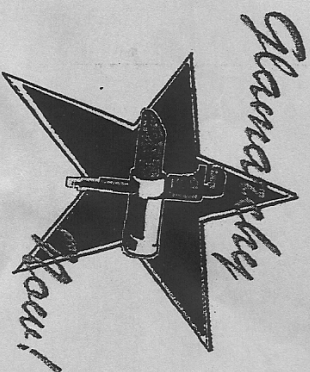


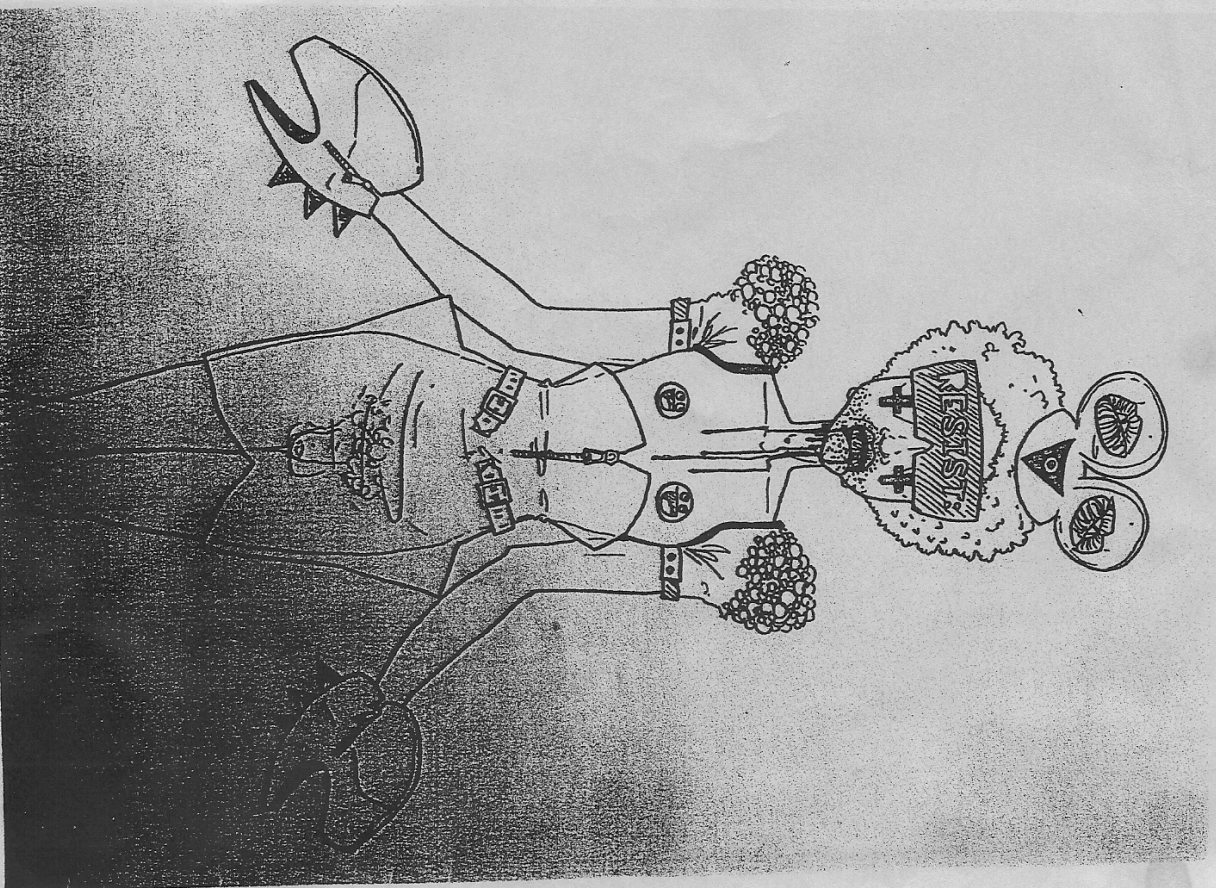
Poem for Chiffon

My eggplant + heels —
queef **DYKE**otomists
Prawwwwun?
[insert squiggles here]
tangerine Beavers
why?

... I Think I'm **queer**



#1



QUESTIONS?
COMMENTS?
CONTRIBUTIONS?

HIT US UP AT
GLAMARCHYNOW@
GMAIL.COM

regression

ne world goes round and round (35)

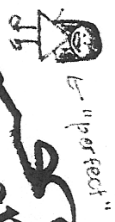
un't it go side to side ←→

r up and down ↓

r in squiggly lines

BUT the world isn't perfect.

i'm not perfect



i've been rejected all my life.

Queers

maybe its cuz im queer

was i rejected cuz i'm queer

or am i queer cuz i was

rejected?

Lesbian

Queer



Pain?

maybe the "gay gene" is hiding next to the "whites-only gene."

Our sexualities don't exist in a vacuum. If a person just "isn't attracted to" black people or "just can't see him/herself" with a man, we often accept that as valid.

But those explanations aren't good enough. The social meaning of our sexual choices (and by extension, our sexualities) has little to do with biology or personal choice. What we perceive as "personal preference" in reality does not exist - those "preferences" we have to one particular race or another particular gender are crafted by society. Society dictates who we should be attracted to, and how, and when. Even when we directly go against what society is dictating to us, we are acting based on societal expectations. Our sexualities tell us something about who we are as individuals within a complex world.

So what does your sexuality say about you?

there are a million and one gender pronouns that have distinct social + political meanings.

and give biological reasons to explain it...

Call Me When It Means Something

11:40pm

Single beer buzzing across the streets whose names I forget and the sky was singing that song shame never seems to hear. We were all together under copper streetlamps, rusted veterans, whimpering our shadows into crooked giants. There were at least ten of us, party-to-go. I felt ridiculous and in love with your fingers half-heartedly woven with mine and the moon was a girl.

12:02am

It smelled like damp legs and vodka, a universe of washed-out faces painted deep ocean by a computer monitor. The art haus girls were strung out on being lovely and oxycontin against a Corona poster ripped from the armpit of '97. Pineapple, red cup, smoke riding the inside of your bottom lip like sex. Everyone's ironic or apathetic and somewhere she's burning.

2:56am

Six people. That's a complex system of mistakes against that sky above our faces. Smoking pink cigarettes, I wonder what my voice will sound like tomorrow, how small I might be. How much any of this will mean out of the context of bottle caps and airplanes. I run my fingers over the scars on my left arm. I run my fingers through last summer and turning 13 and all the self resting in familiar faces scattered across the dirt. It's here that I miss you. That I miss tonight and the sky and the feeling of 20 gel caps in my mouth.

She was dirty and bright and we had nowhere to go.

