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outwrite! a queer review

2004-2005 volume 02

social issues commission
alma mater society
queen's university

**PLEASE RETURN TO
OPIRG...**

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we couldn't have done it without you...

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Social Issues Commission
Education on Queer Issues Project (EQUIP)
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Special thanks to the other Social Issues Commission publications, as well as anybody who contributed to OutWrite! this year.

the outwrite! crew

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introduction

More queer voices? Seven provinces, one territory and the Supreme Court of Canada have all endorsed same-sex marriage. A federal bill is about to be introduced to specifically protect trans-people in the Canadian Human Rights Act. Queer Eye is no longer relegated to a specialty channel! Haven't we heard enough? Haven't we heard lesbian after trans-person after bisexual after gay man flaunt their "isssshues"? Haven't we heard enough about our right to live, to live creatively, to love creatively, to live in a world with dignity and respect for all, regardless of gender, sexual orientation, colour, age, religion, ability? Do we really need more queer voices?

Yes, actually. Each legal challenge rouses slumbering, or not so sleepy, hostility which enchants the media. Lesbians are reminded of their inferior and perverted love; trans-people are ridiculed and denied their most basic needs. And mainstream queer is . . . well, mainstream. It oozes non-threatening stereotypes that always get a laugh and hateful assumptions that confirm everyone's fears. We have always needed a place to expose the lies and soothe the pain. But now, perhaps more than ever, we need the freedom to be queer, to be different, to be proud of our diversity. We need a place to question the institution of marriage, not just affirm our right to it; to express the reality of our multiple, marginalized identities; to explore our identities in the face of growing mainstream acceptance; and to celebrate understanding that comes from being on the outside. We need OutWrite! A Queer Review.

Julie Darke
Queen's Human Rights Office

contributors' bios

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Anna Lilliman is partner to Denise Lilliman for 13 years, mother of Tasha (9) and Josh (6). They live in Gananoque and enjoy an active and busy life, full of fun and adventure. Occasionally, she has this overwhelming desire to write poetry instead of analysing systems. Even more occasionally, she finds the moments to surrender to this desire and write.

E. Penn-Woolsey has only recently come to accept herself for who she is and hopes her poems will help others do the same.

Indygo really hasn't lost hir mind... it's backed up on a disk somewhere!

Jason Vissers is a first year linguistics student who has adjusted very well to his new environment.

Karen came to Kingston many moons ago, was smitten by the beauty of this city in springtime, and never left...

Lauren Hortie is a fourth year devs student and a huge dyke who sure hopes her conservative side of the family doesn't read this magazine...

Liz Weigand thinks that "Art's a game and life's a party; and I'm the one standing in the corner trying to look comfortable examining a potted plant."

Matt Aikins is a dude of ordinary means. He's often heard quoting "the dude abides man", which is of course just recycling jokes from the Big Lebowski.

12 VAMPIRE BY J RABBIT 13 UNTITLED BY LAUREN DENHARTOG 14 HUMAN RIGHTS BY RYAN ANDERSON 15 HAIRSTORY BY NADIA GUIDOTTO 17 THE JAPANESE ME DILEMMA BY E PENN-WOOLSEY 18 AN OPEN AFFAIR BY RYAN QUINN FLANAGAN 19 ARE YOU GAY BY PAK-KEI WONG 21 SPRING BY KAREN 24 JUST LIKE EVERYONE ELSE BY TIM KRAUMANIS 25 SOUNDING IT OUT BY MORGAN VANEK 26 SOMETHING OF OURSELVES BY LIZ WEIGAND 27 THE HERB WOMAN BY ANNA LILLIMAN 32 LAPDANCE BY RYAN ANDERSON 33 UNTITLED BY LAUREN HORTIE

Morgan Vanek writes notes to her middle-aged self (breasts look best when they hang like a woman's) and hides them in places she thinks will be poignant in the future, like Queen's publications, and in cross-word puzzles that she leaves behind in classes.

Nadia Guidotto is a recent Queen's grad. Currently, she is pursuing a master's degree at York in "sexy stuff."

