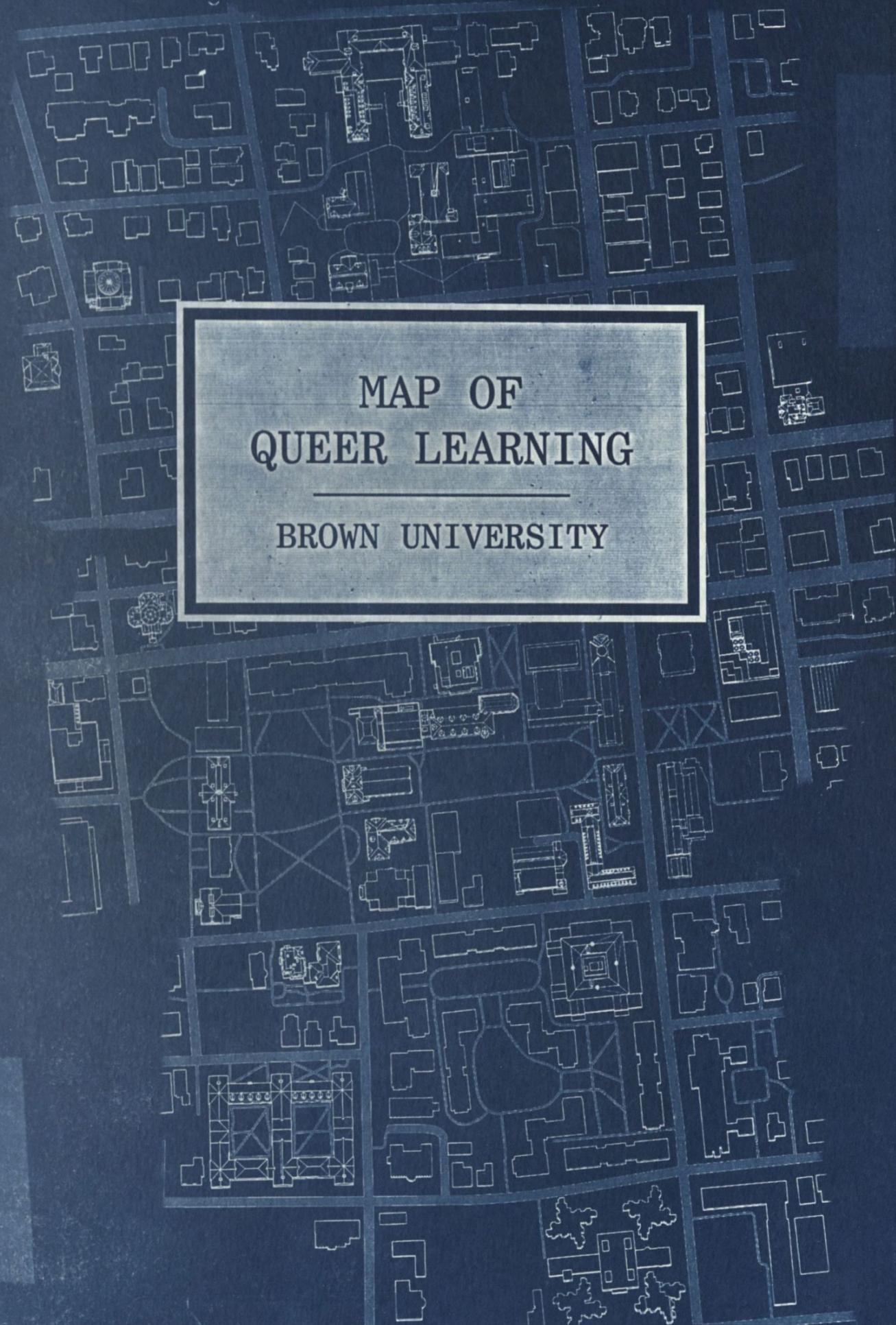
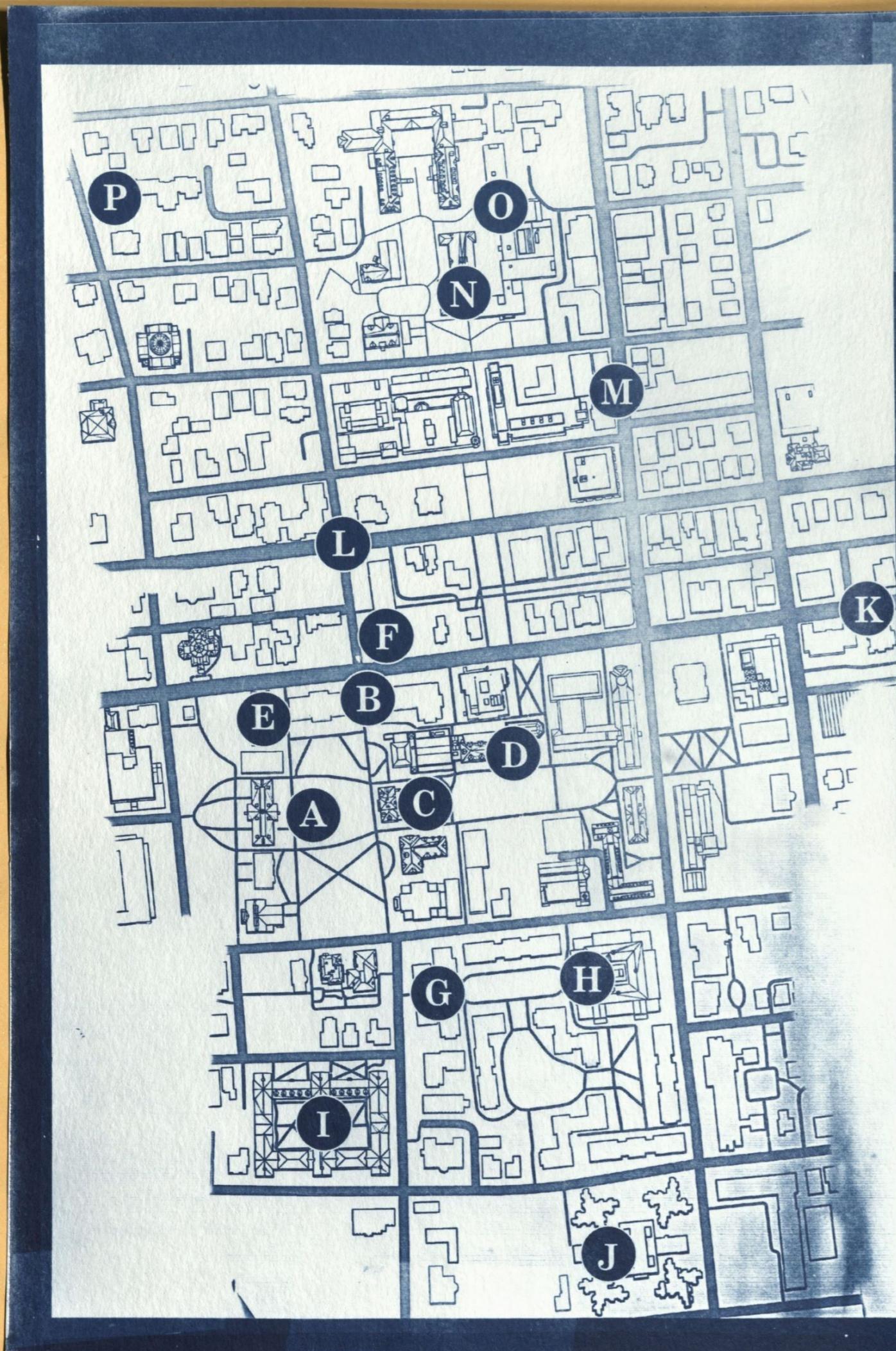


