



Dear Reader,

Welcome to our Queer Zine Dictionary! We hope you enjoy the queer words on the following pages.

Massive thanks to all the artists and writers who contributed such wonderful pieces of work.

Please be aware that any entries considered potentially upsetting will have a content warning at the beginning.

Note that there are also many hyperlinks to enjoy, that will take you to music, video and social media profiles.

This zine was launched on the 27th of February 2021 with an online party.



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February 2021.

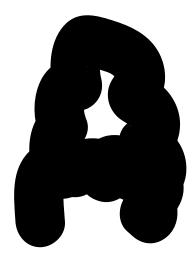
'Queer Zine Dictionary'

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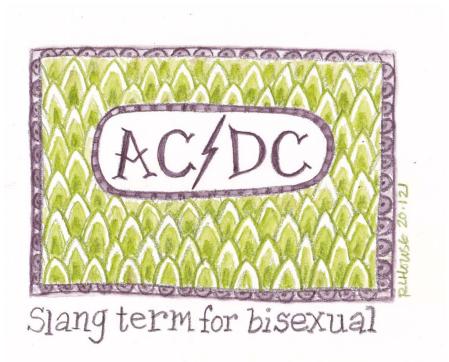
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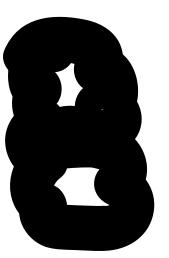


AC/DC [rachael house]

 $\left( 1 \right)$ 



# **bardo** [caroline smith]



'Bardo' is a Tibetan word that depicts being in the realm of transition. Traditionally, one enters the bardo on dying, entering different stages til rebirth. But Bardo can also define our experience of life in-between states. One thing slips away, but the next thing has yet to emerge. When you finish reading this, before moving on to the 'C', you might notice a change in your tempo, adjust your posture, notice the breath on your nostrils. You might experience a small bardo. And of course, Bardo with its unfixing, reforming, in a state of flux, unleashes the fluidity of queer.

Bardo signifies change. It can be unpleasant and challenging. But it can also prompt creativity, growth, fire. It overturns the old which no longer serves us to pave way for the new. We often find ourselves suspended between the known and the unknown, gnawing at an edge of uncertainty. It was in this crackling atmosphere that I worked at the Feminist Library for 5 years. An urgency to caretake, hold and expand a feminist legacy was there as the building housing the books, zines, periodicals, art and ephemera in Westminster was under threat. A proposal for the rent to be hiked was gaining strength. Because of the stellar efforts of the library teams, together with an international uprising with support coming from Hollywood starlets, British novelists, European activists, together with over 100 women who flanked the council buildings when we presented our petition, the proposal was scuppered. The Council retreated. The Library was saved. But it was clear that new premises had to be found. An intention of the audio walk that I devised called B A R D O was to imagine a journey from an old home to a new one. But how to make a

work, create more words, from so many, many words?

The only way to do it was to take the Library's content, (some of) its beloved objects, people, visitors, fans and volunteers out onto the streets and head West. So doing, we would open the cracks to the untold stories of women's activity. And in these cracks and rips



 $\langle 3 \rangle$ 

when I really investigated west end history, it was queer feminism that bubbled up. Patriarchy buckled under its swell. B A R D O was the resulting 120-minute artwork exploring women's writing and a queering of urban space in October 2017. Workshops with volunteers, writers and poets established a team who served as walking guides, appeared as mysterious purple-sashed apparitions en route, or read from their own words. As we pounded the pavements, walkers listened to stories of missing words, ghosts, hauntings written by myself and performed by Maggie Nicolson, a long-time friend of the Library. The walk started at the Library in Westminster with its bridge built in WW2 by women, circling Gordon Square with its homages to Victoria Woaolf and Noor Inayat Khan, and finishing at Camden People's Theatre, the co-commissioner of the project. The walkers spied Library volunteers reading silently from books, leaning against a pillar in Russell Square, or perched on a bench in Bloomsbury. Their eyes tracked us, witnesses to a strange and quiet parade. In the theatre, the same volunteers spoke their own languages out loud from their books. This final sound cloud signified an end of the Bardo. A queer finale. We had moved from one realm to another. In art and in books, at the end, the Bardo lives in the imagination.







**cat** [rachael house]



# coming out [kris chalakov]



5

# **cunt** [caroline halliday]

Wonderful strong powerful word for an important, beautiful, sexy part of womens' bodies. A word to be reclaimed by feminists of all genders. Never to be used as a swear word. Rebuke and explain to anyone who does.

> Etymology of this word is a complete laugh. Ref "First known reference in English ... Oxford street name Gropecuntlane cited c. 1230<sup>1</sup> haunt of prostitutes. Used in medical writing c. 1400, avoided in public speech since c. 15; considered obscene since c. 17 Gropecunt Lane also in York, recently changed name...

> Synonyms>> Botany Bay, chum, coffee-shop, cookie, End of the Sentimental Journey, fancy bit, Fumbler's Hall, funniment, goatmilker, heaven, hell, Itching Jenny, jelly-bag, Low Countries, nature's tufted treasure, penwiper, prick-skinner, seminary, tickle-toby, undeniable, wonderful lamp, and aphrodisaical tennis court, and, in a separate listing, Naggie."<sup>2</sup>[Or more recent, fanny, pussy, even 'down there']

'She was a rich cunt, a red tongued riotous river.'3

See also Mimosa Pale.<sup>4</sup>

- I "Place-Names of Oxfordshire" (Gelling & Stenton, 1953).
- 2 https://etymonline.com/search?q=cunt
- 3 From the poem 'Medusa' Caroline Halliday.
- 4 https://theartmycunt.blogspot.com, https://mimosapale.com



#### Online

Waiting devoutly For her to reply

Lying in bed The glare irritating my eyes. Wondering if, slumped in my mattress, I should get up And slump deep into the sitting room chair And complain to you how girls online won't Match my stare Despite my attempt to delight the screen glare.

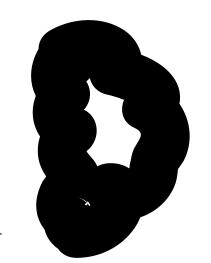
#### Then

I saw her typing. Reminding myself of who she was On her profile I choked on the images.

Talking, I imagined I made her smile I felt charming for a while. The Don Juan, Of the dating app moan. Id mastered romance over the phone.

We laughed about dates we'd been on before, My back against the radiator, hot on the floor.

Quiet again, For 15 minutes And then She asked, 'you date men?'



# dating [paloma jauncey mckim]

I confessed I was bi And haven't heard from her since. My back was overheating, I got up when Reminded of another time it was teased, 'I don't go for those girls bi; they'll just leave you for some guy.'

So here I sit, slumped in the sitting room chair Talking to you, complaining For now, that's all I feel it's worth saying.

### drag [mathew bamber]



(9)

Since the nineteenth century, the term 'drag' has been embraced by those who play with and redefine the concept of gender. Increased visibility and public awareness of drag has led to more distinctions and a deeper understanding between drag and other identities in the LGBTQ+ spectrum. Drag today is a cultural phenomenon but will always have its roots in queer culture.



new year dumplings generous hands filled with surprises open up in my intestines and seep into my cells and give me energy for tomorrow



things to do when it's 100 degrees outside cold soba august '16

# eating [megan saltzman]

#### smell of cooking meat wakes me

walk into kitchen at 2:30am

?

response: "tomorrow is the last day of class ... you can spread rice on seaweed sheets."

back to bed 4 hours later.

#### the next day at school

meticulously made gimbap pieces are deposited in Asian Studies Students' Stomachs, briefly confusing their priorities

(no sign of sesame-oiled fingers or pijamas or dirty dish towels or work-related worries)

then the seaweed wrap opens up and

the sautéd carrots

the sautéd spinach

the egg strips

the fish cake strips

the seasoned beef

the pickled radish

the sesame'd rice



 $\langle 11 \rangle$ 



disperse for the summer







(13)

a semester of communal meals comes to an end

for now

#### Η κάβλα πάει στα βουνά

Τα βουνά σου κάνουνε έρωτα όχι με την κορυφή τους απαραίτητα αλλά με την εναλλαγή κοιλάδων με πλαγιές

κορυφών με οροπέδια Σου κάνουνε έρωτα με το νερό που κυλάει από

τα σωθικά τους

με δύναμη αφού πρώτα σε χαϊδέψουν το θρόισμα τα χορτάρια το κελάηδισμα το σκούξιμο αφού περιελιχθούν στα μπούτια σου τα φίδια και σε τσιμπήσει το αγκάθι και η τσουκνίδα Αφού σπάσουνε μερικά κλαδιά Αφού γευτείς τα μούρα την πικραλίδα το χώμα βρεγμένο από ξαφνική καταιγίδα

ecosexual [sudden darling]

Horniness goes to the mountains translated from Greek by Ari Banias

The mountains make love to you not with their peaks necessarily but by switching

from valleys to slopes peaks

to plateaus They fuck you with the water that rolls through

(15)

their guts

with force only after they stroke you the rustle the grasses the singing the howls after the snakes twine your thighs and you're stung by the thistle and the nettle After a few branches break after you taste the mulberries the bitter greens the soil drenched with sudden come

# follicle [niharika pore]

The hairs have started growing again. Red follicles firmly embedded in the glass pane They start at the centre of the mirror, slowly Moving spiralling outwards (and outwards and outwards), She stares into it Cilia pushing forth the mucus of their pocket dimensions. The mirror drips with it, sweat and phlegm and discharge oozing out to the wire frame; She is framed in their fluid, finally. Slick with it, the hairs continue growing, Lengthening, Stretching, Straight and spiked and corrupt. They reach for her, grasping arms wrapped around and around,

Into her skull through her gaping pupils In further and further as they hook and anchor The follicle starts small, insignificant, petty Always empty never fulfilled Causes you so much trouble Everything you are not is everything you are meant to be

A tour of her face –

Tangled webs of curls cascade frame your face hide the fat (Hide and seek!); why aren't you sharper, More cutting, to show me that hair? Her lips are fuzzy fluffy shave them cut through with a razor

I sit on a wooden chair in my mother's kitchen, Talcum powder dust floating Filling my lungs. She pulls the thread, Rips each hair out one by one by one [your follicles are empty, how devastated they must be]

She is he is trapped [they are trapped frantic trying to decide] A circle of hair, a crown Gardens, eyelashes dancing (blacker, bolder, you pretty girl!) Circles dancing to perform for you Sun kissed skin the sun hates your skin makes you burn warm and brown and toasted Follicle leads to growth leads to hair

Red-brown-purple lipstick stains your thread Saliva pools at the base of my pillow; Her teeth are crooked, hairy, Gooey gums Spinal fluid spiral hair moving outwards and outwards rivers of blood and discharge She wants to join in, Heart beating frantically against the charcoal skies. Her hairs crawl forth, Wafts of light and sun-blood escaping, Pushing digging their way in She digs her way in, pulling each individually to confess her femininity The lines of her lips, the edges of her skull, The sun can smell your lips from here Her ovaries filled with pure clean nothingness -Misshapen bodies writhing cilia pushing fluid forwards and back mucosal membrane hazing your futures Left with your scent

# **football** [*d*-*m* withers]

Unlike men's football, women's football - from grassroots to professional levels - has always been a welcoming space for queer, lesbian and bisexual players. 2020 was an important year for Trans footballers too. In December 2020, Argentinian footballer Mara Gómez who plays for Villa San Carlos, became the first trans footballer to play in the country's Primera División. Earlier in the year, Canadian international Quinn, who plays for Seattle Reign in the United States, became one of the first players in the elite women's game to come out le of as non-binary.

# fragile masculinity [kris chalakov]



elite

# frances thompson [lu firth]

Content Warning: The following piece contains descriptions of sexual assault, violence, racism and transphobia.

She was a former enslaved Black transgender woman and anti-rape activist. She and five Black women testified before a congressional committee that investigated the Memphis Riots of 1866. She is believed to be the first transgender woman to testify before Congress.

Memphis Riots of 1866 began after a group of Black soldiers, women, and children began to gather in a public space in South Memphis. Police attempted and failed to break up the group and arrested two soldiers. The proceeding gunshots subsequently led to rioting. For three days the Black communities suffered violence and rape from white male terrorists.

Frances Thompson lived with her friend Lucy Smith. Their house was targeted by the white male mobs who believed they were affiliated with the union soldiers.

Thompson testified at the congressional committee that the mob had demanded that they cooked for them, which they did. But the mob then demanded sex to which Frances and Lucy refused, and they were raped. They were among the many freed women who were raped during the riots.

