

LOS ANGELES QUEER RESISTANCE ISSUE NO. 3

WHAT A BOLTSEX?



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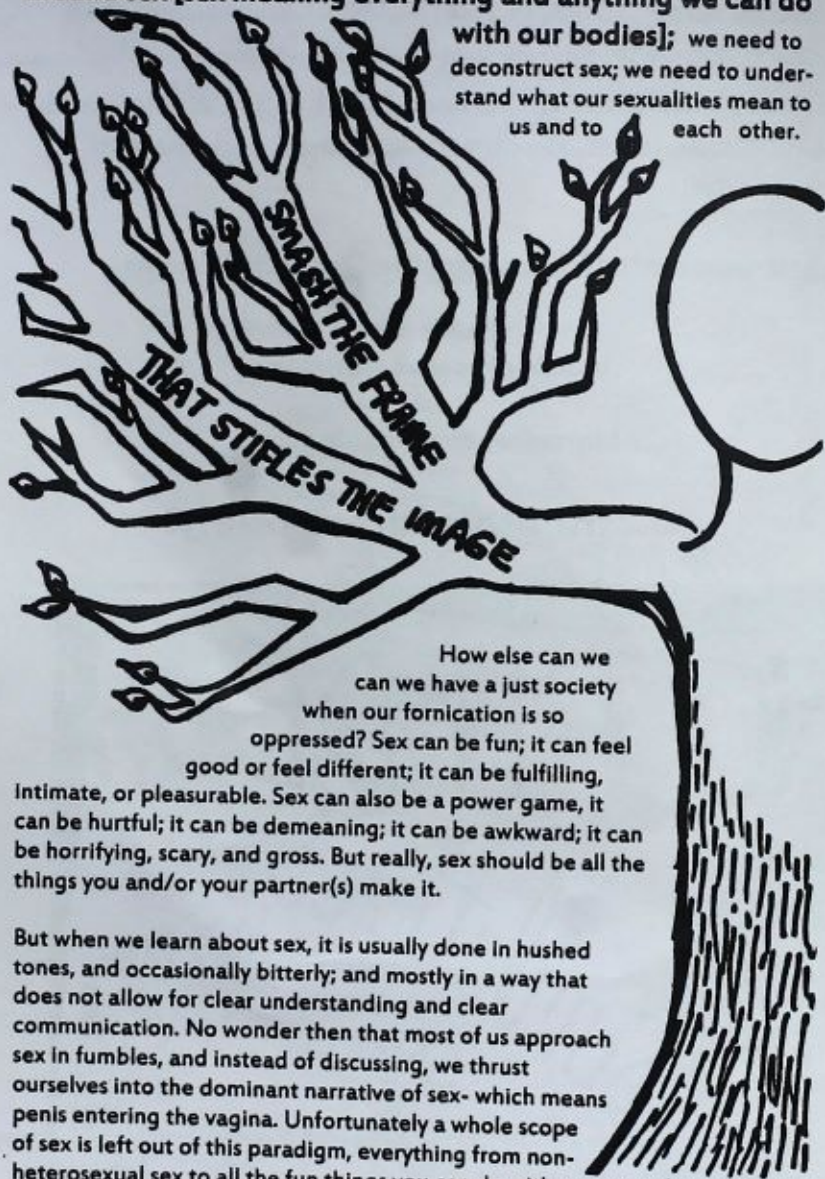
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We need to open up the flood gates of communication around sex [sex meaning everything and anything we can do with our bodies]; we need to deconstruct sex; we need to understand what our sexualities mean to us and to each other.



How else can we can we have a just society when our fornication is so oppressed? Sex can be fun; it can feel good or feel different; it can be fulfilling, intimate, or pleasurable. Sex can also be a power game, it can be hurtful; it can be demeaning; it can be awkward; it can be horrifying, scary, and gross. But really, sex should be all the things you and/or your partner(s) make it.

But when we learn about sex, it is usually done in hushed tones, and occasionally bitterly; and mostly in a way that does not allow for clear understanding and clear communication. No wonder then that most of us approach sex in fumbles, and instead of discussing, we thrust ourselves into the dominant narrative of sex- which means penis entering the vagina. Unfortunately a whole scope of sex is left out of this paradigm, everything from non-heterosexual sex to all the fun things you can do with your mouth, your fingers, your asshole. Also it's the penis ENTERING the vagina -- for-- for it is accepted that it is the man who must initiate sexual encounter, and if the womyn

hesitates, to coax her into the experience. This does not allow room for a lot of autonomy or for dialogue. Instead we are left to sink into these pre-fixed roles in an already awkward situation.

For many years, it was hard for me to say 'no.' To almost anything. I was driven to new experiences, and especially as a teenager I felt pressured to be 'fun.' Fun meant you allowed others to touch you in ways that made you uncomfortable because they wanted to. As a womyn, you are taught to passively conform to this. I don't like to play gender roles. I pass as female in terms of physical appearance, but there is a whole culture around the feminine, I have always rejected. However in sexual encounters, it took me awhile to find the empowerment to not fall back into this preset role.

In some instances, I escaped sexual encounters, but rarely through honest dialogue. As I got older though, I realized I could not run forever (and we are pressured to engage in sexual relationships) and I had no skills at actually talking about what made me comfortable sexually. For awhile, sexual pleasure shut me down, made me feel ashamed and vulnerable in ways I could not verbalize. I couldn't, didn't want to talk about sex, I just wanted to do it in some nihilistic hope I would eventually be "normal."

I am the product of an unhealthy sexual society. Instead of promoting consensually safe sex, we are surrounded by a culture of rape and of male dominance. I grew up with rape, and maybe that explains my anxiety around sexuality. Forced sexual contact was a norm in my house between my mom and the man she married only to gain citizenship in this country. At first they were friends, but then he started to demand particular sexual acts, using threats of violence and deportation. Then he added his son to the mix. My mom hated it, but she had no other choice because he also financially supported us. It is awful that intimate acts of love are annihilated and replaced with plays of dominance and disrespect.

My mom refused to talk about it, and when I started to cut myself to cope with the pain, I was told that this is what womyn do. Womyn get raped. As a womyn, I will be raped; as a womyn it's okay to be raped. A womyn's body must be used; a womyn's body is disposable. It really does not matter what happens to it. And that's tough luck, this is the world we live in. All I really wanted to hear was the truth: we live in a patriarchal world, which is dominated by the male figure, thus awful things like rape culture exist; but that this patriarchal society is a construct and I should not be afraid to stand up and smash it.

Rape culture floods all the crevices of our social structure. We cannot stay silent about this. We cannot continue to allow the status quo. We need to deconstruct our increasingly unhealthy sexual relations. We need to have



conversations on sex and sexuality, but ones that are not led by the dominant narrative. The conversations we so desperately crave need to be genuine. What feels good to touch? Do you like to be watched while you masturbate? Do you like to be tickled, bound, or gagged? Or do you just want try new things? With others, or by yourself? Do you want a penis in your ass? We should ask ourselves these questions, and be free to explore them in a consensual manner with others or with yourself. Do not be limited by what our sexual culture has told us is acceptable sexual behavior. Seriously, what the fuck does it matter if you want to explore someone's body who happens to be the same gender identification as you? Or what your genitalia is and how you choose to dress? The boxes our society puts around our sexuality are dangerous, ridiculous, and need to be thoroughly criticized and de-constructed.

Sexual intimacy can be a wonderful and empowering experience, but not under our current sexual culture because unfortunately our culture does not emphasize consensual communication, thus transforming sexual intimacy into rape. Men attempt to dominate womyn in sex, never allowing breathing room or constructive discussions on sexual relations. Our culture is fixated on this: to be a MAN you must be sexually aggressive. Sexual conquests are applauded in the "man community." This is the same community that blurs the line between rape and not rape. This is how terms such as "legitimate rape" emerge. This is why date rape is so common, and probably more common than we know.

My last long-term partner was a typical member of this "man community." He was not a bad guy, just somewhat insecure with his masculinity and somewhat aggressive with his sex drive. For him sex was what separated us from friendship therefore we needed to fuck all the time or else his male ego would be crushed. For me sex was an occasionally pleasurable activity, which still often made me disengage from reality. All of a sudden as our relationship spiraled downward, sex became a scary chore. Sometimes I would purposefully allow him to force sex on me. Sometimes I would cry but never let him see. He just wanted to fuck me, and was too awkward to try and start a dialogue about why I would freeze up during sex, or why it would seem like I didn't want it. If he did mention it, it was to throw it in my face and accuse me essentially of asexuality. At the time I thought there was something wrong with me. But I'd put myself in the situation with him over and over again because I didn't know how to explain to him what was wrong. Again it was this nihilistic drive that maybe if I kept doing it, I would be "normal".

