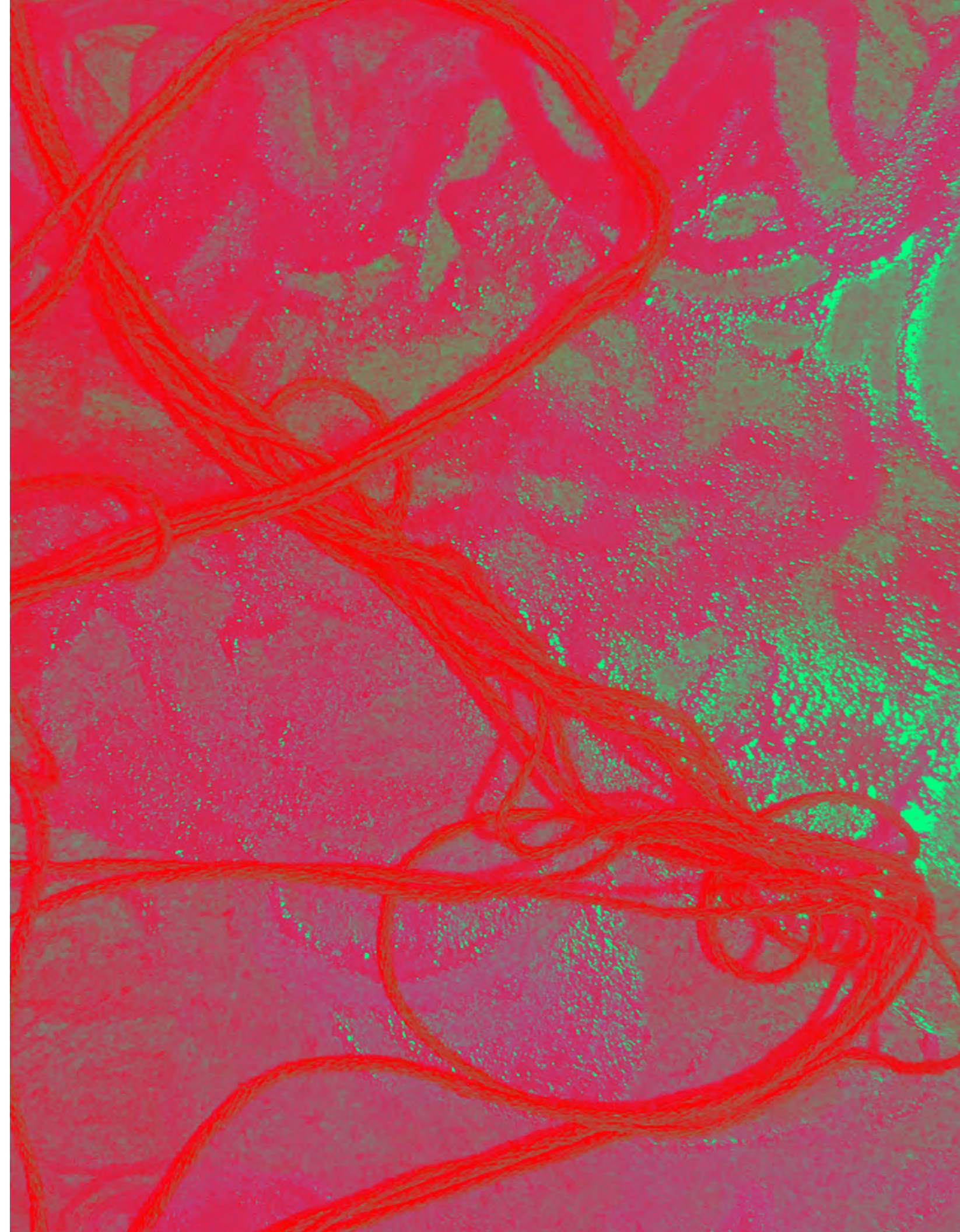
fear

i fear that I will be lost

the lyft driver asks me if i am going to work and even though i don't feel like
talking i am polite and i say no. i am going to therapy
then he asks me what's wrong, which is really polite of him because i'm 100%
sure he thinks i am crazy now
ii say it is my head and he goes ohhhhhhhh, you seem like a nice girl, why
would you need therapy
well first i'm not nice, i am only polite, and second i am not a girl, but i don't
correct him because i look like a girl and it's not his fault.
therapy is at 12 every thursday and i've never missed a session. I wonder if my
therapist is proud of me because maybe she thinks that means i am getting
better which means i am a good person
and i really want to be a good person

this sandwich is disgusting but i eat it anyway. i keep eating it because it's vegan
and i'm a veeeeeeegannnnnn and being a vegan should mean i am a good person
i have to close the door three times or it means my mom will die and i don't want
her to die which should mean i am a good person
i'm mad that i am late because the L said it would be here in two minutes ten
minutes ago and i wish i had my car again. but then i remembered that i sold my
car because that means i'm reducing my carbon footprint, and i pretend i know
what that means when i don't but i know that should make me a good person. I
say thank you to the bus driver when i hop off , check! i am a good person
i don't like to miss assignments, even by one minute
i don't like to come into work late, even by five minutes
that means i am good for capitalism which makes me a good person

i am a bad person because i'm polite but it's not genuine
i am a bad person because i don't call my mom as often as i should
I am a bad person because i stole that kind-of-expensive-lipstick that one time
i am a bad person
and a good one
and those two people can exist at the same time
and they are safe today





For most of my time in college, when I tried to picture my future, I couldn't see a path that felt positive. Any major, any potential job appeared to require me to compromise my morals. Once I started researching the options laid before me (ranging from unsatisfying to scary), I couldn't stop - how was I going to pursue anything redeemable at all? Whatever career I looked into seemed to promise that it would train me to become complicit and passive. To anyone who struggles with this (and the struggle is ongoing), I deeply suggest exploring feminist speculative fiction. These texts show us how we have the power to create and take paths that are not molded by those individuals, governments, and corporations who are trying to exploit us. It has helped me understand that there is no better world out there unless we imagine one. Those who are manipulating us for profit will never present us with moral opportunities to better ourselves or the planet, even if they pretend to - we have to create our own frameworks. There is more to the future besides induced catastrophes, as long as we are committed to acting... and action has to be fueled by a hopeful imagination.

2nd House on 11th

In the Barrio that no longer exists
On the street that raised me
With neighbors that fed me
And tiendas on the corner
Fully stocked with liquor and pan dulce
Romantic phrases and smells
Of tortillas on the comal filled the air
The gospel pouring out of the Baptist church
Brought life to Sunday breakfasts
The graffiti was a mural
Cumbia, the rhythm of the concrete
My home that was stolen
In the "developing" college neighborhood
Lined with houses bought out by the privileged
Living in our home
The one the bank took from Papi
"Developed", "Safe", and Without Culture
With neighbors that keep to themselves
And 7/11s that watch while you shop
With words that cut like knives
Cleaning the streets of "riff raff"
Displacing entire communities
Gentrification the rhythm of America
In a country that was stolen.

