

free
being
queer
is
PRICELESS.

HE75 1693

Bank of Scotland

HE75 1693

twoe pride
aug 26

twoepride@kafefqueeria.org.uk

Granifesto

Hello lovelies,

Great to see you all out enjoying yourselves. When it comes to Manchester Pride I've seen it all...from our jumble sale beginnings to the Glitzy affair we see today. Me and the girls at the Queer's Institute have a few Queeries we'd like to share with you, to get you thinking and talking about what Pride celebrations can be and what they are now.

- Why are you here? What draws you to Pride?
- What does "Pride" mean to you?
- Do you feel represented by Pride?
- Are you getting as much out of Pride as you'd like?
- What is our LGBTQ history and how can we know more? What is our LGBTQ future and how can we best shape it?
- How is our identity more than how we look and what labels we wear?
- Is corporate sponsorship and commercialisation necessary to celebrating Queer Identity?
- How do you feel about your identity being used as a site for marketing?
- How do you feel about LGBTQ community groups being placed in a peripheral area during Pride?
- How do you feel about Pride being a pay to get in event?
- Would you welcome greater transparency about where the funds for Pride come from, and go to?
- Keeping in mind the origins of Pride as a grassroots volunteer-run political event, what do you think of Pride and the spirit in which it's run today?
- Should charities have to pay to join in the Parade? What other ways this money could be found?
- How does our Queer identity intersect with other identities such as class, gender, age, ability, race and Nationality? Are all of these identities represented and treated as equal within the Pride, and within Village life?

...and finally... What questions would you ask?

Interested in following up these queeries?:

- Come to a roundtable discussion at Get Bent!, 02/09/06, 5.30-7.00, The Burlington Rooms(beside John Rylands Library), Oxford Road. (see flyer at the end of this zine)
- Post comments at www.kaffequeeria.org.uk/events.htm
- Join a Manchester based informal Queer Theory and issues discussion group, starting late September. E-mail queeries@riseup.net.

>A Quote for you:

>

> "I hate to break it to you, but homosexuality is not
>normal. That's what makes it so entertaining."

>

>-- Bruce LaBruce, in the forward to Ride, Queer, Ride.

>

>

>My weekend started in a lesbian bar in Sacramento,
>facing off in the men's bathroom with a long tall
>drink of water in a 10 gallon hat. He was so friendly
>I thought he was going to try and shake my (as yet
>unwashed) hand. This was my first encounter with the
>Gay Rodeo Champions.

>

>I had gone because it was a fundraiser benefit for a
>local boy's top surgery. It was a motley crowd. There
>were local drag kings with their sleek urban hipster
>girlfriends. There were drunken drag queens wearing
>clothes that no girl would consent to, as well as
>sensible tranny girls, mullet dykes, paraprofessional
>lesbians in their post-office casual wear, gay rodeo
>cowboys in wigs trying to pretend to be in drag, and
>lastly various parents and siblings in their assorted
>housedresses and jeans. I had a fabulous time,
>partially because it was campy and totally unpolished,
>but mostly because it was so genuine. It was all these
>random snippets of queer life in sacramento that would
>normally never consent to being in the same room. In
>short, it was like some kind of gay middle school
>talent show, complete with the lanky, awkward
>lip-syncing.

>Thanks,

>-Lauran W



I hang my head in gay shame for:
any GLBTQ who votes Republican
the amount of drug usage that goes on within the gay
community
those individuals who negatively influence the
stereotypes of gay culture
those individuals who do not stand up for
racial/cultural/religious injustices
(forgetting that we too are a part of a community that
is oppressed)
the underlying animosity that exists between most
lesbians and gays
the fact that we can't pull together as a community
and share a common voice

Rebecca Nickum



Straight-Acting Inc.

Bouncing, cloned gay boys
Feed Aryan dreams
Father monotheist
Tasteless, empty feast
Suppress us with your blandness
from corporate, cloned grandness

Buy your attitude
Buy your looks
Feed your ego
Fuck the world

Discriminate with wealth
Discriminate on health
You live the lie
Hitler-corporate pie

Queer together now
People of passion and view
Bring together the old and the new
Rough and smooth
Make the move
Ruffle the blandness
With diverse rainbow madness

Turn the tide
For the real Queer Pride.