Maybe our relationship would have been less traumatic for both of us if we had just talked about why I felt uncomfortable, and why he felt the need to assert his masculinity through sexual intercourse. But we never did.

Since that rocky relationship I have tried to work on being more open in my sexual relationships, including saying no to my lovers or partners. I now talk

more freely about the trauma caused by my mom's sexual relationship with her partner. I talk about how sex is uncomfortable and awkward; and I try to verbalize my emotions rather than react to them only. Lately I've started also to think a lot about consent and what it means. I'm surprised at how little I've considered it before.

When we first learn about sex, we learn about STI's and how we have to use condoms to practice safe sex. I've found that while STIs are a pretty important part of safe sex, discussing consent needs to be a vital component. But all I can remember from sex ed are scary pictures of venereal diseases, which made the experience even more awkward. In fact I rejected consent for awhile. I wanted to be caught up in the moment - even though I really did not because it was uncomfortable, but I was told by someone out there that I needed to be handled aggressively by men which meant that I should not have any agency over my sex life. It was a scary paradigm to work under.

Why is it that our sexualities and our sex are shunned? Why is it that certain sexual acts are perceived as abnormal? Our bodies are our humyn bodies. By ourselves, with others we should be able to do as we want with these bodies. We should not feel ashamed by our pleasures.

We need to smash the misogynistic culture of sex, which makes sex about power. Our sexual relations need to be free of hierarchies, and full of dialogue about what makes us feel good, what makes us feel bad, and everything in between. I'm not often comfortable in sexual encounters, but with communication it gets easier to voice needs and move forward in a healthier manner.





## *Prelude to a kiss*

*the swings  
widowed by the wind  
squeal to a stop.*

*the street lamp  
abandoned  
shines a faint light  
and flickers its last breath  
above his steps as he  
sinks his bare feet  
through the sand to arrive  
in proximity  
almost too close for comfort*

*now the sudden silence alone remained  
and i am convinced  
that this thumping,  
this beating from inside my chest  
is certainly audible to him as well..  
i can feel the blood  
racing up my chilled veins  
up to my blushing cheeks  
and naturally, i  
grab the tether rope and lean against the pole  
as if  
the distance is enough*

*to conceal me  
somehow and  
silence*



*this intense urging.  
this  
nervous  
desire*



*his fingertips are warm as he  
brush the strands of hair out of my face  
then he,  
revealing me so effortlessly,  
locks eyes with mine.  
the sounds that once surrounded us  
disappear in the darkness  
and the time  
frozen around us  
finally allows my heart  
to stop beating.*

*i shiver a yearning breath as he  
gently whispers poison into my ear  
and i am numb.*

*his seductive hand  
tickles down my back and draws me in  
with graceful force  
our noses meet  
his mouth, tenderly  
brushes against my face  
and makes his way closer  
to touch  
my awaiting lips..*

## *Prelude to a kiss*



# BDSM

## Of Giggles and Pinwheels

By: Ms. Bunny Darling

"Kneel, if you must speak with me."

My eyes took him in slowly. He was tall and slightly pudgy, with an extreme pallor to his skin which obviously had to be cultivated in the Southern California climate. His eyes were small, and regarded me as if I were nothing. My eye brow quirked, and I crossed my arms.

"Excuse me?" My voice was amused, and a laugh threatened to come out of the end of the sentence.

"Kneel before me slave. Knees apart. That's how it's done."

His grey Nazi inspired uniform, did nothing for him. It didn't inspire terror, respect or lust. I suppose the kneeling naked woman next to him got off on it, but it wasn't my kink. In fact, my kink was probably a bit odd even to the people assembled in that bondage club. That says something considering there were showers for water play and someone being suspended by hooks dug deep into their back.

"First of all, my name is Bunny. If you must address me, you can use that name. Second of all, fuck you. That's how it's done."

I flipped an egregiously long faux ponytail behind me and trotted away, aware that the plaid skirt I wore was too short. Let him have a view of what wasn't going to be touched by him or people like him...ever.

That was the first night I ever went to a BDSM club. Seven years ago, I went with a good friend, well established and known for being a terror who didn't fit into the established Old Guard power structures. The scene I caused in the doorway of a private club was met with disapproving eyes because the outfit I

wore read submissive. Just like in the vanilla world, my clothing was my worth and signifier. I was cutesy, with big fake ponytail falls and giant round doe like eyes. In school girl attire, I looked ready to be bent over a bench, because as their one sided fantasy went, a school girl never fought back. She submits to authority.

Well, submitting to authority has always been a bit of a problem for me. I identify as a Switch, someone who can both be subservient, and dominant. My own nature follows a gentle flow of yin and yang. I am more likely to pin a dominant than roll over and give away submission. I giggle when I use a pinwheel across sensitive skin. I am more likely to hold a subservient gently while delicately etching art into their back and administering sensory based torture. It is that fluidity and refusal to play by gendered and strict homo/hetero sexual rules that unnerved and still manages to unnerve most of the Old Guard in the BDSM scene.

The Old Guard is a group of men and women who have been in the scene for at least twenty to thirty years. Those pioneers who ran secret dungeons in a time where being kinky may have meant jail. They came up with categories and kinks, and stuck to them like a religion. In their eyes, I'm not playing correctly. There are strict boxes in which you must identify, and you cannot flow between them. In my case, I look adorable but I can and will often toss someone around like the rag doll they assume me to be.

Due to the patriarchy infecting everything it touches, according to the Old Guard, an adorable woman very often reads subservient. In order to be dominant and a woman, you must read strength. You may never be gentle, always stern. A woman who fails to be encased in latex and big giant boots, or who doesn't carry around a whip, or Goodness forbid, if a woman is silly...that woman is not a dominant. Dominant women must be cruel, never nurturing. They must be angry, serious or seductive, never kind. If they're kind, warm or in any way gentle then those women are subservient...they aren't true dominants.

When I first entered the Southern California kink scene seven years ago, there was a firmly held belief that if you wanted to be considered a dominant, you had to be a submissive first and go through a training period. Since you had to first be known in the scene through public paid for parties in order to then be invited to private parties, you had to actually play by their rules.

Sadly, the Old Guard's rules mostly followed a rigid patriarchal gender divide. Any man could be called a dominant, but a woman had to work for it by serving another dominant. Once you became a Domme, you had to look and





act a within a few established roles. Goddesses, Amazons, Mommies... If you combined two or three, or refused to use them at all, you weren't a "true" dominant. In fact the "true" dominant is used so much by people over inflating their egos that I ignore anyone who calls themselves a true dominant.

For the Old Guard BDSM is world filled with carefully constructed boxes with appropriate labels, ironically exactly like the vanilla society it feels constricted in. Femdommes, Leather daddies, Gay, Straight, M/f, F/m, CD's... You have to pick one. You can't really be a strong Dom and also occasionally take a paddle across the ass. If you were transgendered, everyone assumed you were a cross dresser. You pick your one true kink identity and by damn, you stayed with it. No flowing between the lines.

So when I came bounding in that club and snubbing a male Dominant that was both popular and powerful, people cringed. I personally didn't give a fuck. In fact, it made me burn with a desire to smash their little box into pieces. I had always lived outside boxes. If someone told me, a cisgendered woman, I couldn't run as fast as a boy? I ran faster. If they told me a woman of color couldn't be successful in school, I became more well read. Essentially I lived to step outside the perceived forced normality, and refused to be bound by society... whether it was kink or vanilla.

My natural personality is a nurturing, soft and generally gentle woman is met by confusion when I pull out a set of floggers and go to town on someone's back. When I wrestle men twice my size into submission, and then lovingly pat

them on the head, people get confused. If I drag a knife down someone's side and follow it with kisses and snuggles it's met with bafflement. I'm not sticking to the boxes. I'm not playing by the rules that say in order to be dominant I have to always be cruel. I can administer emotional comfort even while ladling out the harshest of punishments, and I fucking love it. Breaking people's brains by challenging their normality is my favorite kink.

Close your eyes. What do you think of when you think of BDSM? Many think immediately of a bound naked woman, helpless before a strong man. Some might think of a tall muscle bound woman, driving a high heel into a weak male. Well, that is BDSM. Most certainly, those things are in the scene. Other things that are in the scene are a transman being forced to cum repeatedly by a transwoman in latex. Gender and role reversals are very much apart of the scene, but many players are still tied down

to the same old tired tropes reenacted in daily life...and that's fine. Today, the general feeling in the kink community is: Your kink may not be my kink, and that's fine. My kink may not be your kink. As long as everything is safe, sane and consensual, everything is within limits.