MAP OF  
QUEER LEARNING  
—  
BROWN UNIVERSITY





## Table of Contents

	Pages
A. Main Green .....	2-6
B. Faunce House .....	7-9
C. Sayles Hall .....	10-11
D. Leeds Theatre .....	12
E. Hope College .....	13
F. Page Robinson Hall .....	14
G. Wayland House .....	15-16
H. Sharpe Refectory (The Ratty) .....	17-18
I. Keeney Quadrangle .....	19
J. Grad Center Bar (GCB) .....	20
K. Watermyn Co-Op .....	21
L. Brown Street & Angell Street .....	22
M. Thayer Street .....	22
N. Alumnae Hall .....	23
O. Morriss-Champlin Arch (MoChamp) .....	24
P. Machado House .....	25

## Main Green



Outside University Hall, facing the College Green.

After lunch, in October of 1996. It was a beautiful sunny day on the lawn, and I was happy.

During the first semester of my freshman year - this was in 1996 - I was talking to an acquaintance (we were all acquaintances at that point, still in the process of bonding, with few actual friendships established) on the campus green.

I would not come out of the closet for another nine months, but my acquaintance had already come out, which is one reason I was spending time with him. I was testing the waters to get a feel for how Brown differed from my progressive but nonetheless Midwestern prep school, which started its own LGBTQIA+ support group the year after I graduated.

There was a blood drive at Brown that day, in Sayles Hall, and I was not out yet, and had not yet had sex with a man. I had seen the questions on the blood drive form asking about gay sex, and sex with prostitutes, and unprotected sex, etc, but for me these restrictions did not yet apply. I had not considered them much; they belonged to a future I wanted so badly, and seemed an insignificant bump on the road to myself.

I mentioned to my acquaintance that I was excited to give blood - less because I am a good person and more because I like blood and gore - and asked if he intended to do the same. He dipped his head, not quite hanging it, and answered that no, he wouldn't be giving blood that day.

I asked why.

"Because of Question #4," he said.

(Continued)

I realized that I had known why, and that my question was a minor aggression, but that I needed to see how it played out. Still, the answer I thought I had anticipated became a revelation:

In a flash, saw our lives - pasts, presents, and futures - and I knew that I - we - would never finish testing the waters, that the waters would always be in the process of being tested. I knew that while some swims would be warm and comfortable, there would always be a chilly thermocline shimmering just below my treading feet. There would always be a room, somewhere, where dying people would refuse my blood because I loved the same type of person that their mothers loved.

Despite the rigorous testing, I was - we were all tainted by our desires.

To this day, the injustice of that denial stings me. Our blood is medicine, but it is treated as if it were the vilest poison. At the time of this writing, there is a 12 month moratorium against blood donations from men who have sex with men. Meaning that if we want to help save lives, we cannot be ourselves for a year.

Maybe in your time, reader, these rules have changed for the better. I hope so. I am an optimist. I am a novelist. I am a feminist. I am a videogamer. I am a rowdy, bossy bottom. Who will always be testing the water.

Main Green

afternoon.  
mid 80's.

I was in class, I think in Sayles Hall. I sat near a window that looked out over the Main green. The class was on "Islam" and Prince Faisal Hussein of Jordan was a student in the class. His bodyguards were outside the class door. Out on the green about 30-40 students were holding hands in a circle and chanting. The circle grew as the hours went on... It was a lesbian and gay circle... a group of students, chanting for peace. In my memory the circle was in reaction to an unthinkably horrible incident on campus -- some students burnt an effigy of Heather Findlay, a lesbian leader on campus -- active at The Sarah Doyle Women's Center. (After Brown, Heather went on to co-found Girlfriends Magazine...) The students at that time (I was at Brown from '81-'86) who were visibly gay, out and proud, were very brave, and few, and taking the threatening heat for the rest of us.

I had just had my first lesbian encounters and crushes and relationships. I wasn't out. I was just meeting "out" gay people for the first time in my life. I was beginning to hang out with gay and lesbians, in addition to many other types of students: born-again Christians, athletes, poets, pre-med, semioticians, "the beautiful people," senior citizens who worked at Brown, and many other types. I was always a pluralist by nature. I was afraid to go hold hands in the circle, and to be visible on the green, though I knew inside that that's where I belonged.

It's strange looking back now, over 35 years, and remembering how brave a group of students holding hands in a circle were...

So much LGBTQ history has happened over these decades. I am an out loud and proud artist, and have been for decades. It all started at Brown. Now, 35 years later, my best friends from Brown were the gay and lesbian students who I befriended. Still some my best friends and trusted advisors through the years... and today.

4

Main Green

September 2016

Discussing our visions for the year ahead, the Jabberwocks sat sprawled on the Main Green. I stayed silent for most of the meeting, contemplating whether I could build up the courage to say what I'd felt for a few years but hadn't possessed the vocabulary to express until now. Something about coming out as gender non-conforming seemed more viscerally transgressive than coming out as gay. Despite my burgeoning liberation at Brown, I didn't truly appreciate how much internalized transphobia I was harboring, though I surely experienced the pain of this particularly insidious closet.

