ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS
The CAPTURED Student Research Journal team wishes to express gratitude to the Associated Students (AS), the Instructional Related Activities (IRA), the CAPTURED Research Group Members; Sara Tekle, Theresia Anderson, Stella Dugall and the Department of Pan African Studies for all the support and assistance in the production, promotion and distribution of the 2nd Annual Spring 2012 Print and the 1st Annual On-Line Multimedia Edition.

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The CAPTURED Student Research Journal invites submissions throughout the fall and spring semester. Manuscripts and/or questions should be sent to capturedjournal@gmail.com
Welcome to the 2nd annual print version and the 1st annual on-line multimedia edition of the CAPTURED Student Research Journal. We are particularly delighted that we now have the capacity to capture moving images. The essence of the visual makes manifest the shifting landscape of our everyday existence and our everyday struggles.

The dynamic categories in this issue are Activism, Social Justice and Community Engagement. Activism can take a variety of forms to promote change, whereas social justice is an ongoing process that necessitates, even demands, vigilant attention. Community engagement, which ultimately contributes to a stream of social activism, can be effective for communities in need. All are considered an endless journey, not a destination.

In my interaction with students, I see the development of a cadre of emerging adults who are able to interact within a reflective framework of reciprocity and service. The millennial generation has new approaches to building self-sustaining, revolutionary movements and calls to action. Because of ongoing activism, weekly social justice lectures and community engagement at CSUN, the editorial team released a call for submissions asking students to submit work about the difference they make in their communities and how they were changing the world. We were delighted by the range, scope, diversity and the enormous creativity of the work presented for this volume.

This edition includes stories that celebrate the contributions of individuals and groups who have been marginalized or excluded from mainstream historical texts. Showcases thought-provoking essays, inspiring poetry and a host of visually stimulating artistry and moving imagery that speak of social injustice and call for change.

Many thanks to all who found the energy, passion and creativity to offer a voice and allowed it to be CAPTURED. I also give special kudos to the editorial team, Kate Parsons, ReAnne Rogers and Stephen Miyazawa, who worked tirelessly to bring this journal to fruition.

In gratitude,

Dr. Theresa R. White
In recent years, we have witnessed several distinct political movements take the national stage. These movements started with a few motivated individuals and continue to inspire many. One cannot help but recognize in these instances the core of what it is to be an American—to stand up and fight for a cause. Whether you come from left, right, or center, it is hard not to admire such dedication. Political Activism, of course, is only one aspect of CAPTURED’s 2012 theme, but it serves as a perfect example of the possibility of change.

I’ve always been interested in literary publication and knew from the start that I would enjoy the role of Lead Editor. I became even more intrigued by the position after I learned more about CAPTURED’s mission. Since I’ve been involved, I’ve seen CAPTURED create and promote events for trauma victims and forums for those with severe body image issues. I think it is quite a noble thing to do...giving those with painful pasts a safe place to be heard.

I wish to thank everyone who submitted work to the journal this year. We received numerous entries and had a difficult time curating all the amazing work that landed on our desks. What you see here is the best of the best, both in quality and content. I was so impressed by the convictions, talent, and range that the students of CSUN offered. From volunteering in the community to expressing dissatisfaction with current events, Northridge students want to be heard. This year is also marked by the first multimedia version of the Journal, which will showcase the best of the audio and video entries and provide a chance for students to be recognized for their work in a variety of media.

Personally, I think real change comes from the ground up, not from the top down. Even if your involvement is on a smaller scale, you’re still affecting change. By doing good for one person, you make a difference. CAPTURED’s 2012 issue hopes to reflect that.

-Kate Parsons, Senior Student Editor
LETTER FROM THE STUDENT ASSISTANT EDITOR

When I say I am happy to have been chosen to be a part of the production of the 2nd annual CAPTURED Journal, I say so with sincerity. The theme for this year’s journal, social justice, activism, and community engagement, parallel the times all too well.

With all of the activism and rising up of those who are fed up with the current conditions of life, whether it is the economy, community, or even school policy, we needed to give the student population an outlet — a way to express their frustrations, and to gain recognition for taking action.

On a college campus such as CSUN, it is a beautiful thing to witness the change that has been pushed forth over the past few years. Instead of wallowing and staying content, our community is standing up for what they want. This is our time of greatest influence. To those who fought against an unwanted law, or revolted against a social injustice, I applaud you. For the photographers that captured empowering moments of activism or dreary moments of impoverished youth, I applaud you.

It only takes one to begin a revolution, so keep fighting. I am blessed to have been able to review these great works in CAPTURED; I hope you enjoy and are moved to action.

-ReAnne Rogers, Student Assistant Editor
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This photograph is of a child in a Tanzanian village, taken as he was playing with his friends. I was hit hard by the way children are forced to live there, and how quickly they are forced to grow up. Because of the harsh living conditions and lifestyles, children must take care of themselves and their siblings. This photograph and the situation were part of a very rare occasion.
America the beautiful/ She is beautiful/ Now how could I ever be angry with her when I have been united with her so intimately?/ In some ironic chicken and the egg scenario, she has given birth to me and I’ve repaid her with the sheer gratitude of giving birth to her/ But as I grew, her crass attitude towards the humanity of individuality lead the fairy dust film over my eyes to evaporate/ Justice was not blindly leading me around but consciously preparing me for a caged fight with the ravenous desire of my own kind to promote inequality/ America leaned back and spread one leg of divide and one leg of conquer wide open/ And it was in her soft folds that misogyny, racism, and homophobia were plundered into her over and over until that was all she knew to satisfy her tempestuous urge.

She was pillaged of all notions to be united and grew in her passionate desire to divide her Crayola inhabitants/ Yet, if she were to be disobeyed in her perpetual picket fences of division, then she conquered the rebellious/ She was not a product of love, but unrequited sexual action/ And through all the false advertisements of her dream to attract unsuspecting victims to her flickering fluorescent glow/ This Vegas casino of a country has removed any forms of telling time so we cannot countdown the hours until a new year of genuine progress/ Somehow she faithfully believes that I am better off now because I am unconscious to all of reality/ That maybe if I stay asleep I will never piece together that her legs are divide and conquer and she, herself has been divided and conquered/ True there has been an incessant amount of opportunities but at what cost?/ Because no matter how many wars she fights against international terrorists she remains ignorant to the knowledge that she is public enemy #1/ That she has invested her wealth in an unlawful criminal system/ And she has breastfed prejudice into her inhabitants/ But this is not about a woman or her objectification.

This is about politics/ Because for as much as I can remember with the goings on of the moment/ I cannot recall a moment when I’ve been represented/ A moment where my financial aid actually belonged to me and not a statistical name on a paper/ When I was able to walk into an environment of professionalism and be seen as an intellectual instead of a cash cow/ A moment as if I were treated as if I belonged here/ And we question why America has been committed to an asylum of narrow-minded selfishness/ Why we don’t have enough stuff because the Jones’ family down the street has it all and then some/ Why we are so unhappy/ But I thank you for being this way/ I thank you for
being torn and broken/ Because now I am determined to point out these inconsistencies/ And shout in a quiet room that we will not go peacefully/ That we are unhappy and deserve proper representation/ And not only that/ But we are human beings who deserve to be treated like we matter/ That we are more than a social security number/ That we are more than the pawns willing to sacrifice ourselves to the check of a queen/ And despite my bouts of depression this will always be a worthy cause for me to die/ Not fighting only for my sister to grow up in a world of fairness/ But fighting to create a world where individual thought is not a crime/ And our past is not eradicated from our future/ A fight that is truly patriotic and worth fighting for/ Because it is out of the ashes that we shall rise/ And our ruins will forever lay crumbled at our feet.
Until recently, Cintia Segovia lived in Mexico City and is interested in the manifestations of Latino/a culture in Los Angeles. This intersection of “American” and “Mexican” cultures informs the images that she makes. Segovia is currently working on documenting the work of a non-profit organization, Vision y Compromiso, which is part of the California Endowment. These photographs will be disseminated through El Nuevo Sol Salud website, the Spanish Language News resource produced by the CSUN Journalism Department.

Thousands of demonstrators reached out for peace against economic warfare in Mexico. By the end of 2012 there will be 60,000 people dead; victims of executions, massacres, mutilations and shootings.
From the birth of our White American nation, African Americans have been anchored to the inferior bondages that their oppressors have bestowed upon them. The chains that Black Americans have been forced to wear have gone past physical restraints, and have transformed into a mental confinement. Images of African American males and females have been painted by modern day slaveholders: white corporate America, white government officials, and white politicians.

Standing at 6’3 and 17 years-old, Trayvon Martin would have been a prime target for capture during the Atlantic Slave Trade in the 16th to 19th centuries, but today, instead of being entwined by chains, this youthful man was enslaved by being young, black, and masked by the comforts of a hoodie. Just as our brown brothers and sisters have fallen target to Arizona Immigration Laws, which promotes racial profiling, Trayvon Martin has fallen fatally because he embraced the mask of being black. Through social norms, a dominant America has welded stereotypical ideologies upon the minorities that this very nation was built by. Racial profiling and popular stereotypes are the leading factors to the inevitable mistreatment and deep-seated hate towards American citizens of color.

The fact that Trayvon Martin inoffensively wore a hood over his head should never be cast as a cause for his demise, but according to the Fox News correspondent Geraldo Rivera, a simple choice of different attire may have saved Martin’s life on the night of the shooting. Rivera confidently stated on-air during a Fox News segment, “I am urging the parents of Black and Latino youngsters particularly…to not let their children go out wearing hoodies. I think the hoodie is as much responsible as Trayvon Martin’s death as George Zimmerman was.” The dominant American population has the image of African American and Latino youths as common miscreants, due to negative media coverage, stereotypes, and the way in which these two races have been viewed as criminals.

From the beginning of slavery, African slaves were given their tattered attire by their slave masters. However, even today African Americans are being handed clothing by the media that imprison them by attempting to conform them to certain stereotypes. Due to slaves not being able to express themselves freely through their wardrobe, clothes gave African Americans a certain identity. Throughout years of slavery and factory work, black males were given clothes to wear by their white oppressors.
Geraldo Rivera further asserts his disapproval for urban attire amongst African American and Latino men. After his first controversial accusation towards Martin’s hoodie, he then went on to state, “You have to recognize that this whole stylizing yourself as a gangsta…you are going to be a gangsta wanna-be [and] people are going to perceive you as a menace.” Despite popular belief, Trayvon Martin was not a hazard to his society; his hoodie only painted him to be what popular culture brainwashed their audiences to believe. It can be argued that Trayvon Martin’s hoodie did not have any role in his death, but in fact, the color of his skin could be just as much at fault.

Symbolically, a hoodie is a way in which African American males have been able to hide themselves in a discriminatory society. Trayvon Martin was not able to mask the color of his skin, and even in the dark of night, George Zimmerman was able to see the race of the young man under the hoodie.

Geraldo Rivera has absolutely no right to blame the young black man’s hoodie for his slaughter. Zimmerman, who was originally reported to be European-American, is half Latino—which shows that the American nation does not recognize any racial clashes when it is a crime amongst people of color. Black on Black crimes, Latino on Latino shootings, and Black on Latino violence is not of any importance to the American nation. European American, African American, or Latin American—nothing changes the fact that a wrongdoing was committed toward a young Black man who was innocently walking through the streets of Sanford, Florida, unarmed. Racial profiling does exist, and so does racism. An African American, 17-year-old man wearing a hoodie in the dark, screams out to non-black Americans that he is a criminal!

Since Trayvon Martin’s shooting, George Zimmerman’s disturbing actions have not gone unseen by the public eye. The “hoodie” epidemic has reached far and wide across the nation, to major protests and viral media coverage. However, even with the nation’s attempt to bring awareness to Trayvon Martin’s

“The chains that Black Americans have been forced to wear have gone past physical restraints, and have transformed into a mental confinement”
case, the “white” man is still able to regulate the actions of African American men: in an attempt to bring awareness to the role that racial profiling played in Trayvon Martin’s slaying, Congressman Bobby Rush took it upon himself to wear a grey hoodie as he addressed the issue on the House floor. Shocked by Rush’s reportedly law-breaking choice of wardrobe, Republican representative Gregg Harper was outraged and had Mr. Rush escorted off the floor. Before Bobby Rush’s untimely exit he stated, “Just because someone wears a hoodie does not make them a hoodlum.” Even a highly recognized and established man of color wearing a hoodie creates an uneasy discomfort amongst a crowd of White Americans. What will it take for an African American man to be allowed to express himself freely through his clothing, without America casting judgments upon him?

Trayvon Martin was not a criminal, and Congressman Bobby Rush held no threat towards anyone. Wearing a hoodie reaches beyond what America has taught its people to see, because under a “hoodie” is another stereotyped face of color and another face of intentional and historical discrimination. Geraldo Rivera blaming Martin’s hoodie for his demise is no different than someone blaming Trayvon Martin’s death on him being black. For years racism has played a huge role in the deaths of American youths of color—Latasha Harlins, Sha’ima Alawadi, and Yoshihiro Hattori have all met their deaths due to racial profiling. Hopefully, with the wide range of positive publicity that Trayvon Martin’s death has garnered, Americans with or without color branded onto their skin will have a greater mindfulness of the power that racism has on taking life. Racial discrimination will not disappear overnight, but it is up to this new generation of Americans to spread awareness of the unjust crimes towards our Black and Brown brothers and sisters.
When the black men so long ago did something,  
They made something of this world.  
And the only reply the white men found was, “woh.”  
Woh, is what they said when Harriet Tubman led the slaves to freedom in the Underground Railroad.  
Woh, is what they said when Rosa Parks sat in the front of the bus.  
Woh is what they said when Dr. Martin Luther King rose up and said, “I have a dream!”  
Woh, is what they said when the black man finally started the chant,  

"NO LONGER WILL I FACE DEPRESSION, BUT I WILL FIGHT THE OPPRESSOR!"  