In July 1876, Thompson was fined \$50 for 'cross-dressing'. She was forced to undergo numerous physician's examinations in which four physicians "confirmed" that her "biological sex" was male. Frances identified as a woman. Her arrest as a "man dressed in women's clothing" was used as ammunition to discredit her story of being raped during the riots 10 years prior. This fueled an even

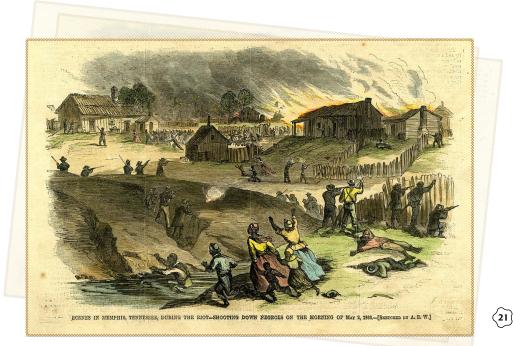
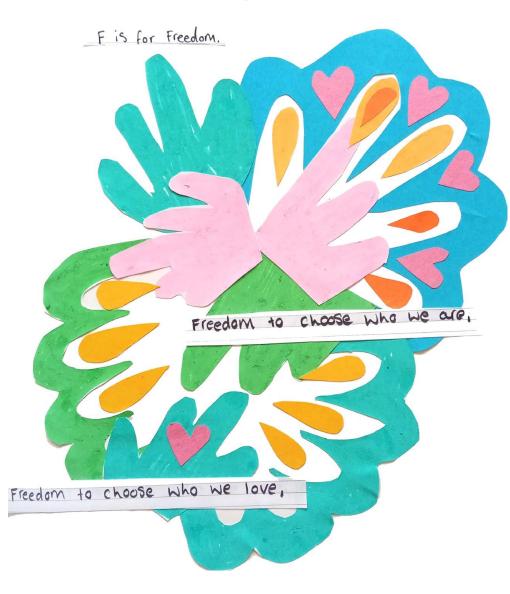
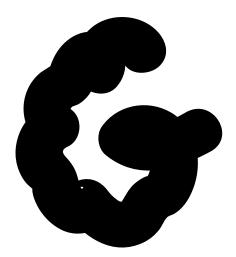


Illustration of an attack on Black Memphians. Harper's Weekly, 26 May 1866

larger campaign to refute white racial terror against Black people in the south. The discovery of Thompson's identity was also used to discredit other Black women's claims of rape by white men. Frances was sentenced to the city's chain gang after she was arrested for 'cross dressing'. She was forced to wear men's clothes and experienced abuse during her sentence. After her release she moved to North Memphis but was found to be seriously ill. She died in hospital of dysentery. The coroner's reports state Frances was anatomically male, whereas newspaper reports stated that locally she was understood to be intersex, and that Frances herself stated she was "of double sex".

# freedom [lorna harrington]



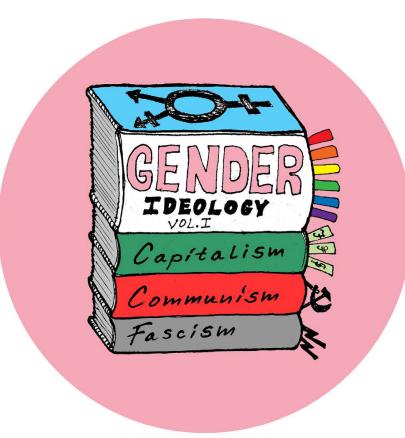


# gaze [caroline halliday]

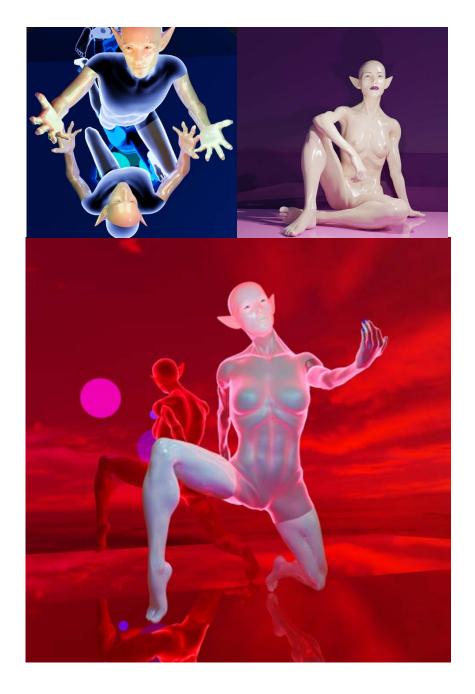
The queer, lesbian or feminist GAZE, the way in which we perceive things. The GAZE means that we (individually or in groups) each have our version of/perception of the world around us, its realities, its symbols and concepts. Not linked to literal seeing. Communities and individuals, who support each other to create alternative worlds, words and meanings, informally or automatically establish a group GAZE.

The alternative gaze is radically different from the norm, or the 'capitalpatrikyheteronormativity'. See '*lsrupt*'. Monique Wittig created an alternative gaze in The Lesbian Body, in which she presented the lesbian lover, exploring and devouring every aspect of her lover.

# genderless [ben dawson]



gender ideology [kris chalakov]



25

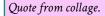
G is for Gloria Anzaldúa. (1942 - 2004) Born on the Mexico-Texas border, her experiences as a popular educator with migrant children and then scholar in Santa Barbara University, her lesbian and queer identity, and her philosophy about life, made her see the importance of using concepts in English, Spanish and Nahuatl to explain what which is to walk between cultures, between borders and between diverse identities. In her best-known book, Borderlands / La Frontera: The New Mestiza, she included concepts of Nepantla (nahuatl), Coyoxaulqui imperative (nahualt), lingustic terrorism, spiritual activism, racism, machism and feminism in the Mexican culture and it heritage in the new mestizas. Her influence is so important not just in the academic spaces, as well in the grass-root activism between people of color, that the intersectionality approach is so important especially in the Latinx communities in countries like the US and UK. In Borderlands, she also addresses topics such as sexual violence perpetrated against women of color and the power to change the cultural behaviors as Latinxs.

# gloria anzaldúa [jael de la luz]

#### Translation from collage.

"As a mestiza I have no country, my homeland cast me out; yet all countries are mine because I am every woman's sister or potential lover.... but I am all races because there is the queer of me in all races. I am cultureless because, as a feminist, I challenge the collective cultural/religious male- derived beliefs of Indo-Hispanics and Anglos; yet I am cultured because I am participating in the creation of yet another culture, a new story to explain the world and our participation in it, a new value system with images and symbols that connect us to each other and to the planet."

> From "La Consciencia de la Mestiza/Towards a New Consciousness," in *Borderlands/La Frontera: The New Mestiza*, by Gloria Anzaldúa, Editorial Capitan Swing (edición en español), España, 2016, pp.137-138



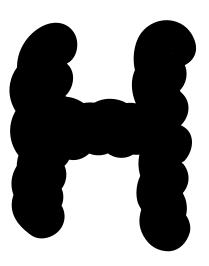
"Be a new culture; enter and leave cultures. Feeling that you betray the Indian that you carry inside..."

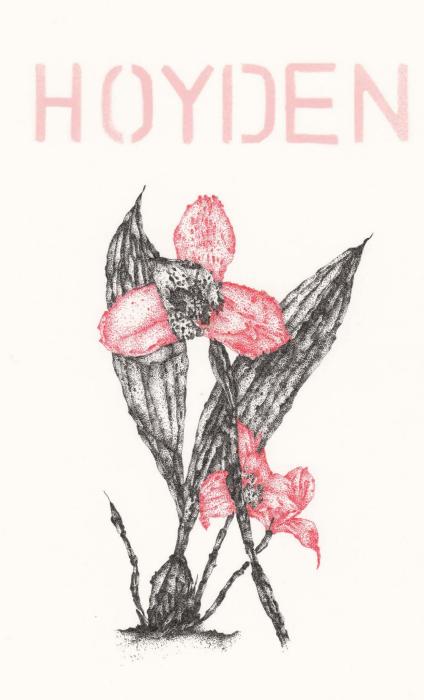


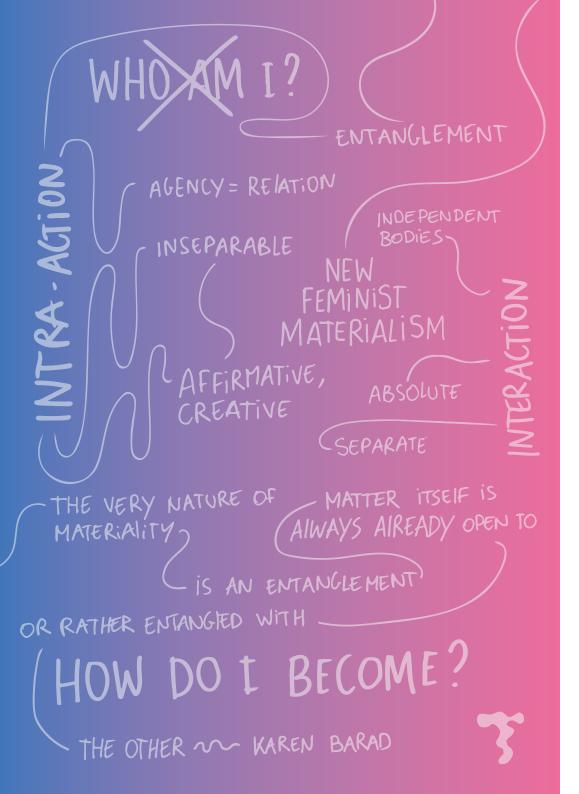
**hoyden** [anka dabrowska]

\*Slang from Britain in the 16th century to refer to untameable, wild woman or a tomboy.

Drawing: Lycaste Virginalis flower, archival ink and spray paint on paper. 29 x 21.5 cm.





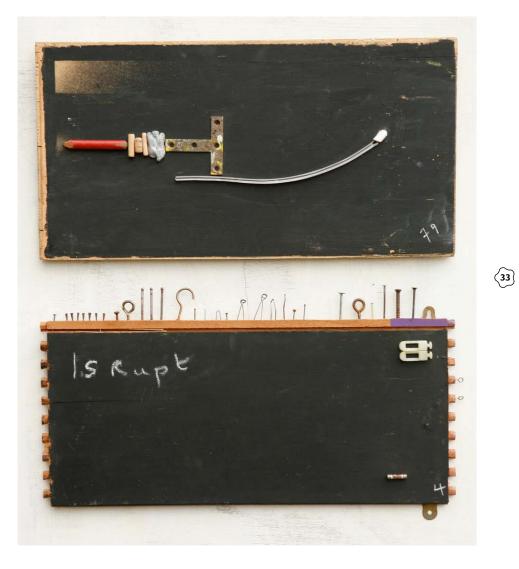


# intra-action [maïté de haan & julia alegre]

31

Isrupt: origin from the word rupture. Is = to exist, to be. Rupture = break apart, as in disrupt. To Isrupt is to break through patriky, and creatively exist on the other side. To move beyond patriky. To exist beyond and unaffected by patriky, having analysed and broken it down. Isrupt goes **beyond** disrupt by **creating a presence/present to live in and with.** Isrupt was created by Caroline Halliday in 2010 as part of her MFA work at The Cass, in Aldgate.

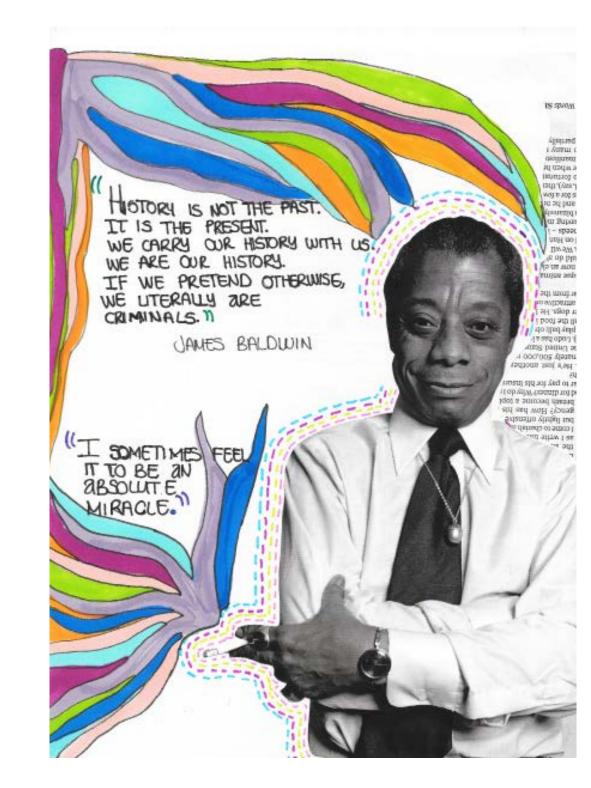
isrupt [caroline halliday]



# 

# james baldwin [jael de la luz]

James Baldwin. (1924-1987) was a writer, poet, novelist, and civil rights activist in the African American community. His life and influence is very important in the queer, gay and I would say, for those of us who consider ourselves Pentecostal dissidents. His novels and plays, address the issue of racial, class, supremacist gaze, masculinity, desire, and purity within pentecostal traditions in Black communities. His literature was part of what it call the Renaissance in Harlem, New York, since each of his writings illustrate the condition and experience of love, sexuality, guilt and all the edges of Black identity in his fight for racial and social justice, but also to save their souls. Go Tell It on the Mountain, The Amen Corner, Notes of a Native Son, Nobody Knows My Name, The Fire Next Time, No Name in the Street, The Evidence of Things Not Seen and I am not your Negro, are some of the books that he inherited us, as well as poetry and letters of support to political prisoners who fought against racism. His correspondence with Angela Davis in prison is one of the signs of his commitment to racial justice. His great testament in gay lyrics is Giovanni's Room.