Pak-Kei Wong (aka The Donation Fairy, aka Canadian Idol Wannabe, aka superstar at karaoke on Thursday nights) is a B.Ed student at the Faculty of Education. In his off moments from classes, he enjoys playing music, watching movies and even writing. This complements his other not-so-artistic side, mathematics.

Ryan Anderson is a third year music and history medial at Queen's, and is the most fabulous managing editor of OutWrite! since the days of Nadia Guidotto. He currently resides in Kingston and avoids going home to his parents like the plague.

Ryan Quinn Flanagan is the boogeyman in Stephen Harper's unusually large closet and when George Bush Jr. makes being gay illegal, he shall be the first to sport a hot pink banana-hammock while straddling the 49th.

Vanessa Leigh is an pink-wearing, yoga-obsessed, beer-drinking, control-seeking, theory-loving geek whose poetic inspirations come from reading Sylvia Plath and Nietzsche in her teenage years. She has never quite recovered from the queer blend of fatalism, existentialism, and moral absolutism that will surely haunt her for life.

common ground

matt aikins

2 dykes with boy's haircuts
making out on a couch,
that is,
in the middle of scores of
studying talkative students.
A few whose eyes dart awkwardly
to the couple.

Others stare unabashedly
Some with disgusted frowns,
Some with half-smiles
I myself am in the latter category,
chuckling at love in unlikely places.

Hell,
I am too a fan of tweaking
society's idiosyncracies.

Pausing, one leans
forward breathily into the other's
pale small ear.

Our eyes meet and I
flash a grin and a thumbs-up.
And why not?

It would be a happier world
where such things were commonplace.

stunted

anonymous

History...
People and places, events that came before...
Sets our course for the future
Gives us roots
A foundation from which to grow
To branch out in many directions.

But our past can also confine us -
This small community
Barely two degrees of separation
Everyone intertwined
Every action creates a ripple effect...
Magnifying its impact.

Perhaps that is why I want to leave.
Although I have craved a home – and worked hard to build community –
That same interconnectedness is now stunting my growth
Prevents me from achieving my full potential
From living my life to its fullest.

For many years I have been drawn to women
 Enjoyed the beauty of their bodies
 Firmness combined with softness
 Curves and full breasts
 Lips that parted with moistness
 Invited me in to warm darkness,
 smooth and silken
 Responded to my touch, my strokes, my tongue.

both sides

karen

I have loved men before, but responded to their bodies in a different way
 Penises of little interest to me unless they were inside me,
 pumping, stroking, bringing me to climax.

I prefer women...
 But find myself once again aware of male gaze upon my body
 Do I invite it now?
 Or am I newly aware?

Tonight I wondered how to pursue a man
 Feel rusty, out of practice
 Can't remember how this dance proceeds

Why do I flirt with this idea?
 It surprises me
 What would I gain...or lose?
 After more than 10 years of immersing myself amongst women, I wonder...
 Is my identity too strongly associated with the women around me to shift?
 Would I be shunned from my "community"?
 Could I leave this world forever?
 Or
 Would this be temporary for me...
 a stop-gap
 a plaything
 Potentially the father of my child.

The blanket is soft on the forest floor
 The moon is full like a woman's belly
 I hold you, drawing you downward

My lips meet yours under cover of darkness
 The trees bend in a canopy over our bower.
 I know your taste and you know mine.

I cradle your breasts gently
 And the wind caresses them with me
 Your body is achingly beautiful

I go down to the heat in your belly
 Like the full moon -
 I go lower and hotter

A wild bird calls in the distance
 I move over you and within you and with you
 I drink from the depth of your waters

