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the QUEER ZINE

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Editor's Notes

If you've seen *Moxie* (2021) on Netflix, you know what zines are. The premise of the movie: a girl protests sexism in a piece of self-published literature and accidentally starts a revolution.

Fire!!

This is the name of a zine that taught the world the names of Langston Hughes, Zora Neale Hurston, Wallace Thurman, Aaron Douglas, and other Harlem Renaissance stars. *Fire!!* was published in Harlem in the 1920s, discussing what many did not want to hear about: homosexuality, bisexuality, promiscuity, prostitution, interracial relationships, and colorism.

Dadaists, the haters of order and establishment, used zines to disseminate their chaos. So did Riot Grrrl—a punk feminist movement. *Hard Femme #2*, *Working Class Queers*, *Why Marry At All*, *My Tender Gender All Mixed Up In A Blender*—all those are zines from The Queer Zine Library, a UK-based DIY mobile library celebrating radical LGBTQIA+ self-publishing. The sheer number of those zines is a testament to their importance in the queer movement. Subversive pieces of art and literature are rooted in self-publishing: pamphlets, brochures, posters—all later united under the wing of a zine.

From the start, zines have been vehicles of resistance, counter-order, and revolution.

The legacy of a zine is rich and intimidatingly powerful. We cannot pretend to have the same pretense or capacity as the original revolutionary ones, but we can pay tribute to the genre. For this project, The Harvard Advocate asked contributing authors and artists to speak critically about power, to connect personal intimacy to global struggle, and to make it queer.

The Harvard Advocate has worn many faces in its time; our institution has not always been a welcoming one. After World War II, we experienced what former editor John Ashbery called a “homosexual scandal.” (What that was, exactly, remains a mystery.) And see the back cover to check out what we were up to in 1958! These days, we've published a large volume of work on topics surrounding queer relationships and self-identification, and published many works by queer authors.

We want to make our past and present explicit, and we chose to do it in a format that has historically had a fundamental role in the fight for queer rights.

To make something queer, as Sara Ahmed writes, is to disturb the order of things. These moments of queer disturbance—like this zine—come to us when the world no longer appears “the right way up” but becomes “slantwise,” not straight.

For this Queer Zine, we took up the task of bringing together queer writers, artists, and poets from beyond America and across it, working with a wide range of media, times, spaces, and histories. In doing so, we urged our contributors to think globally, to cross boundaries, and to reflect on lived experiences of queerness in those parts of the world that are often absent from queer discourses in the United States.

At the same time, we acknowledge that the queernesses and identities we are able to feature in the zine are representative of only a small slice of queer experiences around the globe. We worked as wide and deep as the submitted material allowed us to reach and we do not pretend nor attempt to cover it all from L to +. As such, this zine stands as just one node in a web of the limitless possibilities of imagining, mapping, and inhabiting the infinitely many non-Western, ESL, subaltern, and peripheral queernesses.

You will be taken to Salvadoran gay bathhouses, see faggy advertisements, marvel at South African palimpsests, read sapphic poetry, and indulge in phallic Latvian Teletubbies. As you flip through these pages, you will join these artists in their ruminations on the utopia of queer liberation.

In her preface to *Against Equality*, radical queer activist Yasmin Nair urges us to “not merely shout out for sexual liberation, as important as that might be, but [to] insist upon a radical political and economic reorientation of the world.” To resist as queers is to resist all forms of oppression. This is exactly what we seek to achieve with this zine: by queering *The Harvard Advocate*, we hope to make our very pages a space where resistance – against all regimes of exclusion, erasure, destruction, and genocide – can germinate.

- The Editorial Board of the Queer Zine

Running on E

Michael Chang (they/them) is the author of TOY SOLDIERS (Action, Spectacle, 2024) & THINGS A BRIGHT BOY CAN DO (Coach House Books, 2025). They edit poetry at Fence.

Pet marmoset on his shoulder
the soda jerk w/ some hair on his chest
pleads to the board
for the ability to raise prices
a brown-noser of the first degree
nothing filthier than his attitude
not even civil servants
clocking their watches
awaiting their lunch break
they're out of tricks
that meeting
could've been an email
they learned to be ready
in today's economy
smearing herpes on sandwiches
it doesn't matter where they go next
i know enough to be dangerous
extreme confidence
ur heart breaking
no one w/in earshot
cobblestones leading nowhere
my MFA in mostly fucking around
saddened by the sudden closing
but it could not be helped we are companions
aspirants
on the precipice
of greatness

