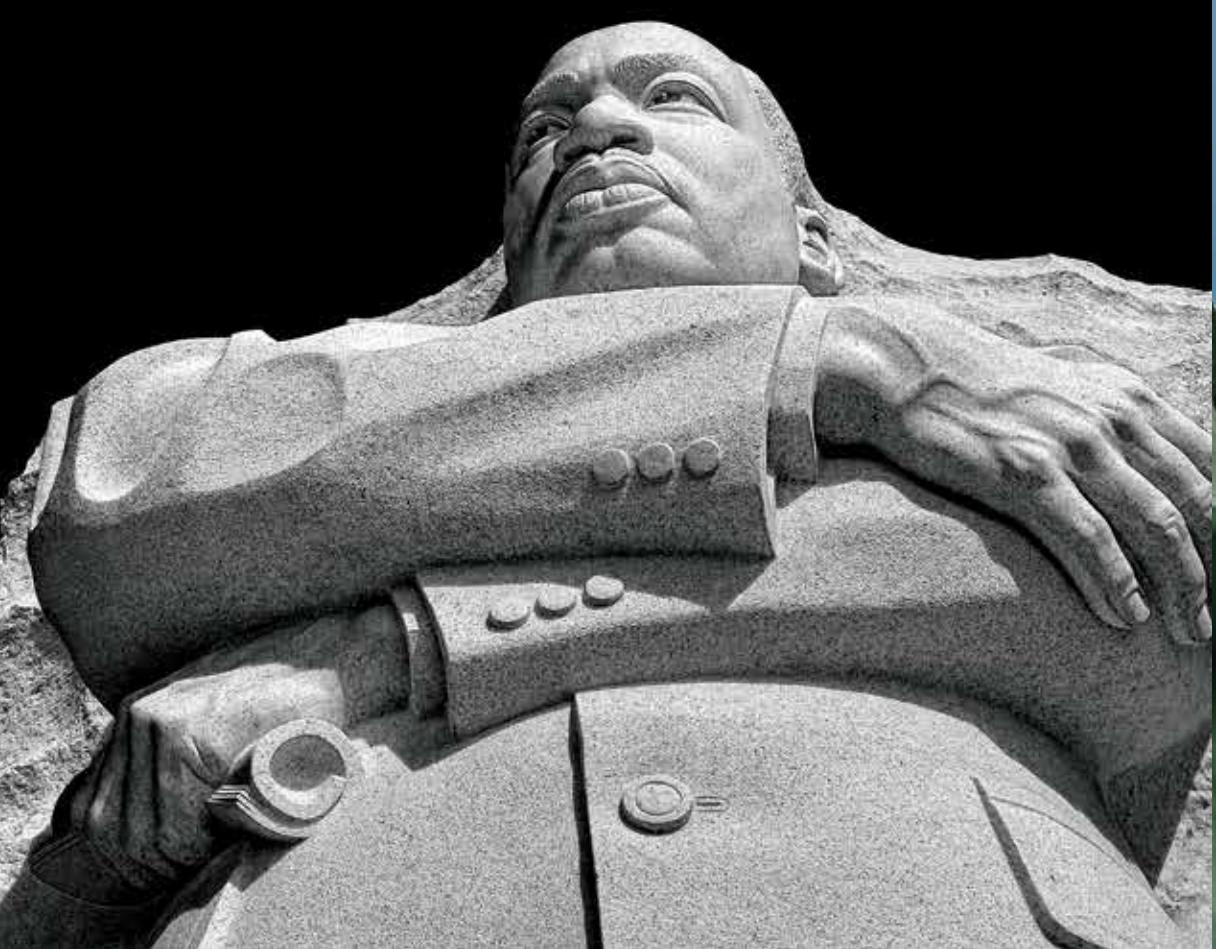
Double Issue

ISSUE ONE

PERSONAL FREEDOM



The meaning of FREEDOM *is always changing. In ancient Greece, it meant no foreign rulers; in revolutionary France, no local aristocrats; in 1860s America, no slavery; and in 1960s America, no restraints on sex and love.*

Photo: *Jenna Day*

People in Mexico City in 2017 march for the same dream Martin Luther King, Jr. spoke about in his legendary speech at the March on Washington for Jobs and Freedom in 1963.
Photo: *Jeronimo Bernot*

The year after her husband was assassinated half a century ago, Coretta Scott King wrote, "Freedom is never really won. You earn it and win it in every generation. That is what we have not taught young people, or older ones for that matter."

Today's generation is getting our chance to earn our freedom after lifetimes of steady progress. We coasted on the arc of the universe, trusting it to bend the right way and send us toward a freer society. A black man in the White House, marriage equality in the Supreme Court, feminism in vogue, RuPaul in our living room—the arc was on fire! But freedom is never really won.

Peaceful and violent protesters gathered in the streets of Oakland for five consecutive nights following the November 2016 election.
Photo: *Andy Omvik*

Issue One art. Clockwise from top left Photo: courtesy of Louise S. Lee Collection; photo: *Dusty St. Amand;* illustration: *Gina M. Contreras;* photo: *Myleen Hollero*

The stories in Double Issue *come in arcs of time. The stories from the past teach us how freedom's torchbearers kept it alight in their era. The stories from the present inspire us to keep believing in progress and fight for our own freedom. By looking at them side-by-side, we hope we'll be able to find and share something valuable for the future of the movement.*

We've learned that the way we fight for freedom is the same today as it was 100 years ago. You could re-create a protest poster from the 1950s and carry it to the Women's March or a Black Lives Matter rally and no one in the crowd would notice the difference.

Activists resist White House policies on Ocean Beach in San Francisco, 2017
Photo: *Tim Gouw*

We have come so far ...

Men in suits fight back against suffragists marching for the right to vote on Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington, D.C., in 1913.
Photo: *Library of Congress*

and have forever to go.

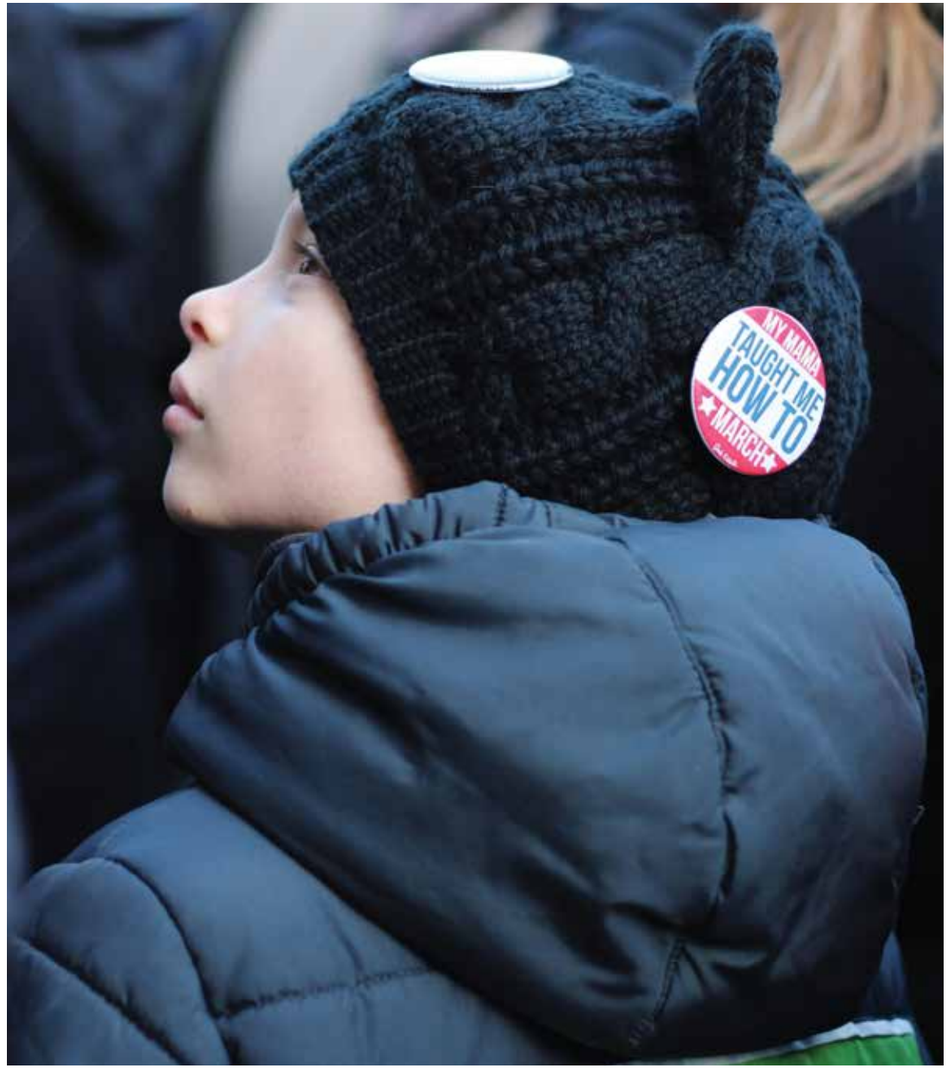
Women and men together fight back against the election of Donald Trump in the first Women's March on Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington, D.C., in 2017. Photo: *Vlad Tchompalov*

THANK YOU *for being part of the* Double Issue *community from the beginning. The core meaning of freedom has stayed true throughout history. No matter where or when it arises, freedom equals a common connection between people. It's not a coincidence that "freedom" and "friend" share the same word root—* frei, *from Norse. And it's no accident that we chose "freedom" as the community-building theme of the first* Double Issue.

When we got together in early 2017 and committed to do this project on our nights and weekends, we were doing it for us. It was our personal response to the 2016 election. Then, as the pieces of the magazine you're holding came together, we began to feel a deeper sense of belonging to the place where we live and to our neighbors, many of whose personal freedom is more at risk than our own and has been for a long time.

We are so happy to share that sense of belonging to history and humanity with you in these stories that span hundreds of years in 100 pages. There's a line in one of Allen Ginsberg's final poems that we've held close since our first meeting. It was his advice for each new generation as we move through our life, time, and world: "Remember the future."

Aaron, Bosco, Carrie, Tim
DOUBLE ISSUE CO-FOUNDERS



Women's March in Chicago, 2018
Photo: *Jessica Podraza*

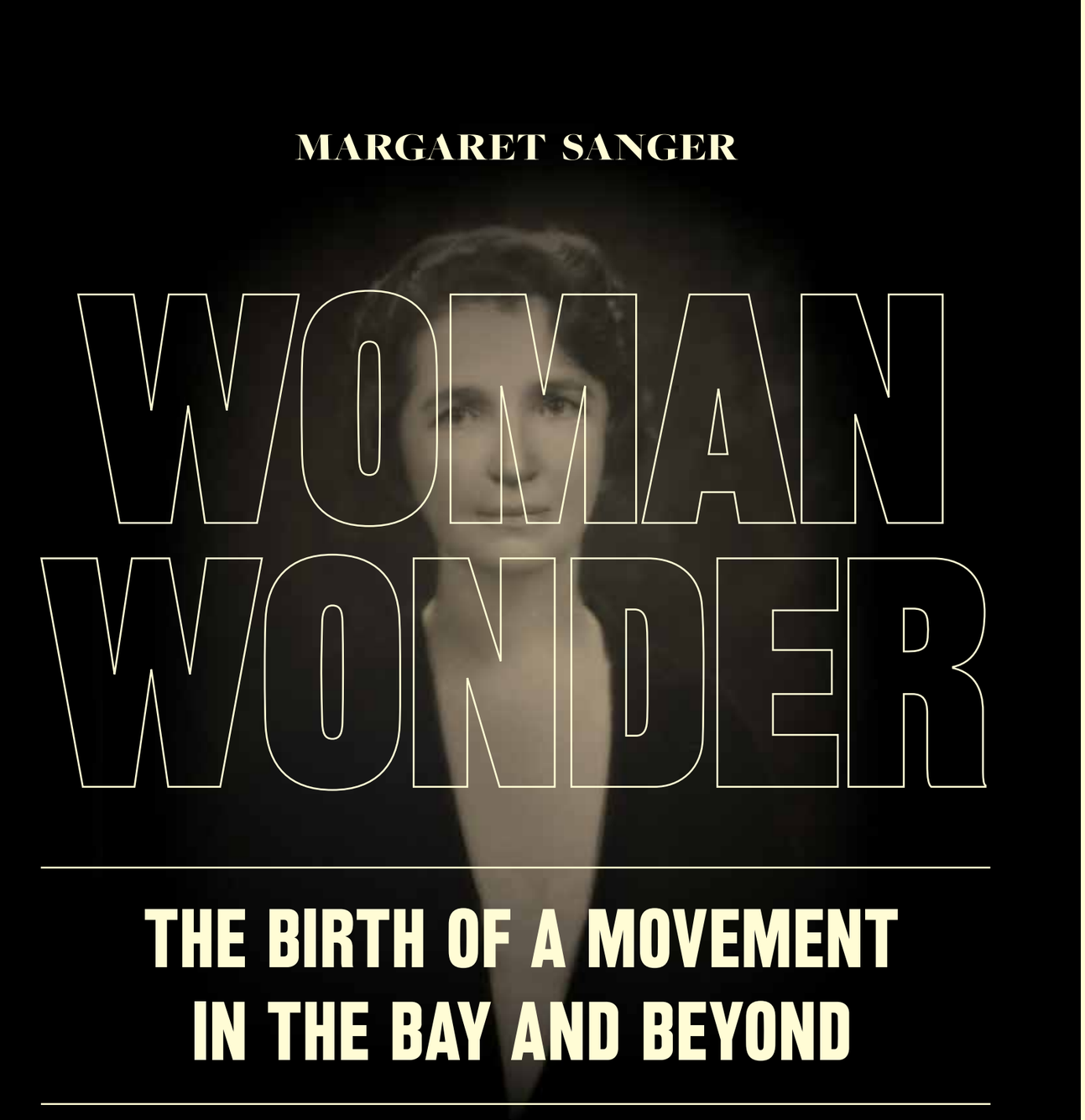
Twin Peaks, San Francisco
Photo: *Edgar Chaparro*

ARC I

DOING WHAT FEW DARE TO DO
FOR REPRODUCTIVE FREEDOM

1916–2017

MARGARET SANGER



WOMAN WONDER

THE BIRTH OF A MOVEMENT IN THE BAY AND BEYOND

By Heather Buchheim

DIANA PRINCE STEALS my heart. Powerful, principled, feminist. Hero. Watching Wonder Woman stride into a literal and figurative no man's land of the silver screen, I fleetingly feel like I can take on anyone—street harasser, pussy-grabber-in-chief, even the God of War. It took me three too many decades to discover the icon I fantasize about being, and being with.

It's tempting to look outside ourselves and inside a comic book or movie theater for a hero to slay the beast and restore our world of daily disasters to some semblance of normal (whatever that was). But a real hero never works alone. What makes Wonder Woman so meaningful and lasting for me is imagining the women warriors, real and fictionalized, upon whose shoulders she stands. One surprising woman's shoulders, in particular.

