

The Beautiful Bear	Tim Murphy
Coloured Rubbers	Amy Uyeda
I'd Love You	Lara Szabo Greisman
Tonight	Benjamin Tollestrup
Ubi Sunt, Chivalry?	Kathryn Tucker
Montreal	Miles Bowman
A Different Approval	Benjamin Tollestrup
She Walks	Molle Dorst
Decoy	Miles Bowman
Festuca	Kyle
Bisexual Blues	Kathryn Tucker
High School Liberation	Emma Daughton
Troilus and Cressida	Anna Fischer
She Can't	A.R.
Cornelian Rhapsody	Carolyn Lamb
Self	Justine Cleland
Thirty-Eight Reasons	S. Davies
Role-Play	Lara Szabo Greisman
Dreams Endure	Madison Bettie
Androgyny	Lara Szabo Greisman
Never Got The E-Mail #95	Kyle Topping
Show And Tell	Daniel Del Gobbo
Baby Steps Toward Counter-Hegemony	Talia Radcliffe
Naming Myself	Jesse Invik
Tongue Tied	Victoria Metz
We Are Lesbians	Zaz
Chasing an Infinite Rainbow: Feminism, Queer Disability Theory, and the Neurodiversity Movement	Matthew Shuster

Outwrite Committee 2007-2008

Co-Chairs Elizabeth Berend
Alexandra Howard

Layout and Design Kevin Doe
Molle Dorst

Copy Editor Eric Davis

Editorial Board Elizabeth Berend
Madison Bettie
Flora Chen
Eric Davis
Kevin Doe
Molle Dorst
Charlotte Harbell
Alexandra Howard
Brittany Wray

Editors' Notes

The 'out' in 'Outwrite' stands for so many different things. For many, it means coming out, as a great deal of the content has to do with a variety of queer issues. For others, it means just telling it as it is. For even more people, it means speaking out. To me, Outwrite is a fantastic combination of all these things. It is only with a wide and diverse range of experiences, that come in so many different forms, that we can actually represent the line in our mandate that still resonates with me: that Outwrite is a creative outlet to voice opinions and experiences. Whether it's an awkward coming out story, a poem about love, speaking out against issues or a piece of art that holds more than the eye can see at first glance, Outwrite is a voice for people, queer and allied, to express what it means to be who they are and how they deal with their experiences.

Outwrite has come so far in such a short space of time and yet we still have so far to go. Just as no one can define themselves by one single thing, there is no single definition for "queer" (whether that is how one identifies or not). As Outwrite continues to grow and become as diverse and multifaceted as both the term queer and those who gain a voice through Outwrite, it will remain an important and vibrant voice within the community.

Elizabeth Berend, Artsci '10
Outwrite Co-Chair, 2007-2008

This year, we made the conscious decision to reduce Outwrite's submission guidelines to a single requirement: we'd consider anything—poetry, prose, art, whatever—so long as it was queer positive. What's the difference, though, between queer content and queer positivity? Is it just semantics?

For me, requiring every submission to contain queer content limits creativity. So often, a call for queer content results in submissions that stick to recognizably queer motifs: narratives about coming out, about marginalization, and about the need for equality. These narratives, though interesting and important, can become the yardstick for what's "queer enough" to merit publication. What do you do, though, with submissions that don't deal with these themes? What do you do with art that isn't visibly queer, or with poems that don't tackle queer issues head-on? Outwrite exists to allow the queer community to tell its own stories, and not all of those stories have overtly queer themes. Paradoxically, by demanding that there be queer content, we run the risk of denying diverse voices their opportunity to speak on their own terms. By foregrounding queer positivity, then, we don't mean to exclude or devalue queer content. Rather, we hope to rethink which themes constitute queer content, and to question our attachments to normative representations of queerness. With this in mind, I hope that this issue of Outwrite helps to destabilize our conceptions of what "queer enough" really means, and in doing so, showcases the diversity of our rich and exciting community. I also hope that it's a fun read, by turns touching and hilarious. Happy reading!

Alexandra Howard, Artsci '08
Outwrite Co-Chair, 2007-2008

The Beautiful Bear

Tim Murphy

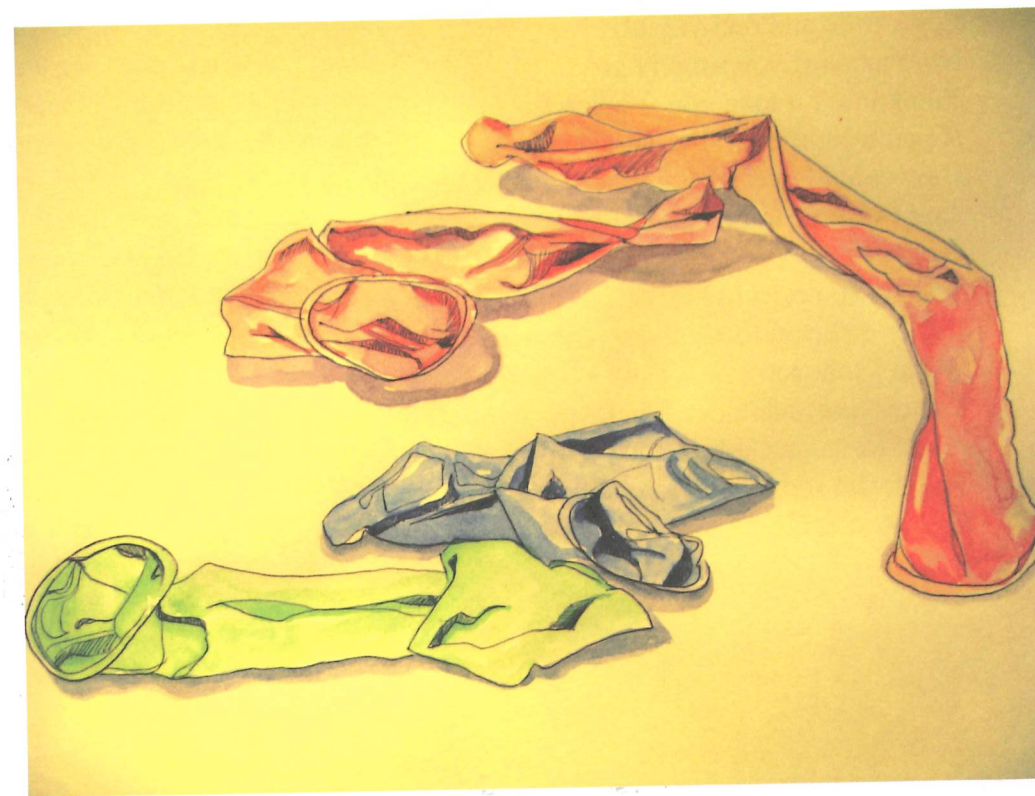
In this darkest part of the woods, where soil is restored by death,
I found myself a-wandering, so advised by dubious friends.
All this richness fueled by rotting turned my stomach, not yet my heart.
Yet I feared and had no fear that soon it would arrhythmic beat.