Cairo Zoo in the mid-March Heat

Stumbling and confusion at the gates
Green paint cracked and forlorn
We stand outside, in awe
of the crazy, greedy atmosphere
That is 'the Egyptian way'

On walking through, their heads begin to turn
They laugh and point.

Shrugging it off we walk the spiral path
Being followed in gangs.
I feel their eyes stinging
My hackles.

Threatening now; the shouts from
Razor-sharp tongues
They hiss and spit and cry 'baksheesh, baksheesh!
Children begging laughing smug

It seems we're good for a pound
Or two.

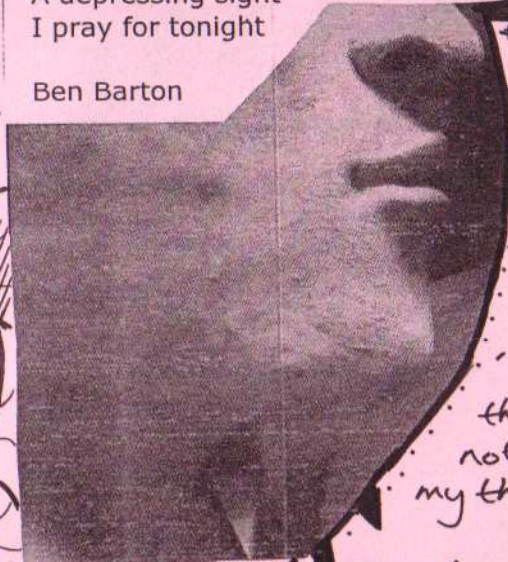
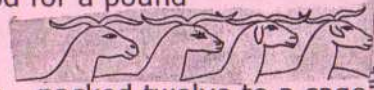
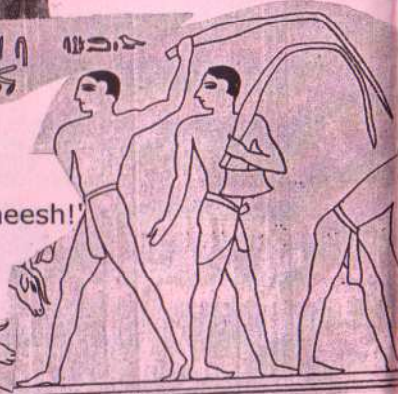
The animal's worst - packed twelve to a cage
A depressing sight
I pray for tonight

Ben Barton

Only Fruit

You are the only fruit
filled with love and guilt

I see you standing there
under branches
Forever bleak and bare



What it is to be proud!
Proud should be "shout out
loud!", over the moon with
yourself despite your crap
clothes or frightful hair.
Don't fit in? Well,
so much the better. To say
'This is what I believe in and
this is what I think; fashion's
not for me. I'd rather retain
my thoughts and individuality.'