As writers, directors, and Party City's costumes resurrect Wonder Woman's kinky origins, it's easy to overlook her less titillating, more historic roots. Wonder Woman's creator, William Moulton Marston, and his wife Elizabeth Holloway had a third partner in their relationship: Olive Byrne. Byrne wore gold cuffs on her arms. OK, that part is still titillating. But it is Byrne's family history that is most interesting. When she was just a baby, Byrne was left out in the snow by her alcoholic father. She would have died that night were she not carried inside by her aunt: Margaret Sanger.

Sanger's crusade to liberate women from the bonds of unwanted motherhood inspired her niece and her niece's lovers. Sanger and Wonder Woman share the same philosophy. The co-founder of Planned Parenthood believed empowering women through birth control was "the real cure for war." In Sanger's opinion, love is "the greatest force of the universe," and she attested that when love defeats injustice, "the moral force of woman's nature will be unchained."

Marston was more direct: "Wonder Woman is psychological propaganda for the new type of woman who, I believe, should rule the world."

Not everyone was ready for this new archetype. One right-wing encyclopedic entry sums up her life: "Margaret Sanger was born an innocent baby in 1879 and died a bisexual Demerol and alcohol addict who spawned the most monstrous organization ever conceived."

On the flip side, Sanger's contemporary and one-time lover, *The Time Machine* author H.G. Wells, declared her the greatest woman who had ever lived. Now *there's* a pickup line.

Monster or heroine. The truth is somewhere in between. Unlike superheroes whose kryptonite vulnerabilities take center stage, human complexity is often ironed out of history. When I first started researching Sanger, I realized that I'd fallen prey to the one-dimensional portrayals of her character. So I set out to complicate matters.

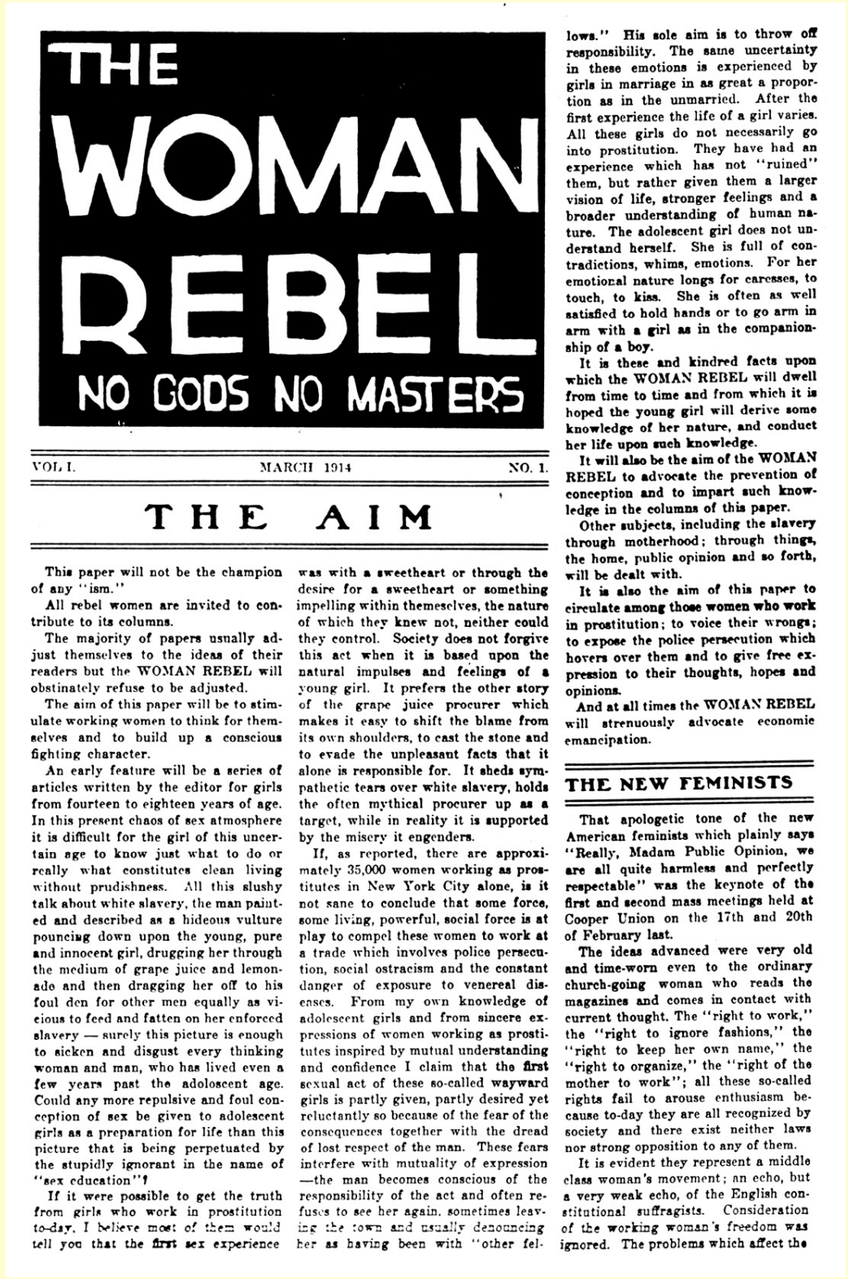
AND THEN A HERO COMES ALONG

True to the classic action hero origin story, Sanger was an outsider from birth. She grew up poor, the daughter of a free-thinking suffragist and socialist father. Her mother endured 18 pregnancies in 22 years—11 of them live births, some of which Sanger herself helped deliver as a child—before she succumbed to tuberculosis at age 49.

Sanger saw the toll that childbearing had on her mother, and as a young nurse she treated women who died giving birth or trying to prevent it. At a time when obscenity laws forbade handing out or mailing information about birth control, Sanger chose teaching contraception as her life's work. "[Women] have every right to know about their own bodies. I would strike out—I would scream from the housetops. I would tell the world what was going on in the lives of these poor women. I would be heard." And how she was heard came down to some good old-fashioned PR.

To defeat the laws standing in her way, Sanger realized she'd have to win "the heart of every community" outside Albany and Washington, D.C. She envisioned a speaking tour to "dramatize the situation" for audiences across the U.S. Eventually, she would build enough support to repeal the laws, enabling her to create free clinics for women. Sanger knew she needed the press to carry her message—so she'd have to give them something to talk about.

Her quest began like the best stories do, on an epic road trip. Over the course of the spring of 1916, Sanger delivered 30 lectures in 19 cities, gave countless newspaper interviews for publicity, and organized various local groups into birth control leagues—the predecessors of modern day clinics.



THE WOMAN REBEL

NO GODS NO MASTERS

VOL. I. MARCH 1914 NO. 1.

THE AIM

This paper will not be the champion of any "ism."

All rebel women are invited to contribute to its columns.

The majority of papers usually adjust themselves to the ideas of their readers but the WOMAN REBEL will obstinately refuse to be adjusted.

The aim of this paper will be to stimulate working women to think for themselves and to build up a conscious fighting character.

An early feature will be a series of articles written by the editor for girls from fourteen to eighteen years of age. In this present chaos of sex atmosphere it is difficult for the girl of this uncertain age to know just what to do or really what constitutes clean living without prudishness. All this slushy talk about white slavery, the man painted and described as a hideous vulture pouncing down upon the young, pure and innocent girl, drugging her through the medium of grape juice and lemonade and then dragging her off to his foul den for other men equally as vicious to feed and fatten on her enforced slavery — surely this picture is enough to sicken and disgust every thinking woman and man, who has lived even a few years past the adolescent age. Could any more repulsive and foul conception of sex be given to adolescent girls as a preparation for life than this picture that is being perpetuated by the stupidly ignorant in the name of "sex education"!

If it were possible to get the truth from girls who work in prostitution to-day, I believe most of them would tell you that the first sex experience was with a sweetheart or through the desire for a sweetheart or something impelling within themeselves, the nature of which they knew not, neither could they control. Society does not forgive this act when it is based upon the natural impulses and feelings of a young girl. It prefers the other story of the grape juice procurer which makes it easy to shift the blame from its own shoulders, to cast the stone and to evade the unpleasant facts that it alone is responsible for. It sheds sympathetic tears over white slavery, holds the often mythical procurer up as a target, while in reality it is supported by the misery it engenders.

If, as reported, there are approximately 35,000 women working as prostitutes in New York City alone, is it not sane to conclude that some force, some living, powerful, social force is at play to compel these women to work at a trade which involves police persecution, social ostracism and the constant danger of exposure to venereal diseases. From my own knowledge of adolescent girls and from sincere expressions of women working as prostitutes inspired by mutual understanding and confidence I claim that the first sexual act of these so-called wayward girls is partly given, partly desired yet reluctantly so because of the fear of the consequences together with the dread of lost respect of the man. These fears interfere with mutuality of expression —the man becomes conscious of the responsibility of the act and often refuses to see her again, sometimes leaving the town and usually denouncing her as having been with "other fellows." His sole aim is to throw off responsibility. The same uncertainty in these emotions is experienced by girls in marriage in as great a proportion as in the unmarried. After the first experience the life of a girl varies. All these girls do not necessarily go into prostitution. They have had an experience which has not "ruined" them, but rather given them a larger vision of life, stronger feelings and a broader understanding of human nature. The adolescent girl does not understand herself. She is full of contradictions, whims, emotions. For her emotional nature longs for caresses, to touch, to kiss. She is often as well satisfied to hold hands or to go arm in arm with a girl as in the companionship of a boy.

It is these and kindred facts upon which the WOMAN REBEL will dwell from time to time and from which it is hoped the young girl will derive some knowledge of her nature, and conduct her life upon such knowledge.

It will also be the aim of the WOMAN REBEL to advocate the prevention of conception and to impart such knowledge in the columns of this paper.

Other subjects, including the slavery through motherhood; through things, the home, public opinion and so forth, will be dealt with.

It is also the aim of this paper to circulate among those women who work in prostitution; to voice their wrongs; to expose the police persecution which hovers over them and to give free expression to their thoughts, hopes and opinions.

And at all times the WOMAN REBEL will strenuously advocate economic emancipation.

THE NEW FEMINISTS

That apologetic tone of the new American feminists which plainly says "Really, Madam Public Opinion, we are all quite harmless and perfectly respectable" was the keynote of the first and second mass meetings held at Cooper Union on the 17th and 20th of February last.

The ideas advanced were very old and time-worn even to the ordinary church-going woman who reads the magazines and comes in contact with current thought. The "right to work," the "right to ignore fashions," the "right to keep her own name," the "right to organize," the "right of the mother to work"; all these so-called rights fail to arouse enthusiasm because to-day they are all recognized by society and there exist neither laws nor strong opposition to any of them.

It is evident they represent a middle class woman's movement; an echo, but a very weak echo, of the English constitutional suffragists. Consideration of the working woman's freedom was ignored. The problems which affect the

Previous spread
Ira L. Hill, *Margaret Higgins Sanger*, 1917, gelatin silver print, National Portrait Gallery, Smithsonian Institution; gift of Margaret Sanger Lampe and Nancy Sanger Pallesen, granddaughters of Margaret Sanger

The inaugural issue of Margaret Sanger's radical monthly zine *The Woman Rebel*, published in March 1914

SANGERFEST

By 1916, California had already established itself as the leftist, forward-thinking coast and did not have laws against birth control. When Sanger arrived in San Francisco and Oakland that year, women paid a quarter for the privilege of hearing her speak. One woman even offered her wedding ring as collateral until her next payday. Sanger's tour had reached a post-Victorian era festival status, complete with groupies. A reporter for the *Oakland Tribune* labeled her address to the solely female crowd in the Hotel Oakland ballroom as "Sangerfest," describing the scene as follows:

> *"They came in droves. They came in swarms—into the ballroom where a few chairs lined across the front of the room. As each came she seized a chair with mechanical precision and planted it forcibly as near the platform as the laws of space would permit. ... There were the white-haired [women], in fact, on all sides waiting to discover what they had gone ignorant of through their existences. Also, there were many young things."*

Unlike the men's rights activists of today, who are largely relegated to the slimier corners of Reddit, the Victorian equivalent had the privilege of writing front page headlines. Imagine fighting that tide: the same blatant sexism that inspired a male reporter to liken a crowd of women to insects and refer to them as "young things" systematically controlled half the population by leaving them in the dark about their own bodies.

Sanger spent the month of June in the Bay Area, meeting with women in parlors during the day and speaking at town halls at night. She often stayed awake until 4 a.m. writing, before waking a few hours later to the ring of a telephone and the start of a new day. Such is the life of a superwoman.

But Sanger's weaknesses began to show during her time in San Francisco. She suffered from what she described as "a collapse" that confined her to bed for three days. Nevertheless, in a feat of near superhuman strength, she managed to have six meetings while visiting the city. Sanger's outsized passion and determination were especially remarkable given her weakened physical condition; like her mother, she had contracted tuberculosis.

But demons also plagued Sanger, and she grappled with self-doubt and anxiety during her 1916 tour. When she arrived in San Francisco, she later wrote, it was "with a happy heart but a humble spirit, for I felt that the task before me was stupendous, and, as always, I was torn with doubt and misgivings about my ability to do it well." Her self-doubt, while surprising to some, is relatable and affirming for anyone who has struggled with imposter syndrome. If Margaret Sanger could do all that in spite of herself, imagine the things we can achieve if we give ourselves the opportunity.

The Bay Area's natural beauty offered Sanger an antidote to her anxiety 100 years ago, just as it does for me today. In her autobiography, she wrote:

> *"Someone in San Francisco did a lovely thing for me. I never knew who she was, but at the end of one meeting she picked me up in her car and swept me away into a forest of huge, tall trees where the sun broke through. There she left me for 15 minutes in the midst of a cathedral of great evergreens with the sky overhead and myself alone. I have never forgotten the peace and quiet."*

Looking back on her tour de contraception, Sanger proclaimed, "My campaign was a great success. I had created a national public opinion in favor of birth control, had won the press to discuss the subject, had inspired the organization of leagues to carry on the work throughout the country, and had aroused the nation to a realization of its great moral duty toward womanhood. I was encouraged, but not satisfied."

She was just getting warmed up.

A few months after wrapping up the West Coast leg of Sangerfest, Margaret Sanger opened the first birth control clinic in Brooklyn. Her plan was working—for a while at least. The clinic landed both Sanger and her sister, Ethel

Byrne (Olive Byrne's mother), in jail for indecency. While its doors were open, the Brownsville Clinic managed to serve roughly 400 women with pamphlets and lectures on the female reproductive system. The information they were providing was deemed illegal.

Beyond the Brownsville Clinic, a number of today's Planned Parenthood affiliates can trace their beginnings to Sanger's tour. "I had a vision of a 'chain,' " Sanger said, "thousands of them in every center of America, staffed with specialists putting the subject on a modern scientific basis through research."