But irony like a fungus grows in places that deny it.
Here I met a thing I love, where creatures fall and are unmourned.
It was here I learned compassion, where the weak are built and consumed.
Here it was I found direction, where the course is marked in pitfall.

The beautiful bear stood silent, as did I, for there were no words.
The language burst with emptiness as I searched its swollen coffers
for such terms as were uniquely suited to this fine work of art -
that fastened no surplus value, were not crass and did not confine.

His fur lay luxuriously without the luxury of coats.
His eyes were the blue of sapphires, but were never ripped from their place.
He shone, his presence emerald green, with freshness void of commerce.
I longed to possess this asset, though ashamed by my grounded thought.

In the ancient tales I was told, the bear becomes the man one loves.
In truth, of course, he was that man; illusion stripped by illusion.
Love is a potent weapon, true, but so is cameraderie.
I hold my bearish darling close as we prune the woods to beauty.



Coloured Rubbers
Amy Uyeda

I'd love you

Lara Szabo Greisman

Could you pick up:
Raisin Bran,
Eggs, milk and real yogurt,
Not that stuff you usually get.
You know I'd love you if you were fat
If you were a wealth of hills and milky waterfalls
How could I not: your partner, your boyfriend, the hand in the dark,
And I wanted to be before I would have let me.

You are so perfect pure, so full of unquestioned certainty
Lucky girl, you loved those pink party dresses, love them still.
When I saw you I knew, just needed a few months
The testosterone kicked in, let myself become myself
A self to seduce, admire and deserve you fully.
The doctor did a good job, imperceptible seams
Endowed in three hours after living the half-truth for two years.

I had a body like yours once, tailored to me but ill fitting.
Showering, you touch your breasts like possessions
I tried to scrub mine off, remove these physical lies
Frustrated and wrapped in elastic, trapped by hooks and eyes.
Now a walking paradox,
A benefactor of mis-delivered personal experience.
Born straight, male, so very in love with women
Revolted by the godless mistake,
Who will take, take this flesh off!
But that was before, years and screams before.
Man enough not to cry
Ever since I can remember wanting to.

I see you as you, love
My counter-balance, my heart's frame.
I don't think your mother needs to know
We'll talk when you get home,
This changes nothing.



Tonight Benjamin Tollestrup

tonight
she pulls on the waistband of
cutting panties and jeans
shifting her Avalon milk stretch marks and fat
adjusts her cock hiding her bulges
moving her blue and red inky impressions
dreams of powdery hairlessness
picks at sharp sequins that cover her halter

in a packed nylon purse
duct tapes her breasts together to forge what cleavage she can
and sweats a tenth glass of water past the burning stubble on almost every inch of her
as she pulls out her bra and breaths deep to contort herself into it

she looks at the sequins
looks at the mirror
maybe she will choose the other top
which also hardly fits

she lays out her small sample-sized portions of five mac colours hand me down pencils mascara
lipstick
and a black wig that turns her into Marilyn for a second
her only hair
draws out lips that everyone always congratulates her on
powders her eyes wipes some off powders a bit more

she lays a hey honey on one of the other performers and sort of smiles and says
at least the crowd has some friends in it
tonight

Ubi Sunt, Chivalry?

Kathryn Tucker

Where are all you women of the social grace,
Who knew in public to hide your face?
And where are the men to hold your doors,
Those protectors of our social mores?

Where? you women of the modest dress?
And where? the men who could just leave a
mess?

We sit, we wonder and we sigh,
To see such salad days go by.

And so, to reassert our gaze,
We say, "Ubi sunt, ye chivalric days?"

Once we could, quite safe, agree
That 'they' were 'they' and 'we' were 'we'
But now a 'P.C.' crowd derides
Our attempt to halt the moral slide

But without these thick dividing lines,
I start to think of men's designs
Upon my hardened, manly flesh,
Their supple hands -- but I digress.
So with a Wilde, besotted gaze,
We cry, "Ubi sunt, ye chivalric days?"

We publish letters, op ed in distress
But can find no safe place to rest,
No sanctuary from the raging storm
Safe but in our dear brothers' arms.

They who understand our plight,
Surely must come join the fight
To preserve our treasured view
Of a world unmarred by a confused few.

So enthralled by the past's most glorious haze
We shout, "Ubi sunt, ye chivalric days?"

Now don't you worry, fair lady readers,
We don't expect you to be leaders.
We'll take care of this particular fight;
You stay home, don't walk alone at night.

You mustn't dwell on some historic flaw
Whether 'twas crime to break your jaw
You own no property, free from care
It's up to us to pay the fare.

We are alone, we few brave men who say
"Ubi sunt, ye chivalric day?"



Montreal
Miles Bowman

A Different Approval

Benjamin Tollestrup

the language for an identity I don't want to talk about

most girls my age know twice as much about it

I haven't had the dream yet
I am sleeping when prince charming kisses me
how he kissed me in the first place...
he is going to kiss me isn't he?

but I don't want that kind of approval

I just want him to pat my ass
and wink that I'm letting you win wink
when he knows I can kick his ass at any sport

or ask me to spank his ass
to remind him he can't make me want him

or follow me into the can and wipe my forehead
after she bought me too many drinks

or follow me into the can and get down on her
knees
while I know that it's just the taste of cum he
likes

or ask me to strap it on
and give it to him in both holes

or say you're my only one baby
while I make out with everyone

or say stop it you fucking slut
when I let everyone know she wears panties too



She Walks Molle Dorst

She walks on eggshells when her mouth opens
She sleeps on hardwood floors because there is not enough room for two
In the bed she has made

There are words daughters rehearse
Slowly mastering every word

Mother, it isn't your fault
You did nothing to make this happen
I am sorry.

And so I write the words that daughters rehearse
Mastering and making them my own
Because those words are mine, and mine alone

And I do not need to tell you who I love
But that I am loved
How I am loved
Rather why I am loved.

She walks on drugs and eggshells
Barely keeping balance
On the tightrope made for one

There are beds not made for me
And there are words not uttered for you
So I write.

She walks on.



Decoy Miles Bowman

festuca

Kyle

fairy prairies, play
sway over straight roads, wheat heat
sweet sunshine, fey day

Bisexual Blues

Kathryn Tucker

I'm so confuuuussssed
And so bluuuue
Because of youuuuu or is it youuu?

