



Our Women and Gender Studies Senior Seminar of Spring 2013 decided not to title this publication. We feel that this better represents our vivacious, unapologetic, and stubborn seminar whose creations are included in these pages.



Back Row (left to right): Kacey Short, Erin Sweeney, Holly Moore, Christine Thibodeaux,
Lexi Adsit, Kyle Maxwell-Berman

Front Row (left to right): Natalie Arias, Mandy Herrmann, Graciela Mesa, Vera Kim Mikrut,
Sarah Truby, Aishe Dabaghian, Rebecca Veith

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WOMEN AND GENDER STUDIES ANONYMOUS

WHAT WOULD YOU TALK ABOUT IN WGS IF YOU DID NOT HAVE TO
PUT YOUR NAME ON IT?

[ASK](#) [ARCHIVE](#) [RANDOM](#) [RSS](#) [SEARCH](#)

HOW HAS WGS IMPACTED
YOUR INTERACTIONS AND
EXPERIENCES OUTSIDE OF
THE CLASSROOM?

 wgsanon ([log out](#)) Ask anonymously [Ask](#)

it's made me much more cynical. i have become quick to question things once i read/see/hear because of my time in WGS and how much we value/appreciate critical thinking. i also have a harder time having casual conversations with folks, inside and out of the classroom. i have a different outlook and i really enjoy that. I think that WGS has made me forget that classrooms look quite different outside of WGS, and for that I am thankful.

 Anonymous

I don't feel like WGS has drastically impacted my interactions and experiences outside of the classroom. I got involved in WGS primarily because with my background and life experiences, I was looking for a way to enhance my critical consciousness. WGS has given me that and tools to make my personal experiences political.

 Anonymous

I have to have a voice. I have to challenge social constructions; I know it is way bigger than myself.

 Anonymous

WGS has definitely created, for me, a much more dismal perspective of the world. Though it has opened my eyes to many different things that I never used to notice, it has also made me much more depressed on how horrible to world really is, with minimal chance of any real sort of improvement in my lifetime. WGS has made me want to move away from where I am and never leave the house again.

 Anonymous

WGS has not made me more skeptical, rather more aware of the possibility that things and people aren't always what they claim to be. I'm now able to think critically about my personal decisions, and opinions as well as those around me - especially when it comes to legal, medical, and political, etc. spheres. It is difficult to converse with other outside the department at times but I have no regrets about my time spent in WGS.

 Anonymous

I worry that when I leave school I will not have anyone in my life who has the same background or knowledge about feminist theory. I worry that everyone who I may speak to about feminist problems will cause me to immediately eye roll.. and I worry that I will become complicit in the mainstream and lose my feminist edge!



Anonymous

I came to WGS classroom already pretty politicized as radically feminist...or at least I thought so. It is hard to separate my experience as inside of class, outside of class because both spaces largely inform and influence one another. WGS classes are privileged spaces that provide a nifty feminist reading list, commonly known as a syllabi, but it is development of an honest feminist praxis inside and outside of the classroom that is the most meaningful.



Anonymous

As my Feminist agency has progressed, so has my isolation from my family in some senses. I find it harder and harder to relate to them especially when it comes to politics. It's also difficult to have calm conversations with them about "hot button topics" such as my pro-choice stance. Growing up I always knew they were conservative but they never saw me as a threat before because I guess they assumed I would follow. Now that it's clear I intend to live how I want, we aren't as close.



Anonymous

It has given me the language to fully express the things around me that I see as problematic. On the other hand, it has made it really difficult to communicate with people outside of the field because I am acutely aware of all of the ways that I experience oppression, and how my friends engage in oppressive behavior, and it makes me feel really alienated that I am the only one who sees this. It also makes me feel really militant when I try to point that out to people.



Anonymous

WGS ANON

Performed by WGS 690

Conceptualized by Rebecca Veith

Facilitated by Holly Moore and Erin Sweeney

Text by Rebecca Veith

The O.C.

WGS Anon was conceptualized to address tensions present in WGS spaces that are related to issues of identity, essentialism, experience, and the production of knowledge. Identity and experience from both privileged and oppressed standpoints are contested in the space of the classroom because of assumed identity and the authority to knowledge through the embodiment of an “authentic” lived experience. WGS Anon asks, is it possible to understand experience in a space where we cannot prejudge the authority of that experience through embodiment? Or does anonymity undo the work of women of color feminists while universalizing difference? Or is the proposal of this performance an attempt to forge a weak connection of solidarity and affinity based on our one commonality: occupying WGS spaces?

Pro-sus.

The performance “WGS Anon” was structured through the use of the popular blogging platform tumblr, which also gave visual form to the performance as it appears in print. Through the use of the “Ask” feature we were able to pose a question to viewers of the blog, which then could be responded to either anonymously or under one’s own personal blog alias. All participants were encouraged to answer anonymously, and to use language that would not reveal their identity. The seminar participants problematized this request, and expressed how impossible it would be for them to contextualize their thoughts without addressing their standpoint.

The first concern the seminar members had was which questions they would be asked to answer. The performers also expressed skepticism at one person (myself) posing a question that may highly determine the outcome of the performance. I agreed with this critique, recognizing the authority that comes with structuring the piece and how that can impact the final performance. In an attempt to form a question that would allow everyone to have a stake in what information would be mined, we had asked each member to write on a piece of paper:

- 1 What WGS-related topic would you want to be discussed anonymously?
- 2 What WGS-related topic would you not be willing to discuss?

The majority of responses were interested in speaking about their experience as a WGS major at SFSU specifically, as well as problematizing privilege and their own political views as students and or/feminists. Some wanted to talk about power and hierarchy in the classroom, while others wanted to talk about activism, queer politics, the media, gender bias within WGS, and self care.

In response to our second question five responders chose to not answer, which was assumed to mean there was nothing they would not be willing to discuss, while others were oddly specific naming things like the Prison-Industrial Complex and the Non-Profit Industrial Complex. One responder showed concern about a question that would reveal aspects of their identity. One performer did not want to talk about “Class” which may be interpreted as either the WGS 690 classroom, or as social class. Another interesting response was “Nothing too personal (eg Race, Axss*).”

There was tension in navigating identity throughout this performance. Though the majority showed an interest in discussing experience, many felt that writing about their experience could not be mediated without contextualizing their identity. Others felt that identity categories such as race were too personal.

To accommodate tensions around identity we (Holly, Erin, and myself), decided to come up with a question that would allow the performers to reflect on themselves through their interactions with others: “How has WGS impacted your interactions and experiences outside of the classroom?” The caution and care that we took in proceeding with this performance is proof of a dedication to feminist praxis that respects lived experiences as necessary in theorizing the condition of oppressed groups. This is also evidence of tensions within WGS spaces around identity categories, which can be a source of discomfort for some, while liberating for students who have been silenced in classroom settings before. Speaking from experience offers marginalized students a way to think critically about the silencing they experience in classroom settings while providing context to those experiences.

Weigh-in

Tensions revealed through WGS Anon are not easily remedied. As scholars and students of WGS it is imperative to not recoil and dismiss conflicts that arise from the assertion of experience and difference. bell hooks explains how this process can be accomplished without silencing the voices of marginalized students by respecting the “passion of experience” that

“encompasses many feelings but particularly suffering, for there is a particular knowledge that comes from suffering. In a way of knowing that is often expressed through the body, what it knows, what has been deeply inscribed on it through experience. This complexity of experience can rarely be voiced and named from a distance. It is a privileged location even as it is not the only or even always the most important location from which one can know.” (183)

At times I have felt excluded from classroom discussions because I cannot speak from a certain standpoint. This kind of exclusion is not productive and needs to be addressed through a critical analysis of privilege, not just by students with assumed privileges, but by

every student engaged in feminist praxis. Being accountable for privilege in all forms is necessary if we are to engage in a feminist praxis that allows us to re-imagine the social order and the creation of new subjectivities. A critical analysis of privilege, identity, and classroom dynamics is necessary to halt the ability of essentialism to re-inscribe hierarchies onto subjects. Each student has the right to speak with confidence about not only their experiences, but how that experience informs their engagement with WGS. Now I ask you:

What would you talk about in WGS if no one knew, you were *you*?

Visit the piece @ www.wgsanon.tumblr.com

**this is the spelling offered by the performer*

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The Struggle to be Myself

By Lexi Adsit

I want to be intentional about naming the unique material realities of intersectional lived experiences of Transgender Women of Color. These experiences have caused me at times to negotiate difficult, violent, and oppressive behavior from a breadth of facets such as family, strangers, and institutions. These experiences at times have left me completely vulnerable and without support to pursue my academic goals. My experience shared below is solely mine and I do not intend to speak for my community.

When I first began to seriously question my gender identity it was the Fall of my Sophomore year in college. I had played around with drag, dressing up with wigs, dresses, and performing, so I knew I had an idea of what I could look like and knew I wouldn't have trouble becoming the person I saw myself as. I started doing drag back in high school at these activist camps over the summer. These spaces allowed all of us in a sense to explore our gender, sexuality, and communal strength.

I made numerous lifetime friends at these camps and at these camps I was able to explore my gender more fully. I found my motherly passion as I graduated from youth participant to youth trainer and I was able to nurture various youth from the camp into fierce beings. During these camps

I found my voice and my strength. Throughout the years I have used this voice to control a room and it's part of what makes me a leader, and is something no one will ever be able to take away from me.