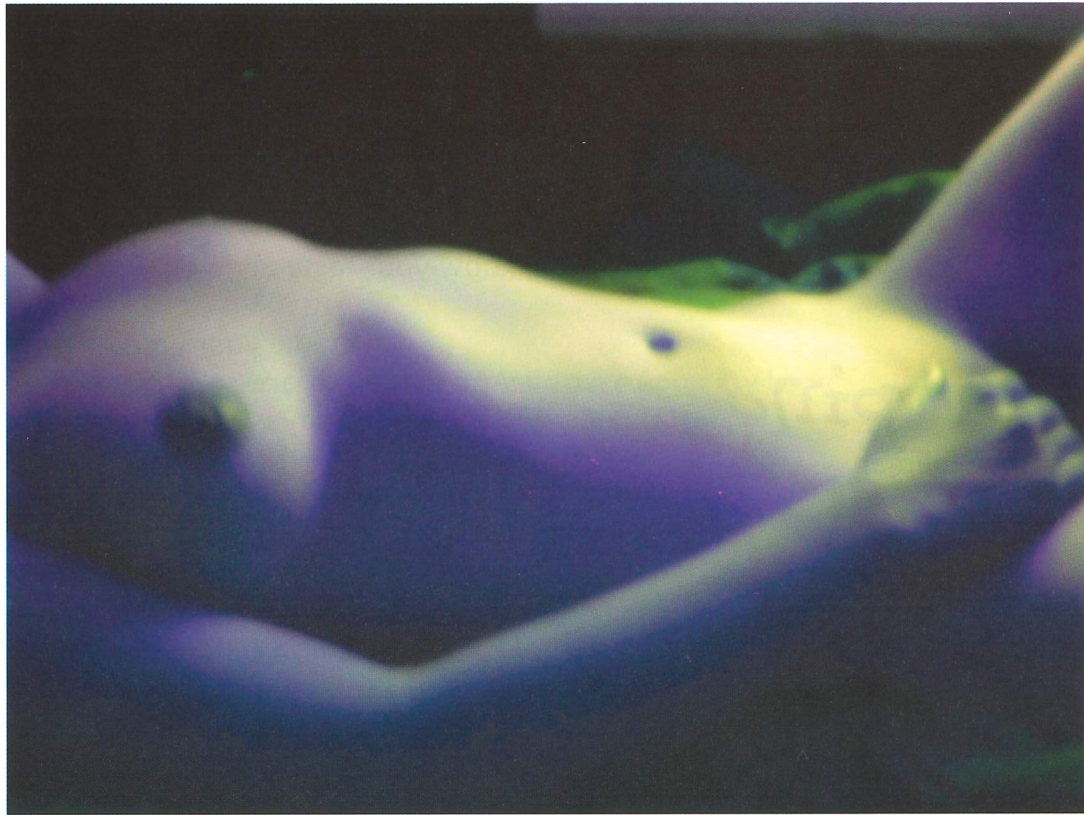
You come to me with sound and movement
 The crack of one last branch in the fire
 The arc and pulse of your body.

Trembling, we collapse backward
 With the sweet odours of you and the night forest
 Filling me, on the soft blanket.

camping

anna lilliman

desire_{indygo}



i'm sorry nadia guidotto



a final bidding

j rabbit

Oh my lovely, sweet girl
 It is with great respect that I must let go
 Of this wonderfully poetic dance
 In which we have been swaying
 Of this utterly blissful song of love
 That has been playing
 Alas, our rosewater bath
 Has grown tepid
 And the flavour of our love
 Is quickly becoming insipid
 Though your carnal pleasures are quite nice
 My throbbing clit yearns for sadistic vice

david's mistake

shanya e

Just because I said
 I liked a girl
 Doesn't mean I like
 All girls or
 Girls exclusively.
 Don't assume.

What do you do, when the one thing you want most, you can't have? Not because it doesn't want you, but because mentally you cannot accept that it's there to begin with?

How do you react when you realise that it's not the world crashing around you, but you crashing upon the world?

avoiding myself

jason visser

thoughts at 3am by moonlight

karen

You
 Draw me in
 Your voice
 Your smile
 Your laugh
 Your charm
 Your wit
 Your words
 Together – entice me
 The softness of your lips
 The shape of your tongue
 Your smell
 Make me wet
 ...Make we want you

salsa

ian griffiths

Confidently,
The man with the dark eyes and sharp hair leads his partner by hand to the packed dance floor
Jovial staccato piano beats grab the air
Ancient conga drum rhythms lift from below
Shiny trumpets rejoice, interject
The world is smiling

His partner looks in to his eyes waiting for the cue as their hands
Symmetrical
Pause in mid-air, palm on palm.
With a firm downward diagonal pull of the arm,
The whirlwind begins.