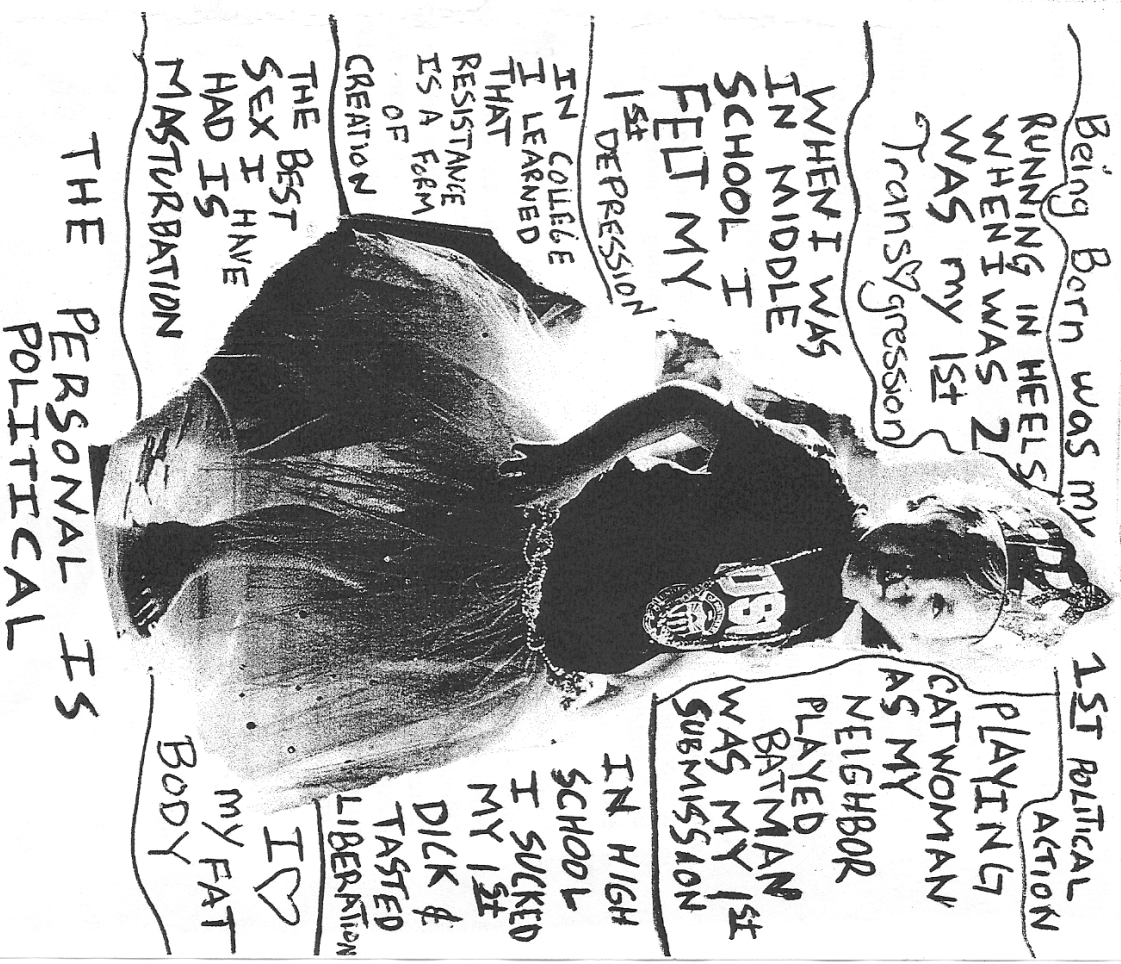
EXTREME DRAG

in my own experiences, i've noticed that people who are just beginning to doubt their (hetero)sexuality are the most open to ideas of sexuality as fluid, changing, and inconsistent.

they're the ones that will tell you that in the past they were exclusively heterosexual. then, after a while, they started finding someone of another gender or other genders attractive, and now, they're starting to identify themselves differently than they used to.

but after a while, the story changes: after thinking about it some more, they come up with examples of how they were queer when they were kids: they think of people they found attractive in middle school that maybe they shouldn't have found attractive; and they realize maybe they were never heterosexual to begin with.

i don't think it has to be that way. i think for some people, maybe that's true, but not for everyone. but that's the power of the "both gay" discourse.