One of youuuu is a woman
The other youuu is a man....
I'm so bisexual and so bluuuuuee

* fin *



High School Liberation
Emma Daughton

Troilus and Cressida

Anna Fischer

What follows is a re-written segment of Act V, Scene One, from Shakespeare's
Troilus and Cressida

...I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be,
if I were not Thersites, for I care not to be the louse of a lazar, so I
were not Menelaus. Hey-day, sprites and fires!

65

Enter Achilles and Patroclus

Exit.

PATROCLUS

Thou sweet Patroclus? Thou sweet Patroclus? (*mocking*)

ACHILLES

Peace, good friend, lest thou misunderstand me.
An oath have I sworn, and I must obey.

PATROCLUS

Shall I regret my love, my devotion?
Can it be that Thersites' words ring true,
I play no more part than varlet to you?

70

ACHILLES

They say of my reputation that it has been cased in my tent.

PATROCLUS

I would not wish thou to entomb thyself.

ACHILLES

I have even less desire to leave you,
Sweet Patroclus, sad, but it must be so.

75

PATROCLUS

Canst thou not put aside thy reputation? Put aside thy oath?
Although a man, I am your man. Canst thou not entomb thyself
with me, forever? Thou hast lived too long in a world of degree,
of priority, and place. Content thee now with a
simpler life, one of peace.

80

ACHILLES

Thou knowest my great love for you, Patroclus,
And thus knowest that to this world of custom,
To this world of degree do I belong.
I am of it, Patroclus, it of me.
And thou form, as delicate and lovely
As thou art, has no place in raging war.

85

PATROCLUS

Dost thou not love me for my weakness in war?

ACHILLES

I am bound to a lady; thy only crime is being not she. Speak we
no more of this. I cannot bear to look on you.

PATROCLUS

I have displeased you. I shall restrain
you no longer. Go to your bride, your oath. Be gone!

90

ACHILLES

No! Thou hast done nothing. I cannot help but regret what will no longer transpire between us. I go, but know of my love, and of my loss. Fare thee well, sweet Patroclus.

Exits.

PATROCLUS

No more a fool of Patroclus shall they make.
No longer "male varlet." If weak they think me, strong must I be, for I have war now to wage. To his world do I belong, I am of him, and he of me. Achilles, and all of Greece shall know my strength. Succeed in battle, and I too shall win back his affections.
To war!

100

105

Exits.

Enter Agamemnon, Thersites, Ulysses, Nestor, [Hector, Ajax, Troilus, Menelaus,] and Diomedes, with lights.

AGAMEMNON

We go wrong, we go wrong...

She Can't

A.R.

She can't tell you why she feels this way
She can't tell you why she doesn't follow
What the world follows today
She can't tell you how it happened or when
Because deep inside she knows
She's always felt this way, a man
She can't tell you why she doesn't like to shop
She can't tell you why on her fingernails
There is no nail polish, not a drop
She can't continue living this lie
She can't pretend to be something else
Despite her biggest try
She can't explain how hard it is
Living her life in this abyss
She has no safe haven to leave her mark
Except when she cuts her wrists in the dark
She can't do it on her own
She can't change everyone's mentality all alone
But we can all start by educating each other
Before we end up losing her, another brother

Cornelian Rhapsody Carolyn Lamb

Somewhere in Cornelia, it was raining orange flowers. In the real world, where Brianne lived, it was merely sunny. It was the summer after her freshman year, and Eileen had invited her to a weekend retreat for female physics students on a pebbly beach in the middle of nowhere.

"It'll be so much fun and the weather's so nice," said Eileen. "Besides, it's about time you came out of your shell and got to know some people, right?"

Eileen was beautiful. She was tall and dark and lightning-smart and radiant. She always seemed to know what to wear and where to dance and what to say. And somehow she always had time to spare for weekend retreats.

Brianne was the human equivalent of a cockroach: her primary instinct was to scurry away from bright light. At least that's how being around Eileen made her feel. Small and ugly and unworthy.

She went anyway. There was nothing else you could do, when Eileen was the one who asked you.

In those days, wrote Brianne in her notebook that evening, Cornelia's skies were dark and filled with blood-red birds, and priestesses mixed river water with their wine, chanting the song of save-us-from-what-is-to-come. Those were the days that Liana Laurebresc walked the earth, and they were days of danger.

All the women on the beach except Brianne were lounging and chatting and eating potato chips. A hundred blood-red birds could have fallen from the sky right then, and it wouldn't have thrown off their groove. Brianne tried not to look at them, and especially not at the curves of their bodies under their bathing suits. She curled up on a rock with her notebook instead.

Eileen came and sat by her after a while. "It's okay, hermit girl," she said. "No one's going to throw rocks at you if you come out and socialize a little."

"Sorry," said Brianne. She tried not to look like she was afraid of having rocks thrown at her.

"That's actually what I love about this sort of place," said Eileen. "You can relax more when it's just girls. I mean, it's like our own little girl-power safe space. You don't have to worry about anyone judging you or looking at you that way. You know?"

"Yeah, I guess," said Brianne.

She focused on the line where the water met the pebbles and tried not to look at Eileen that way.

"Can I tell you a secret?" said Eileen.

"Sure," said Brianne.

"Okay," said Eileen, "well, you remember Brad from swing club? He wants me to move in with him. Like, for serious, in that big apartment with the skylights. I'm *so* excited."

Crash. Death. The bottom falling out of the world.

"Oh," said Brianne, "well, congratulations."

"What's wrong?" said Eileen. "Are you okay? You look sick all of a sudden."

"I don't know," said Brianne, "I think I ate too many potato chips."

"Yeah, those are a plague upon humanity," said Eileen. "I know exactly where you're coming from."

No one ever asked Brianne what she was writing in her notebook. She had plans for what to say if anyone did. Homework, she would say. Or a book about government spending on soil erosion management.

She was not worried about anyone stealing the notebook and reading it for themselves. Brianne had handwriting that was impossible to decipher, and half of it was in code. A hypothetical nosy notebook thief would have seen nothing they could understand. So no one was ever going to read about the adventures of Liana Laurebresc.

Brianne wasn't sure where Liana had come from, but she made for good stories. She was a fearless warrior with dragon blood in her veins who lived only for justice and knowledge and passionate love. She lived, travelled, and slayed demons in the land of Cornelia, and Brianne wasn't sure where Cornelia had come from, either. It was the sort of place that made you want to use words like "redolent" with a straight face. It was full of exotic-sounding palaces and jungles and music and, most importantly, heartbreakingly beautiful women. Liana was renowned throughout the land; she could have almost any girl she wanted.

Brianne knew what people would say if they read those stories. Her mother would look

wounded and innocent and say, "But with all the interesting things in the world, why would you want to write about *that*?" And her father would say much the same thing. They wouldn't yell or throw her out of the house or anything. They'd just be terribly disappointed.

But she didn't always know what Eileen would say, and sometimes that frightened her.