STRATEGY IS A SUPERPOWER

Since her arrest in Brooklyn, Sanger's name has forever been synonymous with birth control. And it's very much by design—her own.

During her tour, Sanger took a page from labor leaders, creating a battle of good vs. evil, David vs. Goliath. And she took on some formidable giants, like Teddy Roosevelt, a champion of large families.

She also played sexist social views in her favor, using her own feminine guile and presentation to silence her critics. Newspaper profiles and interviews were mostly sympathetic of the soft-spoken, earnest, diminutive woman: "Like a picture of a demure ultra-feminine gentlewoman more interested in darning socks than defying the government." Presenting birth control on a high moral plane, Sanger positioned herself as more "respectable" than her radical peers to gain an advantage for the movement.

Sanger was a shrewd and opportunistic political strategist, playing the kind of powerful men who had—*and still have*—control over women's bodies. She built a brand for herself and the movement, framing the public discussion of birth control from issues of morality to women's health and economic well-being. She tailored her message to her audience, decrying a lack of access when speaking to working-class women, championing women's rights to the middle class. No matter the income bracket of her crowd, however, the medical establishment was always to blame.

Despite her health-centric strategy, support was hard to come by, and Sanger was constantly in search of a vehicle to propel her radical cause. This eventually led her to the most powerful advocacy group of her time: the eugenicists. After pointing her finger at doctors, she appealed to physicians who advocated for the horrific practice of biological regulation to gain credibility—and attract mainstream funding. Evidence of this disturbing shift in Sanger's rhetoric can be seen as early as 1916, during her tour: "Insane asylums and feeble-minded institutions are modern monuments to careless and reckless breeding on the part of the working classes."

Eugenic theory was fueled by racism. Wrongheaded efforts intended to improve the health of humankind through selective reproduction disproportionately targeted people of color. While Sanger advocated eugenics to deter the reproduction of socially disadvantaged groups, there is some evidence from her writing that she did not view the poor as biologically inferior, but saw their struggles as the product of structural socio-economic conditions. She also did not tie fitness for reproduction to any particular racial or ethnic group.

The reality is, Sanger was the product of a racially segregated time. She was racist in the way white people of that era—like our own—are either actively or passively complicit in a system of white supremacy. Her writing reveals her own awareness of systemic racism, prejudice, and discrimination in the United States and worldwide:

"The big answer, as I see it, is the education of the white man. The white man is the problem. It is the same as with the Nazis. We must change the white attitudes. That is where it lies."

Yet historians disagree on whether Sanger herself exhibited more overtly racist behavior. Other quotes have been misattributed or taken out of context by abortion opponents to discredit Planned Parenthood by claiming that Sanger advocated for Black genocide by abortion.

That claim doesn't match reality. Contrary to popular belief, Sanger was not a proponent of abortion for much of her career. She found the then-illegal practice barbaric. Birth control was a means to prevent what she called "a torturous procedure" and, in her view, an unnecessary and preventable loss of life. Planned Parenthood did not offer abortions until *Roe v. Wade* made them legal in 1973, seven years after Sanger's death.

Whether or not Sanger held overtly racist views, she was responsible for moving her movement to the right, pushing it into the mainstream to curry favor with those in power. She demonstrated how the movement of women's liberation could be a repressive force . A century later, this still tarnishes her legacy.

Despite these missteps—or perhaps as a result of her conscious political choreography—Sanger achieved a heroic amount in her lifetime. In 1966, when Martin Luther King, Jr. received Planned Parenthood's Margaret Sanger Award in Human Rights, he noted the "striking kinship" between their respective movements. "Margaret Sanger had to commit what was then called a crime in order to enrich humanity, and today we honor her courage and vision."

TO NEW AND BETTER WORLDS TO COME

In the words of radical activist and author adrienne maree brown, "All organizing is science fiction." Building a future without injustice, poverty, or war requires that we envision a world that doesn't exist yet. Sanger saw a fictional utopia through women's empowerment, and that vision helped fuel her movement.

Much like seeing *Wonder Woman* in the theater, I started researching Sanger as a way to escape the world I live in. I was looking for an idealized heroine from another time and place. What I found instead were stories that humanized Sanger. They revealed a flawed woman behind the icon—her moments of self-doubt and serenity set against the backdrop of the Bay Area. She's far from the Amazon comic book hero who was inspired in part by her thrupple-loving niece. Sanger struggled to care for herself, and certainly did and said things in service of her mission for which history has judged her.

Our heroes aren't infallible. Recently, comic book critic Angelica Jade Bastién wrote of Wonder Woman's character in *Vulture*: "She isn't unerringly perfect, but a woman with foibles and struggles that can actually be relatable."

The same could be said of Sanger. Like many of our heroes, she reflects the flaws and biases of the culture that birthed her. Her story reminds us that perfection is an impossible—even dangerous—standard. Without recognizing our heroes' flaws and humanity, it can be that much harder to attain victories of our own.

Sanger's autobiography opens with a dedication to all the pioneers of new and better worlds to come. Her fellow and future Amazons—Friedan, Steinem, Lorde, Sarsour. Feminist titans and hell-raisers, all very human, just like us.

RECOMMENDED READING

The Secret History of Wonder Woman
by Jill Lepore

Margaret Sanger, An Autobiography
by Margaret Sanger

A History of the Birth Control Movement in America
by Peter C. Engelman

"How False Narratives of Margaret Sanger Are Being Used to Shame Black Women"
by Imani Gandy in *Rewire*

Killing the Black Body: Race, Reproduction, and the Meaning of Liberty
by Dorothy Roberts

The Margaret Sanger Papers Project, an archive of primary source documents: sangerpapers.wordpress.com

ROE V. WADE

Oral Argument — *December 13, 1971*

In 1971, the United States Supreme Court heard the first of two rounds of arguments in a case to determine whether the Constitution gave a woman from Texas the freedom to have an abortion and terminate her pregnancy. Roe v. Wade is one of the most famous court cases in history. Its impact is still gripping America today. Yet you probably have never heard or read what was said in the courtroom that Monday in Washington, D.C. Here is an excerpt of the central argument.

CHARACTERS BY ORDER OF APPEARANCE

Sarah R. Weddington
Co-attorney for Roe
with Linda Coffee

Potter Stewart
Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court (1958–1981)
Sided with Jane Roe

Warren E. Burger
Chief Justice of the United States (1969–1986)
Sided with Jane Roe

Jay Floyd
Attorney for Texas

Sarah R. Weddington

I think it's without question that pregnancy to a woman can completely disrupt her life.

Whether she's unmarried; whether she's pursuing an education; whether she's pursuing a career; whether she has family problems; all of the problems of personal and family life, for a woman, are bound up in the problem of abortion.

For example, in our State there are many schools where a woman is forced to quit if she becomes pregnant.

In the City of Austin that is true.

A woman, if she becomes pregnant, and is in high school, must drop out of regular education process.

And that's true of some colleges in our State.

In the matter of employment, she often is forced to quit at an early point in her pregnancy.

She has no provision for maternity leave.

She cannot get unemployment compensation under our laws, because the laws hold that she is not eligible for employment, being pregnant, and therefore is eligible for no unemployment compensation.

At the same time, she can get no welfare to help her at a time when she has no unemployment compensation and she's not eligible for any help in getting a job to provide for herself.

There is no duty for employers to rehire women if they must drop out to carry a pregnancy to term.

And, of course, this is especially hard on the many women in Texas who are heads of their own households and must provide for their already existing children.

And, obviously, the responsibility of raising a child is a most serious one, and at times an emotional investment that must be made, cannot be denied.

So, a pregnancy to a woman is perhaps one of the most determinative aspects of her life.

It disrupts her body.

It disrupts her education.

It disrupts her employment.

And it often disrupts her entire family life.

And we feel that, because of the impact on the woman, this certainly—and as far as there are any rights which are fundamental—is a matter which is of such fundamental and basic concern to the woman involved that she should be allowed to make the choice as to whether to continue or to terminate her pregnancy.

I think the question is equally serious for the physicians of our State.

They are seeking to practice medicine in what they consider the highest method of practice.

We have affidavits in the back of our brief from each of the heads of public—of heads of Obstetrics and Gynecology departments from each of our public medical schools in Texas.

And each of them points out that they were willing and interested to immediately begin to formulate methods of providing care and services for women who are pregnant and do not desire to continue the pregnancy.

They were stopped cold in their efforts, even with the declaratory judgment, because of the DA's position that they would continue to prosecute.

Potter Stewart

Mrs. Weddington, so far on the merits, you've told us about the important impact of this law, and you made a very eloquent policy argument against it.

And I trust you are going to get to what provisions of the Constitution you rely on. Sometimes in the Court—we would like to, sometimes, but we cannot here be involved simply with matters of policy, as you know.

Sarah R. Weddington

Your Honors, in the lower court, as I'm sure you're aware, the court held that the right to determine whether or not to continue a pregnancy rested upon the Ninth Amendment, which, of course, reserves those rights not specifically enumerated to the Government, to the people.

I think it is important to note, in a law review article recently submitted to the Court and distributed among counsel by Professor Cyril Means, Jr., entitled "The Phoenix of Abortional Freedom," that at the time the Constitution was adopted there was no common law prohibition against abortions; that they were available to the women of this country.

...

I do feel that the Ninth Amendment is an appropriate place for the freedom to rest.

I think the Fourteenth Amendment is equally an appropriate place, under the rights of persons to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

I think that in as far as "liberty" is meaningful, that liberty to these women would mean liberty from being forced to continue the unwanted pregnancy.

Potter Stewart You're relying, in this branch of the argument, simply on the Due Process clause of the Fourteenth Amendment?

Sarah R. Weddington It is our position that the freedom involved is that of a woman to determine whether or not to continue a pregnancy.

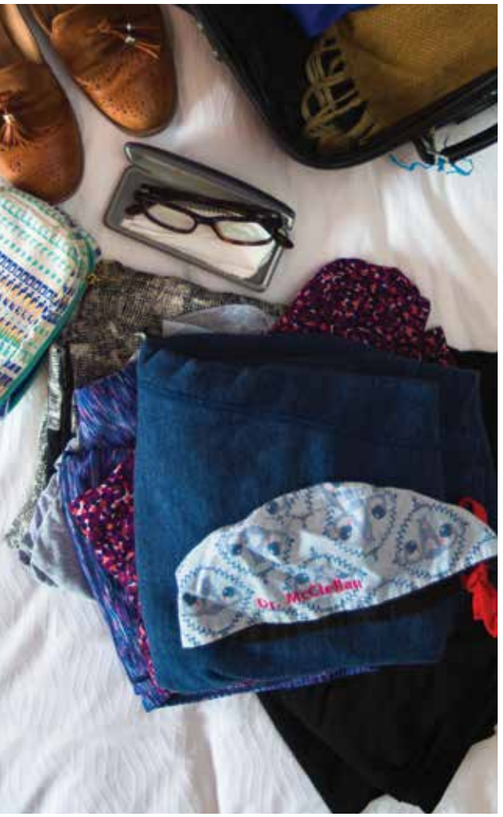
Warren E. Burger Thank you, Mrs. Weddington.

Mr. Floyd?

Jay Floyd Mr. Chief Justice, may it please the Court.

It's an old joke, but when a man argues against two beautiful ladies like this, they are going to have the last word.

Dr. M goes to Texas



By Aaron Eske

Photography by Myleen Hollero

"The State of Texas requires you to hear directly from me some information comparing the risk of abortion to childbirth. Overall, abortion is safer than childbirth but there are some risks that are similar in both. Those include infection, complications from anesthesia, heavy bleeding requiring possible transfusion, cervical laceration ..."

This is only the start of the script Dr. McClellan must recite to her patients at the abortion clinic in Texas where she works.

She looks women in the eyes and hoarsely delivers these words up to 100 times a day. She says them to me with the air of a flight attendant on the PA explaining how to inflate a life vest as we hike a path named "Inspiration Point," nested on a dry hill high above Oakland.

McClellan's house is somewhere 2,000 feet below, between our two bodies and the sea-green Bay water waving in from the Pacific Ocean. The hospital where she normally works 12-hour shifts is down there too. It's the place where you're most likely to find her when it isn't one of the five days each month she's in Texas to provide abortions to women who need them.

Most doctors don't travel across town, let alone two time zones, to see their patients. Nor are they forced to follow a legal script when consulting with a patient. There's no medical reason for it. It's just one of many medically bogus hoops that states like Texas make women jump through.

"It's insulting," says McClellan, her voice returning to its usual caring strength. "Do they think otherwise people won't give the thought to what this means for themselves, their families, and their futures?"

During our conversation, McClellan gets a phone call from the hospital. I press pause on the recorder and we stand in a "peace grove" sponsored by the Berkeley Rotary Club. The Blue Angels are in town for SF Fleet Week, but we can't hear their roaring engines. The blue planes' white entrails etch the sky like a diary of their flight.

I first met McClellan ten years ago when we were neighbors at an international grad student dorm in London. She was studying public health on a Rotary International scholarship at the London School of Hygiene & Tropical Medicine before beginning Stanford Med. I was also a student but spent more time going to West End musicals and writing in cafés than studying. Our paths crossed again in the Bay Area a few years later and we reconnected over Brit pop and spin classes.

For a decade I've known her as my friend Kay. Now she goes by Kathryn McClellan, MD. I ask her if she's sure she can be named and photographed for this article. She answers, "Yes." She wants you to know her real name, too.

It's a brave declaration. Abortion providers are easy and frequent targets of intimidation and violence, and having their name in the media can open them up to more harassment. But on behalf of the thousands of women who seek her help, she wants people to know she has nothing to hide. She's doing nothing wrong, and neither are they.

"It's so important to me to be providing this service to women that I don't want to let fear prevent me from being able to do that."

McClellan understands the risk. In 1999, when she was 14, she watched her hometown TV news station report on a bomb at the Femcare abortion clinic in Asheville, North Carolina. A duffel bag bomb was placed next to the clinic's waiting room wall. It exploded before the clinic opened, a warning shot to scare people away.

"At the time I had minimal awareness of abortion and the huge stigma that surrounds it. I just didn't understand how somebody could bomb a doctor's office where people were going for safe, legal medical procedures."

That was her awakening. She began trying to find out why there's so much stigma around birth control and why some politicians are so opposed to women trying to have power over their own bodies and health. By her first day of medical school, McClellan had decided abortion care was her path and she's followed it ever since. Today, there's another abortion doctor in America.

The Femcare Clinic bomber in Asheville was never caught. Neither were the criminals in so many of the more than 1,000 other acts of violence that have been committed against women's health clinics in the United States. Arson, bombings, shootings, anthrax; cold-hearted cowardly crimes.

