

# EMERGENCE



ISSUE 01

**FEEDING BLACK FUTURES  
WITH ALI ANDERSON**

EMERGENCE

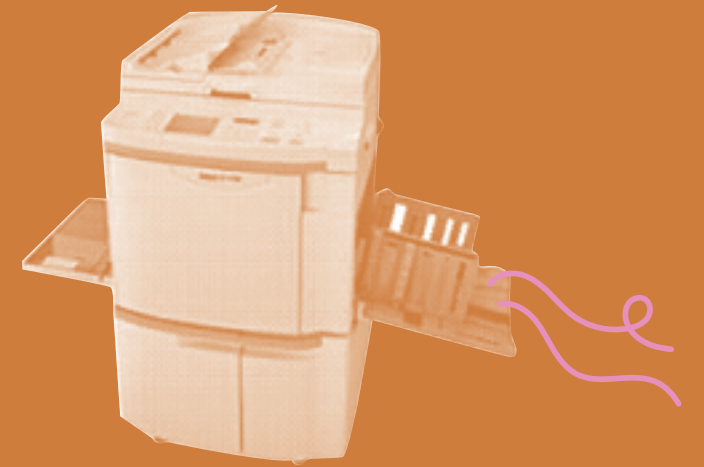
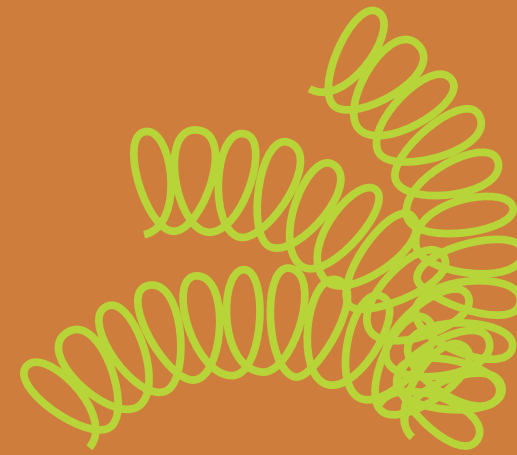


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## SALIMA ALLEN ON EMERGENCE

Growing up, my father used to sing and draw. He would sit me down at the table, with an oldie or some '90 R&B classic rising from his lips. He would pull out a pen and a sheet of paper, using whatever was around—a receipt, a yellow pad, or a discarded envelope. I would watch in amazement as he took the pen in his hand and scribbled wildly with seemingly no sense of purpose behind the markings made. *He wasn't making something beautiful?* I'd observe. He would hand

tire of it, although he would. Soon enough, I was begging him for a scribble, and when he refused, I'd close my eyes and create my own.

This game taught me many of the lessons I still hold true today. It was an exercise in believing and rebuilding. Even when things seem complicated and messy, there will always be a way out for us—and art is one of the biggest tools we have for this type of undoing. I learned then, and I continue to learn now, that there is a beauty in the process

that may not be immediately apparent to the viewer.

As a queer Afro-Latina woman, I constantly have to reinvent, readapt, and question my surroundings. I live between worlds, and I create my own worlds when I have to.

In 2016, I became familiar with the Women's Center for Creative

Work while I was finishing college, and applied to be an intern for them while they were mostly a three person

me the paper with a mess of tangled ink staring back at me. "Turn it into something," he'd prompt me. This was my favorite game as a child. I'd never

# NOTE FROM THE EDITOR

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DEMI CORSO  
STYLING BY SALIMA ALLEN  
MAKEUP BY LAN SHING DESOTO

team. WCCW, founded in 2015, is a intersectional feminist non-profit arts organization based in Los Angeles, California that has doubled in size since then. During my time at WCCW, I began to gain language for the feelings that had been bottled up inside me for so long. I could better name injustices I had seen and experienced. I no longer felt alone. I had met a community of people who were seriously invested in changing the world for the better, and I quickly gained more perspectives to add to my world view. I met dancers, thinkers, artists, and activists who would later help inform my work and art practice. Five years later, I am a key member of our visual communications staff, and now the Art Director and part time Editor of SALIMA magazine!

SALIMA (embarrassingly named after yours truly, with imposter syndrome in full force) is the newest project to come out of the WCCW, where we value the process over the product. The idea for SALIMA was sparked in early 2020, after California went into lockdown due to the COVID-19 pandemic. As a coworking space, gallery, office, and event space, we were forced out of our physical location by social distancing protocol, and ushered into the online world.

During this time, we longed to find more ways to stay connected to each other as 2020 got stranger and stranger, and as algorithmic racial biases continued to proliferate and silence the most essential voices across digital spaces. We wanted to keep in touch with the folks we knew and loved pre-COVID, and yearned to bridge the gap between folks that had never been to WCCW before.

The world was a tangled mess much like the scribbles from my childhood before 2020, but COVID and the Uprisings in June made it into a new shape I had never seen before. As I battled monthly identity crises and grappled with isolation, I wondered, why do people care about Black people NOW? Seemingly all of a sudden. I didn't understand why people were acting as if anti-Blackness was a product of the past 4 years, and not the backbone of this country. As I questioned all my relationships and interactions on and off line, I found myself heartbroken and disappointed yet again with nowhere to turn but art.

Seeing a large ominous American flag in a driveway, an empty black square on Instagram, or a BLM sign in an all white neighborhood are all images that come racing through my mind. Through all of the ugliness





and theatrics, we were confronted with the truth of ourselves and asked to reevaluate who we are, and if we are truly living in line with our values. For a lot of Black folks this meant sifting through a range of emotions as we went from being virtually ignored and killed by state violence, to experiencing performative bullshit and hypervisibility from non-Black peers, brands, and idols while we continued to be slaughtered with little to no repercussions.

When all seems to crumble around us, where do we go from there? How do we live in hope and joy, while uplifting one another during a frightening time and the times to come? Once the last wild stroke of the pen has been marked, what will we create? How will we unite and fight back the forces of power, threatening everything we hold dear?

We extend the pages of SALIMA as a platform for our Los Angeles community and beyond. Let us together rebuild and ask the questions that need answering. Let us celebrate our triumphs and dismantle the systems that have been around for far too long. An empowering space that is deeply invested in folks silenced by white supremacist cis-heteronormative patriarchy, SALIMA aims to archive,

liberate, platform, and question. In our very first issues, we were able to pay all of our contributors, team members, and artists fairly; highlight a selection of amazing BIPOC folks working in a variety of fields; collaborate and share with folks outside of our immediate community in LA; and begin important dialogues surrounding community care, food justice, and emergence. We made this magazine for the wide range of people who are ideating a better future for us all. In the same way that I found connections between lines that at first seemed unrelated, we must all rise to the occasion together and pull from our talents to uplift one another.

To me, emergence lives on when we continue to create new forms of being, oftentimes in landscapes that do not reflect who we are or what we wish to see. Emergence empowers us, and enables our ability to transform our world with endless possibilities, fearlessly taking on the scribbles that life presents to us.



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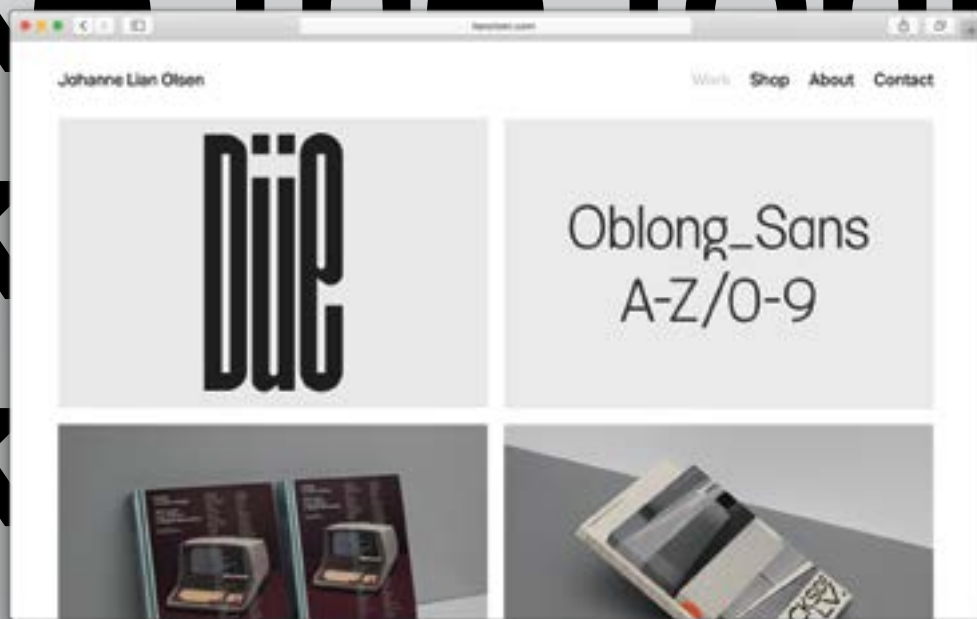
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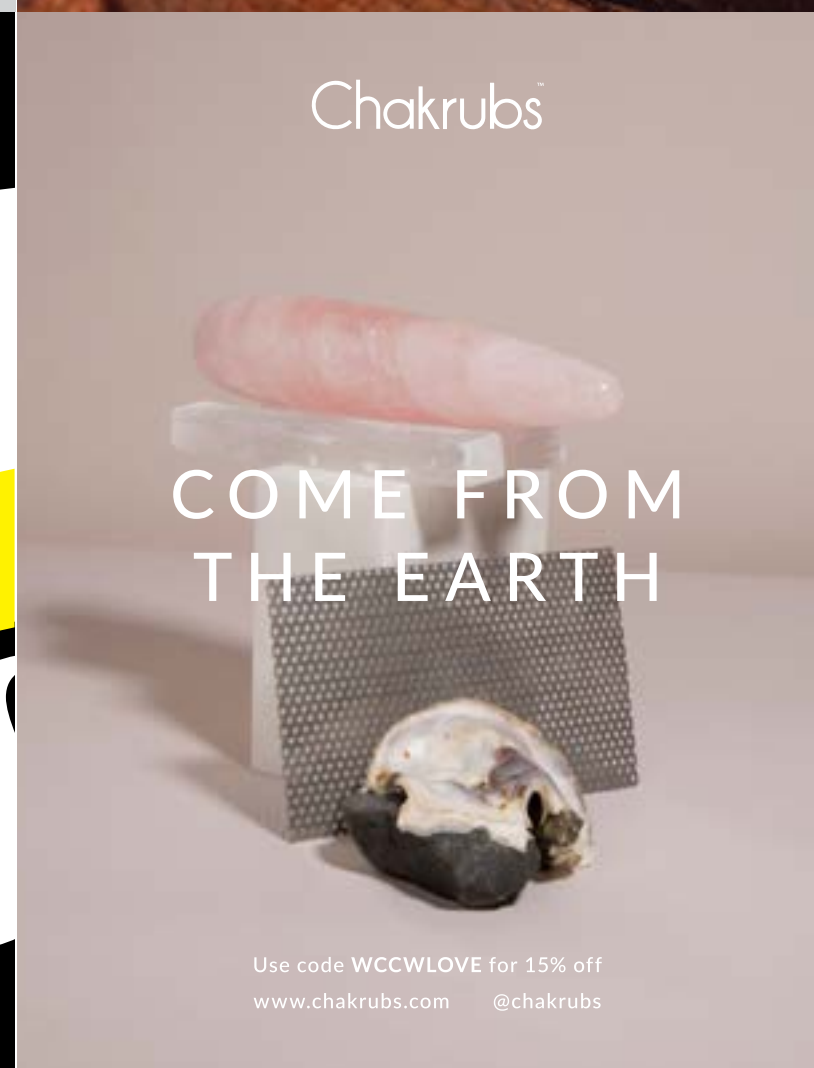
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## INTRODUCTION TO TREATING INTERNALIZED OPPRESSION

Training for Mental Health Workers  
With Heidi Stauber, MA, LMFT

This training will introduce Treating  
Internalized Oppression, an approach to  
case conceptualization that focuses on how  
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impact the clinical issues presented by  
clients in therapy.

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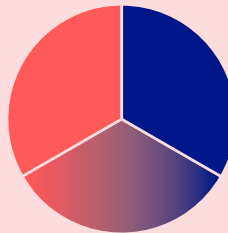


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# Continual Emergence: WCCW's First 7 Years

Written by em walworth,  
WCCW Associate Director

If you follow **Women's Center for Creative Work** on Instagram or get our newsletter, you've probably heard us talk about our 5 year anniversary this past year, but while this was the anniversary for moving into our Glover Pl. location, we actually officially formed in 2013 and did quite a lot in those two years before we moved into a physical space! So much has happened during these past seven years, so if this magazine is the first **WCCW** project you're engaging with, we wanted to catch you up and give you a lay of the land.

In the past seven years we went from an idea for a feminist dinner party, to a thriving intersectional feminist nonprofit arts organization. We have held over **1,500 events** with over **2,000 artists and facilitators**, attended by over **30,000 people**. Our annual budget has grown from zilch to almost **\$700,000**, and we're supported by over **550 members** with **34,500 followers** on Instagram. We have hosted **15 artists or collectives in residence**, printed over **7,000 copies** of six feminist texts through **Co-Conspirator Press** in just the past year and a half, and regranted over **\$450,000** through our **Emergency**

**Health Grant for Artists**. Our team has grown from three unpaid women working out of labor of love in between full-time jobs, some unpaid interns, friends, and volunteers, to **9 employees making above living wage!**

While a lot may have shifted since 2013, the one thing that's stayed consistent all these years is a commitment to a never-ending process of transformation and **perpetual emergence**. Since our beginning we've continually audited and fine-tuned how we work, making sure it's still the best way to do things with the resources, information, and values we have held at any given time. It's very easy for us to redirect and switch gears—sometimes to our detriment, but also to our benefit. We've done our best to stay nimble, responsive, and relevant. Our strategy has always been to approach new information with curiosity—change was never a surprise, but rather an opportunity. Unconsciously, we were following the advice given to us by **Octavia Butler** in the **Parables**, where she writes, "All that you touch you change. / All that you Change Changes you. / The only lasting truth is Change. / God is Change," and asks us



to shape God by learning and adapting to change. Over time we have found that our commitment to change was actually one of our greatest strengths.