I interjected slowly, too many pauses punctuating my proclamation, every word that left my lips steeped in anxious shakes and shivers: "I think..we should talk about...how we are going to deal with...gender non-conforming people...as an all-male group...because...I think...I might be gender...non...conforming?" My inflection raised at the end, like I was still asking myself if it could possibly be true. (Even though now, I don't necessarily believe "the truth" exists somewhere out there, waiting to be discovered.) I couldn't look up from the ground as everyone else fumbled to find the right words to say. There were almost certainly none to be found.

People say coming out feels like a weight being lifted off their shoulders, but the weight isn't some exterior entity pushing down on my self, my body: it's MY weight. It's hanging from my neck; it's dripping from my arms; it's begging to be ripped from my belly. My body can't be separated from my pain, no matter what words might escape the former, what silences might finally be spoken. Still, I look back at my pre-Brown life and realize how little of a life it was. Queer people at Brown are some of the luckiest in the world, and it's a blessing and a curse: a curse to have our eyes forced open to how meticulously the machinery of the status quo is maintained, but also a beautiful, beautiful blessing to have space to lean into vulnerability, to fail, to be held accountable for our failures, to heal — to learn.

5

Main Green

April 28th, 2018  
(~6:00 PM)

When I came to Brown, I was very much so still in the closet. Coming to Brown provided me the means to understand and interrogate the many facets of my identity; as I grew more comfortable with myself, I grew more comfortable with my sexuality. This really culminated at the end of my first year on the second day of Spring Weekend. There was a boy that I had been in a casual thing with over the past few months who, at the time, I felt a decent attraction to. As I was in the frenzy of the crowd, I caught his face in the corner of my eye. I had been so attached to him because he was the only person who expressed a clear attraction to me. For so long, I felt this urge to be with him because it was all I had, or at least thought I could ever have. So, impulsively, I went up to him and we started dancing together. At times, we could tap each others' sides, hold hands, and even lean in for a kiss on the cheek or head. As things progressed, I found myself feeling like I had been almost caught in a trap that I couldn't get myself out of. I wanted to be with my friends and enjoy the day with them, but I was frozen by my inability to see beyond the fact that he was into me and I was desperate. We ended up making out in the crowd during the concert. It was sloppy - he was tripping all over the place, grinding on me in ways that I was not comfortable with. Yet, I stayed.

This was such an overwhelming moment for me, for I was caught between feeling an utter pride in my sexuality while also feeling so limited and silenced by it. This was the first time that I had ever shown my sexuality in a public space. It almost felt like a declarative "I don't give a fuck what you think of me or my sexuality, my love is just as palatable as any others" - it was empowering, liberating, and I felt honest with myself. However, at the same time, it was under the guise of an interaction that I felt negated all of my confidence. I had sacrificed my own positive self-regard for someone who made me feel like an object.

I look back at this day and really don't know how to feel about it. I think what it taught me was that there is no singular experience of one's sexuality. I am constantly changing, my days are impacted by my various intersections in unique and unexpected ways. Some days, I feel strength in my sexuality; I am on a campus where I am accepted and empowered by being my authentic self. Other days, I feel hindered by my identity, feeling as though I am always compromising my standards out of a fear that I will never find what I truly desire out of my life. I will say, however, that I would never choose to live another life. I love who I am, I have seen the beauty of being true to oneself, and I have basked in the energy of those around me who want nothing more than for me to flourish.

## Faunce House



We had just walked from the Green and through Faunce Arch, and stopped on the corner.

Probably sometime in the fall of 1983.

I made a new friend of the opposite sex, Sandor Katz, and we revealed to each other that we thought we might be bisexual. By which we really meant we were gay. In 1983 that conversation was quite a leap of faith, nothing like today. I learned I wasn't alone and there was someone else who thought that was okay - and was excited to find romance at college, just maybe.

Faunce House

August of 1969

I remember returning to Brown for my fourth year in August of 1969. I had spent the summer working a job in New York City but was still not identifying as homosexual, let alone gay. (At a certain level, of course, I was aware of how I was feeling, but I was still hiding and hoping things would change for me.) In any case, during the summer I was aware of things going on in the City. I knew there was something going on that had to with sexual minorities seeking respect.

At the very beginning of the 1969-1970 school year, there were flyers around campus about some kind of Gay Liberation Front meeting that was going to take place somewhere in Faunce House (I think). I did not go to it, but I did hear from people (all purportedly straight) that there were a lot of people there. Mostly they were presenting as straight allies -- you know, the usual suspects who were anti-War, anti-racism, pro-feminist, and all that '60s jazz. I'm told that very few of the people there were willing to present as openly gay, and most attendees were there with an opposite sex friend or partner. I remember finding that both ironic and amusing and wondering where things would progress for me.

Within about 18 months I was moving uncomfortably in the direction of admitting that yes, I was homosexual. Within another two years I came out to myself, and then to everybody else in my life. I still thank whoever it was who posted those flyers in 1969, because each small step and each small move forward helped get me through to the other side.

GSA office in  
Faunce Hall

An afternoon in  
August of 1978

I met my future husband and life partner when I first stepped foot in the Gay Students Association ("GSA") office in Faunce Hall the week of my return to campus senior year, August 1978. I finally decided to come out that summer and screwed up my courage to go to the GSA office when I got back to Brown. I was scared to death, and there he was, Ed Miskevich, president of GSA and the epitome of blonde, blue-eyed, world-weary, 21-year-old sophistication. I was immediately smitten and now, 40+ years later, still am.

CAPS and the  
LGBTQ+ resource  
center

Summer 2017

My first summer at Brown I was an RA for the Summer@ Brown programs. One of the responsibilities of RAs was to hold a workshop every other week of the topic of my choice. As a student who just finished my freshman year coming from two very anti-queer backgrounds, I had talked a lot to my CAPS counselor about how to familiarize myself with my queer identity and maybe move away from the relationship of shame I had with it. She told me that one of the things that would help me would be putting myself in more uncomfortable places relating to my queer identity, particularly spaces that would force me to be honest about it with others.

