

NAME: penwing

I moved to Warrington in 1993 - I was 10. Nearly. I was oblivious to my Queerness - that came later internally and later still consciously.

Section 28 hung over my schooling. Queer folk? Nowhere. Online was it. A new and exciting place back then where I found my community.

2000: Sixth Form - PSE - A debate on Section 28... I am still largely closeted and watching a bully argue for repeal and a 'friend' argue to keep it. Fuck!

A slogan to live in York.
I could have chosen Manchester - walked down Canal Street daily.
But York, another small town with 1 more gay pub than Warrington: 1

The last train home isolates Manchester. Gay is something left at the town boundaries.

2005: The old bus station. Fumes & cigarette smoke. No smoking signs but the woman lights up AGAIN!
At my dirty look
"I don't criticise your sexual activities"
"What sexual activities?" I think to myself.

2001: My first Pride - Manchester.
I buy a Pride pin and put it to my wallet.
I carefully hide it everytime
I get my wallet out at the local shop...

BUT! I stay...
I stay and I see things get slowly get better.

We now have better things to find than an early 19th Century

2007: "NO FAGS ALLOWED" scrawled on a poster torn from a Ladbroke Grove. A scumky clad woman taped to the Gents door at the Quiz I do with my friends.

"It's the smoking ban" the giggling guilty party try to claim as I rip it down and leave to go home...

Molly House raid & subsequent trials.

I AM HERE!

I AM QUEER!

I AM NOT GOING ANYWHERE!