Diaspora

A word I knew the meaning of
Before I even heard it
It was in the way my cousins spoke
And in the new recipes my father adopted
It was the way they taught me english in school
So adamantly till I forgot my love for spanish
It was in the warm smell that hit me
Walking into my Abuela's house
And the fear I felt for mi gente
While watching the evening news
I saw it every year in the gifts brought home
From my grandparents annual pilgrimage to the
homeland
It can even exist inside the sound of boots
Hitting a hard floor during a fiesta
I knew this word from it's affects
From my own disconnect
And commitment to relearning

Meteors

My thoughts are meteors
Foreign flaming space
Intruding into my atmosphere
Bringing chaos to the calm
That I just created
And again I shall try to salvage
The normalcy to my brain
But lately I can't keep up
The meteor showers are occuring
Much too often

Binary System

I'm aware I've been a red giant
Draining the light and life out of my closest friend
The only light in this dark space
And i'm the cause of its destruction
My fellow giant has turned into a dwarf
Selflessly watching as I drain energy from its core
Until it is nothing but a humble hollow thing
Stop me from spinning
Halt my orbit
I don't want to burn this carbon anymore
Shining has no motive if the light that emanates is
stolen
Stolen from my own purpose for burning bright
This is a binary system
That was never meant to change due to my own
cores hunger
Blow me up
For I am already a black hole

Wild Mothers Arms

This feeling creeps up on me
Like a gemini with two sides
It's happening again
Like waves hitting a cliffside
Suddenly your love starts to blur
The nymphs come out of the wood
And the sirens sing me their song
Leading me into myself
From the sea and through forests
The goddess of life and love take hold of me
Raising me high
Holding me by the throat
Breathless, gasping, helpless

Zines: A Brief Overview of an Enduring Subculture



Zines are self-published publications, usually handmade, and often created by an individual or a small group of collaborators, which are usually reproduced in small batches with a photocopier. They are often free, very cheap, or can be bartered for. The word “zine” comes from “fanzine,”¹ short for “fan magazine,” a term which originated in science fiction fandoms of the 1930s. The popular graphic style associated with zines was influenced, artistically and politically, by the subcultures, particularly the periodicals, of Dada and Surrealism.² Zinemaking, like other forms of independent publishing, allows individuals a voice outside the scope and restriction of other forms of more traditional media.

The rise of copy shops and the spread of cheap and accessible photocopying in the 1970s allowed zines to be produced quickly and inexpensively. In the pre-internet era, this was one of the only methods of affordable, accessible self-publication. With the emergence of the punk scene in the 70s and 80s, zines became a staple form of punk culture’s anti-establishment, DIY ethos. Zines formed an inexpensive and creative underground communication platform which provided radical and uncensored ways for punk fans to connect. *Slash*, *Punk*, *Sniffin’ Glue*, *Profane Existence* and later, *Maximum RocknRoll*, were notable zines of this genre.

The 1980s brought Reagan-era politics and the HIV/AIDS crisis. An independent gay and lesbian scene splintered off from the larger world of punk rock. “Queer” was reclaimed, and the word became a symbol of protest and anarchy.³ The zine *J.D.’s* coined “queercore” to describe queer punk music, giving a name to an emerging movement.⁴ Queercore used a punk DIY style to explore gender performativity and to challenge the stereotypes surrounding LGBTQ+ individuals by including personal stories about being queer and sexual exploits, publicity for upcoming queer events, art, and erotica. Queercore sought to be inclusive of other pre-existing subcultures, but to be critical of them at the same time, in so differentiating itself from both the respectability politics of the mainstream gay and lesbian rights movement as well as from the white heteronormativity of the punk scene.⁵

1. Roberts, Peter et al. “Culture : Fanzine : SFE : Science Fiction Encyclopedia”. The Encyclopedia Of Science Fiction, 2019, <http://www.sf-encyclopedia.com/entry/fanzine>. Accessed 21 Mar 2019.
2. Triggs, Teal. “Scissors And Glue: Punk Fanzines And The Creation Of A DIY Aesthetic”. *Journal Of Design History*, vol 19, no. 1, 2006, pp. 73,74. Oxford University Press (OUP), doi:10.1093/jdh/epk006.
3. Villarreal, Daniel. “Queercore: A Dirty History Of The LGBTQ Movement That Spits On Respectable Gays”. *Hornet*, 2019, <https://hornet.com/stories/queercore-history/>. Accessed 21 Mar 2019.
4. Dunn, Kevin C. “Pussy Rioting.” *International Feminist Journal of Politics*, vol. 16, no. 2, June 2014, pp. 317–334. EBSCOhost, doi:10.1080/14616742.2014.919103.
5. Kessler, Max. “Johanna Fateman On The Riot Grrrl Movement + Images From ‘The Riot Grrrl Collection’”. *PAPER*, 2013, <http://www.papermag.com/johanna-fateman-on-the-riot-grrrl-movement-images-from-the-riot-grrrl--1426932930.html>.

The Riot Grrrl movement stormed the punk rock scene in the early 1990s, largely protesting violence against women. Riot Grrrl emerged as an offshoot of punk, similar in many ways to Queercore. In fact, the two often overlapped in message, band members, and artistic strategy.⁶ Riot Grrrl was an underground feminist movement that combined radical feminist consciousness with punk style and politics. Riot Grrrl music was often aggressive punk rock with a pronounced feminist agenda. Zines like *Bikini Kill*, *Jigsaw*, *Girl Germs*, and *Doris* were instrumental in establishing the Riot Grrrl movement.⁷ In addition to discussing music and culture, zines focused on issues such as rape, harassment, domestic abuse, women’s health, sexuality, and female empowerment. The Riot Grrrl movement directly challenged the physical marginalization of women both in the punk community and in larger society. Max Kessler wrote in *Paper*, “Whatever riot grrrl became—a political movement, an avant-garde, or an ethos—it began as a zine.”⁸

Zines continued to grow and expand beyond punk movements. As the Riot Grrrl movement grew more mainstream, the creation and distribution of zines played a significant role in ushering in a new era of third-wave feminist activism. A lot of these, like Cindy Crabb’s *Doris*, still exist today, many in the form of online zines. Zines continue to function as radical forms of self-expression to share ideas, art, and political actions. Because zines often grant contributors a certain level of anonymity, zinemakers are free to share personal content which doesn’t fit into cultural norms, like sex, identity, mental health, self-harm, and disability. Making and sharing zines encourages individuals to form personal connections and lessens feelings of isolation. Zines also give a voice to individuals who struggle to participate in mainstream society. Zines are about reclamation. They offer a break from the continuous scroll of media consumption and allow the creator full creative control over creating something meaningful and distributing it as they wish.

