

AGAINST  
Hetero sexist ORDER



Les BIAN dy sor der

*Queer Nasty*  
DECLARATION

WHY shouldn't we OUT them  
those LYING bastards in their posh MANSIONS,  
living their **SECRET** lies,  
attending their galas and pretentious, SHALLOW parties,  
while we in the TRENCHES are  
putting our **LIVES** on the line,  
while **queer** CHILDREN are DYING  
because no one will **SHOW** them any other way?

WHY should we continue to FILL their **POCKETS**  
and PAY their **DEBTS**  
while **AIDS** organizations **FALL**  
apart for lack of funding?

WE are not **SILENT**.  
We are not **BLIND**.  
We are **ENRAGED**.  
We are **PISSED**.  
We are **SICK** and **TIRED** of being  
**STEPPED ON, BEAT ON, and KILLED**  
while others silently grow **fat** off our **LABOURS**,  
and while we are **BETRAYED** and **DISOWNED**  
by those who once **USED US** for their own **GAIN**.

WE have **CONFRONTED** the **CLOSET**,  
and have seen its **EVIL**.  
We are the **STRONG** who not only broke **FREE**,  
but are **SMASHING DOWN** the walls  
created of **LIES** and **REPRESSION**.

WE are the ones who have **OPENED** our **EYES**  
and seen the **IGNORANCE** and **FEAR**  
in our own "community."  
And we **REFUSE** to **CLOSE** our eyes  
to this **HYPOCRISY**.

WE **REFUSE** to **INDULGE**  
ourselves in the  
**FASHION** and **GLAMOUR**  
in the **media** that

PERPETUATE the great **PHALLACY**  
that privacy is the most important thing,  
while our **young** **SELL** themselves on the streets  
to the **RICH** closeted  
because their **HOMES** have  
**BETRAYED** and **REJECTED** them.

**THIS is NOT RHETORIC.**

AS long as we feel **PAIN**,  
and our **CHILDREN** are **CONSUMED** by pain,  
we will **INFLICT** that **SAME** pain  
on those who **PROTECT** it.

**THIS is not a FASHION statement.**  
Fashion is another means to **CONTROL** the **MASSES**  
and keep them **BLIND** to the **TRUTH**.

**THIS is our LIVES**,  
lives we have **FORGED** through everything  
the **WORLD** has **PITTED AGAINST** us.

**WE are PROUD**  
**of who we are and what we have**  
**ACCOMPLISHED.**

**WE ARE QUEER.**

**WE** have been **THROWN** into the **FIRE**,  
and **WE WILL USE THAT FIRE**  
**TO SET THE WORLD AFLAME.**

AND ARE GIRLS WHO LOVE GIRLS



What you have in your hands, is a very small compilation of queer writings, mostly by youth. They represent a range of experiences and creations of non-mainstream queer culture – from queer pirates to spoken word performances to faerie performance troupes. They also deal with personal issues, such as internalized homophobia, white privilege, and self-mutilation.

These pieces were found in various zines, small, underground self-published productions. If you would like to see the full zines that each of these was pulled from, or you yourself publish a zine, contact lynne at Downward Mobility:

Downward Mobility Press and Distribution  
PO Box 961  
Lake Worth, FL 33460  
561-547-6686

Our culture's obsession with upward mobility is not sustainable. The old "movin' on up" mantra is social and ecological suicide. It paves the path for an elite few to walk all over the rest of us while they make their way to the top. It leaves the vast majority fighting for crumbs, trying to emulate their oppressors. It leaves an earth that nurtured human social development for hundreds of thousands of year in total devastation.

Rejecting the upwardly mobile society doesn't mean regressing into the past or accepting the misery and poverty that so many live with. It means looking down at the earth below our feet, and at the people around us, and learning how to go forward together...