Although I was hesitant at first, I decided to make my workshops surround concepts of queerness. The first workshop I held was about being queer while international, where many high school students got to share their experiences with other queer students from an international background. I had never come out to a large group before and being vulnerable like that really worried me since I was paranoid of videos circulating or the word getting out somehow. At the same time it felt really good to help make a space that I desperately wanted and wish I had had when I was younger. I think it was the starting point of a deeper involvement with queer initiatives on campus.

## Sayles Hall



10

Faunce Arch, the  
Ratty, Sayles Hall

Fall of 2002,  
my first year on  
campus

One memory that comes to mind are the SexPowerGod and Starf\*ck posters that I would see around campus. They were deliberately provocative and in-your-face representations of queer sexuality. As students, we were exposed to heteronormative standards of sexuality throughout our tenure but to be walking through Faunce Arch or flipping through tables at the Ratty and see two dudes in a compromising position in a shower with strategically placed word bubbles was not only erotically exciting but also remarkably normalizing and validating that we as queer folks can express and talk about our sexualities over dinner just as much as the next guy. I was shocked and ashamed to hear that future iterations of the Queer Alliance decided to cancel our annual expression of queer sexualities; there was a time when these celebrations were remarkably and shockingly political statements that fucked with hegemony in a necessarily aggressive way.

SAYLES  
HALLLLL

Fall 2004, 2005,  
2006...but 2007  
kinda sucked  
and nobody was  
comfortable in the  
new venue

sexpowergod! when queer or questioning people felt  
comfortable to hookup/makeout/dance openly at a big school party

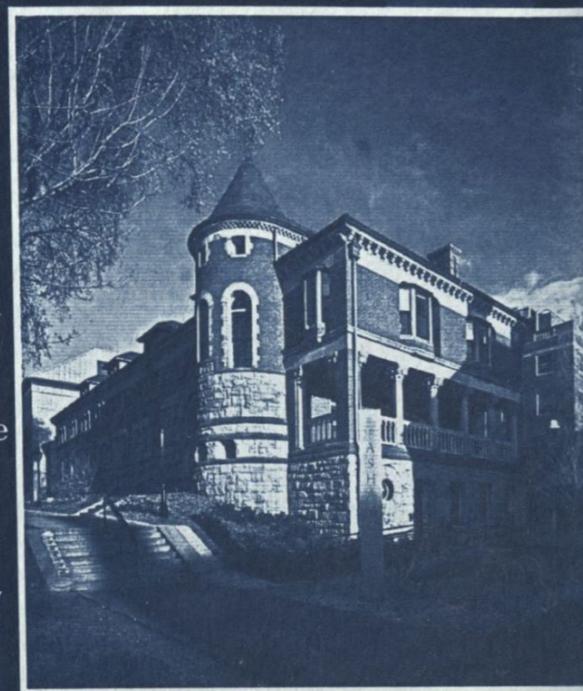
11

## Leeds Theatre

Main Green and main theater.

Met John in fall of 1989, Stupid Kids produced (estimate) Jan 1991

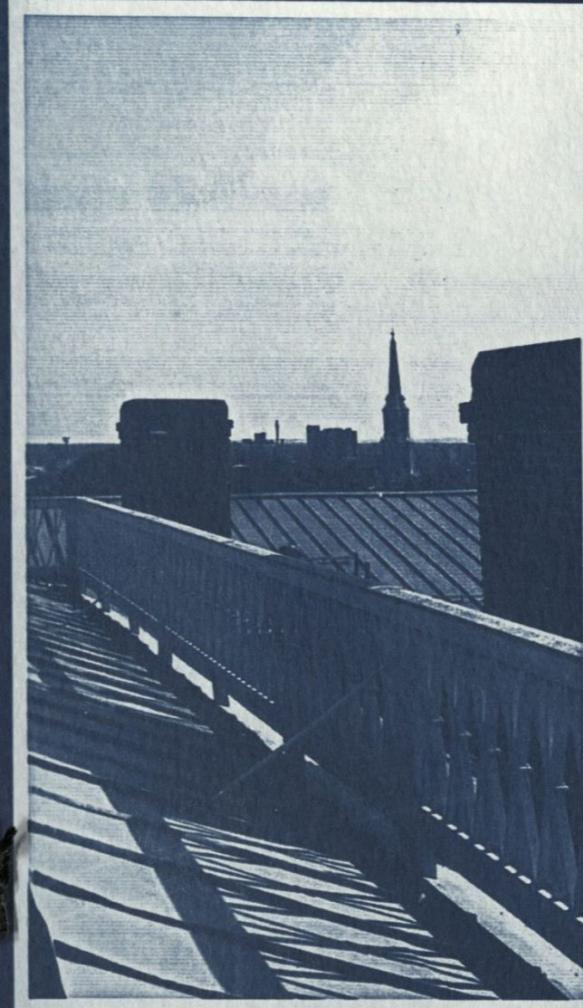
My first semester freshman year, I developed a friendship with an older graduate student named John C. Russell, a playwright studying with Paula Vogel. I was taking a survey of modern plays by Paula so we had her in common, and I was also an aspiring playwright. It was a casual friendship, we frequently overlapped on the campus and would chat, or grab a refreshment. I was flattered by the attention from a hip, handsome older student. Coming from a butch working class culture I knew almost nothing of gay culture or mores or ways, other than what I had indirectly gleaned from Morrissey and Oscar Wilde (who I read because of Morrissey!) and a high school paper about Truman Capote. I didn't know any out gay people before Brown. John didn't act like any gay stereotype, and I had already met other gay students who sort of did, almost like a role they felt compelled to put on. Through John I was learning something more nuanced about the queer sensibility that would come to define my worldview - and not because we ever discussed such things directly, it was really more about experiencing his sensibility. I had heard through gossip that John was HIV-positive, which was also a first for me. He was gentle, shy, soft-spoken with a quirky sense of humor. He also had an air of great sadness about him and I don't know if that was always his character, or whether he was sad he would die (at that time it was still a death sentence). We never discussed his health status. I was earnestly overjoyed to have left Wisconsin and to be sampling culture and diversity and everything I'd been dreaming of since I was conscious. Providence and Brown were heaven for me. I could see that he found me refreshing. Maybe he was attracted to me? I was attracted to him. At that point Nirvana wasn't on the map, I certainly didn't know of them, but he had a similar look and style as Kurt Cobain. He had long blonde hair, but not hippy hair, and wore colorful vintage cardigans (as did I!). I was too confused about my own bisexuality to have acted on any attraction, and I would have also been terrified of contracting HIV. Sometime that year John wrote a play called "Stupid Kids" that premiered at Brown's new plays festival and it just blew me away. It was witty, hilarious and expressed a queer sensibility and worldview that I had yet to experience in any art form. To know someone capable of making excellent world class art was profound for me. It helped me see it is there for all of us to pursue and that I was in the right place doing the right things to pursue such a dream. The play went on to be produced across the country throughout the 90s, to some acclaim. John died in 1994 from complications due to AIDS. I still think about him and his quiet compelling manner, and great talent.