With the increased online presence and archives like *QZAP*, the *Solidarity! Revolutionary Center and Radical Library*, *Digital Transgender Archive*, *Grrrl Zines Network*, and *Cline Library*, zines are easier to access than ever before. Today zinemakers continue to create zines as important works of resistance. Self-publishing can be a political and radical act. Zinemakers explore and reflect on experiences, identities, and historical narratives that are

6. Uprichard, Lucy. “Zines Keep It Real, Defying Digital Trends | The Technoskeptic”. *The Technoskeptic*, 2017, <https://thetechnoskeptic.com/zines-defy-digital-trends/>.
7. Dunn, Kevin C. “Pussy Rioting.” *International Feminist Journal of Politics*, vol. 16, no. 2, June 2014, pp. 317–334. EBSCOhost, doi:10.1080/14616742.2014.919103.
8. Kessler, Max. “Johanna Fateman On The Riot Grrrl Movement + Images From ‘The Riot Grrrl Collection’”. *PAPER*, 2013, <http://www.papermag.com/johanna-fateman-on-the-riot-grrrl-movement-images-from-the-riot-grrrl--1426932930.html>.

frequently overlooked or forgotten. Although zines have become mainstream, their DIY aesthetic and niche content still remain relevant to subcultures and social movements that engage in activism around gender, environmental justice, prison abolition, immigration, racism, bodily autonomy, disability and systematic oppressions. Additionally, zine culture has evolved to become more broad and inclusive of all identities. *Daikon** is a zine and an online platform for underrepresented Asian women, trans, and non-binary voices; *Shotgun Seamstress* is a zine created by, for and about black punks, queer people, feminists, artists, musicians and activists. *Write or Die* is a mostly handwritten zine and podcast out of San Quentin Prison in California.

In a world where mainstream media operates within capitalism to privilege the white and cisgendered, zinemaking and other methods of independent publishing are forms of defiance. They provide a platform for those who are underrepresented and undervalued in mainstream political and feminist discourse and a safe place for identity exploration. Zines are a medium that simultaneously connects, critiques, and challenges social movements. Rather than creating a distance between author and content, zines bridge the gap between like-minded individuals. They can be made by anyone and can be consumed by anyone, regardless of education or artistic ability.

Zines can be raw and ragged, or they can be polished and neat. They can be full of original work, completely repurposed, or a mixture of the two. Although the styles of zines vary widely, zine authors often use cut and paste techniques which, deliberately or not, emphasize that their zines are a labor of love—requiring time, serious effort, and thought. Zines are often deeply personal, raw manifestos which speak to one person’s or a group of people’s experiences.

Alison Piepmeier writes, “In a culture that celebrates ease and immediacy, zine makers are choosing to take part in a process that is deliberately messy, inefficient, and labor intensive—they are choosing to take part in an art process.”⁹ Zines are fragile, material constructions which create a tangible and visceral experience for both maker and reader. Zines exist in the cracks and fissures and forgotten places of media production. They frequently use all the tropes and trappings of mainstream culture but don’t have to play by the rules of traditional media. Zinemaking allows for real autonomy and freedom of expression not found in more traditional types of media. In between the accessibility of pop culture and the intimacy of personal art, zines remain an enduring media for self-expression, creative exploration, and political empowerment.

9. Piepmeier, Alison. *Girl Zines*. New York University Press, 2009, pp. 80. <https://books.google.com/books?id=26YUCgAAQBAJ>. Accessed 24 April 2019

Pollination

To my pollinators
 Sweet lavender beehive at hilltop
 Stamen and pistil
 earthly delight
 Jar of yellow pollen

I am their hummingbird
 Flying away
 Long beak
 Protective sheath
 Gone before you see

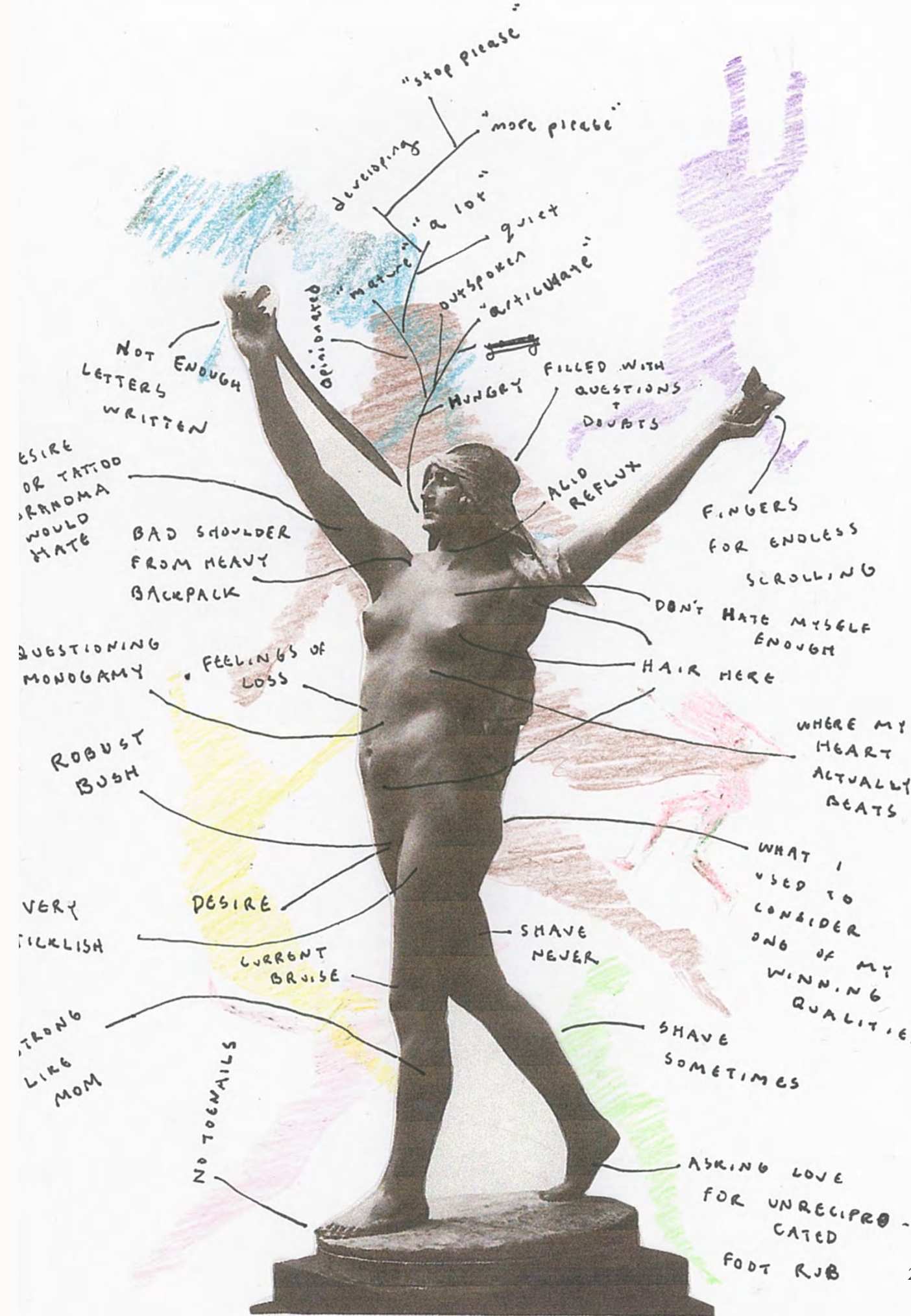
How do I measure
 My take
 From this world
 By my give to it?