"The thing is," said Eileen, "I don't even know if I like Brad that much. I mean, he has a nice apartment. He's okay. He's cute. He just..." She made a graceful I-don't-know-how-to-explain gesture with one hand.

"Doesn't really get you?" Brianne suggested.

"Yeah," said Eileen, and she flashed a grateful smile. "Yeah, that's it exactly. Maybe I shouldn't complain, though. I mean, you can't ask for everything at once in a guy."

Liana Laurebresc, in Brianne's position, would have swept Eileen off her feet. Liana would have shown her everything at once and then some. Brianne had cockroach blood, not dragon blood, so she stayed where she was, and stayed silent.

The day after they got home from the retreat, Eileen took Brad and Brianne and some others of her friends on a celebratory shopping spree. Despite what she'd said about Brad, she looked celestially happy walking beside him and hanging off his shoulder. Brianne wondered if that was how every straight girl felt.

"Hey, look at that," said Brad presently, pointing to a poster on a shop door that said *Rainbow Week*. "As if we even need that anymore. I mean, gay people exist, yeah? I get that. They're all over the place. I mean, what else do we need to do?" Eileen giggled as though he'd said something really funny.

"Honestly," said Eileen, "I don't even think there's as many gay people as they say. I mean, have you ever met one?"

"One or two," said Brad, "but that's out of, like, all the people I've ever met."

"I've never met one," said Eileen. "No gay guys, no lesbians. Brianne, have you ever met one?"

"Not really," said Brianne, trying to melt into the ground and disappear.

What shocked her was that it only barely felt like a lie. Lesbianism was a lot like Cornelia. It only really happened in her head.

Someday, Eileen, she wrote in her notebook that night, in crabbed, meaningless letters that no one else could read. *Someday*.



Self
Justine Cleland

Thirty-Eight Reasons

S. Davies

I love how she changes the subject when my breath hitches.
I love how she tunes out my wildly beating heart that I know she hears.
I love how she knows just when to let go, before my palms start sweating.
I love how she talks to me almost every night.
I love how her voice is the last thing I hear before I go to bed.
I love how I am the only person in the world when she smiles at me.
I love that she is so easy to read.
I love how time stops when our eyes lock.
I love how easily I blush when she winks.
I love how she loves making me uncomfortable with sexual jokes.
I love how she tries to make it seem that the sexual tension is not one sided.
I love when her strong arms wrap around me.
I love how I never have to ask for a hug; she just knows.
I love how she lets me bury my face in her neck.
I love that she lets me share her bed, even though there is an empty one down the hall.
I love how the mornings are never awkward.
I love that she always pretends to be asleep when I wake up.
I love her brutal honesty.
I love her sarcasm, in the face of my awkwardness.
I love how she always makes me feel welcome.
I love her unwavering loyalty.
I love how she knows how much I need her.
I love how she makes everything worthwhile.

I love how she always stops me from thanking her, but knows it at the same time.
I love how she is always there, despite everything.
I love how she loves me, in a very different way.
I love how she never reminds me that she is straight.
I love how she trusts me to know that nothing will ever happen.
I love how she always jokes about my lame pick-up lines.
I love how she suggests other ones.
I love how she works at not noticing the looks I give her.
I love how I am falling for her.
I love how I have already fallen.
I love how she never asks me the awkward questions she already knows the answers to.
I love how she knows that I have fallen, yet doesn't say anything.
I love how she has made this work, despite all odds.
I love that she is my best friend.
I love that I love her.

Role-play

Lara Szabo Greisman

I can be:

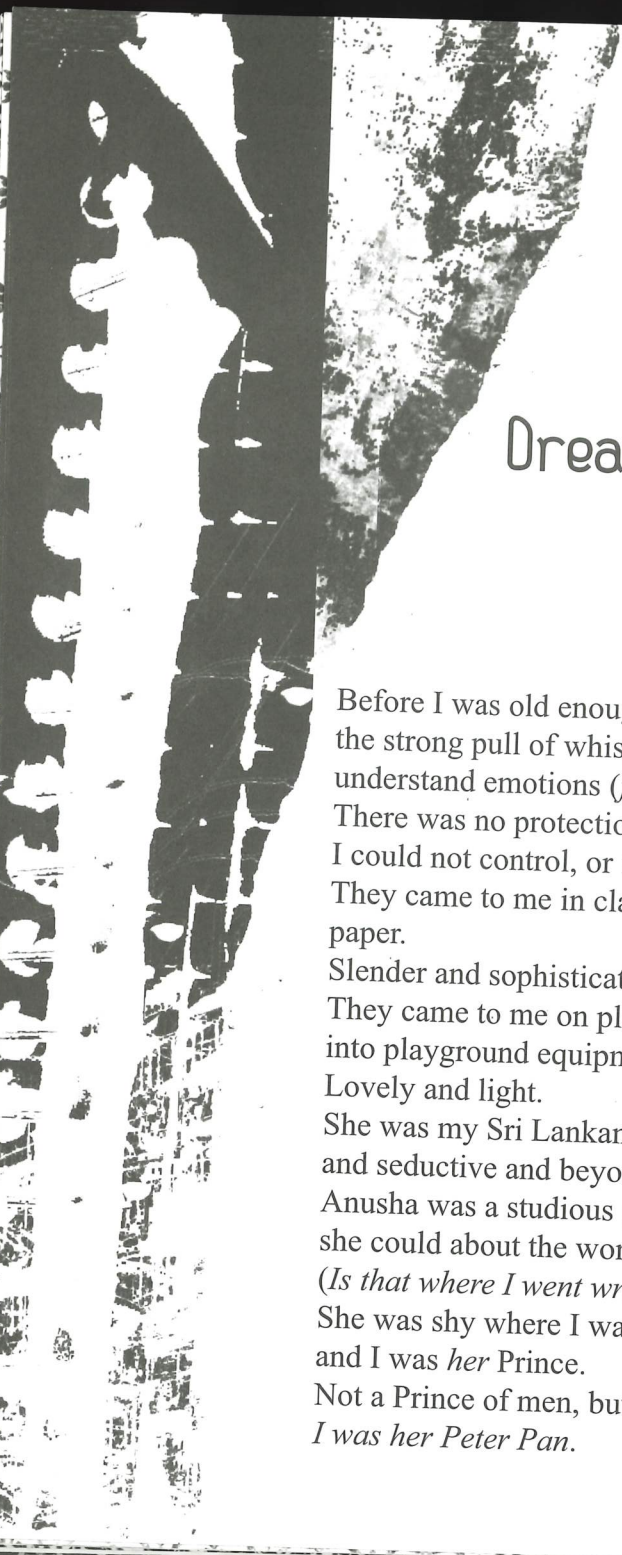
Pink to polite to polemic
A misogynistic feminist or
A linoleum participant in a subordinate epidemic,
That equates victory with economic equality.
Not self-actualized identity
For everybody.
Options beyond two rival tracks
White-black, skirt-slacks
Shampoo and the conditioning of she and he.