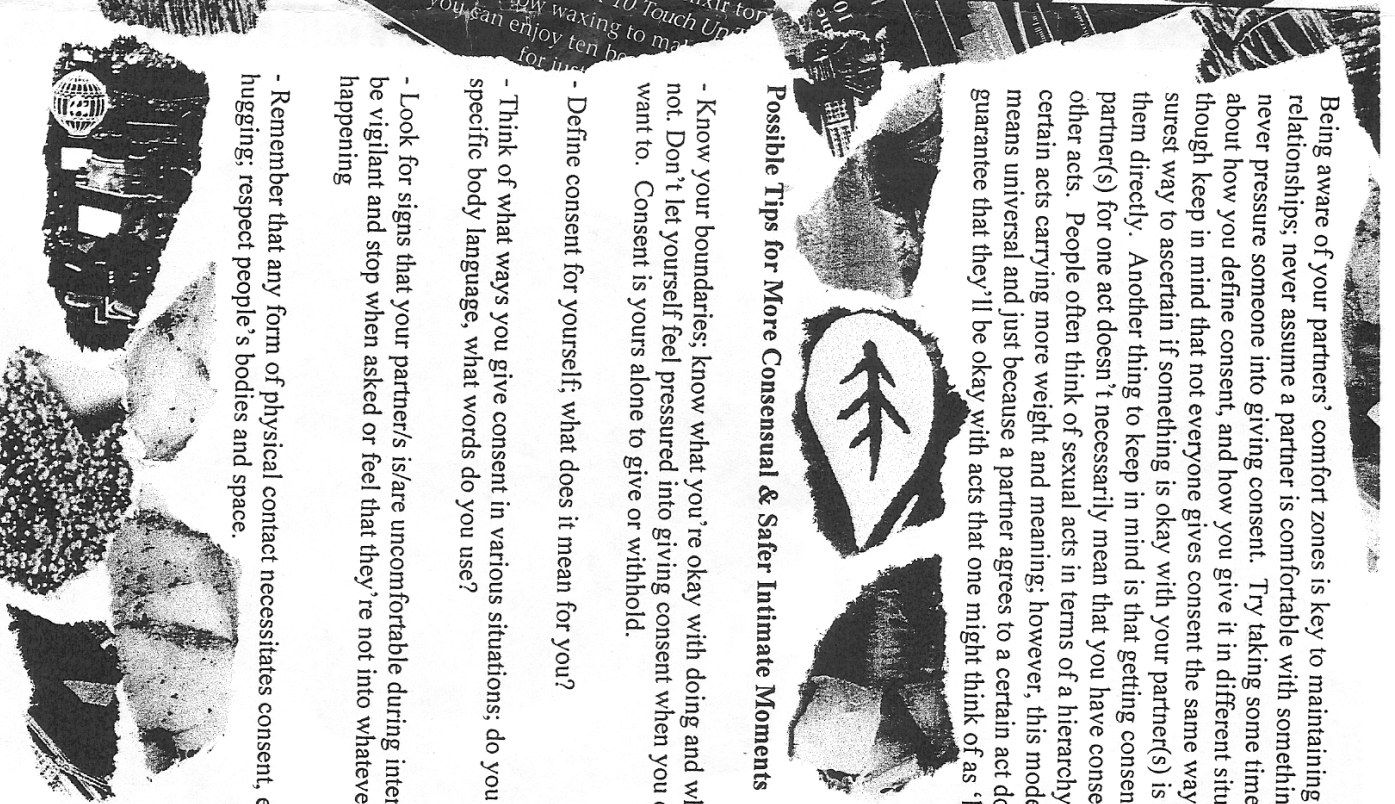


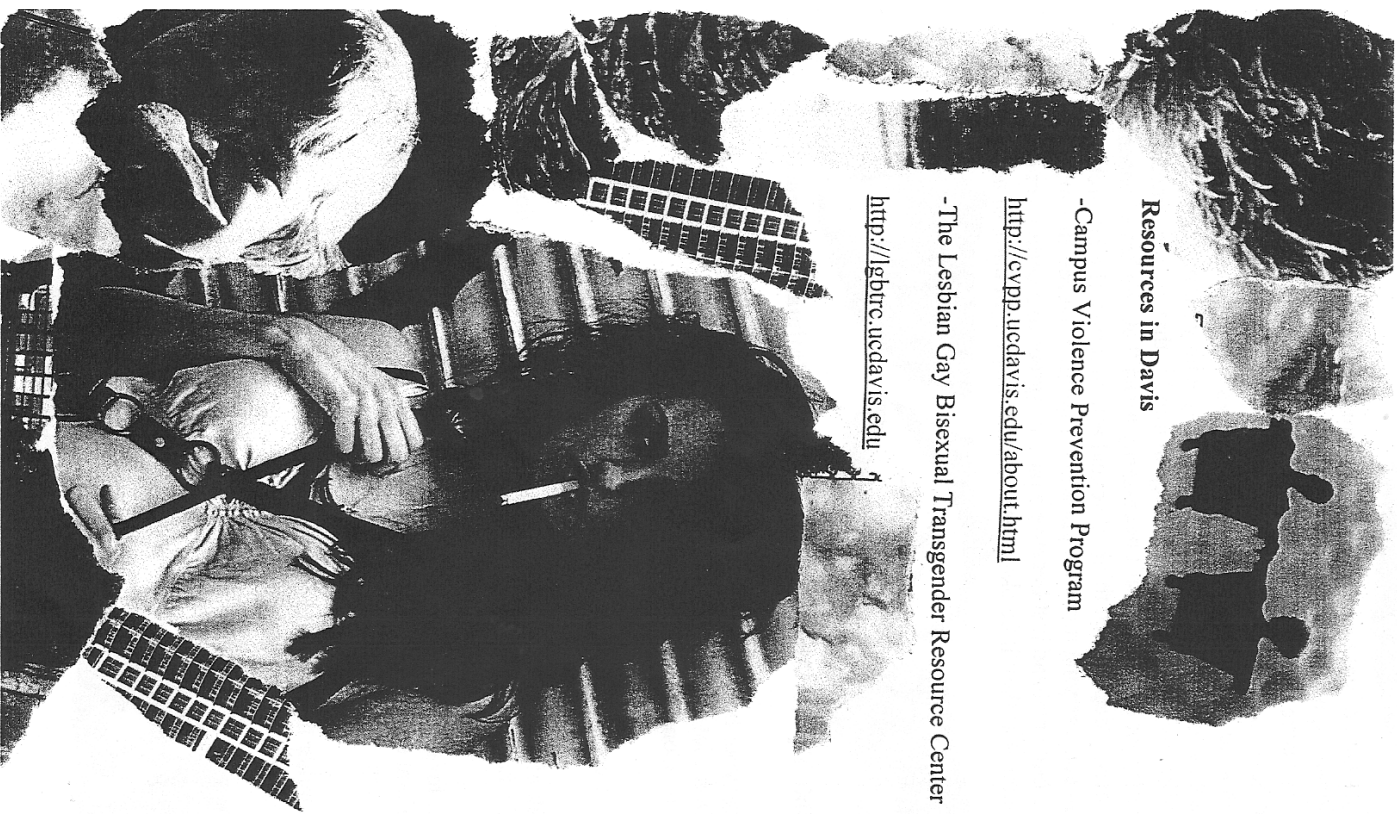


Being aware of your partners' comfort zones is key to maintaining safer relationships; never assume a partner is comfortable with something and never pressure someone into giving consent. Try taking some time to think about how you define consent, and how you give it in different situations; though keep in mind that not everyone gives consent the same way and the surest way to ascertain if something is okay with your partner(s) is to ask them directly. Another thing to keep in mind is that getting consent from partner(s) for one act doesn't necessarily mean that you have consent for other acts. People often think of sexual acts in terms of a hierarchy, with certain acts carrying more weight and meaning; however, this model is by no means universal and just because a partner agrees to a certain act doesn't guarantee that they'll be okay with acts that one might think of as 'lesser.'

Possible Tips for More Consensual & Safer Intimate Moments

- Know your boundaries; know what you're okay with doing and what you're not. Don't let yourself feel pressured into giving consent when you don't want to. Consent is yours alone to give or withhold.
- Define consent for yourself; what does it mean for you?
- Think of what ways you give consent in various situations; do you use specific body language, what words do you use?
- Look for signs that your partner/s is/are uncomfortable during interactions; be vigilant and stop when asked or feel that they're not into whatever's happening
- Remember that any form of physical contact necessitates consent, even hugging; respect people's bodies and space.





Resources in Davis

-Campus Violence Prevention Program

<http://cvpp.ucdavis.edu/about.html>

-The Lesbian Gay Bisexual Transgender Resource Center

<http://lgbtrc.ucdavis.edu>

Imagining Freedom

In an instant my wings have unfolded. I am uplifted, the exuberance of an unrestricted contention. The elevation commemorates the vision projected through movements of pure imagination.

A theorist stated and imprinted the knowledge of power invested in such creation. And in that instant a birth of what I've mentioned. Through the magick held by belief in unseen images - worlds arise - holding each of our winged descendants....