This commitment to change has allowed us to be continually reborn into the most loving and intersectional versions of ourselves, refining and recommitting to our values, and visioning ourselves into futures our older selves could never have imagined.

So here we are, seven years later after WCCW was conceived, and you're probably wondering- how did all that happen, and how did we get from an idea to this magazine? Starting a magazine was not the original plan, although nothing was really out of the picture. We have been through many different versions, eras, and metamorphoses during our existence. In every era we have given our best with the time, energy, information, and resources we had in that moment, and as we were presented with and discovered more time, resources, and new information, we have adapted and emerged into new evolutions of ourselves.

WCCW started as a space for critical dialogue about feminism and the arts, for people in these communities to find each other and connect, to develop skills and share resources, to uplift each other. We wanted to combat the entrenched patriarchy in the arts and creative fields by platforming and developing value around the creative work by folx of marginalized genders. We wanted the creative communities

of Los Angeles to have a space to engage in critical dialogues about feminism, and we also just wanted a place of refuge away from all the toxic systems that were wearing on us; a place where we could relax, have fun, make friends, explore, and play, where we could envision a new, better, more abundant and generous reality.

How this actually played out started as pop-up dinners, transitioned into residencies and nomadic events, turned into hosting public programming, residencies, a co-working space, print-lab, a health grant, and a feminist library, then later expanded to include producing texts through a press, and now of course developing our first ever quarterly magazine!

We're now in a time of deep reflection, thinking back to how we started—how we've changed, grown, and continually emerged as an organization responding to the current state of the world and the critical dialogue around feminism. Some questions we've been asking ourselves these days include: How do we stay responsive & relevant to the current state of the world while also having long-term plans? How do we expand intentionally and without losing depth or sight of our DIY beginnings? How do we have strong systems and structures that account for change? How do we create space for the staff to be our whole selves, while also holding each other accountable for our responsibilities? Is it really possible to be nonhierarchical? How do we create positive space for conflict?









How do we develop appropriate contexts for everyone to be heard? What does it truly mean to care for each other in a professional context? How do we balance or blend the personal dreams and talents of the staff and the needs for the organization? How do we subvert capitalism while also existing and organizing under it? How do we subvert the nonprofit industrial complex while being a nonprofit? How do we bridge the gap between who we are as an organization and how we see ourselves internally and how we are perceived publicly? And of course, who are we, how did we get here, who do we want to be, and what do we want to be known for?

We're currently (and perpetually) in a process of re-defining who we are, who we're for, what we stand for, and how we can best do the work with the resources we have now, within the context and confines of our pandemic reality. How have we shaped this change you might ask? Seven years and many eras of WCCW later, we're shaping change by expanding our community beyond Los Angeles through a whole suite of creative and intersectional digital programming, developing a digital membership program that can be accessed from anywhere, distributing Co-Conspirator texts around the world, and of course spreading our visions of abundance, connection, creative collaboration, and care through the magazine you now hold in your hands.

So here we go, a small photographic WCCW timeline chronicling what happened to get this magazine in your hands! We've divided the timeline into five distinct "eras" where we've re-emerged: ERA 1: The Idea, Original Community, and Research (2012-2014), ERA 2: Physical Space & Experiments (2015-2016), ERA 3: Rethinking: & Intentional Intersectionality (2017-2018), ERA 4: CO—CO Press & Growth (2019), and our current era, ERA 5: Redefining, Refining, and Expanding (in a pandemic...) (2020-now).

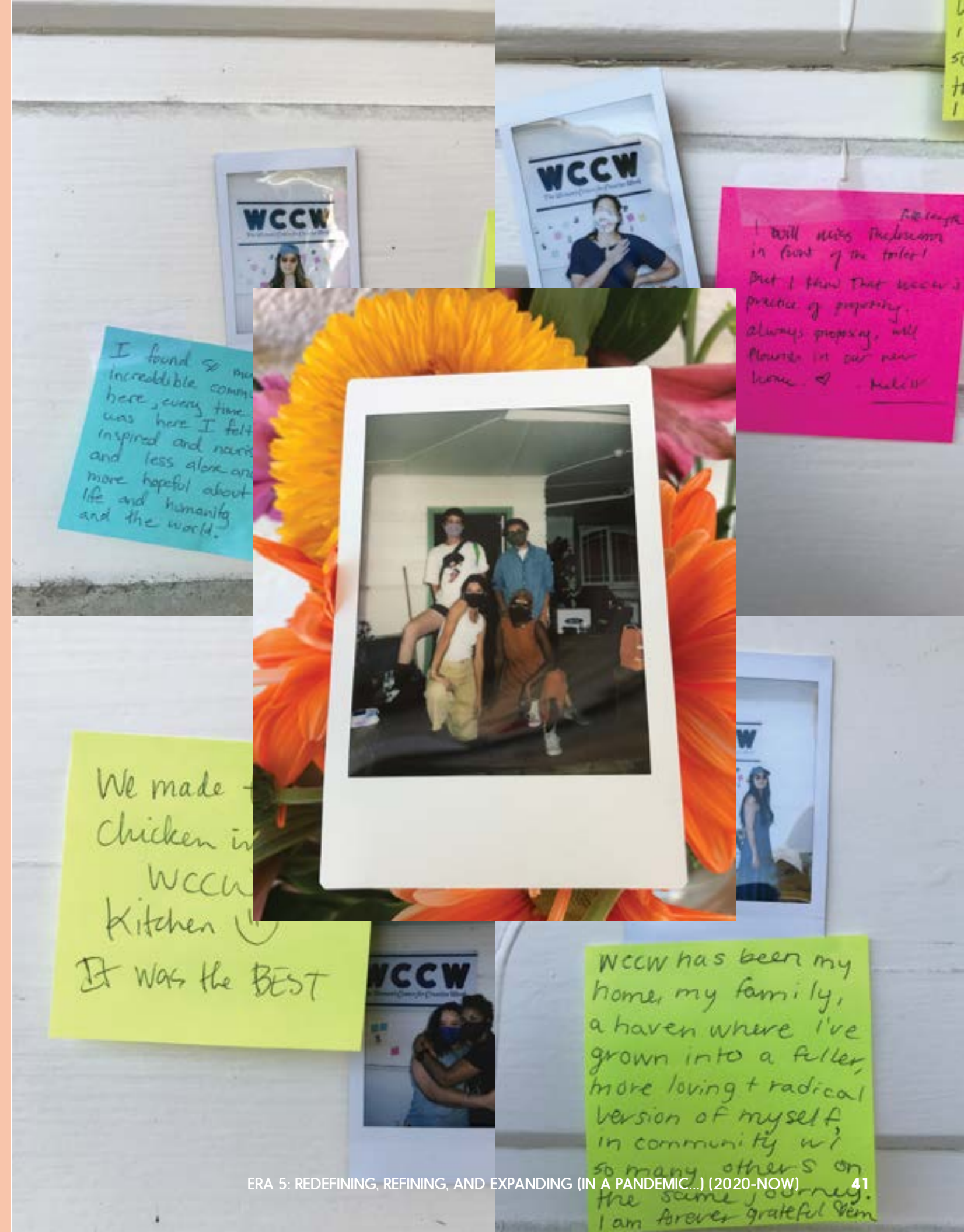
You are now a part of the lineage — thank you for joining us in the co-creation of the never-ending transformation that is Women's Center for Creative Work. We hope to continually emerge with you.











Taking its inspiration from early aughts youth magazines and Teen Zones in libraries across the nation, **SALIMA**'s youth section is dedicated to highlighting the work of artists and writers **18** years old and **YOUNGER**.

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## Natalie Horberg: CHEESECAKE

On a Sunday evening, I lay still, my head heavy on a pile of white pillows. A small sun appears hazily through the living room windows, its hot light seeping onto the floor. I try to synchronize my breathing to the faint tick of a car alarm outside. I fail. Days have always been longer than I want them to be.

Then I remember: there's a slice of cheesecake in the fridge with a lime wedge on top. It's from Pila's birthday party a week ago. I've been saving it but now I wonder if it's gone bad, if I should throw it out.

I open the heavy refrigerator door. Steel. Stainless. Cold. On a thin crumb-covered plate, the slice of grey cake shrinks away, struggling to avoid my gaze. I think, It's only been a week. I carry it to the counter slowly, realizing I forgot to turn on the kitchen light. Daring me to try a bite, the lime wedge, shriveled and green, grins at me in total darkness. I stamp my foot down on the cool tile floor. The pain surprises me. It shoots up my calf through my spine. Thrusting open the silverware drawer I grab a fork and stab the cake, again and again. And it's glorious.

Natalie Horberg is a 17-year-old New York-based artist working in a variety of media. Using art, film, and writing as a means of connecting the surreal to the real, the solemn to the humorous, and the strange to the endearing, Horberg's work is an ongoing collection that connects people through the common threads of what makes each of their lives feel so uniquely uncommon.

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YOUTH CONTENT

Coralis Rivera



Familial Bond

44

A Lifetime



Coralís Rivera is a Brooklyn based Visual artist exploring themes of identity, belonging, and representation through the lens of a modern-day Roman Catholic teen (in her contemporary American society). Her works are primarily made with Dr. Martin Watercolor concentrates on cold press paper. These specific works reflect her experiences growing up with a disabled sibling in a family of five in New York City.

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# Patricia Morillo Mota: The Glitter, The Sparkles, and The Pearls

The irony of emergence being so present in the infamous year of 2020, yet me never looking too much into it, has opened up plenty of space in my mind for reflection. I look at emergence as the treasure of a long, on-going hunt for gold; one that has no direction, of course. The deal with it is that it's also unsteady. Whether it's because of the stiff waves crashing and banging into the ship, mermaids whispering discouragement and alien dreams into your ear, or simply the will to give up, can push you further away from the goal. A goal that you may not know intimately but at least want to find out about.

With time, obstacles may lead you towards merging into the people around you, instead of emerging as your true self. That single letter has the power to turn both words into complete opposites. The reasonable question is probably "how do you

unlock that letter?". To be perfectly honest, as of my sixteen year old life, I am yet to find a concrete answer. In Gretchen Rubin's best selling book, "The Happiness Project", one of the most basic, yet very helpful, themes is that what works for her someone doesn't necessarily have the same effect on everybody else. I believe that same theme applies to our question of emergence, which is why it makes this such a personal and complex journey. Emergence revolves around cutting those Pinocchio strings in your own way. In a way that works best for you. When you do emerge, go for the glitter, the sparkles, and the pearls.

My name is Patricia. I am a sixteen year old girl from a beautiful island called Dominican Republic. I'm completely in love with writing and turning my 1,000,000 daily thoughts into readable, reflectionable material. Considering my passion, I plan on making writing my career, specifically on climate change and environmental awareness. The reason I was so excited to write a piece for SALIMA Magazine was its strong visions of the world and desires to make an impact. Because of this opportunity of being featured is that I believe in my dream now more than ever.

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# POETRY

BY  
AYAKA TAKAO

# EMAILING MYSELF

SEPT 1 2020

the biggest fucking sigh lol  
go from hell and back all in a day  
words i didn't say run through my head like a sorry orbit  
forever isn't sustainable

to truly love is to not expect anything back  
(anything else is a transaction)  
and yet  
i guess  
nothing can really  
stop me from feeling disappointed -  
i've become a person by  
sorting through rubble,  
untangling all the ends my parents and their parents and their parents  
parents have tied for me  
2020 is a big pair of scissors and the blades are dull  
i'm cutting and cutting and cutting  
(it only tears)  
with grief comes reckoning  
and with loss of time to a global pandemic comes \_\_\_\_\_ (?)  
i lose my thoughts to a taurine headache nicotine head rush  
when i say "head empty" i just mean that  
i don't have the words  
the world doesn't stop for anyone  
when i die don't say my name anymore  
and just  
let me rest

words come easy when i don't want them and the store bought sugar  
cookie continues to crumble  
i don't get anything out of this:  
do you?

i am someone you want around,  
i think,  
you just don't know how or why

poems about others,  
poems about love,  
don't exist  
poems written by me  
are poems about me -  
a self portrait propped up on the wall given no frame nor importance  
little dust clusters that somehow resemble an experience  
immediately augmented as it takes shape in memory  
because  
what i remember  
is a fabrication,

a plinth to plop me up  
the past is the past is the past is a place i have no residency in  
tomorrow has not been built and today i am tired

building a fire half naked in a state of hunger  
when i'm connected to god is when i'm most disconnected from myself  
"find a person  
what's my iq  
singing birthday cards  
bipolar depression tests  
rare baby names"  
collect data on a hypochondriac (me) and the ads say it all  
birth and death and rebirth and an involuntary becoming  
my therapist is a young woman  
and  
i am an old old man  
my best self is only found in a mountain  
or off the shore wading on my back  
facing god or sunlight or both or no one at all  
"mono no aware"  
i take what i can take  
give it all and then some  
i learned of impermanence before the age of four  
am i coming home or  
always running away

Sent from my iPhone

SEPT 1

my friend fills their eyelids with glitter  
and puts vampire teeth on,  
we buy virginia slims in delaware,  
driving back to maryland

there is a boy i have a crush on but he looks like jesus and is a pisces,  
there is a boy i like and he hasn't decided,  
there is someone who i used to love living a distant reality so many  
degrees removed in a place i'll probably never be again,  
there is someone who hurt me who i pretended to love to survive -  
there is a dad and he doesn't feel real,  
there is another dad and i don't feel seen,  
there is a mom and she makes all the choices -  
my hands only began to feel like my own  
two years ago

i stick my head out the window once more like a dog  
a bunch of delusions who have an opinion of me

maybe i've deconstructed too much  
and my un-structure scares you

fire sun  
earth moon  
the fire is rising

i am a train without the tracks and  
i never ask anyone to hop on unless  
i know for certain they can handle what's coming  
though my hands are small i can hold a lot