For more info about these ideas or to get involved in local/global activities to build community and create social change, get in touch.

the first girl i ever kissed who made my  
heart beat fast was sarah. i meth~~xxxx~~

her when i was seventeen and i was visiting  
colleges for the first time. ~~ixxxx lookingxxxx~~  
i remember the first time i saw her,  
s she slumped into the room and threw her back-  
pack on the floor. her blue hair poked  
out from under her hooded sweatshirt. she  
barely looked at me. all night i kind of  
followed her around, but she always walked  
ahead of the crowd with her headphones on, so  
she couldn't hear a word i said, no matter  
how hard i tried. but somewhere in between  
the walk from the gas station to the park she  
started listening to me, and we started walking  
next to each other and laughing at each other's  
jokes. And just like i had hoped,

we woke up the next morning all tangled up  
in each other's arms and legs, kiss stains  
all over our bodies.

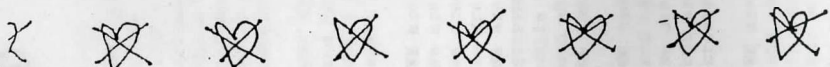
a beautiful sight, i'm  
sure.

but there were some things about her  
that i couldn't understand.

why did she have scars all over her body?  
thin & thick lines all over her skin  
and why were there some things she  
just wouldn't talk about?

the next time i saw her was a month later.  
we had both kind of gone back to our own  
lives, the way they had been before we met each  
other. we went out to eat at a queer  
friendly breakfast place with rainbows all  
over the windows. she held my hand out  
on the street. when we sat down to eat

she took off her sweatshirt and i could  
see blood seeping through the sleeve of her  
t-shirt. i tried not to look at it.  
i tried to. i tried to forget what had  
happened the night before. i couldn't  
understand, so i had nothing to say.





i couldn't touch her and couldn't kiss her  
because she just wanted to go back to  
her own life and so I had to go back to mine.

a year later i saw her again.  
i almost wouldn't have recognized her except  
for her smile and saracastic voice. we talked  
for a long time about everything except  
the hard parts.

i missed her.  
i just wanted to be close to her. but  
my boyfriend was waiting in the car.

and besides, i didn't  
want her to see the scars on my arm.







# Queer Struggle

Queer struggle is in fact the struggle against the heteranorm + all forms of repression arising from it. Queer struggle is also relevant to heteras + should be able to be carried out by both, queer + heteras together. But this doesn't always happen...

Queer struggle can't be summed up in one go, just as queers don't form an homogenous group. There are queers who don't tie any far-reaching consequences to their sexuality, but there are also queers who see their sexuality also as a political choice, and from this standpoint, do their best to disconnect themselves from the heteranorm in all its aspects. This latter choice goes a lot further than sexuality, it affects all choices you make, + the basis that you build your queer life on. For example, the choice for a separatist lifestyle, the choice for children or not, the choice regarding relationships + friendships, the choice for a polyamorous or a monogamous lifestyle...

Every ♀ who makes the decision to lead her life as a dyke, makes, whether she calls it a political decision or not, a very radical choice which means

she subsequently loses a number of basic certainties = the status + privileges of the heteras ♀. From this position - the consciousness of being different in any case, + of living on the margin of society -

the step towards questioning the heteranorm in all its aspects is probably smaller than for the heteras ♀. For a queer, there's less to lose in being a radical feminist, 'cuz she's already not so/not dependent on ♂. Both queer + heteras can decide to question the heteranorm in general, + in themselves, and decide not to live by it. This can be a common ground, to reject the heteranorm, the ♂-♀ mentality...

Warning:

Queers are on the frontline at abortion demonstrations, but the solidarity from heteras ♀ on queer actions is noticeably smaller. But it's not impossible for queer + heteras to work together, fortunately, because we need each other. The heteranorm is repressive for all. One condition for being solid with queers however that heteras don't limit their solidarity to tolerating queers - because struggling together means taking on life together, which means taking on the heteranorm has penetrated all aspects of society + therefore all aspects of life.

Text readapted from Exclusion - Lesbian Struggle





Spoken word. July 19, 1997. With Slugger (Edmonton) and Proposition 304 (Regina). Regina.