From afar the scene is chaos
To the man with the dark eyes and his partner, it is ordered,
improvised, liberation
Knots of insecurity loosen in their stomachs
Arms cross and uncross
They are in a world of their own
Where Latin steps
Are reinvented, remodelled, recreated
To accommodate
Two men.
Fluid, liquid, synchronized
Preoccupations, prejudices disappear from the canvas
New bases are moulded from the old -
Flexible fleshible fetishable
Free.
The world is smiling
As the man with the dark eyes confidently leads the other man
with dark eyes
In their own Salsa.

In the beginning
when you say I like to have fun,
you mean a cock is not enough.
Yours is not enough.
Not enough for a woman who enjoys other women.

all those talks I assure you
that you are the only one.
Monogamy has never appealed to me,
until you came.

Few months have passed,
You said nothing.
You are happy with me.
Sure.
Me too.

Now
you are no longer.
Not you, it's me, you said. I can't give.
I can.
But that doesn't matter anymore.

Bisexuality doesn't matter anymore.
It's not about you or a woman.
It's about you.

That's it, I guess.
You came and left.
The end of a bisexual affair with one man.

I have to walk on, I think,
on my one-woman sometimes-monogamous show.
Welcoming, again, audience of all sexes.

a bisexual aftermath

vanessa leigh

v
a
m
p
i
r
e

j rabbit

And all I can think about is the thin, soft skin of her neck
Between my teeth
The saltiness mixed with
The smell of her hair
I caress her with the tip of my tongue
But she tells me to bite

"Consume me"

I slip my hand
behind her head
and grip her by her hair
and pull back to expose
her neck
her lovely neck
with a vein pulsating
like a hard-on
waiting for me to suck it off
I tease her first
Licking softly
Sitting on my lap
I feel her wetness against my thighs
And she whimpers

"Please"

I lick a tear as it glides across her face
And recycle it into her mouth
With a firm tongue
I want her to feel the anguish I feel
She tells me she does, through her sobs
Through her desperation
So I succumb
To the feast
Sinking my teeth into her saltiness
And her tears turn into satisfaction
She tells me she loves it
When we hurt and drip together

something of ourselves

liz weigand

let's get married
 let's forget reason
 let's forever
 forget your parents
 then mine
 forget the race issue
 forget the rat race
 forget making it big
 making something of ourselves
 making up for our mistakes
 forget apologies, guilt, excuses,
 remind ourselves in heavy breathing, trembling, crushing holds,
 let's forget ourselves
 let me forget myself in you.

ess ayche eee

she is like a seashell in my hand
 a conch
 sitting pretty in my palm
 and when i
 hold her close
 hissing with the roil and boil
 of the sea

ayche eee are

her tongue is like ink
 leaving dark trails on my skin
 words – are falling from me
 and i can't hear myself
 think
 over her whispers

eff eee emmm emmm (eee)

her shape in a skirt
 is dark against the sky
 as she stands on my stoop
 and i stoop to meet her
 eye

emm eee

alone on a grey morning
 i lie on damp sheets
 rain misting through my open window
 and i touch her
 sweater
 a green and itchy pillow, left

s
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morgan vanek

hairstory

nadia guidotto

When we first got together
 I had very long hair
 And yours was cropped short
 Remember?
 We used to walk around our lives
 Examining the coifs of suspect dykes
 Me, secretly wishing I could pull off a shorter style
 To be authentic
 Not for them, but for me
 And you, wishing yours was longer
 So you could do all the things you couldn't
 When your mom gave you bowl cuts as a child
 You'd say, "See that lady, with the salt and pepper hair, short
 and all messed
 up? That's how I picture you when we're in our fifties."
 I'd laugh, and say, "When I'm forty, I'm shaving my head."