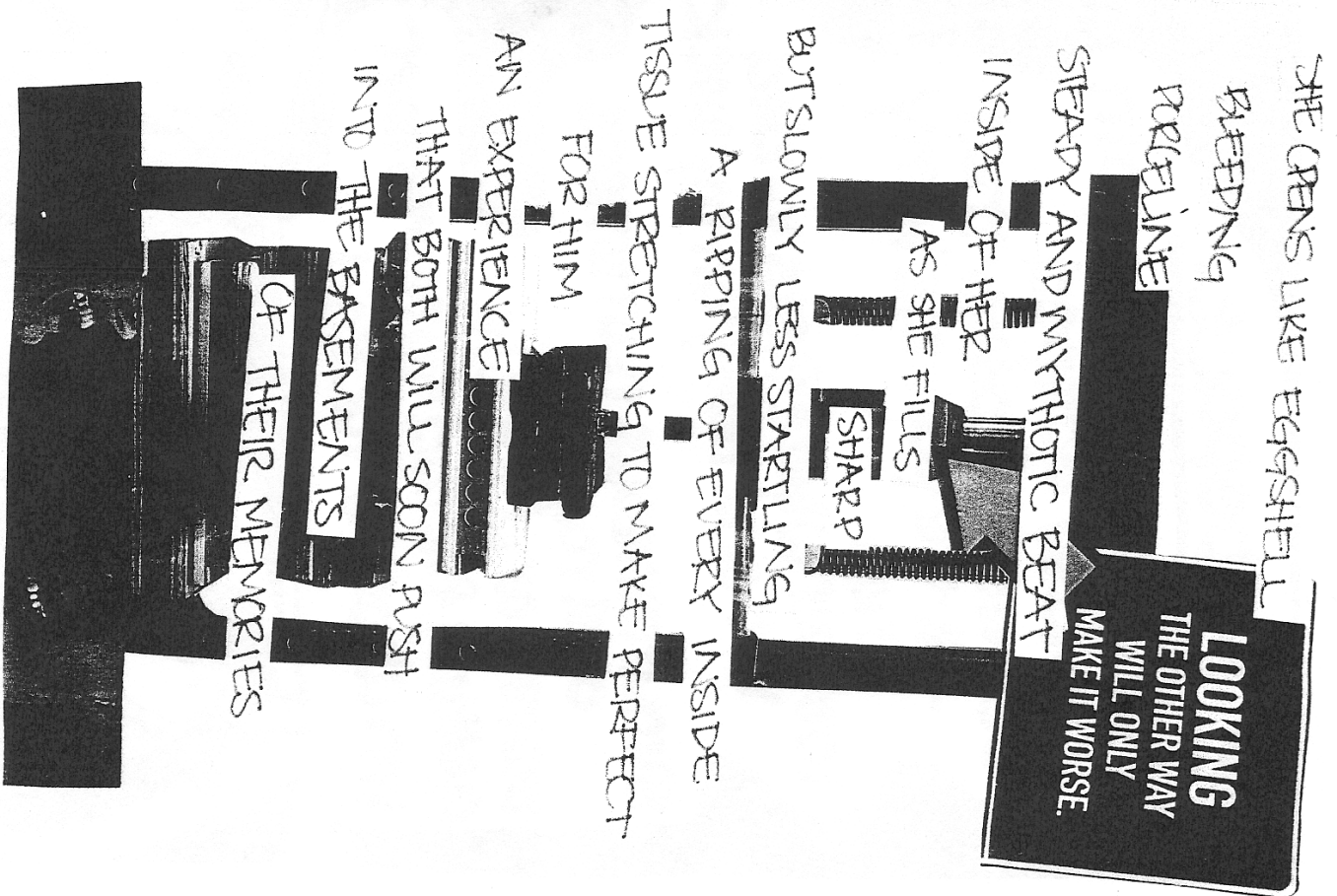
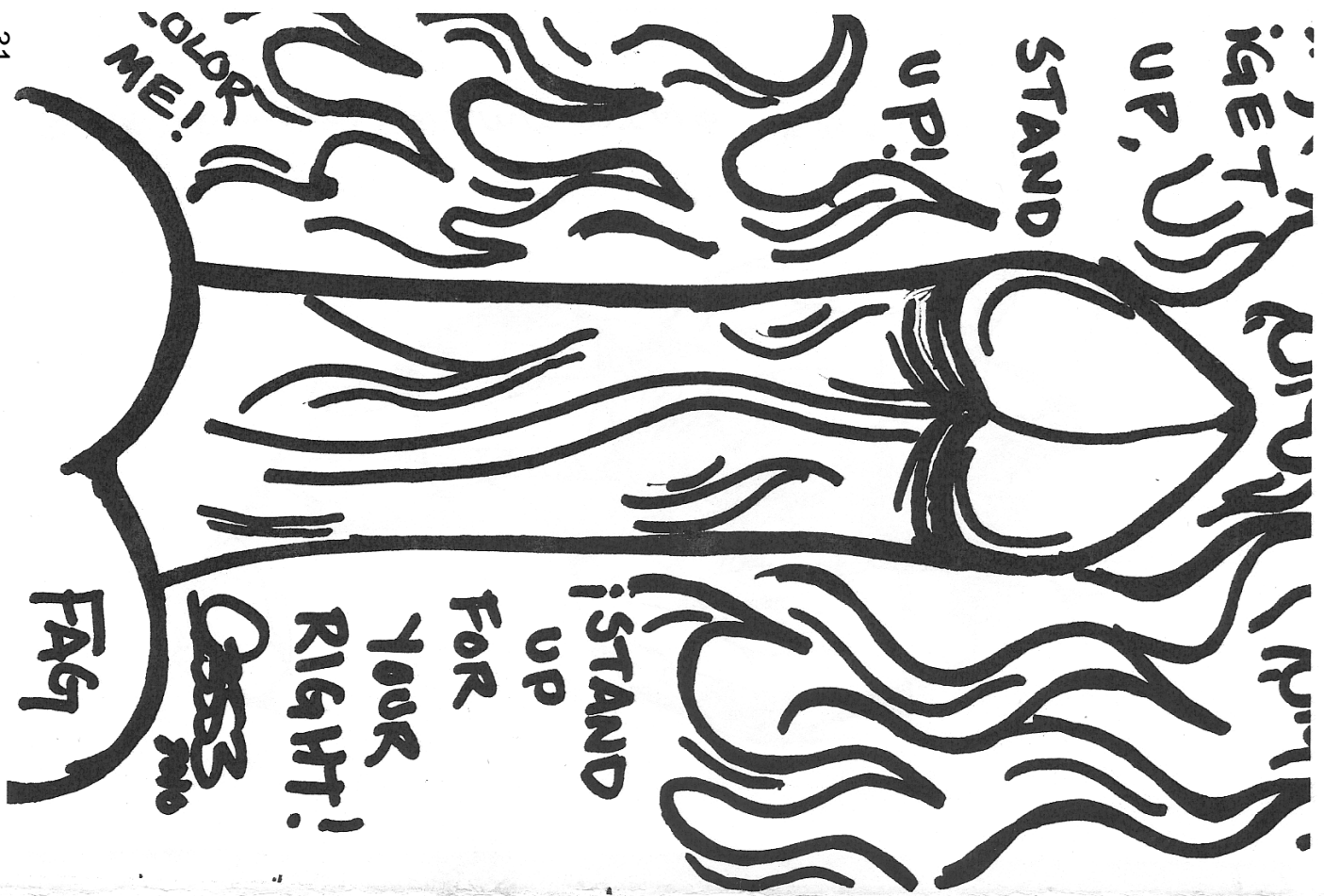
Hearts beating, strumming → sending reflections of our influence.