Back to my Sophomore year ...



Lexi performing at Sexhibition, 2011

One time, after doing a drag show at San Francisco State University, I headed back to my apartment to de-drag, and this moment for me became intensely emotional. My "look" when I did drag was all about "realness" and accentuating my natural features such as eyes, lips, and legs. I chose to shower my drag off, because often times after dancing around in high heels for an hour or two every bone in your body can feel exhausted. As I started to un-do my drag, I became intensely sad.

This moment felt like I was washing off my fierceness. I had grown to love being [what I call] all femme'd up. I disliked my non-femme self and so I began to femme it up more. I began to research transitions, as I had friends who had gone through hormone replacement therapy before and I began to warm to the idea of it.

At one point I had decided I wanted to start hormone replacement therapy, allowing me to feminize my body, and since I had health insurance one of the important moments of this journey for me was to come out to my parents. After I came out, I was given a choice to either transition or stay in school.

This ultimatum, fortunately, never had to be enforced. However, at the time I was prepared to choose my transition and the life I wanted to live.

In the next few weeks after the ultimatum from my parents came down, we found out that my mom was diagnosed with an advanced stage of esophageal cancer. The next two years were quickly filled with constant trips to the Oakland Kaiser facility, as well as two to three highly invasive surgery procedures that in the end gave my mom an extra year of life. However, after an extremely rough summer of constantly being sick, my mom passed away August

16, 2012.

Over the two years of treatments and hospital visits, we made the decision to postpone any hormone treatment for myself until my mom “got better.” It was during this time that I perfected my resiliency skills. I did little things to get by, like painting my nails, doing my eyebrows, and occasionally just wearing eyeliner. These small items allowed me to remember what was important to me and why. Without these little reminders I don’t know where I would’ve ended up.

However it was just three weeks after she died that I started hormones. At first, I felt horrible for not having her with me but I know she was so strongly against it sometimes I am unsure whether it was easier this way. I continue to remember her the way she was and try not to romanticize our relationship, but she was still my mom, my number one support, and she kept me in check.

A day doesn’t go by where I don’t think of or miss her, but I know that the life I am building is worth living and much more than I could ever have expected.

These struggles help me to remember that my femininity is a suit of armor that I wear proudly each and every day. Lives, especially of Transgender Women of Color, are so fragile. This fragility, however, does not mean that we end up tiptoeing around for our entire existence. In

fact, Transgender Women of Color are some of the most resilient, strong, resourceful, intelligent, and fierce people I know. Transgender Women of Color are my chosen family and together we are taking over the world, one fierce photograph at a time.



From Left to Right: Lovemme, Janet Mock, and Lexi after Janet’s Keynote at Stanford University

What Edward Said

By: Vera Kim Mikrut

This piece is a visual representation of what I imagine a picnic would be like with two of my favorite academic writers, Edward Said and Chandra Mohanty. Said is known for his ideas about Orientalism, a way that the East is depicted in art and literature as “backwards” and “exotic.” His work argues against these ideas, as you can see in the conversation in my piece. Mohanty is well known for her many critiques of Western Feminism and its problems in a transnational context. These two theorists have greatly impacted my own knowledge and I have great respect for both of them.



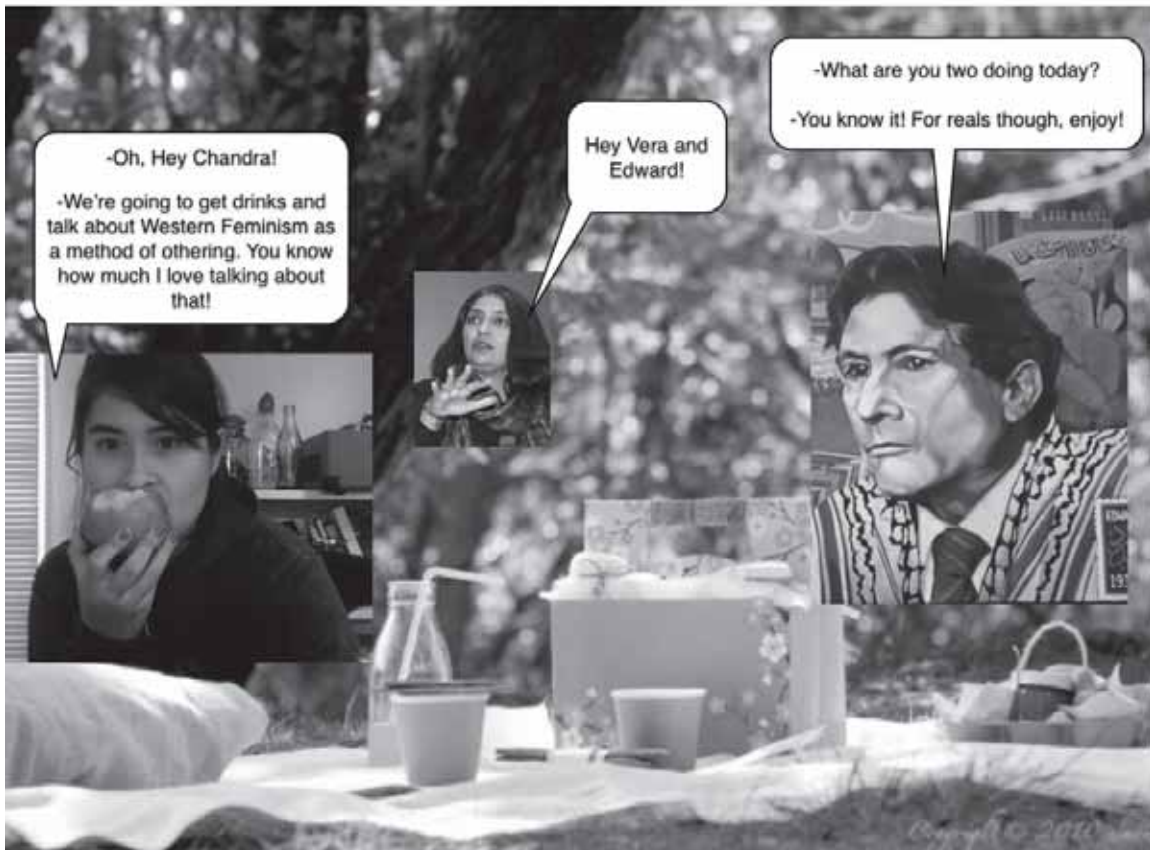


Image sources:

Photo of Edward Said on the Palestinian Cultural Mural painted by Susan Greene & Fayeq Oweis, SFSU, 2007

Photo of Chandra Mohanty, source:

http://intersektionellsolidaritet2.files.wordpress.com/2012/07/mohanty_chandra_talpade.jpg

Haiku: A Collection
By Holly Moore

How could you, she says
The revolution needs you
I sip my tea, blink

Blue skies, white ocean
Little apartment, cold floors
Books change lives, read more

Will not get married
my sisters, brothers, friends sleep
in cold streets, strange beds

Little femme queer who's
Not punk enough for this scene
I live in closets

Turns up A\$AP
Raps along with the lyrics
White life waits for her

Dear Community
How much are you costing me
I can't afford you

Hide in the back rooms
Gender police just showed up
Pounding at the door

Are you one of those
feminist chicks or something?
That is kinda hot

Can't get out of bed
Money weighs down the blankets
Lentils burn my tongue

Authenticity
The relentless questioning
But, your hair is long

Capitalism
Where lovers sleep back to back
Hands in their pockets

Wednesday morning
All we had was reading due
I slept in again

I don't want to die
Next to my brother, front lines
There's no power here

I just left lecture
heart is heavy, head foggy
How did we get here

History erased
White man, black pen, home office
Scribbles fallacies

Equal oppressions
That's not what I'm asking for
Dismantle systems

The Promise

By Christine Thibodeaux

"Ordinary, brown-braided woman with big legs and full lips.... you become yourself"
- For Colored Girls

After "Separate But Equal" was struck down, everyone deserves a higher education regardless of race, class, or gender. I'd like to believe that this is true but it is not at all. According to James Patterson, *Brown vs. Board of Education* was a decision of the United States Supreme Court (May 17, 1954) which confirmed that it is unconstitutional to have separate schools for African Americans and whites. Has the *Brown vs. Board of Education* decision helped African Americans? In 2013, there are very few African Americans pursuing a higher education especially at San Francisco State University. There are very few African Americans in a classroom. A majority of African Americans don't even consider a higher education. The *Brown vs. Board of Education* was supposed to enhance one's education and make us equal, but are African Americans even equal to whites? *Brown vs. Board of Education* was supposed to give me the liberty to receive a quality education like white students.

Now, what is diversity? According to Gladstone.Org, diversity is "understanding each individual difference. The dimensions of race, ethnicity, gender, sexual orientation, socioeconomic status, age, physical abilities,

religious beliefs, political beliefs, or other ideologies" (Gladstone.Org). I thought diversity allows someone to embrace their identity. Although I'd like to think that there is diversity, there is a constant ridicule based on someone's ethnicity, gender, and sexual orientation. I have encountered the blatant actions of hate directed towards me even on an educational basis.