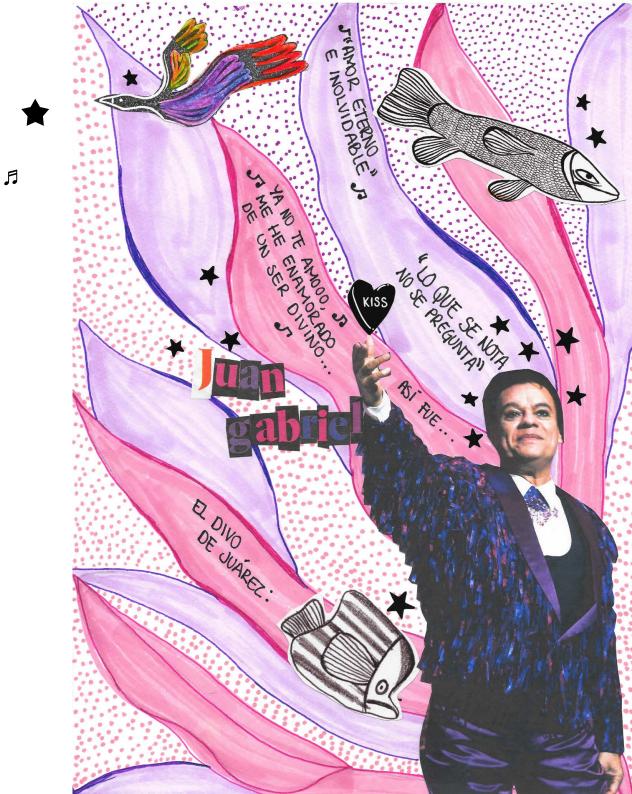
# juan gabriel [jael de la luz]

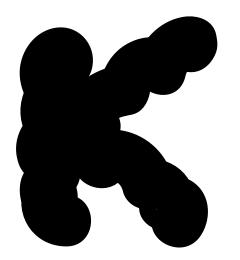
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Juan Gabriel (1950-2016) was a Mexican singer and songwriter. He was very know like a singer in Ciudad Juárez, a border city between Mexico and Texas, when his artistic life began in nightclubs. Due to the macho culture that characterizes the cultural industry of music and entertainment, Juan Gabriel (or Juanga), did not declare himself openly gay, but his ways of behaving, appropriating the stage and his ambiguous responses to the press when asked about his sexual orientation made him an icon of LGBTQIA+ culture and popular culture. He was very versatile in his musical career because his compositions easily adapted to all genres: mariachi, pop, rock, ballads and band. For many of us who grew up with the music and his presence, he represents a character who made himself, and despite all the patriarchal and macho culture, managed to go beyond the local places and leave us a legacy of not giving explanations to anyone from what we are. On one occasion, when the press asked if he was gay, he answered: "Lo que se ve, no se pregunta." (What is seen, is not asked).

"Eternal and unforgettable love."
 "I don't love you anymore,
 I've fallen in love with a divine being."
 "<u>That's how it went...</u>"
 "What is seen, is not asked."
 Divo from Juárez: \$\$\$\$\$





# kiki [emma t]

Kiki was a pejorative term used in mid-20th-century lesbian bar culture, describing someone neither Butch nor Femme, top or bottom, with a confusing gender and sexual presentation.

Butch and Femme are a powerful part of queer history, books and papers celebrating the transgressive political power of these identities and spaces abound. Kiki is only ever a fleeting footnote in these histories of queer women's social spaces. Was it an identity or solely used as an insult or a joke?

Neither or both, also there at the hidden bar. Also looking to survive and thrive in a hostile world. They can't find the heels or the leather jacket that fit properly though. Not successful in even performing queer gender correctly. Who thinks it would probably be fun to fuck everyone in all kinds of ways.

Honourable mention for Kiki's good friend words – Fluid, Switch, Versatile, Andro, Pansexual, Bisexual, Power Bottom, Femme Top, Sissy Boi.

(Note: The word 'Kiki' also means a queer party or gathering, apparently originating in Latinx and POC trans, drag and queer communities in the United States and recently popularised by the 2012 Scissor Sisters' song '*Let's have a Kiki*'.)

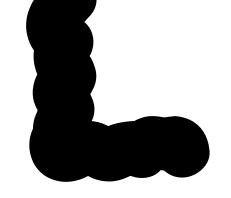
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Legends in their lifetime and beyond, the Ladies of Llangollen – Eleanor Butler and Sarah Ponsonby - were upper class Irish women who, along with their maid Mary Caryll, eloped and set up house together in Llangollen, North Wales. 'Plas Newydd' ('new place') became their home which they renovated and decorated for nearly forty decades, a sanctuary in which intellects, sensibilities and their relationship was cultivated. Throughout the long 18th century, female same-sex intimacy – understood through the medium of 'Romantic Friendship' was a popular idea. The Ladies of Llangollen became its celebrated icons. The Ladies and Plas Newydd appeared on pottery and prints, their antics and celebrity amplified further by

newspaper reports, written by famous authors and travel journalists. Their existence caused scandal but also intrigue, a model of eccentric and deeply queer lives that offered inspiration for other women to set up home together, away from the dreary pressures of patriarchal drudgery. In the centuries following the Ladies' death, much ink has been spilt over the question of whether or not their intimacy extended to physical relations. This matters not, to my mind. What does matter is that they made an oil painting of their cat, Tatters, and her many kittens. It is still on display on Plas Newydd - do visit it if you are ever in North Wales. They also had a cat called Mrs. Silk and a mushroom hut, among many other delightful things.



ladies of llangollen [d-m withers]

I know I'm not actually late because there are no set timings and everyone is going at their own pace but I still feel late.

I feel late because I only started experiencing as an adult what you got to begin when you were younger.

You weren't late. You got to be stupid and follow only your feelings when hormones were wild. You didn't know your limits because you were young too young to know you had any.

But I am late so it hasn't been like that for me. I'm an adult now and so with each new partner we communicate openly and honestly. I'm beholden to being sensible. It would be nice to be young and stupid even just to see what it was like but I'm late

You weren't late and now you're 'ahead' of me. I love you and am so happy for you to see that you've found happiness makes me happy too but sometimes it's just hard to feel both happy and late. I feel eager to make up for lost time but anxious that I might say something stupid because I'm still new to this and didn't get the same chances to learn like you did.

#### I'm late

And I don't know if I can ever catch-up because even when things seem to be going well and I feel like I might be making progress my head keeps reminding me that I'm late. I use it to make excuses like: "T'm still new to this" when I should be sensible. I should communicate honestly and openly. I am an adult after all. But I'm also late.

I'm grateful I honestly am really grateful that I now have a chance. And I appreciate that there are others those who came before me who faced a much colder world and must feel even more late than I do But I still feel late.

late [david gilani]

(43)

# lesbian lipstick [allison fradkin]

#### SYNOPSIS

The Very Gay Cosmetics company not only takes pride in their products; they put pride in them. But ever since Pearl Gaily, a supposedly Sapphic customer, began wearing Very Gay make-up, she's been...well, keeping a straight face. Can Pearl's pals solve the mystery of the disappearing dykedom? And, if it turns out that the only part of her that's lesbian is the b-i in the middle, will they still stay "bi" her side?

#### CHARACTERS

The women may be of any age and ethnicity and should vary in their individual interpretation, presentation, and representation of femininity.

Chick Van Dyke Portia de Bossy Jody Twatley Pearl Gaily

*The characters' names complement—and complicate—their personalities.* 

**SETTING** Home of Portia de Bossy.

**TIME** A pleasant afternoon in the fall of 1989.

At rise, CHICK VAN DYKE is preparing products for a beauty demonstration party. The products come out of a shapely case that proudly displays the company name: Very Gay Cosmetics. Partygoer PORTIA DE BOSSY gets a load of the lipsticks. Her girlfriend, party pooper JODY TWATLEY, gets acquainted with a bottle of moisturizer.

#### JODY

Hello, friends. I'm your Vita-meata-vaj-amin Girl. Are you-

#### PORTIA

Jody Twatley, you put down that bittle lottle this instant! You mustn't be grody, Jody. That's Vita-meata-*veg*-amin.

(winks à la Lucy, then hands bottle back to Chick) I apologize for my lady friend's uncouth behavior.

#### CHICK

Think nothing of it. I'm sure she's just a little nervous about today. Not all of us are comfortable with the idea of something other than vaj-amin sitting on our face. Are we, Ms. Twatley?

#### JODY

It makes me feel like I'm hiding. There's a reason they call it concealer. Conceal her? I'd rather look straight at her.

PORTIA

But you always look so gay, sweetheart. And I love it.

(Portia and Jody kiss.)

#### CHICK

You know what's even better than kissing, ladies? Kissing and making up. For that I recommend our Rubyfruit Jungle Red Lipstick—for the lezzie who likes the wet-lip look. Care to try some? Now, before you answer, be warned that it is very addictive. You'll be able to take the lipstick off the lesbian, but you won't be able to take the lesbian off the lipstick.

#### Let's get it on!

JODY

PORTIA

JODY

PORTIA

Just remember, dear... (à la <u>Annie Get Your Gun</u>) Anything you can do, I can do wetter.

I can do anything wetter than you.

No, you can't.

Yes, I—

PORTIA

CHICK

Can we break this up? Should you two do the same, we offer a wonderful Ex Foliant. Breakups lead to breakouts, and a lady's skin should always be as queer as possible. Do you agree, Ms. Bossy?

#### PORTIA

Yes, of course I agree—with the breakout, not the breakup. And it's *de* Bossy, remember?

JODY

De Bossiest, and don't you forget it. (to Chick) Look, lady, can we move things along? We were supposed to start ten minutes ago.

Let's make like Lizzie Borden and chop-chop.

(45)

#### PORTIA

Don't give Pearl the ax, Jody.

#### (to Chick)

We're expecting one more guest: our friend Pearl Gaily. She tends toward tardiness.

#### JODY

She's our very special version of a late-in-life lesbian.

#### CHICK

I see. Well, when everyone's favorite dilatory dyke, Ms. Gaily, decides to make an appearance, then I will do my best to improve her appearance. Until then, I will work with what I have.

(She gestures for Portia and Jody to take their seats. They do.) All right, gals, are you ready?

(Portia and Jody respond with differing degrees of delight. Chick recites the company mantra with alarming alacrity and some seriously scintillating choreography.)

We'll make you cream / for your face / Give you the brush / for your make-up case / If you're an L-A-D-Y...K-E / you'll look better / to the letter / You'll look spiffy / in a jiffy / Beyond eyeshadow of a doubt! / Gayvon calling!

(Portia and Jody respond appropriately—or not.) Hello, and welcome to a Very Gay product demonstration party. I'm Chick Van Dyke, decorated beauty consultant with the company. Now, why have you gals called me here this afternoon? Because ever since the passage of the Silly Lezbetter Fair Pay Act—not to be confused with the Lilly Ledbetter Fair Pay Act, which won't be signed on the dotted line 'til 2009, twenty years in

the future—the wage gap between Sapphics and sodomites—that is to say, male homosexuals—has closed...not completely but considerably. As a result, we are no longer approaching another.

#### CHICK (c'td)

Gay Nineties. We're gearing up for a Lesbian Nineties! More importantly, you and you and I will have more disposable income to spend on such necessities as: women—not solicitously speaking, of course; and make-up—to get the attention of women.

#### JODY

But if straight women use make-up to attract the opposite sex, shouldn't we do the opposite to attract the same sex? We are different, after all.

#### CHICK

You, Ms. Twatley, are very binary. Just because we're different doesn't mean we aren't the same. Furthermore, women beautify. It's tradition. And because the Lezbetter legislation is still pretty recent, we have a lot of lost time—and faces—to make up...for.

#### PORTIA

Does it only help lesbians? I mean, I am a lesbian, so I never gave it much thought since it doesn't affect me; it benefits me. But Lezbetter? The name alone suggests that—

What's in a name?

#### JODY

CHICK

You tell us, Chick Van Dyke. Not all letters are created equal. That's why we needed this legislation—because everyone always put the G before the L, which doesn't suit all of us to a T.

#### CHICK

Inclusivity is implied. In theory, the law benefits all individuals who identify as women and who have survived any and all attempts at the heterosexualization of women. But if you insist on shaking things up, then I insist on making things up. Come join me, please, Ms. Twatley.