When your hair was short, I would grab and pull it when we made
 love
 My hands lost in it, as I was lost in you
 Mine would be tied back, so that it wouldn't get in the way,
 So that whenever I wore a ponytail outside of the bedroom, you'd
 think of sex
 We'd wake up the next day and I'd marvel at the unintentional
 Mohawk that
 manifested itself on your head
 And all the renegade tufts that jutted out every which way
 Mine loose and long after losing the elastic
 I'd tie it back once again
 Hoping to get laid before breakfast
 A few years later, and now my hair is shorn
 With your full support
 And libido behind it
 And myself, satisfied at last
 And yours, what a change!
 Yours skims your breasts
 And it makes me think of sex all the time
 In constant anticipation of when it will skim my breasts as well

It surprises me
For a 12 year old,
How mature I was at the time

When Eli said:

"I wouldn't know which one to do
Either me (touching her nose)
Or me" (touching her chest,
the way they do in Japan,
which is dependent on gender)

I thought nothing of it
At the time

And when I saw her on Canada Day
this year
And she remembered me
I wondered if she'd remembered
that conversation
too
Probably not.

I'd like to talk to her again
And see what she'd say now
It's not that I'm nosy
Or curious
Or trans (which Eli didn't seem to be at all)

It's just that I want to know how she deals with being different

the japanese "me" dilemma

e penn-woolsey

an open affair

ryan quinn flanagan

Perhaps it was that first kiss
perhaps that long embrace
I fail to remember the last time
my feet touched the ground.
Perhaps it was before my parents knew
or when his father shut the door
But I can't be sure in these moments of pure euphoria
a happiness no Draconian diocese can derail.
He sweeps me off my feet
with a single kiss
And everything else fades
the congregations of doomsayers
the nightsticks of police officers
the scornful eye
and waving finger of society
There's no longer the insecurities of a confused little boy
there's nothing
Nothing but pure sensation
to know that this is me
forever.

And there I am
laughing madly
in the arms of the one I love
Exchanging vows
for the world to finally see
With The Crystals crooning gayly
"(Today I Met) The Boy I'm Gonna Marry"
I proceed down the aisle
for family and friends
And no one can stop me!

are you gay?

pak-kei wong

Are you gay?

(Does it really matter?)

(Don't you already know by now?)

(Why does it matter?)

(Yes, I am gay.)

Can you only see men as friends and still get married with women?

(No, I can't see men as friends only.)

(I'm not attracted to women.)

If you're going to like men, you should get a sex change operation so that it's normal.

(I can't believe you just said that to me.)

(You're being very transphobic.)

(I'm still your child, I haven't changed.)

It's too bad I didn't see this coming. If I had seen this in high school, I would have prevented it.

(You can't prevent someone's sexuality.)

You must have experimented, or else you wouldn't like men.

(What do you mean I have to have experimented? When you were in your teen years, did you have to experiment to find out that you're straight?)

If you want, we can find some sessions where gay people want to become straight.

(I don't think so. Those do more damage than good.)

(I can't believe you said that to me.)

(So, I'm abnormal now?)

(What's wrong with being gay?)

To be honest with you, I like your brother more than you.

(Ouch, that hurts.)

spring

karen

First springtime in my house

First woman in my bed
my sanctuary...now shared...now offered to a stranger

First sunny day
lunch in the garden
early sun warming our tired and cold bones
faces turned towards the light
sharing Easter stories and garden dreams
exploring desire and awakening

First blush
new romance
excitement
desire
passion
conflict
intensity

First kiss
draws me in
energy from you
so strong
I can't resist

First Irish-Italian chick
complex
in my face
full of joy, anger, sorrow
extremes fluctuate
roller coaster
invites me in yet shuts the door
so much from your past haunts the present
palpable heaviness, but striving for joy, to be light, to seize each day...
...while exploring the duality of your spirit