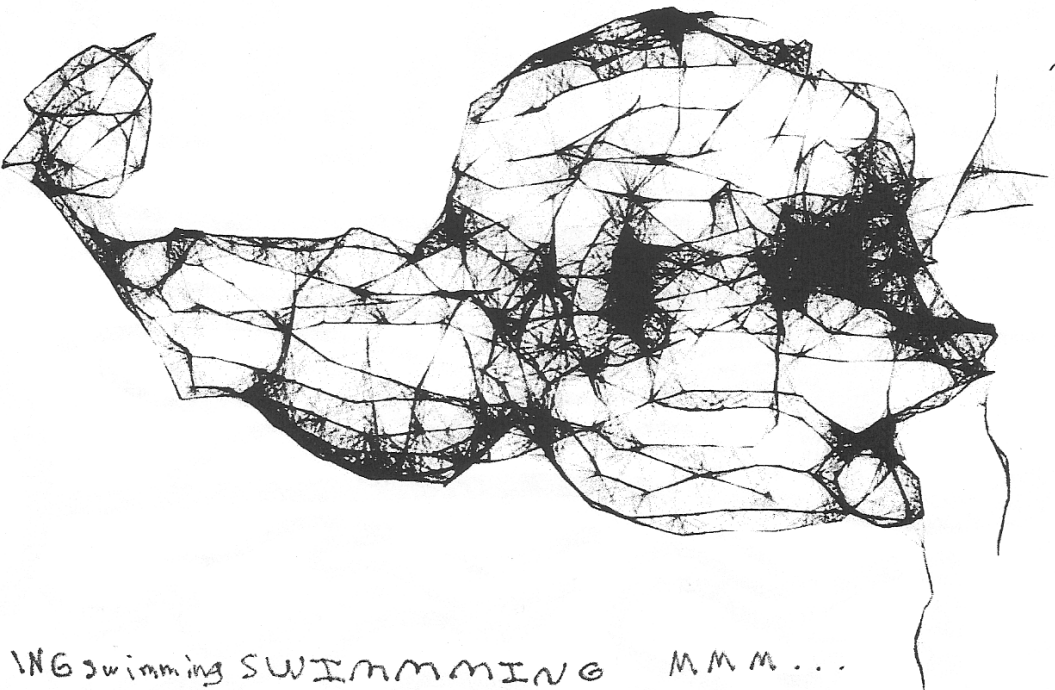
Dreaming, soaring → letting go of all that binds us.

We are the Gods. Creators of our dimensions.

You. In every scene, in every breathe held in - reaching. Waiting, holding patiently, crying. Find me. In the spaces were these restrictions seem exhausting. Hear me. Where reality dissipates into dreaming - I am standing.

In the corners of my mind and the recesses of my heart: the eternal flow of images flood the scene with what dominates my being. Ascension. The true complete acceptance. And with every wing born from self-indulgence - their true destination resides in your presence. To wait with outstretched hands for your friendship. So that in those worlds, the like the wind and the trees - we can together dance in flight - forever free.





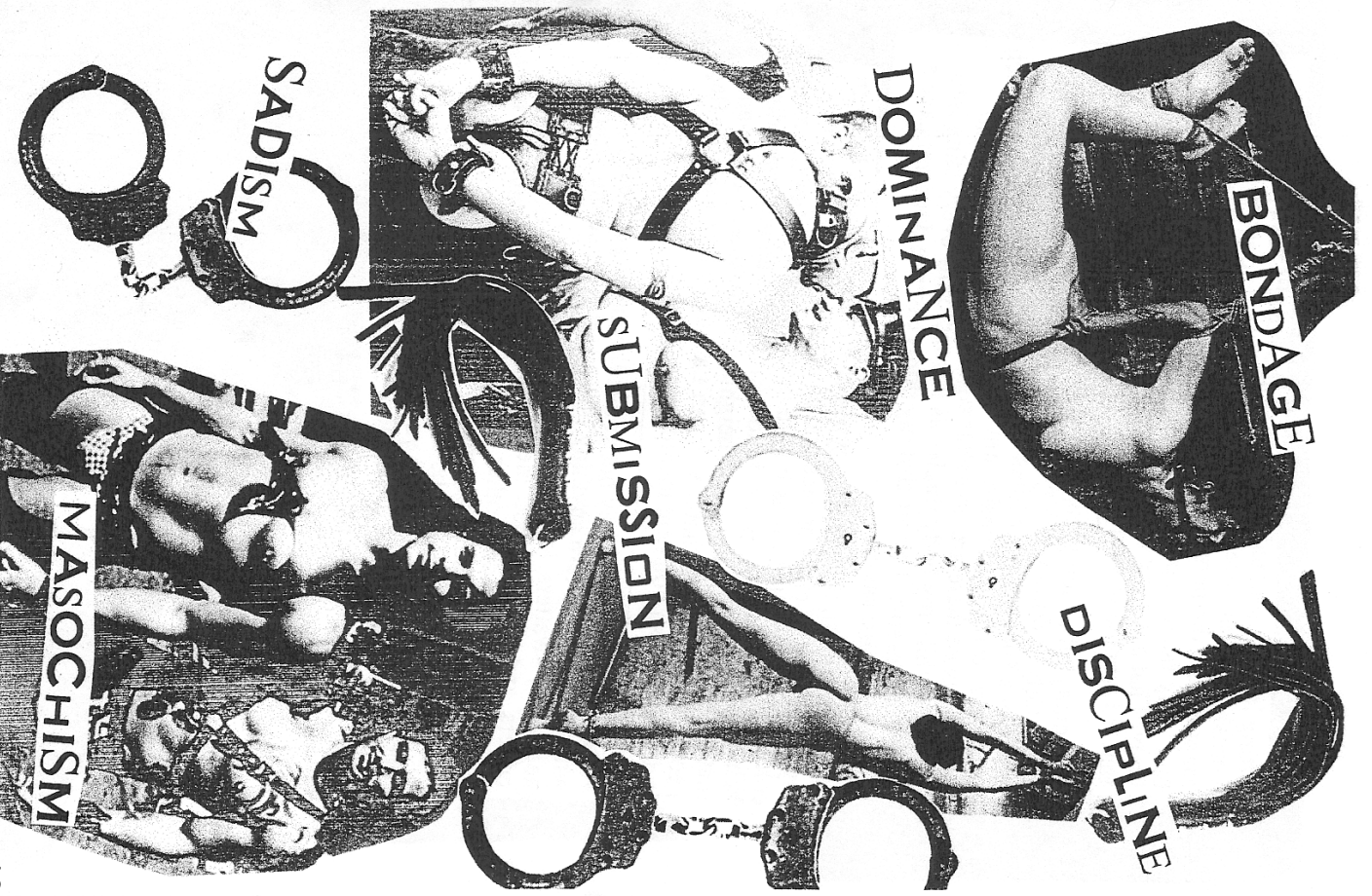
SWIMMING swimming SWIMMING M M M...