My early problems in the kink scene stemmed from the fact that I was not staying firmly in old rigid kink roles. The Old Guard, made up of mostly white men and women in their forties and fifties, couldn't accept the fact that I could and would wrestle a flogger away from someone then beat the living daylight out of them while laughing. They didn't understand that I could run around laughing in a giant petticoat while having a riding crop duel with a fellow Top. My instruments are whimsical, my attitude is whimsical, and I feel as if BDSM is one big beautiful fun ride. I love it...except when the patriarchy comes in and threatens to undermine the freedom. Thankfully, that has started to fade away in recent years as more people find sexual freedom, and BDSM becomes an open topic of discussion. The New Guard of kink friendly individuals are currently between the ages of eighteen and thirty five. Some of them are older, and some of them younger. All of them are more likely to accept pan-sexuality and gender fluidity. They also come from a far more multi-ethnic experience, that very often does not use race as a background for their play. They are also more likely to explore or seek to understand kinks that occur in non-mainstream cultures.

BDSM in Southern California has thankfully begun to change with a few well known clubs that openly allow gender play and accept the fact that both women and men in the scene do not have to stick to the gender roles expected of them by our vanilla society or by the equally artificial roles within the kink community. The New Guard is flexibly queer and openly willing to be more



than just a set of kinky check boxes. Even the current event choices represent the queering of the Kink community. Want to wear a pony outfit while chasing a person dressed like a dog through the forest? You can. Want to watch Drag Kings perform while you suspend a trans lover from the ceiling? You can. Kink in Southern California is finally catching up with its own professed openness.

The idea of sticking to gender norms in sexual fantasy may get some off, and that is fine and respectable, but allowing others to explore queerness and to express the beauty of it, is one of the most freeing aspects of BDSM. The kink community is supposed to be a safe space for all to express things that our society has deemed wrong. With the old guard in BDSM falling away you see more androgyny and respect for those who live whimsically. The New Guard is politically active and often finds BDSM both serious and fun. The new guard recognizes that gender, race, and association with power dynamics are a sensitive subject, and as such everyone is no longer assumed to be something based on their clothing and outward gender appearance.

Seven years after my first awful experience, when I enter a private club, no one gives me the side eye. Instead a crowd comes together to watch me wrestle it out and cheers me on whether I win or lose. No one bats an eye when I run across the dungeon chasing down one of my house members with a golden rose shaped crop. We're laughing. We're living. We are straight or queer. Polyamorous or monogamous. Leather Daddies, baby girls, Goddesses, Tops, Bottoms, Switches, Grrls, Women, Bois, Men, Queens, Masters, Sirs, Submissives, spankos, pain sluts and everything in between.



Pangaea is a pansexual play party, aiming to explore the intersection of kink and queerness in its many forms. Check it out here:

<https://www.facebook.com/clubPangaea>



**Painting by Rani Laik**

(original in color) Rani Laik on Facebook at

<http://www.facebook.com/photo.php?fbid=241153436014665>





(mommyfiercest.com)

by ofelia del corazon

She teetered on five inch heels, drunk on whiskey and macho femme bravado. The cement floor of the bar's basement was cold and my knees began to ache. The quickness of my breath and the urgency of my heart's beat made the dull pain in my knees seem distant. She pulled my hair tightly brining my face closer to her painted mouth. I smelled the sweat of her neck and the soft perfume of her hair. My pussy ached in response as warmth spread through the wet folds of my lips. The overwhelming waves of desire made me think of the good whiskey she from her tiny gold flask.

"Are you sure you're not going to fall?" I whispered, trying carefully to form the words around the blade in my mouth. She pulled my hair more tightly and I could see the glint of the silver blade reflected in her dark eyes. She slipped the cool blade deeper into my throat and I wondered if the metallic taste in my mouth was my own blood – this too seemed unimportant.

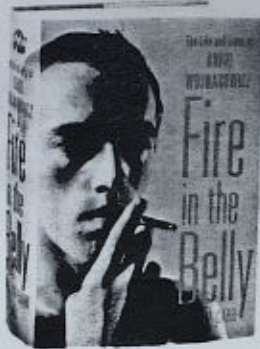
"I can wield a switch blade any old time. Drunk or sober," she snarled. I believed her, closed my eyes and did my best not to gag.





## I read this fucking book... by Zero

The 2009 documentary "making the boys in the band" starts off with unscripted interviews of people on the street, asking them about their familiarity with "The boys in the band" (an influential gay themed off Broadway play from 1968..later adapted into an equally as influential film two years later by William Friedkin) one after another the people interviewed give blank responses of non cognizance...the twilight zone twist in this story...is that the interviews were conducted at a gay pride event...which brings us to the relevance and importance of Cynthia Carr's book "Fire in the belly: the life and times of David Wojnarowicz"



On December first 2010 (world AIDS day) the "National portrait gallery" in Washington DC pulled a video by David Wojnarowicz (pronounced voy-nah-ROH-vitch) "A fire in my belly" (1986) from its art exhibit on queer artist titled "hide and seek" due to pressure from the "catholic league" on images they felt were offensive. The offending images were 11 seconds of ants crawling on a crucifix. The backlash on it's removal from the exhibit was severe with protests and the Warhol foundation threatening to stop funding. If anything it brought attention to David Wojnarowicz who wouldn't be able to defend his work since he passed away from AIDS in 1992 at the age of 37. That Wojnarowicz was mostly forgotten till this time by the queer community at large is why Cynthia Carr's book is significant and a needed contribution to queer history. A whole history of queer history is neglected by subsequent generations of LGBTQ individuals and a lot of it has to do with lack of documentation.

At 613 pages Cynthia Carr's book is a hefty read. But it serves as a document of three different important subjects. The artist (David Wojnarowicz 1954- 1992), the scene (downtown Manhattan art scene of the early 80s) and the times ( it chronicles the uninhibited casual gay sex of the ruined warehouses and piers on the far Westside of Manhattan and the "rare cancer" which gradually took hold of the city in 1981).

By 1971 at the age of 16 David had already moved out of his mother's house and had started hustling professionally (one of his hustling lines was "I need money for art supplies") He lived on the streets and in squats and developed a fascination with artist like Arthur Rimbaud. He was a painter, photographer, performance artist, writer, filmmaker and in his later life an activist. Cynthia Carr chronicles the places and people relevant not only to David but also the scene he helped to create.

Wojnarowicz caught the attention of the art world with his stencils and mural paintings at decaying piers. In 1982 the east village experienced an art boom where at different times up to 176 galleries would exist. During 1982 / 1983 David would have three one man shows at three different galleries, participated in fourteen group exhibitions and had his pier project....while all of this is going on Carr manages to insert stories of a new "gay cancer" like an omen of some tragedy to come. Till it does.



"Rare cancer seen in 41 homosexuals"

- a new York times headline which ran on July 3rd, 1981.

I was born in 1980 so a lot of the early AIDS crisis occurred when I was too young to grasp its impact. The book illustrates the epidemic, its effect on the community and the lack of governmental attention to the crisis. But knowing what we know now in compassion to what we knew then is what makes reading about the early years of the AIDS crisis so difficult.

In 1985 actress and advice columnist Cookie Muller told readers in her advice and health column for the "east village eye" not to worry about AIDS "if you don't have it now, you won't get it." (she would die from it 4 1/2 years later). Stories of theories (poppers?) and approaches (no treatment was available at the time and a lot of experimental treatments) are outlined.



"If I had a dollar to spend for healthcare I'd rather spend it on a baby or innocent person with a defect or illness not of their own responsibility, not some person with AIDS"

- quote from a official in Texas David silk-screened over an image of his partner, fellow photographer Peter Hujar on his deathbed. David was 33 when he was diagnosed with AIDS and his art became more political as did he.

At an AIDS demonstration in 1988 David wore a jacket with the words " if I die of AIDS - forget burial - drop my body on the steps of the FDA" David was frank in his depictions of AIDS as he was of his earlier depictions of homoeroticism in his early artwork. David died of AIDS on July 22nd 1992.

Cynthia Carr was close to David in his last few months of life and keeps a critical distance but at the same time she provides details of her own experiences with David and the scene (being a reporter for the village voice from 1984 to 2003). The book is a story that is an overwhelming one that Cynthia Carr has been waiting a significant time to tell and is truly a personal labor of love (I witnessed her get emotional at a reading for the book). It serves as both a great companion piece to the writings of David Wojnarowicz (which I would also encourage you to read) and a great testament to a significant time in recent queer history. But you don't have to take my word for it.