Before I graduated from high school, I was evaluated by the San Francisco Unified School District. The individualized education program evaluator was a white woman who explained the results of my test and stated, "College is not for you and you are better off working retail." I remember those words as if they were said to me yesterday. I realized what my identity was and that I would struggle receiving a higher education and I was strongly determined to pursue a higher education at any cost.

When I was admitted into San Francisco State University, all I ever envisioned was receiving a Bachelors Degree, however, I did not think the color of my skin or what I looked like would make a difference. I just wanted to be successful, but that was not the case for this African American woman. Being at San Francisco State University, there are not that many African Americans. In one of my WGS 150, we were taught about first and second wave feminism, but somehow the class barely touched on third wave feminism, which compasses women of color. Because women of color are raised from different backgrounds, however, when they pursue a



Morrison, Toni *Remember The Journey To School Integration*

higher education they will see how women of color are perceived by society and throughout history.

For the next generation of women of color that take WGS 150: will they be taught about the first and second wave feminism as opposed to the third wave feminism? How are these women of color going to feel about the first and second wave feminism being taught first, especially when the third wave feminism is taught, it is rushed. I am fearful for the future generation women of color because they will either be erased or invisible in such classes.

I realize when people look at me, they see an African American student and I begin to think of all the stereotypes and insecurities which we are associated with. Being an older African American student, I have felt education is a right not a privilege and yet somehow I felt alienated receiving an education at San Francisco State University. Throughout my early years, I was always in a diverse class and racial setting in the Richmond district. I believe that most likely race did not matter, but at San Francisco State University and in the city of San Francisco, race matters a lot.

There are only 12% of African Americans in the city of San Francisco and 15.4 % of Latinos. In years to come, there will be less African Americans and Latinos in San Francisco. I am a native of San Francisco who grew up in the Richmond District with my Mother and Father where it is predominately Asians and whites. The Richmond District was a safe space for me and I never ever felt oppressed. I knew I was an African American woman living in a neighborhood that is predominantly Asians and Whites but that never bothered me. I was very aware of my identity. It was not until my parents moved to the Bayview. I saw the class difference and racial profiling at its best and stereotyping African Americans as if we are all the same. When my parents moved to the Bayview, I started to feel the oppressions and I was not used to the stereotypes. I was affected by the homicides, the drug activities, and poverty. Although I do not live with my parents, I am very fearful to visit them. I visit them in the

daytime, but not in the evening. I have become fearful of the Bay View because of the racial profiling. San Francisco is considered to be a place of diversity, liberal, and a safety net for those who have been bombarded with oppressions. Well, I don't think so.

In my parents' day, the Mission district was Irish and Italian. In mine, Latino; today, hipster. A few more years of the bad economy, this too will fade away. Have you walked down 24th Street and Mission lately? Sad to me, I enjoyed it long before its recent gentrification. Is there really diversity? If there is so much diversity and equality, then why are African Americans and Latinos being removed from San Francisco? Is there really diversity and equality in the city of San Francisco? I beg to differ.

I ask myself time after time, what is equality? Equality is about creating a fairer society for everyone. One is supposed to resist prejudice and discrimination. Are we in a fairer society? Are we still fighting the same oppressions as women of color? Sounds like we are dealing with the same oppressions we did in the 1940s, 1950s, and 1960s.

I am aware of what is taking place educationally and demographically in San Francisco. Although the odds may be against me, I will not let oppressions and discrimination deter me. I plan to go further in my education. Becoming a social worker is my strong desire. Although obtaining an education has been a challenge for me, grasping my education has empowered me to go further in my dreams and I can't afford to be passive. It is either now or never. I choose now.

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Not Just Boys' Fun: An Interview with Meghan O'Neil of Bay Area Power Violence Band Punch

By Erin Sweeney

I have been going to punk and hardcore shows for over a decade. I found the music and the culture at a time in my life when I was really struggling with defining my identity and finding a community where I felt like I belonged. When I found punk, I felt like I had finally found a place where the things that made me different and weird everywhere else, here they made me special. Punk, which eventually led to the evolution of hardcore in the early to mid-1980s, was a movement that came about in resistance to the oppression and burgeoning neoliberalism of the Reagan Era, and claimed to stand on the pillars of anti-racism, anti-homophobia, and gender equality. Much of the movement has also extended tolerance to include animal rights, and veganism has become a prominent trait. However, themes of hypermasculinity and male dominance have also become rampant within hardcore, and the female presence that was found at the beginning of the movement in the late 1970s, especially in the Bay Area with bands like Blatz and The Avengers, is considerably less prominent.

I think that it is important to look at the way that counterculture movements are affected by the ideologies of the dominant culture, and how the claims made within these movements may not be present in lived experiences of those in the movement. In order to explore how themes of feminism in the punk and hardcore communities comes to fruition within lived experience, I was privileged enough to spend an afternoon in Golden Gate Park interviewing **Meghan O'Neil**, the lovely and talented front woman of Bay Area power violence¹ band Punch to hear her thoughts and experiences on the subject. Punch has been a band since 2007, and has toured all over the world.



Photo source: punchcrew.tumblr.com with permission.

Erin: How did you get into hardcore?

Meghan: I credit my little brother with that. We went to our first show when, I think he was thirteen and I was fourteen, and we saw Less Than Jake at Gilman. When I first went vegetarian, my group of friends at the time wasn't very supportive of it, and when I was transitioning to being vegan, I got a lot of support from friends that I had met at hardcore shows, and I really enjoyed being able to surround myself with like-minded people.

How has it been for you being the only female in your band when you are touring?

It is totally fine. My band mates are all my really good friends, and they always say, "Meghan is just another person in the band and in the van." When we started the band, we never set out to be like, a "female-fronted band," it was just that I happened to be the one that was interested, it was like a "right place at the right time" kind of a thing, so it wasn't like we are or are not starting a band with a female singer, it was like, "oh, our friend who also happens to be a girl is interested and it works." So yeah, it's fine. Although I definitely turn up the gross on tour, I don't think that is necessarily un-lady-like, I guess I am just myself on tour and they don't care and they are used to it. We often bring girls with us on tour, so it's not like I am completely isolated as the only girl, and even when I am, it doesn't really matter.

How has the reaction been from crowds, and from people at the shows? Do you feel like they treat you differently?

I mean, no one has ever been like, "Wow! You were good!" with a surprised tone or anything. But there is definitely a difference between what people say to my face versus what they say on the internet, and you know, I read messages boards, and see things about me on the internet, and you know, it is disappointing that my appearance will always come up, when that doesn't come up as much about guys in bands. I am always like, "what does that have to do with the band?" But people have always been super supportive, um, to my face. I haven't had too many problems. But I have been grabbed at a few shows, which really sucks. Like, I've had my butt grabbed, but that has only happened like twice in five years of touring. I make a point to do merch², one because I like it, but also because when you're touring for two months in a row you need something to do, and also so that I can talk to people and people can talk to me, because I am kind of shy, but people can come up and talk to me. Every once and a while, I will have guys be like, "yo, you're pretty good for a girl!" but those types of people are people where you're like, "you're not a hardcore kid..." you know, like rando rocker kids or something. The really tough bro guys who come to shows don't really talk to me, so who knows what they think of me, but I also don't really care.

What do you think about conventions like, "no chicks in the pit?" where girls don't dance at shows?

I think it is not a myth that there are more guys at hardcore shows than girls so there are going to be more guys in the pit, but I think that girls get in there. I really think that the number of girls at a show depends on the different, like, subsets of hardcore. And because my band straddles different kinds of hardcore genres, I feel like we play all different kinds of shows. You know like, some days we'll play like a total tough guy fest and then the next day we will play like a

DIY³ basement show, so we play it all, and I see different stuff. If there are guys being super violent in the pit, I don't want to go in there either. And I am sure there are guys that that keeps from going in there too. If there is some guy doing fucking karate kicks and shit, who in their right mind is going to go in there?! But when we went to Australia, there was at least one girl in every band every night, so I think it just depends. At shows where I know that people are going to be nuts or whatever, I always say like, "take care of each other!" or "have fun but watch out for each other." I think people think that I am going to be more bummed on moshing than I am. It's a show, people mosh. There is definitely a difference between fun moshing versus violent moshing. It is really cathartic for me to be up there screaming, so who am I to say how people should be expressing themselves?

Any last thoughts?

Lastly, one more thing that I try to apply to my life that can be applied to hardcore is that you can't control the actions of others. At the end of the day, you are accountable to yourself and yourself alone. If we don't like what we see in life and at shows or in the scene, we can only start with ourselves. This is why I 'do whatever I want' but this for me includes not eating animal products, drinking or being an asshole, etc. As a woman, if I want to see more women at shows I can't make them come to shows or make guys think differently about us. All I can do is be a part of the scene and try to set an example of what a strong female can be (not that I have that down perfectly).