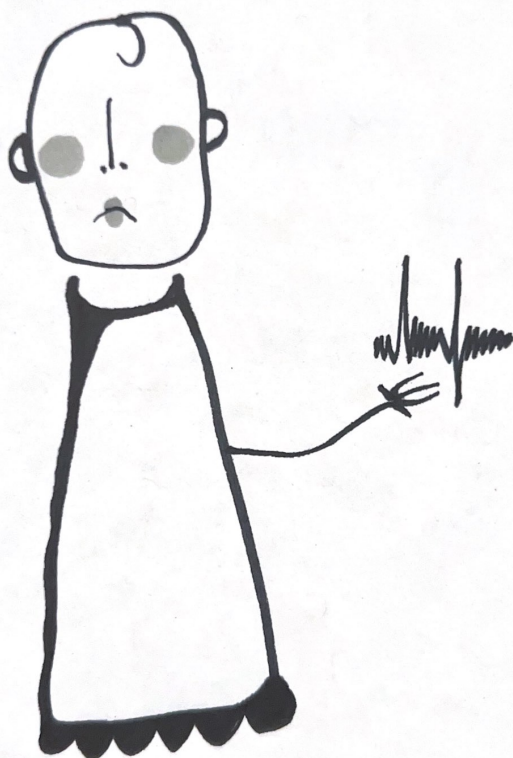


urgencies

Joefel Bolo is a queer writer from the Phillipines.

*Their work has appeared or is forthcoming in
ALOCASIA, fifth wheel press, beestung and elsewhere.*

amongst urgency is longing and echoing / still adulate when lip-gloss latches on
dry lips / like a runway pure of audience / and usher / I secretly wore anyone's
dress / puff and yellow / embroidered with pearls / no one else is around /
lucidities to survive / buses blaring with their horns / much a sentence / then
sustenance / so within urgency / is another urgency / lips were vivid / proud /
becoming / and truth / and you know / people will walk by / sometimes ignore
/ but you shine / with your lipstick / such pale / but so steady / evocative / and
rewarding / shape enormous mouth to speak / and express / fluent in a voice I can
be seen / renovate as instants / how far you've come / to ask yourself / another
glimmer / with aims / I must demonstrate urgencies / and so ignited



Excerpt from “Homo Zion: How Pinkwashing Erases Colonial History”

Hussein Omar, writer on anticolonial thought, sexuality and cemeteries.

Excerpted from Hussein Omar. “Homo Zion: How Pinkwashing Erases Colonial History.” Parapraxis. June 2024.

The extermination of the people of Palestine, accelerated once again after October 7, 2023, has produced some of the twenty-first century’s most chilling images. Amid this photographic embarrassment of obscenities, however, one stands out: an Israeli soldier, Yoav Atzmoni, holding a rainbow flag inscribed with “In the Name of Love” in English, Arabic, and Hebrew, amid the debris of bombed out homes. The image was captioned:

“The first ever pride flag raised in Gaza. Yoav Atmozi, who is a member of the LGBTQ+ community wanted to send a message of hope to the people of Gaza living under Hamas brutality. His intention was to raise the first pride flag in Gaza as a call for peace and freedom.

Atmozi later confirmed he was inspired to scrawl the lyrics of a favorite U2 song on the flag, which his partner

had sent him to take into the battlefield, when he found himself surrounded by the Muslim bismillah (“In the name of God, the merciful, the compassionate”) in Gaza. The Arabic word Allah sounded to Atzmoni (an Arabic speaker) like the Hebrew Ahav. He replaced that particularly forbidding name that Muslims give their God with a putatively universal (and ironically, Pauline) signifier: love. Atzmoni claimed his message was one of peace and hope to the people he and his fellow combatants claimed to be freeing from the evil, theocratic rule of Hamas.

In the hundreds and thousands of comments that followed the image posted by @Israel, an official social media account of the state, critics derided the photo as the latest example of pinkwashing—the name now given to the cynical PR campaign adopted by the Israeli state since 2005 to represent the country as a queer haven. Initially launched to promote Tel Aviv Pride, pinkwashing—which cost the state ninety million dollars in PR costs in 2010

alone—has become a central arm of Israeli hasbara. Many of the photo’s critics correctly pointed out that gay marriage isn’t permitted in Israel. Others recalled how Avi Maoz—Knesset representative of the far-right Noam party as well as deputy minister in charge of “Jewish Identity”—has repeatedly sought to ban Jerusalem Pride and impose legal regulations that would reassert the status of the conjugal, heteronormative family. Some pointed out that Minister of Finance Bezalel Smotrich (a self, if sarcastically, identified “fascist homophobe”) has promoted the stoning of gay, trans, and gender non-conforming people. Additionally, some recalled how Itamar Ben-Gvir, the Minister of National Security, used to organize anti-Pride “beast parades.” They allege that Israel’s leadership is profoundly homophobic at home even as it pretends to be homophilic abroad. For liberal Zionists, Atzmoni’s photo was proof of Israeli society’s inherent tolerance, which had been endangered by Netanyahu’s right-wing, populist, and fanatical rule.