## Hope College

Roof of Hope College

1:30 am,  
September 20th,  
2017

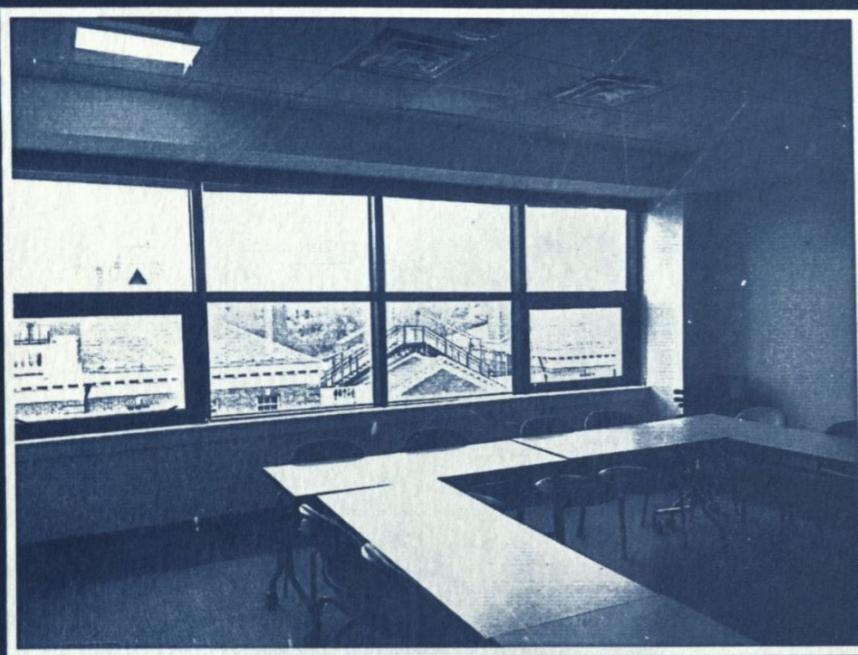


I tried to quiet the dull throb in my left ear as I walked the path stretching from the Main Green to the front door of Hope College (I had just had my ear pierced with a safety pin by a nice girl named Evie). I was surprised by your invitation - I sensed that we had some kind of burgeoning relationship, but I thought it would be too complicated, or that I was just a bumbling first-year and that you had bigger and better pursuits to pursue. Either way, the excitement of it all helped me forget about my ear.

I marched up to your door, leaving my wing-woman near Faunce steps. The door swung upon, revealing you. You looked cozy and beautiful as ever, your smile warm and wide and perfect. I waved goodbye to my friend at Faunce; she probably giggled to herself as she started towards Keeney. You welcomed me in, I met your (very tired) roommate, and you suggested we try and see if the roof is open. And so we went - climbed up the metal ladder, crawled and ducked through the plywood-and-insulation jungle gym of the attic, then stepped carefully along the roof, sloping and newly wet with dew. So we sat for some hours, facing the empty Main Green, the shine and sparkle of the stars and city lights confirming that all of this was right; that we were supposed to be here together.

I don't quite remember what we talked about, but I do remember it was the night I fell in love with you; my first - and only - time falling in love. We didn't kiss, we didn't hold hands - we sat, we talked, we laughed. You made me feel true comfort for the first time since I arrived at Brown in August. I didn't know it then, but I would chase this feeling of comfort you brought me until the moment I'm writing this now. Rediscovering you, and that feeling only you bring, has been one of the greatest joys of my life.

## Page Robinson Hall



One of the  
upper floors of  
Page-Robinson  
(formerly JWW)

Afternoon, spring  
2017

a classroom  
spring 2006

I remember my freshman spring I was in a seminar called "Queering the Archive." It was about queer history and alternative methods of documenting it, as the title suggests. It was one of the first moments I felt really queer and proud to be queer, happy to be surrounded by others who identified as such, talking about things that matter to us. This was a moment that inspired me to be more out, more myself, and more surrounded by queerness in all areas of my life.

m-sex-- (and femsex) so many,  
but notably the struggles of a  
transitioning FTM

## Wayland House



Wayland House

November 8,  
2:30AM

We joke that we wish there was a camera set up in this room to document the growth of our love over the course of our time together at Brown. If there were indeed a camera, it would have captured the first time we met (he was wearing a yellow t-shirt this night - the color of the late summer sun moments before it begins to set).

It would have captured the night that it took me until the sun began to rise to ungracefully tell him I still had feelings for him (and, luckily, him for me, too).

Some odd months later, it would have captured a particularly memorable night. We hadn't been our old selves at all that semester - we had barely found time to see each other at all. This night, however, I was determined to restore some sense of our old bond; some feeling of normalcy. He knew me better than anyone at Brown, and I so desperately needed him back in my life. I sat across the room from him as we ate our Ivy Room take-out, bringing him up to date on my semester, my family, my friends. As we spoke across the room, all the old feelings came rushing back, as they always did when I spent time with him. And so began our dance - for hours, late into the night, we moved around each other, eventually finding ourselves in our old position (his leg draped over mine, my head on his shoulder).

Then, our first kiss in what felt like an eternity. Then, "I miss you"s. I was holding him, my best friend, tighter than I'd held anyone before as we tearfully exchanged apologies for the months of distance; for the hurt we had caused each other. We slept in this embrace, holding one another tightly through the night.

I sometimes do wish all of this was captured on camera, but just the memory - and our love - is more than enough for me.