I seem to purse my lips
 set them along
 the words
 told about me

To my orchard
 6 apples to one tree
 Grafted arms in
 Performance for comedian,
 Show myself
 And you and they and them
 How I flap my wings

Crawl into the colony
 queen bee and sticky smoke
 All I know about having
 nectar to give
 A worker
 In that small hexagonal wax

This poem was written in a poetry workshop given as part of an SFSU mental health initiative. Themes of performance, labor, productivity, sensuality and purpose come together with imagery inspired by a San Francisco urban farm and garden. I am still processing my place in this world and navigating my identity amongst my community's impressions of me. I am learning, through the honeybees, tool shed and espalier tree what it means to appreciate the nectar of life, indulge in sweet senses, and look critically at the performance of productivity.



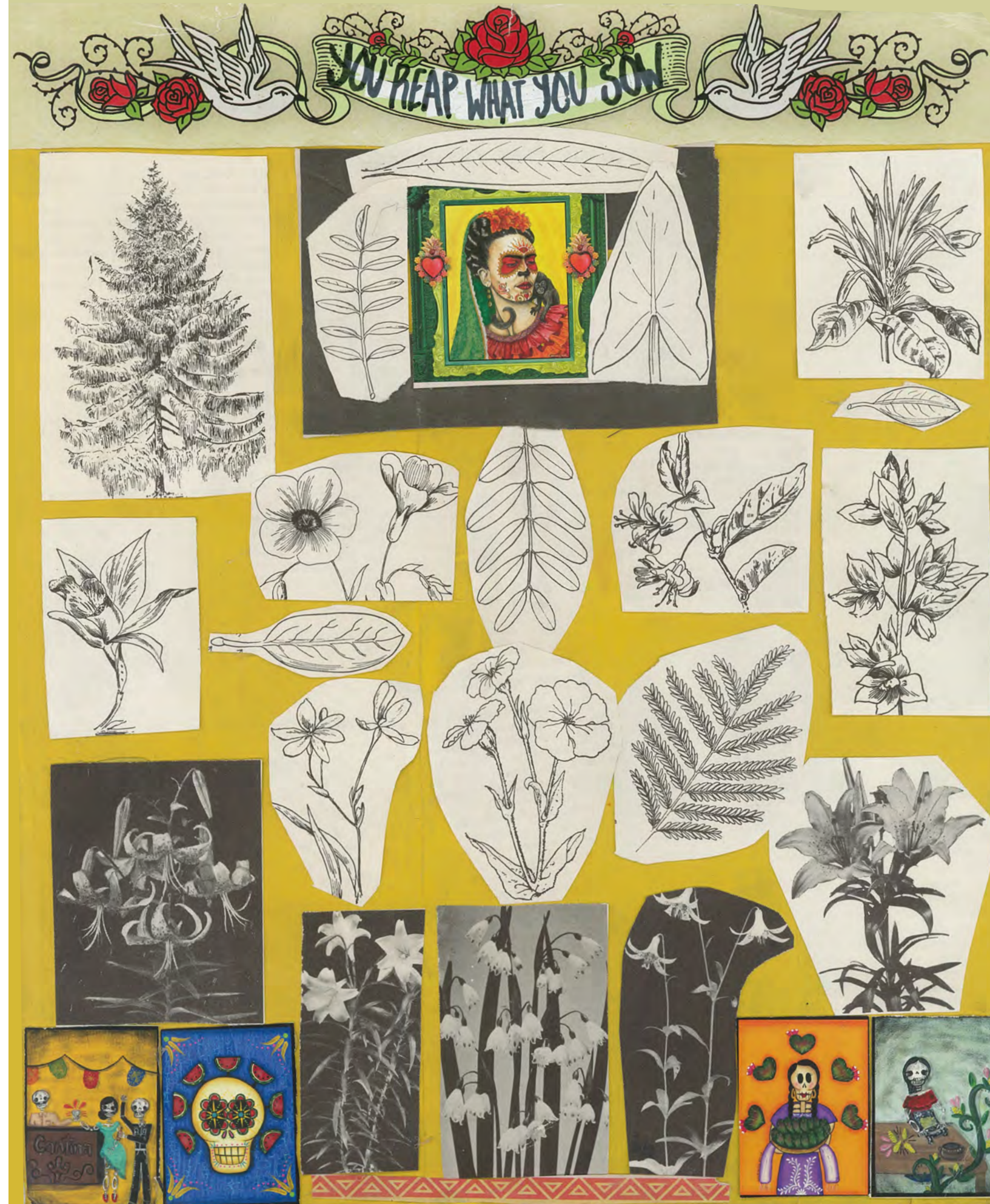
Feminist Theory Word Search

The following descriptions signify concepts that we have examined in Women and Gender Studies. They will help you find the terms that are prevalent in feminist theory.

Q Q I F W H R K C M A H N V F F X V L O
 H N L T D P I K X S Q G Q J J N I E K Q
 F B E G Q L F A W H Q O B P R O Y X M Q
 C H C B L S B G F D I C L W I J E D L T
 C H Z J X W I I J F V Z V D U U U I T E
 L O O S J R U P W V U F R M K P E K J B
 Q Y K D V A H Y A K E T F T Z B W O E T
 O S A R U N G T E T E Q C V A D O Y I D
 D P Z C P O U R F F R K L E U M A T J W
 D F D M B M Y S E B F I A L O F V H G C
 P V D K N L I N H Q I H A O N H R E D J
 F G S V H X Q J S D N A L R E D R O B J
 R F U U A B K D O X K N U D C X Q V H M
 W Q L R B V D F X C S D B U X H F I Q V
 U O P O I N Y X P L P M H B J Q Y N B Y

1. Sara Ahmed defines this term in *Living a Feminist Life* (2017). This signifier represents feminists who are unafraid to openly and unapologetically challenge systems of power. These kind of feminists are often viewed as unhappy because of their critical outlook on the world.
2. Gloria Anzaldúa identifies this feeling of living “in between” because of her Mestiza and queer identity. She also describes feeling out of place living in the U.S. because she is not Mexican or American “enough.”
3. Kimberlé Crenshaw introduced this concept in a 1980’s essay where she describes how the experiences of racialized sexism affect Black women in society. This term was then popularized in women of color feminist scholarship which examines how gender, race, class, sexuality, ability, nationality etc. influences the lives of communities and ultimately determines their accessibility to social mobility.
4. In *Women and Gender Studies* we often discuss this notion when discussing the importance of combining feminist theory and practice
5. This term signifies the various ways in which our society normalizes heterosexuality which has been demonstrated in government policies, education systems, and the media.
6. This social system is rooted in male supremacy and can be understood as an ideology that exercises gender oppression which is particularly harmful towards women.
7. In *Are Prisons Obsolete?* (2003) Angela Davis describes this concept as the mass incarceration and policing of Black and Brown communities which is sustained by corporate interest in prison labor.