"Pier 34-1211 Mike Bidlo and David Wojnarowicz," 1983 - Andreas Sterzing

## II TRIGGER WARNING II - this story contains sexual violence and rape



He stood so close his breath made her face wet. She could feel his Glock 22 chamber stiff on her thigh, warning her, so she remained still. The moving lips on his face told her he was speaking but she could not absorb his words. Like an hour glass, the coffee in his hand ticked away the time, when the

cup was empty, that's when she would know exactly what to expect from this interaction. As he talked, his tongue slicked around inside his mouth making wet sticky sounds against his cheeks and pallet. His fat lip sagged against his chin like a shriveled, salted slug that refused to die. She wanted to rip it off and watch it squirm on the ground, forever searching for the face it belonged to. She wiped her forehead of his spit and turned to get into her car.

"Wait, I just finished my coffee, thought maybe we could go for a walk."

"Uh, you know it was great talkin' to you but I think I have to head home."

"You got something waitin' for you there?"

"No, just some errands and things..."

"Then why don't you just settle down a little bit. You look kinda wiry, you know, in this kinda place, I can understand why your feelin' unsafe. You're on our watch now, me and the boys, we don't want anyone messin' with you."

"Thank you, I appreciate." She fumbled with her key in her door handle and saw his thick hand rest against the car, inches away from her face. His oily thumb left prints on the glass window. She tried to energetically plea with the others in the parking lot, to use the strings of her emotional stress to pull a person's chin up from inside zir collar, to dig at zir humanity. She knew zi felt her need but zi didn't wanna get involved. Thanks, asshole.

"Lets take a walk." He pressed his armed thigh into her ass for reassurance. She put her keys in her purse.

"You're not gonna like it." She said.

"Don't worry hun, i'm a grown man, there's a lot I can handle."

It didn't matter where they were; Fifties controlled the entire neighborhood. Everyone in Fifties had a nice car, weapons and dressed only in blue, head to toe. Day and night they wandered the streets, occasionally knocking on doors, or breaking them down, demanding drugs and money. People who had neither, paid in other ways. After their raids, houses were left a mess, drawers pulled out, couch cushions everywhere, you couldn't take a step without the sharp, shaving crunch of something cracking beneath



STOP HATE



SMASH STATE

STAFF GOT 2



STAT 2 HRIM 2

STAFF GOT 2



STAT 2 HRIM 2

STOP HATE



SMASH STATE

your feet. Anything once locked, or that somehow got in the way, was now broken. If they found nothing, they left. If they found something, like drugs, they kept it and told folks to keep quiet or worse things would happen for them having the drugs in the first place. Drugs were a Fifties industry only.

So she stood still and waited for him to make his decisions. The stink in his breath invaded her skin. He put his other hand on her shoulder and waited. Then he steered her away from her vehicle toward the back of the parking lot where a rusting dumpster hugged up against a small display of trees. Not a single person looked her way. They kept on pretending they were incredibly distressed about an inability to find keys or a wallet or change in their purses or pockets; an internal monologue they all created to make their selves feel better about ignoring what they knew was going on right before their eyes.

The smell of the dumpster clung inside her pores, tasting like bad breath in her mouth. Though she could see no one clearly through the trees, she could still make out shuffling feet and framed bodies as they traveled the sidewalk on the other side of this pretend forest. She knew they were watching. Out of the corner of their eyes, they sneaked peaks through leaves, but only for a second for if they witnessed to long, their conscience may require them to act.

Slowly, he pressured her to the ground. She felt her knees tear on the tar. Knotting her hair in his fist he gently careened her head backward. She shut her eyes to... the rubbing of fabric, the clicking of metals echoing, finger nails (hers?) clawing against loose pebbles. Fat and thick inside her jaw, grinding against the back of her throat. Hair scratching her nose her face deeper into... Choking, she wills it back. She couldn't now....his smell, like sour onions... cascading inside her body, rupturing her nervous system. She vomited. She vomited all the way down his crisp pant legs. The orange acid against his navy blues made her head spin and the puke curdled up her throat again, heaving itself on the shoes in front of her. He dragged her up by her hair until her muscles strained.

"Fucking cunt." He said and spat in her mouth, tensed open in pain. Vomit splattered across her thighs ... hair ripping, detaching from her skull, her face rubbing in the puke. "Fucking dog. Bitch! Try it again, bitch! More? Taste it." His acid drenched cock on her shaking body. A distant sound of shredding fabric. He flipped over her naked body wanting... "What the fuck are you?" As she trembled to her feet, he brought a rod down

on her back causing her body to crumble into the ground. "Who do you think you are makin' a fag out of me." The searing cold metal rod stabbing into... tearing... ripped her mind back into contact with her physical self. Glass shattered across her body.

He wiped his beating stick on the grass and walked across the cracking tar parking lot to his vehicle a street away. Stripping off his pants and shoes, he settled himself into the soft leather seats in his black and white Impala.

Thudding and shuffling, the sounds alerted the womyn her husband returned.

"Love, what happened to your pants? And your shoes?"

"Some fuckin' drunk hurled all over the front of them.

They're in the car. I'm gonna take a shower. I smell disgusting."

"That's awful. What kind of people do that? Look, I'm so sorry. When you're ready to eat, there's food on the stove."

The warm water eased his body, rinsing away his bitter afternoon. When he climbed out of the shower, there she stood, beautiful as ever, leaning against the bathroom sink in search of her tooth brush. From behind, he tucked his hands through her waist. Her weight fell into his arms, her face soft on his lips. Passionately, he eased his hips into hers.

"Oh baby, not right now, I'm just not..."

"I know. I'm sorry. But don't you think it might be good for you?"

"I'm just tired."

"You keep saying that. I'm starting to get worried."

"Don't worry. I'm just tired." She scooted out from underneath his arm and left the bathroom.

All she could do was stare at the clumps of meat from her face sticking to the tar. Everywhere she touched felt tender and sticky. Reaching her fingers in her mouth, she checked to make sure she still had all her teeth. Something stringy stuck itself from between her molars, a curly brown pubic hair. All the sudden, he re-entered her, his sweaty salt flavor molested her taste buds. She began to scrape her nails on the inside of her mouth...until she noticed the blood underneath her nails, pooling between her finger nails. Red rivers stuck inside the cracks of her bawled fists. The dumpster rattled as she used it for support, hoisting her body up, steadying herself against the black stains of old garbage juice and a decrepit metal frame. She draped her rags over her breasts and penis, as if to appear normal and walked, shaking, to (cont->)

STOP HATE



SMASH STATE

STAFF GOT 2



STAT 2 HRIM 2

STAFF GOT 2



STAT 2 HRIM 2

STOP HATE



SMASH STATE



# GET ON SENT

## THINK ON CONSENT

‡ CONSENT IS NOT SEXY OR CUTE ‡

ITZ FURN HUMAN MANDATORY!

**A FINITY OF ATTRACTION**

WHAT KIND OF ATTRACTION DO YOU FEEL?  
HOW DO YOU EXPRESS/ENGAGE IN ATTRACTION?

POWER DYNAMIX  
bottom TOP with men

DO YOU FEEL LIKE...  
SEXUAL ASEXUAL PHYSICAL ROMANTIC intimate comrades?

♥ RECOGNIZE YOUR ‡ DESIRES ‡ DEMANDS ‡ NEEDS ‡

↳ THESE MAY BE DIFFERENT DEPENDING ON YR AFFINITY OF ATTRACTION

‡ HOW DO THESE ‡ GET MET? ‡

? HOW DO YOU COMMUNICATE THESE?

CHECK IN

BE VERBAL!

HOW DOES — MAKE YOU FEEL?

PHYSICALLY  DISCONNECTED  
 SEXUALLY  DISCONNECTED

♥ ACTIVE CONSENT PROVIDES SPACE FOR PARTICIPATION

ASK ME 4 MY COOKIES!

✂ CONSENT IS NOT IMPLIED ✂

👍 IT'S TOTALLY **READ** IF YOU'RE UNCOMFORTABLE 👍

TRY TO COMMUNICATE THIS OR MAKE UP AN EXCUSE  
"GOTTA FEED MY PET" "I'M GONNA VOMIT" "YOU'RE AN ASSHOLE"

SOMETIMES YOU MAY NOT WANT TO CHECK IN DURING THE HEAT OF THE MOMENT  
DISCUSS THIS W/ YR PARTNER(S) BEFORE GETTING IT ON. HAZ SAFEWORDS/WARNING?!

