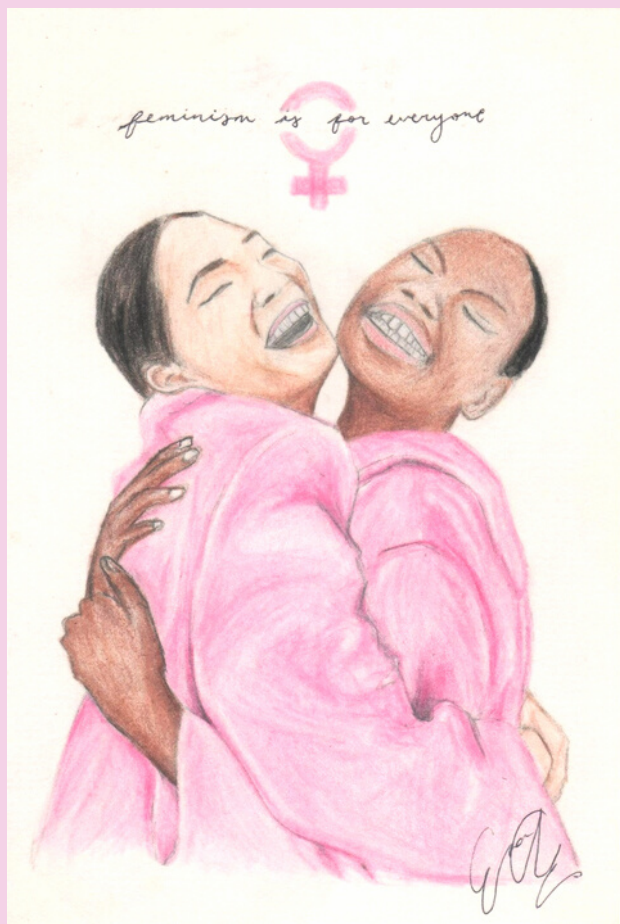


FALL/WINTER EDITION



THE ROAD TO FIND

EXPLORING STUDENT PERSPECTIVE ON WOMEN'S
RIGHTS AND MODERN DAY FEMINISM

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COVER ART BY EVA A.

FEATURED STUDENTS

EDITION TEAM

Sonia Banker: Grade 12, SF University HS

Daniela Arias: Grade 11, Rosary Academy

Natalie Shtangrud: Grade 12, Granada Hills Charter HS

ARTISTS

Eva Asiddao: Grade 9, Mira Costa HS

Brenda Martinez: Grade 7, Palms Middle School

Kaitlyn Cui: Grade 12, Northwood HS

Jessica Norris: Freshman, Cal Poly San Luis Obispo

Brooke Nind: Grade 12, Weslake HS

Chanel Marie Green, Grade 8, Our Lady of Perpetual Help

Vivian Huang: Grade 10, University HS

Marissa Martinez: Grade 7, Palms Middle School

Victoria Seo: Grade 8, Palms Middle School

Darya Mokhtari: Grade 7, Palms Middle School

Stacy Rincon: Grade 7, Palms Middle School

Declan Shortt: Grade 8, Palms Middle School

Bruktayt Worku: Grade 8, Palms Middle School

Destiny Castellanos: Grade 8, Palms Middle School

Nathan Valencia: Grade 8, Palms Middle School

Sarah Linderman: Grade 8, Palms Middle School

FOREWORD

By Sonia Banker, 12th Grade
Founder of The Road of Find



This issue covers the theme of women's rights and what we have come to adopt as our "modern-day feminism." Our artists in this edition have explored women's rights and the stories they have that pertain to the new-age of feminism. This edition is particularly heartening for me: I identify as a young woman, and as I have grown up, I have become so inspired by the female role models in my life, both in my family and in the media. Watching their success, whether through law, medicine, education, or music, empowered me to find a similar sense of passion for the work I did. Their dedication has served as the source of my confidence as I discovered the world around me.

I want to dedicate this edition to all mothers, grandmothers, aunts, nieces, daughters, and all other women who have shown people like myself that their dreams can become a reality, and that the love we have for one another is our greatest strength.