And took a stand with the voice of the people holding protests and starting wars.  
Woh, is what they said when the black man heard an angel singing  

“I just can’t give up now” (sung by Mary Mary)  

Woh, Woh, Woh is what they said.  
Woh is what was fought to be heard.  
Woh is what should be imprinted in a young educated black man and woman’s head to take a stand in today society, to fight for what has now just begun.  
“It ain’t over now, but it’s just begun. We will keep our stand till this war is won!”  

Now I come to the 21st century and woh has changed meaning.  
Woh, is what they say when a black man is caught in a drug bust.  
Woh is what they say when the black man gets locked up singing,  

“I’m locked up, they won’t let me out”  
(sung by Akon)  

Woh is what they say when a black man is charged with woman abuse.  
Woh is what they say when a black child is left motherless or fatherless.  
Woh is what they say when they hear black kids calling each other niggas, to them changing the suffix ain’t changin’ the roots!  
Woh is what they say when the black man don’t fight no more for their rights, but fight to protect their colors or streets.  
Woh, woh, woh is what they say.  
Woh, woh, woh, is what I say!  
As I look at today’s black society, I notice that we are corrupt, Our ancestors are ashamed,  
Our dignity is taken.  
Not by the white man, but by our own...
THE BLACK MAN!
How can it be that after hundreds and hundreds of years our ancestors fought and dreamed of our freedom coming true? Then when it's finally free, It has finally been given to us! We don’t take advantage of it… no, no, no. We take it for granted! And that's when we say… Woh! Let me be one of many who start this revolution. Put the blacks back in evolution. And let the world see that black is not a style, a walk, not even a talk. It is a race that has fought long and hard to become, yes just to become! Let our ancestors know that we are free. Let our ancestors know that we still sing,

"Amazing grace, how sweet the sound that saved a wretch like me. I once was lost, but now I’m found. Was blind, but now I see." (sung Amazing Grace by John Newton)

So let us stop this dis-appreciation, And start our new reputation. Going back to when the Proclamation of Emancipation was part of our bible.

When we all stood-up and said “WE ALL HAVE A DREAM!” When every mother, father, and child, every Black Hand in America put their hands together and said with the mightiest of voices,

“WE ARE FREE AT LAST, WE ARE FREE AT LAST, THANK GOD ALMIGHTY, WE ARE FREE AT LAST!”

Because I too have a dream! That one day all blacks will rise up and sing together in harmony,

“Lift ev’ry voice and sing. Till earth and heaven ring, ring with the harmonies of liberty.” (National Black Anthem)

Then and just then will our evolution be complete. Giving the world, one final word left to say to the blacks!

WOH!
RALPH ORDAZ
PHOTO COLLAGE

These pieces were created from photos I took of graffiti in my neighborhood. Street art's subversive nature is due to the fact that it was borne out of the need to question authority and challenge the status quo. I wish to explore the spirit of activism inherent in this practice and use it in my own work. I also use these photographs as inspiration for my paintings.
“EVERYDAY ACTION”
BY ELISA FRIAS

I.

It started with fear. Fear of what, I can’t be precisely sure. But I knew to my very core that I did not belong there. I was a fairly new college graduate, had been unemployed for nine solid months, and was getting quite desperate. It was my final interview in a three-interview process, and I cancelled. I wasn’t that desperate.

I’m sure my withdrawal had something to do with their training video — the ones they show you to entice you into believing that you’re about to work for the greatest company on the planet, that your opportunities are limitless, and that your dream should be one and the same with the company’s dream. The 30-something woman giving a “testimonial” on the screen had intensity of speech, and forcefulness of conviction. She spoke of starting with the company fresh out of college, forgetting her past goals, and learning to “bleed green” (the company’s signature color). The double entendre of “bleeding green” was not lost on me. Here was a company about to offer me a hefty starting salary, yet I had never felt cheaper.

And so, I found teaching. It was a job that didn’t make me feel dirty. It really was that simple.

II.

I did not set out to change anything. I just wanted to be good at my job. I tried to listen to the students and deliver the curriculum as best I knew how. It was not always enough. The students’ lackluster responses, “Do we HAVE to read this?” were less than inspiring. There were days when I came home exhausted and wondering if I really accomplished anything.

But then there are days when we bump right up against a giant opportunity. Together, teacher and students, as we trod through American literature, we cannot help but see it. As we read American literature (and therefore American history), the need for change is everywhere. We read about revolutionaries demanding their liberty, slaves escaping to freedom, and women taking action. The story of America, taken as a whole, is one giant realization that everyone is included in “We the People.” And students, mirroring the American narrative itself, through slow and sometimes painful work, come to understand that we are still in the story, we are still in the struggle.

The power of this learning confronted me several years ago, as my students and I sat in a seminar, discussing Twain’s classic The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn. Students asked questions and we clarified details… the normal business of a classroom.
And then my student, Lauren, jumped in with an astonishing series of comments and questions. “Well, I’m thinking…if Huck was originally blind to the horrors of slavery because it was normal to him, I wonder what horrors we are blind to today. And, ummm…if Huck learned to see slavery for what it really was and reject it, can’t we also see and reject the injustices of our time?”

I almost lost my breath. There are few moments in which teaching is truly this perfect, so when it comes, you embrace it. I just sat back and listened for the next several minutes as my students discussed the more subtle, yet lingering racism of our present day society, the urgent need for gay rights, and all the injustices of our time that, like Huck, we should reject. Witnessing these exchanges, these mini-revolutions in the minds of my students, was nothing less than beautiful.

III.

These days, one of my favorite books to read with my students is The Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglass. There is that pivotal moment when Douglass overhears his “master” saying that an education would make Douglass “unfit to be a slave.” In that moment, Douglass realizes that an education is the key to his freedom. And in fact, it is the liberation of Douglass’ mind that leads him to realize his own power, and never again tolerate the chains of slavery. I believe that still, in 2012, education can and should be an act of emancipation. My hope is that when my students learn to think for themselves, speak with their own voices, and reason through their own problems, they are liberated to be functioning, healthy, and whole people. Without an education, they may become enslaved to poverty, ignorance, and wasted potential.

“AND STUDENTS, MIRRORING THE AMERICAN NARRATIVE ITSELF, THROUGH SLOW AND SOMETIMES PAINFUL WORK, COME TO UNDERSTAND THAT WE ARE STILL IN THE STORY, WE ARE STILL IN THE STRUGGLE.”
IV.

I know that many readers will resist the “education as liberation” theme. The resistance is justified. How many times have those already disenfranchised been shut out from a chance at a fair education? The history of the school system’s entrenched lack of service is far-reaching and tragic. The legacy of segregated schools and unequal funding is still with us. And then there are those highly publicized horror stories: the impure teacher with perverse motives, the administration that covers up a potential scandal. People are right to be leery of an institution with so much power. If “liberation” is possible, so is captivity. An institution entrusted with the very lives and futures of children must be scrutinized.

I don’t have all the answers. I cannot fix or defend such a massive entity as the American educational system. I can, however, be a teacher in my classroom, daily interacting with the hundreds of students who occupy my life for the year. I can ask them critical questions, challenge their assumptions, listen to their needs, attend to their emotions and intellects. I can treat them with dignity and show them how to do the same with others. I can get them to crack open their books and realize the humanity on the pages. I can remind my colleagues of what education should be. I can tell others that this is a noble profession, and that “the best and brightest” should aspire to it. I can, and do, remind myself on a daily basis that with tremendous power comes tremendous responsibility, that it is up to me to ensure equal access to a high quality education. It is not hard to find opportunities for social action. Inequity surrounds us. It is in the stories we read and the lives we inhabit. The challenge is not lack of opportunity; the challenge is recognizing that every moment is an opportunity.
V.

I realize it now. I may not have always understood my position as a teacher before, but I do today. I am inspired by an understanding that every day, ordinary people enact change through daily decisions that eventually amount to lives of service. I recently learned that Rosa Park’s enduring legacy was preceded by years of work and learning. Her action, refusing to give up her seat at the front of the bus, was part of an entire life in which she worked for the NAACP and educated herself on Supreme Court decisions and previous challenges to segregation. It was not a whim. As Paul Rogat Loeb puts it in his book Soul of a Citizen, “Parks did not make a spur-of-the-moment decision. She was part of a movement for change at a time when success was far from certain…this powerful act might have never taken place without the humble, frustrating work that preceded it.” Teaching too, is “humble, frustrating work,” but work that can absolutely change minds and lives. Revolution is how you live. It’s every day. It’s in the big decisions like what career path to take, and the little ones like what you choose to read.

“I AM INSPIRED BY AN UNDERSTANDING THAT EVERY DAY, ORDINARY PEOPLE ENACT CHANGE THROUGH DAILY DECISIONS THAT EVENTUALLY AMOUNT TO LIVES OF SERVICE.”
This picture was taken in Sacramento on March 5, 2012 during a protest to call attention to the budget cuts, which are affecting college students statewide. The poster she is holding is representative of the attitudes of many college students. The picture also illustrates solidarity with all the students who couldn’t be there.

This picture was taken in Sacramento on March 5, 2012. The woman, a student activist from Pasadena City College, was listening to another student talk about college budgets and their effects. As activists, we cover our faces to show solidarity with other students and our community. The student stood out, as she was very focused.
This picture was also taken in Sacramento on March 5, 2012. The student was holding a sign amongst thousands of students who were part of the protest in Sacramento.
Empathy for a Generation Lost
By Henry R. Jones II

These lives that exist.
The roles they play that we know not the reason as to why
We live while some of us exist just to die

Crawling along the ground trying to avoid being seen
We see you
We feel you
We identify with you but not always
You are the precious moment not spent with a child who deserved it
Who grew up to love the dark and hate the public
Embracing defacing justice and whoever loves it
This rebel created after debates over family issues turned into tissues on top of tissues and court orders

Spare the rod they say you spoil the child
Spoil the child you find yourself unfit to be superior
Inferior to the trials most of us go through
You subjected their talent to curfew
Their will to learn to their will to know it all
When the time came they leaned on you and you did what you could to not fall
These kids weren’t prepared at all

These times have shifted reasonably into never seen
Common into highly out of the ordinary it’s kinda scary to know they will never marry
Sexual desires higher than AIDS rates they scraped the plate with what we gave them
Nothing,
Nothing more than false hope for the future
So while you’re patronizing that child hold close to your will to live
They have nothing to lose because realistically we have taken it all
Taken advantage of advances they could have made better of
Shunned our own with this false idea of providing love

This generation was lost before Obama laid a hand on it
Before drugs turned into candy
Sex became as common as breathing... with WHOMEVER was down to seek pleasing
This generation needed guidance that we weren’t prepared to give
Just understand that when we are gone they will live
In hell if they have to just to see if Heaven is really real
They wear the scars we left unhealed
Consider this scab peeled; watch the truth bleed...

* How well do we know the kids we are bringing up to judge them?
Jumpstart Northridge
By Rhea-Corrine Triñanes

Jumpstart is a national, non-profit organization whose mission is to work toward the day every child in America enters school prepared to succeed. We have been a part of CSUN for 10 years—we train and send CSUN students to our preschool partners (Headstart, VOA, CCRC, Pierce) to implement Jumpstart’s curriculum. Our goal is to advocate for young children’s literacy. We believe that if children learn how to read and write, we are empowering them and giving them the tools to succeed and to have a desire to become educated. We also get involved in the community. We have a literacy program in Pacoima Branch Library called “Hooray, Library!” where we read, do fun activities, and eat snacks with the kids. This helps us extend our program outside of the classroom and into the children in the community.

- Volunteer coordinator for Jumpstart at CSUN

“Jumpstart has given me the opportunity to become involved with the community I live in, the professional relationships I’ve made with children, families, teachers, and the community has been a blessing I am more than thankful for.”
- Raymond Buford, Jumpstart Member since 2006

“Through Jumpstart, I’ve had the opportunity to help develop young minds—this was a reward in itself. I am grateful for all the wonderful memories and excited for those to come.”
- Baby Guardado, Jumpstart Member since 2011

“Jumpstart is an ACTUAL opportunity that changes the course of a child’s life. I have a good friend who I know has benefited from Jumpstart when he was in preschool, and now he’s doing great here at CSUN!”
- Brandon Tong, Jumpstart Member since 2011

Find us on CSUN’s campus: Sequoia Hall 280A
On Facebook and on the web: Jumpstart.org
Confucian Patriarchal Ideology Meets Proto-Feminist Spunk
By Gloria Blume

Empress Wu Chao was the first and last woman in the Chinese imperial past to declare herself Empress of all China. She ruled for twenty-eight years during the T’ang Dynasty, which was considered one of the most cosmopolitan, idiosyncratic and creative periods in Chinese history. In the arts, this energy and vibrancy can also be seen in the visual, as well as literary genres.