📖 TRY WRITING ABOUT CONSENT & DEFINE CONSENT  
HOW DO YOU FEEL (UN)COMFORTABLE? WHAT DO YOU LIKE/NOT?

RED 1-NO SEX 2-NO CHEEK-IN 4-CHEEK-IN MET  
YELLOW 3-OTHER STUFF WILL BE THERE!  
GREEN 4-LESS CHEEK-IN

RAD SHIT TO PUMP: ZINEZ: LEARNING GOOD CONSENT/SUPPORT APOYON/NOTW/O MY CONSENT  
FOR A SAFER WIRIDEN/SPAN/MI FEM/INT MANIFESTA/SEE NO HEAR NO. SPEAK NO



her car. Now everyone stared.

"Is she okay?"

"Is she alright?"

"Is she...?"

"Hey, hun, are you alright?"

"Here, let me..."

"Get the fuck away from me!"

She kept moving until she reached the car. Her finger bones rattled against the keys in the lock as she dug her left hand into the window pane. Finally, the metal door screamed open. She trembled into her grey ribbed seats with yellow innards poking out, loose seams, and a raspberry jam stain. A scream shredded the inside of her throat. She clawed off her ragged dress, it didn't matter anymore, and hugged her legs into her chest. She watched the red blood etch pictures into her knees, curling gently with the smooth, loving browns, reflecting sunlight in each slowing drip. Acid rushed into her veins. Jamming the key into the ignition, she peeled out of the parking lot. The vibrations of the engine soothed her sore body. Seeing the dress scattered around her car, she snatched it, unrolled the window, and threw it out. Cold wind pierced her veins, crusting the blood around her cuticles, eyelashes, collar bones, and thighs. She blew her nose and vomit came out.

A front door slammed shut.

"Did you hear the Fifties raided the neighbors? Said they had drugs, fucked the whole place up and then claimed they found shit and are threatening the entire family for selling. They don't sell across the way. I don't know what the Fifties found or what they are claiming but whatever it is, it's lies. They're just looking for a fight. W-wha-what the hell happened to you?"

She stormed into the bathroom and started scrubbing herself. She couldn't stop smelling him, his scent, he had covered her in it. She turned the shower on hot. Burning, the dried blood began to mobilize, creating orange-red streams down her chest. Deeper and deeper, she sank into the tiled shower wall, sliding to the floor below as the soft sounds of rainfall enveloped her like a gentle reverie.

Upon entering the bathroom, he saw her passed out in the tub. He checked her pulse and breathing, turned off the shower and began to take a cloth to the wounds on her face. She opened her eyes. Focusing her sight was unnecessary, the gentle touch of his calloused brown hands was enough to make her feel safe. Warm tears puddled in his palm, they were his, not hers. She reached up to squeeze his wrist, to let him know she hadn't disappeared, yet.

She woke up in the bed she used to share with her partner. The first night, he slept with her but every time he touched her, she could feel the hairs in her skin recoil as her body shrank deeper inside itself. His hand on her shoulder felt like razor blades. Curling into a ball, she attempted to squish the crawling feeling beneath her skin by clenching her sheets closer to her body, cocooning herself into a more compact existence. Blankets slicked against her sweating body like a skin. No matter how many comforters her lover layed on her, she still quaked in cold and begged him fervently for

more but if he kissed her afterwards, she'd shrink inside the layers she was creating around herself and disappear from his touch. Guilt wormed inside her gut. She wanted to accept his love and pretend like he was healing her but her physical response was out of her control and even if she could pretend, he loved her too much to believe her lies.

He hated leaving her. During the day, while he was at work, he constantly worried her isolation would deepen, swallow her, or worse. Silence invaded their lives like a hot blade on a soft neck. She had yet to say a word to him so instead of conversations their house filled with sounds: boiling tea kettles, the scrape of his boots on the hardwood floor, a powdered rustle as he changed the sheets she soiled over and over again, unable to move without the his reminding her. The house began to clatter with the dead sounds of refrigerators and running water.

She couldn't shower. Even though his touch made her tight, he felt the need to bath her. A couple weeks in, her skin began to peel. He had no idea why. One day, she sat in the tub, digging her nails into her fat thighs while he scrubbed her back when he looked into the tub and noticed an opaqueness to the water. When he reached in to see what it was, he pulled his hand out and realized it was covered in a pink-grey film. He drained, scrubbed and refilled the tub, still confused about what he washed down the drain. This time, he noticed, as he poured water down her back that it thickened as it hit the tub below. That's when he put his hand on her back. When he picked it up, a pink hand print marked her back and a film of her skin layered his palm. The skin clung to his hand as if hoping to stay there, hoping to escape her. He turned to the sink on hot and witnessed the skin clump together like little grey strings and swim in circles around the drain, some too big to actually go down. She kept staring at the white tiles in front of her and clenched her teeth.

Her world smelt like piss. At first, it felt warm, like a soft bath, but it quickly cooled down and left her shivering inside the wet blankets. The smell sunk deep inside her tissues, sour just like his. She became obsessed with fighting it. The corner of her pillow looked like a mouse used it for nesting scraps but really she had taken to ripping out the stuffing and plugging her nostrils with it to avoid her own stink.

She couldn't leave the house. There was nowhere to go. Fifties were everywhere, trolling around in their fancy cars paid for by stolen taxes. At any moment they could come up behind her, break into her apartment, threaten her partner. Even staying home was unsafe. The possibilities nibbled on her mind like ants in a tree trunk. She had to make a plan.

He had just gotten off shift at work, dressed in his patrol outfit, spotless black shoes, a stylized cap, his gun at his waist for when business got shaky. After looking both ways, he started to cross the street.

"Hey Pig!"

As soon as he turned around, she pulled the trigger once, twice as he fell, her arm burning from the vibrations of the gun. She sauntered toward his contorted body and kept pulling the trigger over and over and over until a group of Fifties tackled her



to the ground. Handcuffing her while she smiled at her own reflection and the glistening glint of sunrays in a pool of his blood.

"For the first degree murder of one Officer Jared Williams on Tuesday, September 29<sup>th</sup> 2008 at approximately 5:45 pm the jury finds Inga Yildirim, guilty."

"Ms.? Mr.? Yildirim? You are sentenced to life in prison without parole. This hearing is adjourned."

Reporters eagerly waited outside for the verdict. A podium on the steps of the court house assuaged their fears that Mrs. Williams may choose not to answer questions.

"What do you think about the rape accusations?"

"They're absurd and false. The wommin, man-thing was obviously involved in a illicit activities. My husband would never do that. My husband was an officer of the law. He worked every day, to make these streets safer for communities he didn't even belong to because he cared that much about people, not some people, not certain people, all people. Now he is dead, killed by the very people whom he helped, whom he served. These are the sacrifices police officers make to uphold justice. They sacrifice their lives to protect us from monsters like Inga Yildirim. The least you, as a reporter could do, is respect his dignity."

"I think this press conference is over." Mrs. Williams lawyer ushered her away from the podium.

The wind paused on a wommin's neck. She tightened the black bandana around her face and slowly walked home.



Charcoal - "Sometimes I see you for what you really are"  
by Matthew McMillon



## Love Fast: Not Diet .... By Edd

You are not deserving of me,  
to put it plainly.  
You, the one who holds me in such high regard.  
The closest to your heart and you know "your precious" least.  
Feast cautious eyes upon  
the glory that is me.  
And dwell in discovery of my ill will  
and discontented sensory.  
For my selfish decline is clearly altruism.  
My rhythm in thought is commonly mad and off  
through time.

Fools, says I, you do not know,  
this coupling like a cancer grows.  
I implore you!  
Run!  
Run from my gazes  
and deranged lust,  
away from my clutches.  
Must you complete me?  
I beseech you to gain me no trust.  
Existence forbid you,  
to receive what I want.

Did I mention the madness?  
We are already betrothed  
because we are as milk & honey,  
bread & butter,  
Mad & Edd are indeed twin souls.  
It taunts to haunt me.  
Do not mistake this courting for love.  
It awaits to ambush my one moment of ease.  
The mind starves and the heart is famished  
for this bit of peace.  
This is my earnest wish,  
my most ardent decree.  
This is plainly, highly regarding, why you are not deserving of  
me.



## Impatient Erotomania... By Edd

And I'll never love.  
And you'll never see.  
I'll never be with harmony.  
So I'll soak my bones  
in decrepit seas.  
I'll wait like stone  
if you wait for me.

I've been waiting so long.  
Good-bye, so long.