Sent from my iPhone

SEPTEMBER 11 AT 11:11 AM

Chiropractor says to look up more so i'm using the iPhone voice diction to  
type this note out i'm looking up at the sky but it's so bright because it's  
overcast funny how clouds aren't always obstructing the sun there's a  
white or overcast I don't even know if this is working correctly everything I  
do makes more sense when i'm looking down  
Sent from my iPhone

SEPT 10

the rain falls and it's an asmr brain massage but obviously in real life  
a chapter closes and i feel at peace  
my heart can handle so many things -  
i love myself!  
i'm proud of me!  
and it's taken so many  
goddamn years to get here  
walking myself home  
walking myself to a door +  
closing doors when they've been open too long  
i'm scared shitless all the time, but i'd rather live my life feeling this way  
than nothing at all  
to love big is to know that the fall can hurt and ill still survive  
vulnerability is found and never given

Sent from my iPhone

# WEST VIRGINIA, AUGUST 2020

and on one of the stupidest days ive had in a while  
i feel thankful at the end  
west virginia i have no idea  
where i am  
listen to city and colour in a tent and somehow i'm transported back to  
early high school  
no service my phone is as useful as an itouch without wifi  
who would i have been if i could be who i am now?  
a bunch of people in a car born biologically female and we laugh  
when quinn tells his mom "us girls"  
because  
in a car of five, there are like, 1.5 girls here  
i want to be in love and i think i am  
with the world  
and the way we just  
all find each other when we need each other the most  
i think of every face that has  
looked at me with love and i can only feel  
the  
deepest  
deepest  
gratitude spilling out like an unexpected  
bloody nose  
i look in the car mirror and think to myself  
"i am handsome today"  
i love the men in my life because i am them, too  
and i love all the women in my life because  
i know their pain

quinn's west virginia house reminds me of my step dads manoa house and  
everything floods back to me in some distant distant nostalgia i reach for  
in a dream  
wind in my hair like a dog in the passenger seat  
wind in my hair when my step dad has me in the booster seat of the bike,  
riding uphill  
he's always loved me and it's so hard to accept that people who love me  
most cause the most harm  
and i do the same  
hedgehogs dilemma but we aren't hedgehogs  
just  
human

how many days are there left  
how many more days will i get to smile  
like the lapdog i am  
lily comes to me and licks my hand  
she's a mutt and i am too

frankenstein family but that's the queer experience

the depth of the sky when it's illuminated by every star visible to my  
naked eye brings me to my knees  
i got my glasses back today but i don't care much about vision when  
i can feel everything around me  
and the warmth that radiates even when  
i'm a grumpy uncle in the front passenger seat  
quinn is so excited and i am so drained but i am so thankful and you can  
exist as so many things at once  
you can love people even when you're mad  
i feel less and less like a girl everyday and it's good and it's good and it's  
good  
i lose myself and i look up to see that  
none of it even  
fucking matters

Sent from my iPhone

i think to myself maybe this log this petrified tree that still has its roots  
underground is my grandfather  
instead  
i look at the moss and i think of my grandfather more than anyone else  
he gave me whatever this was  
he knew something about fungi and i know it now  
shiitake smokiness  
west virginia / kitakyushu  
every mori is the same because it breathes and it sends me back and  
there is no door  
there is no gender but whatever my grandfather was i am too  
he's just an idea to me and he's something else to my mom  
sunburn doesn't make that much sense when you are on psilocybin  
i'm not afraid of losing my grandmother  
i'm afraid of losing my connection to my grandfather  
but it's okay now  
he's here in the moss and he's in west virginia and he is randy and he is  
me and he is nothing  
maybe he couldn't live as long as i was growing because we are the same  
death is everywhere all the time and losing a friend is the same  
dirt isn't just dirt there's so much happening all the time and maybe that's  
exactly why  
i meet a cowboy and he is just me, he is just my grandfather

Sent from my iPhone

KARINA RAMIREZ



They/Them - 27

WHERE ARE YOU FROM/BASED OUT OF?

**I was raised in South East LA and I'm currently based in East LA.**

WHAT MEDIUMS DO YOU WORK IN?

**I do a lot of doodling and sketching and treat my sketchbook as a visual diary. I draw with pencil and ink with black markers/pens, sometimes I work with watercolor, color pencil, gouache and markers. I've recently started using Photoshop to add color to drawings digitally.**

WHAT INSPIRES YOUR ART PRACTICE?

**My biggest inspiration is women and femme focused stories, experiences and history. Most of the characters I draw are women. I tend to express my own experiences, fragments of myself and my life in drawings, whether they are memories, friends, or songs.**

ARE YOU INVOLVED IN ANY OTHER PRACTICES OR ORGANIZATIONS?

**I am part of Chulita Vinyl Club (Los Angeles chapter) an all-vinyl record collective. I've been an active member since 2016. I always had an interest in collecting records since the age of 13 but oddly enough I never thought I'd be playing the very records I had been collecting over the years at music festivals and to open up shows for some of my favorite musicians.**

HOW DO YOU SEE THE IDEA OF EMERGENCE\* TRANSLATE INTO YOUR ARTWORK?

**I come back to this question often "what would happen if a woman told the truth about her life?" I like to think that I'm still exploring that through my artwork and what this means for me as a non-binary person. How do we explore/ create a world that doesn't exactly feel like it was for us? Building something out of the little resources I have, a DIY approach and what better way than to draw.**

HOW DOES YOUR WORK CHALLENGE OPPRESSIVE SYSTEMS?

**I feel that bringing to light women's experiences (particularly those around me) disrupts the idea of what a woman should be, maybe even what a person should be. In regards to their sexuality, their gender, their morals etc. I like to present women for who they are or can be, with no shame. There's a sense of autonomy, whether they chose to be sexy, dominant, angry, sad, hurt. I enjoy exploring those themes while creating worlds around these characters. It's necessary to create those worlds visually, even when they don't exactly reflect ours.**

HOW IMPORTANT IS A CONNECTION TO YOUR CULTURE? AND IF IT IS, HOW DO YOU STAY CONNECTED WITH IT?

**I feel a strong connection to my culture via music more than anything. I was raised by immigrant Mexican parents who exposed me to lots of banda and grupos from Mexico and Latin America. Through**

**music and DJ'ing I feel I stay grounded to my culture.**

WHEN DO YOU FEEL MOST LIBERATED, AND WHAT DOES THAT MEAN TO YOU?

**I feel the most liberated when I draw, when I'm able to release and express through drawing. To me it's the ultimate way to express myself, the only limit is myself, no one can take that from me. I don't need anyone's help or permission to do it, I feel really blessed to be able to do it.**

WHAT'S ONE PIECE OF ADVICE YOU WOULD GIVE SOMEONE INTERESTED IN YOUR PRACTICE?

**It might sound silly but just do exactly what you want to do. Use the resources around you, reach out to mentors/friends for support, ask questions, be vulnerable. Tell your story, no one will tell it the way you will.**

HOW CAN FOLKS SUPPORT YOUR WORK?

**Sharing and liking my art via Instagram is a simple way to show support. I have plenty of art up on Instagram [@bientrankis](#). If you'd like to purchase any artwork I have prints, zines and stickers up for sale on my website [bientrankis.com](#). Any and all kind of support is highly appreciated!**

WHAT IS ONE PIECE OF MEDIA THAT YOU WANT TO SHARE WITH US?

***Born in Flames* (1983) by Lizzie Borden.**





Photo taken by : Lester Guizarro  
@thebeardeadnomad

# Ascension by Anais Duplan

edited by Aliyah Blackmore

In our family's WhatsApp group chat, my father told me that though he's anti-police, he's pro-policing. He believes that without policing, our society would descend into chaos. He's not the only person who feels that way. A lot of people feel that way. I used to feel that way. I think at the heart of this is, as John Dewey writes in *Art as Experience*, "fear of what life may bring forth."

What life brings forth is terrible, even fatal, other times life-affirming, joyful. How do we live in the midst of these extremes? And not just live, but thrive? What are praxes of restoration we can become more deeply involved with?

In the face of all of life's unexpected misfortunes and deliberate cruelties, how do we know we can trust each other enough to merit a world without police? For many people, imagining a world after the end of policing evokes a dystopia where there is no interpersonal accountability—a world in which people do harm to those who are left unprotected and without options for later retribution. One of the alternatives of policing

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is restorative justice, which the New York Peace Institute defines as "a response to harm that gathers all those affected by conflict to collectively decide how to repair the harm, reset relationships, restore trust and rebuild a sense of community." Part of what makes a lot of people uncomfortable about the idea of restorative justice is precisely how it seeks to restore, to repair, relationships after there has been damage done; in a carceral and retribution-based system—retributive justice—what we want isn't repair but separation, guaranteed isolation from those who may hurt us. More than that, we want to know that those who have hurt us can never hurt us again and are, themselves, hurting because of what they've done.

There's no emotional labor involved in retributive justice; oppositely, emotional labor is the bedrock of restorative justice. Restorative justice is not just the psychological, emotional, and social work involved in repairing relations with those who've hurt us, but also the ongoing community-building work that seeks to keep relationships healthy so that there is no damage to repair in the first place. That's a lot more work to do than calling the cops when your neighbors get too loud. How can we be expected to build an entire society on these principles of community-building? I mean, what about the days when the best I can do is just get up out of bed?

I recently published a book, *Blackspace: On the Poetics of an Afrofuture*. Writing it over the course of six years, I experienced a massive range of emotions, from arresting anxiety to overwhelming excitement. When the book was finally released, in October, it was one of the most major events in my life to date. As I've talked about often with a dear photographer friend of mine, who feels similarly, big life events often trigger depression. Often, for me, joyful moments serve to highlight how positively lacking in joy my childhood was, how much I hoped for moments of accomplishment like these, how the people around me, while I was growing up, lacked the empathic capacity to share in my joy. I don't mean to suggest my family didn't care about me, intellectually; I am just pointing to the fact that caring about others intellectually and the self-defying and inherently interpersonal process of developing empathic capacity are different. While I do, of course, feel a sense of accomplishment, growth, happiness, great fortune, and vitality, I also feel a deep and abiding sadness. I try to make space for this sadness, because I know there's a sense to it. I know that this sadness is speaking to me and I need to listen, but honestly, sometimes I'd rather not.

62 Internal repair, like the community repair involved in restorative justice, means working through

and making sense of painful, overwhelming feelings.

The idea that healing is a lifelong process used to really frustrate me. It felt as though the people who hurt me growing up had succeeded in leaving an indelible mark on me that I would never outgrow, like I'd been marred for life. In recent months, my thinking turned a corner. While it's true I'll never outrun the people I grew up with, it's also true I have the choice to stop running. I can turn around and see I'm no longer in the same position I was in as a child, so that though some of the same emotions still live with me, they are echoes, ghosts, a haunting rather than an actuality. What they want is to be witnessed, remembered, and held. My mind is an archive of everything I've lived.

I have archived all of the experiences I've had, if not as memories, then as attitudes, beliefs, mannerisms, postures. The whole past lives in my body.

When my friend David died, I stood looking at his evacuated body wondering where he'd gone to. Where had all of his thoughts gone? His laughter? Where

was he? Where do we go when we die and by that, I don't mean "is there an afterlife." I mean, where does the archive go? Do I leave behind an archive when I die? As the Buddhists have long said, everything is temporary. But I ache for permanence.

My desire goes beyond just not wanting to die; I want the archive—my archive—internal and external, to last forever. I want something that outlives everything else. I want to survive, a sobrevivir—to live above, to hover, to thrive.

Even if I were the most famous person alive, my archive would still disintegrate—so that to be known more and more, to build a larger archive, doesn't solve my problem. In other words, it's not a quantitative issue. In her essay "Venus in Two Acts" Saidiya Hartman asks, "[h]ow can narrative embody life in words and at the same time respect what we cannot know?"

64 It's that whatever exists must also, at some time, not exist. Even this essay

will disappear, so that writing it is both satisfying and immediately unsatisfying.

With each word I imagine being read, I imagine myself continuing to exist beyond the time-limited existence of my body. But what about when my reader dies? Will they have conveyed enough of my essence to someone else in order to pass me on? What constitutes my essence? I don't think there is anything essential to just me. If I am beautiful, it's only because humanity has embedded within it the possibility for beauty. If I am smart or eloquent, it is because nature conspired to make it so. I can trace nothing back to myself, not even my stubborn will-to-life. If I am uncomfortable with death, it's because I'm wired for it.

Where am I, finally? Spiritual teacher Adyashanti says that when we look for ourselves and can't find ourselves, we're inclined to think we haven't looked hard enough, deeply enough, or looked in the right way. We're remiss to admit we don't exist, to conclude as the result of our inconclusive findings that what we're looking for isn't there.

I'm very resistant to saying anymore here, though I know there's more to say.

Without being together with you and able to hold silence between us, I lose interest in speaking. I need live response, though I fear it, too. An ongoing juggling act.

How much space will I take up and how much will I yield? Both dominance and “receptive yearning,” as my therapist used to call it, can feel good. This gets into territory Esther Perel calls “erotic intelligence.” Eroticism as imbuing all of life, sexual alchemy as happening between us all the time, not just during intercourse, but through a version of sex as a spiritual connector. The more I come to understand sex as a sort of diffuse relation that pervades all of daily life, the more integrated I become, the less this drive to exist, survive, a *sobrevivir*, feels like it’s taking me away from life rather than into it.