I plead against biology to an audience with two-tone glasses,
3D in pink and blue and who are you
Most importantly: what are you
Lessons infiltrating proscribed demarcations
That contain us.
Maintain us.
Categorizations that direct and confine
But can't define us.

I am trussed by the way my clothes are cut
They identify me as a whole, my role
My range of possibilities affirmed by the audience
Confirmed by constructed references
Physical dissemblances towards glossy advertisements.
Axioms that omit repercussions, societal dysfunctions

And pharmaceutical fixes
The human results of psychological diagnosis
That produces an effortless 3.3 because they see
6.6 billion People divide evenly
Into Mister and Miss.

But oblique genders are too rare to not stare at
And I wake in the morning with a media warning
Informing me of the facts
What I am and what I lack
It's not abstract, it's a child's toy
Teaching to put the star in the star slot,
Use the red crayon for the heart
But in the circle slot, I am a jammed heart block bright green.
But what does that mean?
How can that be?
Can you believe that
On the periphery of the roles
People know how to see,
New ways to be, can be achieved?
That there can be a reality free
From the concrete boxes and bars
Anchoring us to "the way things are".



Dreams Endure

Madison Bettie

Before I was old enough to appreciate the warmth of a lover's embrace, I felt the strong pull of whispered fantasies rain down upon my brain, nourishing it to understand emotions (*fear, desire, hope*) far beyond my years.

There was no protection (or warning) from the onslaught of dreams. Dreams of which I could not control, or force onto *her*.

They came to me in classrooms, her fingers sliding over smooth, snow-coloured paper.

Slender and sophisticated.

They came to me on playgrounds, her laughter echoing off low-cut ledges, lodged into playground equipment.

Lovely and light.

She was my Sri Lankan princess—eyes as rich and deep as black charcoal, smoky and seductive and beyond my ability to capture.

Anusha was a studious girl who loved adventure and longed to discover everything she could about the world she lived in. I was her best friend. A girl. Like her. (*Is that where I went wrong?*)

She was shy where I was bold. Often in my dreams, I dreamt of her, dreaming of me, and I was *her* Prince.

Not a Prince of men, but of youth.

I was her Peter Pan.

Bold and frightening, it was me who her eyes followed everywhere—bending at my will, as I willed her to defy (and deny) everything besides her and me. *Us*.

In my dreams (*her dreams*) she was my Wendy. On the field that surrounded our school, I would urge her to challenge the vindictive Captain Hook and his rambunctious band of pirates to a contest of running long jump. Covered from head to toe in green—*the colour of our desire*—I would swoop high over their heads, laughing, as she did, encouraging her to *jump*—

—Feet first into a future where there would be no return.

With my hand, she could fly.

I demanded her to follow me, because in these dreams I held that power, and she would follow me into the mountains where we lived, and laughed, and loved.

Anusha could never recall what we did together in the mountains when she awoke every morning before school.

Yet, every morning, years later, she would awake to find me sitting at her kitchen table or next to her in a board meeting—and would question the path she had chosen. To be with me.

It was during those times, in the obliviousness of others, she would feel the soft graze of my pinky against the side of her wrist, and she would remember that I was her Peter Pan, and she my Wendy, and that she would always need my hand to continue to thrive.

At least, that is what would have happened.

If she had only dreamt of me.



Androgyny

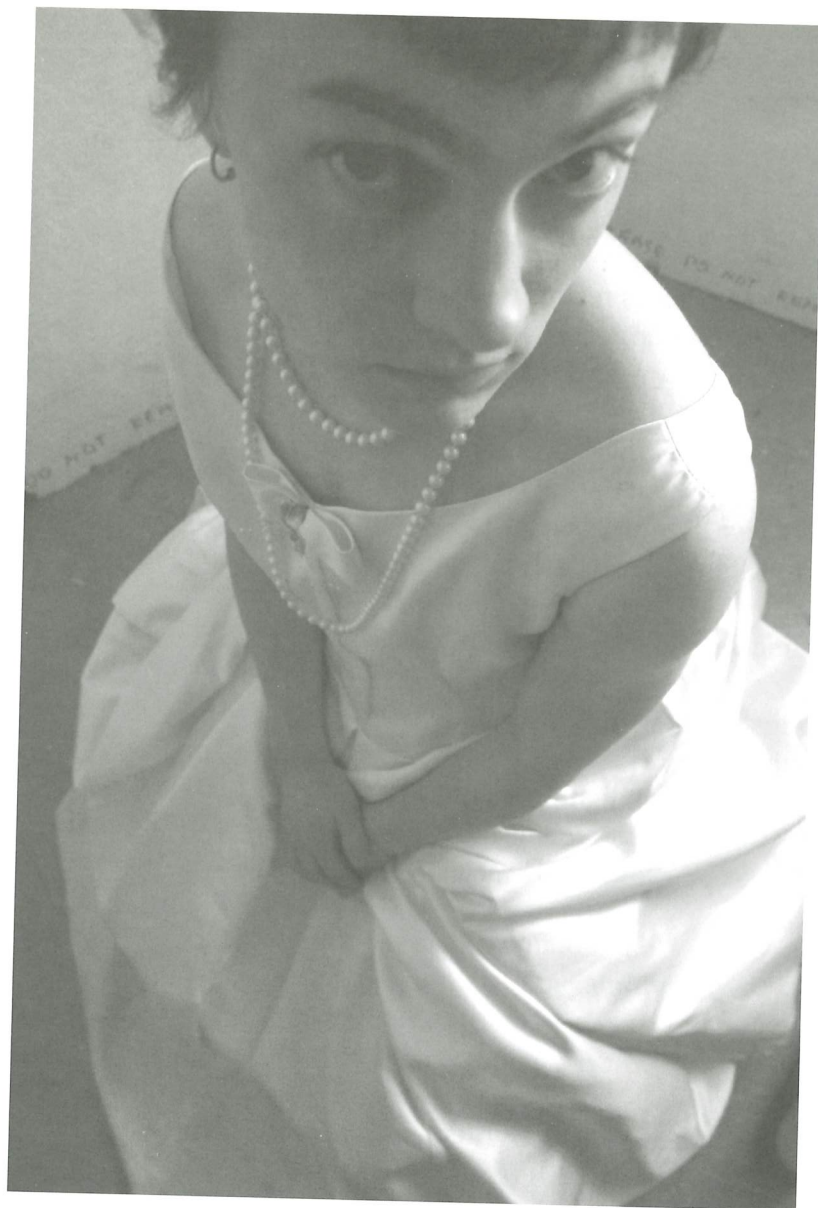
Lara Szabo Greisman

Tell me how to fill the shapes outside the cookie cutters
Do I pour myself around them,
Kiss the pink plastic till my tongue tastes of new
Of new and never, she or he, pronoun me out of sound
Another structure to be rejected from
A skin deep contaminated heap of me
I am
suspended between oil and water
My state a deviation of both and neither
An awkward reminder of physical potential
Of gender counting to three or four.