#### JODY

(joylessly joining her) Are you going to make me into a paragon of femininity?

#### CHICK

A paragon? Try an octagon. Let the application process begin—with our waterproof mascara: Lashing Out, which might cause a few eyes to *wand*-er...right down to your lips, because who could gloss over our latest lip gloss, Boi—with an "i"— senberry Jam?

JODY

Don't you have anything a little more...unvarnished?

#### CHICK

Ms. Twatley, please. It's not as if the "i" in "boi" is dotted with a heart, for heaven's sake. There's no need to worry that it will "varnish" your reputation. Or ours. Because it's made with real boysenberries—the original spelling, of course—among other things.

Like what?

Pride.

JODY

PORTIA

CHICK You've been reading our labels, haven't you?

#### PORTIA

Labels are not just for lesbians.

#### CHICK

Right you are, Ms. de Bossy. You see, we at Very Gay not only take pride in our products; we put pride in them. So when you wear our make-up, your inner beauty comes out. Look at how beautiful Ms. Twatley is inside.

JODY (appraising her visage in a mirror, she is pleasantly pleased) You are indeed a mirror-cle worker, Ms. Van Dyke.

#### CHICK

Thank you very gay. Much! Gay much? Naturally! So am I. Well, thank you, Jody, very much,

for putting your face in my hands. We have a saying in the beauty business: Make like a compact and click. And that's just what we did, didn't we?

JODY

I've got chills-they're beautifying! Sell me more, sell me more.

#### PORTIA

(to Chick) How much dough did she spend? (to Jody) Oh, no matter. Anything you can buy, I can buy cheaper.

#### JODY

I can buy anything cheaper than you.

#### CHICK

No, you can't. The prices are fixed. But remember, friends, you needn't be frugal any longer. Silly Lezbetter? Hello! You're sitting pretty now, which means you can sit even prettier—and pricier! Embrace your financial lesbiandependence, ladies!

#### PORTIA

Show me how to apply the lip gloss?

CHICK Certainly. First, twist the cap until it is openly gay— (PEARL GAILY enters, though not very gaily.)

#### PEARL

No! Don't let her demonstraight [demonstrate] on another innocent lesbian!

#### CHICK

Ms. Gaily! At long last. You remember me: Chick Van Dyke. (Chick attempts to cross to Pearl for a handshake and takes a Dick Van Dyke-like pratfall in the process.)

JODY

Ah, ah, ah. Chick before Dick.

#### (Pearl bursts into tears.)

#### PORTIA

My word, Pearl. You've always been head and shoulder pads above the rest of us when it comes to emoting, but what on earth has got you carrying on like M'Lynn Eatenton in <u>Steel Magnolias</u>?

#### PEARL

That glamour scammer, that's what! She knowingly sold me products that were defective.

Remember that Rubyfruit Jungle Red Lipstick, Ms. Van Dyke?

#### CHICK

I remember it looked marvelous on your mouth.

#### PEARL

Don't try to kiss up to me, you Rita Mae Brown-noser. I'll bet that batch contained phalluses!

#### CHICK

Those, Ms. Gaily, are not on our list of approved ingredients. And I believe you mean phthalates, although the first T is silent.

#### PEARL

Thanks to you, so is the first and only L! Now the only way to keep these waterworks at bay is with a dike.

#### PORTIA

Will / do?

(hands her handkerchief to Pearl, who makes good use of it) Please tell us what the trouble is, Pearl, so we can help you.

#### PEARL

I can keep a straight face, that's what the trouble is. Look at it. Pretty soon I'll lose all my lovely laugh lines and have no redeeming features. I've already lost my lesbian tendencies, and don't know where to find them. I thought the search would be over once I stopped using the Very Gay stuff, but no such luck. Exactly one month ago today, when I attended my first beauty consultation party, I made up my mind to make up my face with these products and now I'm facing the consequences. Now I'm struggling with...with...with not-same-sex attraction.

(49)

#### PORTIA

(embracing Pearl) My, my. Now, now. Let's not k.d. languish in despair.

JODY Quit your Pearl-clutching, would you? A fellow gal's dykedom has disappeared and it's up to us to figure out where it went.

PORTIA I'm so glad Emma Chemical Peel is on the case.

JODY

Actually, dear, I prefer Harriet the Spry, because I'm gonna bust that case wide open!

CHICK

(Jody advances on Chick's make-up case. Chick throws herself in front of it in a supremely sacrificial fashion.)

It isn't in there!

#### PEARL

Phooey, pooh, and harrumph. I can't believe this is happening again! (singing, to the tune of "Where Has My Little Dog Gone?") Oh where oh where has my Sapphic self gone? Oh where oh where can it be?

l've got it!

I knew it!

#### CHICK

ve got n.

PEARL

CHICK

No. "Where can it be?" B! That's the letter you're looking for. Ms. Gaily, by admitting "this is happening again," you're acknowledging it's happened before. And, woe is you, will again.

#### PEARL

Gee-whiz, are you saying that the only part of me that's lesbian is the b-i in the middle?

#### CHICK

You are but a blip and a pip on my very gaydar. Therefore, even if you discontinued the usage of our products within hours of your first application, our make-up cannot change your...makeup. Our products are simply not formulated to produce, induce, or reduce one's lesbianism. And no

matter how often you used our hydrating face mist, it would have been impossible for you to spray away the gay.

PEARL

I guess not. I suppose that...bisexual...is a logical label. But...I mean...Well, what's expected of me? What are the bi-laws? Does that Lezbetter Act still apply to me?

PORTIA

Absolutely. It stipulates only that you be lady-liking. It does not specify percentages.

#### PEARL

Okay, that's one lez thing—sorry, one fewer thing—to worry about. What else? Do I come out of a closet or just a drawer? I can still be part of your world, can't I?

#### PORTIA

(à la <u>Annie Get Your Gun</u> again) Yes, you can. Yes, you can!

JODY

We've got more inclusivity than you can shake a lipstick at!

#### PEARL

Good, great. Phew! Gosh, I wish I could see myself the way you see me. Not my own image, but a replica—a representation, you know? It would make me feel...real. Hey, maybe I'll see myself on that new show, <u>Family Matters</u>. Its theme song is "As Gays Go Bi."

#### PORTIA

(51)

Days, dear. As in: One of these days, you will see yourself. In the meantime, you're still one of the family, Pearl, and that's all that matters.

#### CHICK

Well, aren't you the picture of parity. Her last name is Gaily. She ought to live up to it.

JODY She will live up to it—when she accepts herself.

#### PORTIA

That's right—because you spell Gaily with an "i." Know what else you spell with an "i"?

#### PEARL

PORTIA Exactly! And you dot the "i" with a big old heart.

Bi?

#### CHICK her cosmetics)

(packing up her cosmetics)

FYI, Ms. Gaily, you can credit the cosmetics company for our role in the discovery of your bisexuality, but you cannot blame us for causing it. In addition, I must inform you that our make-up does not cover pre-existing conditions.

JODY

Lighten up, lady.

CHICK

Our make-up does not do that either. A woman's complexion is a complex thing, not a thing that should give a woman a complex.

IODY

The same goes for her sexuality, even if it is not exclusively same-sex oriented. Or is lesbianism a form of discrimination?

CHICK Of course not! But the company is called Very Gay for a reason.

#### JODY

You, Ms. Van Dyke, are very bi-wary. We have a saying for the beauty business: Make like a looking glass and reflect. Because sometimes, saying "gay" is no different than saying "guys" when you really mean "girls" or mixed company. Inclusivity is implied.

PEARL

You said it!

#### CHICK

No, I said it. And I'm—she's—right.

PFARI So I can keep using your products? Oh, please, Ms. Van Dyke. Make me up before you go-go!

#### CHICK

(vacillates, hesitates, capitulates)

My job is to help you not only realize but dramatize the phenomenal woman you are on the inside. Even if that phenomenal woman happens to be less of a lesbian than I am, I suppose it doesn't mean that she's less than I am.

PEARL

In that case, let's see if there's something good in that case.

#### JODY

(unpacking the cosmetics case) Just remember, Pearl: The answer to all your problems is not in any of these bittle lottles—or little bottles, or tubes, or compacts. Because you, pal o' mine, do not have any problems. Not where any of this sexuality stuff is concerned, anyway.

#### PFARI

Thank you, Jody, and thank you, Pearl, and thank you, Ms. Van Dyke, for B-ing a friend.

#### JODY

You know something, Ms. V.D.? We're real proud of you for conquering your bias. Hey, what do you say we do that company mantra, cutesy cheer thing you did earlier? Pearl missed it.

#### CHICK

All right. Gals, are you ready? I require the utmost readiness.

(Portia and Jody respond with equal and excessive excitement.)

#### CHICK, JODY, and PORTIA

We'll make you cream / for your face / Give you the brush / for your make-up case / If you are L, G, B, T, or Q / you'll look better / to the letter / You'll look spiffy / in a jiffy / Beyond eyeshadow of a doubt! / Gayvon calling!

> (Pearl participates in a repetition of the recitation, and Chick has a gay old time complicating the choreography. The others attempt to follow her but can't. Each eventually ends up doing her own thing.)

CHICK Now, now, ladies. This is "The Chick Van Dyke Show." It's my way-

#### PEARL, JODY, and PORTIA

—or the bi way!

CHICK

Precisely. Because this make-up mayen is no longer an up-stander. She's a bistander!

#### PEARL

And that, like your lipstick, is totally tubular.

Curtain.

(53)

# Liberation

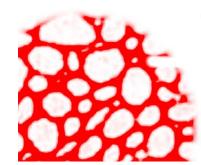
freedom from the constraints of society

from the constraints of our own minds

free to love, to love ourselves

to flaunt our queerness to grow our armpit hair to kiss girls in the street

> to hold your hand without fear



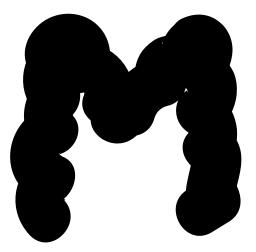
to not be labelled or be a token



liberation [tallulah howarth]



logical family [rachael house]



# **mary oliver** [emma t]

Mary Oliver was a much-loved American poet whose work concentrated on the power of the natural world. She also had a female partner for 40 years, the photographer Molly Malone Cook.

Mary Oliver. Poet. 1934 - 2019 (writing extract from 'wild Geese) 1986 you do not have to be good. you do not have to walk on your Rnees for a hundre d' Miles throng h tell me the desert about repenting. despail, you hours and only 1 Will have fell to let the yon Soft animal mine . megnuhile of your the body Wor la ques 1000 What 14 loves

# μπούτια/ thighs [sudden darling]

#### Μπούτια, ω! μπούτια

α. Θαυμάζω τα μπούτια Πολλές συγκινήσεις ζουν εκεί Με τον κατάλληλο χειρισμό τα μπούτια πλημμυρίζουν ηδονή Δεν υπάρχει ωραιότερο από το να νιώθεις την ηδονή να ανεβο κατεβαίνει τα μπούτια ή τη ραχοκοκαλιά

#### β.

Ο Κθούλου ζει μες στα μπούτια μου η Κάλι και η Ινάνα Πάνω σε κάθε μου μπούτι τυλιγμένο από 'να φίδι Αφού φχαριστηθούν ώρα πολλή το κυκλοτερό τους σούρσιμο το ένα κατευθύνεται αργά προς τα πάνω και το άλλο προς τα κάτω Η ηδονή τραβά παρόμοιο δρόμο διαχέεται από τα μπούτια μου όχι μόνο πάνω και κάτω αλλά ολοτρόγυρα

#### γ.

Υπάρχουν μέρες που τα μπούτια μου ζητάνε απελπισμένα δερματοστιξία θέλουνε πάνω τους φυτά με αγκάθια >τα φυλαχτά μου ή λέξεις όπως
bitch
witch
puta
futa
δ.
Τα μπούτια μου
βλασταίνουν άγρια
όταν σε κοιτάνε

Όταν αφηνιάζουνε

# σκαριφισμό

ζητάνε

ε. Για να γνωριστείτε δώστους φιλιά, γλώσσα και χάδια ύστερα αργά χτυπήματα που ξεκινάνε από το εσωτερικό μπροστά και προχωράνε πίσω σταδιακά αυξάνει η ένταση τους η παλάμη σου βγάζει τον σωστό ήχο τα δάχτυλά σου ενωμένα κάνουν τις σωστές κινήσεις δαγκώνομαι κι ανασαίνω βαριά κοιτάζω κλεφτά τα πετσιά που είναι κρεμασμένα στον τοίχο

#### Thighs oh thighs! translated from Greek by Marty Hiatt

#### a. i love thighs so many feelings live there properly handled the thighs flood pleasure there's nothing better than this pleasure coming up going down the thighs or the spine