But I can count on you to let me down.  
Won't see those red red roses  
or the loneliness drown.  
I frown to know if smiles are dead.  
Who cares, I forget your last words said.

Good-bye, so long.  
I've been waiting so long.  
For so long I've been waiting, so good-bye.

While high, tonight I'll yearn for passions core.  
Will I lead him on or  
will I leave her sore?  
How many will I hurt before  
I'm dubbed, 'the whore'?  
-My mind's the whore.  
I'm bored.

Good-bye, I'm tired, I've been waiting for so long.  
Good-bye, I'm tired, I've been waiting for too long.  
My heart is finally bored with this emotion spent.  
Good-bye, so long. For now, 'til when?

I've been waiting so long,  
for this 'good-bye', and 'so long'!





## Gray Matters

Sexuality is not so easily black and white, nor is the subjectivity of attraction. In my observations and experiences throughout the years, I haven't fit into the hetero or homo-normative framework that dominant sexualities encompass. Sure, I've had an encounter here and



there, and have felt the delights of a person wanting to experience pleasure with me, but I've taken very little initiative towards sexual interactions. The Mating Game, as I call it, as it stands, has always had an insincere agenda-driven superficiality to it that has caused a lack of participation on my part. Be it the inordinate influences capitalism, patriarchy, and religion has had on gender or love or social relations, my sexual urges have been diminished because the Mating Game can be very alienating. As a gender queer mixed race POC teetering on the edges of what may be normal and abnormal has also limited my sexual experiences, but have also given me a fairly insightful critique on sexuality, my sexuality, physical attraction, relations, love, and the lack of it. So let's begin with attraction! When you lay your eyes upon someone and you are immediately sexually attracted to an individual, are you objectifying them, and is there a way to remove this objectification from this situation? And what does sexual liberation mean to those who might place less emphasis on sex? Let's explore.

Sexual objectification is an effect of patriarchy that over sexualizes and dehumanizes the individual, regarding and treating those targeted as mere objects for sexual gratification. These unfounded expectations lead to an entitlement to another's body, and this societal disease has reinforced patriarchy, working step by step for widespread oppression through misogyny, domination of space, and rape supportive culture. It's ok for anyone to want to feel sexy for themselves, but it is not ok for an individual to impose and treat another individual as an object of desire whose only usefulness is to fulfill their

sexual needs. Maybe basic attraction is not without objectification; however, MUTUAL CONSENT AND UNDERSTANDING of these feelings and attraction are necessary for equality. Although the idea of being attracted to an individual because of their physicality may be inherently objectifying, it is not sexual objectification unless it is put into practice that would demean a person's existence for your own sexual gain. Even without the individual's knowledge of this sexual objectification, the idea of regarding them as such may result in its practice on them or others. So much constructive communication is needed to have a clear understanding of this attraction. A completely clear understanding will probably never be reached, but consensus is a helpful approach towards that. I understand that most want to be physically attractive so that they'll attract the right mate so they won't die alone, get resources to survive or... however the narrative that someone else came up with goes. We can do all we can to remove mutual objectification from the equation of the Mating Game, but that would turn it into a hollow effort. People will play the game at their own risk, but we could all do more to challenge our perceptions of what we want or think we need. Our dominating culture spoon-feeds us with ideas of unrealistic expectations in romance by practicing serial monogamy to fill a void and wish fulfillment towards completion.

While on the subject of why the dominant culture may influence us to want to be attractive, let's deconstruct the terms of how we want to be attractive. We've been so influenced by western ideas of surface beauty due to media, that we are saturated by the compulsion to look, examine, assume, conform and judge by physical qualities; qualities that you haven't the foggiest clue to why you're admiring them in the first place. Actively questioning and depersonalizing to analyze whether this is something I came up with on my own or just saturated ideas/images of what I'm "supposed" to be into or what's supposed to be attractive will allow for self critical reflection. There is a constructed reality, a "truth" that is perpetuated by what most believe to agree upon. Every tangible aspect of your life has been constructed for you, not by you, without your direct input in mind. Thus, your sexual prowess is a possible predisposition as a result of the imposing dominant perspectives that kept replicating until they became the only "truths" ubiquitously provided to you. The Western European beauty standard turned Amerikan standard and gender binary compounded with capitalism reinforces a long existing hierarchy that literally sells you ways to assimilate, and measures success in accordance to its own affluence/appearance. This hegemony is something that has been challenged before, but disassembling these unjust social constructs will take vast and popular participation.

This analysis need not only apply to attraction, of course. Look at how we've been governed and the constructed "solutions" provided. The ruling elite, those who make law, keep their tight grip on their power by only cutting out small avenues for change that they provide to you. These are not solutions we come with ourselves!



Those in power will create problems, only to provide the minimal and gradual solutions to these problems, so that they can grow and prolong their power. The constructed "truth" saturates us in unattainable desires, expectations, and is shaped by coercion conformity. These constructed truths that are created and carried on through social dogma and coercion seem to be fitting a system that needs mass compliance in order to perpetuate its dominance. Those in power create traditions, orthodoxy, and unquestionable truths to be followed blindly, because for the mass populace to deviate from that would rock the very foundation of their imposing indoctrinating authority.

"Man created God in his image: intolerant, sexist, homophobic and violent."  
~MARIE DE FRANCE

Most religion reinforces the strict dogma and contradictions of self serving power. For example, when the dominant figure/delity for worship is male and white it cultivates a society that is socialized to serve and praise white men. Since colonialisms efforts towards claiming land, it led to widespread Western Eurocentric patriarchy which has placed its own kind of stigma on sexuality by demonizing same sex pleasures, claiming ownership of womyn's bodies, and rationalizing its violence for the sake of purity. Open homophobia, sex-slave trade, pornography, and rape are obvious outcomes. Capitalism (influenced by the repression of sexuality in religion) caters to and perpetuates sexual objectification by selling it mainly for a white male demographic. What is deemed taboo and repressed becomes marketable. Womyn have not had equal opportunities to explore their sexuality and are treated to serve the needs of men within the economic arrangements of marriage, brought into a 1+1=1 union, under a male god, resigning their name, which itself is also passed down through a patriarch that has perpetuated this tradition to fulfill the sexual and economic needs of men.

From religion to sexual preference to relationships, it's surprising how quickly we resign what power we have as individuals and confine ourselves to a labeled identity. We're instructed to do this, so we obstruct actual self-determination and the co-operative/collective wielding of power. Whether we're resigning our power to any existing jobs, governments, gods, or relationships to get through existence happily, the power to resolve our OWN individual and existential needs is never completely recognized. In fact, it is discarded completely, and widely left up to someone or something else. Spiritual laziness (religion/money), political laziness (government/money), or emotional/individual laziness (codependency/money) poisons the wells of who we are as individuals and obscures communal reliance, reason, and critical thought. Money has now come to replace community as a prime resource of security. When I speak of individual power, I speak not of the individualism or false independence that is propagated by capitalism in which material gain for the self is placed at higher importance, acculturating its appetite and lack of

empathy onto others. This survival of the fittest doctrine of capitalist individualism is not what I speak of. I speak of autonomy with solidarity, actual self-determined interest, and an ongoing mutual co-operation with all surrounding living beings.

So as a current Gray-A aka graysexual (a person who puts little to no effort/emphasis in sexual relations) of 27 years, sexual liberation, for me, is a freedom to love and or have sex with whomever you want, with social and economic coercions removed. This sexual liberation would mean having the autonomy to find out, and to choose at your own pace how you are to be/feel liberated. The influence sex has had on my life is conflicting. Needless to say, I don't believe I need it. But I will do all I can to make sure those I have relations with, sexual or not, know that they are valued, and that I would cut spacetime out for them as equally as our chemistry allows, in hopes of challenging the hidden social hierarchy of monogamy. BUT, even polyamory can often displace or stunt the growth of other existing relationships through subtle hierarchies. Since we live in a highly heteropatriarchal and capitalist society, status, greed, ownership, competition, conformity, and overall myopic self gratifications are imposed through social conditioning. Many people are pressured, violently and or coercively, to have or not have sex. Removing this pressure would be ideal, and self deconstruction of the social/cultural conditioning is a necessity. The work it takes to remove this is a mutual and collective willingness to openly communicate, listen, and critically challenge the framework of all relations.