My interview with Meghan left me feeling both overwhelmed by the task in front of the punk and hardcore community, and also feeling incredibly inspired and full of hope. In both my own experiences, and in the ones that Meghan shared with me, I have seen numerous would-be male allies who claim to support gender equality. However these same individuals will make these claims and simultaneously fail to see why it's

Problematic to create and maintain spaces that are outwardly hostile to female-identified individuals, or even the detrimental effects of determining someone's value first based on their gender and then based on their contribution to the community. There is obviously a lot of work that needs to be done before we can truly claim that sexism does not exist within the hardcore community. However, the Bay Area is known for being progressive, and is definitely ahead of a lot of other places in the country. We have a responsibility to plant the seeds here. We need to foster the idea that it is cool to treat people equally, and to not immediately assume that because masculine posturing has traditionally been a part of hardcore that it needs to continue to go unquestioned. Punk rock has always been about doing and saying the things that other people were afraid of, or resistant to. Those of us in the Bay Area have the unique opportunity to set an example, both for those in our area who are new, or unfamiliar with the scene, and also to demonstrate another way of doing things to people from other areas. The Bay Area has always been ahead of its time in punk, and I see this as another opportunity for us to keep moving forward. If we do not like what we see in life, at shows or in the scene, we can only start with ourselves, rather than others dictate letting our actions. That is not to say that there are not other forces at work, or that we are immune from the effects of the patriarchal societal structures that we live in, it only means that I feel that punk has a responsibility not to be complacent in those structures.

¹Power violence: a sub-genre of hardcore music categorized by short, fast songs with chord-heavy guitar riffs, intense drum beats, and screamed, disjointed vocals.

² Merch: slang term for "merchandise," referring to the shirts, records, etc. that bands bring to sell at shows.

³ DIY: an acronym for "Do It Yourself".

Family Healing En La Bryant

By Natalie Arias

As I look at this family photo I remember an oral history I did with my mother. She is the one on the left with the faux fur. Mari obviously never lacked style. I asked her how it was like living in the Mission when she first migrated there. Though I do not remember her answer at length I do vividly recall her saying that she, along with her nine siblings, continued to hangout on the block just like they did in Mexico.

“Siempre en la calle, como que nunca nos fuimos de Tepa” she explained. You can imagine the excitement, happiness, even nostalgia, ascending within me as I look at this photo. To look upon an almost too perfect snapshot into

the life mi ama painted for me through her floating words. Do they not all look so beautiful, so real? Her words floated to describe painful memories as well that never took away from the memories of laughter, but instead framed an honest experience of a life within a bordered society.

I cannot help but smile at 1970s vibes all over the feathered hair my Tia Clemen and momma are rocking, held in place by the same toxic communal Aquanet bottle. They are not alone although they stick out right away. I see myself in their eyes. A year apart in age my tia and mom are both in the same beautiful teenage years that are

too often simplified as years of adolescent angst. Arms crossed, closed off to colliding worlds they are smashed between. For the fly muchachas in this foto these years mark struggle and resistance in transition from one country to another, in transition from niñes to mujer—at the same time, intertwined. Border crossers, cholas, hijas, service workers, baby sitters, y rubies—they are all of those things, wear all of those labels. Me veo en esos dos pares de ojos, in their style of dress, in their half-entertained “I’m too cool for this shit” expression that still manages to

radiate a sense of humbleness.

This is not a ‘traditional’ family portrait. It is one of those really great shots where everyone was yelling and not ready when the shutter went off. No one person in the picture can stay still long enough to take a photo.

To be honest

most of our family pictures carry that quality—a still chaotic action. It is not a still photo, but a captured moment of action that connects it to me. I can hear todos al mismo tiempo speaking over one another as if I were the slightly frustrated person behind the camera. A loud, lively, loving family.

I look harder at the photo. Each still captured set of eyes translates into clear, familiar voices in my head. Voices sharing stories that always start off with “en the good’ol days,” “oh mija back in the day,” or “cuando viviamos en la Mission.”



Lñiguez family photo circa 1970s

After living what seemed to be a lifetime as a fragmented family, everyone—all ten kids and parents—lived together under one roof at 21st and Bryant. En la Bryant la vida era hermosa, pero mas trabajosa.

My grandfather came to Northern California through the Bracero Program and is still here. Papi Jesus is now a recent citizen after demonstrating his acquired United States acculturation through a series of multiple-choice tests. As if his calloused hands years of picking produce that fed generations of families was not enough to grant him belonging in the land of opportunity. Now I understand that Papi Jesus and his strong arms and calloused palms was an opportunity—an opportunity for U.S. exploitation of labor. Living as a temporary worker meant being a temporary father coming home to visit Tepatitlan, Jalisco once a year. Ten years, ten visits, ten kids. This fragmentation must of caused pain. El Bracero wished to embrace sus hijos con sus brazos more than once a year—take back his strong exploited arms and connect with his loved ones. All ten of them made the journey to San Francisco Mission district in small groups during the 1970s until the complete family (plus five to seven relatives at any given time) was crammed into a one-bedroom apartment. Muy apenas cabían, pero por fin todos juntos.

Todos juntos pero luchando por unidad. Though physically being together bajo el mismo techo, a lifetime of separation leaves strong remnants. These remnants are wounds. Wounds commonly referred to as loneliness, despair, disconnection, confusión—heridas from fragmented connections entre una familia within a bordered society. The new static location under the same roof was a cheap band-aid. Physical proximity does not bridge the pervasive separation of the borders we live in. Nor does it even begin to remedy the way they split us within. I cannot blame my grandparents for trying, and knowing that a family living scattered, separados across

physical borders is no way to build community, familia, or bonds. Healing would entail vulnerable conversations between all family members. Circular conversations continuously stifled by physical borders y fronteras que no se ven pero si se sienten: felt but not seen. Conversations that still dwindling my generation. I focus on each person in the snapshot from the block and see the unique facets of pain marking experience of family in a series of moments--temporary fragile snapshots. Three months out of a whole year; twisted family vacations...vacationing to family. Younger ones with a deep resentment; their father never loved them he was never present even when under the same roof. So they stayed on 21st and Bryant: en la Bryant. Turned to the streets and turned their fingers into intricate hand signs of belonging, protection, and even survival. Older ones that felt isolated by a move to a false freedom-land: wrought with controlled opportunities.

Skewed prescriptions of happiness and success coerced them into exploitative options masked as choices. All the while their memories of Mexico and cultural identity were under violent attack: assimilation, assassination. acculturation.

Todos llevan adentro fronteras that at times keep them from seeing, loving one another. How do we render these unseen borders visible? Remove the band-aids and through the pain enter a trance of remembrance...transcending connection. I look at my mother once again I recognize the expression captured in the picture—it is the face she makes when she is about to loudly crack a joke. And I remember the oral history I project we did together and that I do every time I am around any family member. I pester, I ask, pry with my whys, and try to make them recall their experiences growing up. I realize that these moments of family interaction I yearn for are powerful healing and reclaiming of histories. Histories in resistance we must righteously fight to write, re-write, and remember. These conversations are what render the unseen, seen, revealing the borders carried within

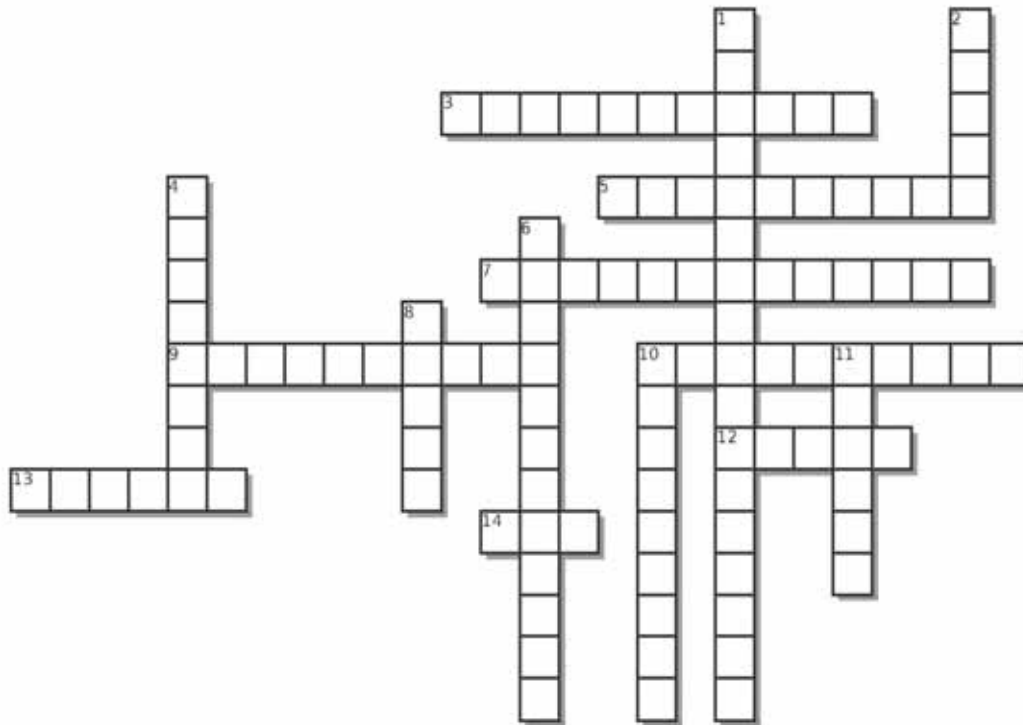
and begin to break them down by unraveling the wounds they have created.