1. Killjoy 2. Borderlands 3. Intersectionality 4. Praxis 5. Heteronormativity 6. Patriarchy 7. Prison Industrial Complex (PIC)



The Demise of Pat Riarky



Once upon a time, in the City by the Bay, there was a person who learned the hard way why ‘No’ means no. This person was a child named Pat Riarky, who came from a wealthy and greedy clan that raise their young to believe that power, control, and violence will get them what they desire in life. In Pat’s clan, the message was clear; people in different clans were to be hated and mistreated - they didn’t matter at all, only Pat Riarky’s clan mattered, above all else.

One day, when Pat was just knee-high old, he happened upon a flooded out area where the other clan had been forced to live. They called it Archy World. Pat walked right into their space, where, amidst the trees, there was a child from the different clan playing alone. This child, who’s name was Kyri Archy, came from the clan which believed that all people are equal and that all people deserve safety, respect, and kindness. Coming from the Archy clan, meant that they had to fear the Riarky clan who wanted to oppress, control and take from the Archy clan whenever they came along their path.

Kyri, however, was quite young and had not come to realize that there were those in the world who saw the Archy clan as the enemy, those who should be feared. Kyri just wanted to be a part of the world and share it with others.

Since Pat was also so young, the lessons of dominance and control had not yet sunk in either, and Pat hadn’t realized that Kyri was from the different clan anyway - the clan that deserved nothing but oppression. What Pat did notice, was the amusement and joy of Kyri at play. Of course, since Pat was also a child, joining in the amusement happened playfully, as it should.

There they were, the children of these opposing clans, playing together, happy and carefree. Kyri was having such a good time and felt Pat was now a friend, even if Pat was sometimes rude or selfish. Pat didn’t know what to make of Kyri and couldn’t help but notice how fair, giving and kind Kyri was. Pat had found a true and loving friend. So, they continued meeting to play together.

Then one day, Kyri brought a special toy that had been given from the elder of the Archy clan. This toy was quite beautiful, it enhanced the innocent playfulness of the Archy clan, making every moment of play even more enjoyable - but it was very fragile. Kyri took care to hold

it carefully but wanted to share in its play filled use. Well, in kind with his clan, Pat wanted to have that toy, possess that toy, badly. So badly, in fact, that Pat tried to take this special toy from Kyri, who said “No!”, again and again. Finally, Pat grabbed the toy, kicking Kyri hard in the leg to get that special toy. Pat yanked so hard that the toy was broken into pieces. Kyri was in shock, hurt and very sad that this special toy was broken. Kyri limped home with the toy, and with the help of the elder, put its broken pieces back together again. It took a while, and when they were done, the toy was whole again, despite a couple cracks that remained. However, Kyri knew not to let Pat play with that toy ever again.

When Pat saw Kyri again, instead of saying sorry, Pat made a joke that the toy was useless and stupid anyway. Pat didn’t notice the change in Kyri - a subtle inner change that was very difficult to detect. But, if one was paying attention, they might have noticed Kyri’s legs had changed from those of a strong child’s legs to the hind legs of a goat. In Kyri’s world, people didn’t place much stock in the shape of other people’s body parts, so such a change wasn’t noticed by anyone in Kyri’s clan, for if they had, they would have protected Kyri better from the Riarky clan’s unkind underling.

Despite Pat’s mean behavior, Kyri tried to find the good in Pat, giving love and kindness, doing chores and favors and continued to play with Pat. Kyri did not forget what Pat had done but hoped that Pat would find value in Kyri and not cause harm again.

Pat, on the other hand, did value Kyri, but only for what Pat could get from Kyri. Often Pat treated Kyri like a servant and possession. Expecting Kyri to show up at specific times, do particular chores and tasks, wear the clothes that Pat liked and behave in the ways that Pat required. Kyri, who only knew how to love and give, just wanted to be friends, and so tried to appease Pat, both to make Pat happy and to ensure that Pat would never get angry again.

The years passed this way, until one day, while they were playing at Kyri’s special place, on a swing Kyri had built. Pat took a turn but didn’t know how to have much fun on it. Kyri then took a turn, and it bothered Pat that Kyri looked so happy swinging so high up, back and forth toes reaching for the sky. Pat grabbed at Kyri, who said “No!”, again and again. Finally, Pat caught Kyri and pulled so

hard it caused Kyri to fall hard onto the ground. Kyri was injured, Pat didn’t care, and jumped into the swing, screaming at Kyri to push him higher than Kyri could ever go.

Kyri pushed that swing for Pat, and not because being kind felt right, but because doing what Pat wanted felt safer than saying “No” again, knowing that to do so, might cause further ire from Pat.

When Pat finished playing on the swing and saw the blood on Kyri’s face, hands and knees there was only a snicker and a laugh. Pat didn’t care to notice either, the tears in Kyri’s eyes, nor the subtle aura of flames that now swirled around the top of Kyri’s head.

Kyri had been hurt inside and out. This time Kyri didn’t tell the elder what happened, not wanting to cause a fuss. But, Kyri had come to realize the Riarky Clan’s desire to cause harm at times and had heard of others from the Archy Clan who had been hurt, even killed by the Riarky Clan. Kyri knew to be much more careful next time, to always give in, so that Pat would not get angry. Still, though, Kyri loved Pat and forgave the aggression. However, as hard as Kyri tried to forget Pat’s meanness, Kyri couldn’t - felt changed somehow, and anger for being treated so badly, as well as the familiar resolve, to keep trying to get Pat to see that people shouldn’t hurt people. Kyri never forgot what Pat did to her but did still try to find the best in Pat anyway.

As time passed, Pat grew to be quite big and strong, just as Pat’s dependence for Kyri had grown too. So, often when Pat needed some fun or help with something Pat would seek Kyri out to fill his desires. They still found time to sit in the place their friendship had begun, and Kyri would give to Pat anything possible to bring happiness. Though Kyri still loved Pat, Kyri was learning to keep distance and spend more time with the elder and clan which brought understanding and protection.

Sometimes now, when Pat saw Kyri, Pat would rush up to grab and squeeze Kyri hard. So hard, in fact, that bruises were often left behind. Kyri would say “No, I don’t like to be grabbed and squeezed.” But Pat wouldn’t stop. Kyri knew the bruises would heal and knew that Pat didn’t know better, and so would try to forget Pat’s injuries - injuries that were caused by what Pat thought was love.