ABOUT THE ARTS JUSTICE COUNCIL



The Arts Justice Council (AJC), as well as the Road to Find, was created by Sonia Banker. The Arts Justice Council brings together young artists from all over the state of California to participate in arts advocacy. The primary goal is to work for better arts education programs in our state's schools while also incorporating themes of social justice into our work. In California, only 39% of students are enrolled in arts programs while other states such as Arizona and Wisconsin have around 70%. These shockingly low statistics for California have had a severe impact on communities of color, and the Arts Justice Council addresses these statistics by working with other social justice organizations, advocating for youth through arts events, and working on activism weekly.

PART OF THE
YOUTH LIBERTY SQUAD OF

ACLU

Southern California

ABOUT OUR TEAM

INTRODUCING DANIELA ARIAS: 11TH GRADE - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF OF THE ROAD TO FIND



Daniela Arias is currently a junior at Rosary Academy who was born and raised in Los Angeles, California. Her passion for journalistic writing led her to join the Arts Justice Council in order to further advocate for arts accessibility, equity, and equality through her writing. She admires various types of art such as music, paintings, and works of creative writing. Some of her favorite artists include Paula Rego, Keith Haring, and Jacob Lawrence.

A NOTE ON WOMEN'S RIGHTS

BY EVA ASIDDAO

To me, being a woman involves owning my strengths and my weaknesses. It means having both confidence and vulnerability and supporting all the women and girls around me. Growing up, I've always had strong women surrounding me. My grandmother, the daughter of Jewish immigrants, taught me how to be myself in this patriarchal society. She used to wake me up before the sun so we could beat the heat of the day at work. She was a gardener. And when we got home after work, though she was so tired, she would put some music on and bring out the watercolors. We would sing, and she would teach me how to paint flowers. Even when she grew weak from her cancer, she still loved to sing and dance in the kitchen. And she continued to teach me about nature and how to interpret its beauty in my own way. She knew of the power of creativity, and I am forever grateful for her guidance in finding that power in myself. In school, I translated that skill of using a paint brush into playing the trumpet, where I could paint with sound. I've always been one of a few girls in the band program at school, always the only female trumpet player. I used to feel very insecure about myself, like I didn't belong and that I was an impostor. But as I have gotten older, I'm understanding more that it is not my job to prove myself or my worth. I'm learning that I have power and a responsibility in beginning to expand the representation of young female musicians because the truth is that everyone has the right to belong. Especially because I am a woman of mixed-ethnic background, I know that being myself and finding joy through music and art is an act of resistance.

A NOTE ON WOMEN'S RIGHTS

BY EVA ASIDDAO

I have turned my experience as the only girl in the room into an opportunity to make sure my voice is heard. I didn't always know I was breaking barriers or doing things "out of the ordinary" because as a child, I was told that I could be anything I wanted to be when I grew up. And growing up with a twin brother, it seems I have always been presented with the same opportunities as he has. In my recent reflections upon my relationship with my brother, I concluded I am grateful to have a male counterpart like him because I have learned that by being anything and everything I want to be, I am able to fight for change and raise my voice, especially on behalf of those who can't. By raising awareness and talking about the issues of inequity and inequality that face us women everyday, I feel empowered and more connected, knowing we are all facing the same problems. It's about accepting the pressures of society and lifting up myself by lifting up others. I have learned to not let being a woman hold me back or define me or hold me in a box. I have learned to take up that space in the band, to play out confidently through my horn – to be a powerful force that no one can stop. I am learning to love myself and to accept myself as the person I am. And I hope that by feeling empowered to be myself, the women around me feel empowered to be themselves.

Cover Artist, Eva Asiddao

9th grade, Mira Costa High School



Eva A. is currently a freshman at Mira Costa High School. She has used art as a tool to express herself and her emotions ever since she can remember. As she grows older, she hopes to continue utilizing her passion for the arts as a form of advocacy to change the world for the better.

COVER PIECE: "FEMINISM IS FOR EVERYONE"

Winning Artist, Brenda Martinez

7th grade, Palms Middle School



Brenda Martinez is a seventh grader at Palms Middle School. She enjoys art because it allows her to be creative, it keeps her mindful, and she can express her feelings non-verbally. As a young woman, she uses her voice through art to express how she feels about women's rights.



"DESTRUCTION FIXED"

Winning Artist, Kaitlyn Cui

12th grade, Northwood High School



Kaitlyn Cui is a senior at Northwood High School. She enjoys using poetry to tell stories surrounding her identity and her communities and aims for her poetry to raise awareness on social issues. Outside of writing, Kaitlyn enjoys listening to music, hanging out with friends, trying new restaurants, and working on her school's yearbook.