As the political unification began in the Northern part of China in 534, a centralized bureaucracy, modeled after the Han dynasty, created the stability, tax base and political atmosphere for the T’ang dynasty to move forward and flourish. The opening of the Silk Road, which brought China’s tradesmen into contact with regions from Asia to the Mediterranean Sea, influenced and energized the mercantilist spirit of the Chinese society. More importantly, the infusion of new ideas from the outside world and from the indigenous Daoist focus on individuality, began to make itself felt. How else would the daughter of a minor official of the merchant class consider the prospect of sitting on the throne of a society that encompassed 400 million people? Living in a country that, by custom and law, worked to undermine women, Wu’s accomplishments were singular.

Empress Wu learned from a young age that if she was going to be a power broker in imperial China, she had to be mindful that her power had to be exercised indirectly, and not in a confrontational manner. While both Buddhist and Daoist principles were spreading throughout the society, public as well as private life was still made up of male-dominated Confucian hierarchy. Being a beautiful and highly intelligent educated young woman—thanks to her ‘wellborn’ mother—she was cognizant of the political realities of her world. It was quite remarkable that she succeeded in her quest and stayed ruler for so long.

“How else would the daughter of a minor official of the merchant class consider the prospect of sitting on the throne of a society that encompassed 400 million people?”
She was able to include women in many religious and social rituals that became part of the Chinese culture, during and after her reign. Even though they were part of the fabric of the culture, she changed the frequency of family rituals that were considered to be in the realm of the women’s world. Empress Wu conducted these occasions in sacred and religious spaces, which provided the women more visibility. Some of the changes in edicts lasted for many years after her rule. It is fascinating to see these shifts in ideology by examining the art during the T’ang period, from sculpture, to the silk and scroll paintings.

Empress Wu did not allow the rigid imperial class structure to stop her from her will to rule China. Although some of the changes in ritual and ceremony did not last long, and she may not have been conscious of her role as a feminist, she demonstrated to her country, as well as the outside world, that a woman can lead a large and diverse empire. She even began her very own dynasty—the Chou Dynasty.

“EMPERESS WU CONDUCTED THESE OCCASIONS IN SACRED AND RELIGIOUS SPACES, WHICH PROVIDED THE WOMEN MORE VISIBILITY”
These were pictures were taken at CSUN’s annual Take Back The Night rally. The rally is done for women who are victims of violent acts, such as rape and domestic abuse. Students march by candle light to the Women’s Resource and Research Center with signs for protest, and then take part in an open forum in which the women tell their personal accounts of violence.
“If I want to knock a story off the front page, I just change my hairstyle.”
-Hillary Rodham Clinton

A new hair-do? Surely, former New York senator, first lady, and United States presidential candidate and current secretary of state, Hillary Clinton could do more than change her “do” to make the front page? Surely, she could do more than be a supportive spouse in order to gain the approval of the American public? Surely, she could exercise authority in the public sphere as an able politician without being criticized for overstepping her bounds? Or could she? How could a women in today’s world, be politically active, respected, and supported in a male-dominated sport? Through the lens of feminist rhetorical criticism, this paper aims to address and analyze the approaches Hillary Rodham Clinton has taken in order to crossover from “unruly” first lady to competent leader and family woman.

Hillary Diane Rodham Clinton was born in Chicago, Illinois into a United Methodist family. Her mother, Dorothy Emma Howell, was a homemaker; and her father, Hugh Ellesworth Rodham, managed a successful textile business. Rodham Clinton excelled in academics at an early age. She graduated in the top five percent of her high school class in 1965 and went on to attend Wellesley College, where she studied political science. Rodham continued to study law and political science at Yale Law School. While at Yale, Her first scholarly article, “Children Under the Law,” was published in the Harvard Educational Review. The article discussed the new children’s rights movement. New beginnings at Yale were abundant for Rodham, as she began a budding romance with her soon-to-be-husband.

In late 1971, Rodham met and began dating her future husband, Bill Clinton. She soon made the decision to follow Clinton to Arkansas, where he was teaching law and running for a seat in the U.S. House of Representatives. Despite Clinton’s incessant marriage proposals, Rodham hesitantly declined, as she feared marriage could compromise her individual identity. While in Arkansas, she taught classes in the School of Law at the University of Arkansas, Fayetteville, where she was one of the only two female faculty members.
In the summer of 1975, Clinton and Rodham bought a home in Fayetteville, Arkansas, and Rodham finally agreed to marry. However, as a testament to her individuality and undeniable feminist attitude, Hillary decided that she would hold on to her last name to keep separate their professional lives and identities. Rodham continued advocating on behalf of children’s law and family policy. In 1977, she published “Children’s Policies: Abandonment and Neglect; and in 1979, “Children’s Rights: A Legal Perspective.” The articles were generally praised by liberals as “important” and “radically new,” however, conservatives argued that they would encourage children to file frivolous lawsuits against their guardians (Levy & Krassas, 2007). Despite criticism Rodham continued to advocate for children and family policy.

Continuing as a proponent of children’s rights, in 1977 Rodham cofounded the Arkansas Advocates for Children and Families (Levy & Krassas, 2007). Later that year, she was appointed by then President, Jimmy Carter, to the board of directors of the Legal Services Corporation, where she served as the first woman chair from 1978-1981 (Levy & Krassas, 2007). During this time, Rodham became first lady of Arkansas when her husband was elected Governor of the state. Also in 1979, she became the first woman to be made full partner of Rose Law Firm. From this point, until they would enter the White House, Rodham maintained a higher salary than that of her husband (Levy & Krassas, 2007). In 1980, Rodham would give birth to her first and only child, Chelsea Clinton. That same year, Clinton was defeated in his bid for reelection as Governor of Arkansas. However, he returned to office again in 1982. During his campaign, Hillary began using Bill’s last name as her own as a gesture toward tradition, and to appease Arkansas’ voters (Anderson & Sheeler, 2005).

Despite Rodham Clinton’s many accomplishments, she received the most national attention when her husband became a candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination of 1992. The spotlight was cast on the woman who could possibly be the next first lady of the United States. Rodham Clinton would be the first First Lady to hold a postgraduate degree, and the first to have her own professional career upon entering the White House (Levy & Krassas, 2007). She was intelligent, independent, and outspoken. During the election, Rodham Clinton already posed a threat to the typical standard of masculinity and femininity that was supposed to be epitomized and perpetuated by the President and his first lady.
While the Clintons' pushed the idea of an egalitarian marriage relationship, and a first lady with career experience that justified legitimate participation in the administration’s work, the American public seemed threatened by a woman they felt “too pushy” (Anderson & Sheeler, 2005). Rodham Clinton’s refusal to stay only in the private sphere quickly helped characterize her as the “unruly woman” that would help fuel the development of what Anderson and Sheeler refer to as “the bitch narrative” (2005).

Rodham Clinton struggled early-on to appeal to the American public, who were hesitant to see a first lady in the public sphere. In a soundbite released in the spring of the ’92 election, Rodham Clinton addressed concerns about a potential conflict of interest between her duties as a lawyer and her husband’s role as governor of Arkansas (Anderson & Sheeler, 2005). She said, “You know I could have stayed at home and baked cookies and had teas, but what I decided to do was fulfill my profession, which I entered before my husband was in public life” (Anderson & Sheeler, 2005). Rodham Clinton was quickly ostracized for her comment. She was seen as radically feminist, wrongfully outspoken, and a threat to American cultural and familial mores.

Criticisms continued as Bill Clinton took office and appointed Rodham Clinton to lead his task on Health-Care Reform (Anderson & Sheeler, 2005). However, most of the scrutiny lied within the fact that the first lady “appeared as a model of women’s political power, of their success in social and professional spheres traditionally reserved for men...the problem with Rodham Clinton’s power was that she exercised it publicly” (Anderson & Sheeler, 2005). After she accepted the position, the media began to frame Rodham Clinton in sexist and misogynistic rhetorical themes -- only offering further evidence that a women in politics must always be subjected to age-old stereotypes and sexism, especially when she steps outside of the role traditionally assigned for women.

According to Anderson and Sheeler, Rodham Clinton was featured on the cover of Spy magazine as a “dominatrix in studded black leather and fishnet stockings, wielding a riding crop” (2005). The image suggested that the root of her political power rested in her sexuality, and, therefore, undermined her as a serious political figure. Similarly, throughout her husband’s presidency and her own political career, Rodham Clinton struggled to be viewed as

“She was seen as radically feminist, wrongfully outspoken, and a threat to American cultural and familial mores.”
a serious political figure, as she was constantly referred to as “Bill Clinton’s wife”, or puppet.

Throughout Rodham Clinton’s campaign for the presidency, the media suggested that Bill Clinton was the “mastermind” behind Hillary’s doing. In an editorial cartoon published during the campaign, “Bill peeks out from behind Hillary’s nonelitest throne while Bill serves as Hillary’s mount in a race with Obama” (Edwards & McDonald, 2010). The cartoon implies Bill is the mastermind, as he wields the Hillary puppet. In another instance, “Bill makes a solo appearance in a cartoon by Devericks, reciting positive statements about Hillary, while dressed as though delivering fairy tales. Stiglich was even more direct, as he drew Bill erecting a sign that read, ‘Bill’s Wife for President’” (Edwards & McDonald, 2010). These political cartoons, along with the media’s ridiculous perception that Hillary’s pastel-colored pantsuit and new hairstyle weigh more importantly than her political agenda, further dismiss her as a serious and capable politician.

Rodham Clinton took on a role that was characterized by the media as being too “bold and aggressive” (Edwards & McDonald, 2010). As any serious politician would, Rodham Clinton remained stern and uncompromising in her political approach, especially in regards to healthcare reform. As such, she was continually portrayed as the “pushy bitch” that was trying to “take over.” In an effort to balance what some considered “a rhetoric of confrontation and control that fed the ‘bitch’ narrative,” Rodham strategically transitioned from “the bitch” to “Madonna.” The Madonna persona allowed Rodham Clinton to “develop a robust political identity that tapped into the heterogeneity and diversity of the Madonna trope” (Anderson & Sheeler, 2005). Consequently, Rodham Clinton began to take-on more of a feminine mother role. She changed the way she looked, the way she spoke, and was photographed much more with daughter, Chelsea (Anderson & Sheeler, 2005).

While on the surface it may have looked as though Rodham Clinton had traded in her feminist agenda for “images of pristine femininity, maternal character, and purity associated...
with the Virgin Mother”, she was able to embrace this new role and placate critics while still promoting a very feminist message (Anderson & Sheeler, 2005). This, in part, is what made Rodham Clinton’s new rhetorical strategy so successful. With this new image, Rodham Clinton delivered one of her most notable speeches regarding women’s rights.

At the 1995, Nations Fourth World Conference on Women, held in Beijing China, Rodham Clinton addressed cultural practices that denied and violated women’s and girls’ basic rights and access. The speech catalogued a litany of abuse that generally goes relatively ignored, and criticized China for limiting free and open discussion of women’s issues (Tyler, 1995). Although there was initially a lot of controversy about the first lady’s trip to the conference, her speech, that denounced domestic violence, genital mutilation, forced abortion and sterilization, and ritualized rape, was highly celebrated and praised by American people. Anderson and Sheeler note that this could be because Rodham Clinton was attacking “others” rather than “us” at home (2005). Whatever the case, her new Madonna persona provided a safe, feminine approach in addressing and criticizing practices that she called a “violation of human rights.”

Hillary Rodham Clinton has had no easy run in the political realm. She has been ridiculed as the “bitch” and unruly spouse who could not help but “take-over,” and praised as the “Madonna” and “Mother Superior” figure who acted according to typical feminine roles. However, she has quite impressively been able to recreate herself so as not to seem threatening to the American public, and thus garner support from the country. Rodham Clinton has been effective in easing the public into accepting her as a political agent, while assuring them that she can exercise power without emasculating the country.

Currently, Rodham Clinton serves as the nation’s Secretary of State under the Obama administration (Levy & Krassas, 2007). She accepted the position in November of 2008, after losing the Democratic presidential nomination. Although reluctant to leave the Senate, Rodham Clinton reportedly took on the new position, calling it a “difficult and exciting adventure” (Levy & Krassas, 2007). By the time January had rolled around, her public approval rating had reached 65 percent, the highest since the Lewinsky scandal in 1998.
(Levy & Krassas, 2007). Since being appointed Secretary of State, Rodham Clinton has spent much of her time working to change the direction of U.S. foreign policy, pushing for a larger international affairs budget, and advocating an expanded role in global economic issues for the State Department (Levy & Krassas, 2007).

Hillary Rodham Clinton has proven to be a good wife and mother, she has reformed her personal appearance with flirtier hair and pastel-colored outfits, and she has strategically transformed her speeches and addresses to be more feminine in character and approach; and now, somehow, the American public sees her as less threatening and better suited to lead. She has revolutionized American and international politics, and has proven that she is, in fact, much more than her hair.

References


The theme of my work is structured like a novel with varying chapters. Aspects of my personal history have guided me into the realm of feminism. I cling to the conviction of the strong, sovereign woman portrayed in my work. As a child I grew up with a single mother, who not only raised me alone but also relocated us to a foreign country to start a new life. In this time my mother started her own successful business and continues to create for herself a life devoid of dependency. I was raised to carry on the same strength in my work and day-to-day life.