"I'm not missing a minute
of this, it's the

revolution"

-Sylvia Rivera

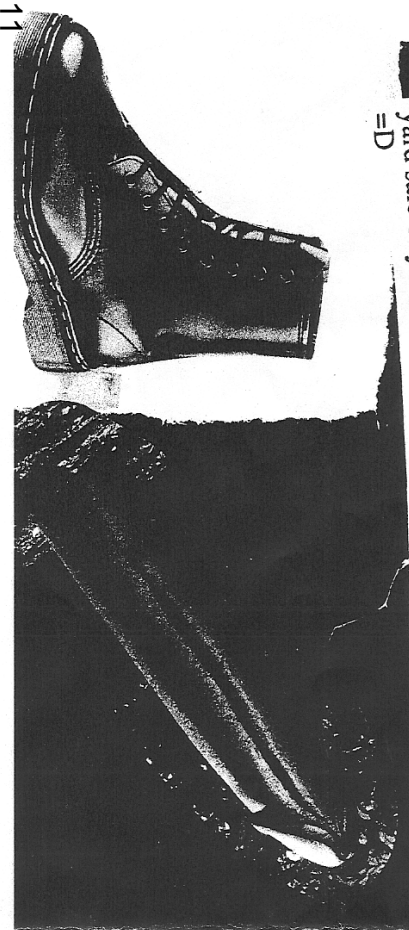


Sitting in what seemed to be one of the best BDSM 101 workshops of my life all came crashing down once the whip snapped and the presenter shouted... "damn... worth the 300 bux". My facial expression went blank and excitement left my body. That euphoric feeling... GONE. I was once again reminded that if I wanted to submit I would have to pay up.

Like many other sub groups in the queer community the leather community is dominated by white middle to upper-class queers who can afford fancy paddles and sig canes. I guess it makes sense cuz leather and chains ain't exactly cheap, but when I reach my sub space there are no dollar signs in my head. My head vibrates while my body tingles as it transforms every sting into welts of pleasure. I know that my doms essence does not have a price tag... just say in.

It scares me to think that these types of workshops don't bring in any discussion of class or race and as a queer kinky person of color who has limited funds it kind of pushes me out of the room. What I am looking for in my fellow kinksters is an understanding that higher prices do not mean heightened pleasure. I also want people to understand that if you can't afford to buy a leather flag it does not mean you can't identify as a pervert.

When you have no money but you still want to get freaky you will find a way to turn anything into a tool for meeting your needs. Fly swatters, ice dildos, bike tube floggers, hangers, pie cutters, and more can become your best friends. I truly believe that this can also add another excitement to some players. I have always enjoyed making my trip with a partner to a sex toy shop to decide together what will be the new addition to our pleasure chest but when you discover you can just as easily do this at a yard sale or your local dollar store you will always be in the zone.
=D



of a pin.





someone reduced
your sun to
"fuel burning ferociously"
& you set your world down.
denounced your throne as:

-monster prince
-voice that shook spring loose from it's slumber
-shepherd of second-hand constellations;
celestial phantasm spinning on your index finger as if were the head
it was popsicle stick paradise meeting matchbox & western winds.

I watched it all.

it was slow. it was fearsome.
out of breath, howling to the sky,
weak on its hinges,
igniting windows in homes,
culling asphalt sighs
from restless hounds.

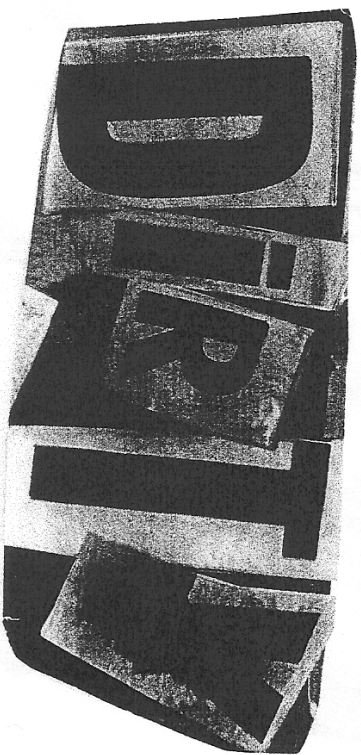
the universe
exhaled
at the sound of
that demon leaving
your lungs,
hatching on
branches and
hanging on the heels
of that twisted

November.

that shattering speed of beat in the chest.
the convex curvature of death against conception.
the aftertaste to a waking moment.
I lay my own stars to fade
and settle with the tagline of
stunted decay at its best.



Now to get to different types of scenes and roles. I can't count the times when I have thought twice about being called a slave by a white leather daddy. When roles such as master/mistress and slave are brought up and you don't mention how these can be the least bit problematic, we have a problem. I am not sure how to go about talking about what some call "race play" but I do know that I will call no one master without talking about issues of what this can mean or make me feel. And if someone will not put me on a leash and whip me till I bleed just because I don't feel like calling them master...goodbye!



We cannot pretend that these words don't impact certain people in traumatic ways. Though some people in the leather community want to believe that giving in to absolute pleasure can never be problematic, I am here to tell you that that is not the case. Just as one should always negotiate and talk out what you will and will not play around with we should also be willing to talk out what these scenes mean to us. I also don't want to yuck anyone's pricey yum, so if three hundred dollar restraints are your thing then by all means hit me with your best Shot! But for others who don't have the means or who seek beatings with limited bux...
I FEEL YOU!


13



LOOK UP

3000

20



A black and white illustration showing a sewing machine needle and foot stitching a piece of fabric. The fabric has a pattern of small circles, resembling a die. The needle is positioned to stitch a new circle into the fabric.