I am gay. Those three words are always in my head. People say telling you those three words are the strongest weapon I have against bigotry. Every time I come out to someone new, I strike a blow against homophobia. This is likely true, but it doesn't make me feel any less alone. A lot of times I am ok with being alone because a lot of things about people piss me off, but other times when I see couples walking hand in hand together I am reminded of how alone I am and how alone I have always been. I am usually proud of who I am and the choices I make, but sometimes I wonder if anyone would miss my last breath. Sometimes I lie in my bed crying and shaking uncontrollably, wishing for nothing more than to be dead. I don't want to die, but I sometimes scare myself and wonder if I'd still be here if I didn't promise my sister that I wouldn't kill myself. I wish I didn't have to explain this and I'm not fully sure I can or should even attempt to because someone is going to feel the sting of these words and I can't help it. And none of this is to say that I don't love my friends with all my heart, but it is to say that I always feel like I'm missing something. Maybe it is me that is screwed up and I will never feel like I belong here. I'm told I have the strength and power to open up and change people, but I still can't gather the courage to tell my parents that I'm gay. This really scares me and makes me think about the power they have over me. It makes me question everything I have said and believe in because my silence is my death. My silence is your death. My silence is my privilege because I can hide this all if I want to in order to make myself feel comfortable. My speaking out is turned into a joke and thrown back in my face. This is part of the process which makes me stronger. In my mind and on a page, coming out to my parents is no big deal. I tell them I'm gay and to deal with it. My thoughts wander back to the couples I see walking by every day and think about how even if I did have a partner, I wouldn't even be able to hold his hand in public, how we couldn't kiss each other good bye or even just for the hell of it without the fear of being beaten up. Somehow this is about strength and sharing and loving. And loving. And being alone. Being alone can make me down, but I also realize so much has to be said and done that I don't really have time to be down. I have experienced love and that is one of, if not the only thing that keeps me going. I'm not necessarily just talking about loving another person, but loving this planet and all of its inhabitants. On the other hand, I have been in love with and do love many people in different ways. Aside from my loving passion that keeps me going, my love has torn me apart. I was, and to a certain extent, still am in love with someone who I know will never feel the same way about me and it tears my heart out,



making me want to crawl back into my shell so I don't fall down again, ever. Knowing that there is someone I could wake up to every morning, whose voice makes my whole day better, who can take away the loneliness and make me feel important, but doesn't feel the same about me hurts so much. Not being able to be physical with someone is a harsh reminder that there is a big difference between loving someone as a friend and loving someone as a partner. I wonder if I will ever find a partner who will be there forever or if there is even such another human alive outside of my social programming which keeps assuring me that "Mr. Right" is out there and has destroyed my ability to make up my own mind. I wish I didn't have to say this, but all of you are very important and there is nothing wrong with being gay. If you know someone who is gay, offer them your support. It means so much. If anyone is thinking about killing themselves because they feel trapped or alone because of their sexuality or anything else, for that matter, don't. No matter how hard it may be, try to reach out because we often don't realize how important we really are.

**FREEDOM CAN  
SEEM LIKE A  
REVOLUTIONARY  
IDEA.**

Freedom to know your  
own history.

Freedom to walk the  
streets safely.

Freedom to have sex  
without fear.

Freedom to keep or  
adopt children.

Freedom to be proud.

Freedom to be honest.

**FREEDOM TO BE OUT.**

Are these such  
revolutionary ideas?

**ISN'T YOUR FREEDOM,  
WORTH FIGHTING FOR?**

From "eightfold path..."  
#5

# FAERIE MANIFESTO

**We demand the end of militarism & the immediate closing of the School of Assassins.**

**We demand that schoolchildren not be required to wear uniforms so they are not taught to bow down to authority.**

**We demand that all schoolchildren carry bamboo poles with gray streamers.**

**WE demand that Ft. Benning create a refuge for all animals injured in U.S. Nuclear weapons tests.**

**WE demand that all injured plants from said tests be brought to a Ft. Benning Botanical refuge & immediately receive copious doses of seaweed and other organic fertilizers.**

**WE demand that all US military bases be converted into queer safe space.**

**We demand that US nuclear submarines run on solar energy to protect the environment**

**WE demand that Clinton appoint RuPaul as School of Americas dance instructor.**

**WE demand that RuPaul appoint Tonya Harding to teach ice skating at the School of Americas to the Mexican Zapatista rebels.**