I am an artist exploring the universal female experience. There are universal female emotions, moments and obligations that cut across all of human history and cultures. I am interested in these innate, foundational and
psychological stories, which bind together all women and facilitate the continued procreation of the human race. We are only able to continue to advance and evolve, because of the Great Sacrifice of one half of the species. The burden and responsibility is born by women – I’m exploring as a woman my fears and hesitations with procreation and the expectations associated with it.

“I WOULDN’T CALL IT SCHIZOPHRENIA BUT I’LL BE AT LEAST TWO PEOPLE TODAY”
V-DAY
BY REANNE ROGERS

V-Day
Eve Ensler’s “The Vagina Monologues” has changed my perspective on the VAGINA.

V-Day is a vision
Eve Ensler had a vision. She was a survivor. She saw a world in which women were treated like queens, not like trash...a world where rape and domestic violence ceased to exist. She lets the world take a look through her goggles by putting on shows, making videos, doing performances, and raising awareness.

V-Day is a demand
Women should never be underestimated. We demand that rape and brutality end today. We will no longer stand on the sidelines to console the victims. We will stand up before it happens.

V-Day is a spirit
Womanhood is too precious to compromise. Women should be free to roam the world without the burden of fear. No one should have to recover. We should only have to live. To live in the skin in which we were each born, comfortably and freely.
V-Day is a catalyst
We are an organization that acts as a vessel to deliver information to the masses. Through shows and fundraising, more people — men and women both — will become aware of these issues.

V-Day is a process
We know that the violence will not end overnight, but we are here for the long haul. This is a commitment. No matter how long it takes, we will reach the largest group of people possible.

V-Day is a day
February 14. Valentine, victory, and vagina.

V-Day is a fierce, wild, unstoppable movement and community.

Although we are criticized for saying the word “VAGINA” so freely, and asking for people to focus, for once, on the sacred body part, we can take the heat. To the church that constantly protests “The Vagina Monologues” at CSUN, rethink your protest before you come out next year! To protest the end of violence against women is almost unthinkable. The ignorance has blinded many, but as we are always told: “Don’t judge a book by its cover.”

“The Vagina Monologues” is only a name. Aside from, as some would say, vaginas that talk, there are much deeper issues that are highlighted.

Its time we stop treating the vagina like a form of leprosy… sweeping it under the rug, never wanting to utter the word. It is time to embrace the vagina, the sole entity that produces life on this planet. It is time to embrace instead of batter and bruise the vagina.

Let’s remember that VAGINA is not a bad word!

Whether being violated by uninvited penises, or held at knifepoint in a ritual in an African village, it must stop.

The VAGINA needs to be treated with more reverence.

So show some respect.

VAGINAS are beautiful. VAGINAS are the reason you are alive. And these VAGINAS are standing up for what is rightfully theirs.
I was born with severe epilepsy, which has challenged me my entire life. It put up many obstacles that I had to knock down and overcome. The side effects of the medication that I took into my 20s were ugly. They burdened me with behavioral problems, slowed down my brain and made it hard for me to focus. I had to find ways to succeed on my own. For one, I had to teach myself to remember what I was taught in class. My seizures also knocked out my short-term memory and I always had to relearn everything. I kept my determination, persistence, and confidence, knowing I would find my way out of that deep hole to a normal life.

I have turned that challenge into being an advocate for those who need more help from our government. I used my background and challenges to help restore funding, and to make sure that under-represented people are supported. In 2003 I changed a California legislator’s mind on making cuts. In 2004 I was asked if I would make my voice heard at a live press conference, and in 2011 I got a personal letter from President Obama.

In 2003, I shared my story with California Legislator Keith Richman. While he was listening, he became very silent, and shook my hand three times, while congratulating me on my accomplishments. Later, I was told that by sharing my story and discussing why it was wrong to make cuts on education for the disabled and underprivileged, I was able to change Legislator Richman’s mind. He pledged to be against making cuts on education and disabled programs in California.

One year later in February 2004, I got an email from Professor Dirks saying he was in a meeting with California Senator Richard Alarcon. At the end of the meeting Senator Alarcon used the speakerphone to finish his meeting. They asked who would be the best advocate to make their voice heard to the legislators as to why these cuts were wrong at an upcoming press conference at Los Angeles Valley College in March. Professor Dirks informed me that the California capitol office chose me. Two weeks after the press conference someone came up to me saying they saw my footage from the press conference on ABC7 Eye Witness News, and told me that I had done a good job.

“The best thing you can do is believe in yourself and stand up for your rights”
On March 14, 2004 I flew to Sacramento with Professor Dirks to make my voice heard at the capital. We went from office to office and one month later when the politicians voted again, the cuts were stopped. From my advocacy I became the Student of the Year.

On November 1, 2011, I wrote President Obama a letter about Governor Brown trying to pass SB 161, which would take all of the nurses out of the K-12 schools in California. It made the teachers, teacher's assistants, and volunteers responsible for taking care of children while they are having seizures. On November 9, 2011, I got a personal e-mail from President Obama thanking me for the information.

The best thing you can do is believe in yourself and stand up for your rights. This is how you turn yourself into an advocate. Go at your own pace and do not let anybody insult you or stop you. There will be many people that will try to put you in a corner and say you cannot succeed. I never listened to them and neither should you.

I have had wonderful professors, as well as professors who do not understand. I make sure at the beginning of each semester that my teachers realize who I am, so personal issues do not pop up. Sometimes they still do. This is when I have to make my voice heard. I have always found my way around these obstacles. You also need to make your voice heard. Do not hide anything inside. That is how you let others take control of you. By letting others know at the beginning of the semester, I have prevented a lot of problems.
“Give children all they need to nurture the sound of beating the drums, which runs like blood through their fingers.” - Karla Henry

This series of images is from an event I covered for the *El Nuevo Sol Newspaper*. My focus was culture in the Hispanic community, specifically Afro-Latinos within the demographic. These images are at a Garifuna Event, where instructors taught children the language and the music to keep their tradition alive.
ICOLE CHRISTINA EMBREE
POETRY

I have selected these poems from a larger personal narrative about my experience of being diagnosed with bipolar disorder during the summer before starting graduate school, and as a Teaching Associate at California State University, Northridge. They are artifacts extracted from an auto-archaeological dig through my diagnosis, and they have helped me come to terms with managing a clinical mental illness, which I will have for the rest of my life.

These words dig deep into my psychological and physical being in the hopes of uncovering the signs and symptoms that managed to keep themselves invisible for so long. This disorder did not stop when I began writing these poems, therefore this collection is a live active culture—an ever-changing and moving experiment in how my body performs my disorder through poetic artifact. And how these artifacts—knees, sinew, spine, throat—function as keys to the invisible.

I never claimed, or thought to claim, a politicized disability identity because I never had to—the urgency didn’t exist. As a child and young adult my parents took care of my healthcare and kept me isolated from any potential political harm as a result of my earlier mental health struggles. This privilege still exists, as I know my family provides a safety net; however, as an adult human being who experiences disabling depressive and manic episodes, the urgency to fight for the human rights of those disabled by mental illness feels immediate and pressing.

I now not only claim a politicized disability identity, but a politicized invisible disability identity that manifests itself in very physical ways.

My desire is for these poems to transcend my own experience and to reach out to those who experience injustice as a result of their mental illness. Too often people are punished for pain that cannot be materialized, and my poems seek to merge the very physical visible symptoms of illnesses that are often invisible to the eye.
RESTLESS LEG SYNDROME

You can lay in bed. Mostly it starts in your knees. You would expect me to say bugs, crawling, and I would say, scream,

“You’ve heard too much a bout restless leg syndrome. Too much television, the poster at the general practitioner’s office sponsored by molders of breast implants.

Mostly it starts in your knees when you wake up at that damned time, but it only starts in your knees and it ends in bi-colored silk ribbons gently knotted at each joint, slowly unraveling. And like the puppet your sinews become, dictations contract your muscles, extracting your reasoning. And I would say, lie,

“It’s just restless leg syndrome,” then roll over the bed towards the medicine cabinet trying to solve the withheld, the invisible.

Pill to palm to throat to dictation, trying to solve the withheld, the invisible, the restless mind, the burning synapse.

HER FREEDOM

I am on life support. I am not sick but my residence is marked with chopped changes in medication.

Sweetheart we will save your life

I drift through the corridors with chipped white paint breathing exposed asbestos. My image a less legible mist, and windows serve as pictures.

Doctors hover over my inside elbow to insert that needle. Intravenous to pump the life they say I deserve back into me:

Sweetheart we will save your life

Once again, I am home. Testing the potential hydrogen of the sea.
He’s Been Guilty Since 9/11
by Danyial “Ism” Motiwala

He’s Been Guilty Since 9/11,
Osama bin laden was buried deep into the back of our minds
So the next time I’m at the beach,
You’ll see me floating flowers in failure of funerals.
No tombstones,
No epitaphs,
No autopsies.
Two shells fell to the floor,
And landed on the roof of hell.
Osama took two to the head, and so did I
But I took two to the throat too
Used two hands to cover my face
Stepped over broken glass with two bare feet
My body got dragged into navy seal helicopters
But they buried me here and told me to live my nightmares.
Listen, I’m all for America
And I’m all for freedom
But we as a society don’t think anymore
Our values are just as low as our voices.
When did we lose our souls and trade them for titanium 9’s
When did we become heartless

They fought for the wrong reasons
So when did we become like them?
We make our children pledge allegiance,
Teach them liberty and justice for all
Bring them home
And help them fall.
Tell them, there’s always a blessing in disaster
But we never tell them
That no matter how fast you run away
Shadows run faster.

We Turn on lies as we eat dinner
They whispered in my ear “We got that motherfucker”
I listened
And watched
And waited for proof
Conjured up some conspiracy theories
I wanted to believe my troops
I’m a Pakistani before an American
So when you tell me we think alike
I’ll tell you great minds think for themselves.
I didn’t cut a deal,
This shit was unreal,
Obama went in for the steal,
Cut me open, wounds never heal,
I forgot how to feel,
But I still took a breath on May 1st
And held it longer than any navy seal.
We bury fish in pipes for the plumber to discover
Bury bodies to fertilize the earth and watch spirits hover
But we threw him in the ocean
So the pressure of the abyss can crush his very existence.
No chance for revival
No remains
Just memories
Of a man whose image was on the doorstep of every nightmare
we’ve ever walked into
No chance for a proper funeral
We don’t need to bring this motherfucker back in New York
to stand trial
He’s been guilty since 9/11
The judge presides over us with red gavels, white stars,
and blue veins.
This jury consists of every soul who dived to their death that day
This verdict was unspoken but heard twice throughout Pakistan.

Osama Bin Laden, when you died, I said *Inna lillahi wa inna ilaihi rajioon.*
While others praised your execution,
I prayed for you, because you claimed to be Muslim.
I don’t know what was in your heart, all I knew is what was in your fist.
So while everyone smiles at your death, I’ll leave the real judging to God.
Susan Fitzpatrick
Photography

These photos were taken in 2010 in a region of Guatemala called Panzós, which is in a state called Izabal on the western side of the country. In 1978, the Guatemalan military massacred a group of Maya Q’eqchi’ peasants who were protesting against the loss of their communal lands. They had been petitioning the government for over a decade to get titles to their lands without success.

The protest and massacre marked a turning point in Guatemala’s 36-year genocidal conflict. The government signaled that it would respond to indigenous people’s peaceful protest with large-scale violent repression. Women, who had been most active in demanding land titles, became primary targets of a military repression during which soldiers shot people point-blank and buried them in graves that had been dug (apparently for this purpose) before the protest began. In 2010, thousands of Maya Q’eqchi’ peasants from Panzós and the surrounding communities marched into the municipality to commemorate the massacre and to protest against current efforts to displace people from their land to make way for mining, agricultural export products, and hydroelectric dams. The protestors also opposed the re-establishment of a military base in their community, where violence against peaceful protestors continues unabated.
“It is absolutely essential that the oppressed participate in the revolutionary process with an increasingly critical awareness of their role as subjects of the transformation.” - Paulo Freire

How we united together

I, Deshonay Dozier, was involved in the Candlelight Vigil that several other students in our class were organizing. The Candlelight Vigil aimed to “Keep Hope Alive,” as students, faculty, and community members came together to discuss issues of bullying within the LGBTQQI community. Although this program served as a perfect organizing experience for the course objectives, my passion in the Occupy Los Angeles efforts became inescapable when I attended one of the first General Assembly meetings. It was this experience that solidified my interests in organizing with the Occupy Movement.

I, Mary Grimes, was involved in collaborating with the San Fernando Valley Arts Education Council, Los Angeles Police Department Graffiti Task Force, and The Museum of Contemporary Art. My initial aim was to bring together these entities to mediate the development of a program for graffiti artists that would help derail the criminal light on graffiti art and offer the artist a space to conduct their work. My son has a passion for art, but because of his activities he has had multiple arrests and face jail time, as well as a felony record. I felt a deep desire to shift the tide of artistic expression and criminality. Although I still have a deep desire to continue this project, it was the timeliness of the Occupy Los Angeles movement that geared my priorities into organizing in the effort.

Ultimately, we decided to join forces after we carpooled together to a general assembly meeting (GA) at the Occupy Los Angeles location at City Hall. It was in this meeting that we realized that our interests in the Occupy Movement were more than just to satisfy a class project, but to be a part of this global change effort.