And yet, while it is undoubtedly true that the photo appears hypocritical given the views of Israel’s political leadership, understanding the image’s function requires us to move beyond such descriptively accurate, if politically toothless, accusations. Hypocrisy might help us understand how the photo was meant to appeal to metropolitan White Gays in places like New York and Berlin, but it does not

address who else it was intended to convince: an Israeli, Jewish fundamentalist political elite that has become an increasingly embarrassing liability to those who have invested, both figuratively and literally, in “pinkwashing Israel.” Atzmoni’s insistence on appearing as a gay man in combat speaks to fissures within Israeli society that date back to its foundation. As Daniel Boyarin has convincingly argued, Zionism was a colonialist project intended not to uplift the Arab populations it would come to rule over and displace, but instead to uplift the putatively backward “Eastern Jews” (Ostjuden). In this regard the “Herzlian Zionism,” of which Atzmoni was an embodiment, had a “civilizing mission, first and foremost directed by Jews at other Jews.” The only natives to whom Herzl imagined directing his civilizing mission were those “Hottentot Ostjuden, whom . . . were read by him as constituting another race.” As such, we might understand “pinkwashing” as a project that seeks to uplift the backward Jewish homophobes to the level of their cosmopolitan “Westernized” elites, who sustain their material and affective links to the metropolitan cores of the United States. Atzmoni’s triumphant photo-op likewise signals to the backward fundamentalists in government that he imagined himself to be uplifting the state to a universal, progressive standard for himself and his secular allies.

“We might understand “pink-washing” as a project that seeks to uplift the backward Jewish homophobes to the level of their cosmopolitan “Westernized” elites, who sustain their material and affective links to the metropolitan cores of the United States.”

Indeed, regardless of Atzmoni’s actual intention—whether naive or dishonest—toward the people he was ostensibly liberating, it is worth taking him at his word, not least because the photo communicates developments that are historically novel and therefore significant. The accusations of hypocrisy seem to miss something else that is important: the inopportune photo reflects, and in fact inscribes, a newly emergent sense of Israel’s world historical mission. This mission was no longer about the salvation of a particular tribe or set of tribes, the Jews, but about salvaging the universal project of civilization itself. As Israel’s president Isaac Herzog reiterated a few weeks later, “[t]his war . . . is intended, really, truly, to save Western civilization, to save the values of Western civilization.” But how did “gay rights” become the avatar of such universality? How did sexual freedom come to appear as the animating force and desired object of violently birthing the universal? Saving brown women from brown men has long animated such imperial misadventures, but when did the brown homosexual become central to such a project?

If, as Uday Mehta argued long ago, universality defined, and was at the core of, every imperial liberal mission from the British colonization of Bengal at the beginning of the nineteenth century to the War on Terror at the beginning of the twenty-first, the fixation on “gay rights” as the animating force behind such a project was itself something relatively new.

Atzmoni suggests—by substituting the word particularist term Allah for a universal love—that Palestinians, and especially Palestinian Muslims, harbor the same hatred for homosexuals that he sees within his own society, in an all too predictable instantiation of projective fantasy. He imagines the deplorable and undesirable homophobic “backwardness” of Israeli religious society to also dwell within that society’s perceived enemies, the Palestinians. In a sleight of hand that both acknowledges and mirrors the ethno-religious foundations of the Jewish state, Palestinian “backwardness” is displaced onto “Islam” and “Muslims.” And yet, anti-sodomy laws in Palestine did not originate within Islam or from the efforts of Muslim legislators; instead, they were imposed by prudish British colonial officials who imported Victorian anti-sodomy ideas wholesale from the Raj in India. Ironically, those British officials imagined they were overriding a “national institution” and forcefully yanking Palestine backward into the purview of a universally liberal



Yaov Atmozi, a queer Israeli soldier, holds a pride flag amid bombed home debris, Credit: Parapraxis

civilization. Thus, by tethering homophobia to Islam, Atzmoni, like many other pinkwashers, obscures the British origins of anti-sodomy regulations, perhaps even unknowingly. Instead, they imagine homophobic laws as wholesale products of the religious character of Muslims, against whom Israelis increasingly define themselves—even though these very laws were repealed in much of Palestine in 1951, over thirty-five years before they were repealed in Israel proper in 1988.

Queer Place

Emily Freedman





Rationale

Emily Freedman is a twenty-year-old Bachelor of Arts student at the University of Cape Town, originally from Pietermaritzburg. She has been previously published in the anthology: *Social Justice Stories: No Longer Silent on GBV*, by the South African Schools Debating Board in collaboration with the Centre for Sexualities, AIDS and Gender.

Some argue that to “come out” is to bend to the notion that everyone is straight by default. However, while the redundancy of coming out is an ideal to strive for, the heteronormative nature of the world makes coming out important— an empowering act.

It recognises a lived experience of being gay in a heteronormative context, that is, an experience of antinormativity. This affirms being gay as a political identity by affirming the existence of a political institution – heteronormativity – which acts against it.

The closet is a time and a place and shapes a self. As such, coming out, and the life lived after doing so, creates a series of ontological, metaphysical and temporal messes in one’s perception of their life. What continues, what does not? What gets carried forward and what is left behind? What do we grieve and what do we celebrate?