Every family has its own unique facet of collective wounds. Pero tambien hay amor, hay historia, y hay risas muchas risas. Holding the picture firmly in my hand, I begin to see something familiar, and sometimes forgotten, illuminate at my center and manifest in a grateful smile. I know myself through my unique relationships with them. Vibrating around me is collective and contagious laughter, bustling of the streets, honking, whistling, un chingo de desmadre. A special occasion of posting it on the block, impromptu photo-op is family history captured. How can an image come to such vivid life within me? And have the power to bring life to me in a time where I feel overwhelmed by disconnection desperately yearning for self-identification/self-realization/self-liberation. We all can now gather around and look at this photo. Looking quickly prompts asking, and asking effortlessly turns into long conversations. Revealing conversations that let us see one another and begin to heal. A legacy of curandismo de comunidad carved from the floating words of my family. I come from a long line of intricate story-tellers. We were, are, and will always remain honest artisans of words with the intent of community healing by sharing with one another our intimate histories of experience.

¹ The United States Bracero Program (1942-1964) allowed temporary work visas for Mexican nationals. These visas were limited not only limited by time, but also to agricultural work and measly wages. Most Braceros were experienced farm laborers and came from desperate economic situations in Mexico. See <http://www.pbs.org/kpbs/theborder/history/timeline/17.html> for more information.

Women & Gender Studies Crossword

By: Kacey Short



ACROSS

- 3 A term used to describe the normalization of sexual assault in our society
- 5 This occurs between opposing groups, when one group benefits more than the other
- 7 The modern politico-economic theory favoring free trade, privatization, minimal government intervention in business, and reduced public expenditure on social services
- 9 A variety of techniques employed by marginalized people as a reaction to oppression, ranging from passive aggression to social critique, direct action and open rebellion
- 10 a social system in which the male is the primary authority figure
- 12 the concept of difference or opposition from oneself, often with negative connotations
- 13 Behavioral characteristics distinguishing one's masculinity or femininity
- 14 the biological aspects of being male or female

DOWN

- 1 Kimberlie Crenshaw's methodology of studying the relationships among multiple dimensions of social relationships and subject formations
- 2 A term used by some feminists to take the term 'man' out of 'woman,' with the goal of raising awareness of language bias and the ways in which language shapes perceptions and ideas of gender and gender roles
- 4 The right to vote
- 6 a system of attitudes, bias, and discrimination in favor of opposite-sex sexuality and relationship
- 8 What term is used to describe different phases of Feminism?
- 10 A set of perceived advantages enjoyed by a majority group, who are usually unaware they possess this
- 11 The capacity of a person or entity to act in the world

WORD BANK: WOMYN, WAVES, SUFFRAGE, SEX, RESISTANCE, RAPECULTURE, PRIVILEGE, PATRIARCHY, OTHER, OPPRESSION, NEOLIBERALISM, INTERSECTIONALITY, HETEROSEXISM, GENDER, AGENCY

THE LIVING DEAD CYCLE BY MANDY HERRMANN

this illustration of necropower

is an interpretation of the article "Necropolitics"

achille Mbembe is a political philosopher who is the author of the article

He writes: weapons are deployed in the interest of

"in our contemporary world, maximum destruction

of persons and the creation of death-worlds, new and unique forms of social existence

in which vast populations are subjected to conditions of life conferring

upon them the status of

the

living dead."

THE NEOLIBERAL

OPEN 24 HOURS

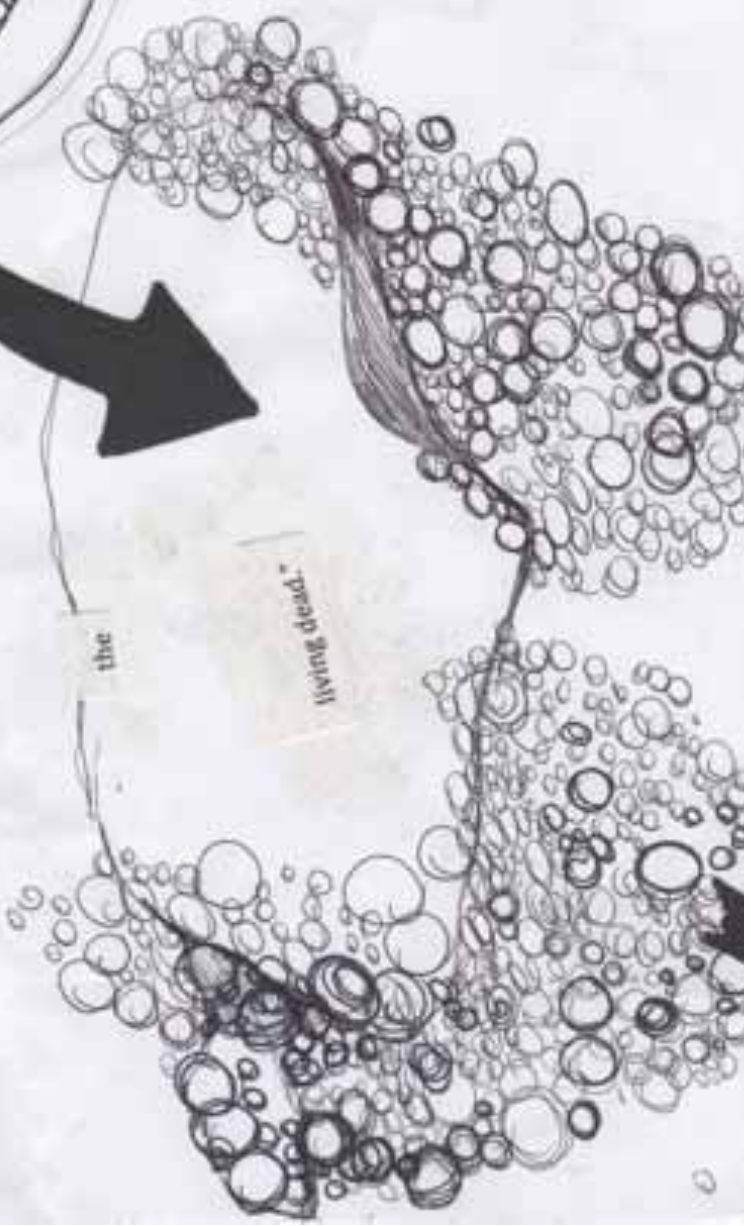
THE FREE WORLD'S POWER SOURCE IS THE LIVING DEAD