After this particular occasion to speak, this essay, comes the opportunity for mirroring: your readership, your analysis and criticism, a continuity between us brought about by our coming into contact intellectually, the trace of this moment carried forth in your body, this co-incorporation, the way I incorporate you, too, even without knowing or seeing you, because I

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anticipate you. I just wish that we could sit quietly together, perhaps forever.

I wish for a form of relationality I don't yet know how to articulate but that I experience at all times and never yet totally.

We talk a lot about empathic capability in a class I’m teaching at Sarah Lawrence College on documentary poetics, about both the benefits and limits of empathy. The benefits are obvious: empathy allows us to connect with each other more deeply, and since our relationships are such a huge part of our lives, our lives are enriched by our empathic capacities. But there are times when empathy isn’t enough, when understanding—or even feeling-along-with—someone doesn’t lead to the action necessary to stop that person from re-experiencing pain. It’s not always our responsibility to stop others from feeling pain, but if we’re to understand ourselves as empathic citizens, in empathic relationships, it’s important to see where our empathy leads.

Anaïs Duplan is a trans\* poet, curator, and artist. He is the author of a book of essays, *Blackspace: On the Poetics of an Afrofuture* (Black Ocean, 2020), a full-length poetry collection, *Take This Stallion* (Brooklyn Arts Press, 2016), and a chapbook, *Mount Carmel and the Blood of Parnassus* (Monster House Press, 2017). He has taught poetry at the University of Iowa, Columbia University, Sarah Lawrence College, and St. Joseph’s College. His video works have been exhibited by Flux Factory, Daata Editions, the 13th Baltic Triennial in Lithuania, Mathew Gallery, NeueHouse, the Paseo Project, and will be exhibited at the Institute of Contemporary Art in L.A. in 2021.

Aliyah Blackmore (she/they) is an Afro-Caribbean DJ, documentary photographer and filmmaker, and writer. Through her art making and research, Aliyah is interested in engaging with the multi dimensional threads, narratives and histories, that run through Caribbean and Black Diasporic experiences to understand how, historically and in the present, our forms of cultural production foster spaces of resistance and recovery for our vessels. Themes of Caribbean cosmology, queerness, ancestral memory as spirituality, history, identity, and place, are central to her work. Aliyah copyedited *Ascension*.

# FEED BLACK FUTURES



A MEETING OF THE MINDS  
INTERVIEW WITH  
ALI ANDERSON  
AND MELINDA LEILANI

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SALIMA ALLEN

ABOLITION IS IN THE AIR. THERE’VE BEEN CALLS TO ABOLISH POLICE, PRISONS, ICE, THE ELECTORAL COLLEGE, AND THE 40-HOUR WORK WEEK. IN THE SPACE OF THEIR RUINS, WE’VE BEEN ASKED TO REIMAGINE OUR APPROACH TO ACCOUNTABILITY, CARE, COMMUNITY, SAFETY. ALI ANDERSON HAS ALREADY BEGUN VISIONING A FUTURE WHERE BLACK FOLX ARE TRULY FREE AND NOURISHED. IN APRIL 2020 SHE LAUNCHED FEED BLACK FUTURES, A GRASSROOTS ORGANIZATION PROVIDING FREE ORGANIC PRODUCE TO BLACK MOTHERS AND CAREGIVERS IMPACTED BY INCARCERATION ACROSS LOS ANGELES AND SAN BERNARDINO COUNTY. THEY PARTNER WITH ESSIE JUSTICE, A NONPROFIT THAT SUPPORTS WOMEN WITH INCARCERATED FAMILY MEMBERS. WE SPOKE TO ALI AND MELINDA LEILANI, AN ESSIE SISTER, TO LEARN MORE ABOUT FOOD SOVEREIGNTY, HEALING, AND LIBERATION.

ALI, PRIOR TO FEED BLACK FUTURES, YOU WORKED AS A COMMUNITY HEALER, PRISON ABOLITIONIST, AND DOULA. COULD YOU TALK MORE ABOUT YOUR PAST WORK?

Prior to Feed Black Futures, I was working at Source Farm in St. Thomas, Jamaica which was a farm dedicated to traditional healing practices and building the capacity of farmers in Jamaica to use organic farming practices. Prior to Jamaica, I was working professionally in public health at the NYC Health Department’s Center for Health Equity and the Bureau of HIV doing harm reduction and HIV related education. I also had the honor and privilege of serving as a doula for multiple Black mamas and caregivers in Brooklyn and Queens.

I moved to NYC after getting my MPH at Emory in Atlanta for a job as a community health organizer where I worked in schools in the South Bronx teaching sex ed and organizing parents around issues related to food access and health education programming.

Soon after moving to New York, I joined Black Youth Project 100 (BYP100), a National, member-based organization of Black 18–35 year old activists and organizers organizing for the liberation of all Black people through a Black, Queer feminist lens. While in BYP100 I served as membership co-chair and worked on campaigns related to broken windows policing, housing access, and birth justice.

HAVE YOU ALWAYS BEEN DRAWN TO FARMING OR DID THIS COMMITMENT DEVELOP OVER TIME?

In June of 2019 I was accepted into Soulfire Farm’s Black-Indigenous-People-of-Color Farming in Relationship with Earth (BIPOC FIRE) immersion program and discovered that a life in food sovereignty was not only possible but was essential to my development and purpose. While at Soulfire Farm, I learned basic regenerative farming skills and whole foods preparation in a beautiful, supportive, and Black centered space. Upon meeting other Black, Queer, radical farmers, I began to deepen my connection to land and make connections around how much of my trauma needed to be tended to through giving back to the land. Soulfire planted a food sovereignty seed in me that led me to leave my life and NYC and move to the land of my ancestors, Jamaica, where I planned to live for at least a year growing food and giving back to a land that had done so much for me and my family. Unfortunately, the global pandemic cut my trip short, but I knew there was a greater purpose for me and my food sovereignty journey.

WHO WERE THE INDIVIDUALS THAT SHAPED YOUR BELIEFS AROUND FOOD SOVEREIGNTY?

As a student of Fannie Lou Hamer and Octavia Butler I believe that we must free ourselves by investing in Black food sovereignty and divest from the systems that keep Black people in cages and exploited through agricultural prison labor. Additional food sovereignty femmetors of mine include my grandma Vera Anderson, Georgia Gilmore, Leah Penniman, Harriet Washington, Robin Wall Kimmerer, Winona LaDuke, Vandana Shiva, and Dolores Huerta.

HOW DID FEED BLACK FUTURES COME TO BE?

I moved back to my family’s home in Claremont from Jamaica in April, at the height of a concerted attack on Black Lives in the US, from the devastatingly disproportionate impact of COVID-19 on Black communities, to the state sanctioned police violence and killings of Black people including Black trans folx and Black Queer folx. It was an incredibly stressful time for all Black people, and I knew that in order to get through it, I needed to continue my relationship with food and land work. A few weeks after settling back in at home, I started volunteering at a farm and community garden called Huerta del Valle in Ontario, California. After spending three days a week weeding, harvesting, and supporting CSA coordinator and indigenous food activist and land steward, Autumn Yanez-Jacobo, with the market, we started brainstorming ways that we could support Black folx through increasing food access. We decided to get the organically grown produce at the farm to those most overlooked by the state and continuously subject to carceral violence. Thus the seeds for Feed Black Futures were planted.

With the connection to Essie Justice from comrade and fellow abolitionist organizer Arissa Hall, communications support from Meron Tebeje and Jamilah Felix, and strategic support from Delaine Powerful, Autumn, and many of the women at Essie Justice including Betty McKay and Melinda Johnson, we raised \$90,000 in a few short weeks.

And thus our mission was born—to foster Black liberation by creating access to high-quality fresh produce and supporting people with the means and skills to grow their own food. We do currently do this by:

- providing organic produce to Black mamas, caregivers in Los Angeles and San Bernardino Counties who have recently been released from incarceration or have incarcerated loved ones;
- supporting Black food sovereignty by financially investing in Black farmers to grow food for our communities; and





- supporting Black mamas and caregivers in learning how to grow food, build gardens, and steward land.

## WHAT DOES A TYPICAL WEEK AT FEED BLACK FUTURES LOOK LIKE?

There’s no typical week just yet, but most of our days consist of coordinating volunteers to help pack and deliver produce, scheduling and conducting meetings with the Essie sisters around box delivery and coordination, meeting with the team who is supporting building raised beds for our families, sharing what the work looks like over social media and with journalists, updating budgets, developing an advisory council, surveying food recipients and farmers, building out political education sessions, applying to grants, meeting with farmers, coordinating stipends, strategic planning, responding to emails, the list goes on and on.

## IN AN INTERVIEW WITH LAIST, YOU SAID “ABOLITION IS ABOUT PRESENCE, NOT ABSENCE.” MOST PEOPLE THINK OF ABOLITION IN TERMS OF POLICE, PRISONS, AND CARCERAL SYSTEMS. HOW DOES ABOLITION INTERSECT WITH YOUR FARMING AND FOOD PRACTICES?

Settler colonialism, as a vehicle of white supremacy, has created immense food apartheid and Black and Indigenous land loss on Turtle Island. It is white supremacy that led to the murder, displacement, and erasure of nearly 100 million people indigenous to Turtle Island and displaced twelve and a half million people indigenous to Africa. Since the colonization of Turtle Island began in the 1400s, the forced displacement and murder of millions of people indigenous to Turtle Island and Africa has made it incredibly challenging for Black and Indigenous food sovereignty in the Americas and the Caribbean. This, along with 500+ years of structural/systemic/interpersonal racism including the Black codes, sharecropping, redlining, the theft of Black owned land, and federal discrimination against Black farmers by the USDA (to name a few), has created non-sovereign food systems. All of the aforementioned policies, as products of state violence, meant that Black folx were forced to maintain a close proximity to systems of incarceration and surveillance. Black and Indigenous food and land sovereignty is a rejection of these carceral systems through the creation and the facilitation of the ultimate investment: land and the ability to benefit from the means of production that the land yields.

The forest is a superorganism made up of trees, shrubs, flowers, and trillions of other organisms that all interact

interdependently. Plants miles apart from each other communicate via the internet of fungal mycelium which help their neighbors by sharing nutrients, minerals, and alternate supporting each other during times of environmental hardship. The forest offers a profound guide of how to live in community, share resources, and support one another. There’s no need for systems of incarceration and surveillance when communities are cooperative and interdependent like we see in the forest. There is no oppression in nature. Just like the health of the food we eat is dependent on the health of the soil, which is dependent on the health of the water and air, so too is the health and well-being of one person in my community connected to the health of me and my family. Incarceration and surveillance makes it impossible for communities to be healthy. These institutions were established to ensure that people, Black people, my people, were and continue to be torn apart. This harm will continue to ripple outward, much like a one diseased ear of corn can spread and quickly decimate an entire crop. But also like we see in nature, communities, if given back their land, their people are released from cages, and their lost wages returned, will regenerate and heal.

Utilizing Afro-Indigenous farming practices, honoring the communities that created them, taking only what is needed, and looking to the wisdom of the forest will ensure that the land and its inhabitants become fully liberated.

RECENTLY, I CAME ACROSS THIS QUOTE FROM CURATOR/ARTIST/AEROFUTURIST INGRID LAFLEUR:

“This is a really good time for us to assess all the assets within our communities, including the really kind of basic things to help sustain ourselves. Being very aware of where we are. What is in walking distance? Gardens? Do you have access to fresh water if something were to shut off? Can you have a rain catchment system?”

HER QUOTE BROUGHT ME BACK TO THE WORK YOU DO THROUGH FEED BLACK FUTURES. NOT ONLY DO YOU PROVIDE MAMAS AND CAREGIVERS WITH FRESH FRUIT AND VEGETABLES, BUT YOU ALSO NOURISH AND SUPPORT THE FUTURE

## GENERATION OF BLACK FARMERS AND GROWERS. WITH THAT IN MIND, WHAT DOES SUSTAINABILITY OR SURVIVAL LOOK LIKE TO YOU, ESPECIALLY DURING THESE TIMES OF MASSIVE UPEHAVAL AND UNCERTAINTY?

If you don’t already know, now is the time to learn how to survive the end of the world. By necessity, all of our ancestors developed the skills needed to survive the apocalypse, but white supremacy has caused many Black people to fear the land and think of a closeness to nature as akin to sharecropping, to slavery. This, of course, makes complete sense. Generational trauma has made it so that many Black folx conflate the place that the oppression occurred with the oppressor, but it was the land that kept us safe, it was the land that provided us with food, medicine, and shelter. Octavia Butler provided us with a blueprint to help us survive the series of apocalypses with which we are currently confronted. She said that we must study the teachings of farmers, growers, builders, and birthworkers to remind us what our ancestors knew as second nature- that we must always be prepared to defend ourselves, to feed ourselves, to free ourselves.

## LOOKING FORWARD, WHAT ARE SOME PLANS FOR THE FUTURE OF FEED BLACK FUTURES?

It seems as if Feed Black Futures will need access to land in order to sustain Feed Black Futures. Currently we purchase food from farmers but because farms are subject to droughts, fires, zoning laws, leases ending, invasive pests, bad seeds, and all the environmental and social injustices that make small and medium scale farming incredibly challenging, securing food each week isn’t always a guarantee. We must therefore steward a piece of land, alongside Serrano and Tongva people, to create a place for Black women, femme folx, and families to be nourished body and soul. I don’t know what that means as far as profit is concerned, but I know that with the support and energy of the Feed Black Futures team and the community, it is all possible.

## WHAT GUIDANCE WOULD YOU GIVE TO BLACK FOLX INTERESTED IN GARDENING AND FARMING?

I would say:

- 1) Observe the natural order of your space;
- 2) Look to the wisdom of native plants and people to understand what growing in your space looks like; and

- 3) Build with your community, many of whom are already growing.

You don’t need anything fancy; just some seeds, soil, and a water source. If it calls to you then you must nurture that calling. The rest will come.