The Occupy Movements Framework

The main motivation for our passion to work with the Occupy Movement was the movement’s ideology. One of the movement’s inspirations was the Egyptian Revolution that occurred during 2011. The Egyptian people had risen up to declare that they
wanted to see an end to the corrupt governmental system and the destruction that comes along with it. In order to do this the Egyptians occupied Tahrir Square. This resulted in a victory of the people.

The Occupy Movement started when organizers in New York felt the same way the Egyptians did about the reign of globalization. The tactic of occupying helped start the Occupy Wall Street encampment on September 17, 2011, in the financial district of New York City.

Their drastic, yet vital response to the downward spiral of world’s economy seemed like a natural revolutionary tactic. Utilizing the public space near Wall Street symbolized the people’s anger and refusal to accept the continued corruption of the powers Wall Street has on the average human being.

The main and most important tactic of the Occupy Movement, the one that caught the people’s attention, is their declaration that “We are the 99%.” The 99% are the common people who do not own the means of production and who don’t control who labors and what is made. The framing of this movement is not only a call to action of the majority, but it also frames this with deeper implications—the 99% of people in this world do not have the access to the essentials of being human, and that this should not be the case.

It is within this premise that our passion to help organize with the Occupy Movement emerged. Once hearing that the Occupy Movement was spreading to Los Angeles, it was in the forefront of our minds and hearts to support this social movement.

**Our Organizing Efforts**

It became obvious to us that our campus, California State University, Northridge, was the perfect place to empower people towards the change that the movement envisioned. We wanted to spread awareness of the agenda of the Occupy Movement on campus, so we started to organize a group of students from our class who were all interested in the Occupy LA movement. This was a timely and rare opportunity that led us to discover other
organizing efforts taking place by CSUN Greens, and Students for Quality Education (SQE). It was from this conversation that we created our organizing initiative on campus.

**Project Activities**

Our attempts to demonstrate what the Occupy Movement was about involved applying what we had learned while at the City Hall encampment. With about 25 CSUN students participating in the efforts of conducting a mock “tent city” encampment, we unanimously decided to mirror similar tactics taken by the Occupy protesters at Los Angeles City Hall. We had a general assembly meeting with students from various clubs and organizations at the CSUN Greens club meetings in front of the Oviatt library steps. At these meetings we had dialogue about the time frame for our planned occupation, what the roles of individuals participating would look like, and the aspects of the mock “tent city” encampment.

We were permitted to use the space on the lawn front of the Oviatt library, under the trees. In one of our first GA meetings we talked about the type of information we felt comfortable speaking about to students who stopped by during the day of the event. We decided that by talking about the general ideas derived from the Occupy Wall Street Declaration statement, we would help individuals learn about the essential frame of the movement.

**Project Evaluation**

The desired outcome of the project was to provide political education about the Occupy Movement. During our planning meeting on October 12, it was decided by the participating members that we would pool our resources to occupy the lawn in front of Oviatt Library. Our intentions and agendas were mixed, but we all agreed to replicate the Occupy encampment and connect our campus with the movement.

Everyone was excited because the occupation would allow us to unite students to create change. The energy of the group felt spontaneous and flexible. Despite all the unknowns, the group was determined to create consciousness about the injustices and the plight of American students facing rising tuition costs.

**Personal Story and Personal Evaluation: Mary**

As for me, becoming involved in Occupy LA has been overwhelming and heartfelt, all at the same time. I was taken aback by the amount of passion and determination other folks
demonstrated towards the issues surrounding our political and economic states. This has empowered me to lift up my voice and continue to be a part of the movement. I felt my spirit was renewed by becoming involved with Occupy LA/CSUN.

Over a year ago, upon first hearing of the bank bail outs, I was dumbfounded to see a nation filled with the brightest of bright doing very little to rebuke this outrageous scandal. It seemed like such an enormous violation of the taxpayers and our money. To have the knowledge of these criminal acts that the corporate banking interests strategically orchestrated and do nothing was to me, almost just as bad. I saw no one in the public sphere addressing these matters, until Occupy Wall Street began. I am an avid KPFK member and began to listening to the coverage of Occupy Wall Street when no other radio station, television news or newspapers would cover the event. I was thrilled and somewhat envious that the encampment began in NYC and hoped it would grow all over the country, especially to LA.

It seemed oddly coincidental to me that our class was learning exactly what was applicable to the Occupy movement. I was so overjoyed when we began our class because it seemed as if what I was interested in becoming (an advocate for a social movement) was being taught in the pages of our text, as well as the articles we were reviewing weekly. This class has enriched my involvement and helped me see the steps involved in the process of a grassroots movement.

**Deshonay**

I can only describe my participation in the Occupy Movement as a divine connection. In my interactions with protesters, activists, and occupiers in the movement I realized that we all had a passion for change. In one day of organizing I had the most enriching conversations about disparities, justice, peace, and love. I remember one night in downtown LA at the general assembly there was this serene atmosphere of peace and hope. I believe this feeling I experienced was the common idea that we were gathering for bigger issues than that of “rich and poor,” but of enhancing the quality of life.
After leaving the encampment I was faced with the reality that we had much more to accomplish. As I helped to organize on campus with other student activists and student organizations, I realized that the simplest demonstration could create challenges and struggles. Many of us had different approaches for tackling the issues we sought to demonstrate. My strategies were more towards systematic change. For example, people wanted to sell sustainable bags to raise money to buy things for a toy drive. I thought that this was not getting to the point about changing the way Americans are consumers. My idea was that if we sold the bags to make money to buy things then we should sell the bags to create a community garden so that people didn’t have to spend too much money on groceries. While people agreed with my ideas, I saw that a large number of students were stuck in their comfort zone in more than one area. I also did not believe in having an encampment on campus. I thought that we needed to look beyond the tactic of occupying and look toward the more concrete things such as writing demands, doing research, mobilizing and organizing students, and canvassing the community. Although this experience was challenging, I learned many things about myself as an organizer.

We hope that this project helps other students and inspires them to organize for change. 

“I BELIEVE THIS FEELING I EXPERIENCED WAS THE COMMON IDEA THAT WE WERE GATHERING FOR BIGGER ISSUES THAN THAT OF “RICH AND POOR,” BUT OF ENHANCING THE QUALITY OF LIFE.”
Occupy Wall Street

and

Change the World
INDUSTRIAL TOURISM: A SUMMARY
BY PERLA MORAN

People often say “don’t fix what isn’t broken.” For some reason, many do not listen to this piece of advice. The wilderness, including birds, trees, plants, animals, rivers, and the oceans, is nature untouched by human hands. Edward Abbey (1990) in his book Desert Solitaire had a motto: “Leave it like it was” (p. 48). Abbey didn’t want people to change the wilderness for their convenience, and believed that building roads for more tourists to visit our national parks was exploitative and wrong.

When we go into the wilderness and start to change it, we are not only killing the purity of nature, but we are also killing ourselves. According to the fairness ethical principle from Hugh Mercer Curtler’s (1993) book Ethical Arguments: Critical Thinking in Ethics, “we are treating the wilderness unfairly” (p. 251). According to Leopold’s (1949) “principle of interdependency” put forth in The Land Ethics, “we are not working with wilderness as we should: People should stop changing it for their own benefit, and start respecting it, because if we don’t there will be no wilderness left” (p. 253).

Tourism in our national parks is all about convenience and laziness. Abbey (1990) once explained the disgust he felt when he found out that roads were to be built in his beloved Arches National Monument. He could not believe that people were too lazy to walk to see the beautiful wilderness that Arches embodied.

Industrial tourism in our national parks is fighting against the wilderness instead of working with it. When we build roads and other things to make our stay in the wilderness easier and more convenient we are changing the wilderness into what we want it to be. The wilderness does not have televisions, soda machines, and indoor plumbing. It is supposed to be a place to enjoy nature and escape from everyday life. Why go to the wilderness when it is the same as staying home?

Nature gives us life and everything we need to survive, so we should respect it and treat it fairly. Abbey (1990) respected the wilderness and the wildlife that lived in it as much as he respected himself. He wished he could be a part of the wilderness and treated it justly. We need to start thinking like Abbey as soon as possible.

If industrial tourism continues there is not going to be any wilderness left for our children. We can save our wilderness by
thinking differently, and by being active in, and for, our national parks. We need to protect our wilderness like it was our home, because one day we are going to look for it and it will be gone…our world’s natural beauty, gone forever because of our selfish ways. As Abbey (1990) said, “leave it like it was” (p. 48).

**Works Cited**

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**AUSTIN SMITH ILLUSTRATION**
Created as an accompaniment to Perla Moran’s article on Industrial Tourism.
DON’T DISTANT YOURSELF
BY JESSICA HERNANDEZ

Don’t Distance Yourself
The only words that caught my attention after the article on public housing...and I stepped back thinking nah! My eyes are open; I know enough to know what and who’s in L.A. But then it hit me...the academia/social-work hat that I try to take off, it just didn’t...come off today! In fact that hat gave me cover for a good few hours from heavy rain showers, because I couldn’t see past this gloomy forecast.

Don’t Distance Yourself!
It’s a heavy storm today and I know too well when that storm gets loud, “authorities” just want to make it shut up! So they give the growing rumble sound enough “resources” to keep them at bay because showers eventually become tears:
Of children running through the gardens pathway only to reach the chemically induced rainbow after the rain stops
Of families using home towels to dry the cars after the rain buried the homie that didn’t get to see 18
Because in these gardens when it rains it pours, filling the courtyards with a 3-degree life support system pumped by the Mexican Mafia and drug dealings
With soil too damp and spoiled to break racial tensions

Creating waterbeds of residential gangs patrolling the lawn with weapons at the ready.
This isn’t a prison. This forecast is happening now & it’s not breaking news.

Don’t Distance Yourself!
Lightning accompanies the storm today and you can hear the loudest bolt
Because he’s dressed in a sharp cleaned pressed suit asking for a community meeting
Housing Authority sunrays seeping through the bar windows

Don’t Distance Yourself!
It’s okay to get wet once in awhile and not fulfill the social control function on today’s weather channel that has an all year round forecast of oppression.
Stop the demolition of sustainable housing!!!

Don’t Distance Yourself!
I stumbled upon this man while working on a project for my Journalism class where we were told to shoot pictures of strangers. He works for a non-profit organization that accepts donations for children in need of clothing, food, and other necessities.
GUIDE DOGS
BY STEPHANIE COLMAN

From Puppy to Partner is a semester-long reporting project completed by graduate student Stephanie Colman, as part of a new media course within the Department of Journalism at California State University, Northridge. Colman partnered with Guide Dogs of America in Sylmar, Calif., to tell the story of how the organization uses “man’s best friend” to help visually impaired people regain their independence. Throughout the Spring 2012 semester, she produced a 5-minute documentary, feature article, audio podcast and photo essay, along with weekly blog posts and tweets. The entire project can be viewed online at www.GDAProject.weebly.com.
A seed is planted in the soil of the earth. A baby is born as a mother gives birth.

The seed is nurtured given water and sunlight. The baby is neglected awakes to gun shots at night.

The seed thrives in a world of peace, where flowers bloom and birds sing so sweet. The baby cries in a world of sorrow, where kids roam the streets wondering if they’ll live till tomorrow.

A dwelling where liquor stores are engulfed by pollution and children join gangs to seek resolution. Its stomach is confused from a dinner of soda and chips, no fresh vegetable nor piece of fruit has ever grazed its precious lips.

And chemicals are packaged and sold on the shelves of the few grocery stores that exist illness is what they sell. But the apples are now on an odyssey to the cities that sparkle and gleam Where the food market displays are colorful and the community intently eats green.

The seed builds strength and grows into a tree bearing apples so nutritious they’re as sweet as candy. Where the corners are absent of liquor and fast food is not an everyday staple. Where children complain about the presence of vegetables on their plate at the dinner table.

The baby is now eight a product of abuse the riding of the white horse is its mother’s excuse. And as the child continues to grow in the land where the smiles are sparse, the apples will have completed their mission wondering if their life had been a farce.
My work dissects personal fears and experience of parental neglect and the breakdown of the family unit, which generally restrict the growth and potential of a child.

A solid relationship with my grandparents has molded my perceptions of the idyllic childhood experience, which strongly ties to the mid-century depiction of the family unit. I am heavily influenced by iconic imagery, (and various portrayals of perfection), as exemplified by Dick and Jane children’s books, Norman Rockwell, and vintage advertisements. However, rather than perpetuating the fiction of idyllic childhoods, my work employs brutally altered tropes of perfection to reveal the gritty reality of the childhood experience.

“CONFRONTING EDUCATION”
Coming Out, Coming Home
by Stephanie Colman

A lot has changed in the 40 years since Arthur Vandegaart has been on campus.

I recently met up with Arthur on a crisp spring afternoon after a determined Internet search uncovered his phone number. Vandegaart graduated from California State University, Northridge, the year the campus changed its name from San Fernando Valley State College.

“Hello.”

“Are you Arthur Vandegaart?”

“Y es,” he tentatively replied.

“Are you the Arthur who graduated from Cal State Northridge in 1972 with a degree in sociology?” I asked, trying not to overwhelm a complete stranger in the first 10 seconds.

“Yes,” he said, sounding very confused. And just like that, I had him. The man responsible for starting CSUN’s Gay Student Union, nearly 40 years ago.

The 1970s was a decade of growth in advocacy efforts on behalf of the LGBT community. The infamous Stonewall Riots took place in June 1969, and the first-ever gay pride parades in the United States were held in Los Angeles, Chicago, San Francisco and near the Stonewall Inn in New York, one year later. Within two years of the riots, gay rights groups had sprung up in almost every major U.S. city.