**WE demand that the SOA building of torture be turned into the Che Guevara Center for Revolutionary Day Care.**

**WE demand that the SOA counterinsurgency practice battlefield be recycled into the Mao Tse Tung night soil compost demonstration project.**

**WE demand that all SOA anti-narcotics trainers who are poisoning Latin America & supporting the Colombian junta be re-educated to grow medical marijuana for free distribution.**

**WE demand that President Clinton and future President George W. be given medical heroin to slow down their desires to bomb foreign countries.**

**WE demand that all gays and lesbians be immediately fired from the military.**

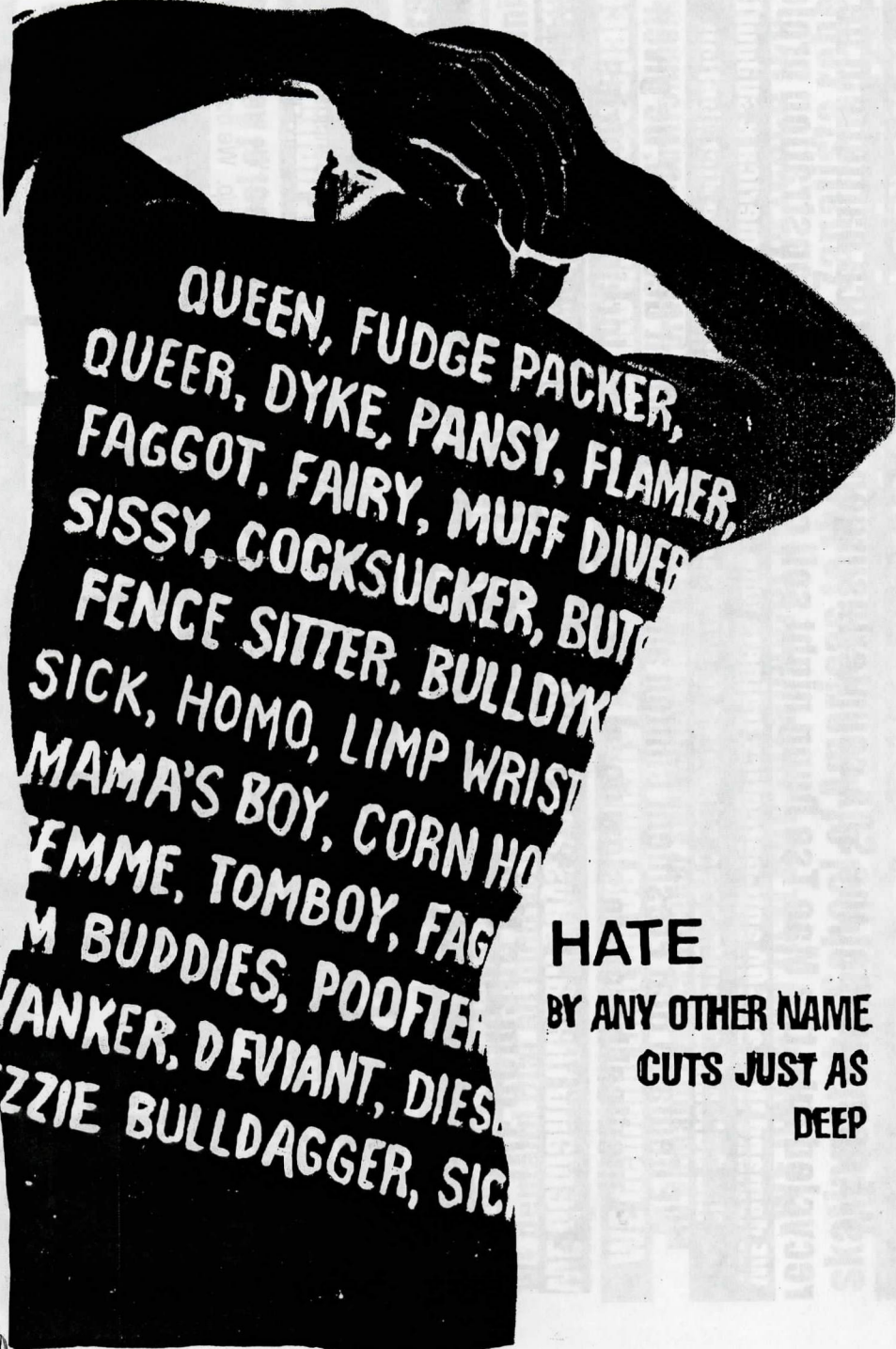
**WE demand that all straights be fired from the military;**