#### b.

chthulu lives in my thighs and kali and inanna my thighs are wrapped in snakes so much enjoyment so much delight for so long their coiling slither one slowly climbing the other slowly going down pleasure cuts a similar path over my thighs not just up and down but all over again and again

c. some days my thighs desperately long to be tattooed more than anything they want thorny vines my amulets or words like bitch witch puta futa

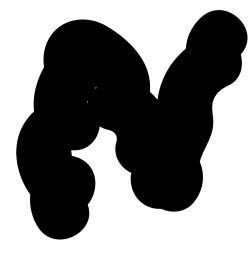
(59)

#### d.

my thighs sprout fiercely when they see you when raging wild they long for scarification

#### e.

come get to know them give them kisses, licks, caresses then start to slap them start with the front inner then move backward slowly harder and harder vour palm makes the right sound your fingers united make the right moves i bite my lip sigh heavily catch a glimpse of the leather hung on the wall



nada/nothing [pops\_comixs]



61

'Nothing is natural'

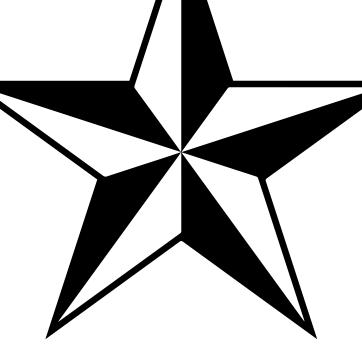
# nautical star tattoo [lu firth]

In the US in the late 1940s and 50s, Lesbians had a nautical star tattooed on their wrist as a way to identify one another without having to endanger themselves by coming out in a more obvious way. In the book *Boots of Leather, Slippers of Gold: The History of a Lesbian Community* by Madeline D. Davis and Elizabeth Lapovsky Kennedy state: '*The cultural push to be identified as lesbians – or at least different – all the time was so powerful that it generated a new form of identification among the tough bar lesbians: a star tattoo on the top of the wrist, which was usually covered by a watch.*'

Kennedy and Davis report that the New York Police kept names of local Lesbians on file. Hence why the tattoo was drawn on the wrist where it could be hidden by a wristwatch. The nautical star is now very popular in our LGBTI community and also with LGBTI porn stars. Historically it has been a common tattoo for sailors.

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(63)

#### όμικρον για τις οικογένειες

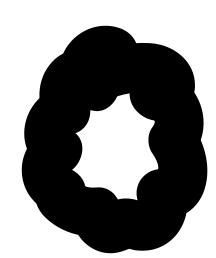
φτιάχνουμε συνεχώς οικογένειες αγκαλιαζόμαστε σφιχτά ακουμπάμε το κεφάλι στον ώμο και δίνουμε φιλία στο λαιμό κλίνουμε το ρήμα νοιάζομαι πάντα μαζί συλλογικά

καμία φορά οι φίλες μας μπερδεύονται σαν crossover επεισόδιο ερωτεύονται παντρεύονται κάνουν παιδία

λέμε σαγαπώ - δυνατά και εύκολα σφίγγουμε τα χέρια μας και χαμογελάμε διπλά σε αυτές που κλαίνε

κάποιες φορές σπάμε η μια την άλλη σε κομμάτια κοιτάμε πληγωμένες τα γυαλιά στο πάτωμα να λάμπουν σαν γκλίτερ - γιατί ο,τι είμαστε και ο,τι φτιάξαμε έχει μέσα του αγάπη. we keep building families we hug tight we put lay our head on shoulders we give kisses to necks we conjugate the verb care always together collectively always

sometimes our friends get mixed up like a crossover episode they fall in love they get married they have babies



we say iloveyou – easily and loudly we hold hands tightly and we smile twice to those who cry

(65)

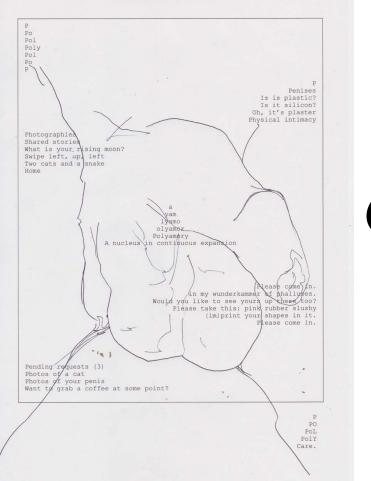
sometimes we break each other to pieces then broken we stare at the glass on the floor (glowing like glitter)

everything we are and everything we built has been made with love

**οικογένειες** /families [mkx]

:

## **penis** [antonio branco and riccardo t]





half-light, gloom Crecimos en la penumbra. En el eclipse de las palabras. Tu boca y la mía acabaron por escribir el primer diccionario queer. Vivíamos y vestíamos de negro mientras bailábamos dentro de la noche.

La felicidad acabó por llegar un día cualquiera.

penumbra [eva~pops]

Véase también *plenitud*. See also *plenitud*.

> We grew up in the gloom. In the eclipse of words. Your mouth and mine ended up writing the first queer dictionary. We lived and we wore clothes in black as we danced inside the night.

Happiness finally arrived any given day.

# **plenitud** [eva~pops] plenitude

En la plenitud de nuestras vidas estábamos cuando llegó el fin del mundo.

Nosotrxs permanecimos tranquilas.

Crecimos en la penumbra. Allí conocimos la pausa y la sabiduría. La sabiduría nos llevó a la acción. La acción al placer de la victoria.

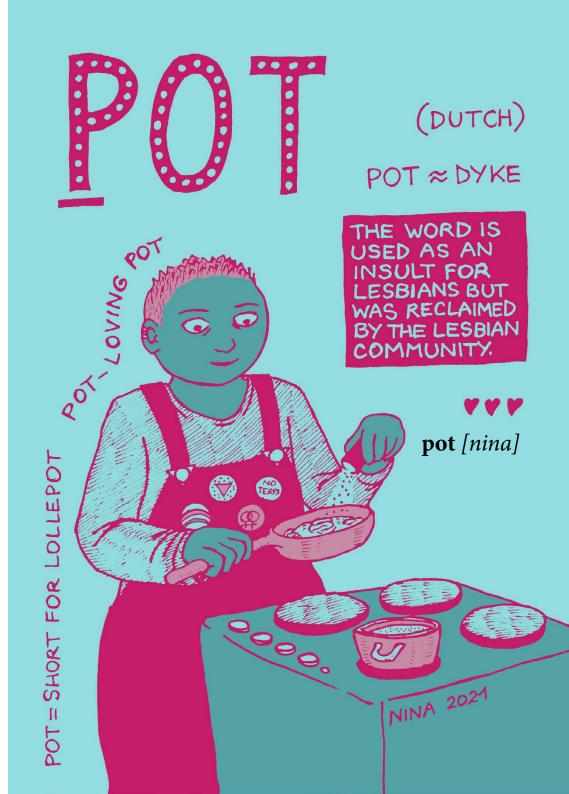
A la victoria de reconocernos, les un@s con los otr!s en la penumbra.

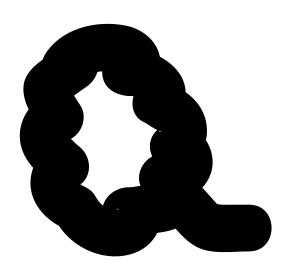
> We were In the prime of our lives When the end of the world came.

We remained calm.

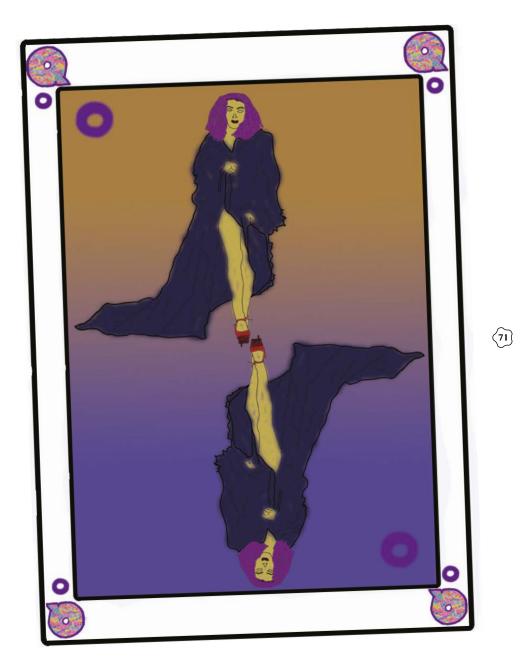
We grew up in the gloom. There, we undertood to pause and to grow wisdom. Wisdom led us to action. Action to the pleasure of victory.

To the victory of recognizing ourselves in the gloom.



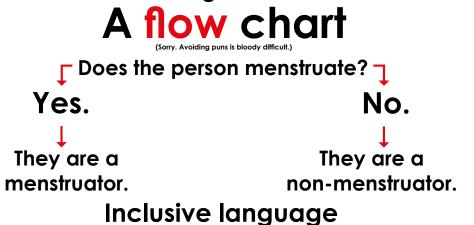


queer playing card [mariori]



# Queeriods

How to include menstruators of all genders in public health messages about menstruation.



Instead of	Replace it with
Becoming a woman	Starting puberty
Feminine hygiene products	Menstrual products
Femcare	Menstruation management
Women's health	Reproductive health
Mothers and daughters	Parents and children
Women	People

Built environment bonus: Provide gender neutral toilets where possible, and where toilet facilities are gendered, place small bins in the cubicles in men's toilets as well.

"Calling attention to the uniquely female experience of monthly bleeding excludes young girls, post menopausal women, (trans, non- trans men who menstruate. Simple language shifts that have gone binary and intersex people), and women who, for myriad other reasons, unqueried can now be queeried, and help include all genders in cannot or will not bleed." - Chris Bobel

"Our Revolution Has Style": Contemporary Menstrual Product Activists "Doing Feminism" in the Third Wave, Sex Roles (2006) 54:331–345

"But the truth is, there's no reason bleeding makes me feminine Gynomastia doesn't make men women, and my period doesn't make Throughout my menstruation research and me one either. Most trans guys have to deal with their periods at some in outreach, I have seen the benefits of this point or another. It's not something we talk about — a lot of us are language shift, and sharing this good ashamed, which is understandable." -Wiley Reading

"My Period and Me: A Trans Guy's Guide to Menstruation", Everyday Feminism, 2014. everydayfeminism.com/2014/11/trans-guys-guide-menstruation (accessed 10/1/16)

"Calling them menstruators is just like changing other biased and in supporting and including colleagues, language. It helps us tell the truth about our lives, and challenge both friends and family. gender essentialism and biological determinism. It reminds us that our bodies do not determine our identities, and that we are so much more than merely bodies. Some of us are people who happen to menstruate, some of the time. Using menstruators instead of women also helps make vital health information available to everyone who needs it —not just women." -Elizabeth Kissling

"Of Menstruators and Manhole Covers", Ms. Magazine, 2013.

#### msmagazine.comblog/2013/02/11/of-menstruators-and-manhole-covers (accessed 10/1/16)

#### **Period Positive Menstruation Outreach**

Menstruation is still a taboo topic for many people, reinforced by advertising messages to keep it 'discreet' or 'whisper' about it, and these messages and their consequences on attitudes and actions intersect with the persistent invisibility of non-binary people and discussions about how they do and do not experience menstruation both physically and socially. This ages beyond etiquette however: negating or ignoring the experience of queer menstruators where there is already a history of exclusion compounds this oppression.

practice with those in healthcare, science, and education research could be vital in maintaining welcoming relationships with clients, colleagues, service users, patients **Chella Quint** #periodpositive Gender Respect (DECSY) Sheffield @chellaquint @periodpositive 10. Hallam www.periodpositive.com Universitu

### **queeriods** [chella quint]

Queeriods - noun - plural: The queering of periods anything menstrual that is also viewed through a queer lens and/or is inclusive of queer menstruators. Resources and discourses that benefit or accurately and compassionately reflect the experience of queer menstruators. A portmanteau combining 'queer' and 'periods'.

In January of 2016, I was incredibly excited that the LGBTSTEMinar was coming to Sheffield: a day of talks put together to elevate queer researchers across the sciences and offer networking and socialising opportunities with other people who 'got it'. And it was right there in my city that year, so although I felt like I was on the periphery of science, technology, engineering, and maths, I was sure I was going to feel in my element. I was a new academic researching menstrual taboos through design (and doing period art and craftivism and performing science communication comedy on the side) which put me right on the edge of the STEM community but I was bang the middle of the queer one.

(73)

The conference was a real cross-section of experience levels. I submitted this poster because I thought it would be helpful for those attending who worked in medicine and healthcare or who had influence with the kind of learned societies that could make period policy more inclusive. I wanted to introduce some simple language changes for doctors, nurses, and healthcare researchers when speaking directly to trans and non-binary patients or research participants. I was sensitive to the impact language had on upholding or challenging menstrual taboos. My Queeriods poster was inspired by some of my Master's dissertation, Period Positive Schools, which had grown out of the ad-busting print zine I'd been making since 2005, Adventures in Menstruating. It went down really well in the poster session, and I made some contacts and saw some amazing talks. They were on an incredibly broad variety of

topics (including space travel, pheromones, and hiring practices) given by intersectionally diverse experts. It was powerful to see how marginalised communities add depth and exponential value to academia when we consciously present our expertise through the lens of our experience.