One time, Pat's need to hold and squeeze Kyri, became uncontrollable, Kyri couldn't get away, said "No" loudly, over and over again. Finally, Kyri was about to pass out, but instead screamed "No!", one last time, just as the cracks of ribs were heard. Pat knew what had happened but wouldn't let go until Kyri said please first. Kyri said "please," through coughs and sputters, and tears streaming down. Pat didn't care to notice Kyri's distress, nor did Pat see the subtle changes this time either, for Kyri had developed very long, thick fangs that one could only see if they were paying attention, and looking very closely.

As always, Pat was not sorry, and, instead, Pat geared at Kyri, laughing at those tears. Commenting on how ugly they looked and that Kyri had asked for it - that it was Kyri's fault that Pat had grabbed so hard. Kyri knew Pat was capable of being unkind and violent, still though Kyra made excuses for Pat, and also took the blame for not knowing how to get Pat to be more kind. Now, Kyri tried even harder to make Pat happy, to keep loving Pat, hoping this love just might change all the mean things into good things, hoping that one day Pat would treat Kyri and others with the kindness and respect they deserve - if only Kyri should show Pat how to be good and kind.

By the time Pat had grown to become an adult, ideas about the Riarky Clan's right to control, demand and take from others were grounded - violence against others an accepted part of Pat's way of being in the world. By now, Pat was as strong and powerful as a Riarky could be. Pat still demanded the help and fun Kyri could provide, but as the years had passed Pat felt even more that Kyri was like a possession, something to control and take anger out on. The word 'no', not in Pat's vocabulary, unless Pat was saying it.

Kyri had grown into a perfect Archy. Always defending those who got hurt by the Riarky Clan, ready to lend a helping hand and full of love, respect and a desire to share. Inside though, Kyri knew that something had changed, the trust that was there in childhood was gone, Kyri couldn't feel safe in the world where a mean Clan did mean deeds to innocent people just because they weren't from the same clan. Realizing this truth made it hard for Kyri to feel safe and at peace in the world.

One day, when Pat was feeling especially upset, Pat called upon Kyri to meet at the special place. Pat was ranting and raving about something silly that Pat thought was unfair. Kyri tried to comfort Pat, but could see that Pat was in no mood for that, when Pat spat in Kyri's face. Kyri

wanted to leave, but Pat said "No!" Pat looked angrier than ever before, and jumped on top of Kyri, spreading those legs that were now those of a goat. Pat's face and mouth pushed against Kyri's. Pat ignored Kyri's screams of "No!", again and again, as well as the flames which began to grow atop Kyri's head. Pat ignored Kyri's cries to the elder, begging for help; Pat continued to ignore Kyri as the fangs began to grow in Kyri's mouth. The more Kyri cried, screamed and pleaded "No!", the more Pat pushed upon Kyri - then into Kyri. At that very same moment, something in Kyri grew wild and uncontrollable. The flames now danced furiously around and above the top of Kyri's head. The fangs appeared as sparkling daggers, those goat legs, now long, fierce and kicking. And the harder Pat bore down onto and into Kyri, the more the space between Kyri's leg's now began to widen into a growing, glowing, cavernous pit. Still, Pat ignored Kyri's pleas for it to stop, relishing the power and control over Kyri.

When suddenly, there was a burst of high pitched screeches, and out of the cavern sprang several serpents, - serpents whose mission it was to stop Pat from causing harm to Kyri. These serpents began violently whipping their horned tails against Pat's face, using their sharp teeth to gnaw Pat's skin, flames flying from their nostrils and mouths to scorch Pat's skin.

As this was happening, Kyri grew angry, fierce and wild - flames flying and raging, fangs as long as a tiger's, legs so strong they meant to kick Pat to pieces. Suddenly, Pat screamed, "No!". And with that, there was stillness, the serpents looked to Kyri who was lost in thought for a moment about what was happening. Kyri asked if Pat was sorry for all the harm and pain Kyri had suffered because Pat was so mean and selfish. Kyri thought Pat would be very sorry now, but to Kyri's astonishment, Pat spat once more in Kyri's face. Again, there was a moment of Kyri's quiet reflection, when with a wink of her eye and a wry grin towards the serpents, who were wagging their tails and licking their chops. With a slight nod of Kyri's, they threw themselves on top of Pat Riarky who wailed for mercy. It took them several hours to tear Pat apart.

Pat Riarky was destroyed that day, forever. And Kyri Archy knew now that deep down inside all Archy clan people, existed the serpents of justice which were all the Archy clan needed to stop any more of Pat Riarky's clan from causing harm - forever and ever.

The End.

*Lest I ever forget...
The value in my curves
And the melanin in my skin*

*The crimson gold that flows
Down my leg
By Order of the Goddess herself,
Waiting for me
to join her
In her beautiful song,
That brings me feelings of joy
and misery.*

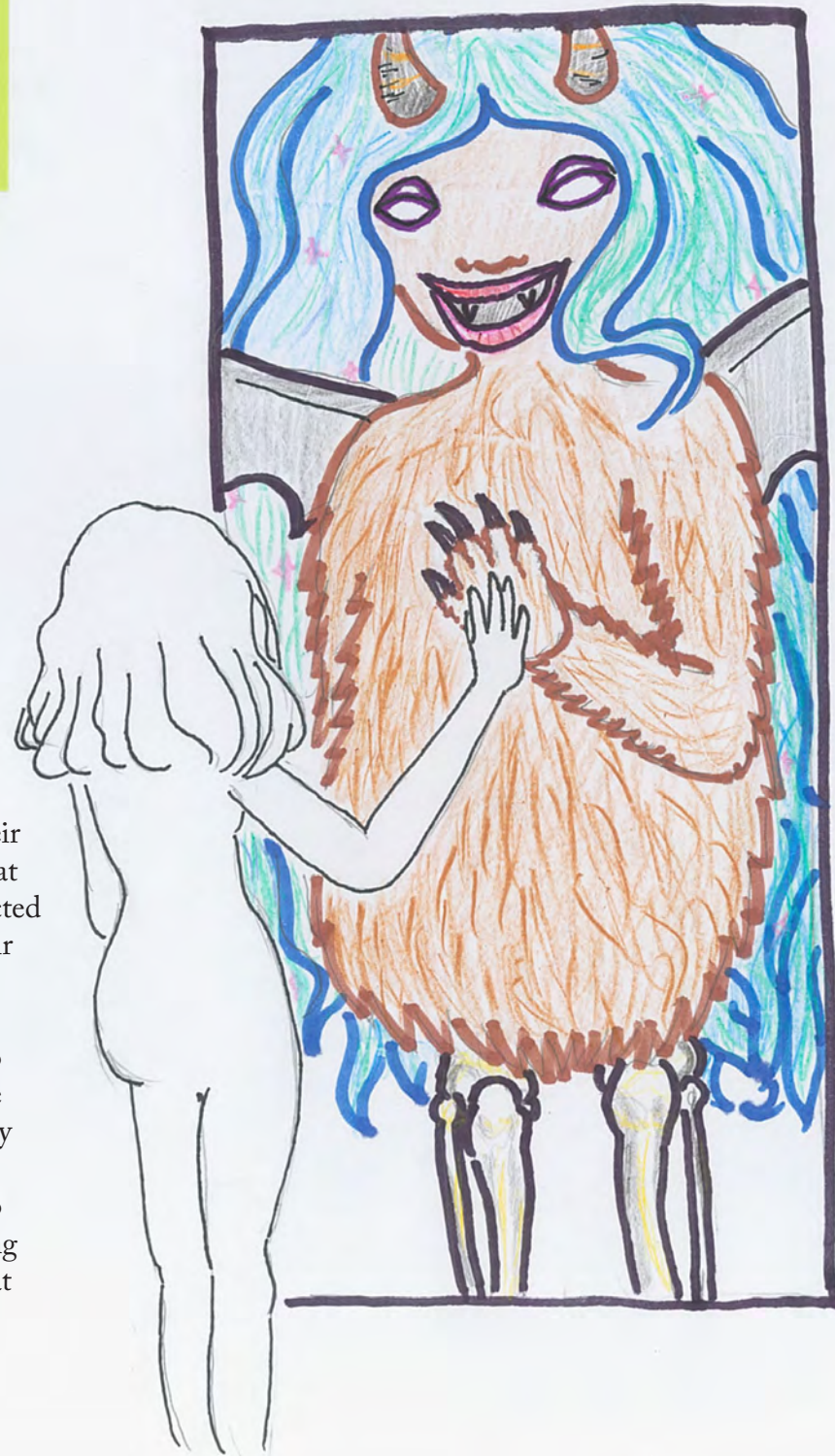
*Sitting atop that crescent in the sky
As she bleeds alongside me.*