This project speaks to the experience of leaving your home city and living as out for the first time in your new city, and then returning.

It explores the feelings of incongruence that accompany that experience. It was inspired by my personal experience of moving from Pietermaritzburg to Cape Town at 19. In Cape Town I have lived as an out lesbian for the first time. I returned to Pietermaritzburg during the holidays. The question of how to understand the relationship between my out-self and my closeted self – who was still, in many ways, me – was central in my mind.

The images reflect non-existent and impossible places.

There are two important aspects to them. Firstly, the two landscapes that form each image are similar. I did not want the impossibility to come from absurdity or be obvious. It is subtle, almost imperceptible but undeniable.

Secondly, the pictures reflect parts of Cape Town in Pietermaritzburg, never Pietermaritzburg in Cape Town. To see one's past self in their future space, a realm of freedom, is healing and comforting; but to go back, "to turn toward the place in the narrative no one was meant to outlast" is when one meets the impossible. One's growth is intensely and visually felt. Surprisingly it is to realise that one wants a self to betray.

One wants a future to be real.

To depict the return in all of its impossibility is to depict one who has come out.

These landscapes are expressions of grief which in turn empower. They are markers of survival and they claim a lived experience. Impossible as much as being a lesbian is impossible in a heteronormative world – impossible, which is to say, queer.

*"If we are
lucky, the end
of the sentence
is where we
might begin...
to turn toward
the place in the
narrative no
one was meant
to outlast."*

- Ocean Vuong

Fagging

Steph Rantz works in a North Carolina historical collection. His instagram address is @ST.RANTZ.

I hated the way the first consonant fizzes and foams over the lower lip like a bicarbonate: FFFfff! And then the sound of the hard ‘g’ like the slamming of a door. Is there an angrier sounding word?

Today, we know there are many different kinds of fags—just look at how we keep adding onto our rainbow alphabet: LBGTQQIP2SA. How wonderful! Decades ago, there was only the dreaded FFFfff. But it wasn’t until I started reading old newspapers that I became aware of the full range of definitions, as bright and varied as any dandy’s closet of waistcoats.

My favorites came from older advertisements. In 1917, Pepsi used the f-word to describe a kind of slump that workers felt in the middle of the day, a lassitude that only a sparkling cola could cure. Of course, I already had a gay-finity for Pepsi due to the classic Mommy Dearest boardroom scene: DON’T FFFUCK WITH ME FELLAS! But the old ads still conjured for me the weak-wristed stereotypes who were in too big of a fag to hold up a frosted glass of Pepsi. Perhaps more fun was the British use of the word faggot for a meatball. The 1980s ads for Mr. Brain’s Fags definitely sent a more gender positive

image with a robust sphere of meat. I’m talking about the kind of fag the whole family could enjoy. There was even a specialty recipe for a delicacy called Hungarian Faggot Goulash. And who doesn’t love a big Finno-Ugric fag? Just think of the kahunas on Zsa Zsa Gabor when she bitch-slapped a police officer for a traffic violation!



Sphagnum Products Company: Fag-O-San. The Oregonian. Portland, Oregon, 1 October, 1920.

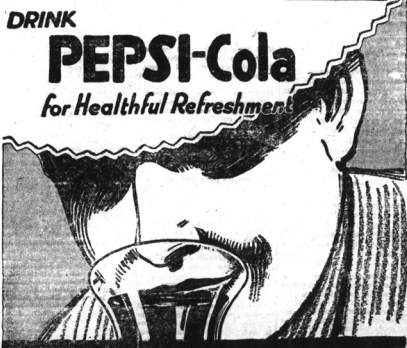
Of course, there were feminine uses of the word ‘fag’ too, like with the 1920 sanitary napkin, Fag-O-San, with Sphagnum Moss filling! I mean, what kind of old queer thought women wanted

Office Fag—

hot—sultry—sticky days bear down and interfere with the vim and vigor—your work lacks snap—drink a glass of PEPSI-Cola and see the difference. You will work better—feel better and wind up with a spurt of speed.

Be your own judge! There is no substitute for PEPSI-Cola—resent the suggestion.

Fine for the kiddies, too—get from the grocer a crate for your icebox. Or at all fountains.



GREENWOOD PEPSI-COLA COMPANY

Pepsi Cola: Office Fag. The Evening Index. Greenwood, S.C., 8 December 1917.

a whole terrarium between their legs? Did it come with its own little gnome?

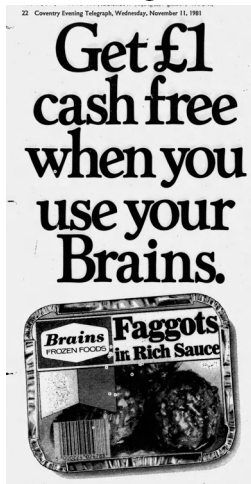
Additionally, there was the rather curious use of the word fag to describe an open-weave stitch in knitting. Not quite as open as macrame, but just right for a long sweater vest that Bea Arthur would drool over. Fag-stitch one, pearl two?