SHORT STORY: A RECIPE FOR LOST DAUGHTERS (NEXT PAGE)

Winning Artist, Kaitlyn Cui

12th grade, Northwood High School

A RECIPE FOR LOST DAUGHTERS

follow these instructions when you are ready to be found

Three generations of women crowd around the kitchen table
 Today, nai nai¹ will teach us a recipe her own grandma tucked in her ear as a young girl
 meanwhile, the men watch football with
 decades of unsaid apologies fermenting in their already-swollen bellies bubbling beer &
 yeast
 whilst “Thank You” and “Sorry” have become our middle names.

Dear me, i'm so sorry for digressing! Now without further ado, let us begin:

yi. Don't forget to roll up your sleeves!

Why do you need me to remind you again that we must always be porcelain dolls:
 delicate, mute, and without a speck on our aprons unless you want to get scolded again
 by grandma, who knew she was inferior to man even before she knew her own name.

er. Wash the ji cai. Chop its leaves so finely your eyes strain and the world dilutes into
 television static. Mix it in with the ground pork. Ai-yah, why is your knifework so rough!
 she cries, how can you be a good wife like this? If you ever cut your fingers, no tears are
 allowed under your husband's command: always stay strong for the kids, while he
 saunters in broad daylight with a nametag proclaiming him the “breadwinner” for the
 family. At the end of the day, only one of you is allowed to pop open a refreshing can of
 beer. He becomes so drunk he left his conscience back with the girls on 6th street.
 sigh Looks like you need to go pick him up again. (the truth is that without you the
 entire household would fall apart, but his fragile masculinity is just not ready to face
 that yet. his pride leans on you as a crutch to stay above water.)

san. Scour the salt out of your wounds. Even if it means you'll need to relive hell on
 earth, just grit your teeth and do it, because anything to feed the household, am i right?
 Don't forget, you remember people say, you are not the only girl who's woken up behind
 a garbage dumpster with no idea how they got there. Remember, they are broken
 records, that you are extremely lucky to make it out of parties looking unscathed. But
 nobody besides you can feel the bruises in your ovaries that tell a different tale. Mix the
 salt you've reaped into the dumpling filling, with soy sauce and shaoxing wine to taste.

¹ grandmother in Chinese

Winning Artist, Kaitlyn Cui

12th grade, Northwood High School

si. To create the illusion of flower petals around the corners, pinch your thumb and index finger along the edge of the dumpling skin. Imagine yourself as the auntie who would always pinch your cheeks when you were younger, screaming that you need to “lose weight or you’ll never find someone who’ll love you!” / We all blossom from pain. Repeat this step as you are force fed your daily dose of imposter syndrome. Repeat as your existential crisis runs like the four pm radio.

wu. Put the dumplings into a pot of boiling water. You will know they are done cooking when they float to the top.

Three generations of women crowd around the dining table
Wipe off the blood. Dry your tears. Leave trauma in the kitchen, hidden behind pots and pans. You don’t want to ruin the mood for others, do you?

Shoulders rub. Glasses clink. Laughter ensues everywhere and flits around your throat. Bottle up your dejection so you can use it to grow a bitter gourd. Swallow and chew your food quickly. Careful of gulping noises. It matters not what you taste but how the husband reacts.

If others compliment you (which is highly unlikely), your body already knows by instinct to stew the feeling of unworthiness in a pot by the fire until steam rises to fog your neurons.

That is the one time you cook to feed your body and your body only. But even neurons can be ungracious, reminding you to brush off all kind words before they permeate your ribs.

You didn’t need to hear that though. Since that’s what you’ve always done.

Winning Artist, Jessica Norris

Freshman, Cal Poly San Luis Obispo



Jessica is a freshman at Cal Poly San Luis Obispo. She is studying graphic design and is most interested in creating art as a means to achieve social, political, or environmental change.



"DISSENT"

THE ROAD TO FIND EDITION VI



"THE POWER OF WOMEN"



Nathan Valencia

Grade 8

Palms Middle School

STILL WAITING FOR CHANGE

When invisible hands thread ropes
around our bodies to tie us up,

make our choices for us and tell us
what is supposedly in our best
interest,

our lives are not our own anymore.
When we still make 78 cents

to a man's dollar, we know
they do not see us as equals.