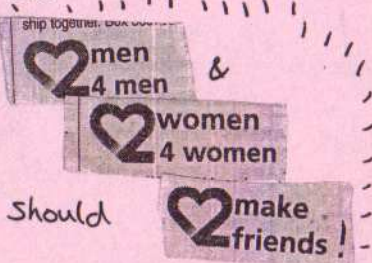
Gareth C

Homophobia can be very queer

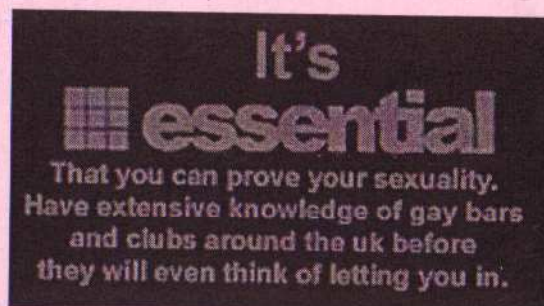
You would think if you went into the gay village you would find an inclusive attitude not exclusive attitude. Where in SOME clubs/bars you are told you can't get in because the door staff take one look at you and tell you your not gay, perhaps your too femme, too butch or perhaps you just don't look the part to be seen in their club. At the same time a trendy straight couple holding hands kissing have no problem getting through the doors of this seemingly gay night club. However how dare someone tell me what my sexuality is and then add insult to injury having to prove and justify my sexuality by giving names of lesbian magazines or to give a list of gay bars. Does this mean I can only be really gay if I only go to gay bars? Door staff are needed they are there to do a very valuable job. However with this attitude think of the damage this could cause for someone who just come to terms with their sexuality and have plucked up the courage to go out on the scene for the first time. Door staff are there to make sure everyone has a happy safe time, and to stop the certain few who are out to cause trouble. Because I don't fit into what they see as the standardised gay look, and I don't live the scene 24/7 does that mean I am a trouble maker?

Homophobia is alive and kicking within the gay scene and within the gay community. Yes you can be gay and homophobic. Being gay doesn't give you the right to put down ostracise someone who isn't quite the same as you. As far as I am concerned nobody is the same as me we are all unique and different in our own special way. Comments like look at her she looks like a man, you would as well being with a guy if you were to go out with her, she looks too femme to be gay, look at that tranny she's not a lesbian she's just a straight man dressed in women's clothes, don't go near her she's bisexual she will leave you for a bit of dick in the end. Attitudes like these from some members of the gay community, (we have all heard them before) are disgusting, they are homophobic, sexist and prejudiced. At pride this year, they will be out and proud, shouting out to the wider community to accept them because they are gay. I think first and foremost they need to accept their own gay community. Realise that sexuality is not black and white there are multitudes of shades in between and the way gay people look, peoples' gender is just as diverse. Lets have a pride that celebrates diversity that's inclusive not exclusive.

Jane



.... seriously



Pin K Pound Snake!

Why not use your

calfskin loafers

How do I say to them,
square jaws,
broad shoulders,
How do I say to them,
sunrise skin
neat rows of white teeth
smooth round biceps
with their
wheat field hair crew cut
lake Michigan eyes calm
smiling faces peach and honey fed
strong solid feet in calfskin loafers

How do I say
that in front of them I feel dirty
sooty broken teeth & stubby hands

little

forgettable

cringing mangy dog
expecting All-American Sneer
relieved when gold curtained eyes
gaze over my head

I say my queer heart beats harder than
these j. crew gays

but part of me
part

me
wishes I could lie down in warm picnic fields

AMERICANA

When you kiss me
I hope you taste
Doritos©
and
Coca-cola©
and
when I cum
I bet it tastes
Like Krispy-Creme©

poems
by
Fergus

MEN IN SUITS

I did not drown.
I drowned a dream.
I had dreamt I would
Conform.
Men in suits,
Boys in school uniform

I'd dreamt of how
I'd march through life,
Proudly wear
Clothes men have worn,
Men in suits,
Boys in school uniform

Tight, white clothes
Can disguise
In handsome shades of truth
What kills or cripples youth.
Their hearts look smart.
They are smart. Not warm
Men in suits,
Boys in school uniform

I did not drown.
I drowned a dream
Of dressing in their style
When I learnt I *never* would.
I *never* could, not while
What filled my heart
Would tear and gash.
Viciously fighting
For designer trash
I heard the sound
Of a shirt getting torn.
Men in suits
Boys in school uniform

So I stripped down to
My swimming trunks!
Derobed desire
Of trendy junk
Competitive greed
Was now defunct,
I dived in the water
Clean and free
Able to see,
'Til of course, I was dunked,
My head pushed under
With a big ker-plunk
They clawed up my back,
Ripping out chunks
To climb over my head,
While slowly I sunk

But I did not drown
In the goo and gur,
For a moment
I felt dazed and drunk
But my confidence
Was far from shrunk.
I did not drown.
Let's make that clear.
I drowned a dream.
I'm still here.
Now I know I will never
Want to conform.
Never wish to be accepted
As the 'norm'
To fit some comfortably
Stale form.
We can find success
Without greed or scorn
If we unlearn what we're taught
from the moment we're born,
Men in suits,
Boys in school uniform.

d. berry

KEBAB

My love for you won't falter.
Can't ease without you in me.
Come on, now, soothe my aching sleepless dream.