*That crimson gold, dripping
Down my leg
Down to the earth .*

*Lest you ever forget...
That crimson gold dripping down my leg
Gave you your crimson heart
Beating in your chest.
That crimson heart,
You claim to cherish
within your soul.*

IN THE BIG CRUEL
WORLD THAT HAS
MADE ME SMALL AND
INVISIBLE, I REACH
OUT TO THE MONSTER
YOU HAVE MADE OF ME

Para "a veces no soy
nada ni nadie. pero
hasta cuando no lo
soy, lo soy."
- gloria anduazua



In this image, a female presenting human is staring into a mirror and seeing a happy, colorful monster nearly bleeding out of their reflection. I was inspired by the concept that the monsters we read about are often depicted as something alien and terrible despite their human qualities. I felt connected to the monsters because social expectations often make me feel like an outcast for being who I am and I think that many of us can relate to that. I felt empowered by our readings by authors such as Susan Stryker and Judith Butler because they featured monsters who not only accepted their identities but feeling empowered because we are of the traits that often marginalized them.

PLAYLIST

- Tomboy - Princess Nokia
- Blaxploitation - Noname
- Dr. Whoever - Amine
- Pray - Duendita
- Bikini Kill - Rebel Girl
- Relief! (My Answers So Far) - Kilo Kish
- Make Me Feel - Janelle Monáe
- Things I Imagined - Solange
- What's Real - Jazz Liberatorz
- To My Love - Bomba Estéreo
- I Can't Get Enough of Myself - Santigold
- Garden (Say It Like Dat) - SZA
- Girl on Fire - Alicia Keys
- Womxnly 《玫瑰少年》 - Jolin Tsai
- Blue Boss - Sampa the Great
- Tijeras - Renata Flores
- Criminal - Fiona Apple
- Heart Led Rebellion - Climbing Poetree



HERE IS A LIST OF RESOURCES

WE HAVE FOUND HELPFUL!

RESOURCES

San Francisco/Marin Food Bank: the website is foodlocator.sfmfoodbank.org, and offers availability of food pantries closest to you and serves all, regardless of immigration status. (415) 282-1900

Center for Sacred Studies Enjoy getting back to nature, and finding gems along the way. This center offers a space to explore alternative healing literature, art and essentials. The Center is in Guerneville, just an hour north of San Francisco, and is a wonderful retreat from the perils of life.

SF LGBT Center Youth Program Drop-In Youth Space is a supportive place for LGBTQ folx ages 18-24 to hang out, access resources and find community. Mental Health Services available during Drop-In and check out the Harm Reduction Group from 3-4pm on Wednesdays. Enjoy snacks, watch TV, use our computers, create art work and get to know others. Need a referral for housing or other services? Make an appointment with our case manager. Weekdays: 2:00-4:00pm. 1800 Market St. (415) 865-5555

New Perspectives Center for Counseling provides mental health services on a sliding scale for individuals who do not have access to medical insurance. Very student friendly! (415) 752-5275

Other Sliding Scale Therapy Resources: - Integral Counseling
- The Center for Somatic Psychotherapy

The Berkeley Student Cooperative (2424 Ridge Road, Berkeley, CA 94709)
Provides housing in the East Bay for full time students (transfers, first generation, disabled, and undocumented students are given priority on the waitlist). A community made up of people from UCB, Peralta colleges, CSU East Bay and SF State, cooperative living in apartments and houses offers scholarships, workshift and manager positions that make rent accessible. A great resource if you are craving community where you live, are looking for leadership opportunities (on central level board, on a consent committee, in your house, and more), or want to see what sustainable group living can look like.

SF Rent Board hotline: Helpful answers about your rights as a tenant in San Francisco (housing nightmare support!) (415) 252-4602

Eaze.com

Clinic by the Bay
Free healthcare for individuals who are uninsured, employed, low income, and living or working in San Francisco or San Mateo county. Clinic by the Bay serves patients regardless of their immigration status. This clinic has a certified civil servant who provides medical exams as required by the U.S. Citizenship and Immigration Services. (415) 405-0222



I'm proud to be born and raised in the Bay Area from a family with indigenous Purepecha roots. I am a 1st generation Xicana and will be the first person in my close family to graduate from college. My work in Women and Gender Studies is centered around indigenous environmentalism, decolonization, and the Xicanx diaspora. I have worked with organizations such as San Francisco Women Against Rape and Planned Parenthood as a community organizer, publicity and outreach manager and crisis counselor. I am hoping to further my impact on my community by pursuing my master's in education and creating curriculum for youth that is intersectionality conscious, and uses a feminist lens.



Alyssa Rose Avalos

I am graduating from San Francisco State University with a B.A. in Women and Gender Studies and minor in Sociology. This degree is meaningful for me and my family because I am the first person in my family to attend college. After graduation, I will be returning to State in the fall to pursue a Master's degree in Ethnic Studies. I intend on examining how gender, class, immigration status, U.S. Census reports, and geographic location within Northern California influences Latino identity politics in the Bay Area. I would like to thank my family and my community for their support throughout my education thus far. The resilience of Brown people everywhere is what gives my academic work purpose. I would also like to acknowledge that San Francisco State University's location within the Bay Area signifies the displacement of the Ohlone and that knowledge production in universities throughout the U.S. has been conceived at the expense of Native peoples.