## THE THEME FOR OUR FIRST ISSUE IS EMERGENCE. WHAT DOES EMERGENCE MEAN TO YOU?

I am 32-years-old and have had the privilege of living/working/studying in LA; Atlanta; Brooklyn; Harlem; Capetown South Africa; Bihar India; and in St. Thomas ,Jamaica. My time as a sex educator, a daughter, a partner, a sister, a doula, a waitress, a researcher, a supervisor, a soccer player, a bookseller, a dancer, a mediator, and a grower have all led me here. Here is where I will be until I am called elsewhere. Like Octavia says, the only lasting truth is change. I think of this time in my life is one of profound emergence; an alignment with my passion that I’ve never felt before, but when I think about it, each tiny step I’ve taken has been one emergence after another. Just like I can’t tell a seed to grow or will the fruit on the tree to be sweeter, so too will Feed Black Futures, and my connection with it, grow into whatever it is supposed to be. It might emerge as a forest, or emerge as the compost needed to facilitate the next iteration of plants. I think that’s what emergence is, coming into a space of alignment and trusting that seeds will grow into whatever they are supposed to be.





## ALI KINDLY CONNECTED US TO MELINDA LEILANI, AN ESSIE SISTER WHO RECEIVES CSA BOXES FROM FEED BLACK FUTURES.

I'D LOVE TO KNOW MORE ABOUT YOU, MELINDA. COULD YOU SHARE A FEW THINGS ABOUT YOURSELF?

I'm a mother of five wonderful sons. I'm an alumni of Essie where I serve a position on the Care Team to distribute food to black families. I am also a regional director for a national ministry under the prison and reentry division. I'm an emotional wellness coach and certified domestic violence counselor and coach.

HOW DID YOU FIRST HEAR ABOUT FEED BLACK FUTURES?

I heard of Feed Black Futures through an Essie sister, Betty McKay.

HAS FEED BLACK FUTURES SHIFTED YOUR THOUGHTS AROUND FOOD ACCESS AND SOVEREIGNTY?

Yes it has. I didn't know the importance of buying fresh organic food until my experience with Feed Black Futures. I am more conscious of eating healthy because of FBF.

HAVE YOU VISITED HUERTA DEL VALLE GARDEN? IF SO, WHAT WAS THAT EXPERIENCE LIKE? IF NOT, WOULD YOU LIKE TO VISIT AT SOME POINT?

Yes I have visited Huerta del Valle garden. It is so big and beautiful. It was actually my first visit to a farm. I had a great experience there. It gave me the opportunity to see how their systems are set up for gardening.

WHAT'S YOUR FAVORITE MEAL YOU'VE MADE WITH ITEMS FROM YOUR CSA BOX SO FAR?

Collard greens and steamed squash. And I also use their garlic in everything I cook.

THE THEME FOR OUR FIRST ISSUE IS EMERGENCE. WHAT DOES EMERGENCE MEAN TO YOU?

Emergence means the process of coming into view or becoming important or prominent.

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A few helpful links if you'd like to learn more about Feed Black Futures:

[feedblackfutures.org](https://feedblackfutures.org)

FB: [feedblackfutures](https://www.facebook.com/feedblackfutures)

IG: [feedblackfutures](https://www.instagram.com/feedblackfutures)

# RECIPES

In light of the many things that have emerged this year (deadly pandemic, the godforsaken process that is United States

democracy, etc), we've decided to give you some recipes that will bring you warm & cozy

Winter so many love – in we're high- two of those

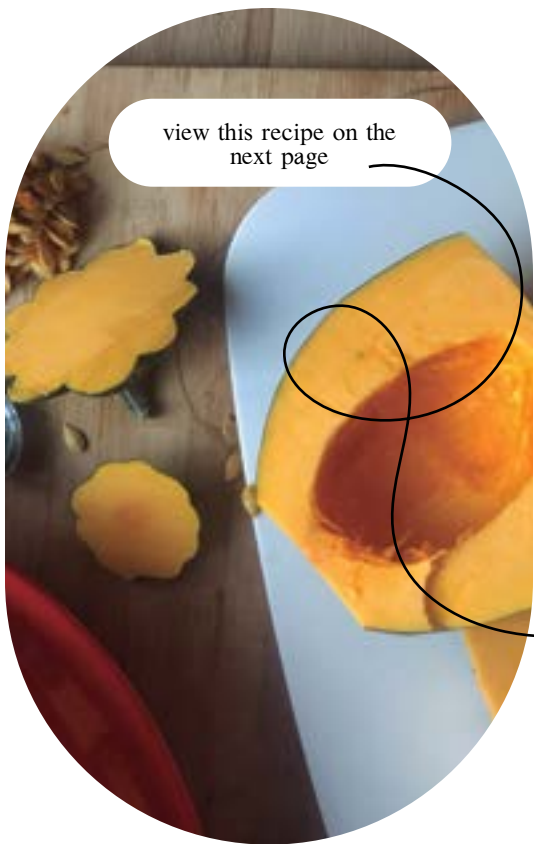
citrus and winter squash.



brings us things we this issue lighting just

# Spiked Tree Sap

Just below the soil, flowers begin to awaken from their frozen slumber. Rouse your spirits with this citrusy rum cocktail sure to lift you out of any winter funk! Sip with friends, shake off the cold, and envision what awaits you this spring as you bid farewell to winter by celebrating some of it's best aromas. Cinnamon, orange, honey, and ginger create a sweet and spice filled moment on your lips. Are you ready?



**Author:** Salima Allen  
**Prep Time:** 5 min  
**Cook Time:** 10 min  
**Total Time:** 15 minutes  
**Yield:** 4 servings

- Ingredients
- 1 C water
  - 3 cinnamon or apple tea bags (I used Spiced Apple Chai)
  - 1/4 C ginger beer
  - 1 C rum of your choice
  - 1 TB of honey
  - Juice and zest of 1 orange
  - Orange twists & ice cubes, for serving

- Directions
1. Bring water to a boil in a small pot.
  2. Remove from heat, add tea bags and let brew for 5 minutes.
  3. Remove the bags and set the tea aside to cool down,
  4. Meanwhile, combine the ginger beer, rum, orange/orange zest, and honey in a large pitcher.
  5. Add the chilled tea, and serve with a generous amount of ice, garnishing with an orange twist or rosemary sprig.

# Cozy Baked Squashta

Adapted from the NYT's Spicy Butternut Squash Pasta With Spinach  
We know the seasons are turning when we start to see the colorful squash varieties that start to pop up at farmer's markets. Butternut! Acorn! Kabocha! Delicata! We love them all, and one of the best things about this recipe is that you can choose whichever variety inspires you most. This recipe is designed to be super customizable and tailored to your taste. Or, if we're being honest, whatever weird things may emerge from your freezer and crisper drawer. Two of us made this recipe at home, each choosing a different squash variety, pasta shape, and unique cheese & veggie ingredients. This recipe is designed for you to follow your kitchen sink pasta dreams. Cover it in cheese (or nutritional yeast) and it'll taste great, we promise (but also no promises).

**Author:** Neko Natalia & Lindsey Eichenberger  
**Prep Time:** 30 min  
**Cook Time:** 15 min  
**Total Time:** 45 min  
**Yield:** 4-5 servings



- Neko used
- Penne
  - Honeynut Squash
  - Ricotta
  - Oyster mushrooms
  - Kale
  - Almost past its prime zucchini
  - 28 oz can of whole peeled tomatoes
  - 1/2 cup heavy cream
  - Basil

- Lindsey used
- Cavatappi pasta
  - Acorn Squash
  - 8 oz Ciliegine mozzarella balls
  - Jalapeños
  - Frozen peas she forgot were at the bottom of the freezer
  - Cauliflower
  - Kale
  - Some leftover roasted chickpeas

- Ingredients
- 1 lb. pasta of your choice
  - 1 medium sized squash of your choice, about 2.5 pounds
  - Cheese of your choice
  - 1/2 C grated Parmesan, plus more for serving
  - 2-3 handfuls of a leafy green
  - 1-2 C of other miscellaneous veggies & pantry items (mushrooms, frozen peas, sliced jalapeno, cauliflower, chickpeas, whatever you've got)
  - Olive oil
  - Salt, pepper & red chili flakes, all to taste



#### Directions

1. Preheat your oven to 400 and prepare a baking sheet by lining it with foil.
2. Wash & dry your squash, cut in half, and remove seeds using a melon baller or ice cream scoop (a regular spoon will work too)
3. Once seeds are removed, lay each squash half cut-side down & cut into 1 inch thick slices. Place squash slices on a prepared baking sheet and toss with olive oil, salt, pepper, and red chili flakes (or any spices you desire).
4. Place squash in the hot oven and let roast for about 15 minutes. Remove the baking sheet and flip slices, roasting them for another 15-20 minutes. Let cool.
5. While the squash is cooling, bring a large pot of salty water to a boil, and prepare pasta. Drain pasta about a minute before al dente, so that it can soften more in the oven. **(see note)**
6. Once the squash is cooled, peel the skin off (for some varieties you can leave it on) and cut it into 1 inch cubes.
7. In a large cast iron skillet or baking dish, combine squash, pasta, greens, veggies, and Parmesan. Scatter cheese across the top. (see note)
8. Pop your squashta in the oven and bake for 12-15 minutes. If you want it a little more browned on top, you can broil it VERY quickly, 1-2 minutes (but don't burn it, unless you're into that kind of thing).
9. Enjoy!

#### NOTES

- If you're using any neglected frozen veggies in your squashta bake, you can toss them in to boil with the pasta for the last 3 minutes
- If you want to add your favorite pasta sauce here you can (or canned tomatoes like Neko), but the squash will also soften in the oven and act as its own sauce if you want to keep it simple. If you're also using ricotta cheese, combine ricotta and heavy cream in a medium bowl, season with salt, and layer into the pasta during this step, saving a few dollops for the top right before baking.

# A CON- VERSATION BETWEEN RUSSELL E.L. BUTLER AND MIAH BEN- TON AKA ADAB



ONE PRE-COVID  
ACTIVITY WE REALLY  
MISS: DANCING IN THE  
CLUB! HOUSE AND TECHNO  
MUSIC WAS CREATED BY  
BLACK AND BROWN QUEER DJs,  
WHO TRANSFORMED THE DANCE  
FLOOR INTO A SPACE OF REFUGE  
AND RELEASE. IN AN EFFORT TO TAP  
INTO THAT SONIC ENERGY, WE SPOKE  
WITH TWO SHINING DJ<sup>s</sup> IN THE QUEER  
ELECTRONIC MUSIC COMMUNITY:

RUSSELL E.L. BUTLER  
@RUSSELLELBUTLER

AND  
MIAH BENTON AKA ADAB  
@AGELESS\_ADAB  
ABOUT ACCOUNTABILITY,  
FREEDOM, AND MORE.

These are edited excerpts from their  
conversation.

## ON ACCOUNTABILITY IN THE DANCE & TECHNO COMMUNITIES

RUSSELL  
E.L. BUTLER

When we start to consider  
[issues of assault, abuse, and harm  
alongside] conversations [around] How  
can we do better? How can we ensure  
that the structures of our parties, or of our  
communities or whatever, are better?... Inevitably,  
when we go to that macro kind of conversation, it  
will intersect [with] what's going on with policing,  
with the move to defund and abolish and to find new  
forms of accountability and justice. So to some extent... if  
you're espousing these radical ideologies, it's like, "How  
do they get integrated into what's going on within the  
communities that are talking about them?"

MIAH BENTON

[T]here's a lot of macro level things that everybody wants  
to do. They want to abolish the police. They want to do  
all these things. But on the micro level, you're not doing  
the integral work that allows for the community  
strength that it takes to fill in that space. A prime  
example: we want to abolish the police and we  
want to create community. We want to do  
all this, but when we're addressing certain  
things, we're also dehumanizing  
people and other processes at the  
exact same time.

## ON SOCIAL MEDIA

MIAH  
BENTON

This is the thing: Yes, [social media] extends people's reach and connectivity with each other, but that doesn't necessarily equate good, long-term social change. It just means people can talk to each other easier, and get in contact easier, et cetera. It's not an end-all-be-all. There are a couple other variables.

RUSSELL E.L. BULTER

I've been really peeling apart my relationship with it as of late. There are so many things that I keep on seeing happen over and over again, like collective mourning or collective call-outs, and how the cycles haven't really evolved over the years. I find that really troubling, because you hope that if you talk about something, if you air something out in a certain kind of way, that it shifts and evolves over time, and that it does move towards getting better. But sometimes things get locked into a cycle. All this to say, feeling really alienated from shit right now.

## ON FEELING SAFE IN CLUB SCENE

RUSSELL  
E.L. BULTER

At a certain point you have to compartmentalize, "This is what I can do for the money. Okay. This is my job. This is my labor. Hopefully I can make enough money so that these things over here I can preserve the spirit of and my relationship with." Sometimes along the way you meet some really fucking cool people who have a similar ethic, who want to build in a similar kind of way. As I kind of emerged into [the club scene], the more I realized how little folks like us are represented or even considered or even thought to exist in these spaces. I'd like to hear more from you about that, how that has applied to your experiences traveling with your art.

MIAH BENTON

The more and more you get out, the more and more you travel and see... you start to notice a lot of different things that are operating in tandem and pretty similarly in multiple places. This is one of those things where you notice that you're standing out. You go to one or two parties every weekend and you're doing something and every single time you're kind of out there. You're just like, "Hm. Feeling a little out here."