McClellan knows she's in a safe and privileged place to be an out and outspoken abortion provider. After her five days in Texas, she returns to San Francisco's liberal glow for the remainder of the month. In addition to this article, she is speaking publicly about abortion in a documentary this year and in letters to and meetings with policymakers as a Leadership Training Academy Fellow with Physicians for Reproductive Health.

In the past, she used a cover story with older members of her family but recently she came clean and told several of them why she flies to Texas so often. She was stunned to be met with robust support. Not all her coworkers who live in Texas full-time have the same support. Many aren't able to tell their families what they do each day, which McClellan finds heartbreaking. She's in awe of the work the staff nurses and counselors do and is upset by the fact that they can't also be open about the incredible work that they do at the clinic.

However, she respects why some people can't come out yet. The stigma around abortion extends beyond the politicians who play to their base and the murderers who kill doctors to advance their "pro-life" mission. The medical community itself is still divided. While doctors agree that abortion is safe when it is performed properly by professionals, the moral debate is active in the U.S. medical profession. In the rare events where McClellan has to call a hospital ER for a patient, she is ready for the person on the other end of the phone to be hostile once she says she's calling from an abortion clinic.

"That's not our role as doctors," McClellan tells me when I ask what she thinks about the issue of medical morality and abortion. "It's up to the individual woman to decide what is the right choice for her."

In 2018, many resident physicians in Texas and other conservative states who are interested in abortion training often struggle to get the experience they seek. Some faculty at medical schools who oppose abortion push back against students who pursue the practice.

Yet there are programs that provide abortion training through OB/GYN and Family Medicine residencies. McClellan first started training through one of these, the RHEDI program (Reproductive Health Education in Family Medicine) at the University of California, San Francisco. A faculty member then connected her to the clinic she works at now.

The lack of trained homegrown doctors is in large part why the Texas clinic must outsource qualified doctors to serve the needs of the community—which extends far beyond the sprawling zip codes of the state. It's not uncommon for McClellan to meet patients from Oklahoma and Louisiana. She is not alone in her travels to this clinic or in this work. Many clinics across the South and the Midwest have to fly in physicians from other parts of the country.

We turn around on the path, and the whole span of the Golden Gate Bridge comes into view. The Blue Angels' streaks are now one with the clouds.

"The father of the child is liable to pay child support. Even if he is willing to pay for your abortion, the likelihood of collecting that payment in Texas is 62 percent." This is what the nurse at the Texas abortion clinic has to say 100 times a day. Yes, nurses have a state-mandated script too.

They must say the words no matter the circumstance. If a married woman and man are in the room crying because they have a desired pregnancy with severe fetal anomalies, then they will get the child support lecture. If a teenage victim of rape and abuse is in the room trying to put the nightmare behind her, then it will be recited to her as well. Same goes for a college student who has already thought long and hard about her choice and has decided. The nurse will read the script not because it's medically relevant, but because the Texas legislature believes it's the right thing to do.

This is what it looks like when politics interferes with a woman's health. In the grander scheme of abortion politics, listening to the script is the least of a woman's worries in Texas.

A woman in the state has to wait 24 hours in between consultation and abortion procedure, missing more work or school or time with her kids than she would without the waiting period rule.

A woman in the state must schedule her appointments so the doctor who reads her the script on Monday morning is the same doctor to provide her abortion on Tuesday at the same time.

A woman in the state under the age of 18 must get parental consent or the approval of a randomly assigned judge who doesn't always give it to her.

A woman in the state must get financial aid or pay out of pocket for the abortion unless she bought a special "rape insurance" package before getting pregnant. Texas law prohibits health insurance providers from covering the costs of abortion for any reason.

"It just shouldn't be this way," McClellan sighs.

She knows firsthand the frailty of progress, and her optimism for the future of women's health care fluctuates depending on the day. "We've come a long way in the last 100 years. There are more and more bright, forward-thinking—particularly young—women and men who are going to make their voices heard." It is these young voices that McClellan believes will break down the irrational barriers that male legislators put up across the country.

McClellan has a new flight path booked for the week after our hike. Before her next visit to Texas, she's traveling to D.C. for a week of meetings to talk about abortion policy with advocates and legislators on Capitol Hill. It's the first time she's been to the city since she was a kid. She says it won't be her last.

ARC II

FEELING FREE
TO BE WHO YOU ARE

1911–2018

If you think
GAYS
ARE
REV.
OLT.
ENG
...we are!

GAY BAR CASUALTIES

By Aaron Eske

JIM KEPNER was one of the first writers in history to publish his work and ideas in an openly Gay magazine. (He'd want us to capitalize "Gay" as he did in his own writing to signify a respected tribe of people. So this typo is for you, Jim.)

Kepner began his career as a staff writer and columnist in 1954 for the daring *ONE Magazine*, the first openly sold magazine by and for homosexuals in the United States. In 1958, the publication won its right to exist in the first-ever U.S. Supreme Court case about homosexuality. Kepner later wrote for *The Advocate*. For more than half a century he devoted his life to documenting the gay community, "Who we are, why we are so, what we want, and how we might achieve it."

Three words—"where we are"—seem to be missing from Kepner's mission. Page after page of his reporting explores some of the places that mattered the most to the gay community in his lifetime. Gay bars were the battleground for the movement. They offered a rare and fragile moment of belonging to the outcasts they sheltered.

Kepner's first night going to a gay bar was also his first experience seeing a gay bar raid. It was 1943. He was 19 and new to San Francisco. He worked at the Southern Pacific railroad headquarters by the Ferry Building and a female coworker had tipped him off about a bar called the Black Cat Café in the Barbary Coast. The neighborhood is now known as North Beach and a decade later was home to Jack Kerouac and the Beats.

"I went up the street on a cloud of idealism, walking six inches above the sidewalk, skipping six inches above the sidewalk, going to join my brothers and sisters for the first time," Kepner told Paul D. Cain of the Homosexual Information Center in 1994, describing his journey to the Black Cat that night.

The petite, brown-haired Kepner was steps away from the bar door when the police stormed past him and went in. Patrols during the World War II years often raided San Francisco's gay-friendly bars as part of their "Moral Drive" to intimidate or catch off-duty servicemen who were young, gay, and seeking a night of freedom before they were deployed and faced death by a U-boat rocket or beach grenade.

Kepner was a pacifist and avoided the war draft for true religious reasons. He proved his pacifism again outside the Black Cat. He hid in a doorway across the street while the police removed a dozen drag queens and a dozen "beautiful, hunky, macho types" from the bar and forced them into black paddy wagons parked out front.

"I can still hear the one queen yelling at the officer, 'Don't shove me, you bastard, or I'll bite your fuckin' balls off!' " Kepner recalled. "And that queen paid dearly for that." The more masculine men remained subdued and ashamed, walking "like sheep being led to the slaughter they expected." These were the first gay people Jim Kepner had ever seen. The guilt of watching silently while his peers were beat up and had their names printed in the paper for their relatives and employers to read got under Kepner's skin. He wanted to be part of the movement. So despite the risk, he kept going to and fighting for gay bars. He often visited five or six in a single night. They were where he belonged. Plus, let's be real—social justice wasn't his only motive. He was on the cusp of his 20s and there was a nightly rotation of sailors on land looking for company. Kepner said he had sex with two or three men a night, "Although sometimes one was good enough to last all night."

Through the good times, the raids stayed on his mind. Kepner complained about them to a pen pal from the Army later in 1943: "Why in the hell can't they let us have at least a few places where we can be free?"

The pen pal replied: "Someday, I'm going to build a huge fortress with walls ten feet thick and five sets of steel gates. Then let anyone try to invade our party."

Nearly 40 years after Kepner opened his friend's letter and three years after the Stonewall riots in Manhattan, his vision for an open space for gays came true. In 1971, the Twin Peaks Tavern opened in the Castro, and made history. Instead of using concrete and steel, the revolutionarily designed gay bar's walls were made of glass, free for all outside to see in. And finally, free for all inside to belong in the light of day and life of night.

EVOLUTION
of the
SAN FRANCISCO GAY BAR

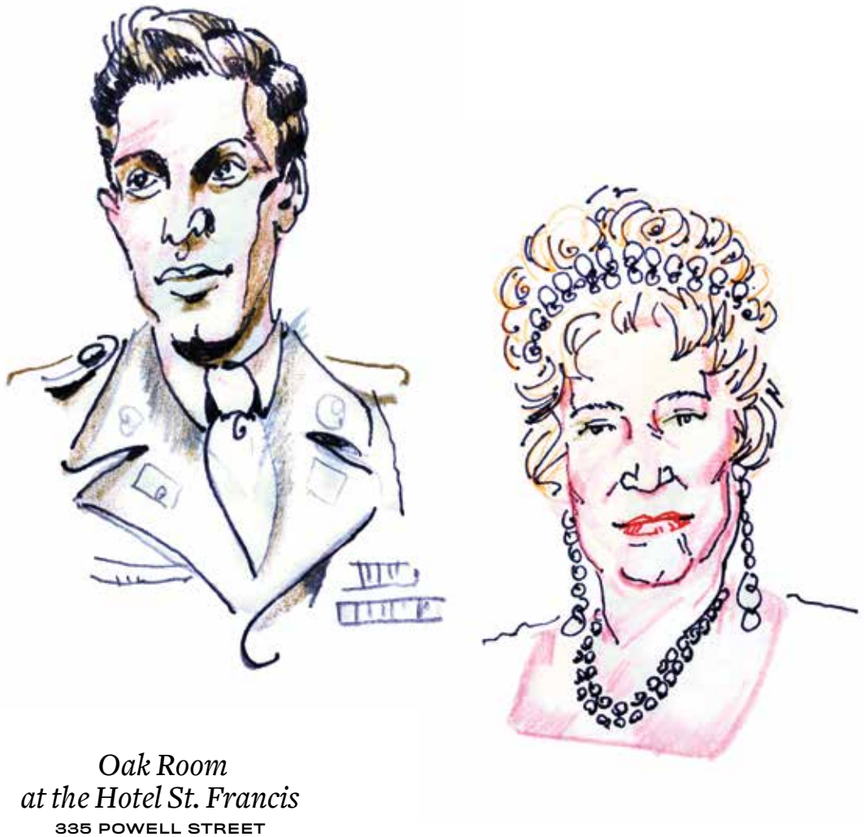
Words by Aaron Eske

Illustrations by George McCalman

The Gangway
841 LARKIN STREET

Opening shortly after the 1906 earthquake demolished its Tenderloin neighborhood, The Gangway was one of the earliest underground gathering places for queer San Franciscans. It was also allegedly one of the first sitesto be raided by the city's police in 1911. Fifty years later, in 1962, the bar came out as openly gay. Its owner was a founding member of the Tavern Guild, a group of pro-LGBT establishments that banded together against intimidation, raids, and attacks.

IF YOU GO: Sorry, you just missed it. The Gangway closed while we were researching this story. There are reports that the new owner is going to turn it into a kung fu–themed laundromat.



Oak Room at the Hotel St. Francis

335 POWELL STREET

Originally named "The Men's Bar" (mmmkay) and advertised as having "an atmosphere designed for masculine comfort," the Oak Room opened its doors in 1913. A a gorgeous meeting place for discreet gay cruisers back in the day, this elegant bar features wood-paneled walls, a hand-painted ceiling, and a white marble floor—which has unfortunately been covered in conference room carpet in recent years.

Despite basically having opened a gay bar, the hotel in the 1950s—pressured by police raids—quietly gave gay patrons a card in their seats that read, "The management of the Hotel St. Francis no longer desires your patronage." Though hurtful in its message, this card is thought to have possibly been a kind gesture to warn patrons about raids.

In 1952, José Sarria was arrested in the Oak Room for "indecent" activity. As a result, he was banned from becoming a schoolteacher, instead becoming a legendary Black Cat drag performer and the first openly gay candidate to run for city office. His motto was "United we stand. Divided they arrest us one by one."

IF YOU GO: The Oak Room is still in use for fancy tea parties. (No, that's not a euphemism. They serve tea to families of all kinds.) Although the men's room at the end of the hall looks like it's locked, it's not. Be sure to stop by for the full Oak Room experience. If those stalls could talk.

Li Po's (or The Li Po Lounge)

916 GRANT AVENUE

As other World War II–era gay bars were forced to close during the raids of 1941–45, many men, including Jim Kepner, found a safe haven at this lantern-lit cocktail bar in Chinatown. "There was a buxom, blondish woman who played the piano," Kepner said in his 1994 interview with Paul D. Cain. "Someday my prince will come," Kepner sang to the interviewer, remembering the song from *Snow White* that he'd sing with his friends. "Fifteen or twenty of us, standing around the piano. Sort of arm-in-arm. Slightly more than half sailors. Back in the days when slender was in. And a fair sprinkling of Air Force men, and the other services. And some civilians. And very, very romantic."

IF YOU GO: Get a mai tai. Be careful on the stairs if you get two. Say hey to Jackie if she's working. And don't cause any trouble in the basement.

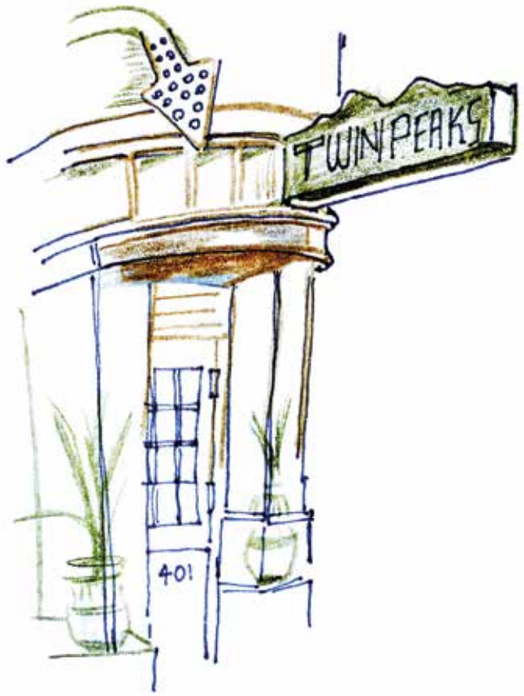
The Black Cat Café

710 MONTGOMERY ST

The Black Cat defied the police for 22 years after 19-year-old Jim Kepner first stepped foot inside it. In a 1951 California Supreme Court case about arrests from a raid at the Barbary Coast bar, the justices ruled: "The fact that the Black Cat was reputed to be a 'hangout' for homosexuals indicates merely that it was a meeting place for such persons." Translation: The gay men had a right to assemble.

When the city's ABC bureau suspended The Black Cat's liquor license the night before the bar's annual Halloween party in 1963, the party went on anyway with virgin drinks. The next year, the bar closed after enduring decades of harassment.

IF YOU GO: A new Michelin-star restaurant named Nico moved into the space in 2018. Look for the plaque on the outside of the building that commemorates the site's history in the fight for LGBT rights.