I know the term ‘fag vote’ used in 19th century UK newspapers doesn’t mean the same thing as it does today. (Apparently, the fag vote meant that a landowner could divide and sell his property just to garner additional votes.) Yet, I do hope in this next election we can make the fag vote something that truly matters, something that saves democracy just as the lovers, Harmodius and Aristogeiton, saved Athens, in 514 BCE.

The Williams Institute estimates there are nearly 14 million of us LBGTQ+ out there (and just for context: 14 million is way over twice the size of homophobic Wyoming). I really want the new fag vote to be the moral conscience of this country.

Ultimately, as I learned the about the historic diversity of the word FAG, I feel as though I must confess how appropriate I now find the term to describe what I am. We fellow fags are an extraordinarily diverse group, whether we’re closet-knitters or out-and-proud knitters like the British Olympian, Tom Daley. Whether we’re robust bears, or willowy twinks or buff twunks like the British Olympian, Tom Daley. Whether we’re opera queens or big-rig riding roosters. I feel proud to be a fag in all

its full technicolor definition. That dreaded “F” sound seems much softer now, like the F in filigree, or footloose and fancy-free. And if I hear anyone call out FAG ever again, I’ll just tell them I quit smoking ages ago.



Brains Frozen Foods: Faggots in Rich Cream Sauce. Coventry Evening Telegraph. Coventry, England, 11 November 1981.

Excerpts from *Chronica San Salvador*

Alejandro Cordova, translated by Lawrence Schimel

1. The first important fact: I am a homosexual.

To write this crónica it was necessary to be homosexual.

Moreover,

To write this text I had to have sex with various men. That sounds like an excuse, but it isn't. The men who appear in this account would not have spoken a word to someone who wasn't willing to play the same game. But, what game?

3. I survived Club Scandinavia.

The Escalón neighborhood is one of the most expensive in the city. It was the most exclusive during the civil war in the 1980s. Club Scandinavia is located in the northern part of Escalón, parallel to the McDonald on Paseo General, very close to the World Trade Center. It is a large house with an open garden from which one can hear the hysterical honking of rush hour.

There is no sign at all on the front. An armed watchman keeps guard over the cars parked on the edge of the street and looks through everyone's bags and

pockets – no exceptions. A brief pat down. The door makes a sound and then opens. Go up to the second floor; that's where the reception is. A display case offers colored underwear, dildos, and other sexual toys for sale.

The receptionist is named Bryan. He's gay – I know because he avails himself of the facilities from time to time. Bryan asks your name and sandal size. He writes down the name on his computer. Don't worry. You can give a fake name. What's important is that you pay. I paid. He gives you a key with the number of a locker and shares the rules with you: today is underwear day, today everyone must be naked, today is towel day, today is live sex day. Finally, he tells you the day's specials: today three beers for five dollars, today the entrance comes with a drink, today there are tequila shots.

The lockers are clean and in good shape. Inside your locker is a tiny towel and a pair of sandals in your size. You take off your clothes with embarrassment. In front of you, other men also undress uncomfortably. Here there is no insinuation nor touching. Nobody speaks. This is a safe place. Beyond that door in the back, everything is different. There the game begins. You leave behind all your things, safe in locker 35. The key is tied to a rubber bracelet for

you to wear on your wrist or ankle. OK, then. Time to go in. You're already here.

The center of the place is the bar. A muscular man in fluorescent colored underwear offers you a complimentary cocktail: supermarket orange juice with a splash of vodka. This man, despite being semi-nude, is not available for anyone. In fact, he's not even gay. That's what the club's owner has decided: the bartender should excite you, he should be that guy that everyone desires but nobody can have. There are beers, spirits, soft drinks and water. In front of the bar is the garden, the dry sauna, a few chairs and a jacuzzi bubbling with hot water. In the gardens, nobody has sex: it's a place to talk.

To the right of the bar is the porn cinema. Upon a wall painted black, all kinds of gay pornography is shown. Some men watch attentively; others masturbate themselves; some masturbate others; others watch those who are masturbating until someone dares to do something more.

After the cinema are the private cabins. Three very small compartments with sliding doors. Each cabin has a bed of some leather-like material, and a small trash can. Everything smells of sweat and semen. Pure sweat and semen. The cabins exist for those who want to have sex in private. But not everyone wants that.

Things get worse. Or better, depending on how one looks at it. To the right of the bar are the open showers. In front of the showers are chairs for those who want to watch men washing their bodies. Along with the chairs, there's a small table with a jug full of generic condoms. The walls are covered with photographs of backs, glutes, and penises.

Careful, here comes the darkest part.