I am
A statement pacing through society's peripheral vision
The lullaby lispig at the brink of certain "natural" truths
That last like limestone
And like limestone, I laugh, crumbling.
Because anger is easier than vulnerability
And since I slide like a mirror
Into both figures on the wedding cake
I blind them.
My lack of definition too bright to not see.
This spectrum moves like a conveyor belt I walk against

Like a long highway that needs repairs,
New signage and more exit options.
I keep on going, till I loose track of the horizon's
vanishing point
And don't care where I am, where I was or where I
should be
As long as I could have a drink of water.
But the car won't pick my vagrant self up, without
a clear sign
And I used the same door to come into the world as
the driver
But I'm afraid theirs might not open for me
Or let me come out
Unless they knew which stick figure was mine.

Because not having an answer usually means you
don't need one
And I do.



Never Got The E-Mail #95
Kyle Topping

Show and Tell

Daniel Del Gobbo

Add four checks for clarity
to three for being heard,
another two for eye contact
to one last check for poise
until my little twins both
ten and ten turn Dick and Jane;
their teacher said, Now Boys
and Girls, It's Show and Tell,
a toy or heirloom, hobby, fib
a hatbox racquet clipping, take
a teddy tale or twenty quid
for the Perfect Score because all
it takes to disturb the Desks upset
the Squares and spot our Schools
is a show of their brightest colour.

Baby Steps Toward Counter-Hegemony: The LGBT Experience in a Globalized World

Talia Radcliffe

Without malicious intent, heteronormative attitudes in the media and in day-to-day dialogue and language serve to isolate LGBTs by excluding their experiences and languages. Furthermore, even on university campuses, typically considered the apex of social awareness and activism, a disguised homophobia exists. For instance, at Florida's Stenson University, a campus magazine published a photo of a pride flag with a question mark printed over it.² This type of "disguised" discrimination is increasingly finding a niche "market" on Western university campuses. The "disguise" I refer to is the desire for debate, discussion, and different opinions that mask the true opinions of the perpetrator in publishing its original article or image. In the case of Stenson University, by placing a question mark over a pride flag, the "author" was implying that gay pride should be questioned. The readers, however, will, more often than not, overlook this blatant act of discrimination and view this type of publication as an admirable quest to hear the varying opinions of students. All too frequently, students embrace public debate and the voicing of opinions as inherently valuable, without questioning the underlying messages of the given medium.

[...] Due to the emergence of the New Left out of the civil rights movement of the 1960s and 1970s, there began to spring up gay and lesbian organizations all over the globe, although predominantly in Western urban centers.³ LGBTs were, thereon in, more able to group together and create social networks through their shared identities. Today, due to a "compression of space," peripheral LGBTs are also able to communicate with one another more easily and potentially forge communities through their shared identities. One of the main methods through which they are able to construct these networks is the Internet. "Cyberspace offers the utopian prospect of escape and self-realization, a means of experimenting with sexual identity and searching for community."⁴ [...] The obvious issue with the expansion of the LGBT community and the progress of the LGBT movement over the Internet, on the other hand, is the entire class of people it leaves out due to lack of resources. These are, arguably, those that are most in need of the communication and community-building possibilities that the Internet allows many other people to access.

Criticism of globalization is absolutely imperative. So long as we constantly remain aware that the Americanized "global gay" image is merely a representation of a miniscule fraction of the LGBT community and recognize that the proliferation of this image is far from accurate and is only a platform from which to jump into the more complex and pressing issues surrounding LGBT rights, then we are, in fact, taking steps in the right direction. We should continue to challenge the seemingly inescapable, now global homogenized culture by advantageously manipulating globalization's valuable facets like the "compression of space" through technological advancements, so that the global consciousness becomes more educated and more diverse. [...] It is with globalization in mind that the vision of equal rights for all individuals, as members of the human identity, is no longer such a distant dream; we must work as a counter-hegemonic force to make that dream a reality.

(Footnotes)

¹ It is important for my argument to explain why the term "LGBT" has been chosen over the term "queer." While any sort of assemblage of marginalized individuals will be problematic in terms of its disregard for complexities, the term LGBT, at the very least, makes the effort in title to distinguish between very different groupings of people.

² Ian Wasser, "Outspoken," *Advocate* 957 (2006): 26.

³ Barry D. Adam, Jan Willem Duyvendak and Andre Krouwel, "Introduction," in *The Global Emergence of Gay and Lesbian Politics: National Imprints of a Worldwide Movement*, ed. Barry D. Adam, Jan Willem Duyvendak and Andre Krouwel (Philadelphia: Temple University Press, 1999), 1.

⁴ Jon Binnie, *The Globalization of Sexuality* (London: SAGE Publications Ltd., 2004), 42.

Naming Myself

Jesse Invik

My dad told me, thirty some years after the fact, that he would have liked to have been there when I was born but he was so obviously drunk they wouldn't let him in the hospital room. He also told me that he and my mother had decided that if I had been born male they would have kept me; they had felt their lifestyle would be too hard for a girl. But over the last twelve years or so that I've been talking to him the story has been perpetually changing. There are days he tells me it was my mother's idea to give me up and that it happened when he was out one day; he had no say in it. Other days he tells me that she left him alone with this newborn baby and he just couldn't cope so he had to give me up.

The first of my names, Lisa, came from my father. He insisted that it be kept when they gave me up. He has it tattooed on his arm with a rose.

Ellen and Rod, my adoptive parents, were two people who would have looked on my Dad with much disdain. They were card-carrying conservatives. They were all about the family. We rode in a station wagon and lived in a bi-level split in the 'burbs. To them a good strong work ethic was important. Showing up at church on Sunday dressed in crisp, proper clothes was essential. They would have seen my dad on the street with his Harley and, with a touch of fear, dismissed him as scum. Without ever knowing just what they had saved me from, they would imagine for decades that they had indeed saved me. Ellen and Rod were looking for a newborn when I came up for adoption. I was nine months old and needed to be placed quickly as my foster mother was ill and overwrought with a number of infants. Rod was a widower with three boys in his care, Ellen a divorcee with one son. They were both in their mid thirties when they met. They wanted to have a child together but didn't want to take a chance on having another son. So they decided adoption was the best choice, the ethical choice. They would rescue a child, save her from an unsavoury life.