First picnic
lunchtime escapade
danger!
tread carefully

First patio this season
 coffee and bread and birds
 Chez Piggy and daffodils and kisses
 twilight – clear moon in blue sky
 dessert fed to each other
 passion by the moonlit lake
 trying hard not to say good-bye

First new
 love?
 romance
 sensuality
 desire
 release
 satisfaction
 danger and pleasure

Now – first sadness
 longing for you
 hearing your train
 missing your touch, your kiss, your warmth, your voice, your lips

I try to move on...
 ...the seasons turn

just like everyone else

We get up everyday, put our pants on one leg at a time and go off to class, just like everyone else.
 We feel, and have emotions just like everyone else.
 We can love and hate, laugh and cry, smile and frown, just like everyone else.
 We love our families, just like everyone else.
 We have friends, and enemies, just like everyone else.
 We have healthy, lasting relationships, just like everyone else.
 We can commit to others, just like everyone else.
 We work hard, and play hard, just like everyone else.
 We can be independent, just like everyone else.
 We have our moments of weakness, just like everyone else.
 We do not discriminate nor judge nor hate.
 We celebrate differences, and encourage individuality.
 We are gay and damn proud of it!

tim kraumanis

untitled

lauren denhartog



human rights



ryan anderson

the herb woman

anna lilliman

Oh, there was a girl who sat by the shore
Brushing her golden, beautiful hair
And neither she cooked, nor cleaned, nor spun
But sat and plaited her hair in the sun

And she had no care for the fisher boys
Cared not for their games, their triumphs, their joys
But waited until one would come by
Who could capture her heart and show her to fly

Oh, there was a woman, dark and wild
Who was not married nor yet had a child
And she walked the hills from town to town
And could heal with her smile or curse with her frown

For she knew the secrets of herblore and spell
And she used them wisely and cared for them well
And her palms were rough and her fingers worn
But her eyes held the wonder of eve and morn

Oh, one day the girl as she sat by the shore
Saw that woman and wanted her sore
Looked in her eyes and was captured there
Felt that no-one could be more fair

"Take me with you" she said with a smile
That was winning and charming and meant to beguile
"For I would learn of the herblore too
And I would walk the hills with you"

But the wild woman looked at the girl
At her soft white hands and her soft white curls
"You've never worked and you've never learned
You can't take a journey that you haven't earned"

"If you would walk the hills with me
Make me something for me to see
With your own two hands and make it well
Before I take you to walk hill and dell."

Oh, that white girl's father was did well for himself
And his dear little girl was his sweet little elf
And nothing she asked for did he deny
She had all she wanted and never need sigh

"Father dear, help me to buy a bright dress
For I have a friend and I have to confess
That I would give her a gift from the heart
And a beautiful dress is how I would start."

Oh, when the woman came to this town
The girl brought the dress and she laid it down
"Here is the dress that I made you true
Take it and let me come with you"

But the woman just looked at the dress well sewn
And the hands still white and she said "don't own
Work that is someone else's here
'tis not your money I wish for, dear"

"To learn of the herblore takes effort and time
Each herb has its season, each spell has its rhyme
No father can help you among the hills wild
I can't take you with me for you're but a child."

Oh, the girl had a sister who out of shells
Made beautiful jewellery and she made it well
And she loved her sister and she loved her true
And what the girl wanted, her sister would do

"Sister dear, make me a necklace of shells
Twist it aright and hang it out well
For I have a friend whom I would impress
And a necklace would brighten and match with my dress."

Oh, when the woman came by once again,
She brought out the necklace and showed it her then.
"Oh take this necklace that I have made
For I have worked it as you bade."

But the woman knew for so did all
Who made the jewellery and who had the gall
"I see that your sister's a jeweller fine
But she's not the one who wants to be mine

I'll be back once more and this time is the last
Play no more tricks for I'll catch you out fast
If you would come - then do as I say
Make a gift by yourself, and find your own way"

"Oh, mother please help me - what can I make?
For I cannot sew, do not know how to bake.
I have no talent to make something new
Show me the methods and tell me them true."