I went home buzzing. I shared the poster on social media. I was able to include it in a Wellcome Trust-funded Sex Education Forum <u>booklet</u> about teaching pubert that I worked on. I was really chuffed, and even mentioned it in an interview with Autostraddle. I said it was "making the rounds and getting a lot of praise for its advice on inclusion of trans and non-binary menstruators." And it was referenced in all-genders-ofmenstruator-inclusive period-related blog posts in really positive ways.

And then transphobic Twitter got involved. A well-known Twitter personality who likes to draw their fans' attention to people supporting trans issues for the purpose of harassing them led to a LOT of trolling, reporting and blocking. They apparently reshare it regularly still, five years later, because every now and then it turns up on another forum or in another article. The context of the poster or the explanation seems to often be willfully ignored. Sometimes I'm cited, sometimes someone else puts their logo on it and ends up taking the flak, sometimes I'm uncredited because the poster has been cut in half, with all of the explanatory text removed. Julie Bindel mentioned it in the Telegraph. It turns up on forums like Mumsnet, where most of the posts are trans exclusionary tropes, and even on <u>Reddit</u>, where it actually seemed the focus was on the kerning leading to people misreading it, and a bit that felt like peer review, debating whether 'becoming a woman' should be 'starting puberty' since menstruation usually happens later in puberty, and suggested 'menarche' instead of 'puberty'. It was a fair critique. Also, Reddit commenters quite liked the phrase 'menstruation management' which made me feel a bit proud.

Autostraddle asked me how my queerness impacted my work (my work is now promoting the <u>Period Positive Pledge</u> - <u>a framework for</u> <u>inclusive menstrual literacy</u>). This was my reply: "I include all genders in my work on menstruation, and sometimes hit barriers with those who stick to a strict gender binary and attempt to enforce it on others. I have found a few good ways to challenge that through compassionate conversations and thoughtful questioning, usually with good results, but sometimes I just get fed up with people who would rather alienate marginalised folks than make a little room. I feel it's my duty as a queer person and an active member of the community to include all queer people in my work, and bring up trans and non-binary menstruators in meetings and when advising on education policy or, say, a charity's ethos, and ensure the discourse includes all menstruators."

And, five years later, actually, that is happening. The discourse is changing. Lots of queers inhabit the menstrual research and activism sphere and lots of charities, companies and policies are evolving to include all genders of menstruator in their language and their reach. But prominent folks are still using their platforms to discriminate. Apparently intelligent people refuse to accept that not all women menstruate and not all menstruators are women. Inclusive talk about menstruation is weaponised by people who once seemed aligned as allies, even while it's slowly being embraced by mainstream sources. This poster was never meant to represent the nuances of queer periods. It was a starting point. Still a lot of work to do. Let's create what comes next together.

If you want to read more academic stuff about queeriods, check out the excellent and open access <u>Degendering Menstruation: Making Trans</u> <u>Menstruators Matter</u> by Klara Rydström. And for more UK-based queer menstrual art, follow <u>Bee Hughes</u>.

(75)

This festive season I was celebrating 5 years at the Feminist Library. It was, of course, a strange kind of celebration, following a very odd kind of year of not being able to access the Library for most of it, to celebrate or otherwise. Working almost entirely remotely on such a physical being... Yet, it's been a creative year at the same time. A year of a lot less activity, it would seem, and at the same time, new, sometimes altogether unexpected creations coming into being, because of that same inactivity. More time to think, find new perspectives perhaps. I started a new blog – a Polish queer feminist blog. Then a PhD (on the Feminist Library, of course!).

But perhaps more intangibly, something's changed inside – the slowness brought on by the inactivity has turned me to poetry. I never got poetry before the year of COVID... How odd is that. Something's shifted inside my head – it's hard to tell whether it was the poetry that did it or the lockdown, actually. Probably a combination of both, as with most things in life. I started thinking differently about life. Gratitude kicked in where before there was just the everyday. And then I also started thinking more in the realms of possibilities – or utopias. What would it be like if... I used to think of myself as a realist, more or less anyway. I mean, to be an activist you have to be at least a bit of an idealist – believe that things can be better, no matter how bad they are. But still, I was never very far down that spectrum. I was always thinking how we can *practically* achieve this or that. But now, in this year of poetry and stillness, I have actually started thinking that we need more feminist vision, queer vision. Ways of envisioning the world as we *don't* know it. It might actually be just what is needed - giving us ideas on how to, *practically*, make the world that we want to see. Imagine, for example, what our world would look like if every child grew up in a neighbourhood with its own *queerstorium*... What is a queerstorium, you might ask! Well, who knows... I googled it, it doesn't seem to exist yet! But I think even more the reason to envisage it!

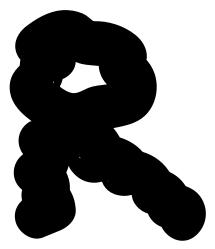
So, I'm thinking a queerstorium would be something between a library, a museum, a gallery, an archive and a coffee shop – but one where all sorts of different voices could be heard and seen. One where stories would be read to children about all kinds of everyday sheros – ones in all colours of the rainbow. One which would welcome all stories, without any prejudice, bias or stereotype.

(77)

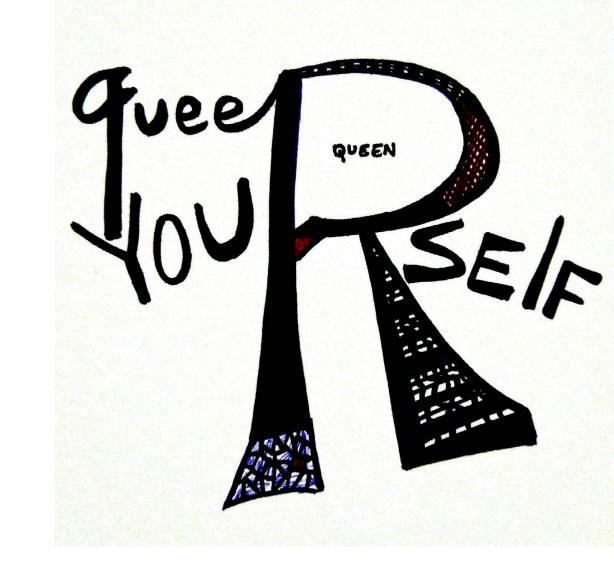
Yes, I know that some places kind of like that already exist or are working towards becoming – like the fabulous Queerseum. But what I'm imagining here is different in that it would be an everyday occurrence.

Now imagine the beautiful world we would live in if these existed everywhere, in every town, every neighbourhood even...

More of my queer stories at: www.polishqueerfeminist.com.



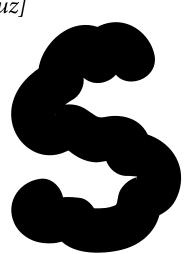
**R** [l.y.monster.]





# **selfie** [lineadeluz]

Because the selfie grants us the ability to self represent our queer bodies and lived experiences on our own terms.



#### The same water you wade in

Summer boy swimming in the summer rain oh my god, I can actually see your pain it trails behind you like slick oil only shown by the sunlight like the shame you carry always close by in the river glittering softly, shimmering high

You crawled into my bed Not in a blue swimsuit But in crisp, white underwear and nothing else Because you thought I could take your sadness away And stupidly I thought I could But you keep your sadness close It's the closest anyone will ever get to you

and even though I feel your sticky skin lonely at night there'd always be a barrier between you and I you say you set up mirrors in your garden so you can see yourself posing but I know it's because you need all angles present just incase the shame is lurking with no mother or lover I can be both but your sadness has replaced your mother and cradles you tenderly in the night it's easier than directly standing in the light deflect while it reflects upon that same water you wade in it's the same water you wait in Moss beneath your feet you felt comfortable to put your weight in but slip and lose your balance while you're patiently waiting

(81)

they say drowning is a peaceful way to die losing consciousness and giving into the tide if you see God, will you tell him hi from me?

shame [adriann ramirez]

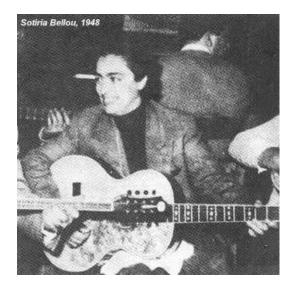
# **σωτηρία μπέλλου** [lu firth] sotiria bellou

Sotiria Bellou (August 22, 1921 – August 27, 1997) was born on the island of Euboia, Greece. Her grandfather was a parish priest and Sotiria loved the religious sounds and Byzantine hymns. She began singing at the age of three, and was soon playing guitars she made from wire and wood. Hearing Sophia Vempo for the first time in the cinema proved to be a catalyst; Vempo became Sotiria's idol. Vempo was to become the voice of the Greek resistance.

Age 18 Sotiria was married as arranged by her family. Her husband was an abusive drunk and unfaithful. In self defence she threw acid in his face, sentenced to three years jail but thankfully reduced to three months. She returned to her family home but experienced stigmatization and abuse from them and her local community. She refused to be bound by the values of the hetero-normative society. Sotiria was a Lesbian.

When Italy invaded Greece on October 28, 1940 Sotiria took this chance to flee and fled to Athens where she experienced much hardship. She became a street singer and performed in Athens small tavernas. Although Sotiria was deeply religious she believed in political rebellion and hated fascism. She joined EAM and ELAS, sold the illegal communist newspaper and she was imprisoned, beaten, and tortured by the Nazis and their collaborators. After the liberation of Greece in 1944, she participated in the 'Dekemvriana' and the Greek civil war.

In May 1945 she was heard singing by the famous rembetika singer Vasilis Tsitsanis who invited her to join him at the famous Fat Jimmy's where he accompanied her on the piano and bouzouki. With her distinctive voice, style, and demeanor, she began to command respect, even imposing her own rules in the clubs where she was singing. She would sit on the podium beside Tsitsanis, in a row of other male musicians; which was unheard of in the male-dominated entertainment world then. She did not allow song requests, the throwing of flowers, or the breaking of plates. Tsitsanis wrote two successful songs for Sotiria. 1948 saw the release of her first album, one which included Tsitsani's Cloudy Sunday ( $\Sigma ovve \phi i a \sigma \mu e v n'$ ), a song which is still called by many the 'anthem of the Greek soul'. Its lyrics had been inspired by the German occupation and the sight of a young man's executed body lying on bloodstained snow. (See https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=POOMPgoCgsY)



In 1948, singing in a club with Tsitsanis, a fascist group appeared and demanded Sotiria sing a royalist song which she refused. She was badly beaten up them, and neither Tsitsanis, her colleagues or the audience supported or rescued her. She never forgave Tsitsanis. Though he continued to write songs for her because of his love of her powerful and commanding voice. They did eventually reunite and performed together. Sotiria later played with another Rembetiko great Markos Vamvakaris. They were noticed by the up and coming composer Manos Hatzidakis who loved the purity of their music believing that it preserved Greek cultural and spiritual history. Hatzidakis invited them to perform at his famous lecture on 'Rembetika' at the Art Theatre in 1949. This event reestablished 'Rembetika' on the Greek music scene and, for the first time, Sotiria Bellou earned the admiration and respect of a wider and more sophisticated audience.

After 1955, the public demand for glamour in entertainment forced Columbia Records to drop her. Sotiria experienced poor mental health and stayed at Athens psychiatric hospital. In the 1960s she was rediscovered by Lyra Records. By 1966 she had made many recordings, and some of these songs had been written for her by famous composers. Sotiria made new interpretations of old folk songs and rembetika. She gained great popularity and was followed in the 'boites' and rembetika clubs.

Sitoria was a loner and she found solace in cigarettes, alcohol and gambling. She gambled to relax and to forget. In the process, she lost a fortune. In 1993 she found she had cancer of the throat and vocal chords. She died alone on August 27, 1997, just before her 76<sup>th</sup> birthday. Sotiria worked hard in her art and strived to become famous. Among her great fans were the Greek painter Ioannis Tsarouchis, the actor Christopher Lee, and the Greek Prime Minister Andrea Papandreou. Sotiria was never officially honored in Greece during her lifetime but she was after her death. In 2010 a stamp was issued with her image. She was buried in Athens First Cemetery which was paid for with public funds.

A newspaper eulogy of her called her a 'tough guy in a skirt' ( $\mu \dot{\alpha} \gamma \kappa \alpha \zeta \mu \epsilon \tau \alpha \phi o \upsilon \sigma \tau \dot{\alpha} \nu \alpha$ ). This was intended as a compliment to reference her lesbian lifestyle, and a testament to her life.