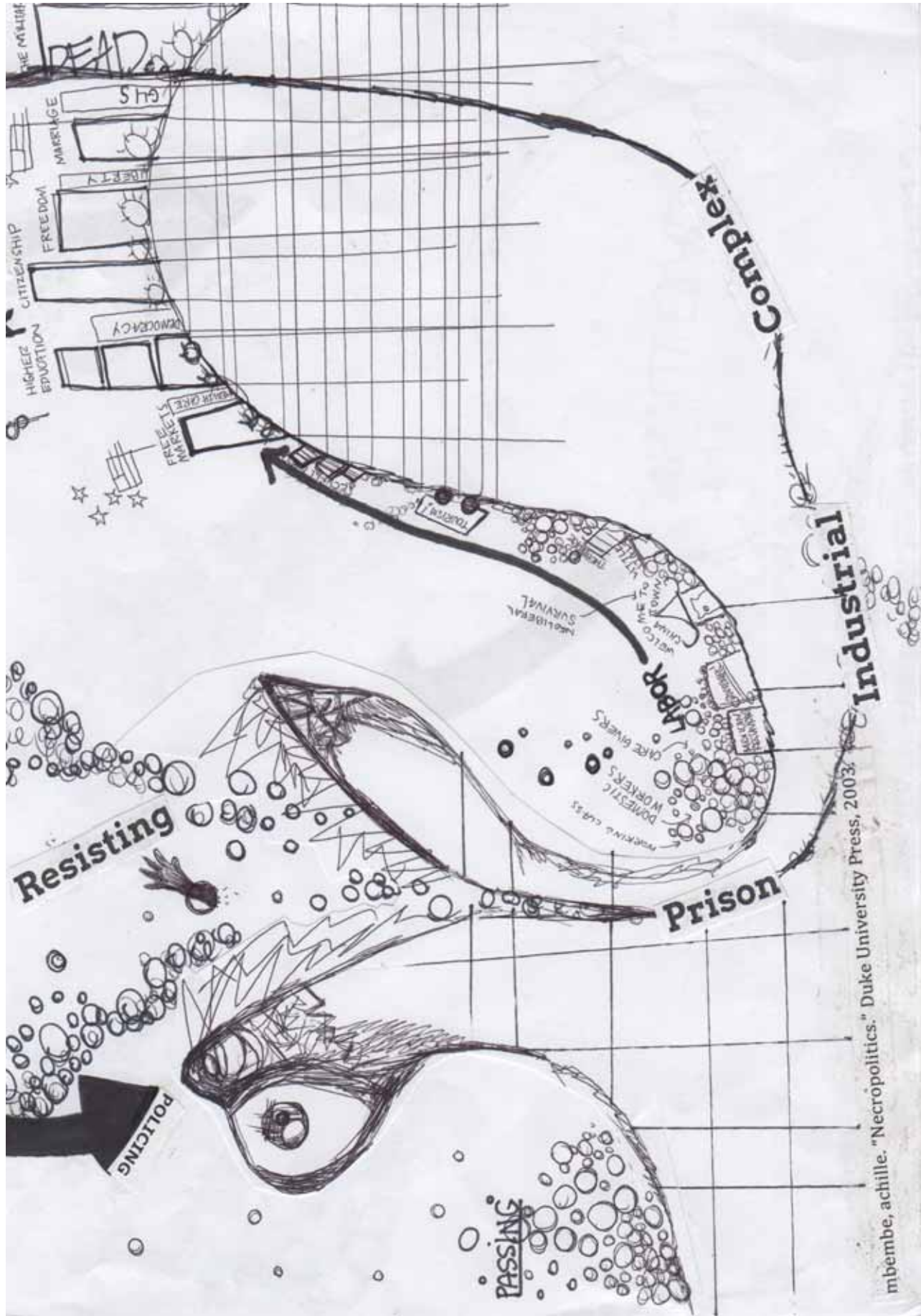
Profit

WORLD

War

FREE





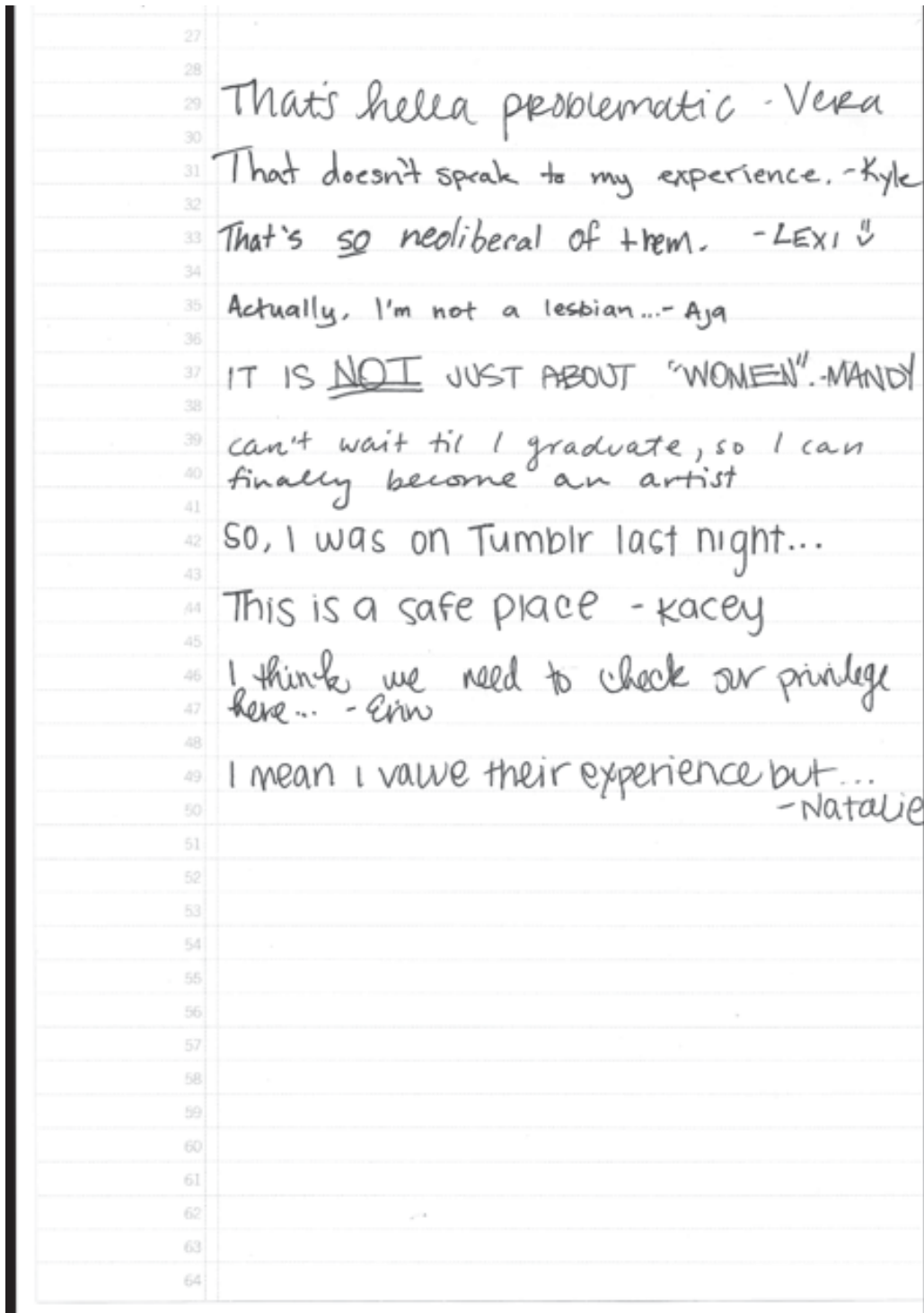
mbembe, achille. "Necropolitics." Duke University Press, 2003.

Stuff WGS Majors Say

Conceptualized by Vera Kim Mikrut

Facilitated by Vera Kim Mikrut and Kyle Maxwell-Berman

This is a visual and satirical representation of some of the things that WGS majors say throughout their time in the major.



THE CASTRO



THE CHANGE AT 18TH AND CASTRO STREETS. LEFT- 1927, RIGHT-PRESENT.

LEFT-ARCHIVAL IMAGE

ABOVE-PERSONAL IMAGE

Times Change

As times change and move forward towards progress, much like the photos surrounding this article, the streets shift from dirt and train tracks to pavement and cars so too does the march of capitalism. As a beacon for the LGBT community and movements,

neighborhoods much like the Castro shine bright as sites of hope and acceptance for all LGBT folks. The Castro has shifted into a space that lacks a community feeling and an acceptance for all. Store fronts dot the landscape of the Castro selling pieces of

authentic LGBT paraphernalia, such as rainbow flags, key chains, coffee mugs, come and buy and you too can take home a little piece of the grand LGBT Castro life. Stores that don't offer a piece of take-home gay, are either restaurants or bars.



CASTRO AT 18TH ST 1926



CASTRO&MARKET 1942



CASTRO&MARKET 1982

The Castro no longer seems like a place that it once was. It clings to the LGBT identity without the engrained sense of community that was built while fighting for an LGBT space. For instance take the photo from the 1970s (see below) folks walking around, and hanging out on the streets catching up, going somewhere or just enjoying the day. Today with new laws like the Sit Lie Ordinance (passed Nov. 2010) that prevents anyone from sitting or laying down on public property from 7am to 11pm. First offense of Sit Lie are \$100 fine, subsequent offenses could be up to 30 days in jail according to <http://ballotpedia.org>, this ordinance disproportionately targets homeless folks, especially the young queer homeless population that used to call Castro "home." A place they felt safe to be queer, but apprehensive to be homeless. There is now a push to get to where you are going, or duck in someplace and spend money on a drink, food or something to take home. The link between city planning, such as the changing roads in the neighborhood, and the types of access and who is considered a citizen or whose citizenship is stripped is fairly astounding.

Access to citizenship rights within spaces like the present Castro neighborhood have very specific set of ideals and ways of passing, that which many folks can not attain. Financial capital is just one way in which passing within the community causes great controversies which connects to the homeless queer folks that used to have no problem in the neighborhood, but are no barred access to a public queer space.

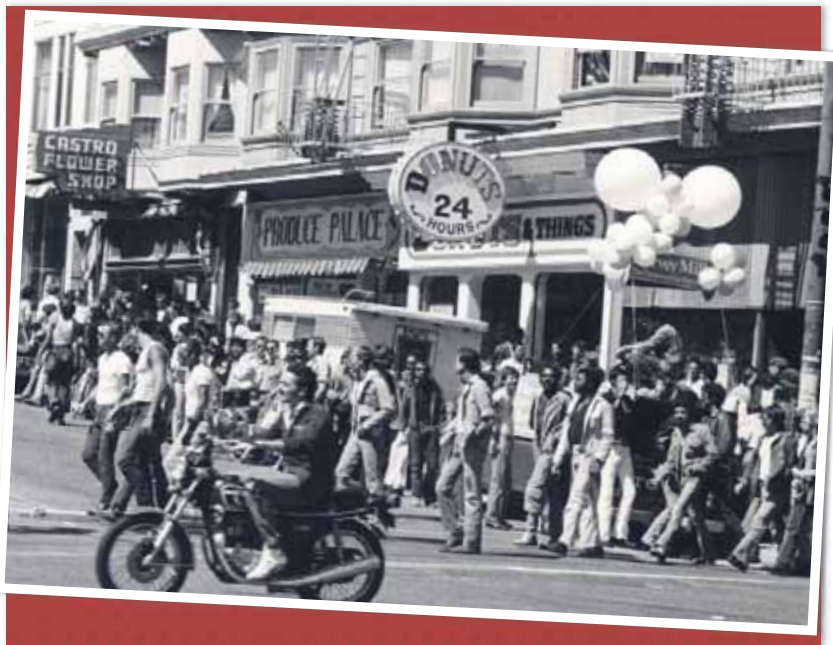
Like the streets changing from dirt to pavement, as a culture we expect that people change too, following the capitalist model that money talks has excluded a great many people from the history and the acceptance of the this once great neighborhood. With the numerous pitfalls of the neighborhood either via internal or external forces, I find myself calling this neighborhood home. I work to add to the richness of the neighborhood, but fight for those whose voices are silent, like many queer folk who are homeless.