## ON FEELING SAFE IN CLUB SCENE

RUSSELL  
E.L. BULTER

It's just a matter of, "How am I going into this space knowing that I can deal with that? Do I feel like I have somebody I can vent to if that happens? Do I feel empowered enough in this space to be able to be like 'Fuck off,' and not just like polite about it. Am I playing? Can I just proceed to the green room and not talk to anybody for the rest of the month? Is my hotel or where I'm staying close and can I leave at any time?" All these kinds of strategies in my brain just so I can get to the next place. I'm not a violent person. I'm not super aggressive in really anything, even in music, I'm not really that aggressive. I'm assertive, I know what I want. I'm decisive, I can get really focused and ambitious. I'm not about to fucking push or punch anyone in the face to get to mine. That's corny. Fuck that. But when pushed into these circumstances where I have to defend myself, it's a very different kind of scenario.

MIAH BENTON

This is something I think I've talked about with you before, you realize how used you've gotten to going through those processes.

RUSSELL E.L. BULTER  
Even talking about them  
to you right now,

## ON FEELING SAFE IN CLUB SCENE

Miah—  
vocalizing them in  
this way, and categorizing  
them in that way, I haven't  
really done that before. It's just so  
internalized. It's not until I speak it that I'm  
like, "That's actually pretty fucked up that I  
have to do all that shit." Other people just have to  
walk in the door and we have to do all this shit.

MIAH BENTON

This is why I ended up being a security guard. I was  
already having to do that all the time. I already have  
to think like that. I already watch my back all the time.  
I'm already always in the cut looking from the periphery  
to see what's going on. I've always got my head on the  
swivel. I'm like, "Alright, if I'm always going to have to do  
this as a Black person, I might as well make some money  
off of it." Y'know? Going in the club and being like, "I  
have to remember a couple things about myself while  
I'm here because you know...[n]ot everyone here is  
understanding or sympathetic."

## ON BEING FREE

RUSSELL  
E.L. BULTER

[This] is definitely an interesting question. My first thought is the booth.

MIAH BENTON  
Fair, fair.

RUSSELL E.L. BULTER

I'm privileged and lucky enough to be like, "Nobody can fuck with me. Nobody can fuck with me when I'm DJing." People will try to talk to me, and if you're the homie then cool, that's fine and I'm so down to do that. But if you're a fucking stranger, step off. I don't know you. It feels like, in my typical social life, a way in which I was socialized is to kind of deflect with politeness. When I'm in that space, I'm impregnable. You can't fuck with me.

MIAH BENTON

I do agree that [the booth] is a space where I feel fairly free—in the music, directly in the time, doing that. But outside of that, I will say that [freedom] has yet to be found for me personally... I wouldn't mind going home in an area where I felt free. You know what I mean? Not in a room that I'm renting to feel free.

## ON BEING FREE

RUSSELL  
E.L. BULTER

A room where someone is renting my time.

MIAH BENTON  
Right.

RUSSELL E.L. BULTER

Or even in a locality where someone is renting my time and renting my labor. It is still a problematic state, because it's like, "I'm working." So I feel "free" when I'm working? You know? That doesn't really jive with me very well. I'm like, "Hm... it sounds a bit toxic." At least in all the other jobs I had before, it's like, "Nah, fuck this job. I'm here to make money, fam." But in order to get the job, you can't say that.

MIAH BENTON

Right. It's this thing where I'm kind of just like, "Look, I love the music. I love doing all this." But really when I'm not doing that, I would really just like to... Look, I can't fix the whole world. I'm very aware of that, so I would just like to have a nice little green pasture of sorts. And real talk, a lot of what's been happening lately, I've been getting back to thinking about having land and just farm. Nothing wild.



EMERGENCE—A COLLABORATIVE PLAYLIST CURATED TO INSPIRE AND AWAKEN

1.  
Come Together—  
The Internet
2.  
Song 32—Noname
3.  
WHAT WE DREW—Yaeji
4.  
Levitating—Xenia Rubinos
5.  
20 Feet Tall—Erykah Badu
6.  
Limitless—Sudan Archives
7.  
I'm Coming Out—Diana Ross
8.  
Fight Like Ida B & Marsha P—Ric Wilson
9.  
Running Up That Hill—Chromatics
10.  
Soak up The Sun Sheryl Crow
11.  
Bloom—bLack pARty
12.  
Rose in the Dark—Cleo Sol
13.  
Sky Mind—Radiant Children
14.  
Workin Together—Ike & Tina Turner
15.  
Rise—Solage
16.  
Lonely (Feat. Lorine Chia)—Jamilia Woods
17.  
13th Century Metal—Brittany Howard

welcome to review  
anything, the section  
that highlights  
people's personal  
opinions about things  
they've tried! this  
issue's reviews touch  
on things that tend  
to emerge if the  
conditions are just  
right — taking us on a  
journey starting at  
the scholastic book  
fair and ending with  
us way too high on a  
couch. enjoy!

This is the scent I would wear to see and be seen at the Scholastic Book Fair in my elementary school auditorium circa 1998.

The fair was not only my favorite time of year, but prime time for lurking on my crush behind the makeshift cardboard displays chocked full of the latest “Animorphs” releases. “Country Apple” was the epitome of sophistication by my third grade standards which included projecting enough so everyone in a half mile radius of me would imagine a burning Yankee McIntosh Candle. As I peeled through the bins of pens and pencils commanding no attention from my crush something else caught my eye. I had seen it in the catalogue before, but there it was in front of me for the taking. It was none other than “*Lovin’ Leo: Your Leonardo Dicaprio Keepsake Scrapbook.*” I knew I had to purchase and take it home immediately to be torn

apart and pasted on my walls for worship. Later that night I did just that in between my Honorable



Mention ribbons from failed athletic competitions past. I prayed and wrote a letter to Leo in Hollywood begging for a meeting.

Not only did I s.w.a.k. that letter—I sprayed it in my Country Apple Body splash. I knew it would make him think of me as a mature woman, ready to be taken. Who knows if he ever received it, but one blast of this juice brings all the unrequited feelings back with a headache. Notes include McIntosh Apple, Apple Blossom and Orchard Woods. In real life you’re going to smell like a townie gnawing on a candy apple. Eat your heart out, Dicaprio.

Reviewed by Elizabeth Renstrom, a Brooklyn-based photographer, editor and curator. As a photographer, she uses humor as a tool to investigate themes of feminism, the way we use images, and how we craft our identities through pop culture. Her style is often defined by its saturation and prop driven arrangements in both editorial commissions and her own projects. She has shot extensively for clients like The New Yorker, Refinery 29, TIME, Instagram, and Vice among others. As an editor and curator Elizabeth has worked in the photo departments of Marie Claire, TIME, Vice, and most recently The New Yorker as Senior Photo Editor.

country apple  
by bath and  
body works

As a woman of color, I have a lot to be scared of. Too much to be scared of. Obviously, I can’t be walking around scared shitless all day, so I often find myself seeking ways to conquer my fears. Today I present you with my latest of said habits: intentionally smoking myself into light paranoia and then using my fear to shed light on my inner anxieties, confront my demons, and begin healing.

I must note that the first time I did this, it wasn’t intentional. I simply got WAY too high. I’m talking about that “wait-is-everyone-laughing-at-me” high. Unable to calm myself in the usual ways, I tried the only thing I could think of—running headstrong into paranoia. My brain, *~floating untethered through space and time~*, made me really notice and accept my fear (I guess white people call this mindfulness?? Whatever). I found myself thinking, *Wow, I’m really scared huh? What am I scared of? Why though? What’s gonna happen? Does that even make sense? Is it likely? Would it be that bad?* and so on. The

sweet, sweet indica let me float outside of myself just enough to think without self-judgement. It was FANTASTIC. Slowly, I began to grasp at realizations that otherwise took months to click in therapy.

*...I’ll feel shame if I say something ignorant and everyone laughs...wow, I really place my value in my intelligence...but why? Human life is worth more than that...hmmm I’ve sorta always felt like I need to be the smartest to get attention...* and so on until I arrived at “*whether I’m sober or high, saying something ignorant doesn’t make me any less worthy of love!*”

Lemme tell ya, good shit. The kind of shit that makes you feel like a FUCKING CHAMP after a therapy session. I have a feeling this is the DIY version of psychedelic-assisted trauma therapy. But here’s a major disclaimer: I’m a (nonclinical) psychologist, so I do already have skills around self-directed healing. I wish I could tell you more about what to expect, how to prepare, or under what circumstances this

might be right for you. As every mind is different, I can’t. But I can tell you it’s something worth thinking about. Do I recommend the experience? Well, it was scary and hard and exhausting.... But yes. Since engaging in this therapy/smoke sesh hybrid, I’ve had major breakthroughs I feel pride in having unearthed. With that, I give it a 8.5/10 (points docked for poor user experience—sometimes I really think the couch is swallowing me) IF AND ONLY IF you’re confident you have the skills to work through whatever comes up. GOOD LUCK MY SELF-HEALING PSYCHONAUT FRIENDS!

Reviewed by Manijeh Fe Azadi, a brown femme psychologist and descendant of the people of Khorāsān and Borikén. You can find Manijeh dreaming about the healing power of movement work, radical community care, and ancestral wisdom of the Zoroastrian peoples. She lives with her partner and two poodles, Rebel and Poet.

smoking  
myself into  
light paranoia



Illustrations by:  
Faride Bustamante  
@kissmyangst

## Tarot Forecast for 2021: The Hierophant

by Danielle Dorsey  
of Tarotviews

Numerologically, the year 2021 is ruled by the major arcana card The Hierophant, meaning that these energies will govern us throughout the entire year.

In ancient Greek traditions, the Hierophant was a priest who translated sacred mysteries and esoteric principles. It was believed then and is still believed by many today, that such holy works must be translated by an ordained practitioner and that such knowledge cannot be accessed on one's own. While this lack of self-trust may have originated within our religious and spiritual institutions, it has since carried over into our political, law enforcement, educational, and other systems. We've been systematically disempowered and taught to distrust our ability to lead ourselves. In order to dethrone The Hierophant we must legitimize ourselves as our own teachers, rather than looking for someone

else to validate or discredit what we know to be true.

The Hierophant is a card that calls our traditions into question, one that believes in the power of ritual, but not without intention. This year, we are likely to be confronted with the traditions that are no longer in alignment with our evolution. Traditions like the two-party political system, white supremacy, and capitalism. These are traditions that were practiced until beliefs, cultures, and structures solidified around them. Though now

they seem so enmeshed in our nation's identity that we fear they can't be unbound, at one time, hundreds of years ago, they were little more than ideas.

In the same way that they emerge from our minds and can be nurtured into manifest, ideas can also be disrupted. Outdated ideas, beliefs, and traditions can and should be called into question, no matter how normalized they are or how long they've been in practice. This will be our work in 2021.

**"I think it is healing behavior, to look at something so broken and see the possibility and wholeness in it."**

- adrienne maree brown, Emergent Strategy

The Hierophant wants us to become intimate with the beliefs that inform our traditions. It's easy to become complacent in this regard, to attach ourselves to a set of beliefs, often passed down by our societies, families,

religions, and educational institutions, without asking whether they're true for us. We adhere to these ideas stringently, often resisting any urge to expand our belief systems.

This is a card that wants to know how our everyday actions are in service to our beliefs. It also reminds us that truth is ever-evolving and asks that we remain adaptive as we're presented with new information. This is the year to hone in on your moral compass and allow yourself to be led by its direction.

Known as The Hierophant in most decks, artist Cristy C. Road reinterprets this archetype as The Messenger in her Next World Tarot deck. The Messenger takes the wisdom of The Hierophant one step further, reminding us that each of us has a message that deserves to be heard. We become The Messenger through our willingness to hone our voices, to listen to and trust them, which gives others permission to do the same.

This year, we should pay attention to the ideas, beliefs, traditions, and voices that emerge when our usual operating systems are interrupted. That might mean breaking the tradition of arguing with oppressors in order to deliberate with like minds. That might mean disengaging from our usual tools of distraction in order to hear our inner voice more clearly.

This process is unlikely to be obvious or straight-forward; we will have to face our own confusion, doubt, and denial as we learn to perceive the subtle hints left of our intuition. Hierophant work is as much about dismantling the archaic and ineffective as

**“I have to use my life to leverage a shift in the system by how I am, as much as with the things I do. This means actually being in my life, and it means bringing my values into my daily decision making. Each day should be lived on purpose.”**

– adrienne maree brown, Emergent Strategy

it is about unearthing that which will fortify us as we move forward. It's about the practices and rituals we commit to that allow us to keep showing up.

This year, may we elect ourselves as our own Hierophant and Messenger.