**Bisexuals and transgendered persons too.**

## WHO WE ARE:

We are the Eggplant Faerie Players, a queer performance troupe based in Middle Tennessee. We live in the homo intentional communities of Short Mountain Sanctuary, Ida, Pumpkin Hollow, Happy Happy Land and are joined today by our friends Canadians for Global Warming. We dream of the day when no greedy rulers will dominate other countries, and all people will be served exquisite, gourmet, vegetarian food. We are performers who travel the world with shows like *Next Year In Sodom*, *Welcome To Homo Holler*, and *Dial M For Mothership*. We don't know if any of our shows will tear down the U.S. Military-Industrial-Consumerist complex, but if we can't laugh we don't want to be a part of the revolution. If you want to book a show or get on our mailing list contact us at IDA, PO Box 874, Smithville, TN 37166 or [idahoes@dtccom.net](mailto:idahoes@dtccom.net). If you just want to escape to the woods, hike to waterfalls, and eat homegrown food, drop us a line and let us know when you'll visit!





QUEEN, FUDGE PACKER,  
QUEER, DYKE, PANSY, FLAMER,  
FAGGOT, FAIRY, MUFF DIVER,  
SISSY, COCKSUCKER, BUTT  
FENCE SITTER, BULLDYK  
SICK, HOMO, LIMP WRIST  
MAMA'S BOY, CORN HO  
EMME, TOMBOY, FAG  
M BUDDIES, POOFTE  
ANKER, DEVIANT, DIES  
ZZIE BULLDAGGER, SICK

**HATE**

BY ANY OTHER NAME  
CUTS JUST AS  
DEEP



# my privileges and obstacles

It took me a long time to come to the conclusion that all white people are racist. I didn't come to it on my own, it took alot of listening.

I didn't want to use such an ugly word to describe myself.

Because mostly what we think of when we think about racism are the ways it has been embedded into our culture and institutionalized in our society.

I don't want any part of that, except to fight it.

But there is more to it than that, I think.

Racism= Prejudice + Power

I don't think there is any denying that all of us have certain prejudices, even if we are working on understanding where they come from and how to abandon them. and there is no denying white skin privilege.

so where do we go from here?

i've been trying to examine my position as a queer white woman.

i've got white skin privilege.

when i walk down the street I don't fear for my safety due to my skin color. I'm not afraid the cops are gonna stop me because they don't like the color of my skin. i look at faces on tv, billboards, and in school/ that look just like mine. i'm not constantly accosted with visuals that tell me my skin is ugly and somehow makes me worth less.

it's a sick amount of  
privilege

(2)

But when I walk

But when I walk down the street alone at night I am always watching my back. My heart beats faster. I carry a knife and keep it close to my hand. It's impossible to tell which men are friendly and which men are aggressors.

and when i ~~xxx~~ look at tv  
and billboards, i do see my  
face, but it's telling me that  
I'm not worth as much as men, or  
that my value is measured somehow  
differently than the men around me.

I go home and feel tired & disgusted  
somedays.

And being a queer woman,  
when my girlfriend is afraid to hold my hand  
around unfamiliar men or in public, when we  
can't kiss good-bye at the bus station  
because we're afraid who will harass me when  
i get on the bus or who will give her shit  
when she's walking back home alone, i get  
these knots in my stomach.

she & i talk about it alot.

somehow she soothes the pain and ~~xxx~~ helps me  
let go of some of the rage. but she doesn't  
make me forget it. We both know how  
important rage is to hold on to and how to use  
it to fight.