## space [amy king]

Take up space beckon the welcoming arms. But the mountains, the cavernous space between Me and You are sometimes too much. So I curl in on myself, pack away the Loud and the Queer and the Here. Shelving those parts of me that aren't quite palatable or appropriate or safe to share.

Identities are fluid, changing, fickle, too big for words, too insignificant to be worth defining. They're everything about us and can never begin to encapsulate everything we are because they transcend the tangible. They're colour and texture and smell and emotion and touch and taste. They're here and there and everywhere and nowhere.

And not all queer spaces feel like mine. The low voice threat of invalidation hangs heavy overhead - it took a long time for me to feel the ground under me as a connection to my queerness. To find safety and acceptance in the world as Me. To know I belonged where I wanted. To believe my space is queer because I'm here.

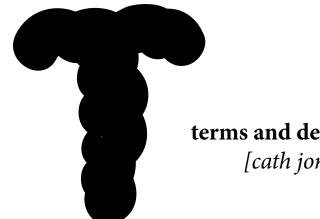
For those tired of performing, for those searching for a place to call their own. For the ones whose identity was never in question and those who are still figuring out where they fit in the world. For the loud and the quiet and the out and the proud and the questioning and the maybe-babies and bi-bies and the lost and the searching. For you.

This space is yours. Own it. Define it. Or don't. Put your name, your hopes, your dreams, your fears, your fantasies and your woes. Carve out your story in ink. Or pencil. Or paint. Know that no matter where you are, you belong to a queer space within these pages. Make this space queer because you are here. (85)

## **spaces** [magda oldziejewska]

262 2000 en 0 Droit cis men with Space Ginding 100 on Wont polipics practice 80 also dras Comon õ 04 021 020 04 Screenin' 0 0)





## terms and definitions [*cath* jones]

**Content Warning:** The following piece contains remembrance of terms which are historically specific and not representative or encompassing of current terms used to describe trans experience or identities.

A look back to terms and definitions that I remember queer people used to find in medical dictionaries, academic work, internet, when researching for information.

#### Gender Dysphoria:

#### A medical term.

This condition refers to the feeling that one is in the wrong biological body, male instead of female, or female instead of male, often manifesting as cross dressing.

The term Gender Dysphoria has, apparently, only been in use since 2013 when the American DSM-5 (Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Health Disorders, fifth edition) included it, although I have known of this term since 2000

Prior to this, the condition was termed Gender Identity Disorder, which was first acknowledged as a diagnosis in the DSM-3, which was brought out in 1980.

#### Cross Dressing:

When one dresses in the socially accepted clothes and affected mannerisms of the gender they were not assigned at birth.

#### Transsexualism<sup>.</sup>

This is the common term for people who experience gender dysphoria (singular - transsexual.)

(89)

#### Transman<sup>.</sup>

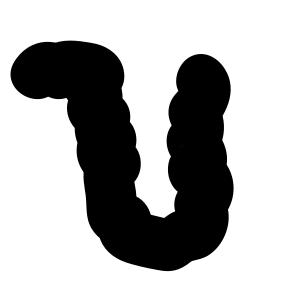
One who is born and nurtured as genetically female, but due to gender dysphoria chooses to live their life as a male within the binary gender constructs of society.

#### Transwoman<sup>.</sup>

One who is born and nurtured as genetically male, but due to gender dysphoria chooses to live their life as a female within the binary gender constructs of society.

#### Transfemme<sup>.</sup>

One who is born and nurtured as genetically male, but due to gender dysphoria chooses to use feminine pronouns, not necessarily living openly as female, but also not accepting the binary gender constructs of society.



Universally Cunt-Struck [amara george parker] The universe is such a babe! I pledge to spend a a lifetime underneath her skirts, drenched in the diamond flow of the milky way, basking in a hallowed stream of endless twilit moments shared between her and I.

She sends her lover's sighs through boughs of festooned trees – and who am I to resist such a come-on? Even the oak turns its cloak to the finest reds to impress our mistress. (91)

The universe is such a babe! As I gaze upon her honeyed chasms, the sweetness of her figs still haunting the flesh of my own lips, I know she will forgive me if my eye roves – for she knows: my desire cannot really stray – but only wander to a new wonder of hers, a different aspect of her firmament, her unrivalled beauty. If today I am not moved by mountains, perhaps she'll send an owl to guide the way to some moon-drenched forest, where the rich, dark earth can barely contain itself, so full is it of the scents of autumn's finest spoils – blood-red berries, ochre leaves and crowns of summer splendour, falling glory, that laid their lives against her cheek and now adorn her forest's floor.

The universe is such a babe! I fall for the moon and as gravity loosens its hold the tides flood and well up inside me They carry me beyond the ebb of my wonderment to the edges of her firmament and leave me naked on the dunes, sand beneath my nails, marvelling at how I am but a single grain in this floating ornament, plucked from a sea of a billion and set upon a pedestal to marvel at this cabaret of feathers, a private show of stars, turning leaves and ocean eyes and singing winds and golden sands and the peat-rich embrace of this curvaceous land. And this sky is absolutely flirting with me.

Sometimes, though, if my distraction takes me farther than her thighs, if my tongue forgets for more than a breath its fervoured praise, waylaid, perhaps, by boxes of electrical nonsense and senseless storms that tumble through the shallows causing nothing but waves the size of the beat of a mosquito's wings, she murmurs low and I hear her throaty growl in these thunderous skies – calling my devotion back to her. She thrums her passion in dulcet waves of drenching rain, reclaiming, caressing and quenching my parched skin.

She turns deserts slick, sets hearts aflame and riddles me with glorious wild.

This wise ol' goddess isn't above employing her wiles and winking at me through the eyes of stars. She knows they'll hold me rapturous. She's such a flirt.

(93)

The universe is such a babe. And I intend to drink her in.

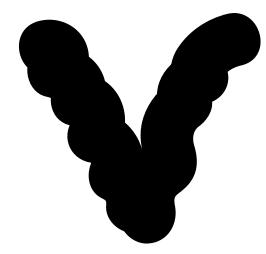
## unknown-form [lola de la mata]

thirst joyful tribe throat unbound guttural roar

semi-judged mirror eyes cosmic wings handsome humiliation

wet tongue silver bliss shivering gaze hexed touch

enchanted sin boundaried flesh inner skin unknown form



## variety [saio]

Bodies, family relationships, personalities, life stages, all come in different shapes and variations. There are so many different ways of living a good life on this earth. But patriarchy tries to erase this variety by classifying us into one of a small number of boxes and forcing us onto predetermined paths in life. Paths and boxes that serve to transfer wealth and power from women to elite men. Queerness resists these boxes and paths and exposes them for what they are. Queerness shows gender's true colour, which is grey. Gender is grey like the suit of a bureaucrat. Gender is grey like the metal of a machine on a factory floor. Gender is grey like the rifles of a colonial army. Gender is grey like the casserole stirred by a tired wife. But queerness is all those other imaginable ways of living that give us peace and fulfilment beyond systemic oppression.

### 5

No no no that's right Gender isn't black or white Yeah gender is a scale Of the whole range of shades of grey

But oh oh listen to this okay While your gender is on a scale of grey My queerness is all the colours

#### Red, glitter Pearlescent, skittles Yellow, brown The pants of a clown Orange, blue Hologram hue

Gender is grey And queerness is all the colours Gender is grey And queerness is a rainbow spray

Red, glitter Pearlescent, skittles Yellow, brown The pants of a clown Orange, blue Hologram hue And it's green like your jealousy

## 5

F.

5

(97)

Listen this here

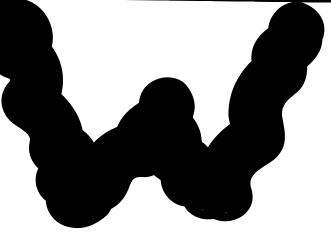
## weed [the mollusc dimension]



tell grim hours hairy spikes weeds glow bright

break orders silence please stories breathe

move the sky dance of tears no more fears





# (double U, double V) Woman Witch Wild The www dot of the freedom, the magic, the sexual identity and

revolution, the strength and elusiveness of the queer woman of all woman – centric identities: Lesbian, non-binary, trans...

Reclaiming the power and importance of queer sorcerers, persecuted and erased, instead of valued and celebrated.

Creating a safe space of expression for expression of the marginalised, the outcasts, who transcend barriers and challenge political, social and economical structures, with no need of men and the patriarchy.

The witches are sensual, astute, spiritual, knowledgeable, lovers of nature and her animals, respectful of the plants and their medicinal healing qualities. Stylish, mysterious, mythical goddesses of the planets and the seas, the forests and the skies, flying and adventuring with no broom in sight.

This is an ode to Hekate, the goddess of magic, witchcraft, the moon, the night, the ghosts and the departed. Her forceful powers over the elements, commanding. Our guide through the dark nights with bright, golden torches, showing us the way, offering solutions and the power of transformation, shedding skin, metamorphosed into heroes of our own lives: Meeting our own crossroads.

(101)

An elegy to her daughter Circe, the bewitching enchantress, intoxicating us all with her magic potions and the animal turning skills when threatened or disrespected.

This is the time to jump into the abyss of the wardrobe and disappear down the rabbit hole, for we live in times of endless uncertainty, challenging voyages and collapsing systems.

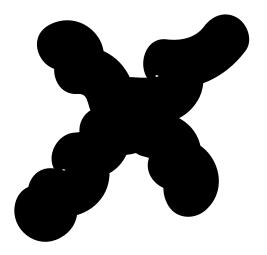
This is the time for exquisite enterprises, glass ceiling smashing and world shattering movements and arrangements.

In wild abandon.

In sacred union.

In magic continuum.

Photograph by Eleni Parousi (2018) for her project Sins of my Father's Father.



**x** = **the unknown** [jennifer brough]

#### x = the unknown

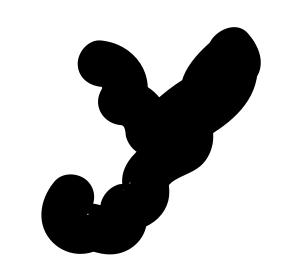
#### onwards!

to a new frontier the open-ended space between letters and languages a signifier that asks us to imagine — imagine! what worlds could be what worlds should be when we make our own maps scattered with multiple xs kissing out sierras and shorelines that guide me to the bounty of you

#### Х

(103)

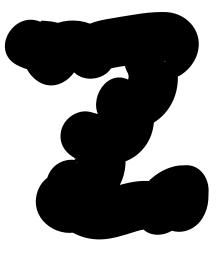
a journey is never defined by an arrival, nor is this the story of a solo wanderer but one of many wayward wanderings through which we will expand into our fullest selves a thousand flowers in bloom radiating in eternal spring an extension of hands guiding the way their grip strengthened from so many doing words to make this change a constant



# your definition [you]

Write/Draw/Photograph, Etc. a new definition in these two pages:

(105)



## **zine** [editors]

### Editors' Letter

Welcome to the Feminist Library's first Queer Dictionary!

The idea of making a queer dictionary zine first came from a discussion we had last Autumn at the International Book Club online in the Feminist Library. Eva said that making a queer dictionary is/was their life dream. Then Magda, said, why don't we do it? Then YES was a reality! While knowing that this zine will be a worldwide success and that many people will find it amusing making, writing or drawing an entry.

Self-definitions, dictionary entries can be tender and intimate. They don't have to explain the whole thing, they can be just valid for the person who made them. They can touch others. There are infinite dictionaries in the galaxy.

Dictionaries are accidental and fun, in the sequence of the alphabetical order random words meet each other [we meet one another]. Like being invited to a queer party and taking a seat close to someone you just meet. Within these pages you'll find illustrations, poetry, reclaimed words, but – most importantly – a space to exist within a queer, feminist family. In a time where we are unable to see and be with each other in person, we wanted to create a communal space (common land) that celebrates our identities in all their shades.

So, why a queer dictionary? As we know, language is important (fabulous). It defines how we communicate with each other, either in a colonised tongue, or through our own sacred, ancestral languages. Language defines how we are categorised and treated by society, as constructed political beings. It can and has been a source of racialised and sexualised oppression for many of our communities, based on how bodies (and minds) do or do not fit within wider constructed cultural 'norms'.

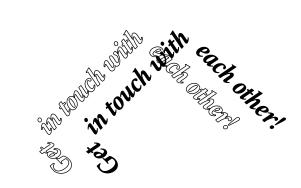
While most of these entries are in English, each of the authors has used language to explore queer ideas and invite us to imagine what a redefined world could look like. In Teaching to Transgress, bell hooks wrote on the power of language: "it is not the English language that hurts me, but what the oppressors do with it." Yet, she knew that the act of reclaiming language can also be "claimed as a space of resistance," and that this experience can be a joyous bonding space.