The most pressing of oppressions for my existence on a social level is patriarchy. It should be obvious that it intersects with all aspects of life from the economical to the social, and let's not ever discount the environmental. Patriarchy was the forceful approach that served the needs of such a small powerful few, that these traditions; these constructed truths that compel you to search ruthlessly for love, sex, and money; to address your immediate needs or die tryin'; is steeped in every aspect of our lives. It serves as a great distraction to what ails the world as a whole, and segregates us further from each other. Again, your reality has been constructed for you, without your intentions or interests in mind. It is a dystopian reality in which your very existence supports exploitation and commodification of all resources and qualities meant to nurture survival. Unless there's resistance to challenge this recognized reality of suffering, our existence is futile consumerism. Those actively resisting against oppressions must recognize the intersectionalities of all power relations. Let us begin to interconnect all struggles. We must collectively undertake the challenge of perpetual reconciliation within ourselves and how we relate with one another to produce an ongoing change.

**Gray matters**.....



## My platonic sweetheart

My platonic sweetheart keeps me warm at night  
Hanging out with friends, in the cold winter night  
I lay my head on his chest and feel his warm body hold me  
I hold him tight to make sure he's real  
To make sure that someone in this world actually cares about me  
I take in his smells  
Hold his hand  
Awkwardly  
Gently  
He's real

### My platonic sweetheart

My platonic sweetheart knows everything about anything.  
To the point of insanity  
The way little facts pop up in our conversations and the way the way  
I pretend to be annoyed by his constant know-it-all schpeels about  
music and geography  
But really, I just want to kiss him on the lips  
But I can't, because we're in public and two boys just don't do that  
So I just sit extra close to him  
Play with his hair  
Lay my head on his shoulder for a few seconds to tell him "Hey, you're  
cute"  
But he gets his kiss in the end  
In my car  
At a friend's house  
Somewhere safe  
He pretends not to like it.

### My platonic sweetheart

My platonic sweetheart is the first boy I have ever loved  
But he's always near and always far  
See, my platonic sweetheart doesn't like boys  
At least, not other boys  
You can say I'm the first boy he's cared for  
Not dude-love, bro-love or man-love  
Just boy love  
Homo love

### My platonic sweetheart

Sometimes my platonic sweetheart and I sit in my car till 5 am  
Talking shit  
Murdering the bigots with our queer boy politics  
Or at least giggling at all the stupid shit nornies say  
This is what platonic sweethearts do  
A gentle touch

head on his chest  
Feeling the contours of his body  
Laughing because so and so said this and that  
Stupid fucking norny

### My platonic sweetheart

Sometimes my platonic sweetheart and I go out on dates  
He eat at our favorite restaurants, check out record shops, or go  
shopping  
He philosophize about life or why it's okay to hate white people  
Then talk about human evolution, or something  
See, we're those old souls that are always looking for something more  
to life  
He read books  
Listen to old music  
Have quirky conversations  
Who needs the world when you have a platonic sweetheart?

My platonic sweetheart is the type of person that can change the  
world

He hasn't realized it  
Beyond his insecurities lies an amazing person  
He and I  
I'm like him  
He is like me  
That is why we're platonic sweethearts

And sometimes I feel like I'll lose him  
To some girl that's prettier and skinnier  
Like a bad Best Coast song  
Only less cuter  
When I have those thoughts, the days get longer  
Everything slows down  
My platonic sweetheart no more  
Those heartfelt nights  
Feeling his beating heart  
My head on his warm chest  
Hearing him laugh  
His never-ending rants about the suburban trap he lives in  
All lost to a girl who nabe his head spin  
A failure on my part, I suppose

One night, after ruminating on the inevitability of our downfall (or so I  
thought), I talked to him about it  
Told him my fears  
Told him my worries  
Feeling as if the gay gods, if they were real, were playing a sick joke  
on me  
This boy  
This beautiful boy  
This amazing boy



Dangling in front of me  
Never nine  
It was this night that we made love for the first time  
It was this night that we became platonic sweethearts  
We confessed our feelings  
How we felt about the little predicament we so carelessly fell into  
How for all intents and purposes, we were already a couple minus the  
fucking that everyone raves about  
We finally understood that we were more than just friends  
Here we were, two boys opening up to something more  
Something that is yet to be defined  
This connection we felt that couldn't be explained  
We were platonic sweethearts

To us, having a platonic sweetheart means having someone to come  
home to at the end of the day  
That special person that will hold you when the world spits in your  
face  
You know, like a teddy bear or a blanket  
A platonic sweetheart is that special person that occupies a big space  
in your heart  
It's that person that you grow with  
In many ways, a platonic sweetheart is like a partner  
Only it is much more innocent  
It transcends friendship  
A platonic sweetheart is a lover who you don't fuck but still sticks  
around because they care  
A platonic sweetheart is that person who takes you out on dates,  
watches movies with you, and lets you hold their hand cause endless  
hours of anarcho-feminist ranting and whining and crying can only be  
soothed by cuddling  
It is the first person you want to be around when shit gets tough  
Comfort  
Platonic sweethearts make you smile  
They give you life

For this, I appreciate my platonic sweetheart  
His white and nerdy glasses  
The way he awkward giggles in social situations  
When he listens intently at my queer boy diatribes  
Rubbing his chin when I'm driving us to a show or a friend's house  
cause he said something cute and there's no other way to show my  
affection  
The way he gets awkward when he tells me that he loves me or calls  
me beautiful  
He struggles with that  
Showing affection  
The way that he makes me feel like I'm worth opening up to  
His secrets and fears, all locked away safely in me  
Yeah, shit gets hard  
Shit gets scary

Things are never ideal  
Bad things are never what we asked for  
But if there's anything I know for sure, is that I don't know what I  
Would do without my platonic sweetheart

-email the author at: [queeruption@hellokittymail.com](mailto:queeruption@hellokittymail.com)



Watercolor by: Matthew McMillon  
"I asked for it. Some might even say I begged"





## A guy, his partner and his boyfriend...

a true story of queer polyamorous love...

Call me an unreliable narrator if you want... It doesn't end happy. There's death and loss...but that's not the story to tell. The story is how I came out of a second closet and became a little more honest. That's the key to most interactions...trust. Whether it be a casual friendship, s& m relationships, probably even a bridge card game partner. I learned you have to be honest. And I did so over a ten dollar bottle of whiskey.

I met my partner a few years ago. He was persistent. He kept messaging me on Myspace and so one night I agreed to meet him and he came over in a friend's borrowed van, very very stoned, and I remember when I saw him I thought to myself "ok...this can work" by the end of the night we watched some cartoons in bed and I knew I found someone special. Had I listened to and followed the way I was raised that would have been the end of story. But I was absorbed straight and ended up queer so I've always questioned my moral upbringing.

We dated, he moved in, we registered as domestic partners but I felt I wasn't being honest with myself...this requires explaining. decided a long time ago I would live a good life and always do the right thing...give my seat up on the bus to old ladies, recycle. Kind

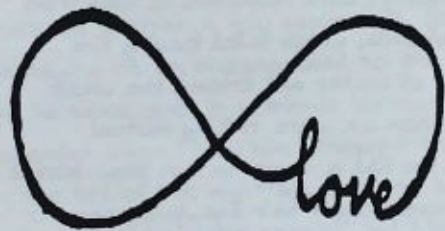
of thing, only because it was the right thing to do but mainly because all I know is that what I have is what I have right now...the immediacy of it all. Everything else...some cosmic sort of prize at the end...that was all theory. So I would live in the immediacy with every minute a minute of life I was in, had lost and one I anticipated, all in a linear arrow. I love my partner but what if I was with a cool friend I had met at some protest or while waiting for a train. I wasn't allowing it to go any further than the chemistry of our interaction dictated and I always told myself you'll just live in the moment...no one can tell you how to live but yourself. But I really felt I wasn't being honest with myself. Call it residue catholic guilt...or fear that I would turn out like my dad (who often left me and my mom home alone while he went out with another woman) or maybe I met people but I just didn't feel that deep a connection with them...that was until I met him.

I met him online. He was an amazingly cute musician. He was from Las Vegas but followed love to Virginia, which failed leaving him stuck there. He was a fish out of water and craved the west coast again. We hit it off and soon we were talking mutual interest all the time. One time we had a conversation that lasted a trip on the bus to target store to get hair dye...purchase of the aforementioned product...the trip back, and only ended when I told him I didn't see how I could dye my hair and not put the phone on annoying speaker phone. I was in love...and apparently so was he. Soon he resented my partner and I found myself doing the same a little. It happens in relationships. You have normal wear and tear. We argued. We fought. But I loved my partner...but there was this guy I hadn't met yet and me and him had mutually decided we had a connection...then we decided he should move in...did I mention I hadn't told my partner about him?