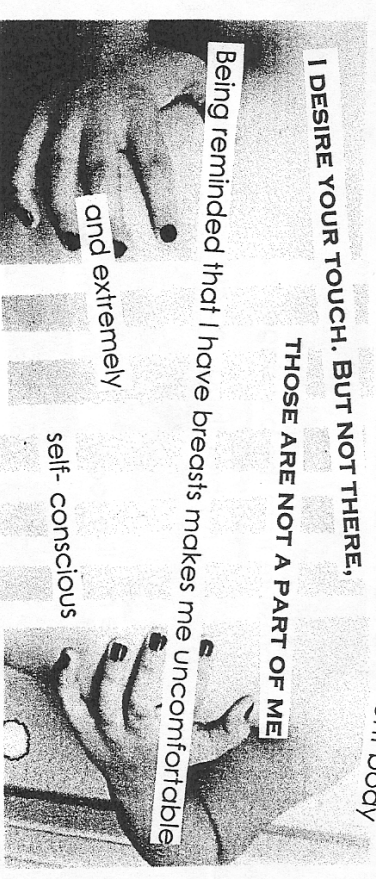
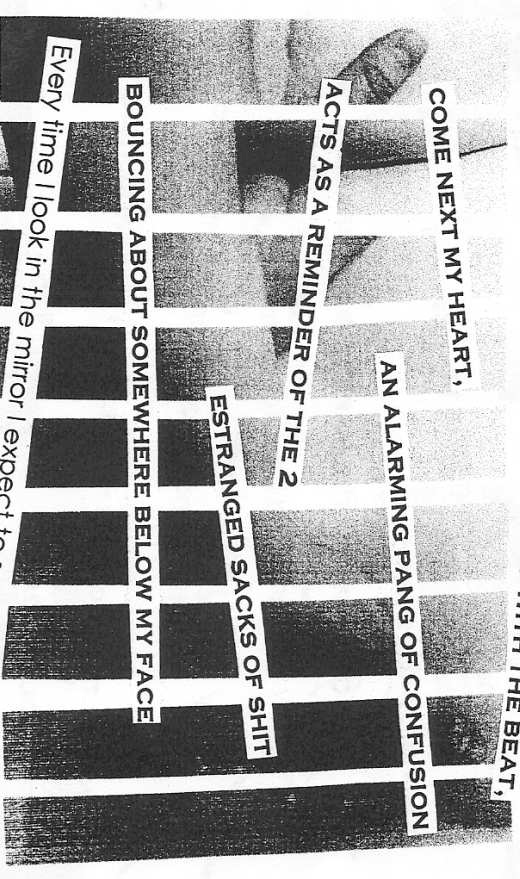
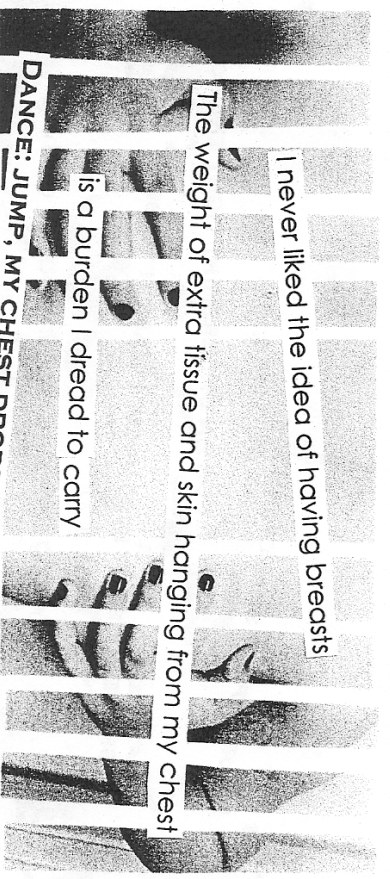


ABSOLUT
Country of Sweden
VODKA

This is the same grain
not distilled from grain
in the wet fields of southern
Ireland, but produced
in the wet fields of



WAKU WAKU



HOURS SPENT SEARCHING

FOR AN UNDERSHIRT TIGHT ENOUGH

TO SHAPE MY BODY INTO WHAT I WANT IT TO BE

Layering shirts and wearing baggy clothing

became one way of hiding my embarrassment
CHIN UP, BACK STRAIGHT.

OH WAIT, THAT'LL MAKE MY BACK BREAK

Hunching my shoulders and back for years

left me unable to sit properly without pain

AGONIZING TO RECONCILE MY SELF WITH MY REFLECTION,

WISH I COULD WRAP

AS TIGHT AS I WRAP THIS CHEST

MY MIND AROUND IT

The pressure from the bandages restricts

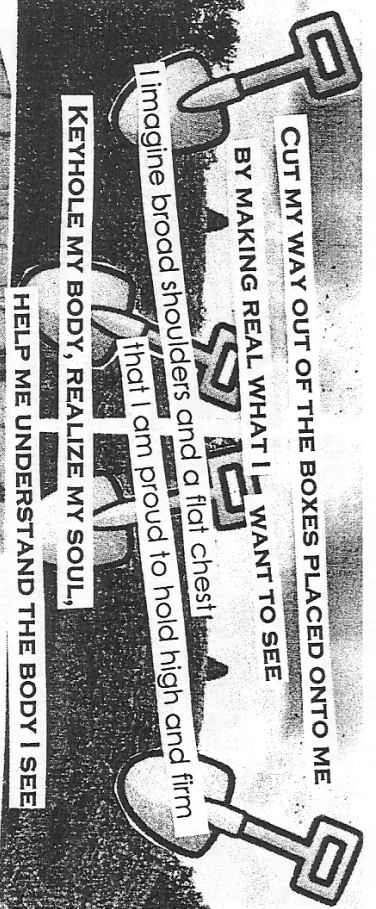
my breathing and cuts into my skin

Binders confine me like society confines my gender



JS ARTISTS
2 the Streets soundtrack.
TY LO Units in the City, D4
R SWIFT Taylor Swift, Big-
1 BLIGE Growing Pains, Mat-
Block, Universal Republic
'NEHOUSE
JAREILLES Little Voice, Ep
JS ARTISTS Juno soundtr
not chart le

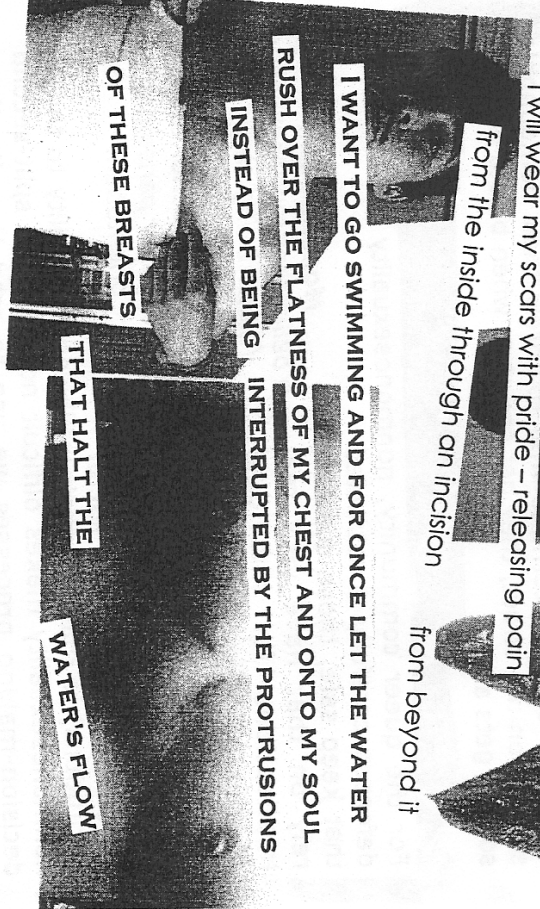
THE MADE-UP MAN



CUT MY WAY OUT OF THE BOXES PLACED ONTO ME
BY MAKING REAL WHAT I WANT TO SEE
I imagine broad shoulders and a flat chest
that I am proud to hold high and firm
KEYHOLE MY BODY, REALIZE MY SOUL,
HELP ME UNDERSTAND THE BODY I SEE



I want to stand bare-chested, breathe in deeply,
and feel like me in my body
THE POWER OF A CHESTBUMP SHARED WHEN BOTH YOU
AND I KNOW THERE'S
REALLY NOTHING THERE
SCARRED FOR LIFE IN THE BEST KIND OF WAY



I will wear my scars with pride - releasing pain
from the inside through an incision
from beyond it
I WANT TO GO SWIMMING AND FOR ONCE LET THE WATER
RUSH OVER THE FLATNESS OF MY CHEST AND ONTO MY SOUL
INTERRUPTED BY THE PROTRUSIONS
OF THESE BREASTS
THAT HALT THE
WATER'S FLOW

Un Heiiiiiiiiiiiiii Monosexism! Who invited you?