But she helps me find  
breathing space. Her body feels  
like a landscape under my hands,  
like the whole world is laying out  
in front of me. And i don't need  
to be afraid.

and i'm not alone.

and i am free.

From  
RAD GIRLZ  
⑬



Sylvia Ray Rivera

CELEBRATE

HISTORY

STONEWALL

1969



From Girl ~ Boy  
iss up  
#2



### SELF HATE: homophobic socialization

It was pointed out to me that statements i had made revealed some homophobia within me. I hadn't thot about it that way, but i see that it's true, even tho if anyone were to ask me i would tell them i identify as bisexual. Tho i am attracted to both women and men and my friends and parents know it, there is some homophobia that i feel and have to deal with from having grown up in a homophobic culture. I am now learning to accept my sexual identity as bisexual, and doing that without any help from mainstream homophobic society. The situation mirrors another in my life, being a freedom loving anarchist living in an oppressive authoritarian society. Sometimes the mainstream just gets to me, all the messages telling you to be a good heterosexual, and i wonder if i really am just a freak like they say. I think that anybody who has grown up in our homophobic society must have some amount of self-directed homophobia in them unless they were lucky enough to grow up in a completely isolated utopia of love and acceptance.

I was never told that bisexuality was alright, and there were plenty of my peers who told me it was *not* alright. I don't remember my parents making anti-gay statements, but obviously they made a strong heterosexual statement just by being a man and womyn and being my parents. I had no alternative role models to judge by, so heterosexual became the absolute norm. The first gay man i ever met was when i was about 12 years old, he was an accountant at my father's business. My parents whispered about his being gay, and then one day he suddenly died of AIDS. That made me sad, he was such a nice guy. So that was my face to face introduction to a gay man, and the warning i heard whispered around the business was that gay people got this disease

and then they died. I never actually talked with anybody about their non-heterosexual identities until i was in my 20's, so i had no role models of what a gay or lesbian or bisexual person was like.

All of this ignorance helped to feed the hate that my school mates spread about "faggots". My friend Roman told me, "Watch out for that kid, he's a *faggot*. You better stuff some cardboard down the back of your pants or he might stick his dick in your ass." That was in about the third grade, and it kept on going all thru high school. When we moved down to California i went to a high school there and for the first time i saw two boys walking down the hall holding hands. People laughed and pointed at them. I was amazed. I looked at them like strange animals in a zoo, creatures from some strange place, real live *gay boys*! I couldn't figure it out, they looked like normal people, not monsters, they were nice kids. After thinking about it awhile, i began to admire their courage, that they dared to express their love in public by holding hands and be constantly ridiculed just for it, just for loving someone. I began to think they were pretty cool, and i suppose it helped that i didn't have any homophobic friends at the new school to convince me of how evil they were and how i should be afraid and hate them.

When i am confronted with expressing my sexual identity in public i am sometimes uncomfortable with letting people know i am attracted to people of the same sex. My parents and friends all know, and anybody who reads this zine knows, but face to face it's not so easy. There's always this *threat* looming there, of violence or at least verbal or emotional abuse if i were to be so honest with some stranger. Well, I've been out and honest about my sexuality for more than a year now, and no death threats yet! It feels better to be honest and express yourself than to be afraid of what the world will think of your choices.

When i was in high school i used to buy into the tough-guy ideal, you know, Rambo and shit. Kicking ass and shooting guns and getting chicks. All the boys wanted to be cool and tough and smooth and invincible, on top, king of the hill, famous and admired. So coming from this training, why would i want to be a fag, be an outsider, be weak, be hated? I had enough trouble making friends already, being shy and anti-social. I didn't want to be laughed at, hated, victimized by bullies, no way! I didn't want to be queer! So even now i have some discomfoting feelings when i express my bisexuality, fear of being excluded by people, looked at with disgust, and that shame can keep me in a culturally acceptable heterosexual box.

If i project and image of heterosexuality i assume i will be accepted without question. This is true with my family too, all 3 living generations of them accept heterosexuality. If i express my bisexuality, it's a big question mark. Maybe they will just ignore it, maybe they will shun me.