Get me
On my feet and back home,
Just past the tightening dancers,
Where every screw's a life that could have been.

Get me
Warm. All calm and greasy,
Fat and numb. Now, send me
Like bedtime fairy stories Mum would read.
A little treat of something's all I need.

You say: "Love, don't be sad and empty,
Breathe my heat and press your lips to me.
I'll bite your tongue then slide in your saliva.
Hot and moist, I clog up all your feeling."

You're stodging up my senses.
Your hug is like an anchor
That pulls me to the closest bed I found.
Under sheets, like hiding underground
Hear the night. It's just some distant sound
Of stupid dancers screaming, "It's your round!"
Car alarms and hen parties are drowned.
I'm all right
'til tomorrow night
Then once again the queen will get de-crowned,
And I'll be at the kebab counter, counting pound by pound

To buy your love, I am not sad and empty.
Bring me love. I'll ease with you in me,
So bring me love or clog up all my feeling.
No alarm. Clogging up my feeling.
Safe from harm, I'm clogging all my feeling
'Til I'm gone

d. berry 2006

Thank You Mr. Commercial Pride
For your privileged middle-class
Gay White Male Homophobia
And Corporate Oppression!
Thank you for fundraising
operations and foundations
for camp gay men and
butch lesbian women...
Fuck You—There are all kinds of Queens!!!

TOMORROW, I WILL GO DANCING

Today I'm eating margarine straight from the tub
And I feel so dirty, however hard I scrub.
With my wrists unbandaged, I'm trying not to rub
But I've got so many sores that need lancing
Then tomorrow, I will go dancing.

My fingernails are rusty. My skins full of ills
My chest is hot and tender as my stomach spills
But tomorrow I'm going to find some little pills
See everything about me needs enhancing.
Tomorrow, I will go dancing.

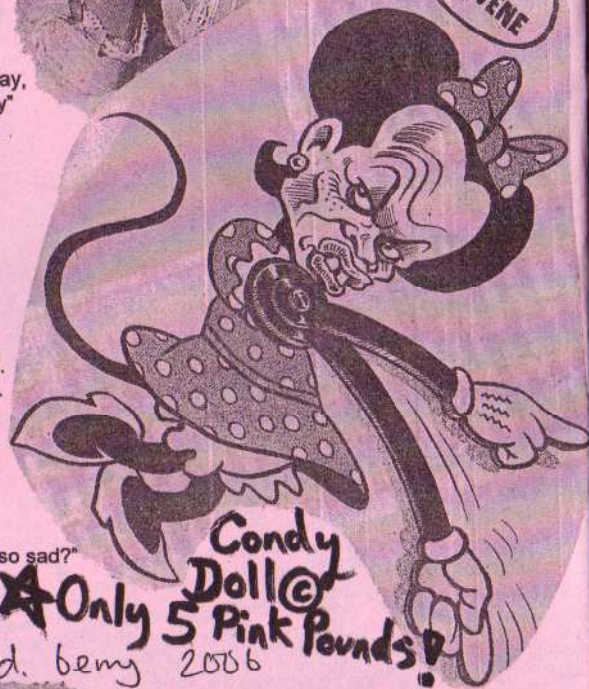
Tomorrow you'll go dancing, in your glitter and tat,
You drink it quick then throw it up. You never get fat.
Laughing, smiling, and all that goes with that,
Today, I feel anxieties advancing.
Tomorrow, I will go dancing.

I can hear my father's voice, warped and splintered today,
He says "Misery will find you, boy, you'll never get away"
My dick feels like a beehive on a warm, summer's day
When the pretty things are preening and prancing.
Tomorrow, I will go dancing.