The fight against nonmonosexual inclusion by both straight and queer communities, stems from the power of nonmonosexuality to deconstruct, destroy in fact, the incredibly oppressive and restrictive labeling process that monosexism propagates: when society acknowledges that an individual's sexuality is not defined by the gender of that person's partner(s), we lose the ability to define who falls under the category of "other." For the straight community, this challenges significantly the pillar of straight privilege. Those who benefit from straight privilege benefit most when the distinctions between queer and straight are most easily visible.

If acknowledged as a lasting and legitimate identity, nonmonosexuality has the power to queer any and all straight-looking spaces, relationships, and people - complicating the process of determining who should receive the benefits of straight privilege. When bigots lose the ability to easily determine who to throw their homophobic slurs at on the street, they get sad. And when bigots get sad, society gets angry.

For the queer community, nonmonosexuality threatens the defenses carefully constructed that keep safe, those cues we rely on that have very real implications for individual survival. For those who depend on built family, on community (rather than law enforcement, or school officials, or other social institutions) to maintain their wellbeing and ability to thrive, nonmonosexuality makes difficult not only the split-second decision-making processes we use to read the situations

Monosexism:
a belief that monosexuality (either being straight and/or being lesbian or gay) is superior to a bisexual or pansexual orientation.

queering gender

erasing the spectrum

un-defining myself

creating a body

to match my mind

breaking the laws of nature

sculpting every curve

feeling real inside outside and in between

deceiving the eyes around me

reinventing female sex

genderfucking you with my existence

penetrating your brain

each insertion expands your mind

ejaculate myself inside you

carve my image like a landscape across your eyes

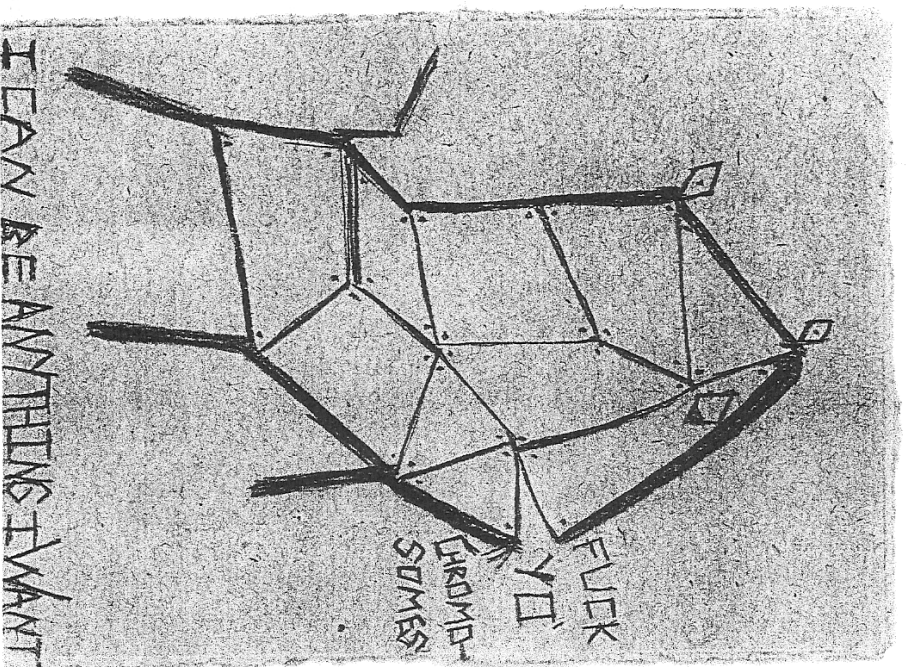
knife cuts my flesh

breasts become pecs

i step into my body

ready for reintroduction

self-assigned **FTX**



around us, but also the ways we might structure and protect our communities, organizations, and families.

After speculating what the societal hold up is on acknowledging and celebrating all the incredible, powerful nonmonosexual and fluid identities there are out there, I am left with the crucial question of what we can do, and for me the answer comes in celebrating relationships, sexualities, and individual expression in all its forms. The negative stereotypes and images of bi folks in the media caution against trusting anyone with sexual fluidity as hormone-driven, promiscuous, fence-sitting, home-wrecking, sex-crazy (the conjunctions could go on and on). Instead of entering into conversations that try and disprove these stereotypes, instead of sanitizing and desexualizing the image of nonmonosexuals, let's start by challenging the underlying judgments. What's so wrong with being hormone-driven? promiscuous? What's so wrong with fluidity or nonmonogamy or sluttiness? Of course not all nonmonosexuals identify with any of these, but I would hate to see us only further embed those characteristics or identities into categories of "wrong" and "immoral" just to save the nonmonosexual image.

Try...

- Accepting you might never fully understand someone else's sexuality, and that it's okay not to.
- Recognizing that privilege is complicated. Bisexuals don't have straight privilege because we are not straight, regardless of the gender(s) of individual's partner(s).
- Remembering that just because a person who is nonmonosexual reinforces a nonmonosexual stereotype does not mean the stereotype is true. Additionally, individuals who reinforce stereotypes should not be criticized for doing so – instead, critique the underlying moral hierarchies of our society.
- Using the terms, "monosexual" and "monosexism."

Not the norm, Not
Equal, Not Accepted
and
Not giving a flying FUCK
Different
Faggot
Special
Weird
Unique
Queer

I can
be loud
and big and
strong with my
high heels and gloss
and do what I do daily
In defiance of it all!
But that's not the point
and I hate
I do is
When all I'm
trying to be is me

Society
Society is a bunch
of straight
men who have
idea what its
like to feel
afraid walking
down the
street just
to go get
some fucking milk
How does it feel
confined in this
with CURVES!

Society?
to be
letter
I could
fight this fight
my whole
but I'm
tired and
it's been
A long
seventeen years
anger only
lasts so
long and
it could
be so nice
up my heels
in the towel
and try and be normal
just for a bit