Around the same time, the first student gay rights organizations began to develop, starting with Columbia University’s Student Homophile League, founded in 1967 by Stephen Donaldson. Soon after, branches of the organization were started at Cornell University, New York University, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, City University of New York and the University of Minnesota.

Arthur Vandegaart remembers very little about his time as a student on the CSUN campus. The campus was, as it remains, heavily populated with commuter students who split their lives between time at school and time at work. As we walked across campus toward the bustling, impressive Student Union complex, Arthur was wide-eyed, much like a tourist seeing historical landmarks for the first time. We found an empty corner inside the Matador Involvement Center, and Arthur settled in to recall his role in founding an organization that has continued to play a monumental role in the lives of
LGBT students for more than four decades.

“It was a fairly quiet time,” he began. “I wasn’t out or anything. It was a quiet time in my life… a kind of confusing time. That’s all I really remember.”

“That’s all you remember?” I asked.

“Well, I did hit it off very well with a couple psychology professors,” he added.

Turns out, it was his involvement with those professors that eventually led to Vandegaart’s coming out.

“I had had very traumatizing experiences before,” he explained. “It went on for hours… my contribution of what I was, or wasn’t going to tell them. They were very patient about it. I was in major trauma. I was crying and all over the place. I wanted to tell them, but I just didn’t like the thought, or the vulnerability of it. It just seemed like I was having enough problems managing it on my own. “Finally I just said, ‘Yeah, I’m gay,’ and they all said, ‘Wait. You mean you didn’t kill anybody? That’s all there is? That’s it?’ It took an hour or so to put me back together and we all went home.”

He got an “A” on the project. Not long after, he chartered the Gay Student Union.

As the time went by, a lot of people revealed a lot of things. But not Vandegaart. “It was down to the last two weeks. We were running out of time. People were like, ‘Well, you’re very nice, but we don’t know shit about you,’ and I was like, ‘Well then, you’ll probably never know shit about me,’ but we worked that out over the next seven or eight hours.”

I desperately wanted to know more, but sensed that, if I wasn’t careful, I might not know shit about him either.

“I desperately wanted to know more, but sensed that, if I wasn’t careful, I might not know shit about him either.”

When a graduate student was looking to assemble a “growth group,” a sort of Maslownian experience where students shared information and received feedback under the guidance of a professor, Vandegaart decided to join up. “It seemed like a good idea,” he said. “I liked the professor and I liked the facilitator. I don’t think I was anticipating anything. There were eight of us and we’d meet for a couple of hours each week for 10 weeks.”
“The next semester I said, ‘Well, why not?’ There wasn’t much support available. You had to personally know somebody. All the major colleges were beginning to have meetings and things, mostly run by men. It was the embryonic stage.”

Vandegaart’s experience was a lot like students today… struggling to come to terms with their own sexuality, and often dealing with unsupportive parents.

“Coming out to my family was a catastrophic blow-out,” he said.

“You don’t even want to know,” he said, wringing his hands. “It came out to be just another dysfunction of the family, and it resulted in my step-mother’s suicide six months later.” He paused to worry a snap on his jacket. “I really felt like, to some degree, had I not brought that out, because other things were brought up at the same time, they could’ve played the game longer.”

“Your parents weren’t supportive?” I asked, recalling stories of fellow students whose parents had not taken news of their own children’s sexuality well.

“You don’t even want to know,” he said, wringing his hands. “It came out to be just another dysfunction of the family, and it resulted in my step-mother’s suicide six months later.” He paused to worry a snap on his jacket. “I really felt like, to some degree, had I not brought that out, because other things were brought up at the same time, they could’ve played the game longer.” He took a deep breath and shook off the emotion. Changing the subject, he picked up my copy of the original club charter, complete with the names of the first 15 members of the Gay Student Union.

“Oh golly. Where did you get this?” he asked. He looked over the names, running his finger down the list. “Oh… David Trinidad. He’s a writer. New York. Writes very nice books.”

He reached for his glasses in order to take a closer look. “Arlene Pfeiffer. Robert Lye. I was thinking of him today. He went on to KPFK. It was 1972. Doggone. He spent a lot of time with Trinidad, Pfeiffer, Lye and the other organization members. They became the core of his social group. I held parties at my house and did the meetings. There was some gossiping, and some dating…people met each other. It was kind of like people were meeting each other for the first time. I really think it was one of the paramount moments of my existence. Not so much founding the club, but having such a supportive system. It made a tremendous amount of difference.”

A few weeks earlier I stopped by an LGBTA club meeting. The group, which has a mailing list of more than 300, hosts weekly meetings with an average attendance of about 40 students. New members introduce themselves and are asked random questions
such as “What’s your favorite movie?” or “What’s the most embarrassing song on your iPod?” The questions are trivial, by design, to help newcomers relax, have a laugh and quickly realize that, when they’re at a meeting, they’re among friends. It seems to help. A little, “On my first day I was scared shitless,” said 21-year-old linguistics major, Deandre Pierce. “My heart was pounding. I was very nervous. But I became comfortable.” Now, when he spots new members, he tries to be one of the first to reach out and extend a welcome. “I try and approach new members and make them as comfortable as possible because I know what it’s like… I’ve been in those shoes.”

Like Vandegaart, Pierce transferred to CSUN as a junior. Born and raised in Fresno, he welcomed the opportunity to move away from his hometown and its inhabitants’ narrow-minded ideas. But moving to a new town and a new school can be overwhelming at times. And lonely.

“I remember feeling so depressed,” he said, his eyes glistening with emotion as he recalled the difficult transition. “I left my family. It’s hard to move to a new city. I had a roommate, but we weren’t really on the same page. I’d go to the library just because I didn’t want to be at home.” He ended up meeting a fellow gay CSUN student via a mobile app.

“He took me to the LGBTQA meeting and that’s when everything changed,” he said. “I wound up meeting several new people that night and immediately my spirit was lifted. I was overwhelmed to meet people who were just like me, and who understand. It’s very difficult to be gay, be in college and know not everyone accepts you.”

“Going to meetings is a social thing. I know I can go, be myself and not have to worry,” he said.

The feeling of acceptance and camaraderie is evident. At a recent meeting, the group kicked things off with a round of games to break the ice. Later, the topic for the evening is coming out stories. One by one, those who are comfortable share their experiences. Stories of accidental outings are common. Stories of wholehearted, unconditional acceptance, particularly among biological family members, aren’t completely lacking, but are rare. “I don’t know how she really feels about it,” said one girl, referring to her mother. “She expects me to hold in my feelings...
for the rest of my life. I don’t think she’ll ever understand.”

As stories are shared, members nod their heads in understanding and in a show of support. While each situation is unique, the overall shared experience of navigating both an internal and external struggle for acceptance is apparent.

Nineteen-year-old Jessel Quiroz has been in the closet with her family for years. Her dad was angry when he learned her two best friends were lesbian and bisexual.

“After that little situation, I’m afraid of telling him,” she said. “‘Yeah, dad… I’m bisexual… you know that girl who came over… that’s my girlfriend.’ If I say that, I think he’d go off on me on a whole different level. My mom’s the same way.” Her brother knows. Sort of. He thinks it’s a phase, not who his sister really is.

“He asked me once and when I told him yes, he was like, ‘You’re such a liar. You’re trying to go with the trend.”’ As if sexuality was akin to mullets, going Goth or wearing skinny jeans.

It’s tough not being out to her parents. Living at home, behavior and phone conversations are constantly censored. She sometimes imagines what it might be like to tell them the truth, and be completely open. “I hope they’d say, ‘Yeah, we knew that… we’re glad you got that off your chest.’” Instead, she worries it would cause them not to trust her.

“It’s hard to wrap my head around even thinking of telling them,” she said. “What was it like listening to the few coming out stories of friends whose parents are supportive?” I asked, remembering what I had heard at the recent LGBTA meeting. “I was getting emotional,” she said.

“People were like, ‘Yeah, my mom totally said it was fine and she already knew,’ and my mom is not like that at all. I really wish that could be part of my life. It made me sad to think ‘My mom’s not like his mom.’” She paused, her eyes moist with emotion.

“It just sucks.”
It was a desire for support and unity that sparked Vandegaart’s motivation to launch the Gay Student Union 40 years ago. In 2008 the campus launched a queer studies minor, an 18-unit program that focuses on “histories, contemporary experiences and community-based knowledge of lesbians, gay men, bisexuals, transgender people, intersexed people, queers, and others who occupy non-heterosexist and non-normative gender positionalities.”

There’s also the soon-to-be-opened gay resource center, the first of its kind on a college campus in the San Fernando Valley. The center will serve as a clearinghouse of information and support for the LGBTA community.

“[The resource center] is a university commitment to resources of all type and kind: human resources, financial resources and space,” said Greg Knotts, a professor of education and the faculty advisor for CSUN LGBTA. “It’s like saying, ‘You can go to MEChA and there’s an office for you … you can go to Black Student Union (BSU) and there’s an office for you and now, you can go to the queer resource center and there’s an office for you.’ It’s 2012 and there’s finally space that’s congregatory and common as a resource for not just LGBTA students, but anybody who says, ‘What’s this gay thing? I don’t get it.’

The past 40 years have been witness to tremendous change. The passing of gay marriage laws, the end of Don’t Ask Don’t Tell, laws that require California schools to teach gay history and laws that help protect LGBTA students in higher education. Still, students today report the same feelings of isolation and generally describe LGBTA’s life-changing support in much the same way as its founder, from so many years ago.

When I asked Arthur Vandegaart how he felt about founding an organization that had gone on to have a positive impact on so many students, he seemed overwhelmed by the very suggestion. “I just held parties at my house and hosted some meetings. At that time in my life, I didn’t know what it was to be a founder.”

“I just held parties at my house and hosted some meetings. At that time in my life, I didn’t know what it was to be a founder.”
Wearing Your Activism on Your Sleeve
by Gabrielle Furlong

Recently, my sister-in-law sent me a picture of a new shirt she had just bought online, which is not something she normally does. She explained that it wasn’t just a regular shirt—a portion of the $22 purchase gave 35 meals to the people of Darfur. The organization that created the shirts is called Sevenly. Every week the company donates part of their profits to a new charity, just by selling men’s and women’s t-shirts and sweatshirts.

Some of their recent causes include: providing funds for the adoption of orphans in Africa to loving homes, assistance in getting South American victims of domestic abuse to safety, and providing life-saving surgeries to people in West Africa. Every week the focus is on a different region in the world and a different cause, but the charities commonly address issues such as extreme poverty, inadequate water and food supply, lack of medical attention, and abusive living situations.

All of their causes are equally important, but the one I could most relate to was the domestic abuse situation. There are 3 million reports of worldwide child abuse every year, and even more cases that never get reported. Nobody should have to live with abuse, especially a child who is still learning about the world and developing into the person they will become. My husband and I were very proud when our shirts arrived, knowing that the two of us had helped a parent and child to be free from a dangerous situation.

“I found Sevenly through Facebook and it is now one of my favorite charities,” said Krystal Morgan, who recently participated in the donating program. “It is so exciting to find out which new charity they are raising money for each week, and you can actually see pictures on their website of the charities receiving their check. I love the shirt, and the quality is amazing. I look forward to the next time I purchase [one].”

Sevenly’s Co-Founder & CEO, Dale Partridge allows his charity posts and updates to be followed on both Facebook and Twitter.
India is one of the few countries still purchasing large amounts of oil from Iran. So why would Iran inflict non-lethal injuries to the wife of an obscure Israeli ambassador in the capital of Delhi? Haaretz and the uncritical supporters of Israel quickly leveraged calls of stupidity, unprofessionalism, and even insanity on the Iranian government after the attack in February 2012.

I, too, would ridicule my opponents if I were involved in a clandestine war that relies on public opinion and tax dollars.

My perspective is colored by the fact that my parents do not take a positive stance on Pakistan. Just like most Israelis would believe the press releases of their government, as opposed to acknowledging the grievances of a perceived existential threat.

The Pakistani Inter-Services Intelligence was hiding Osama Bin Laden under the Central Intelligence Agency’s nose. The Israeli government has been contracting out assassinations of Iranian nuclear scientists to the terrorist organization People’s Mujahedin of Iran. We could get lost in acronyms or argue about how this information is verified, but my take is very simple; war is bad.

The kind of overt animosity cloaked in covert military actions I am critiquing involving Israel, Iran, Palestine, India, and Pakistan are not limited to that part of the world or this current time period. Our species is the product of war and rape. I hope that we will be able to overcome that history.

In order to raise the level of conversation past Bible-thumping and the simplistic delineation of “us” and “them,” the people will have to be heard. Not incompetent politicians or corrupt priests, but the people. The United States of America has seen people from around the world flock to its golden waves of grain over the last two hundred years. The diversity of thought, ethnicity, life experiences, and worldviews in this country, and particularly in places like universities in Los Angeles, is unmatched.

For good or bad, we are a tribal people. We look to leaders that we blindly follow—sometimes to war.

Wars have been fought throughout history for material resources and abstract memes. More recently, it seems we fight wars for the concept of profit. In what crippled world view is it profitable to kill? Perhaps under certain circumstances there is a need to end the existence of a being who is harvesting death and destruction, but we are at a point now where a few innocent civilian deaths have been deemed acceptable by our leaders.