"For years I have told you to work and to try
But you had no interest - the work made you cry
The skill that you wanted was hair you could brush
And now you need talent - and in a rush!"

"Oh, I will try any task you give now
For I have to make something - make it somehow
Please let me know what it is I must do
Give me a chance and I'll listen to you."

"Well, here is a cloth and here is a thread
Now try to sew straight and go where I've led
For those who travel the hills as you ask
Need a strong sturdy sack which is fit for the task."

Oh the girl tried to sew and she pricked on her thumb
And she cried "I cannot, I will not, I am done!"
But her mother just smiled and she said "many more
Cuts you will have afore you've done this chore."

Oh, the wild woman came and she saw by the shore
A girl with red eyes from crying full sore
And her fingers were red from a needle's long use
And her brow held a wrinkle, her hair unbound loose

And the satchel she held was simple and plain
 Where many attempts had been picked out in vain
 "I've tried in the morning and tried in the night
 But the stitches keep slipping and will not sit right."

"Oh, that is the gift that I truly need
 A sack that will hold all my herbs, root and seed
 A mind that can learn and hands that won't shirk
 And a heart that will gladly take up my work."

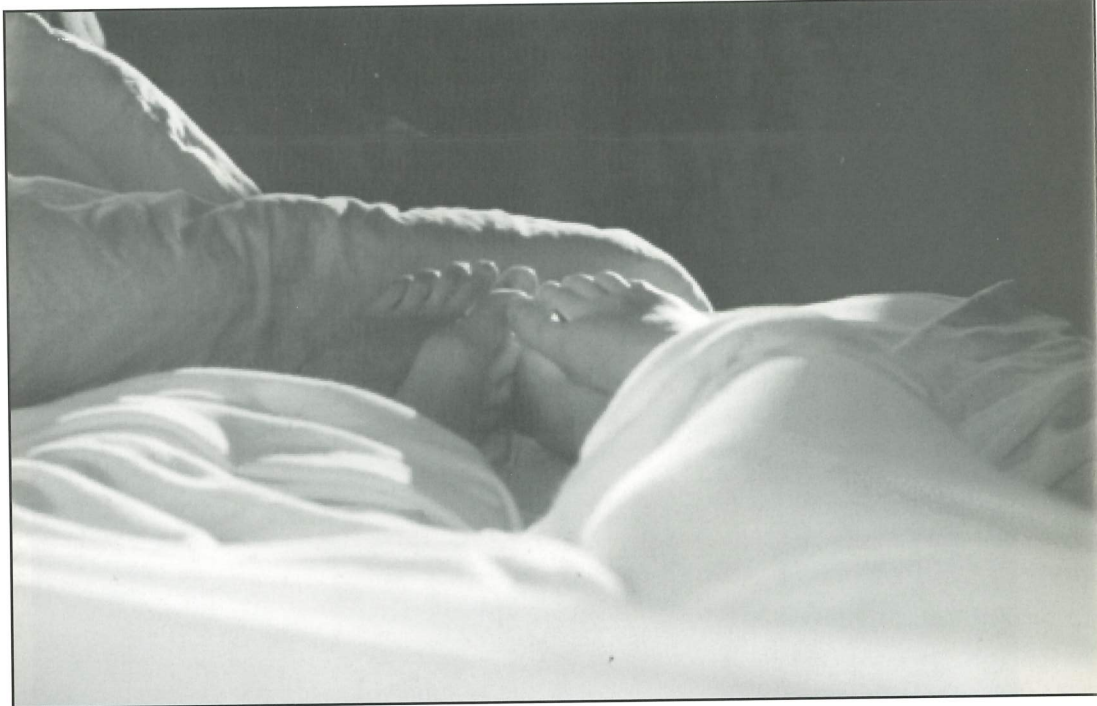
And now there are two that walk the hills wild
 And neither is married nor yet has a child
 But they care for each other with hearts that are true
 And each gives the other all she can do.



lapdance

ryan anderson

untitled



lauren hortie