To the right of the showers is the dark labyrinth. Well, semi-dark: you go in and you're only illuminated by the light that sneaks through a closed window. A wooden structure forms the labyrinth's paths. There are three blind alleys where trios, foursomes, orgies take place. Because that's the thing: if you have sex there, it's an open invitation. Anyone who wants to can join in. At the end of the labyrinth there are two small rooms with chains and mattresses of cheap leather, for those who like other, more intense games.

It's in the labyrinth where you turn back into an animal, where you forget that you've been baptized. You are no longer yourself. You are a body possessed by desire, you are a penis that thinks. Everything becomes instinct, sensorial. There are those who wait at the entrance of the labyrinth for you to come in and then they follow you. Once inside, it takes only the slightest gesture for things to begin.

You can refuse. Nothing wrong with that. It's part of the game to say no when you're not interested. It makes everything more carnal. Like how they describe Sodom. Like how they describe hell itself.

To the left of the showers there are two doors [1] which both lead to the same place: the wet sauna, the capital of Sodom. Inside there is lots of steam and little light. You're bathed in heat as soon as you open the door. You can sit on the sides and just relax. Before or after sex. With or without a bear. You can close your eyes and make the rest of the world disappear. There is a certain peace, perhaps fictitious, that you achieve after a few moments of excessive sweating. And like background music, a concert of male panting and the incessant dripping of sweat. Plink, ay, plink, ay, plink, ay....

But that is not all.

At the back there is a passage-way that's completely dark. There one finds a knot of sweaty bodies where your name is not important, nor your nationality, whether your mother is sick or your boss is a jerk, whatever your politics or zodiac are. Not even your physical appearance matters, since no one can see anyone. And there is where your heart accelerates, where you learn to look with your pores. All the hands, all the mouths, all the penises and all the asses don't belong to anyone. They belong to all. You forget everything,

even your shame. Someone sucks you, someone kisses you, and someone licks your chest all at the same time. Orgasms are announced, prolonged, celebrated. For a second, because of the temperature and the steam, you feel like you're dead. I mean that seriously.

La petite mort is a French expression to name the state that happens right after an orgasm. The little death is a loss of consciousness, that brief swoon, that spiritual expenditure, that period of melancholy or transcendence that reigns after ejaculation. Stuck in that knot of men, you feel dead for an instant. Dead.

Outside the world falls silent, the rush hour traffic muted.

5. The advantage of having a cock between one's legs.

Before me is the owner of Club Scandinavia. We're on the patio, near the lockers where three or four bodies are dressing or undressing. Afternoon falls. Four years and one month ago, the man I'm interviewing decided to open a business he himself calls "a shrine to sex." Why did he do so?

"I don't want to be sexist," Martin excuses himself, "but for men sex is always important, it's a priority." He speaks in a soft voice. He says, "I think it's better to let loose the reins of the impulses."

Martin is beefy, bald, and has a goatee, but his voice is high pitched and his hands move like dancers. He makes an effort to be discreet and politically correct. In fact, he apologizes before saying harsh opinions, disguises hard words, looks at them slantwise. He is often a judge in certain drag queen competitions in small cities in the interior of the country. His parents only know that their son manages a joint, devoted to massages and steam, to help people relax. He doesn't tell them the rest. He doesn't consider it necessary.

For him, opening a gay sauna was born of three needs: its economic sustainability; his interest in giving "the community a dignified space, safe, trustworthy, orderly, and clean"; and his hope of reaching a new audience in one of the city's most exclusive areas.

Once, the man who made inspections from the San Salvador Metropolitan Planning Office couldn't hide his discomfort. Martín tortured him even more, "You, sir, have sex, am I right?"

"Don't ask me that," the man answered, nervously.

"My people also have sex and they don't want to tell anyone."

But his people are men who only have sex with other men.

There are no sex clubs for this nervous inspector nor any heterosexual, nor are there clubs for lesbian women, nor for transsexuals. This is the hegemony of the penis. Only man has the inalienable right to sex. The world belongs to him and to no one else.

"We aren't going to hide the country we live in," Martin says.

One day, Martin had a problem.

At a branch of Office Depot, one of the world's largest chains of office supplies (with over one thousand seven hundred stores in twenty five countries), they refused to print the material that decorates Club Scandinavia. It was a photograph of two men kissing. "They told me they couldn't print it," Martin says. So what did he do?

Martin made a lot of noise with his friends and his lawyer. They knocked on the doors of the Offices in Defense of Human Rights and Consumer Rights. What did they achieve? A letter from Office Depot Mexico with an official apology.

But not the prints.

Another time, a neighbor called the state police (CAM). She denounced that the acts against morality were being committed at Club

Scandinavia. A metropolitan agent knocked on the door. Martín didn't let him in. "I consulted my lawyer. I showed the permits and told the agent that the neighbor had problems with schizophrenia and nobody in the neighborhood could stand her."

Martín suspects that she is behind the eight complaints his Facebook page has received. But he can't prove it. He can't even ignore the problem. Eight times, his page has been closed after being denounced for inappropriate content.