I write this as a student of California State University Northridge, who believes in learning, knowledge, and the dissemination of
wisdom that our species has collected throughout our long, storied, violent, and beautiful existence.

As an intellectual, it is my duty to question the prevailing [lack of] wisdom, to question the status-quo, and, if in fact military force is necessary, to be an unflinching critic, especially of those who are in positions of power.
A living proof of struggle
As I take these steps to freedom
Not upon the cold, chilling stone staircase
Leading into the daunting and pressing white columns of this so-called justice
But upon the warmth of my land
Upon the loose grains that reflect my pigmentation
Evidence of their bare skin hitting the ground
Feeling every bit of solid earth underneath their vulnerable selves
Where am I headed, if not to the pearl white treads?
Feeling the wind rush amongst my tiny hairs on my forearms
Hearing the wind in my ears, “Justice!”
Feeling the sun within my heart
As I hastily grasp all that I can
The words, the sights, the hurt,
The wails, the cries, the blood
The tiring of my legs and muscles
Yearning to stop movement and simply atrophy
Then, a clash comes to existence
Between rivers being shared of truths
This existence, has it always been so?
Only time can tell the true story of these boundaries
These borders
As I reach this division
I see fathoms of columns
Columns of steel, each parallel to one another

With each soaring column allowing a glimpse of my other half between them
I see my other me
My other me feels my pain
My other me acknowledges these columns too
She sees my brown skin, brown hair and brown eyes
I see her poverty and she sees mine
“Are we prisoners?” we both think as we reach for each other’s coarse hand
To hold, comfort and embrace
In that moment before our hands touch, we realize
These columns of steel have begun a process of greatness
Corrosion
We both think,
“It must be the rivers of truth”
My detachment from the country that I was born in led me to question both political and social issues that became apparent after assimilating into American culture. I use these themes in my creative work.

My current investigation is a result of my grandfather’s execution for his religious beliefs. Focusing on the problems my family has faced after the Iranian revolution. I preserve his memory and the memory of others who were killed because of what they believed in by creating an awareness of these happenings. My Bullet Shape Vessels are an example of my use of narrative by drawing on the surfaces of my ceramic work to commemorate the loss of individuals.

My most current work, Plates with Bullet Holes uses the wheel to create forms that are then transported to a firing range where I recreate the tragic political executions by firing at the plate in a similar fashion. In this act of defiance, I have discovered a similarity between my family and the wet clay in terms of plasticity and healing. Clay reacts in a similar way to families; the pieces that are shot do not shatter and what remains is an enduring hole. Human families do not shatter but what remains is that everlasting mark.
This is a redesign of the cover for Upton Sinclair’s The Jungle. Originally intended to portray the life of the immigrant in the U.S., readers often focused on the negative portrayal of the American meatpacking industry during the early 1900s. The novel focuses on poverty, lack of social programs, and the hopelessness felt by the working class. Published in 1906, Sinclair had to fund the printing himself as most publishers found the material too shocking.
In the outskirts of the courtyard filled with futuristic dreams and hopes of a progressive and urban-garden city
The first seeds were planted east of downtown making the first two-story building a seed worth watering

**Ramona Gardens**
The seed of the movement would continue to break soil removing the weeds of shacks to architecture blessings housing working class families

**Rose Hills Courts**
**Nickerson Gardens**
The prototype to replicate the seed like nowadays cloning was viral. Buildings were sprouting, housing defensive workers and returning veterans

**Rancho San Pedro**
**Pueblo Del Rio**
**Jordan Downs**
However the progressive seed was like a plague in the 1940’s and the only federal prescription was socially planned “projects”

**Hacienda Village**
**Avalon Gardens**

The culture was growing and expanding and the main courtyard could now see in its eastern bed, a village of flowers taking life

**Aliso Village**
**Estrada Courts**
**Pico Gardens**
The social-public housing experiment took new boundaries, over flowing, but the seed wasn’t drowning,

**Mar Vista Gardens**
and like “Dogtown” pedaling through waters

**William Mead Homes**
Creating pathways and lawns of life

**Imperial Courts**
**San Fernando Gardens**
All for convenient homes that would sprout in the outskirts of the courtyard filled with futuristic dreams of an urban city garden.

Welcome to Los Angeles Public Housing
My drawings portray homeless people in Los Angeles. In China, the homeless are neglected by the general population and considered to be a burden on society. I have noticed that most people ignore the homeless that populate the streets of Los Angeles. Perhaps guilt, fear, and disgust compel people to look away. My drawing and watercolor portraits portray these ignored and neglected faces and demonstrate my respect and compassion for them. I study and interact with the different homeless populations that live in Venice Beach, Santa Monica, and at the Los Angeles Mission.

The photographs I make during my visits serve as reference material to vividly render specific portraits of the people I meet. My candid approach to photographing encourages each person to be him or herself. For people who cannot afford a place to live or decent food, my obsessively detailed and interpreted portraits honor the dignity that remains.

Each drawing exudes raw character and depth of their personality. For instance, in one of my drawings, I depicted a man with a missing tooth. The detail of the mouth reveals the poor conditions in which these people live. But the smile from the spirit within him is gripping, which shows his optimism about the future. In my drawing, the subject is an old man eating a Cup of Noodles—the technique is traditional, but Cup of Noodles pulls the viewers back to the daily life and breaks the stereotype of the homeless person. As a token of my respect, I take great care with the different shapes, colors, brush strokes, and pencil marks to depict the details of their facial characteristics that I find to be unique and, as a result, beautiful.
The Birth of Something New

Global Girl Media was launched during the 2010 FIFA World Cup in South Africa where reporters from Los Angeles, Soweto, and Rabat produced a myriad of videos using both traditional and new media equipment.

A Reporter in the Making

She stands outside of an apartment complex on a sunny day, somewhere in Los Angeles. She holds up her microphone and a pink Global Girl Media T-shirt with pride. She smiles and says “Hi, my name is Wendy Garcia. I’m reporting for Global Girl Media.”

Wendy Garcia is only seventeen-years-old. Last summer, she covered a story about her friend, Alexis—a fourteen-year-old mother. A firm believer that young women should have a voice, Garcia decided to film a story about teen pregnancy from a different angle, one that she refers to as “reality.”

Teen pregnancy happens often, but Alexis’s case was different. “She was twelve when she got pregnant and had the baby when she was thirteen. I always see girls getting pregnant when they’re fifteen, sixteen or seventeen,” said Garcia. It was an important story for her, because she “wanted the world to see that teen pregnancy is occurring [at a much younger age] than what we think.”

The Driven College Student

Imani Crenshaw is eighteen years old, and when she’s not on assignment for Global Girl, she attends El Camino College. She’s been a Global Girl for two years and has used it as a way to gain the fundamentals necessary to become a full-fledged reporter.

Through this opportunity, Crenshaw was able to attend the TEDx Re-imagine Women’s Conference, where she put the skills she acquired into practice. “It was really cool because I was the only reporter there. I hadn’t prepped for it. I didn’t know what it was, or who was going to be there. It really tested me. because I had to come up with questions off the top of my head with these people I’ve never met,” she said. “I felt like I was the star reporter. People were coming up to me [asking] ‘Who are you?’ and I was like Oh, I didn’t know I was someone,” said Crenshaw.
Where Are the Women?

The Women’s Media Center: The Status of Women in the U.S. Media 2012 shows the current statistical data on women who influence the images and information we see and hear in news, literature, film entertainment, and television.

The report found that there are more women than men graduating with mass communication degrees. However, the representation of women in fundamental occupations in the media is still pretty dismal. More than half of the leading occupations in media belong to men, leaving most female mass communication graduates working in ads or public relations.

The Women’s Media Center report also stated that only “36.9 percent of newspaper reporters, photographers, copy and layout editors and supervisors” were women, the Likewise, only 28.4 percent of women were news directors. However, they do “represent about half of the assistant news directors and assignment editors, [as well as] executive producers, producers, news reporters, writers, anchors, and assistants.” They are “most underrepresented among news photographers, sports anchors, and sports reporters.” Out of all of the “directors, writers, executive producers, producers, editors, and cinematographers,” only 18 percent of the people in those positions were women.

Females are constantly shown in front of the camera, but they’re hardly ever behind it, calling the shots and framing the stories.

According to Women in Hollywood, a site for issues on women in film, only “5% of the top grossing films in Hollywood were directed by women” in 2011, and in eighty-four years, “only four women have been nominated for a best directing Oscar.”

Digital Divides

The girls of Global Girl are a representation of our world’s unseen majority. They are young women who come from a poverty-stricken community, communities that don’t always get the coverage they deserve. As a result, many of the Global girls don’t have access to both traditional and new media technologies, making it harder to turn their goals and dreams into a reality.

Current Projects and Inspirations

Since its launch in 2010, Global Girl Media has been working on several projects worldwide. They plan to expand in Chicago and London this upcoming summer and conduct a training session in Morocco at ISCA Rabat. There, participants worked on stories pertaining to the National Elections, schizophrenia, and even the protests of the Rape-Marriage Law. Global Girl
Media Los Angeles is currently working on six webisodes about reproductive health. Additionally, the Global Girl reporters of South Africa have been accepted for full press credentials to cover this year’s World AIDS Conference. Their prior coverage of the 2010 FIFA World Cup was distributed to media outlets such as CBC, BBC Radio and ESPN Primetime.

**My Voice is Important**

My voice is important because I have my own voice and I’m not afraid to fight for my rights. My voice is important because I have the power to stop people from thinking that boys are stronger than girls, because I am a young, powerful woman. My voice is important because my words are my weapon, and I will fight until I’m heard. Such are the many inspiring messages heard from the minds and voices of the girls of Global Girl Media on their blog. It’s not easy to manage an organization like Global Girl Media. “Even when we go out to try and find grants…unless we’re targeting a certain group of people a certain way, that grant is not going to touch us, and it becomes this strange dance of, can you be the flavor of the month?” said Williams. Rejection comes often, and organizations like Global Girl Media would not exist without the collective effort of the group.

“There have been moments like that where I totally wanted to quit, but I mean, I’m not a Pollyanna. I have a group of people that are working with me and some of them really believe in this program,” said Williams. “I always encourage people that I know to mentor younger women. I’ve always had interns in my office. I always try to give back and I think that was missing when I was coming up. I didn’t have a woman to look at; a role model. I think that’s super important. That [feeling of] ‘wow, if she can do it, I can do it.’

“My voice is important because my words are my weapon, and I will fight until I’m heard.”
Hell, according to certain religious individuals, is where many sinners such as gays and lesbians, will burn. Simon Hall at the University of Leeds writes “the emergence during the 1950s of what its participants dubbed the ‘homophile movement’ marks the beginning of the modern struggle for gay rights in the United States” (2010, p. 549). The homosexual community has struggled in persuading state governments to acknowledge their rights for several decades, and they currently strive to legally wed their partners. Many people who see same-sex couples want to deny them the privilege of a legal marriage. Gays and lesbians love and commit to their partners as do other couples; they are neither at fault for wanting to express their love through a legal marriage nor would their marriage harm society. Although many believe that same-sex weddings defy the traditional reasons for marriage, homosexual marriage should be legally recognized by state governments. It is their right, and it will lessen discrimination against sexual orientation and provide homes for foster children.

Every United States’ citizen has the right to pursue happiness, and just as every normal human being has emotions, so do gays and lesbians; they love and commit to their partners too.

Love and commitment are two common reasons for marriage. Martha Nussbaum, Professor of Law and Ethics at the University of Chicago, states that marriage “is a key to the pursuit of happiness, something people aspire to—and keep aspiring to, again and again, even when their experience has been far from happy” (2011, p. 43). Many people look forward to their wedding day when they exchange vows with their partner and display their love for one another. It is a union that gives many people joy and fulfillment, but the government denies gays and lesbians this right by not acknowledging same-sex marriages. The United States Declaration of Independence states that, “all Men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness” (U.S. Declaration of Independence, Paragraph 2, 1776), Gays and lesbians should have the right to pursue happiness by marrying their partners.

Along with the Declaration of Independence, the Fourteenth Amendment in the United States Constitution implies that all Americans deserve equal rights. (U.S. Const. amend. XIV) Since gays and lesbians are prohibited from marriage in many states,
state governments are treating homosexuals differently from heterosexuals. Steven Calabresi, Professor of Constitutional Law at Northwestern University, claims that, “the Fourteenth Amendment protects individual rights. The Amendment forbids any law which abridges the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States—not only discriminatory laws” (2011, p. 153). By not recognizing their marriage, the United States government is discriminating against the lifestyles and choices of gays and lesbians while disregarding their rights presented in historical documents. Same-sex marriage should be legalized because it is one of their human rights.

Since many state governments do not acknowledge gay rights, some people feel entitled to discriminate against homosexuals. The bullying of gays and lesbians is a well-known problem. Jane Close Conoley, Dean of the Gervitz Graduate School of Education at the University of California, Santa Barbara, explains the death of Lawrence King, a teen who “was shot twice in his head on February 12, 2008, by a 14-year-old classmate at E. O. Green Junior High School in Oxnard, California” (2008, p. 217). The student murdered his classmate because he appeared to be gay.