Since i have a female partner whom i love right now, a mainstream view of my bisexuality might also imply that i have psychological problems being split between two attractions, or that i must be non-monogamous and therefore a slut, more fingers shaken at my identity by our society. Even among the many different sexual identities, monogamy seems like the un-questioned rule of relationships. Poly-amorous sexual orientations, loving more than one person, is not often viewed in a positive way.

I think about my socialization as a heterosexual all the time, and wonder if the reason i am physically attracted to women more than men is because it's socially acceptable, because i was taught to be that way? I think it has a huge effect, because that conditioning has been going on since the day i was born. What's the first thing people ask when they hear a child has been born: "Is it a boy or a girl?" and from the answer a whole program of expectations is planned out by the child's parents, family, and society.

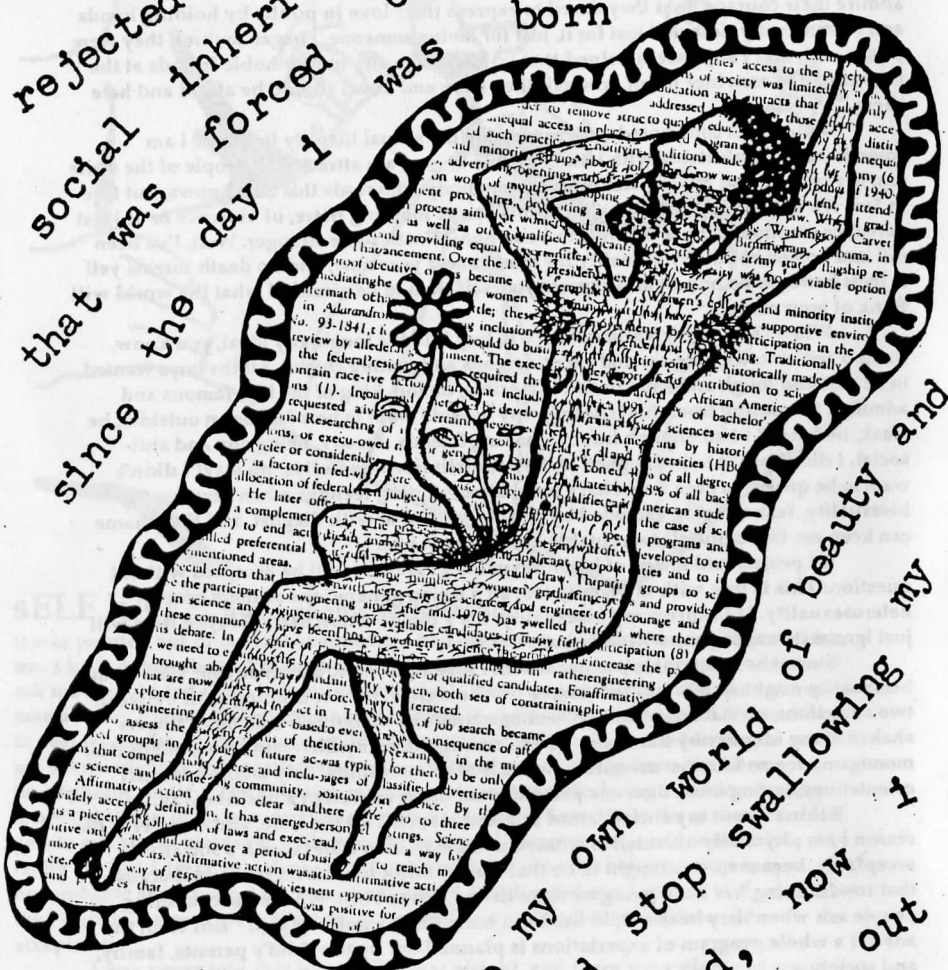
My partner told me a story of a gay boy who would bring home lovers and then after fucking them he would beat them up as a release for all the internalized hate he felt, the homophobic programming of society that was so strong it could make him hate his own feelings. I've never gone so far as this, but i have neglected to return phone calls to the first man i had sex with. Now i would call him back, but then i felt it was not something i should be doing, i felt it was a failure for me to be having sex with boys. Society was telling me that as a good heterosexual i should be lusting after women. That's how i thot, i had no gay or bisexual role models to help me feel comfortable with my sexuality. I wish now that i would have called him back, reached out to him. It



makes me sad to think i rejected him out of my internalized homophobia.