Everyone there's friendly. Falling into song.
I want to be loved. I've been lonely for so long
Tomorrow is a vessel, sail way from all this wrong
Where the bitches say I'm ugly and can't sing.
Tomorrow, I will go dancing.

Today, I feel your laughter and it's gnawing in my head.
It is biting out the blisters where you burned until I bled.
If I panic 'til I can't breathe, feel I'd be better dead,
Well, I tell myself the risk is worth chancing
So tomorrow, I will go dancing.

I want to join the happy crowds, be glorious and glad.
I want to like pop music and never feel bad.
My therapist keeps saying, "Why do you choose to be so sad?"
I say, "You don't know anything... but if you're asking,
Tomorrow, I will go dancing."



Condy Doll
★ Only 5 Pink Pounds!
d. bemy 2006



Love song for a bike (because we like bikes!) Twee Pride

(song for the one I have been sore sweating over
a minimum of two times daily since I got back to Manchester)

rain or shine
hands gripped tight white
missed so much been in my dreams at night
never forget
never forget cause it's like riding a -

hike up my skirt
one leg over the back
attack the pavement with black rubber
there is no other for me
'cept he/she versus gravity

front and rear suspension of all apprehension
the moment we hit the ground
and I've found that along with all the clicks and whirrs
the back wheel purrs
when I take the corner just right

sunlight view from two wheels
sidewalk peels
this feels so damn good after months without -
I'm back with my bike
and as I head out I think there's only one thing missing here:

it's the specially dedicated soundtrack love song
with loud guitars and Sleater-Kinney as my backing singers

one two three

^^
kick! 3

STOLEN BIKE HAIKU #4
I watch every bike
wishing to see that blue frame
Then his ass is mine



STOLEN BIKE HAIKU #1
My wheels have been nicked
Faced with transportation hell
Walking is too slow

STOLEN BIKE HAIKU #2
This bus ride is shit
Urine smell wafting close by
Who has my damn bike?

STOLEN BIKE HAIKU #3
Meant to spray it pink
Protect it with stickered mess
Too frikin late now

Michelle Green

The Tanzania Boat Lady

There comes a point in your life where you realise that you don't necessarily have all that much in common with your parents. Often this leads to the problem of not really having very much to say to them. I think that this is a problem that I have with my parents. However, as both my parents are sterling people, who have done a jolly good job of bringing me up, I really enjoy the fact that they are a part of my life. And so to get around the fact of our lack of common ground, I often find myself working out strategies to involve them more in who I am and in what I am doing. This poem is about one of those strategies.

I was lying in bed some months ago and I was thinking about names.
And I started to think how unfair it was that my parents got to make up names for me,
But I didn't get to make up any names for them.
They got to call me Matthew James, when they could have picked anything.
Oberon for example.

While I was stuck with calling them "mum and dad."

So I decided that what I would do was make up some new names for my parents.
I decided that I would call my mother "The Tanzania Boat Lady",
And that my dad would be called "Mr Tangerine Man".

And I went and sat on my parents' bed the other month and explained this to them.

Now my dad was not particularly keen on this idea.
Partly because he thought it was completely stupid,
And partly because he was asleep.

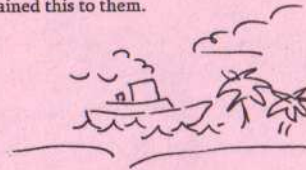
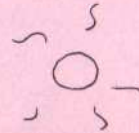
But my mum got really into it.
In fact, she took to her new role with alacrity.
And now, whenever I ring her up to speak to her, she'll pick up the phone and
I'll always say, "Hello. Is that the Tanzania Boat Lady?"
And she'll say, "Yes, yes it is."
And I'll say, "How are you? And more importantly, how are your boats?"
And she'll tell me.

Which is nice.

Apparently they have been in storage for the past few months, as the weather has been very bad.
But she will soon be taking them out and she intends to sail the seven seas, possibly in search of porpoises.