I attended a private Christian high school where being homosexual was looked down upon. However, my parents taught me to accept everyone. My best friend is gay, but in high school, he was ashamed to be open about his sexual orientation. One day he decided it was time to let the other students know. While their reaction was friendly, the students were disgusted. When I arrived to school the following day, my best friend walked up to me with a red face and bruised arms. A group of male students threw rocks at him while he waited for the bus. Apparently, stoning a homosexual would help straighten him out. There is no excuse for the pain these students inflicted on my best friend.

Legalizing same-sex marriage will slowly alleviate the bullying towards gays and lesbians. It will help them receive the respect all humans deserve, the same way African Americans slowly gained their acceptance and rights from people and the government after several decades of protesting. Gays and their advocates are
analogous in their struggle with other groups, such as African-Americans. Craig Konnoth, Legal Research Fellow at the UCLA School of Law, states that, “discrimination against [homosexuals] should bear the same stigma as racial discrimination, and judges should be as attentive to gay rights as they are to racial justice” (2009, p. 319). For instance, terms such as “nigger” were a part of many Americans’ daily vocabulary during the period of slavery. Since African-Americans fought for and received their equal rights, anyone who says “nigger” is seen as disrespectful. Should homosexual marriage be legalized, gay and lesbian slurs will also be viewed as ignorant remarks just as African-American slurs are now marked as racist comments.

Many foster care agencies do not allow single parents or unmarried couples to adopt foster children. Since gay and lesbian couples cannot reproduce, some choose to adopt when they are married. By allowing gay and lesbian couples to marry, many will adopt foster children and give them homes and families. Washington University’s Angela Bolte states, “it is estimated that there are three to four million gay and lesbian parents raising between six and fourteen million children” (1998, p. 113). It is better to place children in homes with parents, regardless of sexual orientation, who will love and support them, than to keep them in an environment where they are neglected.

Opponents of same-sex marriage argue that gay and lesbian couples should not be given the right to adopt children. Michael Wydra and his colleagues from the School of Social Work at Arizona State University have written that “Many Americans believe gay men and lesbians should not have, or adopt children, and that children would not develop ‘correctly’ with homosexual parents” (Wydra, et al., 2007, p. 73). However, studies on child development show that adopted children of same-sex couples are not any different than the children of heterosexual parents; they do not suffer academically, do not have serious emotional problems, and do not have trouble finding their own sexual identity.

“However, studies on child development show that adopted children of same-sex couples are not any different than the children of heterosexual parents; they do not suffer academically, do not have serious emotional problems, and do not have trouble finding their own sexual identity.”
children “scored within the normal range on both parent and teacher ratings with respect to serious emotional or behavioral problems” and that “the vast majority of children were happy with their own gender” (Wald, 2006, p. 389). In other words, the studies proved that drastic differences between the children of homosexual and heterosexual families did not exist.

Many who oppose same-sex marriage argue that homosexuals go against the traditional Biblical institution of marriage. Radio talk show host Dennis Prager claims that homosexuality “denies the root structure the Bible prescribes for all mankind, the family” (1993, p. 48). Those opposed believe that marriage is a union between a man and woman so that they may reproduce and have a family. Patrick Lee, from the Institute of Bioethics at Franciscan University of Steubenville, Ohio, argues that, “two people of the same sex may perform sexual acts on each other, may have a friendship, and also be dedicated to raising children together. But this also is not the same type of community as marriage; for in this arrangement, the sexual relationship is unrelated to the purpose of raising children” (2008, p. 422). In other words, gay and lesbian couples may be similar to heterosexual couples in certain aspects, but their sexual relationships are not for having children. However, gays and lesbians are not the only couples who have a sexual relationship without the intention of bringing up children. With the wide use of condoms and other forms of contraception, many heterosexual relationships are purely for enjoyment. Although homosexuals are not able to naturally reproduce, they can adopt or have children via surrogacy, which shows that they are still able to have children when they marry, even though it is through a different technique. The belief that procreation is one of the purposes for marriage should not be forced upon everyone. Every citizen should be allowed a legal marriage for whatever purpose: to start a family, commit to a beloved partner, or both.

Legally recognizing same-sex marriage does not force opponents to accept homosexuality but provides gays and lesbians with the freedom to commit to and share their lives with their partners, because it is their right. Not only does legalizing their marriages give homosexuals happiness, but the foster children they adopt are also given a home and family. Gays and lesbians are humans who simply want to love and commit to their partners. Regardless of how some perceive homosexuality, same-sex marriage does not affect or harm other lives. State governments should give homosexuals the ability to marry their partners and be legally recognized for it.
References


United States of America Constitutional Amendment. XIX


Sexuality is not only appreciated visually, but emotionally and physically both for males and females—regardless of sexual preference. In these sets of images I’m demonstrating how gender plays a huge role in the process of finding one’s identity. The gay community holds a wide variety of identities that are not fully understood by those who fear, or do not care to understand them. Socially, the gay community suffers when trying to identify themselves for who they are; there is a lack of compassion, and a lot of conflict and injustices prevail. It is evident that the community can only be free within a certain assigned space. How can one truly identify him/herself when society limits them to a particular space? Can’t they be free to demonstrate and be themselves just like others can? If a color box only had one color, could you make a colorful masterpiece without the rest of the spectrum?
This piece was done for an illustration class. I chose the topic Deforestation, but ended up taking a more humorous approach to the subject, choosing to humanize the forest and their situation.
ACCESS TO FOOD: A PLEA FOR HEALTHIER FOOD OPTIONS IN LOW INCOME COMMUNITIES

BY JESSICA ALBANO
MORGAN DEMASCO & SUZY SARAFIAN

Even in the presence of the current national health food craze, there are communities that are being left in the dust when it comes to understanding a healthy diet. Some of these communities are labeled as Food Deserts, while others must tough out the food situation with little to no recognition. In places of low socioeconomic status, many parents work more than one job, sometimes more than two, to feed and support their families. Unfortunately, this has a dire effect on the type of food being consumed by children and even adults. Rather than having a refrigerator packed with vegetables, fruits and healthy grains, it is terribly common that a family must reach for the frozen food, or processed food, which is quick and easy to prepare. The worst part about this problem is that the citizens of these communities, like Pacoima, Arleta, and Boyle Heights, have no idea what they are putting into their bodies, or the potential effects of the long-term consumption of these foods, because nobody is educating them.

This project is about access to food, focusing specifically on healthy, nutritious food. In walking through the grocery stores located in the center of Pacoima, we were shocked to see the amount of unhealthy food stacked sky-high, welcoming us into the store. Super sized bags of Doritos for unbeatable prices, liters of Coca-Cola and Pepsi for $.77/liter, a huge area devoted solely to Hamburger Helper, (with its 760mg of sodium in every 1/3 of a cup), just waiting to be re-stocked. Though the produce prices in these stores are affordable, the price of a bag of apples is still more expensive than two super sized bags of Doritos. Therefore, families that lack the finances turn to the cheapest option, disregarding the Nutritional Facts, and missing out on food that could sustain their health. When we continued to analyze the store, we noticed the overwhelming amount of specials in the frozen food aisle. A mother of two, shopping the aisle, informed us that Hot Pockets were a favorite snack of her kids, so it is common for her to prepare them a few times a week. Now, of course the food that is the least expensive to produce is the most

profitable, and of great interest to large grocery chains. However, when we look into the future it is clear as day that these types of diets will more than triple the profits in health care costs. We have to ask ourselves while we still can: What is more important for our generation, and for future generations?

Farmer’s Markets are widespread all over the valley, but they are not going to be utilized by the people who aren’t aware of the benefits. Residents need gardens in their own communities, and education about how they can learn to make the right food choices for themselves and for their families. This can only lead to a better quality of life, reduce waste, and conserve valuable income that is being spent on health care for people who should be thriving and living nourishing lives.
In response to California Governor Jerry Brown’s proposed budget cuts to California Universities, students at Cal State University Northridge rallied together on March 2 to have their voices heard. Although the protestors were a small percentage of the campus’s population, the students rallied all day. They held up posters, chanted and marched around campus and into the streets, urging other students and the community to join them. Some students shared their personal stories about trying to achieve a higher education during harsh economic times. They were incensed at the $500 million cuts to the CSU system as well as the enacted fee increases by the CSU board for the 2011-2012 year. The students plan to continue to protest and hold more demonstrations in the coming months.

HTTP://SOCIALJUSTICEMEDIA.PODOMATIC.COM/ENTRY/2011-04-16T16_20_51-07_00
REDACTED
BY EMILY WISEMAN

Redacted is based on a Transportation Security Administration training manual improperly published on a government website, and now available on Wiki Leaks. The original redactions were done digitally and easily removed, exposing all of the hidden information and leaving a thin box indicating the previously concealed area. The manual and other government documents were sent through a thermal printing fax machine. This piece is constructed from the fax cartridges bearing the negative images of the training manual, radiation readings from airport scanners around the country, charts, graphs and air transport related maps.

Social activism has always been a part of my practice. With this piece, I hope to cause the viewer to think beyond our attempts to codify safety and look at the theater enacted to make us feel secure.

HTTP://YOUTU.BE/E0YUFQOZSY
A LOOK AT SAFER CITIES INITIATIVE 
BY CRISTAL CRANDALL

Cristal Crandall, Veronica Enriquez-Gutierrez, Joana Lechuga, Janet Garcia: Interviewed participants and assisted with the community assessment.

This video was filmed for our assignment in SWRK 521, Generalist Social Work Theory and Practice with Dr. Jose Paez. The assignment was to select a neighborhood/community within the Service Plan area assigned to us (LA) by the professor and administer a community assessment. Our team chose Skid Row. As a result of the data collected during our initial research we found the most prevalent issue facing the community was the impact of the Safer Cities Initiative.

One of the goals we had for the video was to interview members involved or affected by the initiative. We identified and interviewed individuals from the following groups; homeless population living on Skid Row, residents from LA Housing Trust apartments, LAPD officers working in Skid Row, the councilperson for the area, business owners in the community, service providers for Skid Row, and Activists against the Initiative. We provided each interviewee an opportunity to share their perspective as to whether or not the initiative has been effective in making it a safer community.

HTTP://YOUTUBE/E0YUFQOQZISY
THE PAINTER
BY JOSE ESCOBAR CASTRO

Professor Beatriz Cortez from the Central American Studies Program talks about her art series titled “American Dream Blues,” which consist of portraits of Physical Plant Management workers from California State University, Northridge.

Directed, Edited, Written and Produced by Jose Escobar
Camera: Anthony Buhay; 2nd Camera: Raymond Sever
Group Members: Nariman Savaheli, Azuza Fukushima
Special Thanks to: Beatriz Cortez, Mary Ver Plank

HTTP://WWW.YOUTUBE.COM/WATCH?V=RASIZ85IN50
DISNEY HOTEL WORKERS FIGHT FOR JUSTICE
BY PAUL LAVERACK

This video traces two years of activism by 2,100 Disneyland hotel workers, as they wage a four-year campaign to gain a new contract with affordable healthcare and secure full-time working hours. Short interviews with journalists, intellectuals, and civil society figures are interspersed throughout footage from various labor actions, culminating in the December, 2011 settlement with the company. The video is an excerpt of my thesis film, which is presently in post-production, and which will be finished by May 2012.

HTTP://WWW.YOUTUBE.COM/WATCH?v=QQ13S1_WEU
ON THE NEWS
BY DANYIAL “ISM” MOTIWALA

Danyial Ism performs a piece about the misrepresentation of Islam in the mainstream media.

HTTP://WWW.YOUTUBE.COM/WATCH?v=M-ZKUKGNIM
THE JOB COACH
BY DANIEL GUERRERO, ALESSANDRO CALABRESE & DANIELLE KAHLE

“The Job Coach” was created for our CTVA 341 class and is a non fiction piece that tells the story of Karen Hunt, a Job coach who works with mentally disabled individuals in order to help them lead better lives.

Directed by Daniel Guerrero
Produced by Alessandro Calabrese and Danielle Kahle
Sound by Danielle Kahle
Edited by Anthony Miranda
DP by Kayla Dudenhoeffer
Original Score Composed by Surin Song

WWW.YOUTUBE.COM/Watch?v=yGMNkYR9idM
California State University, Northridge is a school with a history of student activism. Located in the suburbs of the San Fernando Valley in Los Angeles County, with a student population of over 35,000 students, it is one of the most diverse campuses in the United States. That diversity is no accident—ethnic studies programs developed due to student and faculty demand in the 60’s, 70’s, and 80’s. A small, but passionate group of students continues this activism today.

VOZMOB: A GROUP EMPOWERING THEIR COMMUNITY
BY CASSANDRA PEREZ JOCELYN GOMEZ & SIMON LINARES

The underrepresentation and negative portrayals of Latinos have been persistent themes in film, television, and news. An outstanding popular communication project based in Los Angeles, California, has created an online platform that is enabling the Latino immigrant community to be their own news-makers and help them counteract the negative images in the mainstream media. VozMob, or Voces Mobiles, is a popular communication effort by IDEPSCA, which allows immigrant workers to tell their stories through various initiatives using new technology.

The piece is titled “Wartime Crossdressers.” It is an ode to women who have had to do something traditionally masculine in order to be taken seriously, and an attempt to break down some of those constructs. We were randomly selected to work together on a group piece to make the Hollywood slam team. It was a requirement of all the contestants, and I feel really blessed and lucky to have been paired with Susy, as we both shared such a passion for the subject we wrote about.

Performed by Susy Sobel and Ashley Catharine

HTTP://YOUTU.BE/TUSVRPHUXQW