Gradually over the years i have met more and more gays and lesbians and bisexuals so that now i have a far better understanding and image of who we are. Now i see us as human beings, not artificial stereotypical characters. The homophobic socialization of my youth may be with me the rest of my life, but the longer i work at changing, the less homophobia i feel. I'm deconstructing the characteristics that i don't want anymore.

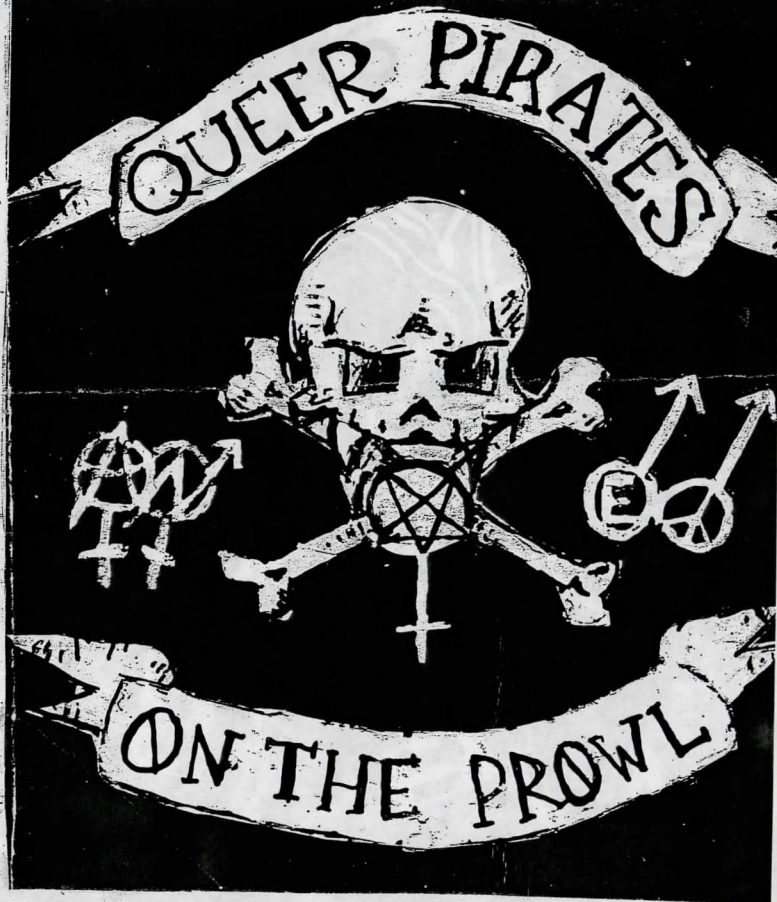
i  
have  
rejected the  
social inheritance  
that was forced on me  
since the day i was born



i hope to define my own world of beauty and  
love and sexuality and stop swallowing my  
self hatred, now i  
spit that out  
and rise  
above.



boys in dresses  
MEN loving MEN  
WIMMIN WEARING TIES  
WE DON'T GIVE A FUCK  
IF WE'RE FEMALE OR MALE  
IT'S WHO WE ARE NOW, WHERE WE ARE  
& WHAT WE'RE HERE TO DO!  
WE are TRIUMPHANT TRANNIES  
AND  
SPARKLING QUEENS  
DANCING IN RESISTANCE  
TO PREDETERMINED ROLES OF  
GENDER, RACE, CLASS & ANY OTHER ISMS  
DYKES  
SISSIES  
FAGS  
TOMBOYS  
GENDER FUCKING  
OUR WAY  
TO FREEDOM



A L E S B I A N

it's

The

rage

ALL



+

blowing

in Your FACE