Twin Peaks Tavern

401 CASTRO STREET

Lesbian friends and business partners Mary Ellen Cunha and Peggy Forster opened Twin Peaks Tavern in 1972. Known by their customers as "The Girls," the women revolutionized the world's gay culture. Where other bars had blackened windows for hiding who was inside, they installed full-length glass windows.

It was a gamble, but when The Girls hosted a soft opening the night before Thanksgiving and sold out of booze, it was clear that the open windows had struck a chord with the community. The bar's successful application for a historic San Francisco landmark designation noted that "Twin Peaks Tavern is a living symbol of the liberties and rights gained by the LGBT community in the second half of the twentieth century."

IF YOU GO: Talk with someone at the bar. They won't mind. Conversation and memories are what keeps people returning to this neighborhood staple.

The Pendulum

4146 18TH STREET

After serving black gay men and their allies since 1971, the Castro's only African-American gay bar in history closed in 2005. The same year, the San Francisco Human Rights Commission ruled that The Pendulum's owner at the time had been discriminating against black and Latino customers at his other gay bar across the street. Customers accused the bar of having a double standard about who could get into the club and get served drinks at the bar. After a century of police attacking LGBT patrons, the site marks a self-inflicted setback in the evolution of San Francisco's gay bars and the gay movement as a whole.

IF YOU GO: Today the bar has a new owner and has been renamed Toad Hall in honor of an early neighborhood gay bar, once located on the Castro Street corner where the sparkle rainbow crosswalk takes you to Walgreens. The outdoor back patio, once a fixture of The Pendulum, is still open, but prepare to bathe in the fog.

The Elephant Walk

500 CASTRO STREET

Harvey Milk called The Elephant Walk, which was across the street from his house, "A place where the gay community could meet and feel safe and secure." In 1979, a jury convicted Milk's assassin, San Francisco Supervisor Dan White (a former city police officer and firefighter), of manslaughter. White was sentenced to just seven years in prison, resulting in a revolt against the city and its police by the Castro community. San Francisco police officers retaliated by going to The Elephant Walk, and according to interviews, breaking its windows, and beating up its patrons. The bar was rebuilt and is still serving patrons, despite a fire in 1988 that closed it for years.

IF YOU GO: When the bar reopened at last in 1996 after the fire, the owner renamed the place Harvey's. Photographs from the Castro during the 1970s are displayed on its walls.

Mona's 440 Club

440 BROADWAY

Mona and her husband opened a bar for lesbians and trans men shortly after the end of prohibition. The waitresses wore tuxedos, and so did performers. Powerhouse singer Gladys Bentley associated with the Harlem Renaissance went onstage to belt out the hits, flirt with women in the booths along the wall, and dedicate songs to her lesbian lover.

In 1938, a San Francisco police sergeant paid the bar the ultimate compliment in his report about raiding Mona's, saying that he couldn't tell "which were the men and which were the women."

IF YOU GO: Today at 440 Broadway you'll find a bar named The Cosmo. However, consider checking out the location across the street, at 473 Broadway, called Monroe. It's where Mona moved her bar in 1948.

Tommy's Place

12 WILLIAM SAROYAN PLACE

The same year that Mona's crossed Broadway, Tommy Vasu and her girlfriend Jeanne Sullivan opened another gathering place for lesbians, where a piano player entertained upstairs while couples ate dinner downstairs in the restaurant.

During a 1954 raid, it's assumed that the San Francisco police taped a heroin pipe beneath the bar's bathroom sink and put the owners on trial for harboring drugs. Although Tommy and Jeanne denied they were running a drug and prostitution ring, the headlines and California legislature hearings doomed the bar, and it closed just six years after opening. Its two bartenders were also arrested the night of the raid: Joyce Van de Veer, who was acquitted, and Grace Miller, who served six months in county jail for serving alcohol to a minor.

IF YOU GO: Today the space is home to dive bar Specs' Twelve Adler Museum Cafe, which opened in 1968 and hasn't changed much since.

Maud's

937 COLE STREET

When Rikki Streicher opened the lesbian bar Maud's in the Haight in 1966, she wasn't even legally allowed to be a bartender unless she owned the establishment (which she did). Women were banned from working behind the bar in California until 1971. Maud's closed in 1989, but in June 2016 several "Maudies" met for a 50th anniversary reunion in the place where they had once found their chosen family and felt safe. Days before their reunion, 49 people were shot dead at the Pulse nightclub in Orlando, Florida.

IF YOU GO: The bar is now Finnegan's Wake, which underwent a remodel a couple of years ago. Many of the original Maud's fixtures are still in place, including opaque windows in the front for privacy. The open backyard with picnic tables is a new and nice addition when you want to drink a Bloody Mary in the sun.

The Lexington Club

3464 19TH ST

Dubbed the "last lesbian bar in San Francisco," The Lex served its final round of drinks in the Mission in 2015. In her Facebook post announcing the bar's closure, owner Lila Thirkield wrote: "Eighteen years ago I opened The Lex to create a space for the dykes, queers, artists, musicians and neighborhood folks who made up the community that surrounded it. Eighteen years later, I find myself struggling to run a neighborhood dyke bar in a neighborhood that has dramatically changed. ... Please know that if I thought The Lexington Club could be saved, I would not be writing this. I understand what a huge loss this is to the community. It is difficult and painful to lose our queer spaces. However, my faith in queer San Francisco still runs deep. It is the best place in the world and dykes and queers are still an integral part of this city. They always will be."

IF YOU GO: Today the bar is named Wildhawk and there are few remnants of The Lex left. If you go into the restroom, close your eyes and picture the now neatly painted walls covered in feminist graffiti.

GAY BAR CASUAL-TIES REPRISE

By Aaron Eske

IN CITIES like San Francisco, the battle for gay bars was won. For decades, the fight went hand-in-cocktail-holding-hand with the fight for gay rights. Gay bars were where queers learned they weren't alone; where they learned to organize; learned to talk in code and cross-dress in clothes that said I don't give a fuck because I am free and good luck stopping me. Gay bars were where queers shouted and rebelled and rebuilt—even when the police tried to take away their progress time and time again.

There was a strategic reason why America's police forces harassed gay bars. It's the same reason why gay bars in anti-LGBTQ countries are targets today. Authorities aren't scared of two women drinking a beer and falling in love. They're scared of what else happens when a roomful of queers gets together. There's power in assembly.

Today, the American LGBTQ assembly is fading—or more precisely, the way we assemble is changing. Twin Peaks Tavern turned a wall into a window in 1972, and Grindr turned a window into a pop-up bubble in 2009.

The new neighbors and high rents that have forced places like The Lexington Club to go extinct aren't all that have changed for gay bars in San Francisco in the 21st century. Going online has replaced going out. Tinder, Grindr, Facebook groups, and Twitter hashtags now make it possible for queer people to find each other across an ocean or in neighboring apartments less than 500 feet away. We don't need barstools in a basement anymore to come together and belong.

The IRL gay communities of José Sarria and Rikki Streicher's times do still exist. Yes, of course there are gay bars in San Francisco. But the community has recently shattered a final barrier. Queer couples on their first date now hold hands at non-queer coffee shops, theaters, bus stops, restaurants, and bars.

Many LGBTQ people are living the kind of free life young Jim Kepner could only imagine in the World War II letters to his pen pal. It's a historic change—a change that both promises a future of LGBTQ freedom and threatens LGBTQ spaces. When the battle for the gay bar is over, are gay bars over next?

Some extra reading that inspired and informed this story before you start the bar crawl:

Wide-Open Town: A History of Queer San Francisco to 1965
by Nan Alamilla Boyd

Coming Out Under Fire: The History of Gay Men and Women in World War II
by Allan Bérubé

Rough News, Daring Views: 1950s' Pioneer Gay Press Journalism
by Jim Kepner

The Homosexual Information Center's amazing archive of interviews with LGBT leaders like Jim Kepner: tangentgroup.org

The ONE Archives at the University of Southern California Libraries, housing Jim Kepner's letters, news clippings, and early gay artifacts: one.usc.edu/collections

Before Stonewall, a 1985 documentary by Robert Rosenberg and Greta Schiller that features gay rights pioneers like Jim Kepner. Available for rent on YouTube.

ARC III

BEING WITH SOMEONE
OF A DIFFERENT RACE

1887–2018

BLACK AND WHITE TOGETHER

CHINATOWN RENEGADE

By Akemi Yamaguchi

Tye Leung Schulze (seated) with two of her four children.
Photo: courtesy of the Theodore Schulze Collection; Asian American Studies Collections, Ethnic Studies Library, University of California, Berkeley, unprocessed collection

It is the height of tourist season in San Francisco, and Chinatown is bustling.

Tourists stream in and out of gift emporiums, noodle houses, and bakeries. They line up to watch fortune cookies being made, and pose for photos under sagging strings of sun-faded red lanterns. Many tourists see this as a novelty, but Chinatown, like many so-called "ethnic" neighborhoods in urban centers, was created out of necessity. In the crowded streets and narrow alleyways, the city's largest community thrives.

Nestled in the heart of a city that has been overrun with techies and hipsters, this neighborhood has remained largely immune to gentrification. English is the second language for most of Chinatown's residents, and the community makes use of its own schools, banks, hospitals, and places of worship. Standing in the center of this teeming enclave, one may feel transported to another country altogether.

San Francisco's historical narrative often focuses on the Gold Rush and the Summer of Love; on earthquakes and tech booms. But it would be incomplete without the turbulent, sometimes violent history of Chinatown. There are fantastic stories hidden in the shadows of its narrow alleyways and secrets lining every street. There are people whose truly novel actions deserve to be known. People like Tye Leung Schulze—a woman who spent her life breaking rules and subverting expectations. Tye's story is not well known, but it should be. I've lived here most of my life and hadn't ever heard of her—until I sat down with her grandson one afternoon in an apartment in the Inner Richmond.

GETTING OUT

Tye Leung was born in 1887 in San Francisco's Chinatown, where her parents settled after leaving China's Guangdong province. The birth rate was low in Chinatown at that time and San Francisco's Chinese immigrant population was predominantly male due to the Chinese Exclusion Act, which prohibited Chinese women and children from entering the United States. It was the first law put in place to prevent a specific ethnic group from immigrating to the United States, though it would not be the last.

Growing up, Tye lived almost her entire life within a 10-block radius of her birthplace. For her and her family, Chinatown provided not only familiarity, but safety;

venturing outside the neighborhood was dangerous for Chinese-American immigrants, who risked being harassed, beaten, or worse.

Yet as a child, Tye ignored these risks to sneak out and try such exotic American foods as...

Cottage cheese. Yes, she crossed Powell Street and risked her life for soupy cheese.

Tye attended a missionary school, which allowed her the rare opportunity to learn both English and Chinese. The ability to speak, read, and write English changed her life many times.

When she was 13 years old, Tye left her parents' home to avoid being forced into an arranged marriage to a stranger in Montana. Shortly after her escape, she was taken in by Donaldina Cameron, a Presbyterian missionary in Chinatown who worked to rescue Chinese girls from indentured servitude and prostitution.

Cameron was a statuesque Scottish woman, especially compared to the petite Tye—or "Tiny" as she was more commonly known. Cameron's signature move on behalf of her church was to break down Chinatown brothel doors with an axe and retrieve the girls inside. Tye became Cameron's translator for the rescued girls and authorities.

THE FIRST VOTE

In 1911, Cameron recommended Tye for an interpreter job at the immigration center on Angel Island. The "Ellis Island of the West" served as a checkpoint for immigrants—particularly women—from several Asian countries, who at last were hoping to join their spouses or families.

Tye served as assistant to the matron, and became the first Chinese-American woman to pass the U.S. government's civil service examination. In 1912, she also became the first Chinese-American woman to vote in a U.S. primary election. Women had only been allowed to vote in California for a year, and it is believed that Tye's work as a civil servant on Angel Island and her bilingual skills allowed her to exercise this right. The San Francisco Examiner referred to her vote as "the latest achievement in the great American work of amalgamating and lifting up all the races of the earth"—a statement both self-congratulatory and racist!

The San Francisco Chronicle attributed a (likely highly massaged) quote to Tye after the election: "My first vote?—Oh, yes I thought long over that. I studied; I read about all your men who wish to be president. I learned about the new laws. I wanted to KNOW what was right, not to act blindly. I think the American ladies are like that too. For everywhere I heard talk about the election and the candidates. I think we should learn, not vote blindly, since we have been given this right to say which man we think is the greatest."

LOVE OUTLAW

During her time communicating with newly arrived immigrants on Angel Island, Tye met Charles Schulze. Charles, the son of a Prussian immigrant, had been working as an inspector for the U.S. Immigration Service at Meiggs' Wharf for five years before he was assigned to Angel Island.

It was a complicated love story. This was 1913 California. Anti-miscegenation laws were still in place (i.e., couples of different races could not marry), anti-Chinese sentiment was high, and the federal government was doing all it could to prevent an influx of Chinese immigrants from coming into the United States and "taking away jobs." (Sound familiar?) Tye and Charles had everything working against them.

Yet, at a time when most Chinese couldn't even cross Powell Street, Tye saw no reason why an interracial couple couldn't cross state lines to get married. The couple traveled north to Washington to tie the knot, but soon after they returned to San Francisco, they both lost their jobs with the U.S. government due to prejudice against the marriage.

The newlyweds lived together in Chinatown. Their joint presence must have been remarkable: Tye, a small but central figure in her Chinese community, and Charles, a towering German looking utterly out of place in the heart of this insular Chinese neighborhood.

Tye and Charles maintained separate social lives in their own communities during their marriage: Charles was a long-standing member of white-only clubs like the Oddfellows, while Tye spent a great deal of time interpreting for immigrants in Chinatown. But their marriage was no secret. Newspapers of the day published articles about Tye and Charles, using headlines like "White Man Weds Chinese Maiden" and "Little Dan Cupid Does Strange Tricks." Neither of their families approved of the marriage. As Tye notes in her short, handwritten autobiography, "His mother and my folks [disapprove] very much, but when two people are in love, they don't think of the future or what [will happen]." It could not have been easy for either of them, but the couple had four children—two boys and two girls—and remained married until Charles' death in 1935.

Tye remained in Chinatown, well known and well liked, working as a bookkeeper for San Francisco Chinese Hospital, and offering her translation services to those who needed it. Her son Fred recalled, "The thing I remember most about my mom is she was always asked

Tye Leung Schulze with husband Charles Schulze, and an unnamed restaurant staff person.
Photo: courtesy of the Louise S. Lee Collection

to interpret. GI Brides (foreign brides of U.S. soldiers), immigration, court cases. She never refused to help."

She was often found playing mahjong in local game rooms, or solitaire at home. But she rarely spoke about her past; her grandchildren grew up knowing very little about the extraordinary life their grandmother lived.