When we stand up and are pushed
to the side yet again, we know

history is repeating itself yet again,

and we cannot stay silent, cannot

stop fighting for our choices,
our freedom, and our futures.



Brooke Nind

Grade 12

Westlake High School

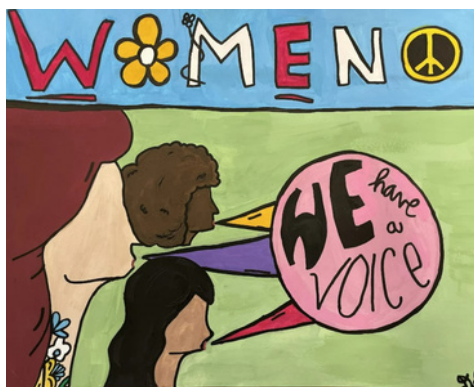
THE ROAD TO FIND EDITION VI



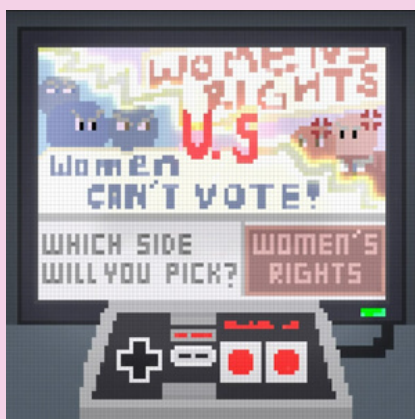
Destiny Castellanos

Grade 8

Palms Middle School



"POWER THROUGH FEMALE VOICE"



"GAME OF THE CENTURY"



Victoria Seo

Grade 8

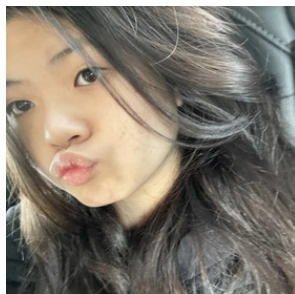
Palms Middle School

THE ROAD TO FIND EDITION VI

THE GHOST INSIDE ME

“will it stop, mama?”
 ///
 the torment that runs
 through my veins,
 stops when my withering fruit bursts into
 bubbling tea,
 smells of rust;
 the glares that burn
 my tongue as i walk
 through brick streets, step over cracked
 egg-shells until my feet bleed rivers;
 it doesn’t stop when i
 tell them i am only fourteen—
 and i still clutch my
 torn sheets at night
 and run to mama
 and papa when i shiver,
 tremble from the spider
 that lives inside me and
 knits cobwebs that resemble me;
 but my mama tells me
 words I can’t hear, grips

my wrist until it bruises,
 stains purple-magenta, resembles midnight;
 i close my eyes, and i
 cry, scream as it drenches my sweaty fringe,
 decorates my heavy neck until it
 glimmers like the
 blossomed flower that
 sleeps in my lap.
 and i cry
 because of the flower
 that withers
 the speed of blaze, turns
 black, brown,
 then silent;
 and it cries as if it is haze
 but it isn’t—
 it is still.
 ///
 “it will, baby. i promise.”



Vivian Huang

Grade 10

University High School

THE ROAD TO FIND EDITION VI



Chanel Marie Green

Grade 8

Our Lady of Perpetual Help



"EQUALITY FOR ALL"



**"THE WOMEN OF THIS
WORLD HAVE RIGHTS"**

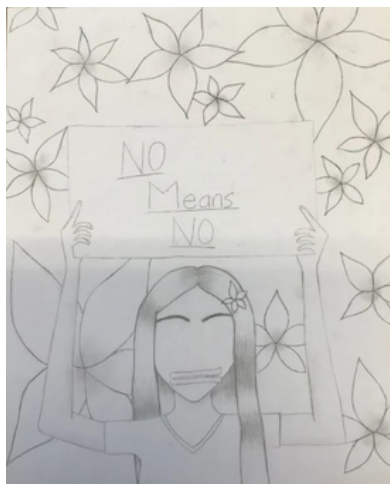


Marissa Martinez

Grade 7

Palms Middle School

THE ROAD TO FIND EDITION VI



"NO MEANS NO"



Darya Mokhtari

Grade 7

Palms Middle School



Stacy Rincon

Grade 7

Palms Middle School



"TEARS OF EQUALITY"

THE ROAD TO FIND EDITION VI



Declan Shortt

Grade 8

Palms Middle School



"THE LADY IN THE PURPLE PATRIARCHY"



"INVEST IN WOMEN"



Bruktayt Worku

Grade 8

Palms Middle School

THE ROAD TO FIND EDITION VI

ON TX SB8 (THE NUMBER SIX)

“I have dreams and hopes and ambitions. Every girl graduating today does. And we have spent our entire lives working towards our future. And without our input and without our consent, our control over that future has been stripped away from us.”