## Astrology by sukhpreet k purewal

This is coming to you from October 2020. As I write this, I feel my mind wanting to close in on my heart's expression. Writing about astrology, the cosmos and allowing this process to be a channel for the wisdom of the unknown has always been a movement outside of logic. And in a year where people sought out anchors and stability amidst widespread chaos, unraveling and deep grief — it's been a teetering between trusting my intuition and silencing the voices of fear, paranoia and doubt. As we begin 2021, we must acknowledge that the seasons are shifting in new ways and lengths, the Earth is mirroring the discord we feel internally, and can heal as we heal seven steps back and seven steps forward. The stars are burning at a new speed too. 2020 forced us to slow down, to burn the veil(s), to bury the structures that uphold capitalism, imperialism and all the (sch)isms that block our connection to the truth. A new year alone isn't going to cure the heaviness we are processing,

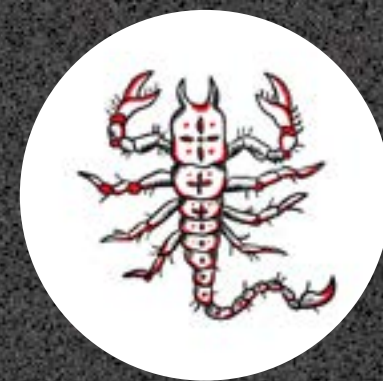
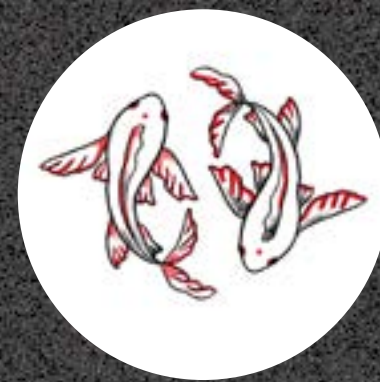
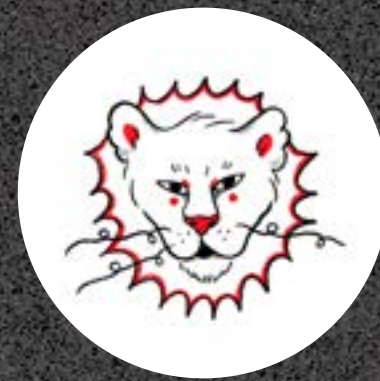
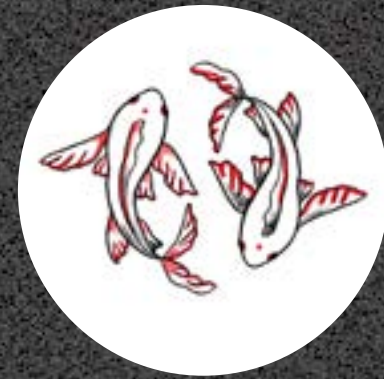
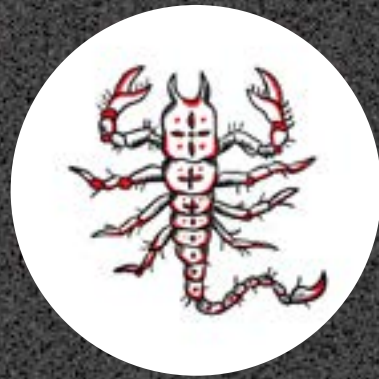
a new year isn't going to return us to “normal”. As our collective amnesia of the ways we've been forced to exist in post-colonialism wears off — we can ask the planets how to wield their gravitational pull to our favor. How can we harness the way the moon moves our water, the sun, our fire, how can we return to remembrance of our nature? What myths can we make together to honor this?

*How to read this — I have focused on planets farther out because the Sun, Moon, Mercury and Venus are prone to quicker changes and this speaks to a large portion of the year. Checking your chart and seeing where these planets fall will help focus in on how specifically this plays with your experience.*

### MARS

Mars continues on in earthy Taurus in 2021. This placement allows us to deconstruct binaries. Mars is traditionally associated with

the masculine, with aggression, and with assertion. Taurus is traditionally ruled by Venus and is associated with the feminine, with passivity and receptivity. How can we rewrite these archetypes? In which ways has this dichotomy jeopardized our relationship to the planet? The desire to conquer, to win, to control is losing its grip. It's time we add weight to the actions that will drive these polarities to sink. We are not separate from the Earth. We are not here to discover the Earth. We are not here to stake a claim in her soil and name it won. The Earth can never be owned. The Earth can be honored, the Earth accepts many names dependent on how much love they are spoken with. In order for us to return to symbiosis with the ways we ourselves are the Earth we must unravel the ways our goals, desires and relationships still function under an outdated harmful hyper-Martian standard.



## PLUTO

Pluto plunges through Capricorn all of 2021. Saturn leaving this realm gives the plumber of the planets more space to excavate and flush all of the gunk, bile, and decay that has become stagnant in our properties of time, success, tradition and material existence. Success is not defined by a white man's point of view. Success is a facade under the conditions of our current society. Success is not equivalent to our monetary value when money is a scheme created to further greed and suffering. Karma can no longer be used to justify racism, discrimination, hatred, and the continuation of governments that value profit over human life. Pluto who seeks to transform, cleanse and bring that which is repressed to light will find ways to help us unravel these stiff cords.

## JUPITER

Jupiter lands in the sign of Aquarius on December 19th, 2020. Spirituality and political action are deeply linked, there is no way to be spiritually in tune and at peace with inequality.

Beliefs, philosophies and wisdom that are steeped

in regressive frameworks must be discarded. This transit allows us to expand, to define the larger vision of what community is, to find the link between our ancestors and bring it into the ways we maintain networks of belonging and resistance to white supremacist patriarchy. With Uranus being in Taurus, there is the battle of moving beyond stubborn conservatism, releasing fears surrounding innovation and change in putting progressive social ideals into tangible practice.

## SATURN

This transit is the heavy-hitter because Saturn will be struck by lightning and awakened in Aquarius for the entire year. Saturn in Capricorn defined a majority of 2020. This was characterized by capitalism caving in on itself. The flaws of the system are more difficult to smother away from the surface. With Aquarius taking up space for 2021 we can practice mutual aid, community care, social action, emphasis on groups and humanitarianism to steer us into a revolution that is gradual and built upon consistent daily actions. Our work is no longer a means to an end in surviving capitalism.

Our work is in shifting the paradigm of what living in interconnectedness and equity truly means through communication and tangible action.

## URANUS

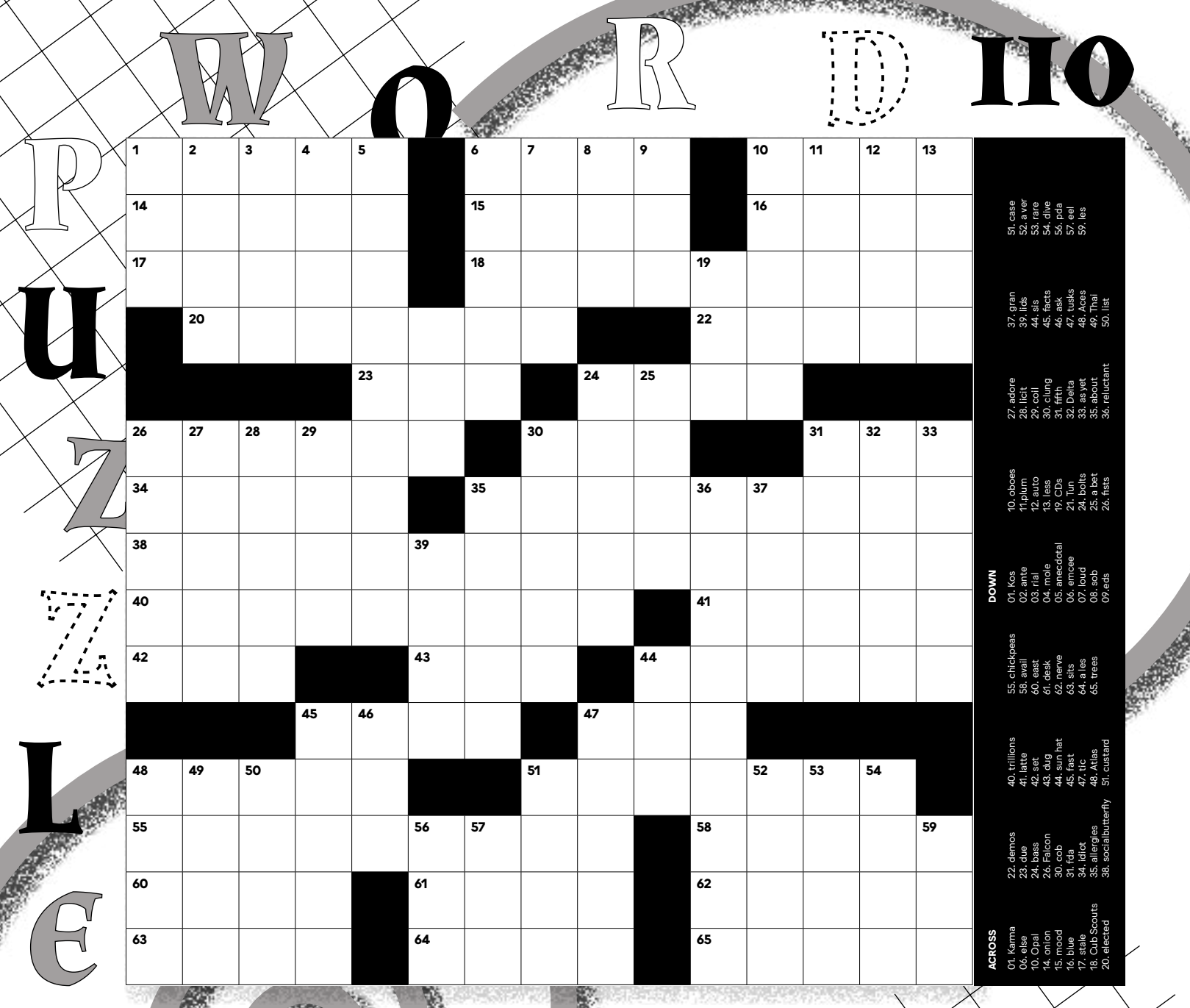
Uranus continues on its seven year stay in the sign of Taurus.

Abundance is in the land, in fulfilling our soulful needs and understanding that capitalistic consumption won't feed the void we fill from disconnection. Buying, scrolling and achieving traditional notions of monetary success won't serve our desire for wholeness. As the colonial conquering of land has ceased and we unravel the ways we can exist in its aftermath -- those who hold these beliefs have been looking towards technological landscapes, space and beyond. Less is truly more. Slowness gives us the space to feel into our bodies and be present. Silence from the constant stimulation we intake with the advent of the internet will help us remember that we have work to do on this land, with this sea and each other.

## NEPTUNE

Neptune has been in Pisces since 2011 and will remain there until 2026. With this being the only generational planet in a water sign, we can be prone to escapism, fantasy and tapping out of reality to process the emotional currents of the past and next few years. We can use this current to soften the heavy weight of the change we are furthering and the grappling of what harm is present. All we desire truly starts in our imagination, in the unknown, in spirit. Our collective dreaming can be made possible through channeling our deep longing if we feel into our experiences and allow them to shape our actions. We have lived under a physical structure that was seeded with the values of imperialism, racism and patriarchy for far too long. Handling the harshness of certain realities can be subdued with the safety of our dreamy landscape, we must remember to not lose ourselves completely in it though. How can the depth of our emotion

expand the world as we know it? This interplay will continue on until it is present in our physical identity and self-expression when Neptune enters Aries. Art is a salve. Art is political. Sensitivity and leaning into our inherent psychic abilities will help us soften the ways we have been hardened to manage survival.

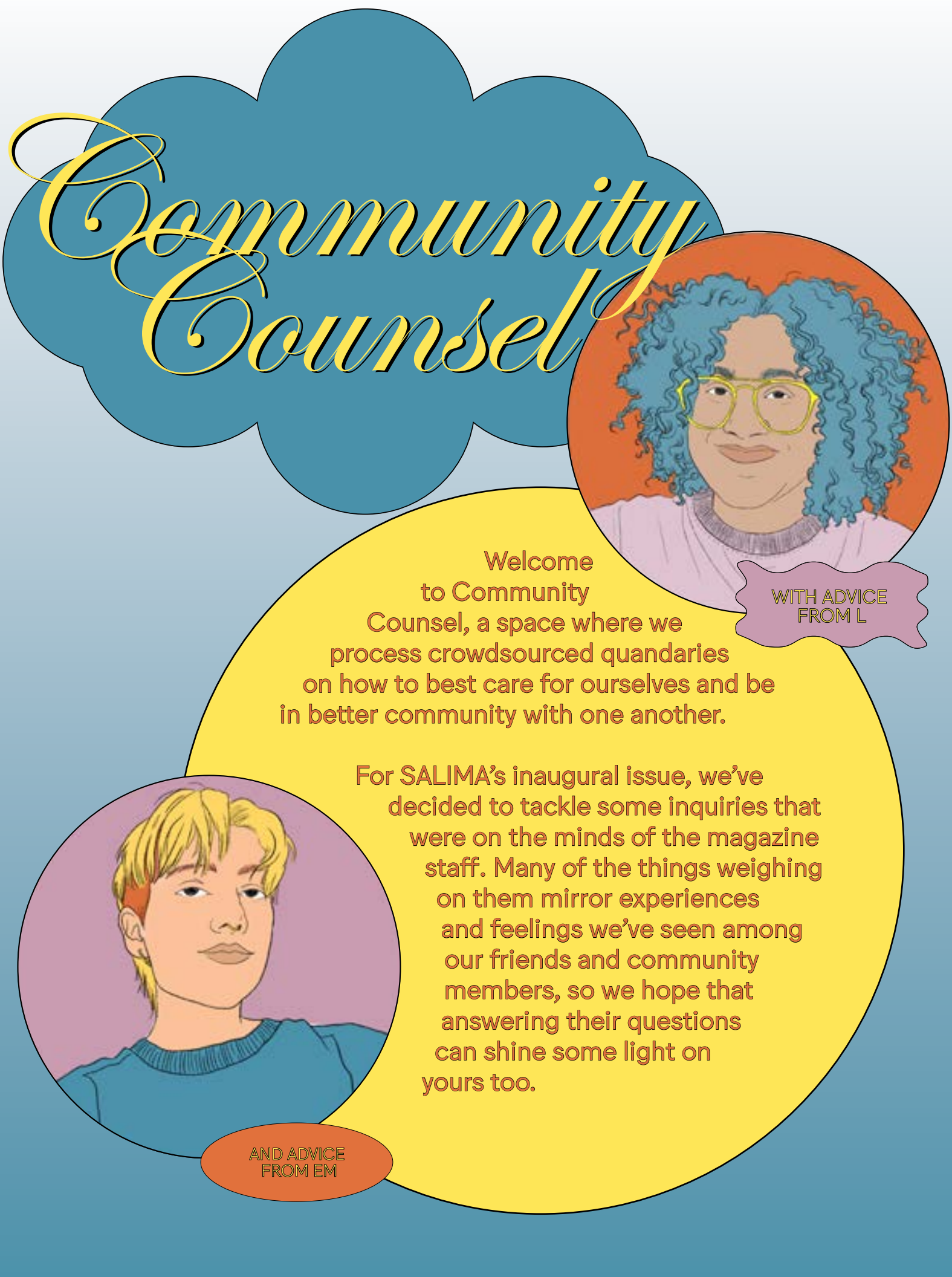


#### ACROSS

01. It comes around  
06. If {...} \_\_\_\_\_ {...}  
10. October birthstone  
14. Layered vegetable  
15. Project Runway store  
16. I'm \_\_\_\_\_ da ba dee  
da ba di  
17. Like day old bread  
18. \*Eagles are made from  
them  
20. Contact your \_\_\_\_\_  
officials regularly!  
22. Proofs of concept  
23. A library date  
24. Fish, or instrument of  
Phish  
26. Predator bird  
30. Corn core  
31. US health and safety  
grp.  
34. American \_\_\_\_\_,  
Green Day hit  
35. Springtime maladies  
38. \*Fluttering from party  
to party  
40. Range of United  
States debt  
41. Barista's specialty  
42. Ready, \_\_\_\_\_, go!  
43. Dig \_\_\_\_\_, classic  
arcade game  
44. California fashion  
staple  
45. Daily act during  
Ramadan  
47. \_\_\_\_\_ Tac Toe  
48. Typically oversized  
road guide  
51. Egg yolk based dessert  
55. \*Little staples of North  
African cuisine  
58. To no \_\_\_\_\_  
60. Opposite west  
61. Tiny \_\_\_\_\_ Concert  
62. Painful when pinched  
63. Takes a chair  
64. Craft ones are popular  
65. Forest components