Anti-miscegenation laws would not be overturned in California until 1948 (Perez v. Sharp), and would not be declared unconstitutional by the U.S. Supreme Court until 1967 (Loving v. Virginia). Thirty-two years after her husband's death, and 54 years after they crossed the border to Washington, Tye finally saw the highest court in the land legitimize her marriage. She passed away five years later in 1972 at the age of 85.

QUIET LEGACY

"It was like living with Babe Ruth, and not knowing it," says Ted Schulze, one of Tye's grandsons. He grew up in San Francisco, and even lived with Tye for a time, but it wasn't until he began looking into his family's history that he learned of his grandmother's legacy.

"I never knew all this stuff growing up. She just didn't talk about a lot of stuff," he told me.

It is not uncommon for Asian immigrant families to rarely talk about their past. I know very little about my Japanese-American family's experiences living in rural Utah before and during World War II. Ted's grandmother was a fearless, intelligent woman who saw tremendous change in her lifetime—nearly 100 years of San Francisco's extraordinary history—and, whether she meant to or not, helped to usher in some of that change.

At the turn of the century in California, women were not encouraged (and were often not allowed) to get an education and many new immigrants never learned to speak English. Women nationwide were fighting for the right to vote, to own property, to have work outside of the home. People of color were fighting for basic equality. Yet this Chinese-American woman not only attended school and learned English, she used her education to help translate for a community that had no voice. She took quick advantage of her voting rights and she followed her heart to form one of the first interracial marriages in the country.

It is unfortunate that we don't all know her story; that there isn't more written about her. She lived an incredible life, and quietly brought about change in her communities and beyond, by simply living her truth. Tye may not have set out to become a trailblazer, or to change the world, but through her small triumphs, she did just that.

Though Tye rarely spoke about her life, she did leave us with a brief, handwritten memoir that gives us a small insight into what she most wanted people to remember.

"During my life I do interpreting for Chinese people who needed my help to doctors, attorneys, or court. My schooling only to the six grade beside the ten months of night school...but I learned a lot by experiences.

I owed a lot to Miss Cameron who was so tender and good teaching in the ten years I spent with her, to know what's right and wrong. Still we are all human."

Angel Island is located northeast of the Golden Gate Bridge in the San Francisco Bay. The Angel Island immigration center was designated as a state historical landmark in 1964. Photo: Ed Brady, c. 1950, gelatin silver print, courtesy of the Marin History Museum

The second-largest island in San Francisco Bay, Angel Island is a California State Park where visitors can hike, kayak, and camp. But in years gone by, the island was used as an Army camp, a quarantine station for the bubonic plague, and most notably, an immigration station.

The "Ellis Island of the West" opened in 1910, and was built to control the entry of Chinese and other Asian immigrants into the U.S. (The Chinese Exclusion Act passed in 1882.) Between 1910–1940, the immigration station processed approximately 175,000 Chinese immigrants.

Although they arrived at Angel Island from all over the world, 97 percent of immigrants processed at the station were Chinese.

Immigrants could be detained on the island for weeks, months, and in some cases years. Processing often included interrogation, invasive medical examinations, and an immigration hearing.

The immigration station closed in 1940 after a fire destroyed the administrative facilities. At the urging of the Chinese-American community, it was designated as a state historical landmark in 1964. Today, tours of the immigration station are available to visitors of Angel Island year round.

MY RELATIONSHIP WITH RACE

By
Ben Mims

Photography by
Dusty St. Amand

I'VE BEEN IN MY NEW YORK CITY BUBBLE A LITTLE TOO LONG.

When the editors asked me to explore the topic of interracial dating in the United States today, the subject seemed arcane. We're all so progressive now, I thought. We date whomever we want and don't restrict our dating pools to people with the same skin color or even a different gender. I personally don't. It's almost cool not to be in a traditional, heterosexual binary relationship, whether with a platonic friend or a romantic partner.

But a conversation about the essay with a white male acquaintance I hadn't seen in over a year changed my mind.

We met one afternoon for lunch, and after bringing up the topic via my own relationships, he asked, "So, what wisdom have you gathered from dating a colored man?"

Like so many people caught off guard by a statement seemingly at odds with the person saying it, I was stunned. I awkwardly kept talking, as if he didn't just say something so inexplicably out of place and problematic. What I should have said was, "Well, for one, that you don't call African American people 'colored' anymore." But in my paralysis, I hadn't the quick wit to come back at him with that retort. My own response (or lack thereof)—let alone his original question—is proof that this topic still deserves discussion. If I, as a white man dating a biracial man, from whom I've vicariously learned all the sensitivities that come along with such terms and actions, can't even stand up to microaggressive speech, then what about people who have no interaction with people of a different race, even in their friendships?

That conversation unlocked other horrifying memories of walking with white men in years past in the two cities where I've lived since college: San Francisco and New York. One earnestly told me that my African American then-boyfriend was "not a n***** like the rest of them." Another referred to a Latino friend who was a few minutes late to lunch as "running on CP time." In every instance, I was stunned silent, not able to find the words to express my outrage until hours later.

What a privilege is that? To not have to speak up in the moment. What they said was a problem, but my non-reaction was just as great a problem. It's like being tossed an underhanded softball and refusing to swing.

I am reconciling that and making myself speak up against those other white people who felt a little too comfortable around my white skin to say the things they did.

Where I was born and grew up in Mississippi, race relations were—and still are—shaky at best. I was raised as a white man, the most privileged position to be born into, regardless of wealth. And whether or not my parents or the community I grew up around would ever admit it, I was also raised to think less of black people. I heard the n-word frequently at home, and in the cars of white friends driving to and from school. There were always jokes about how white people thought less of black people's lives. The jokes degraded a group of people based on their skin color, how they talked, or what they wore. As a kid, I heard a family member use the n-word and say, "They're lazy; you can't trust them," one day, and then saw her help raise money to buy her black coworker a car so she could drive herself to work as a teacher in our town's school the next. Even as a child, I could sense the incongruity.

Contrary to what you may be thinking, I didn't start dating non-white people to make a rebellious statement aimed at my upbringing (as many white kids past and present have done). Subconsciously, I guess I started dating non-white people because I started distrusting other white people. I became angry at the privilege and implicit racism I saw and heard every day growing up. I began noticing it more and more in my friends and in myself, how I would be treated as a normal customer in a clothing store, whereas my African American friends would be followed by salesclerks with slight

scowls on their faces. My eyes opened to these transgressions, long familiar to people of color, and I took stock of them, harboring a resentment for a system that I couldn't yet figure out how to change. One choice I made was to no longer follow the white path before me.

When my partner and I first started dating in San Francisco five years ago, the fact that we were of different races was nothing special. We lived in the backyard apartment of a lesbian couple in West Oakland, I worked for a Chinese American chef in the SoMa neighborhood, and we had friends of many ethnic backgrounds. Diversity was the norm in our little life there. Or so I thought, as a white person. My partner saw the disparity between our life and that of the rest of the city. I wasn't ignorant of the fact that there weren't, and still aren't, a lot of black people living in San Francisco proper. The 2015 U.S. Census estimates put the number at just under 6 percent, whereas neighboring Oakland is over a quarter black or African American. But I never saw it as an issue until he pointed it out.

We moved back to New York City and landed in a predominantly Dominican and Puerto Rican neighborhood of Manhattan, living in a building with little to no white people. That was when my education really began. As the dominant race everywhere else, I had never felt like an outsider or minority until living in that neighborhood. Now I knew what it meant to live in someone else's world. The music was different, the smells were familiar but unusual, the spoken languages disorienting. If I had been on my own, I'm certain I would have seen these cultural differences as shocks and moved away, completely unaware of what I was running from. But my partner, who's half-black and half-white but looks so international that he gets mistaken for Latino, Middle Eastern, Italian, and everything in between, knew too well that feeling and challenged my perceived stress of living there.

One evening, I was telling him what had happened earlier at our corner bodega, run by Yemeni immigrants. I had been waiting in line, impatient as any New Yorker for the person in front of me to move faster so I could get home, when the Arabic music playing overhead ratcheted up in volume so much that I couldn't hear anything else. I got rattled and stressed. When I described that feeling to my partner, I said: "They were blasting that loud Arab music, and I couldn't think straight."

He immediately twisted his face and asked what I meant by saying that. In my head, I had literally meant that the music was too loud for me to think, but in that moment, I realized what I had done. I had used subtle phrasing to show my anger in a way that put down another race of people because their music was different from my own. It is a type of inbred, deep-seated racism that is hard to pluck out without digging so deep, you hit a nerve. I became defensive and backed away from what I'd said, even trying to legitimize "Arab music" as the correct term, when I knew it damn well wasn't. Like our neighborhood, my partner wouldn't let me run away from my comment. He made me confront what I had said, why I had said it, and why it was a problem. It was uncomfortable. I was angry and just wanted to forget about it. But that was the privileged way out. As he pointed out, I could act like it didn't happen, but if the shop owners had heard what I was thinking, they would never forget it.

If I were dating someone of my same race, I might have been forced to confront what I as a white man had said about someone of color. But more than likely, it would have been overlooked because that other person would not have noticed that what I said was wrong. This gut check that comes from dating someone of a different race, the same one that enables us to discuss racial differences and nuances in a way that's uncomfortable but ultimately enlightening, has become one of the most cherished parts of our life together.

My partner and I, after virtually every interaction we have with someone, discuss race to figure out the dynamics at play. I don't stay with my partner or love him specifically because of this relationship we have, but it's important to be challenged by your partner to grow and be a better person, in whatever form that takes.

Racism is learned, and thus it can also be unlearned, as the famous diversity educator Jane Elliott teaches. Each day, we can choose not to act on racist impulses, and rather to act in ways that show compassion towards people who aren't like us. "Interracial dating" may seem like a dated term, but it can still be one of the most meaningful forms of protest in an era that still demands it. The online videos of policemen shooting black Americans today are the photographs of water hoses terrorizing the black sit-ins of my home state 50 years ago. To date someone of a different race not only allows you to understand a world outside your own, it is also a radical affront to nationalists and racism in this country, expressing the idea that two people of different races can not only get along, but love each other and commit their lives to one another.

As someone raised to be racist, I have fought every day to overcome my upbringing and treat every person of every race the same. I haven't mastered it. My partner has lived that education with me. Our particular relationship reveals my flaws and my partner's humanity. The process has happened not because of our differences, but in large part because of our similarities. Being together reminds me that we all want the same thing—to be able to live our own, individual lives, free from judgment.

ARC IV

UNBUTTONING THE NORMS OF SOCIETY

1100–2012

Draw Me Like One of Your Frisco Girls

Art by Gina M. Contreras

In the literal pants-too-tight meaning, nudity is the freedom from clothes. As an ideology, nudity is the freedom from Western societal norms. As a virtue, nudity is the freedom of expression you can see in the naked artwork of SF artist Gina M. Contreras or the naked gaits of leather-tan men on a sunny day in the Mission.

San Francisco has a celebrated history of nudity. A new law wants to cover it with a fig leaf.

12th Century

St. Francis's dad was a wealthy cloth merchant. Before he was a saint and namesake of San Francisco, the legend goes that God came to Francis and told him to help repair the local church. He was a kid without any money, so he stole some of his dad's fabric, sold it, and gave the money to the bishop doing the repairs. Francis's dad was furious, and in the public square of Assisi, demanded his money back. The bishop gave Francis the coins to return to his father.

Francis handed over the money, and then proceeded to strip off all his fine clothes and give them to his father. Standing naked in front of all the townspeople and the bishop, Francis gave up his worldly goods and devoted his life to caring for the poor.

18th Century

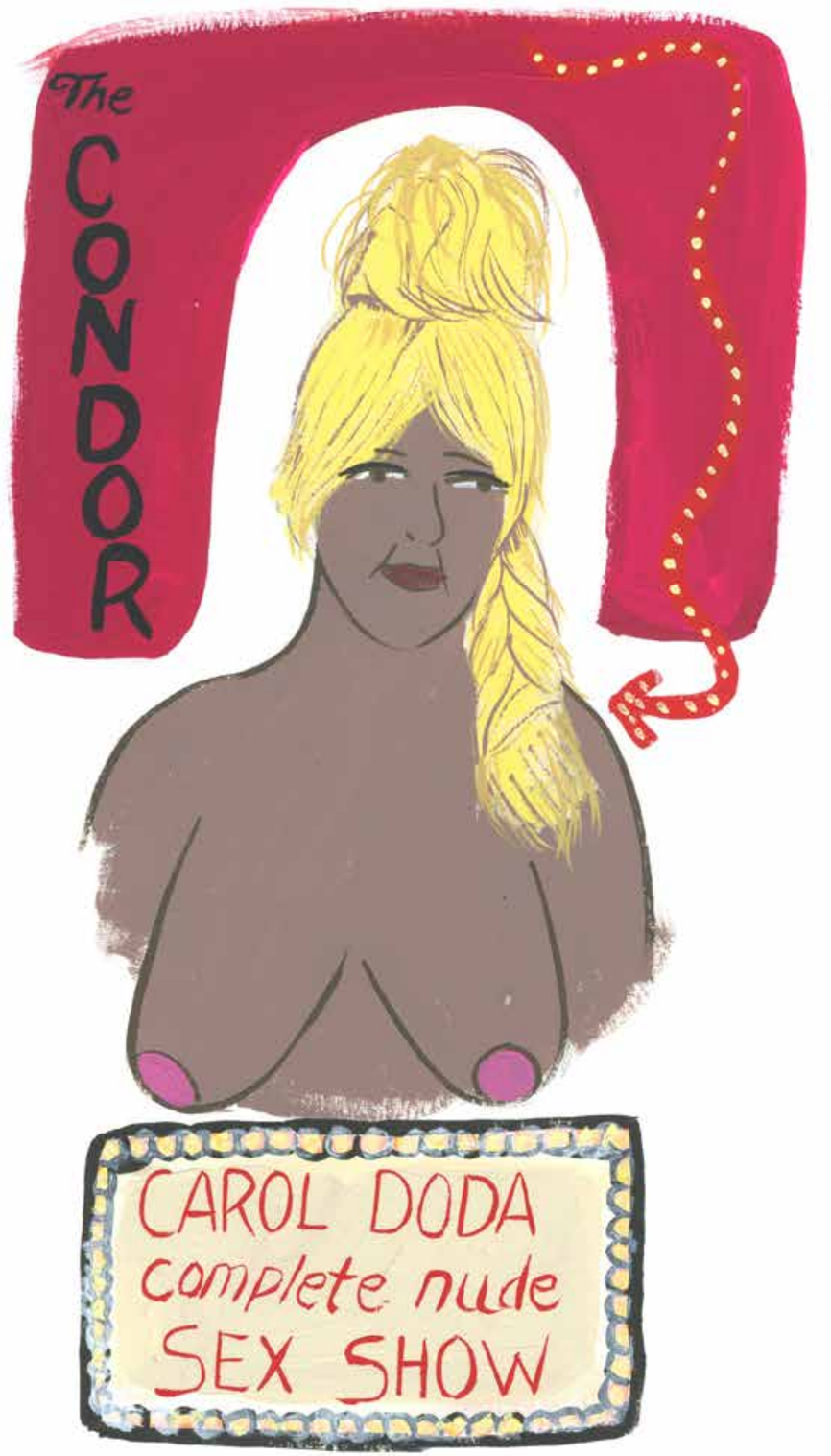
For centuries, the men of the Ohlone Tribe, in what is now the San Francisco Bay Area, wore no garments in the summer months. On a cold foggy morning, they'd smear mud onto their skin to help insulate their bodies from the chill. Then the Spanish Franciscan monks with their missions and "morals" landed and forced the native people to depart from nature and wear woven cloth.