The patrons of Scandinavia are aware of the risks of the game.

Sexually transmitted diseases are something Martín worries about enough to keep jars of unlimited, free, generic condoms available seven days a week. "It's not a question of immorality, I just care that they use a condom," he told me.

This guarantees awareness of the problem of STIs among patrons. He's glad to know that the condoms get used. That is his best proof, the best thermometer. Every morning, as they clean the facilities, they measure the sexual health of their patrons according to the number of used condoms they find thrown on the floor, in the trash cans, on the beds, in every nook and cranny. That's his guarantee, his most faithful source of tranquility.

An important fact: El Salvador is a violent country.

Over 600 people have been killed this year.

My friend Manuel and I...

My friend Manuel and I try to get dressed before eight. The place closes at ten, but I need to drive him home on my motorcycle and then drive to my own. Both of us live in conflictive areas of the city.

I need to leave Manuel a little ways away from his house because his mother can't find out about anything.

Mine either.

[1] The place was recently remodeled. Before, one of the doors led to a bed for orgies, measuring two or three square meters and was also of cheap leather. It was a stage for exhibitionists. If you dared to have sex there, the noise or the smell called out to all the other animals who, in silence, began to approach, kneeling on the bed/stage and masturbating at the spectacle. Some, more daring, wanted to get involved. It depended on you whether you authorized that. I saw six or seven men in different postures fit onto that bed. I was among them.

Triple Sonnet for Bird Poets and Crocodile Love

after Dorothy Chan and Kim Hyesoon

Mila Jao Barry (she/they) is a senior studying English. She's a printmaker and a poet. Raised by the ocean, she is happiest at the shore or on the marsh.

I am my own diary and I nap in thunder. I have a profound compulsion
to draw raindrops around particulars. I sleep shallow,
never far from the surface of day's humid curtain.

(have you ever heard a story from a bird?) At 4pm, the sun is new again.

Brain is cloud-bird and tongue is reptile, too scaled for my mouth
— not a metaphor, only thirst. *(if I had a ghost, I'd tell you.)*

My pores, unopened lotus heads. My long skin damp, a sun-steamed leaf.

All stick, grit, swing... my legs off the firm mattress, move loosely
toward the toilet. *(o what was that dream I was having!?)* I squat to piss,
hear it ring against the undimpled ceramic. Bad knee pops, hips, in their cursive hand,
release tension-shaped letters. *(the letters move like birds.)*

This stance is a sweaty bird crouched on dirty grey tiles.

DNA directs the slathering of cells on cells on cells
on cells, and demands maintenance. Day after day, the relief of a good piss.

My lips are swollen, it's the heat, I think.

Ice, chapstick, do you need these dull hours
to desire a body? *(If you have a ghost, no one has to tell you.)*

I'm a hoarder, of voices, of resonance. I call it research.
(do birds write, do crocodiles sing?) I'm a hoarder, of handwriting, of
receipts. I call it remedy. In sleeplessness, I call
pleasure of poem, against the long storm of speechlessness,
my hand out toward being without trace. I'm just
some flesh, so I shake off extra piss droplets like....?

...like two women, walking opposite ways down Wenzhou St,
stricken, in suits of thunder. Here is the dream I've never slept through:

Rain impending, pending the sky open its skull,
revel the spelling of reversal. *(If I was a story, I'd fold my wings.)*

The clouds coalesce to sounds, I see you stop

at that white bench, from your fictions, that wretched rendezvous, this coven,

for you and a woman you loved. Your strong hands, the stained glass window
of your self-immolation. o they hurt! those words you lived!

o they hurt, lives unsaid! — reptiles with sharp teeth, crocodile femmes
and butches and sisters and their mothers and molting cousins, the words they had to eat.

Your eyes look deep. I say, *I got your letter*. I say,

I saw your interior, illuminated. Sorry it took so long. I'm an unopened lotus head, I say,

I looked for you in Paris, but you weren't there. I say, *you know they gave you lots of awards after
the knife*, I say, *Next time, they'll let her love you back*. I say, *I am my own diary
and I nap in thunder*. I say, *You were then you weren't and you are*.

I say, thank you and thank you and thank you for safety.

She opens her mouth and answers with a long ribbon of amphibious twilight.

The rain, the hushing kind, the birds have leaked the secret,

how to feel feel feel like a feather on wing. And then, and then, and then ...

...

Universal Coverage

Jelena Glazova is an artist and a poet, based in Riga, Latvia, and Brussels, Belgium. Jelena is working in interdisciplinary areas of contemporary art, combining in her works image, poetic text, and experimental sound and installation. Jelena is the author of four books of poetry. Her poetry is translated into nine languages.

Here, her work is accompanied by a Dallas Morning News cutout from March 3rd, 1999 featuring Tinky Winky and Dipsy of the television show Teletubbies. Following Reverend Jerry Falwell's condemnation of the popular British children's programming, a group of gay icons were born.