#### DOWN

01. Stats for Muhammed  
Ali  
02. Poker stake  
03. Iran's currency  
04. Puebla specialty sauce  
05. Describes an  
unexamined observation  
06. Party starter  
07. For crying out \_\_\_\_\_!  
08. A kind of story  
09. Newspaper staffers, in  
brief  
10. Ducks in "Peter and  
the Wolf"  
11. Relative of a peach  
12. On \_\_\_\_\_ pilot  
13. Not more  
19. Cassette successors  
21. Wine cask  
24. Bright streaks from  
the sky  
25. Assist in a crime  
26. Hands raised in power  
27. Drag Queen Delano  
28. Legal  
29. Co—Conspirator  
Press Book Binding  
30. Like toddlers to  
parents legs  
31. Plead the \_\_\_\_\_  
32. Airline headquarters in  
Atlanta  
33. Up to now  
35. Approximately  
36. Unwilling  
37. Mom's mom, for short  
39. Mall hat store  
44. Bro's sibling  
45. Not fictions  
46. Query  
47. An elephant's diggers  
48. Poker cards, high and  
low  
49. Cuisine prevalent east  
of Hollywood  
50. To do tracker  
51. 12 count, typically  
52. State firmly  
53. Like some minerals  
54. Launch from the  
springboard  
56. Holding hands in  
public. Abbr.  
57. Unagi  
59. Guitar pioneer \_\_\_\_\_  
Paul



# Community Counsel

Welcome  
to Community  
Counsel, a space where we  
process crowdsourced quandaries  
on how to best care for ourselves and be  
in better community with one another.

For SALIMA's inaugural issue, we've  
decided to tackle some inquiries that  
were on the minds of the magazine  
staff. Many of the things weighing  
on them mirror experiences  
and feelings we've seen among  
our friends and community  
members, so we hope that  
answering their questions  
can shine some light on  
yours too.

AND ADVICE  
FROM EM

WITH ADVICE  
FROM L

How do you cope with realizing that things & people you love are part of an unjust power structure? I have been doing a lot of reflecting since the uprisings in June 2020, and one thing I'm struggling with is coping with the realization that things and people I once loved were and are a part of an unjust power structure. How does one move forward with this knowledge, and balance holding your loved ones accountable?

Realizing people and things that were once the center of your life are upholding an unjust power structure is a burden we all have to bear. It can feel like betrayal, either at them or at yourself for believing in their goodness. You probably feel angry and confused and hurt. What happened to the ground on which you once stood so firmly?

Disillusionment is a bitch.

Unfortunately, because we live in a world where capitalism, greed, and power hoarding is the air we breathe while we eat white supremacy & transphobia for breakfast, almost everything we deem "normal" in this society has layers of compounded corruption— it takes a lot of work to undo this deep conditioning. We also have to realize that we all were, at least at some point, complicit in these systems. One thing that many people don't talk about is that this process of undoing & letting go may bring up feelings of grief. Grieving an old way of being that has come undone, grieving the loss of a friendship that once brought you both joy until they start defending their racist dad, grieving that your favorite brand of oat milk gives money to trump, or an organization you thought was supposedly "feminist" or "queer" in reality deeply mistreats or underpays their staff and was just capitalizing off of seeming "woke."

Grief is the threshold that allows us to emerge into a new self, a new way of relating and being, a new way to show up. We have to be tender & patient, sit in the uncomfortable in between.

A caterpillar completely liquefies in their chrysalis before transforming themselves into a butterfly. Sometimes we have to die to be reborn.

To speak directly to the question of how to move forward while holding someone accountable— every situation

is different, but in my opinion you have to really check-in with yourself. Sometimes these realizations are too much to bear, and you can't continue to be in relationship with the person in question. That is completely valid. Maybe you've tried to approach them with this information and they were extremely defensive and unable to hear or understand or admit that they have been upholding oppressive systems through their behavior. Or maybe the oppressive system they're upholding is too close to home and it's triggering to talk to them about it. The process of reckoning, holding oneself accountable, and allowing yourself to find new and more liberated ways of being in the world is intense work that takes willingness, time, and usually a supportive & accountable community that can help you through the process (there really should be 12 step groups for things like letting go of toxic masculinity, white supremacy, or any other oppressive system!). As the author of Co-Conspirator Press' Decolonizing Nonviolent Communication, Meenadchi says, "We are not responsible for each other's shadow work. Some shadows may feel too heavy to travel alongside. Friendships end when we are drawn to each other's light, without the capacity to witness each other's shadows." You can't force anyone to face their own shadows. Sometimes the best way to support someone is to let them go, and do your best to face your own shadows. Maybe you'll inspire them from afar!

However if it does feel like you have the capacity to move through this with them, and they are willing and open to work through the ways

they've been taught to uphold systems of oppression, this can be incredibly transformative work. Make sure to know your boundaries and have support, and that they are willing to do a lot of the legwork. Maybe you only have the capacity to call them in and ask them to really think about it, but would rather they find other people to do this work with. Maybe you want to have regular check-ins about race or class or gender and how that shows up in your relationship. Or maybe you just send them a reading list you found online. You decide your own limits of how much you can support someone else in an anti-oppressive transformation process.

*em*  
(they/them)

**Aquarius / Cancer / Gemini**

*em* is a queer, gender fluid, thin, white, able-bodied, neurotypical, culturally jewish, practicing buddhist, financially stable, college-educated only child in their late 20s born & raised in Los Angeles to two left-leaning artist / healer parents. Friends and family often seek counsel from them, and they love contemplating and learning more about this wild world through the process of supporting others. They deeply enjoy giving advice and continually growing their understanding about being in relationship (to self, parents, lovers, friends, coworkers, housemates, enemies, etc), queerness, gender, nonmonogamy, identity politics, media, love, attachment, community, social movements, spirituality, & social change.

How do I stop doom scrolling?  
It seems that I'll log into social media to connect with friends, but 3 hours later I've been swept into an anxiety inducing news cycle google hole.  
How do I stop doom scrolling and start setting better boundaries for myself that help nurture a sense of hope for the future?

*Q*

(she/her/they ok)

**Aries / Scorpio / Capricorn**

*Q* is a cis, able-bodied, racially ambiguous light-skinned Black woman who was born and raised in Los Angeles. She is a huge eavesdropper and definitely nosy, but it comes from a place of love! She is often approached for advice about how to advocate for yourself at work, loves to brainstorm ways to set better boundaries, is always up for a challenging conversation about accountability and rarely shies away from conflict. She has an education background and loves coming up with fresh, new ways to disrupt power dynamics in the classroom, workplace, and beyond.

Oof. Let me start off by saying that doom-scrolling is a very sticky, annoying trap that we all find ourselves in. I've doom-scrolled my way into a migraine more than once in the past 6 months, and the only thing worse than the migraine is the shame that floods my brain receptors afterwards. Putting my own body in harm's way to watch just one more video of a horrible white woman blocking a Black UPS driver from leaving a housing complex with her car because she's a "good neighbor"? We deserve better.

The hard truth that I've had to face during this time of remote working and isolation is that me and social media, specifically Instagram, really need to redefine our relationship. Trying to set boundaries while on the app wasn't working because Instagram has no boundaries with me! The app's entire purpose is to keep us on it – Instagram is not on our team. They are the scary clown in the gutter and we are the cute little boy in the yellow raincoat who's about to get his arm ripped off.

Recently, I created a strict social media calendar for myself which only has me on Instagram one week out of the month. For me, this means deleting the app from my phone and re-downloading it during my "on" week. During my "off" weeks, I try to identify the ways I do and don't want to use social media when I'm on it. Creating some intention around the time you're on social media (and how long you're on it) can make it feel more like a tool you're utilizing than a black hole you can't resist jumping into. Maybe you're setting a 45 minute a day limit for yourself during weekdays to share & redistribute resources that come across your feed. On the weekends maybe you're giving yourself two hours, one in the morning and one in the evening, to check in with friends and see what they're up to. You can also use that time to ask yourself, are

these Instagram engagement friends, or are these friends you could call or text?

In times where isolation also means public safety and community care, it's easy to justify mindless social media scrolling, which turns to doom-scrolling really quickly. We should cut ourselves some slack, because shit is truly fucked. However, cutting yourself some slack is not the same thing as throwing your mental health out the window in exchange for a few hours of whatever fake serotonin spikes this type of obsessive scrolling gives us.

My TL;DR advice is this – delete that shit. Even if it's only for a week, a few days, or indefinitely. Give your brain and body a break from being plugged into the horrors of the world 24/7. That being said, we can also find other ways to fulfill what we've been conditioned to think only social media provides for us: social connection, staying updated on current events, and finding ways to share opportunities and resources with our communities. Maybe you and your friends create a standing bi-weekly Zoom happy hour where you can check-in and process some things that have been happening and ways people can support. Perhaps it's time to re-invent the beloved early aughts ~\*~chain email trend~\*~ to spread the word about Patreons and GoFundMe campaigns that need support. Sign-up for newsletters produced by indie writers and smaller news outlets. In these "now more than ever" times it can be easy to reach for the nearest and most convenient outlet, but if that option is sending us into a doom spiral we have to research alternatives.

Social media has positioned itself as being our go-to for everything: news, socializing, recipes, self-esteem erosion,

cultural appropriation, etc. It's not that it provides no value, it's that it is not the only thing that provides value. It's time for us to tap into our type A and go full administrative – create a schedule, put it into a spreadsheet, and tape it to your fridge or bulletin board or just add it to your phone's calendar. We can reclaim our time and agency by liberating ourselves from the anxiety of missing out, but still acknowledge the social responsibility of knowing what's going on in our communities and how to best support each other. I believe that with a little innovation and a lot of coordination, we can find all that we need without any of these goddamn apps. Just don't forget: we don't need them, they need us.

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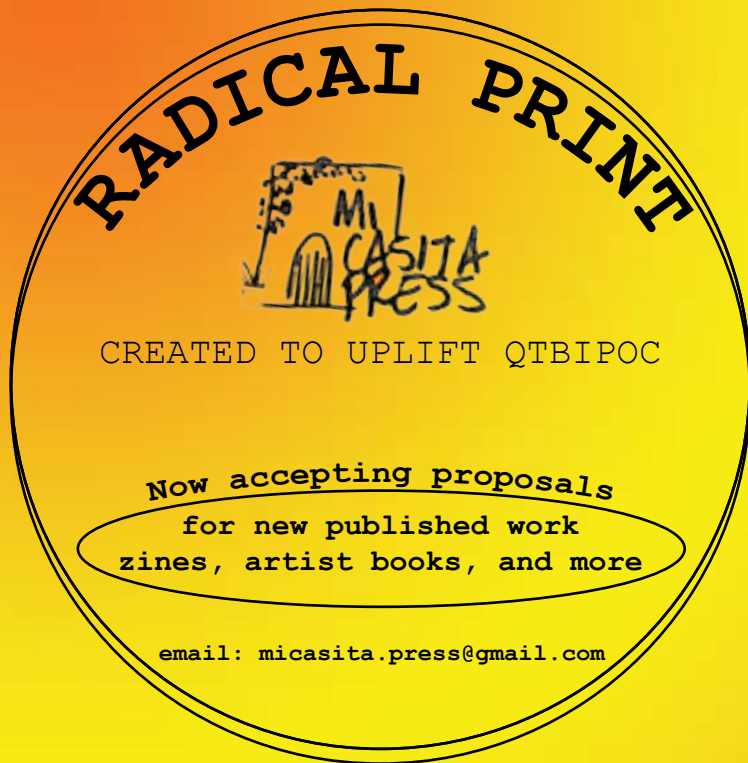
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PAST WITH ROSE-COLORED  
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ARE RARELY AFFORDED THIS  
PRIVILEGE (THE PAST IS  
OFTEN FAR WORSE THAN THE  
PRESENT). WE'RE FORCED TO  
LIVE IN THIS IMAGINED POST-  
RACIAL, POST-GENDER FUTURE:

WE HAVE TO BE OPTIMISTIC."  
-GBENGA



Haley is wearing 100% Hoodie  
& Sweatpants in Deep Water,  
photographed by Gbenga. Designed  
by EVERYBODY.WORLD with people  
and the planet in mind, and  
thoughtfully made in Los Angeles  
from 100% Recycled Cotton.

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Edition of 1,000  
Published by The Women's Center  
for Creative Work, February 2021.  
ISBN: 978-1-7362941-1-6





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