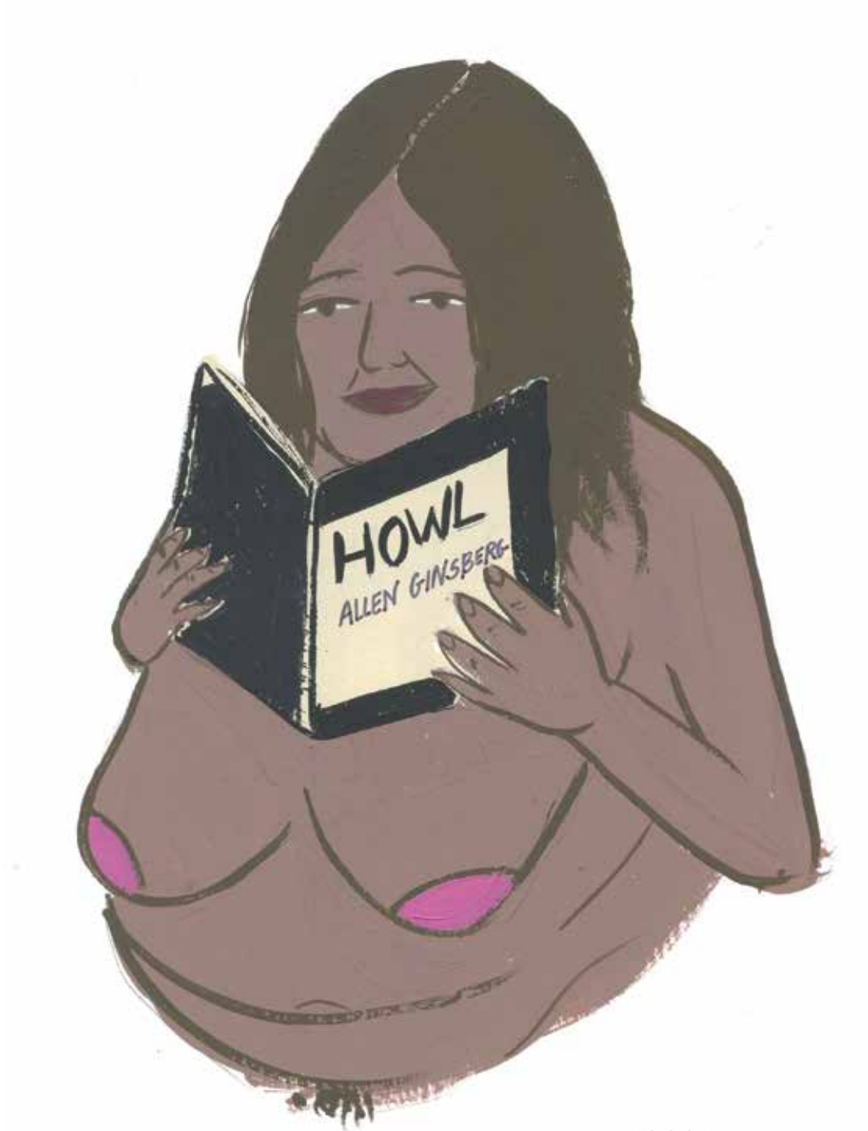
1872

California passed Penal Code 314, the indecent exposure law, which says you are guilty of a misdemeanor if you willfully and lewdly expose your person, or the private parts thereof, in any public place, or in any place where there are present other persons to be offended or annoyed thereby.

1964 ▶

Carol Doda danced topless atop a white grand piano that dropped from the ceiling in her opening number at the Condor Club in North Beach. She became the world's first topless dancer in 1964, the same year the Republican National Convention met in San Francisco to nominate Barry Goldwater for U.S. President. Many delegates were rumored to have flocked to the club to see Doda perform.



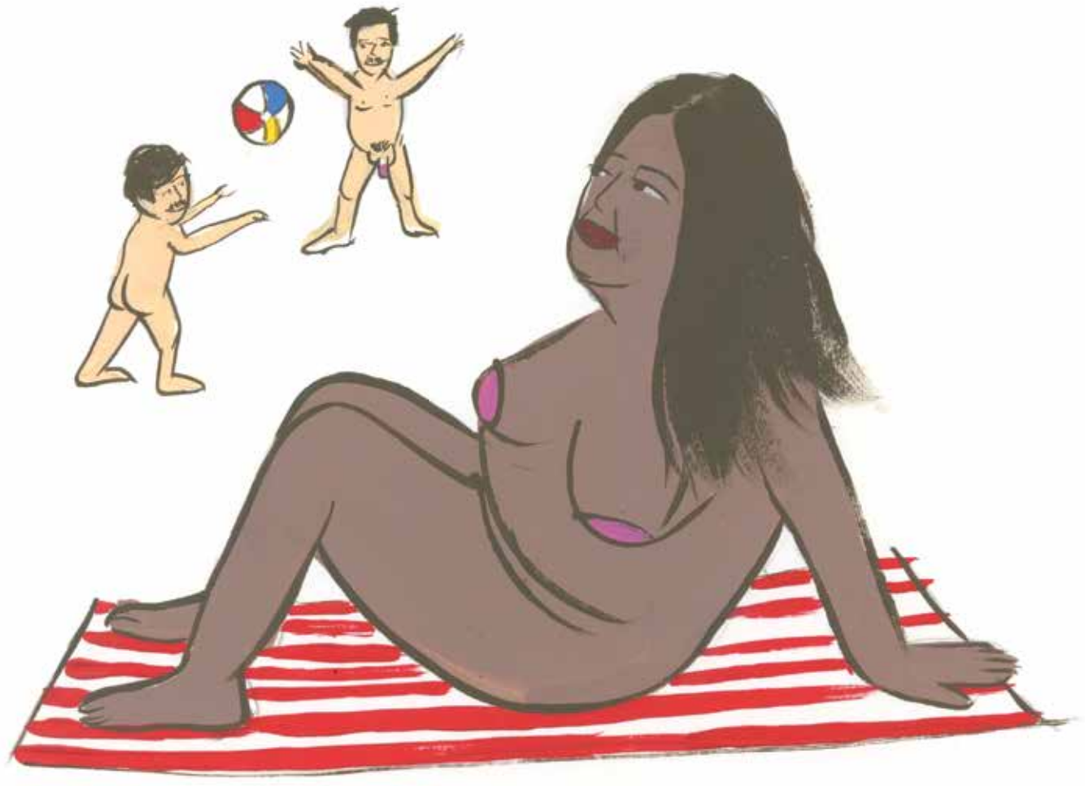


1965

Beat poet and SF local Allen Ginsberg became really into seeing himself naked. As he put it in his intro notes to a nude art show in 1965, "For years I thought I was ugly, I still do, but no longer look at myself through my own eyes. ... I feel desirous, longing, lost, mad with impatience like fantastic old bearded Whitman to clasp my body to the bodies I adore."

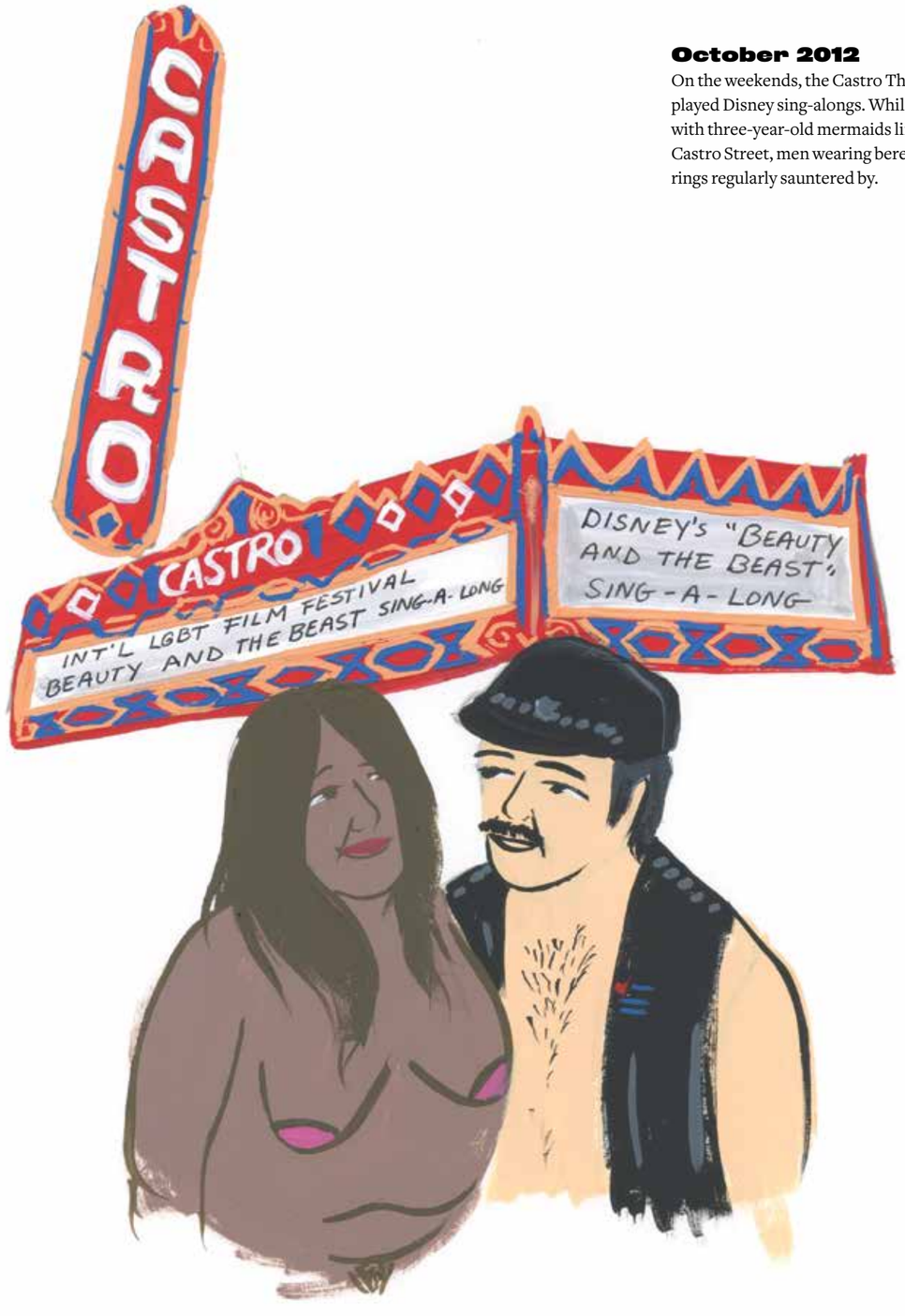
1969 ▶

Yeah, yeah, yeah the Summer of Love. The era spawned a less-known weekly nude dance circle in the old Speedway Meadow of Golden Gate Park (now Hellman Hollow). Dozens of naked hippies and their children linked arms downwind of the park's bison herd.



1986
On the more secluded stretch of Baker Beach notorious for nudity, the first 20 or so Burning Man burners celebrated the summer solstice by burning a wicker man in the sand.

1992 ▶
The Critical Mass bike ride began in San Francisco as a rally for bicyclist rights. The spinoff Critical Ass side of the ride soon emerged. Men and women continue to illegally take off their pants and streak down the city streets on two wheels.



October 2012

On the weekends, the Castro Theatre often played Disney sing-alongs. While strollers with three-year-old mermaids lined up on Castro Street, men wearing berets and cock-rings regularly sauntered by.

November 2012

In a proposal led by Scott Wiener, San Francisco's Board of Supervisors banned the exposure of genitals in public places. Arguing for the measure, Wiener said, "The Castro, and San Francisco in general, is a place of freedom, expression, and acceptance. But freedom, expression, and acceptance does not mean anything goes under any circumstances."

In the hearing room, a woman pulled off her shirt and yelled back, "What are you afraid of?"

POSTSCRIPT

POSTSCRIPT

I Wish We All Could Be Californian

By Daniel Duane

Photo: *Lucas Davies*
Previous page, Postscript photo: *Dawson Lovell*

San Francisco, Nov. 2016—This is going to sound very California, but here goes: I drowned my election sorrows by surfing. It didn't help, but I was struck by something afterward. All my life, I've seen strangers on California beaches—bearded bodysurfers drinking local Bourbon, Republican volleyball players eating vegan energy bars—trade warm glances that say, "I salute your lifestyle choices and respect your privacy." After the election, those furtive nods implied nausea, terror and a compassion born of confidence that others felt much the same. Within that compassion, I sensed the emergence of something new in California public life: an awareness that we Californians are bound together as one people by the shared values of our increasingly tolerant and pluralistic society.

Everybody knows by now that California tacked left on Election Day: 61.5 percent of our voters choose Hillary Clinton for president; we made Kamala Harris the first Indian-American (and second African-American woman) to be elected a United States senator; we reaffirmed overwhelming Democratic majorities in state politics; and we voted to legalize marijuana, ease parole for nonviolent criminals, raise taxes on cigarettes, extend income-tax increases on the wealthiest few, boost school spending, restore bilingual education, encourage the reversal of the Supreme Court's noxious Citizens United ruling and ban single-use plastic bags.

The national outcome made our progressivism feel so threatened and precious that a pre-election video of Gov. Jerry Brown saying, "We're going to have to build a wall around California to defend ourselves from the rest of this country" went viral. He was joking, but the mental image helped us all see in physical terms—Pacific on one side, Sierra Nevada on the other—what has become obvious in cultural terms. Namely, that California is now both a place and a body politic apart.

Secession goes by different names—Calexit, Califrexit—and there is a group called Yes California that aims to put an exit referendum on the 2019 ballot for all the obvious reasons. California, for example, pays many billions of dollars more in taxes annually than it gets back in federal spending and has every year since 1987, despite our own crumbling infrastructure and underfunded public schools. Then there's our relative impotence in shaping the federal government, given an Electoral College that makes one vote for president in Wyoming worth more than three in California, and the fact that Wyoming gets one United States senator for every 291,000 people, roughly speaking, while California gets one for every 19.2 million. Each of California's 53 congressmen have to represent over a hundred thousand people more than Cynthia Lummis, a Republican who is Wyoming's lone representative.