They named me Tammy-Ann, a name loaded with pink dresses, ruffles and lace, pony-tails, pigtails and white baptismal dresses. Trips to the mall, hairdos, grad dresses, prom outfits, painted fingernails and toes, all the way up through the years to the wedding dress, handsome groom and onward to sweet little grandchildren. It was all planned and envisioned with extreme joy before I even crawled through the door.

The pictures of those years are only images in my mind. The photographic history remained with my parents when I walked away from them. It sits in boxes in their basement, or perhaps ashes in their backyard brick fireplace. The best pictures of my brothers were long ago removed and placed into individual albums for each of them, a beautiful and creative gift one Christmas that was not to be mine. My mother explained, as they each opened up their packages, that since I didn't like to look in the mirror I probably wouldn't want an entire album of myself. She'd make one up for me some other year, when I was feeling better. Some other year never came. I walked away from them rather abruptly, with a letter, and I didn't have the gall to ask for those pictures. When my co-workers decided to put up their baby pictures on the bulletin board and have everyone guess who was who, I had only a photocopy from a newspaper, a fuzzy image of a baby girl with four older boys that not even I could relate to myself.

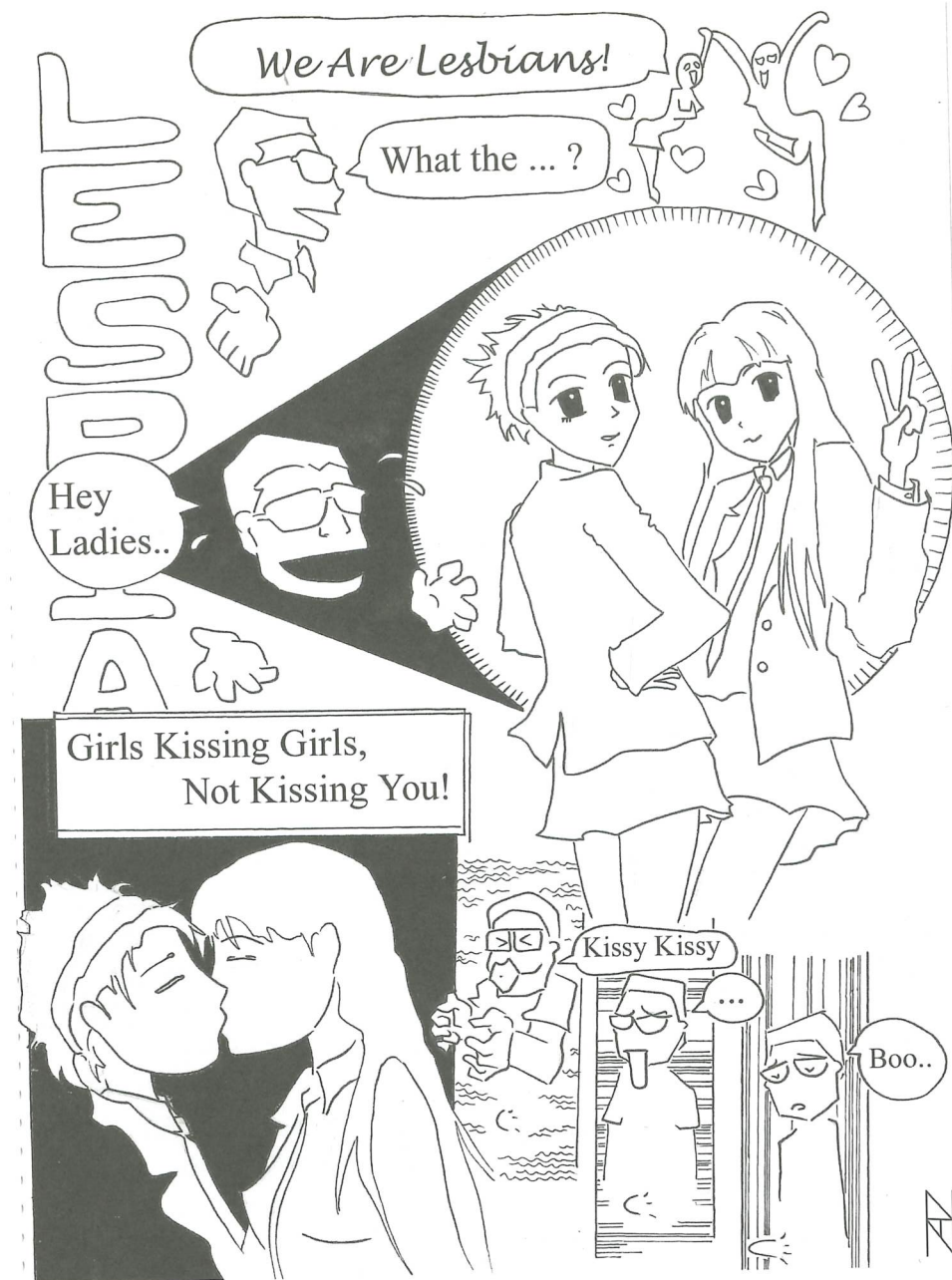
I named myself Jesse; I was going for androgynous. I signed the name-change papers after I found my Dad, after I said good-bye to Ellen and Rod and 28 years of being a very disappointing daughter, but before I realized that I didn't need to be anybody's daughter ever again.

I'm running in a field—my dogs and even my cat are there with me—then the scene goes black. Confused, I become aware that my armpits hurt. Where am I? Opening my eyes, it's bright and I feel warm but messed up. Why do my armpits hurt? A kind, crinkled face comes into my field of view. "It's all over, you're fine. Try to move your legs, get your circulation going." I lift one leg and then the other, bending at the knees, and bring them towards my chest. My chest: my breasts must be gone, how strange, what a dramatic thing I've done. After a few minutes of knee bending someone tries to sit me up and help me off the bed. It goes reassuringly well. Placing a robe around my shoulders they maneuver me to another room and seat me in an easy chair. I'm going to pass out. Blackness again, a flood of wind-tunnel sound through my ears.

I contemplate a fourth name. I've had a hysterectomy and a mastectomy. I've learned to inject testosterone into my muscles. I can grow a lop-sided grey beard. My voice is deeper than I dreamed possible. Jesse feels wrong now. For a long time people just thought it was short for Jessica. It's a tainted name. LisaTammyAnnJesse. I am all of these and none of these. I am still evolving.