The first time I kissed my girlfriend was the first time I kissed another woman. It was my first year at Brown. I had a tough first semester coming out of the bad ending of a high school relationship and trying to find my way at Brown. I had known that I liked women, but never had previously had a romantic or intimate relationship with a woman before. My girlfriend and I met on Tinder and it took her 4 months to respond to my "Hey" message (not my best work). Our first date was coffee at Starbucks on Thayer and I could not have been more nervous. I shook her hand when I walked in and asked lots of questions. Afterwards, we walked back towards my dorm and parted way on the corner of Thayer Street and George Street. I wasn't sure what was going to happen so we hugged and agreed to see each other soon. The next week I went over to her room. She left to go to the bathroom (now I know it was because she had to fart) and I sat on her bed nervously. We talked when she got back, sitting across from each other on the bed. I felt my skin warm and my heart continued to beat quickly. After a while, she asked if she could kiss me. I was shaking as we kissed, but it was the good kind of nervous. Even though I didn't know it at the time, that would be the start of a blissful spring and summer, and over two years later, we are about to move in together. Rather than a single moment, this has been over 2 years of queer learning--learning about how I love, how I hurt, and how I want to engage with my own queerness.

## Sharpe Refectory (The Ratty)



Ivy Room

Freshman year,  
different times

I made the first queer friends of my life at Brown. There were no openly gay men in my high school, and when I arrived on campus, I had only ever had sexual interactions with queer men. Over several late night Ivy Room smoothies and falafel wraps I became close friends with three amazing, lovely people. Although we had hooked up with each other initially, we collectively decided to instead build a platonic friend group. We ate together, laughed together, navigated queer spaces together, grew together, and supported each other through difficult times in our lives. After a particularly traumatic event happened to me my junior year, I met with one of them in the Ivy Room for dinner. When I told them what had happened, although I remained calm, they began crying. In that moment, when it was evident that my pain was theirs too, I realized how deeply I was loved. Platonic queer friendship has taught me the radical beauty and potential of queer community, helped me better understand my own queerness, and shown me an entirely different meaning of queer love. Huge thanks to the Ivy Room for bringing us together.

Ratty cave/  
Blue Room

2017 Spring!  
(other instance  
April 2019)

I was a first-year, sitting at a table at lunch talking to a friend about my girlfriend at the time. In the moments following, my friend told me they were questioning their sexuality, and we ended up having a long conversation about preferences and queer politics. Conversations like this have happened several more times throughout my Brown career. And as a junior, I've learned so much just by talking to other people over meals about our individual experiences with sexuality. That friend actually outed me days later to someone whom I was not ready to tell. I was furious especially since they should have understood wanting their queerness to still be ~secret.~ It hurt our friendship really badly, and we've bounced back a little since, but I don't know I'll trust them again. Granted, though, I'm a lot more comfortable with my own queerness in general but on campus especially. Brown feels super gay sometimes, though (as someone mentioned to me a few weeks ago) in the queer women community, it can feel like there's "social capital" to being a little bicurious...but also maybe that's just bi-erasure.

## Keeney Quadrangle

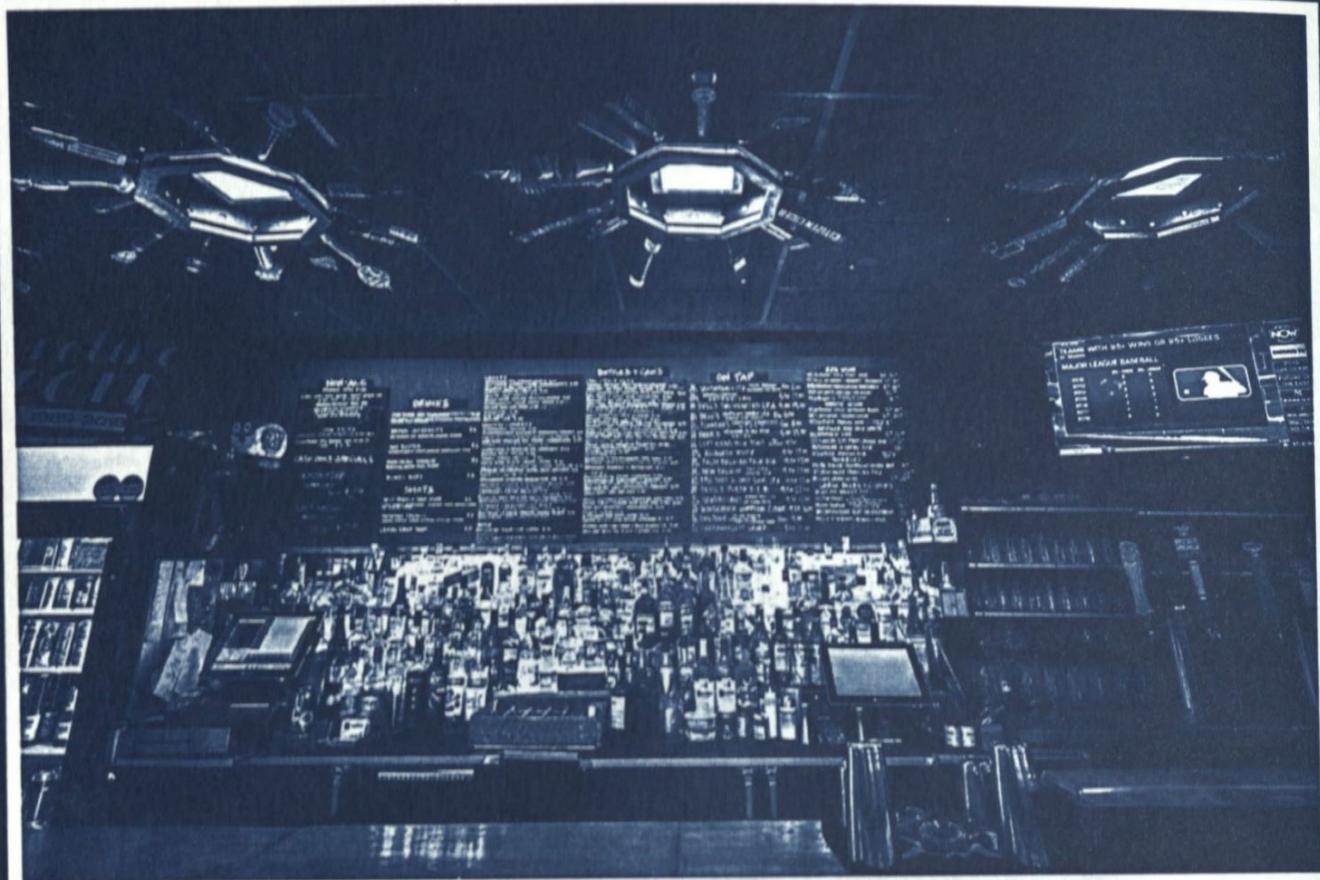


Everett Laundry  
Room

Fall 2016

My moment revolves around the moment when you find new family. It was freshman fall, no more than 2 months into the semester, and we were in the laundry room "working," a.k.a. talking endlessly. The pure joy that poured from us like the heat from the dryers filled the room. From the laugh lines on our faces birthed a friendship that would last lifetimes. I can't wait to know you forever friend. Thank you for trusting me. I love you dearly. <3