So proposition 8 was ruled unconstitutional and me and my partner got a bottle of whiskey and went on a celebratory August fifth 2010 night to a rally in west Hollywood. We didn't have a perfect relationship and I wasn't anticipating flower girls and sappy music anytime soon. I am for gay marriage only because there's people out there who want it and are being told that they can't have it and I don't think anyone should control or dictate someone's life. Marriage may not be for me but I'm not going to deny someone of doing something they want.

I cried. Really I did. It was all the whiskey. I told my partner I found out about polyamorous love on a video journal on the internet that belonged to a cute female to male transgendered individual from the bay area. And I told him that I loved this guy from Virginia and all of this guilt and pain just came out.



I love you -  
I love him -

I believe I can live in the  
immediacy of a moment -  
I don't wanna be eighty and

at the end of my life lamenting missed chances.

I think being polyamorous is who I am but was scared of being.  
It feels right for me.

I make my own moral judgments -

Ever see "chasing Amy?" well I wasn't born with a road map at birth.

I don't wanna be my dad.

Can we get another bottle?



I'm With  
Them



So we walked around Hollywood swigging bottle two and he cried. And he told me it was about being honest. He understood where I was coming from and respected it and he told me all he wanted was me to be honest with him. It was cathartic. Being honest about it all was cathartic. I realized I would never be my father because the difference was in honesty. You ask someone to take a trip with you and call it life you have to be honest with them. I told my partner how much my boyfriend meant and how amazing he was. And I was honest about being polyamorous and my belief I could love multiple people. Not so much engage in hot simian sex with more like love date. After bottle two we were in downtown. My boyfriend called and my partner wanted to talk to him. He told him he looked forward to meeting him and he should hurry up and get down to Los Angeles. And it was good... by Zero





# Can We Imagine...

## Can we have some dialogue and inquiry around the politics of SEX?

Can we even imagine what a healthy, humane, non-sexist, non-exploitative, 'free' sexuality would look like?

The current culture we live in has such an unhealthy relationship with sex, sexuality and "sexual wellness" ... On the one hand, sexuality is pervasive in the media and advertising via commoditization and fetishization, used to sell stuff and create ideals and fantasies a 'regular' person can't possibly live up to or achieve; and on the other hand the culture is amazingly repressive about sexuality in terms of our 'religious', 'moral' and 'social' institutions. While sex is everywhere, it's still something that one doesn't talk about in 'polite company', amongst children, between the sexes, or heaven forbid, within the family. We're bombarded with sex in the media and in advertising, and yet deep down we all still carry around our childhood experience that it is a 'dirty' secret, something hidden, shameful, 'sinful' and certainly not something to be talked about in any kind of open or honest way. And in the media, children today are sexualized in inappropriate ways and at the same time sensationalized/exploited in terms of sexual abuse and child pornography – and we live in a society where increasingly every child needs to be taught to fear and report predatory sexual activity. Children are regularly sexually exploited and sexualized and at the same time not recognized as sexual beings. Heaven forbid, we should mention or acknowledge the fact that children are sexual beings (I certainly know I was), since we have this cultural mythology that somehow childhood is 'innocent' 'pure' and without any kind of sexuality, even though we know from our own experience that this isn't true (really, how many times were you rebuked and made to feel that your genitals, your body and your curiosity about bodies, that touch and play was somehow shameful, embarrassing, -and don't touch yourself there! you're being dirty...)

We live in a culture that on the one hand is saturated with pornography, tells us to be sexually liberated and on the other hand sanctifies and glorifies the institution of marriage and monogamy. And with all the sexualization of everything, we are still incredibly repressed on a personal level. When was the last time you felt comfortable or free enough with a partner to really talk about and express your sexual desires/needs (or do you just go about it and hope for the best)? When was the last time you even had an honest conversation with yourself about your sexual needs and desires (and if you did, did you end up feeling dirty, shameful or even possibly perverted)? And when was the last time you shared those thoughts with anyone else from a political or cultural perspective? Ugggh, sex is personal, not political, right?

And what about the fact (and yes, I will call it a FACT) that we live in a misogynist, sexist, rape culture (take a look at the Steubenville gang rape, if you have any doubts) that perpetuates different sexualities for men and women... it's okay to be a bad boy, but you better be a good girl. And violence and sexuality have gotten completely intertwined in so many of our media and cultural narratives.

Okay, you get my perspective and possibly my position. Our culture is fucked up, and as human beings we are all created by the culture we live in. And because culture is a human creation, I believe as human beings we have a responsibility to figure it out and re-create it in more healthy ways. While culture is not something any of us can individually change or even escape,

I suggest that we each have a responsibility to critically analyze our cultural norms and do some deep thinking about our own sexuality and how we relate to others. I think that discussions and analysis of sexuality and culture are incredibly overlooked in revolutionary analysis and action. I'm thinking that envisioning a post revolutionary sexuality and how we relate to each other is inspiring. I'd like to think that a 'new world' would be more than just economic justice – a 'new world' where we could relate to each other as humans and be sexually free. I don't know exactly what that would look like, but I think those are conversations well worth having and exploring. I just finished re-reading Shulamith Firestone's *The Dialectic of Sex: the case for Feminist Revolution* and must say I was quite inspired and intrigued by her analysis. If you haven't read it, DO – it's well worth it (and it will touch a lot of nerves, and no doubt generate more than a bit of anxiety, counter argument – and hopefully some deep reflection):



(pgs 60-61): *"The separation of sex from emotion is at the very foundation of Western culture and civilization. If early sexual repression is the basic mechanism by which character structures supporting political, ideological, and economic serfdom are produced, an end to the incest taboo, through abolition of the family, would have profound effects: sexuality would be released from its straitjacket to eroticize our whole culture, changing its very definition... I have pointed out that this sexual repression, demanded of every individual in the interests of family integrity, makes for not only individual neurosis, but also for widespread cultural illness...if we dismantle the family, the subjection of "pleasure" to "reality", i.e. sexual repression, has lost its function; and is no longer necessary."*

Wow, heady stuff! are you intrigued?

While in my own life, I've had lots of sex, with lots of people, both men and women, as I look back and reflect on things, I recognize that I compartmentalized sex and sexuality into the 'act' (with whom and how) and only fleetingly experienced eroticism of my whole life and sex as a component of human relationship (rather than something apart from that, as defined either within our cultural mythologies of romantic love versus 'dirty sex'). Only fleetingly have I experienced sex as an integral and non-issue laden, natural component of human relationship – all too often it got all tangled up in expectation of the fucked up notions of 'romantic love' as it is perpetuated in our culture with all its component aspects of jealousy, ownership, exclusivity, false expectation, etc. etc.

Why do we have to relate to each other as men/women; straight/gay; lover/trick; whore/monogamous; and all the other binaries you can throw into the mix? Wish I could have been freer of categories and identities and found more, consistent community of others of a like persuasion. But then, I had to do a lot of experiencing, thinking, reading and analysis to come to the perspective that no matter how much I resist, I'm still a product of THIS culture and stuck with my childhood and all my socializations. Well, I can at least think about envisioning a new world, and continue to talk about that and even contribute towards action relevant to changing things. Let's have more conversations not only about how we relate to each other as sexual beings and our struggles in this arena, but also about some really radical visions of what a less fucked up sexuality would look like and what we can do individually and collectively to create that.... Conversations that we SHOULD have, but often



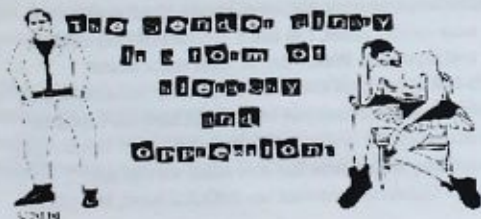
don't – they're really hard to do ... but maybe in our small circles of trusted comrades, we can get some meaningful and interesting dialogue going. Here's to hoping, and my commitment to continuing to write on this topic, from a more personally revealing perspective. Okay, so that's my rant for this issue, more to come....  
... Jonh



LOVE IS  
A MANY GENDERED  
THING



LET'S DO SOME  
**HOMOSHIT**



**SMASH**  
THE  
**CIS-TEM**

**Cuming up...**



**The Vagina {ish}**  
**Monologues,**  
**April 2013**

**For more info - [lavagina.ish@gmail.com](mailto:lavagina.ish@gmail.com)**

**And...**

**Queer People of Color Conference 2013**

The 2013 Queer People of Color Conference will be held at California State University, Fullerton on April 5-7. Please save the date! The theme for this year is

**To Exist is to Resist:**

**Empowering our Roots Through Activism, Community, and Intersectionality.**

**For more info: [qpocc2013@gmail.com](mailto:qpocc2013@gmail.com)**





# QUEER THE WORLD

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