Tongue Tied
Victoria Metz



We Are Lesbians
Zaz

Chasing an Infinite Rainbow

Feminism, Queer Disability Theory, and the Neurodiversity Movement
Matthew Shuster

Where the realm of Autistics exists as colonized space, it is hegemonically gendered as well; the stereotype image of a young, male child often dominates. Contrary to other disabilities, autism is increasingly diagnosed early in the life of the individual. Autistic children evidently grow of age as do their neurotypical counterparts, and a great deal just happen to be female.¹ We proceed from the realm of women's studies to feminist research, as this latter relates more closely to a gender studies approach which exposes the perhaps unstable categories of sexualities and genders to the critical lens of a structural analysis. Feminism underlies as well a proper methodology, which accepts as valid and reliable experiential knowledge as a source and form of data in social research.² If such data were to be invalidated, emergent liberationist discourses in Autism would collapse for their wide reliance upon qualitative narratives put forth by individual proponents.³

Further parallels may be identified between the liberationist view of 'neurodiversity' and the Marxist, and even radical, and separatist discourses associated with third wave feminisms. If parents of autistic children, who often align as assimilationists, may share one commonality with neurodiversity advocates, it is the overall agreement that disability carries a price tag. These former constantly fight for public funding for assistance for their children, in whatever form it might take, while Autistics active in the economy often view themselves as discriminated against within this theatre. As Marx beheld the root of oppression in the holding of the means of material production within the hands of a capitalist patriarchy, the disabled identify the social production of their category at the discretion of such an elite.

Queer disability, or 'crip' theories have emerged in an effort to address issues surrounding identities of gender and sexuality, which are only further complicated by the presence of disability.⁴ I will not tangentialize on the debate as to whether categories of fourth wave, or queer feminisms intersect, or even overlap entirely with queer disability theory – these exchanges with little doubt will continue for some time. In summary, where a disabled body falls short of the white, able-bodied, and

heterosexual, – centric, and – sexist archetype that cultural studies loves to toss around so much, the disabled mind stands very little chance in attaining this ideal at all. It may be hypothesized that sexualities and gender roles and identities, which are socio-culturally construed and distributed, are not easily mediated by Autistics who, by their very nature, often experience considerable difficulty in processing even the most fundamental of social cues.

(Footnotes)

- ¹ Davidson, J. (forthcoming). "More labels than a jam jar...: The gendered dynamics of diagnosis for girls and women with autism." In Moss, P., & Teghtsoonian, K. (Eds.). *Illness and the contours of contestation*. Toronto: University of Toronto Press.
- ² On feminism and disability, see: Diedrich, L. (2007). "Cultures of dis/ability: From being stigmatized to doing disability." In Morrow, M., Hankivsky, O., & Varcoe, C. (Eds.). *Women's health in Canada: Critical perspectives on theory and policy*. (pp. 244-271). Toronto: University of Toronto Press.
- ³ Davidson, J. (2007). "In a World of her Own...: Re-presenting alienation and emotion in the lives and writings of women with autism." *Gender, Place and Culture*, 14(6), 659-677., Miller, J. K. (Ed.). (2003). *Women from another planet? Our lives in the universe of autism*. Bloomington: AuthorHouse.
- ⁴ McRuer, R. (2006). *Crip theory: Cultural signs of queerness and disability*. New York: New York University Press.

Contributors' Bios

MADISON BETTLE is an English major, and has always been interested in various forms of literary expression. Writing and reading are her two greatest passions and she hopes one day to make a career out of it. In the meantime, forgive her 'trewand' pen!

MILES BOWMAN: I am a PhD student in Neuroscience at Queen's University although I find that more of my time is spent obsessing over the visual arts, writing, and making crafts. I am particularly interested in decay and rebirth - thus my love of graffiti. The appeal for me lies in making a discarded space beautiful again through an unsolicited (and often unwanted) expression of exuberance and vitality; an expression that gives the space new meaning. For me, these reborn spaces represent the subversion of expected identities, not unlike my process of coming out.

S. DAVIES is a third year who loves all things rainbow. She has a fear of EQuIP meetings, as it signifies the most oppressive group on campus to her. She identifies as gay, though that is open to interpretation, and is tired of being force fed queer theory. She writes to change and to motivate, and to be a member of the Queen's LGBTTQ community without having to identify as queer to have a voice.

MOLLE DORST is a professional student, street artist, activist, poet, book collector, painter, green-tea-drinker, in-your-face lover of sorts. She doesn't have spare time to enjoy long walks on the beach, but she can usually be found doing layout or making buttons (www.molledorst.com). "om mani padme hum"

JESSE INVIK is a trans-guy who moved to Kingston in September with his partner. He has been writing for years about trans issues, union politics and climbing.

CAROLYN ELIZABETH LAMB commutes to Queen's every morning from an obscure globular cluster populated mostly by elves. When she isn't making up stories, she enjoys reading voraciously, singing, programming, cuddling, and being baffled by the mysteries of the universe. She appears to be a second-year cognitive science student, but you never can tell.

TIM MURPHY is a Queen's alumnus (Arts '89) who, despite this entry, does not typically write about himself in the third person. He writes because, if he didn't, he would go mad(der). More of his writing can be found, at your risk, at www.ponyboyzine.tk, among other places.

TALIA RADCLIFFE is a 4th year Political Studies major. She enjoys writing essays about topics in social justice for her classes, hence these excerpts. In her limited spare time, she likes to see movies at the Screening Room and eat Cambodian food.

MATTHEW SHUSTER, BA(Hons), 2007, Urban Planning, Concordia, Montréal, is a Master candidate at the School of Urban and Regional Planning (SURP). He is a member of the SGPS Equity Commission. Direct correspondence to: matthewshuster@alumni.concordia.ca

KYLE TOPPING: I am currently a 3rd year student at queen's department of fine art. This work is one in a series of nearly 100 pictures. The work focuses on male gender and sexuality identity. I grew up in a homosexual suppressed family and community. For me to be gay was not an option. So naturally I gravitated towards people who were either gay, or had sympathies towards the gay community. Being identified with this group of friends has led me into a panicked state of sexual identity, questioning my sexual orientation and what exactly I am. The answer I come to is, 'I am not' but I wonder how I've come to reach that answer, is it my actual identity, or is it just the expected robotic response I've been taught to say by TV, by discriminating high-school students, by religion, or by family and upbringing?

KATHRYN TUCKER is a recent grad of Queen's University English. She enjoys writing satire, and is hoping to try her hand at reporting. She is currently between schools and hoping to spend the spring somewhere in Europe.

AMY UYEDA is a graduating printmaking major at Queen's. "Coloured Rubbers" is a from a collaborative drawing project exhibited earlier this year. This drawing was inspired by overhearing someone talking really loudly about how great 'skin to skin' condoms are, on the TTC.

ZAZ is from your future.

Special Thanks To

Allan Graphics

Jeff Brown

Education on Queer Issues Project

Dr. Dina Georgis

Julia Mitchell

Richard Hogan

Terri Blackburn

P&CC

Tricolour Outfitters

Trish Salah

Jessica Soedirgo

Women's Empowerment Committee

Emma Kreiner

Department of Music

Department of Women's Studies

Department of Art

Department of Global Development Studies