## Grad Center Bar (GCB)



The GCB

---

March 2019

I sat with my now girlfriend at the GCB and she put her arm around me and kept it there all night. Showing queer affection in public has made me nervous in the past, but in that moment I felt safe and held and proud and just happy to be next to her. It surprised me that all of a sudden I could feel comfortable being gay in public. That moment reminded me of how much I want to do with my beautiful queer life and how the way I feel about it can change and grow and become what I always dreamed it could be.

## Watermyn Co-Op



Watermyn Co-op

---

2010

I got quite the education from queers living at Watermyn House in 2010. I can't remember specifics because it was many small things from relationships with queers and proximity to queers, which was new to me and quite eye opening. Now I ID as queer, went through a gender transition for a bit, and am a queer community organizer :-)

## Brown & Angell Streets



On Brown Street,  
around Angell  
Street.

1983

I first told someone that I thought I was gay at Brown, and she told me that she thought she was a lesbian. It was, for both of us, a first coming out moment.

## Thayer Street

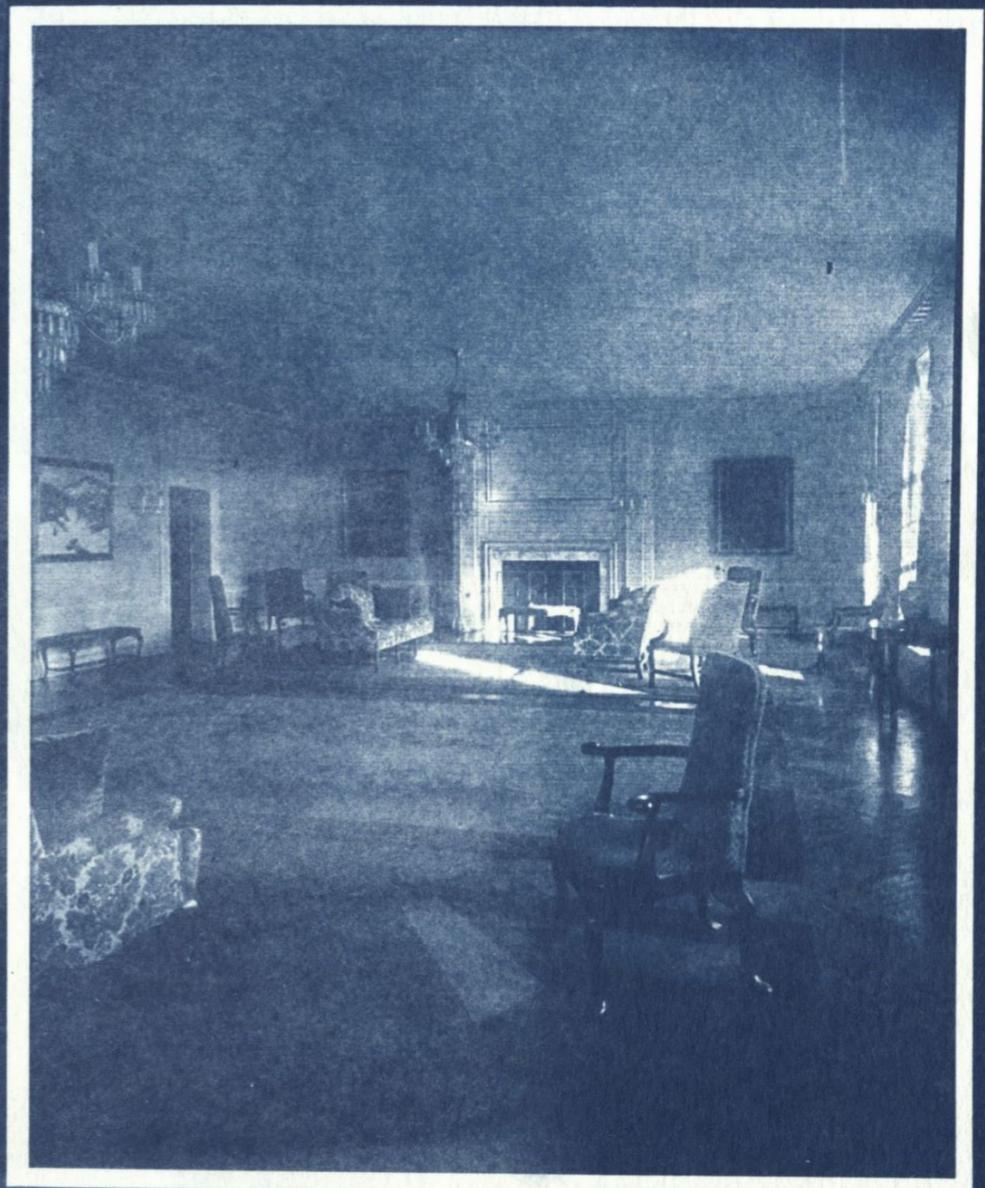


On a walk  
through campus

Nighttime, spring  
2018

The first time I really tried to impress a queer crush. Persistently. It felt so new but I felt so certain about it. Through this whole experience I learned to feel so confident in my queerness and just take it on as my identity. I started to see all the ways it has fit into my life forever and has shaped me, made me feel things, influenced my choices and development. It just really felt like my queerness was in action – fervently, consistently, assuredly, and out in the open – for the first time.