Alex Navejas Carranza



Martha A.

I am graduating from San Francisco State University with a B.A. in Women and Gender studies and an A.A. in Race and Resistance Studies. I am currently interning at San Francisco Women Against Rape and work in various early childhood education centers throughout San Francisco as an assistant teacher. I am passionate about equitable early childhood education in hopes of working towards an inclusive future for everyone. I enjoy traveling, cooking, painting and sewing! I enjoy sewing various clothing pieces and creating paintings that reflect my activism. I have visited over 14 countries and hope to visit many more! After graduating I plan to move to New York to pursue a career in education and activism.



Faye Li

Although I was born in Taipei, Taiwan, I grew up in the San Fernando Valley of Los Angeles County. Looking for a fresh start, I finally put down my roots in San Francisco. I am now graduating from SFSU with a B.A. in Women & Gender studies. I am committed to community-based work and I'm passionate about centering the voices and narratives of the most marginalized bodies in my activism. I want to pursue my Master's, and become an educator someday. When I am not in the library or at work, I like to write, paint, and cook! (and pretend I do all of those three things well).

I am graduating San Francisco State University with a B.A. in Women & Gender Studies, culminating a long but incredible journey in higher education. Born in Ohio & raised in the suburbs of Chicago, I started college at DePaul University, where I was introduced to social organizing by way of a campus protest. From there I was set on a path to explore communications, sociology, ethnic studies, and anthropology before finding my place in Women & Gender Studies. My work at State has mostly been a process of unlearning--exploring structures of inequality, militarism, mental health, prison abolition, capitalism, citizenship, white privilege & allyship, and imagining new and better worlds. I spent my senior year interning at NARAL Pro-Choice America advocating for reproductive justice. I am inspired by Angela Davis, Rabab Abdulhadi, Audre Lorde, Simmy Makhijani, Neda Atanasoski, Dean Spade, and many more. In my free time, I enjoy hiking, hanging out with my partner Filip, traveling, spending time with my house plants, cooking (but mostly eating), and reading feminist theory.



Emily Joe Watterson

I am graduating from San Francisco State University with a major in Women and Gender Studies. I will be the first one of my four siblings to graduate with a Bachelor's. I will be the second one in my entire family to have a degree. I am a transfer student from San Jose City College and I'm currently doing an internship at the LGBTQ Youth Space. I like to volunteer at Santa Clara Valley Medical Center in San Jose during my free time. I love the beach, hiking and traveling.



Gisela Reyes

Growing up, I struggled with my ethnic and national background. It was always ingrained into me that being an immigrant is a shameful part of my identity. I never felt accepted as an American despite my citizenship status so I rejected my Chinese heritage growing up, yet I was too American to be accepted as Chinese. Feminist studies has taught me to value and embrace my identity as an immigrant and to find strength being "in-between" cultures. My personal struggles with cultural identity combined with feminist praxis from WGS has empowered me in my internship and volunteer work. During my time at SFSU, I have interned with Hand in Hand, a nonprofit organization that advocates for domestic workers' rights and volunteered at Clinic by the Bay, which serves immigrant and low income families. These communities have inspired me with their resilience, hard work, and positivity. After graduating from Women and Gender studies, I plan to pursue a career in nursing in women's health. My studies and experiences in the WGS department has changed the way I perceive healthcare, who receives healthcare, and the quality of healthcare provided to marginalized groups.



Jannet Huang

I am proud to be a native of San Francisco. I previously enjoyed a lengthy career as a paralegal in civil litigation, and then more recently, as an antiques and collectibles shop proprietor. I'm the mother of a beautiful son, who I am very proud of. I returned to San Francisco State University to complete a major in women and gender studies and a minor in holistic health. I've spent many years as a volunteer doula for underprivileged teen girls, as well as working with other social service organizations such as Shanti, Fill Up America and St. Anthony's. I'm dedicated to participation with organizations and movements for social change benefiting those who are most marginalized. I love the outdoors, taking scenic road trips and I'm an avid animal lover and rescuer.



**Sandra Marie Lane
aka Sammy**

I am graduating from SFSU with a B.A. in Women + Gender studies and a minor in Marketing. I live in West Oakland and to unwind I enjoy riding my bike, going to punk shows, and tending to my house plants. I recently interned with Hand In Hand, a non-profit where I was able to work at the intersections of labor, feminism, racial justice, economic equality, and immigration. I am also particularly interested in increasing diversity and inclusion within the technology industry and addressing institutional failings such as accessibility, unconscious bias and other inhospitable work environments. I enjoy exploring feminist themes through science fiction, zines, and graphic novels. After graduating I would like to spend more time traveling, reading, and pursuing other creative endeavors.



Naomi Hatcher

Finishing up my college experience with two Bachelor's degrees and two Associate's degrees in Graphic Design and Women's Studies, I'm grateful for the many wonderful experiences had here, in San Francisco. My career focus is on providing graphic design and media production services for activist and community centered efforts. My designs have included national grant funded projects, which I was privileged to speak about at a national conference in Washington D.C. Currently, I am the senior video editor and a lead event coordinator for Associated Students Productions, here on campus, where my videos ranged from exclusive footage of Angela Davis on the prison industrial complex to addressing California's shortage of teachers (which was shown at the CSU Chancellor's office).



Alissa Beth Maggard

After leaving the Midwest in 2015, stressed and confused about what I would pursue, I am happy to be graduating from the WGS department today. I began college with the idea of someday being a resource for people going through mental illnesses that are central to my own life and community. I was discouraged by my psychology classes, which inadvertently exposed how rhetoric in the field often ignores systematic oppressions in favor of pathologizing individuals - all to the benefit of various industrial complexes. To be truly of service, mental health practitioners have to be informed by transnational feminism, committed to prison abolition & environmental justice, and more praxis that would be too long to list here. This major and my experiences outside the classroom in the last 4 years have introduced me to these concepts. I am challenged to continue examining my own actions, discard harmful ideas, and have learned history previously hidden from me that I can look to for hope and constructive knowledge. I am aspiring to return to the field of psychology for graduate school, and I am deeply grateful to be carrying all of this with me.



Alina Badalich

I am nearly graduated with focuses in women + gender studies, public health and education! I spend time in the SF community teaching comprehensive health education to 9th graders, gardening + sustainability to elementary schoolers and working various jobs involving bread + ceramics. My future will ideally include supporting young people, from the smallest to the strongest-willed (as I was as a child), and making space to talk about What We Don't Often Talk About. I strive to create artwork and writing that connects communities, distributes important information in an accessible way and helps others to feel grounded to their truth and bodies. I would like to thank those who nourish my spirit and passions (you know who you are!).



Lena Thaler