Is the price of moving forward forgetting the fruits of struggle, or is it simply that these neighborhoods evolve because they must?



CASTRO FROM KITE HILL 1880

USED WITH PERMISSION FROM BILL LIPSKY



LEFT-CASTRO 1970S- WITH PERMISSION FROM BILL LIPSKY

IMAGES USED WITH PERMISSION, THE SAN FRANCISCO PUBLIC LIBRARY ARCHIVES.

[HTTP://SFPL.ORG/INDEX.PHP?PG=0200000301](http://sfpl.org/index.php?PG=0200000301)

Mi Vida Es Jota

They tell me
Hip Hop is their Guilty Pleasure
Guilty
as in until proven innocent
pipelined dreams
stripped through barbed wire
criminal minds

Misogyny
misogynistic
Hip Hop.

§ I swear
if I hear another self proclaimed feminist
utter these words: Hip Hop is Guilty!
I'll scream.

See Hip Hop is Not a luxury
its a strategy of resistance
its wakin every morning
Not knowing
if everything will be ok

but Ice Cube reminds us
the sun still shines in the hood
§ even when shit's rough
its All Mutha F'nakin' good.
§ Tupac aint got nuthin but love
when we "rollin down the street..."

But all you can remember
all the bitches § has
§ the chains on the neck
while forgetting to name
the white man cutting their checks.

it takes a lot of audacity
to try and undermine
an entire movement in the name
of feminism

I've only begun to scratch the surface
I havent yet extracted from you

[Mis] directed
[Mrs] conception

All the Queens and Muxeres
who have carved out intention
carved out resistance
from the history of ^{your} identity.
a feminist struggle

a ~~silent~~ spoken intervention

im Not pleading innocence
or forgiveness

The feminist in me squirms
w/ every complicit lyric escaping ^{my mouth.}
but this same feminist has ~~learned~~ ^{felt}
the pull of contradiction

while Hip Hop [in its "basic" form]
has ~~learned~~ mastered the art of assimilation
§ left his sister(s) behind
So too has the feminist movement
learned to rise

from the bodies of thousands of
Black § Puerto Rican muxeres
offering their bodies as **Sacrifices**
in the name of women's liberation
in the name of **Solidarity**

But you refuse to remember
what our scars ~~cannot~~ ^{will} forget
Newer!

So instead
we ~~write~~ ^{write} our Names
~~write~~ ^{write} our histories in rhymes
after all,

it is us who will carry our legacies
bring voice [truth?] to our struggle.

While Hip Hop [in its "basic" form]
has ~~learned~~ mastered the art of assimilation
? left his sister(s) behind
So too has the feminist movement
learned to rise.

From the bodies of thousands of
Black & Puerto Rican Muxeres
offering their bodies as **Sacrifices**
in the name of women's liberation
in the name of **Solidarity**

But you refuse to remember
what our scars ~~cannot~~ will never!
forget

So instead ^{write}
we ~~speak~~ our Names
speak our histories in rhymes
after all,
it is us who will carry our legacies
bring voice [truth?] to our struggle.

Don't you dare forget
the unapologetically **FAT**

Las kndas
underground/
conscious ^{with hip}
add lyrics?
"part?"

BLACK
Muxeres
Cubanas
imigrantes
~~restorantes~~
jotas
Feministas

Taking it back
bringing it back
marking their presence
in a stage that is rightfully theirs

Before you speak,
know there is danger in your words
Silence in your throat.

? remember
it takes a lot of audacity
to try and undermine an entire Movement
in the name of Feminism.



SO
you listen to
hip hop
or whuuut!??

Las Hijas de La Chingada

This is a love poem to myself.
the always Too Loud
taking up Too Much Space
AINT GOT Time for this shit

Dreamin of better days
~~even~~ Though i No longer dream Regret
even those nights i dreamt in shame
Nights filled Searching ^{gorda}

for a body that was not mine.
A voice that would Not ~~crack~~
cleansed fists by my side
Searching for bootstraps ~~of~~
I could never pull high enough

Now I am AWAKE
learning from this nightmare ^{Reality}
Finding i was holding my fists
in the opposite direction of freedom
I Realized

these boots were never really mine
see momma couldnt afford No boots
so i wore chancas to school ^{every day}

Soy la hija de la chingada.
and yes I am still afraid

But this time
I keep ONE fist
Pointed in the direction of liberation
the other
holding tight to a past
I once tried to forget
to a ~~her~~ story i was too proud
to claim.

Today I stand here.
w/ Nothing left to loose
but myself.
TO this Revolution.

This is a love poem for US.
The always TOO Loud
taking up TOO much Space
aint got Time for this shit

FUCK YOU!

With nothing ^{anger} but ~~the~~ in our hearts
I ~~anger~~ Love in our fists
Pounding our way through concrete.

No wonder we dont belong
they have been building their fortune
on the Backs of our Ancestors
on the Backs of our Mothers
on Our Backs.

though some have learned the art of ^{escape}
It has left us wounded
~~holding~~ ^{beginning} more weight.

How do we compromise
wanting more than Struggle & pobreza
but knowing
the freedom written
across the white man's checkbook
would only leave us destitute

Our Corzones
Pidrendo Umoshas
from the bottom of empty bottles
on the corner of white washed mms.

That price is too high to pay
? we are worth every penny
in our pockets
even if its just a few.

Somos Las Hijas de La chingada.
and yes
we are sometimes

but we carry our scars
w/ pride & conviction

We keep ONE FIST
Pointed in the direction of liberation
the other.

holding tight to our pasts
we refuse to forget

Today we stand here.
with Nothing to loose
But ourselves
to this

Revolution!

OUR SILENCE WILL NOT SAVE YOU.

Just like These walls
built on top the same Fertile soil
our ancestors carved our stories from
our bodies are permanently woven
into the seams of your bible
So when we rip the pages
it is our voices that will remain
it is us that will hold this world together
~~again~~ once again
Our silence will Not save you.

I wrote the last two poems (las hijas & our silence) with much intention and it is based on a very personal experience. It is of course important to not that, like many of our experiences as oppressed peoples; our struggles cannot be understood as individual or isolated; however, I find it crucial to name my specific intentions. with that said, I would like to dedicate this poem to the [queer]muxers who have had my back throughout this beautiful yet painful journey within WGS; Aja, Lexi, Mandy, Natalie, Vera and Ginamarie: you have been my experience, you have been my feminism, YOU have been my WGS, I love and respect every single one of you for all that you are and more, gracias.

1 Billion Rising – San Francisco

By Sarah Truby

1 Billion Rising was an event held on February 14, 2013 with the goal of bringing an awareness of violence against women worldwide. Called “the biggest mass global action to end violence against women and girls in the history on humankind,”¹ 1 Billion Rising was put together by VDay, an organization designated to end violence against women and girls. The United Nations claims that one in three females will be raped, physically abused, or both within their lifetime. 1 Billion Rising prompted people worldwide to take a stand and to dance to “free” themselves from these atrocities. Vday was created by Eve Ensler in 1998 to begin working to end violence.

I attended the 1 Billion Rising event in downtown San Francisco in front of City Hall. Filled with several speakers, dance performances, flash mobs, and rallying, I was surrounded by women, men, and children of all ages and ethnicities who were there in support to make a statement about ending violence against women. VDay defines itself as “a global movement of grassroots activists dedicated to generating broader attention and funds to stop violence against women and girls, including rape, battery, incest, female genital mutilation (FGM) and sex slavery.”¹ I was very moved by this event, and was glad that I was able to attend.

One of my favorite parts of the event was the men and women holding signs on the stage, which changed from “RISE” to “DANCE.” It was inspirational to see the crowd respond through dance and cheering. Though the 1 Billion Rising event pushed for making a statement and an awareness about violence, I believe that this worldwide event left the doors open for organizations and individuals to begin thinking about what they can do to end violence.

Working for SFWAR² as a rape crisis counselor and Project SURVIVE³ as a peer educator, I think that it is very important to talk about rape and to do more to stop it. It was very inspiring to be surrounded by people who feel the same way. To be surrounded by crowds of men, women, and children participating in flash mobs, I was really moved by the commitment of people to end violence by making a stand through dance.

Little by little, there is more work being done to try and end violence against women. This work is very important, as so many women and girls are affected. Movements like 1 Billion Rising encourage me to continue to pursue work to help survivors of sexual and domestic violence.



¹ See <http://www.vday.org>

² San Francisco Women Against Rape “provides resources, support, advocacy and education. SFWAR is a women of color led, volunteer-based organization that has provided rape crisis services to survivors of sexual assault for over 30 years” (www.SFWAR.org).

³ Project SURVIVE is a “peer education program which trains students to make classrooms presentations on promoting healthy relationships. Peer educators, both women and men, suggest resources and information to help students build intimate relationships based on respect and trust. They also offer students strategies for identifying, avoiding, and leaving abusive relationships” (www.ccsf.edu/SURVIVE).