## Alumnae Hall



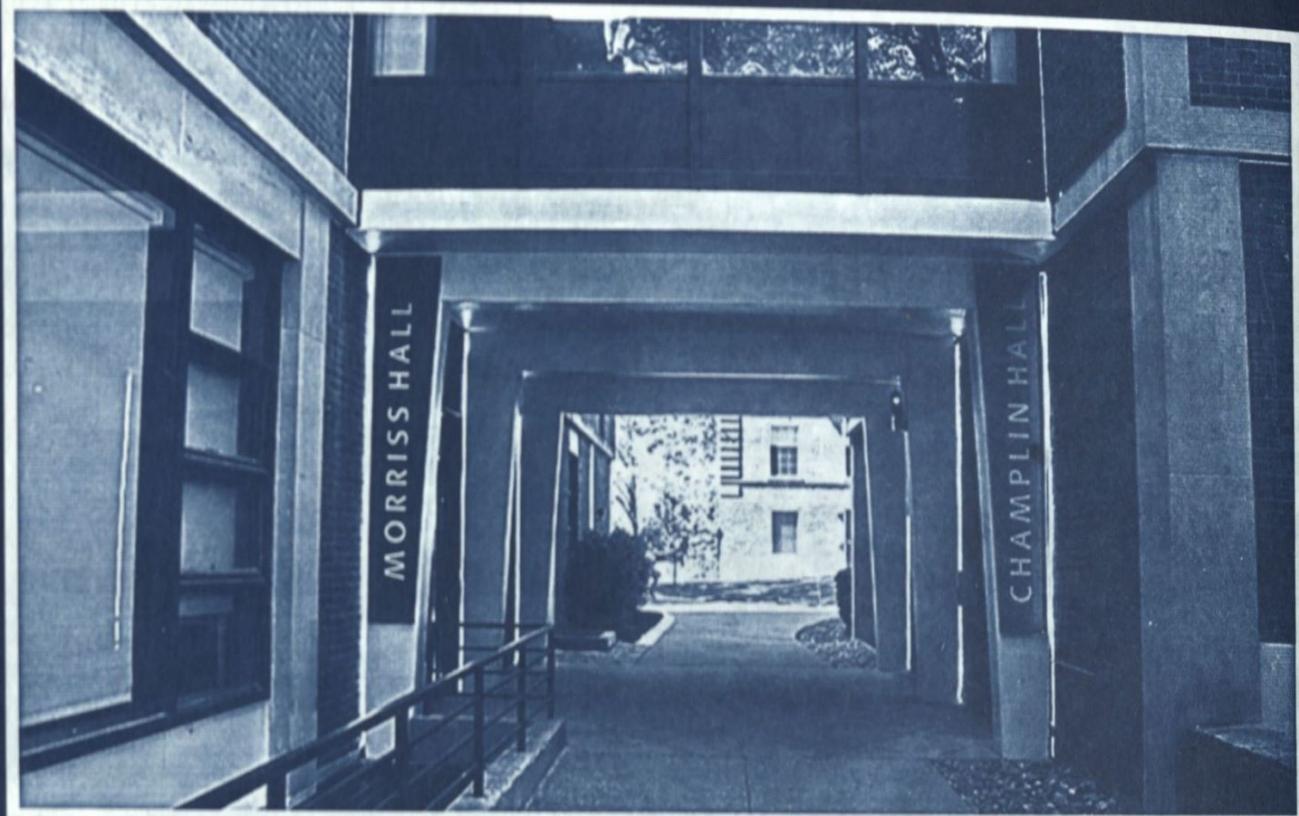
Alumnae Hall,  
Crystal Room

Spring of 1969

At the time, it was the expectation that Pembroke students would hope to date Brown men. But we never partook in that tradition, my best friend and I. It took us until our fourth year at the college to realize that our companionship was something other than a friendship. We went to The Gate (the snack bar in Alumnae Hall at the time) for snacks one afternoon. Before we knew it, it was midnight and we were all alone in the Crystal Room, our treats long gone.

We kissed that night, and I've never kissed another woman since. We make sure to pay a visit to the Crystal Room every time we return to campus now. It will always be a room filled with our love.

## Morriss-Champlin Arch



Morriss Arch

\_\_\_\_\_  
Nighttime, during  
the week,  
winter 2017

I remember the first time I dropped “I’m gay” in conversation with an acquaintance. We ran into each other under Morriss Arch. I learned so much about myself just by trusting my instincts, going with them, and just the feeling of being safe to do so. It was little moments like these that have inspired me to live my identity and build off the rush of authenticity. It felt brave. It felt good. And so I kept doing it more. And more.

## Machado House



Machado House  
Dorm Room

\_\_\_\_\_  
2019

So many moments in this room. So many smiles and tears, so many ‘first’s, so much love, so much learning. I learned trust from the first ‘I love you’ that fell clumsily from my lips on the snowy night right before Winter Break. Amber Mark’s “Love is Stronger than Pride” played softly while we exchanged gifts and read our notes to one another aloud. I took a long pause before reading the last line I had written to you. Then you told me you loved me too, and we cried and laughed and loved until we fell asleep in each other’s arms. Months later, when we realized that neither of us had ever danced (I mean middle-school-style, last-song-of-the-night, slow-danced) with another boy, I learned the feeling of normalcy in my queerness. Swaying around in your arms, and holding you in mine, we were kids again -- returned to middle school, but as our full, gay selves. At Brown, I have learned strength and vulnerability in my queerness, joy and sadness, rebelliousness and regret. I have fallen so completely in love with you here. I learned the steady sound of your sleeping breaths in this Machado bedroom, and hope to re-learn them every night as I fall asleep.

The nature of queer experience can often be one of privacy: quiet words exchanged between individuals or a look into the mirror in solitude. Moments of queerness can also be loud, radical, combustive, and widely heard. All of these stories should be documented. The mission of this book is to share these stories, moments, and experiences with one another, to document them, immortalize them and, effectively, to ‘queer the space’ which is Brown University’s campus.

This project hopes to offer a crowd-sourced archive and public record of our communal learning as queer folks. It aims to harness our collective voice to document that queerness has been here before, lives here today, and belongs here tomorrow. Each contribution may serve as affirmation, validation, or education for another queer person.

Specifically, the prompt for the enclosed entries asked about “moments of queer learning” on Brown’s campus. “Learning,” in this sense, could take the form of pain, joy, strength, normalcy, defiance, defeat, love, loneliness -- anything.

**‘Map of Queer of Learning - Brown University’**  
was conceptualized, compiled,  
cyanotype-printed, and hand-bound  
by Mark Séjourné in May, 2019.

The experiences documented within were  
contributed by a number of anonymous  
Brown University students and alumni dating  
back to the class of 1969.