Paxton Smith at her high school graduation

We hear them say that
 six weeks means 3,628,800 seconds for them to come
 break down your door with sawtoothed instruments,
 to serrate and scoop your innards like seeds from a papaya
 fruit without throat to swallow breath

At six weeks there are two hearts in your body but pain only leaves its footprints in one
 as hopeless self-destruction ignites from smoldering candlelight.

you hear men question your sanity, asking
 are you a masochist?

do you truly care about your husband?

how can your cheeks still raise into that wicked smile when such baggage hurtles out of
 your pelvis? as you see the degerminated seed extracted from your tubes? when you
 hold the tombstone from your belly in your palms? waxy ichor soaks your nail bed
 sucked clean to the cuticle. cup the stone heart to your beating heart.

you hear men question your sanity but let me assure you are not insane because
 you stand at a graveyard for both the six-week olds and the freedom of their mothers.

since when did we allow other animals to ravish not only our cooking but also the
 control over our bodies? tell me, how does your severed tongue feel laying limp in the
 silhouette of penis privilege? womxns' fingers only curl around chains in this blinding
 night. the metal is a taste we have known all too well since the times of Adam and Eve.

The clock is ticking, so tell me:

how many more candles must we burn in order to find the light again?

Kaitlyn Cui

Grade 12

Northwood High School

THE ROAD TO FIND EDITION VI



"THE STRUGGLES OF FEMININITY"



Sarah Linderman

Grade 8
Palms Middle School

NEXT EDITION OF THE ROAD TO FIND

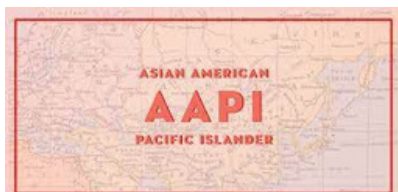
SUMMER EDITION 2022

AAPI COMMUNITIES AND HISTORY

ENTRY GUIDELINES

Submit your art in any form (visual
or performing)!

- What do AAPI communities and history mean to you?
- Submit your art by going to the submission guidelines page at www.theroadtofind.org!
- Over \$500 in prizes for winners and art will be published in our next journal!



CLOSING WORDS



Irene Rocha Rivera

Education Policy Advocate and Organizer
American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU) of Southern California

What an honor to be a part of this edition of the Road to Find! As I reflect on my time with the ACLU SoCal, I am proud of how far I've come in my journey as a youth organizer. For the past 10 years, I have worked alongside youth on various education justice issues. Sometimes, it's difficult to explain to folks what exactly I do as an organizer, but if I had to simplify it, I'd have to say that I do exactly as my mom taught me: to love and advocate for others when needed.

When I was in the 10th grade, my school counselor refused to place me in an Honors English class at my request because she said I had always been in "normal" classes and that I wouldn't do well in an "advanced" class. That day, I went home upset and felt defeated.

CLOSING WORDS

By the time I got home, I had already given up until I told my mom what happened. My mom, who by the way speaks little to no English and had a very minimal understanding of how the education system works in America, listened and told me she'd handle it. The next day, I went into school as usual but by 2nd period I got called into the "Main Office." I was surprised to see my fierce mother walk right past my counselor and straight into the principal's office to demand that I be put in the class I requested. Like me, the principal had no idea what was happening but after some stern words and demands made by my mom, I was placed in Honors English by 3rd period.

I don't think my mom fully understood how impactful that day was or why this class was so important to me, but that was the day I recognized how life-changing advocating for others can be. That is also a big reason why I do what I do at the ACLU SoCal! I believe every single young person deserves to have someone in their life who believes in them and will advocate for them when all hope is lost. Growing up, I didn't look up to many other women in my life other than my mom, but now that I'm older, I hope I've become what she was to me. Be it a role model, an organizer, or whatever else others see me as, I just want to continue to encourage other young people, especially women, to speak up and not be afraid to advocate for themselves and the things they care most about.