

QUEER + TRANS ICONS

MY NAME IS JASON WYMAN, AND I'M AN ARTIST IN SAN FRANCISCO. I'M ALSO QUEER.

I'VE STRUGGLED A BIT RECENTLY WITH MY MENTAL HEALTH. I'VE BEEN QUITE A BIT DOWN AND MY ANXIETY HAS KINDA BEEN THROUGH THE ROOF. I'VE EVEN CRIED MYSELF TO SLEEP.

TO HELP GET ME THROUGH THIS ROUGH PATCH, I HUNKERED DOWN INTO MY ART PRACTICE. I SHARED SPACE WITH OTHER QUEER + TRANS FOLKS, LISTENED DEEPLY TO PEOPLE'S STORIES, AND DREW PORTRAITS.

I HAD THE GOOD FORTUNE TO HOST TWO WORKSHOPS IN MAY, ONE AT COALITION ON HOMELESSNESS WITH STREET SHEET FOR THIS PRIDE EDITION AND ONE AT SPRIGHTLY, A FREE WEEKLY LGBTQ GATHERING AT THE HORMEL CENTER IN THE MAIN BRANCH OF SAN FRANCISCO PUBLIC LIBRARY. DURING THE WORKSHOPS, WE SNAPPED SELFIES AND WROTE THREE SENTENCE STORIES. THE STORIES DIDN'T NEED TO BE "REAL", AND THE SELFIES COULD BE ANYTHING.

I'VE TAKEN ALL THAT WAS GIVEN AND TURNED EVERYONE INTO ICONS. IT'S POWERFUL (AND HEALING) TO SEE YOUR SELF AND YOUR STORY REFLECTED. I KNOW IT'S HELPING ME NOT FEEL SO ALONE, WHICH IS SO NEEDED IN THIS MOMENT.



EAGLE TAIL



EAGLE TAIL

I was born two spirit into beauty, soul, spirit, in the beautiful hills of the "Paha Sapas"—Black Hills of South Dakota, Lakota, Nakota, Dakota—into hatred, poisoning, extermination, extinction. As the light flickered out, I continued to shine like the state of California, where there is my world, love, freedom, beauty. I am...

Eagle Tail.

"Story" of my grandmother's people the Sicangu Wiyan, "Burnt Thigh Nation"

They are a proud and strong nation—Lakota Ovaté.

They carried the children out of the fall burning grass on the prairies of South Dakota that was set ablaze by the U.S. Calvary to exterminate our people, the "Lakota".

JESSE



JESSE

I was born to immigrant parents, and then became an immigrant myself in a terrible town full of terrible things. There wasn't much to do, but I drew and drew and kind of sucked at most things. I wrote and took photos too, put all my energy in acting, didn't learn a lot. I ran away—it didn't work out—so I tried again and again until I couldn't turn back. So it came to fruition.

JORDAN DAVIS



JORDAN DAVIS

When people see me, they see an individual who doesn't take shit from anyone, who is not afraid to take chances, who is described as "brave". If they really knew me, they'd know that the term "brave" has some weird abilist overtones and has always made me uncomfortable and minimized. One thing I want others to know is that I have nothing to lose, and I think we should kick cops and corporations out of Pride!!!

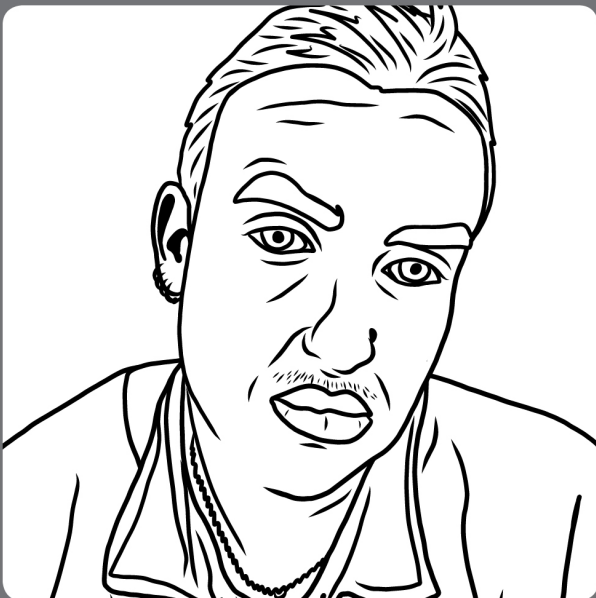
KENDRA



KENDRA

I was born in Beaumont, Texas, in Cajun country. I am also Liberian of the Bassa Tribe. I also grew up in Nebraska. I do resonate strongly with my Texas Cajun culture.

LANE



LANE

MANDI

KNIGHT



I learned hate young being two genders. I learned to love young, for the outside can't affect the inside. Life's a challenge I accept with grace.

MANDI

KNIGHT

JAY



For as long as I can remember I felt my mind deteriorating until jail gave rock-bottom a shape and a texture.

I hid from myself for years so that people wouldn't read my transition as an attempt to escape accountability.

Last week I changed my name

JAY

ESTHER



ESTHER

PAIGE

VIDNOVIC



I moved to the Bay Area from the redwoods in 2006. I wanted to reach for the stars here and fulfill all my dreams.

I struggled each day, worked two or three jobs, moved every year, was in a band, had a scooter, lost my mother, travelled to Europe and Japan, got engaged, broke it off, broke many bones, gave up, tried again and again to be stable. I never got to publish a comic.

My brother took my home. I'm too tired to keep trying anymore; I miss the love of my life Frankie. Goodbye Bay Area. Goodbye Frankie. You broke my heart.

PAIGE

VIDNOVIC

CINDY

ARELLANO

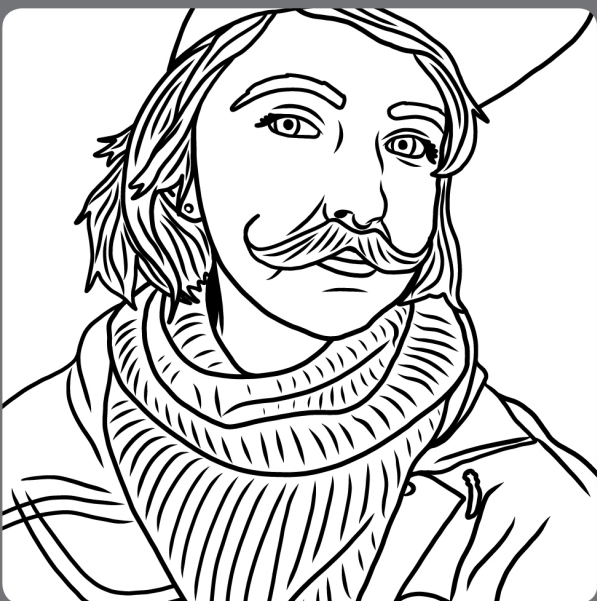


I was born to two working class parents in San Francisco, CA, one crispy cool morning in September at a hospital in the Mission. Born and raised in the City with all its cultures and color has forever enriched my life. Yes, this is my home that I have come to love more and more, and I wouldn't trade it for anything in the world. My home, my life, my love, San Francisco.

CINDY

ARELLANO

QUIVER



QUIVER

I started out on my hands + knees, becoming a snail by pressing scotch tape to the wood floor, my trail of sticky slime. Later, I stood up + became human again but I never forgot how it felt to be soft + tender with a fragile outer shell. Now, I walk and crawl my way to grown up boyhood, leaving a translucent trail of existences and selves about as permanent as tape on the floor on a hot summer day.