And when she does this, I think what a great idea the concept of the Tanzania Boat Lady was. I think how great it is that we have the opportunity to create ourselves anew every morning, no matter what our names are. And I'm filled with hope that life is so full of possibilities for being. Because now, no matter how dull our days have been, when we speak to each other in the evenings, we can forget the fact that we might not really have very much to say to one another and instead we can sail away together on the endless, sunlit waters of the Indian Ocean.

Matthew Bellwood



And finally

Where are all the Gay People?

Where are all the gay people?
In rock bands who pick up guitars and scream
Their anger and disgust at the world

Where are all the gay people?
Who are proud every day
Not just at pride where they fart about in feather boas

Where are all the gays
Who wore the pink triangle?
Is society moving towards a Social Holocaust?

Where are all the old gays?
Did they become extinct like the Dinosaurs?
Left as fossils on Canal Street
Where are all the young gays?
Who don't like Kylie and can leave the house
With Pumpkins not Prada
And whose conversations are not consumed with the
Cancer of Celebrity

Where are all the gay poets, anarchists, Feminists, DJs, Writers and Freedom Fighters?

Where are all the gays on the internet?
A sea of porn and cheap casual sex
I delete wave after wave of boredom
Where are all the gay people on TV?
Those just like you and me?
Not portrayed as some Camp Celebrity!

Where are all the gays who challenge the Churches, have cool tattoos
And talk about gay animals in zoos.
Adopt their own children, raise money for Charity and care about people
Other than ME ME ME ME ME!

Where are all the gay people??? We need to meet them!

Brownie

↑
↑
↑
↑
Gay people this way

↑
↑
↑
↑

☆ ?
? ☆
? ☆
? ☆

They are killing to
keep the oil flowing

Kaffequeria - All Genders, All Ages, Vegan Food



Get Bent!



1st-3rd
September
in Manchester

Friday Night

Fancy Cabaret & Performance
Nights with 'Get Bent' CD/
Zine Launch

7pm - Late

Saturday All Day

Live Music &
Workshops

2pm - Late

Sunday Afternoon

Basement Brunch

11am - 2pm

Women's Café (Not on
a Sunday!)

2pm - 6pm

Venues:

Friday & Sunday @ Basement
Cafe, 24 Lever Street, M1

Saturday @ Manchester University
Campus (Burlington Rooms)

Entry on Donation
(Free - £5)

Please check our website for
the full details

www.kaffequeria.org.uk

Here's a timeline of some events linked to queer movements and pride events. The problem with timelines is that a lot of things just seem to 'happen'; it's hard to tell when they started and when they finished. This timeline covers some events major and not so major in recent queer history in the UK with a focus on Manchester. This is by no means complete or exhaustive!

4th June 1964

first meeting of the North West Homosexual Law Reform Committee marks the beginning of organised queer politics in Manchester

1st January 1965

police harrassment of a Costume Ball in San Francisco mobilised activists there five years before New York's Stonewall riots

27th-28th June 1969

Stonewall riots. When police raided the Stonewall Inn in Greenwich Village, New York, the queer clientele fought back. This victory against the police inspired many queer groups

Autumn 1970

The Gay Liberation Front started in London, linking itself to the Women's Liberation and Black Power movements, it called for an overthrow of all oppressive systems

1st July 1972

The first gay pride march took place in London

12th December 1986

Manchester's Chief Constable James Anderton made a speech – which he claimed was inspired by God – at a conference on HIV/Aids in which he declared that those at risk of contracting HIV were “swirling around in a human cesspit of their own making”

20th February 1988

The Manchester march and rally against Clause 28 – the homophobic legislation that was to pass into the law books as Section 28 – drew a crowd of 20,000 protesters to the streets of Manchester, the largest demonstration in the country

Early 1990s

A spontaneous vigil in the Village organised in memory of a man who died as a result of HIV/Aids turned into a yearly event over the August Bank Holiday Weekend

1991

The Carnival of Fun, an early forerunner of pride, was designed to raise funds for a local hospital ward treating people with Aids.

£15 Bank of England £15

HE79 189 FIFTEEN

"Can I buy

my pride

back,

please?"

Pounds

tweepride

aug26

tweepride@kaffequeria.org.uk