On Election Day, Shervin Pishevar, the multimillionaire Uber investor and Hyperloop One co-founder, promised to bankroll a campaign "for California to become its own nation" if Mr. Trump won. He moderated that position a week later with a tweet that advocated "a new Federalism where state and local governments are empowered to determine their destinies while bonded together in a United States of America." Still,

nearly everyone I know would vote yes tomorrow if we could secede peacefully and get security guarantees while we annex Oregon and Washington, join the Canadian health care system and claim Brooklyn in the same way that West Germany once claimed West Berlin.

Secession has virtually zero chance of success, which is doubtless one reason that retiring Senator Barbara Boxer just introduced an equally hopeless bill to change the Electoral College. But Caleavefornia talk does reflect sincere frustration at being overtaxed and underrepresented in a country that suddenly seems unenthusiastic about our way of life. Californian officials have begun channeling that public mood into bracing us-against-them rhetoric. The Los Angeles chief of police, Charlie Beck, has declared that his officers will take no part in deporting undocumented immigrants. Governor Brown promised to "protect the precious rights of our people and continue to confront the existential threat of our time—devastating climate change." Senator-elect Harris conceded that most Californians are feeling dispirited and said, "You are not alone, you matter, and we've got your back."

Then there is the joint statement released on Nov. 9 by the State Senate leader, Kevin de León, and Assembly speaker, Anthony Rendon: "Today, we woke up feeling like strangers in a foreign land, because yesterday Americans expressed their views on a pluralistic and democratic society that are clearly inconsistent with the values of the people of California. We have never been more proud to be Californians. By a margin in the millions, Californians overwhelmingly rejected politics fueled by resentment, bigotry, and misogyny." They went on to call California a refuge of justice and opportunity "for people of all walks, talks, ages, and aspirations—regardless of how you look, where you live, what language you speak, or who you love," and promised that, as they put it, "We will not be dragged back into the past."

This last bit matters because California's past is not pretty. The genocide of indigenous Californians was remarkable among North American Indian wars for its sheer scale and evil. California resentment of Chinese laborers in the Gold Rush mines and on the railroads helped produce the Chinese Exclusion Act of 1882, the first federal law to restrict immigration by people of a specific ethnicity. During World War II, Californians incarcerated thousands of law-abiding American citizens of Japanese descent while leaving those of German and Italian descent unmolested.

After that war ended, African-American migrants to California were surprised to find racist real-estate redlining and a virulent West Coast version of Jim Crow. Tim Watkins, president of the Watts Labor Community Action Committee in Los Angeles, told me that his father was sent out here alone from Mississippi at age 13 because a lynch mob was after him. "When my father got off a train in L.A., the first thing he saw was a 'Whites Only' sign on a restaurant," Mr. Watkins said. "When he married my mother, a white woman, he could not marry her here, so their marriage certificate is in español because they went down to old Mexico."

The Civil Rights Act of 1964 helped, but not enough to stop the violent Watts uprising of 1965 or the Rodney King riots of 1992, both of which expressed collective fury over systemic racism. As recently as 1994, Gov. Pete Wilson, a Republican, revived a flagging re-election bid by backing Proposition 187, which barred the state from providing public services to undocumented immigrants. Proposition 187 passed, but was never really implemented. According to Senator de León, Wilson's re-election did for California what Mr. Trump's election and promised deportations might yet do for America: It woke up the Latino vote and ushered in the deep-blue politics that have since helped to legalize same-sex marriage, make Obamacare work, turn virtually the entire state into one big sanctuary city for undocumented immigrants, and enact far-reaching climate-change regulations.

Anyone who doubts that progressivism is good business has to reckon with the fact that California is now the sixth largest economy in the world, ahead of France, Russia, and India, with $2.46 trillion in gross domestic product.

It's not all sunshine, of course. California's $54 billion agriculture industry thrives on the exploitation of migrant workers, and our poverty rates and income inequality are among the nation's worst, thanks partly to a technology economy that makes millionaires in coastal cities but does little for the hinterlands except raise the cost of living. That helps explain why 3.7 million Californians—33 percent of the vote—chose Donald Trump and why California's electoral map resembles the national one, with red counties in the rural white interior and blue mostly on the coast.

Many Californians are also casting a gimlet eye at the two big industries whose leaders talk a liberal game but sell products that arguably undermine civil society: entertainment and technology. In Los Angeles, that conversation includes movies and TV shows that, in the words of the actor and author Robinne Lee, "often extend the perception that it's a white man's world and everyone else is just a guest star." In Silicon Valley the obvious culprits are Twitter, which has become a hate-speech superhighway, and Facebook and Google, both of which capture eyeballs by tailoring news feeds and search results to make us feel good. In so doing, and especially by supporting the mass dissemination of fake news and outright lies, they radically reinforce the biases that drive Americans into dangerously oppositional camps of red and blue.

But the overwhelming—and novel—sentiment coming out of Nov. 8 remains one of common identity, which is remarkable in a place that is 38.8 percent Hispanic, 38 percent non-Hispanic white, 14.7 percent Asian, and 6.5 percent African-American, and where just about everybody knows both steady churchgoers and at least one loving and stable family with two moms or two dads. Paola Martinez-Montes, director of the Alliance of Californians for Community Empowerment in San Diego, says that California's African-American and Latino communities no longer see themselves as oppositional and that she has also been in touch with the A.C.L.U. and Planned Parenthood. "We're starting to understand that we are going to walk in this together, and that's really positive," she told me.

Senator de León, by the time I caught up with him, was on an airplane bound for a climate-change conference in Morocco.

"I'm going to be mobbed—everybody is going to be asking me what the hell happened," he said by telephone, just before the plane took off. "I'm going to tell them that if the rest of the country doesn't want to go our direction, we're going it alone."

In an opinion piece originally published in the *New York Times*, Daniel Duane reminds us that California hasn't always been a model of freedom. But together, we can try to hold up the hope we have for the place.

Freedom Anthems

Flag photo: *Samuel Branch*
Trumpeter photo: *Nico Marks*

We asked all our contributors to name their favorite song about freedom. Listen to the playlist at doubleissuemag.org

"Freedom! '90" by George Michael (1990)
Akemi Yamaguchi, Writer
I grew up a big George Michael fan, but did not really keep up with his career after the '90s. Like most, I rediscovered his catalog after his untimely death, and specifically (re)connected with "Freedom! '90." It's a song about living your truth—and all of the complications and contradictions that can come along with that. Also, it's just a GREAT song.

"A Change Is Gonna Come" by Sam Cooke (1964)
Heather Buchheim, Writer
This timeless civil rights anthem is one of my all-time favorites, and it's such a necessary reminder during times of struggle. My best friend sent me a screen print emblazoned with the title of the song after November 2016, and it was life-giving to have it hanging in my room during the awful year that followed.

"I Wish I Knew How It Would Feel to Be Free" by Nina Simone (1967)
Carrie Taffel, Publishing Director
From Simone's voice to the feel-good piano, this is my freedom anthem. The lyrics are dead simple and cut straight to the very heart of the idea of freedom ("I wish you could know / What it means to be me / Then you'd see and agree / That every man should be free"). Simone once said that freedom to her meant "no fear." Fearlessness and joy in the possibility of freedom for us all is what I take away from this song.

"Changes" by David Bowie (1971)
Myleen Hollero, Photographer
In dark times I always find this song uplifting. The message of surrendering and embracing the growth and inevitable changes that one encounters in a lifetime … I find that freeing in many ways.

"Me and Bobby McGee" by Janis Joplin (1971)
Tim Belonax, Design Director
The phrase "Freedom's just another word for nothin' left to lose" has been a reminder for me of the freedoms we might deny ourselves based on our own values and actions. A new mindset or person in your life can become a type of freedom.

“Free Your Mind” by En Vogue (1992)
Gina M. Contreras, Illustrator
It’s a classic.

“Hunter” by Björk (1997)
Ben Mims, Writer
Björk sings about needing to control everything around her, even going so far as thinking she could control an abstract concept. The line “I thought I could organize freedom, how Scandinavian of me” is, to me, hilarious. It reminds me of how a lot of people think they can force their world view on others, but the irony is that freedom is a concept that is always around everyone. They may not think so, because they don’t feel free politically, geographically, or even mentally, but I think freedom can be, to be earnest, a state of mind that you choose to embody in the ways you can control.

“Born This Way” by Lady Gaga (2011)
Aaron Eske, Editorial Director
I wish this song was on the radio when I was growing up. I’m glad it was there for the next generation of kids who needed to hear they’re free to be who they are. It’s one of those rare songs that got stuck in society’s head and changed lives and policy.

“Hair” by Lady Gaga (2011)
Dusty St. Amand, Photographer
One of the main lyrics of the song is “I’m as free as my hair.” That resonates deeply for me. Any moment in my life when someone asserted their will over my personal expression, I felt trapped. If I can’t be who I want to be and create the kind of art I want to create, I’m not myself. I’m not free.

“Un velero llamado Libertad” by José Luis Perales (1979)
Bosco Hernández, Art Director
The song title translates to “A sailboat named Freedom.” When I was a kid, my mom would blast this song on a record player throughout the house. It always filled me with hope.

thank you

Starting an independent mission-driven print magazine has never been easy.

When Margaret Sanger published her zine, she had to flee the country to escape arrest. When Jim Kepner wrote for ONE*, he had to defend his work to* FBI *agents and* U.S. *Supreme Court justices.*

With history in mind, we’ve got it good! But the present is starting to feel too much like the past. So although it’s not a great time to make a new print magazine in a world filling up with phones, we believe it’s as important a time as ever to create one again.

We’re proud to keep the tradition of independent publishing going and we’re so grateful for the visionaries who paved the way before us and everyone who made it possible for you to be holding Double Issue *in your hands.*

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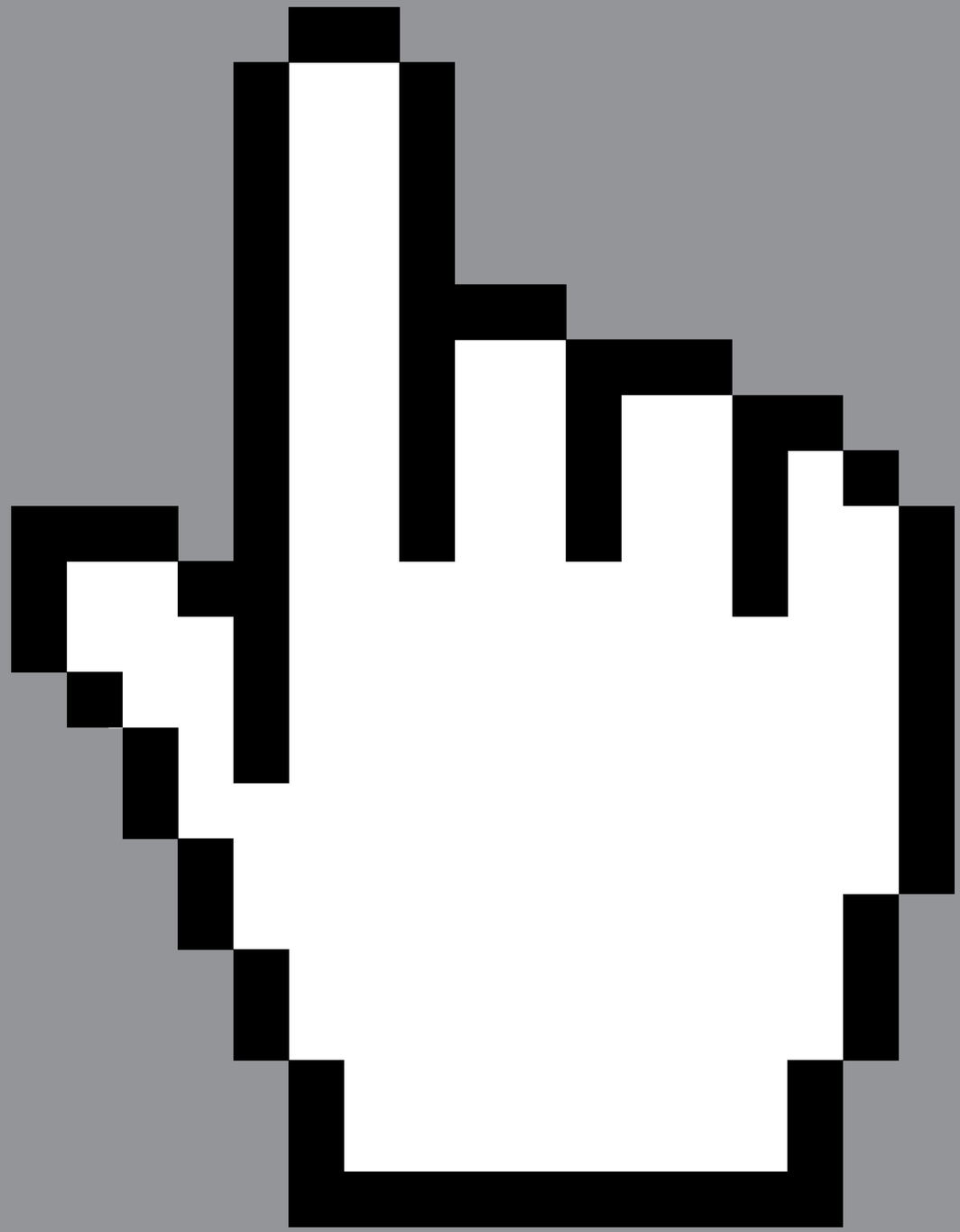

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DESIGN NOTES

Each edition of *Double Issue* uses only two typefaces in hopes of showing how two distinct visual approaches can come together and make something beautiful and interesting. The typefaces in this issue are Freight Text by Joshua Darden of Darden Studios and Rhode by David Berlow and Roger Black of Font Bureau.

ARC ILLUSTRATIONS

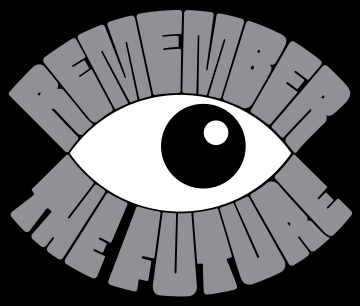
The illustrations on the opening spread of each arc in the magazine are based on a reinterpretation of text from protest signs. All arc illustrations were created by Carolyn Zhang.

PRINTING

Printed in Canada by Friesens
Cover stock: 100 lb Coronado Stipple Bright White, FSC recycled
Interior: 80 lb Rolland Opaque Smooth White, FSC recycled

COVERS

Front: Ricardo Gomez Angel, Jackie Ramirez
Back: Carolyn Zhang



"This is such a great new magazine. It reminds me a lot of when Might *started back in the 90s. A bunch of idealistic young people with day jobs decide to put a magazine together that's bursting with hope and outrage and a blinding sort of optimism."*
—Dave Eggers

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Issue 01 $20 USD