[everything is messy and inconsistent, just you, just like us]

Language is slippery. It is reshaped over space and time as words and worlds evolve beyond their original conception. This reshaping is our power. We will continue to struggle and support each other as we strive to be defined how we choose, and we hope this (very queer) dictionary acts as a source of strength, reminding you (us) that we're here together, as a queer community. [we slide together, friction on plastic, movement against rules and regulations]

We hope this project encourages you (us [!!!]) to make your (a lot of new) own dictionaries, reclaim (celebrating) language, and to queer the world around you.

Your editors, Emma T, Eva~Pops, Jennifer, and Niharika (107)



Adriann Ramirez is a London based multidisciplinary artist who works in dance, choreography, film and poetry. They host a podcast called Lavender Language, a series of conversations with queer artists. Their work focuses on themes of gender, sexuality, queerness, their Mexican heritage and the interplay of those intersecting identities.

Instagram: <u>@adriann.ramirez</u>, <u>@lavenderlanguage</u> Twitter: <u>adriann\_ramirez</u>

Allison Fradkin is delighted to be alphabetized in Queer Dictionary. A Sapphic scribe with thespian tendencies, she contributes to publications such as *Sapphic Writers Collective* and *ImageOutWrite*; acts as Literary Manager for Violet Surprise, a queer theatre company; and serves as Editor for Bold Strokes Books, a queer publishing company. Unsurprisingly, she has a gay old time in all of these endeavors.

**Amara George Parker** is a Best of the Net nominated, pansexual, genderqueer and disabled writer, with work featured in Mslexia, Elevator Stories, Sufi Journal, Musing the Margins and more. They're English Language Editor at Angeprangert! and a staff reader at Prismatica. They run A Wave in the Heart: Poetic Connection.

Facebook: <u>@amarageorgeparker</u> Instagram: <u>@a\_g\_parker</u> Twitter: <u>@amara\_gparker</u>

**Amy King** is a digital comms professional based in Edinburgh. When she's not working, knee-deep in her PhD research or indulging her fanfiction obsession, she's scribbling poetry and creative non-fiction in notebooks and anonymous blogs. This is her first public acknowledgement of her queerness.

#### Anka Dabrowska

I am a queer artist working through the media of in drawing, illustration, sculpture and installation art. I focus on studio practice, research, exhibiting and curating.

Commercially I work as an illustrator.

My practice is rooted in drawing and the forming of numerous representations of urban environments. I also create sculptures and installations from found materials as extensions of ideas that inform my two dimensional based pieces.

Instagram: <u>@ankadabrowskaart</u> https://ankadabrowskaart.com/

Antonio Branco & Riccardo T. are a live art duo based in London. By drawing from their own experiences their work primarily focuses on the queer body, its presence and social implications.

Their research then branches out into related themes of contemporary sexuality, gender norms, porn consumption, and fetishisation.

(109)

Instagram: <u>@iamriccardot</u> <u>@iamantoniobranco</u> <u>http://antonioandriccardo.com</u>

I am **Ben Dawson** (he/him) im a queer freelance digital artist, my work explores queer narratives in digital space through character animation and enviromenets.

Instagram: <u>@bendawson110</u> <u>https://bendawson.space</u>

**Caroline Halliday** is a lesbian-feminist artist aged 73, and has two fabulous grandsons.

https://carolinehalliday.wixsite.com/caroline-halliday-

**Caroline Smith** is an artist and writer. She has performed at many galleries, theatres and site-specific spaces for a decade, and was the Feminist Library's Writer-in-Residence 2014-2019. She is now fascinated by creativity and mindfulness, running a monthly meditation circle hosted by the Feminist Library and is beginning to work on a new artistic work.

Instagram: <u>@london\_adventures\_in\_art</u> <u>http://carolinesmithonline.com</u> I am **Cath Jones**, in their late fifties, and identify as a punk trans-femme, from a medical-orientated family. I had complete lower surgery in early 2004, having come out in 2000 and currently live in London.

**Chella Quint** has writing the ad-busting zine *Adventures in Menstruating* since 2005. She coined the term 'period positive' and founded <u>www.periodpositive.com</u> to provide an inclusive framework for menstrual literacy. She co-hosts Sheffield Zine Fest and is currently a PhD researcher in design and health at Lab4Living, Sheffield.

Twitter <u>@chellaquint</u> <u>@periodpositive</u> Instagram <u>@chellaquint</u>, <u>@period\_positive</u>

**David Gilani** usually writes about topics related to his work - i.e. access to higher education, youth participation and supporting students. He writes about these topics via <u>linkedin.com/in/davidgilani/</u> or you can follow his more eclectic musings about politics, reading, gaming et al via Instagram\_@davidgilani.

Two of the most important things in the life of **D-M Withers** are the Ladies of Llangollen and football.

Twitter: @DMWithers\_

**Emma T** is an artist who creates work in different forms, mainly video, paint and text. She likes abstraction, noise, nature, sensitivity and otherness. Here representing the genderqueer pansexuals. She also works in mental health and arts. She has a long abandoned Instagram where you could say hi.

#### Instagram: <u>@emmashula</u>

Jael de la Luz (she/her) is a writer, editor, mother, book lover and craft maker activist. Her approach from intersectional feminism, anti racist practices and non -binary knowledge, nourishes her work and workshops. She is part of the Spanish Book Club at the Feminist Library. She writes "*Militancias*" on Feminopraxis, a Mexican online magazine for migrant, non binary and women of colour from de global south.

Instagram: <u>@jaeldelaluz</u> Twitter: <u>@JaeldelaLuz1</u> **Jennifer Brough** is a writer and editor living in London. Her work has most recently appeared in Luna Luna Magazine, Artsy, and The Debutante. She curates submissions for Sisters of Frida, an experimental collective of disabled women.

Twitter: <u>@jennifer\_brough</u> <u>https://jenniferlbrough.com</u>

**Kristian Chalakov** is a young illustrator from Plovdiv, Bulgaria. Known for his style and aesthetic that combines elements from Bulgarian/ Balkan folklore, communist propaganda imagery, pop culture and above all The Queer Culture.

His art is all about telling stories, creating characters, bringing representation to marginalized groups and their experiences across his home country Bulgaria. Playful, symbolistic and traditional with a unique personal touch.

(111)

IG profile: @kristian.chalakov

#### l.y.monster

full-time dreaming artist. down-to-earth human. music. drawing. poetry. activism. Soundcloud: <u>lymonster</u> Instagram: <u>@l.y.monster</u> <u>https://l-y-monster.tumblr.com</u> <u>https://lymonster.bandcamp.com</u>

**Lineadeluz** is a cyberspace alchemist exploring creative forms of knowledge construction and dissemination through diverse aesthetic strategies. They implement the edited selfie as a medium to expand on queer self-representation and embodiment. They are living and thriving in Mexico City, crafting queer networks of love and resistance.

IG @lineadeluz Twitter: <u>@cyborg\_brujx</u> <u>http://lineadeluz.me</u> **Lola de la Mata** (b.1991) is a London born French/Spanish conceptual sound artist, curator and composer. Her work explores themes of chronic illness, fierce female queerness, and research centred around AI and its use of a 'neutral' voice in corporate products.

Instagram: <u>@loladelamata</u> Twitter: <u>@8columns9lines</u> <u>http://loladelamata.com</u>

#### Lorna Harrington

Visual artist.

#### Lu Firth

Dyke. She/They/Her/Them

I am a Costume, Textiles and Clothes Designer.

I teach Textiles and previously employed in community arts leading arts and local history walks; including many LGBTI and Black History Month walks and events. I worked for many years in Homelessness and Mental Health supporting our LGBTI community.

**Magda Oldziejewska** is a queer Polish feminist activist, writer and researcher, living in London and working at the Feminist Library. Her activism focuses mainly on LGBTQ+ and reproductive rights. She writes about feminist history and organising, radical spaces and activism on her blogs (www. polishqueerfeminist.com and https://angelsandwitches.com/).

Twitter: <u>@magdaoljejor</u> Instagram: <u>@magdaoljejor</u>

**Maïté de Haan** (she/her) and **Julia Alegre** (she/her) are philosophers, intersectional feminists and founders of the philosophical non-profit 'Troebel'. Their activism and philosophical work is centred around contemporary themes such as identity and social justice.

Instagram: @Troebeltroebel Facebook: @Troebeltroebel http://troebel.be **MarioRi** used to be a classically trained chef, but is now an aspiring radio presenter and scriptwriter. A lifelong dream of hers is to become part of a revolution that will turn the world into a colourful, inclusive and kind place. She lives and studies in London and is a gig/festival freak.

#### Mixcloud: @mario-ri

**Matthew Bamber**'s studio practice encompasses photography, video, and collage. He is interested in how images operate in the public realm, in particular images associated with queer people and other marginalised groups. He uses the image as both a medium and a tool to reveal new ways of looking and perceiving.

#### Instagram: <u>@mlbamber</u> https://matthewbamber.com

For the last two decades, **Megan Saltzman** has been teaching Spanish language and culture in different universities, slow-writing a book about public space in Barcelona, and (before COVID) walking through cities and taking photos with 35mm film cameras.

(113)

μκχ μεγάλωσε στις κυκλάδες, σήμερα εργάζεται στην αθήνα mkx born and raised in the cyclades, currently is working in athens

Facebook: <u>Μαρία Σιέρβα</u> Instagram: <u>marikaki.k.x</u>

Niharika Pore is an artist and writer, working in prose-poetry, filmmaking and critical theory. She currently works with community-led institutions across London through workshops, exhibitions and research publications, exploring disability, diaspora and queerness. She is also a final-year student at Goldsmiths, University of London studying Fine Art & History of Art.

#### Instagram: <u>@niharikapore</u>

**Nina** is a zine maker from Belgium. She makes zines and comics about queer-feminism, self-care, playing music, and the covid-19 lockdown. Titles include Same Heartbeats, From Spice Girls to Riot Grrrls, and Dirty Lesbian. She also plays guitar in Lavender Witch and her solo project Lost Luna.

Facebook: <u>@EchoPublishingArt</u> <u>http://echopublishing.wordpress.com</u>

#### Paloma Jauncey Mckim

I am a 19 year old poet and student based in Bristol. My poetry often focuses on sexuality, relationships and celebrating the ordinary and often less savoury aspects of the mind and life.

#### Instagram: @poetrybypaloma

#### pops\_comixs, eva~pops

Dibujanta de comixs en lucha, poeta, jugadora de ajedrez, disidente del genero, inmigrante, historiadore del arte, fotograf<sup>\*</sup>, diseñadore de libr!s, maestra, cuidadora radical de mi misme, hija, amigx, amante de e, es\_ soy yx.

I am a comixs artist, poet, chess player, gender dissident, immigrant, art historian, photographer, book designer, teacher, radical self carer, daughter, friend, lover of e, I am.

Instagram: <u>@pops\_comixs</u>, <u>@\_evamegias\_</u> <u>http://www.popscomixs.com</u>, <u>http://www.evamegias.com</u>

#### **Rachael House**

My work focuses on feminist and queer politics and resistant histories/ herstories, aiming to reach as many like-minded people as possible, inside and outside of the art world. I use humour, personal engagement and events to draw in those who may not be like-minded too- we recruit.

#### Instagram: <u>@rachaellhouse</u>

**Saio Gradin** is a part-time academic, writer and workshop facilitator focused on prefiguring a better future. On dark nights they make electronic music by candlelight.

Twitter: <u>@saiogradin</u> <u>http://wurldpowur.wordpress.com</u>

#### stav b

I am a visual artist, conceiving and manifesting an interdisciplinary body of work: Spoken word, Live Art, Installation, Video and Sound. My work is placed at the junctions of visual art and performance, and deals with the on-going theme of (sexual) identity, love, the politics of the female gaze, the aesthetics of beauty, obsession and transformation, nature, evolution and women.

Instagram: <u>@stavb\_art</u> <u>vimeo.com/stavb</u>

#### **sudden darling** Interview at <u>Metamute</u>. Teflon magazine collaboration in Divided Publishing.

#### Tallulah Howarth

A 19-year-old North-West based poet and 'actorvist', who loves foraging, archives and Polish jazz. Publications include Young Identity's 'No Disclaimers', HEBE and Now Then Magazine. Selected as one of 2019's top five BBC Young Writers' and shortlisted to represent Manchester in the international poetry slam, Slam-O-Vision. Observational, political and philosophical.

Instagram: <u>@star\_locked</u> Twitter: <u>@TallulahHowarth</u> Facebook: Tallulah Howarth Creative

#### The Mollusc Dimension

In spite of his parents' best efforts, The Mollusc Dimension is a queer, transmasc, Chinese-British multi-hyphenate artist from London, via Essex. He proliferates surviveries - fantastical worlds; drawings, music, performances, poems, videos, zines. He is older than dial-up internet and longs for the possibility of futures for people like us.

(115)

Facebook, Instagram: <u>@TheMolluscDimension</u> Twitter: <u>mrgloomytunes</u> <u>https://themolluscdimension.com</u> We are queermonor We are here!