Why I Love *Parks and Recreation* by Aishe Dabaghian

Since its inception, I have spent innumerable hours obsessing over NBC's *Parks and Recreation*. The show revolves around the staff of the [fictional] Pawnee, Indiana Parks Department. The department is led by overarching and unstoppable Leslie Knope. Beneath her is a team of government employees who really could care less about local government, yet always manage to get work done out of their unfailing love for Leslie.

I will admit, I have watched this sitcom more times than is probably healthy, to the point that I insert P&R dialogue into most of my personal interactions. I can't help but do it. The show's nuanced charm, wit, and brilliantly scripted characters make for on-point, perfectly timed belly aches time and time again.

But what I love most about P&R is its ability to bring up topics so relevant to Women and Gender Studies. As one of few sitcoms presently holding a primetime network spot, the show works to promote positive messages out of topics traditionally misrepresented by the media. It can present any politically weighted topic and deflect it with humor. And as the show's humor relies on the current political climate, it ultimately ends up queering most everything it presents...

Like that time Leslie decides to marry penguins as a publicity stunt, but turns out their "union" became a gay one since they turned out to both be male... *"It's Flipper and Eve, not Flipper and Steve!"* Or that time Leslie's Pawnee Goddess Troop convinces the Nature Scouts to join.



Goddess Pledge: "I am a goddess, a glorious female warrior. Queen of all that I survey. Enemies of fairness and equality, hear my womanly roar!"

Or the time Leslie decides to take the lack of productivity in the Sanitation Department into her own hands, outing the government for its inherently sexist practices.

Or the time Leslie decides to combat STDs in Pawnee's seniors by teaching sex education, despite the town's abstinence-only teaching regulations.



Or the time Leslie accompanies her best friend, to the sperm bank because she decides she wants to mother a child on her own.

Sperm bank woman: "So are you two a couple?"

Leslie: "Tragically, we are both heterosexual."

And since Leslie finds every reason to create her own holidays, I couldn't forget

Galentine's Day. Every February 13th Leslie dedicates the day to celebrating her lady friends. *"Hoes before bros. Ovaries before brovaries. Uteruses before duderuses."*

Of course there are many points of critique against the show, especially coming from of a critical WGS perspective. But I think the point to not-be-missed is that the creators *are* aware of writing jokes that aren't at the expense of others. And they are able to use a mass media platform to make humor out of issues that are not usually considered comedic, perhaps swinging political ideologies along the way. To me the show represents ideal of community, with Leslie starring as the quintessential game changer. So if you still don't understand... **just watch it.**

*All images borrowed from National Broadcasting Company. 2013.

a decolonized resource list

hey! that's virgie tovar



check out these blogs:

- racialicious.com
- colorlines.com
- fem-spiration.tumblr.com
- vday.org
- bullybloggers.wordpress.com
- feministmidwife.com
- Radicaldoula.com
- spectrumdoulacollective.com
- bayareadoulaproject.org
- trannypowah.tumblr.com
- malintZINE.com
- missverasays.wordpress.com

folks you should know:

- julia serrano
- viviane namaste
- mattilda bernstein sycamore
- virgie tovar
- angela davis
- eric stanley
- alexis pauline gumbs
- jasbir puar
- dean spade
- andrea smith
- ai-jen poo
- ruth wilson gilmore
- janet mock
- sylvia rivera

need news?

- sfbayview.com
- jezebel.com
- oaklandlocal.com
- oaklandnorth.net
- missionlocal.org
- alternet.org
- aljazeera.net

community organizations:

- justice now
- hollaback!
- sfwar
- NARAL
- girls rock! camp
- about-face
- critical resistance
- CURB- Californians United
For a Responsible
Budget

mental/health services:

- exhale- an Oakland based support group for post-abortion needs
- A Queer Mental Health Space: www.sftherapycollective.org
- Lyon Martin Health Services: lyon-martin.org
- planned parenthood



it's janet
mock y'all

if you want to exercise your capitalist tendencies:

- Rainbow Foods Co-op
- Hella Vegan Eats
- Liberation Ink
- Arizmendi
- Berkeley Bowl
- AK Press
- Seal Press
- South End Press
- Your local independently owned video/bookstore

read on:

- Jane Sexes It Up: True Confessions of Feminist Desire* by Merri Lisa Johnson
- Are Prisons Obsolete?* by Angela Davis
- All About Love* by bell hooks
- Borderlands* by Gloria Anzaldua
- The Bluest Eye* by Toni Morrison
- The Revolution will Not Be Funded* by INCITE!
- Twilight of Equality* by Lisa Duggan
- Normal Life* - by Dean Spade
- No Body Passes & Why are Faggots so Afraid of Faggots* by Maltida Bernstein Sycamore
- Assata* by Assata Shakur
- Captive Genders* - Eric Stanley & Nat Smith



image sources: <http://www.about-face.org/lose-hate-not-weight-an-interview-with-the-absolutely-fabulous-virgie-tovar/#.VYHVaI5dVSU>, <http://utsa.edu/today/2009/05/>, <http://www.afrobella.com/2011/06/03/janet-mock-interview/>, http://www.buffingtonpost.com/ashley-love/on-stonewall-riot-initiat_b_634115.html

Lexi Adsit:

Lexi is one of the fiercest and most badass homegirls you will ever meet. Trans femme entity/woman of color, this goddess can be found dominating San Francisco State University with her genius academic work, mad organizing skills, or stomping around in sexy-ass outfits. Lexi is planning to apply to graduate school this coming Fall and might be coming to a campus near you! She hopes to become a professor at a university while also being involved in a dreamy TWOC (Transgender Women of Color)-empowerment organization.

Natalie Arias Iñiguez:

Natalie Arias Iñiguez is a self-identified Xicanx feminist. As the first in her family to graduate from college she recognizes that it was only possible because of the love and support of family and friends. Natalie hopes to become an Ethnic Studies educator in a Bay Area public school. She looks forward to collectively building self-determined spaces of education with/and for marginalized communities.

Aja Dabaghian:

Aja "Aishe" Dabaghian is a very queer fish. They enjoy exploring the California and Pacific Northwest coastline, picking flowers, and learning better ways to live vegan. Upon graduation, Aishe plans to find new ways to expand consciousness while living in an urban environment.

mandy herrmann:

mandy herrmann thinks this undergraduate experience has further strengthened her voice to challenge the suffocation of hegemony. she's thankful to have comrades in the struggle.

Kyle Maxwell-Berman:

I'm Kyle Maxwell-Berman, the first in my family to graduate college. My time at SFSU has deepened my appreciation and understanding of epistemology. My academic goals after my BA in Women and Gender Studies with a Minor in LGBT Studies, include a PhD focusing on gender and sexuality. My interests include cooking, reading and spending time with my partner.

Graciela Mesa:

All I can say about myself is that the most important thing I've taken from this journey is the mutual love and respect from these fierce ass queer/mujeres I've been blessed to share space with. Y tambien quiero dedicar esto a mi madrecita y a mi abuelita; dos mujeres que me han enseñado el poder de la resistencia y orgullo en se mujer. I carry you, along side mi Virgencita, with me en mi corazon donde sea que este.

Vera Kim Mikrut:

Vera Kim Mikrut is a critical thinker through and through. She is grateful for the support of her family, friends, and her Midwestern upbringing. You can find more of her work at missverasays.wordpress.com

Holly Moore:

Holly will graduate from San Francisco State University in the Spring of 2013. They are continuing their education at Columbia University where they will be pursuing a Masters degree in Nurse Midwifery. They hope to continue to empower the queer community by expanding and advocating for their reproductive rights.

Kacey Short:

Kacey graduated from San Francisco State University majoring in Women & Gender Studies, and minoring in Sexuality Studies. Her research interests are limitations of language, intersections of class, location, race, and how these affect sexual minority communities—specifically the transgender / transsexual community. After she graduates she is planning on taking one year off from school to study for the GRE in hopes of getting accepted into a Gender Studies MA program.

Erin Sweeney:

Erin has an insatiable sense of wanderlust that has sent her all over the world (and all around the university) before finally landing in WGS at San Francisco State. Her interests include, but are not in any way limited to, veganism, rock and roll, and the production, distribution, and consumption of gender and gender politics in popular culture. After graduating, she plans on learning as much as possible, travelling as much as possible, and constantly looking for ways to expand her consciousness and improve the lives and conditions of the people around her.

Christine Rose Thibodeaux:

Christine Rose Thibodeaux is the name. This journey to pursue a higher education has been long and hard but I made it with a 3.0 gpa. I have been awarded several scholarships throughout my journey and I'm a scholar who made it in spite of all the hardships that I've encountered. Proud to be a Women and Gender Studies major. I will continue with my education no matter what. Once I'm done completing the major, I plan to pursue a Masters in Social Work.

Sarah Truby:

Sarah is majoring in Women and Gender Studies with a minor in Human Sexuality. She hopes to go on to graduate school to pursue a career as a sex therapist and yoga instructor.

Rebecca Veith:

Rebecca Veith is an ex-internet troll who is currently deciding if there is life after digital. Her current interests include and are limited by identity formation, technology, business ethics, and gender as performance. The future is unknown, but the one constant is that you can always reach me by e-mail: tr3becc4[at]gmail[dot]com.