DMN 3-3-99

Childlike fascination

Condemnation by Falwell igniting sales of Tinky Winky dolls, creating gay icon

By Brooks Egerton

Staff Writer of The Dallas Morning News

How do you create a gay icon? Get the Rev. Jerry Falwell to condemn your product.

Sounds like a joke, but that's how the Tinky Winky story is playing out across the country.

In stores and online, adults are snapping up dolls based on the British children's TV character. He has been invited to lead a parade in Berkeley, Calif. An East Dallas hair salon, On the Avenue, advertises that it's "Tinky Winky Friendly."

And at Afterwards cafe in a gay area of the nation's capital, you can eat "Tinky Winky Ravioli." The menu promises "cheese-filled purple triangle pasta 'purses' — oops, we meant 'magic bags.'"

The law of unintended consequences kicked in last month almost as soon as network newscasters highlighted Mr. Falwell's take on Tinky, one of four colorful Teletubbies. Evidence presented of possible homosexuality: The critter has a male voice but carries a purse, "is purple — Please see FALWELL'S on Page 26A.



Associated Press file photo

Tinky Winky (left) and Dipsy are two of four Teletubbies on the PBS children's show.

the gaps of she-poets

Lily Schechkner is a young writer residing in Maryland. Her work has been recognized by the Pulitzer Center and published in the Poem Review, among others.

Cars are doubling in the rearview but still—
you won't cross my mind
you dig your feet into asphalt, unblinking
in a sea of rusting metal and
rain-glazed tulips you've named Memories.

Awash in green light, you've
made me a summer camp Gatsby burying
our unspoken context from
that forgotten smoke-soaked bonfire
between the white lines & pigeons.

I don't touch your cracks anymore
because of the braided challah & my
little sister's first grade superstitions.
New muses snag on my tongue,
bitter pills who wouldn't wait for Godot.

Do you remember?
When we shared our notebooks on the bunk
like naked pictures
and you said you once loved a girl
with a strange name.

Your slick brush strokes
like tan legs on bikini beaches.
Your last words gilded and dark
and rough like
wet denim hanging from the rafters.

I had a feeling
in a life longer than your jasmine-scented wax
we would sneak bottles of red wine
and tuck scarves into skin
under bodega stars.

We might undress, two girls
socks first, clavicles second.
You seem the type to want a cigarette
but we could just share a clementine
like we did by the lake.

You would peel it for me
as I did your white buttoned shirt
because I hated the way it felt
beneath my fingernails.

PLATEAU SONG

Eli V. Rahm is a queer writer from Virginia. Eli is the recipient of the 2023 Mary Roberts Rinehart Poetry Award and the 2020 Joseph A. Lohman III Award in Poetry. Their work is featured or forthcoming in *the Door is a Jar*, *Passages North*, *The Cortland Review*, *The Academy of American Poets*, among others. They also have a cat named Bagel.

And yes, the elk—with their mouths, hungry, and searching the ground for a resemblance of their mother. The air here rattles, dry as stone—another day

I forget how to swallow. In the club, he glitters like a buck—tall, horned. Some quiver of absence—he holds it out to me and in his hands, seeds. What licks

the finger knows its secrets. Mother, I bleed. Ears pressed to the brittle grass. Take this liquid, despite its red, so you have something good to drink.

Layout by Hayden Bennett '26
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THE HARVARD ADVOCATE

PRESENTS

THE SODOMITE SAILOURS

Thursday, May 15, 1958



The historye of the sodomite failours, with the *discours on sodomie* by the Lord Petereater, together with some acc't of the rifest & most unnaturall *drolleries and mirthes* of the femen: an immoralitie playe, as it hath bene pubiquely & in privates acted fundry iolly times by the *right honourable the genitilmen & comqueers* of the realme at their lavatoriel facilities at the Signe of the Winged Beestialitie in Southstreete.

CAST

P. BROOKS	THE LORD PETEREATER, THE CAPTAIN
W. WERTENBAKER	1ST MASTURBATE
W. BAYER	2ND MASTURBATE
P. TCHERPINE	}	SEMEN
E. DE BRESSON		
R. HOEN		
R. FISHER		
A. EDMUNDS	CUNNILINGUS, SHIP'S DOCTOR
R. FICHTER	MICTURATE, A STOWAWAY
R. JOHNSTON	NECRO PHILIUS, SHIP'S COCK
T. GLICK	PRICK
M. HARRIS	FELLATIO
E. HINES	HYMEN
D. SWEET	SWEAT
J. LARSEN	WHORESON
J. RIKER	HAIRY CORNHOLE, A BANISHED FUKER

Sets: GRABLOW PICKASS, in the manner of Guernorrhea

Malaprops: NICK WOLF

Music: MOSTFART, on the Genital Organ

Lighting: Petroleum gel: Senior Editors

Light Boobs: Radcliffe Associates

DULCE EST PROPHYLACTUM