

RADICAL QUEER BRISTOLIAN



VOL. 2

Queers stand with
Palestine

OUR LOVE IS
EVERYWHERE



CONTENTS & CREDITS

Cover by *Daniel Newton*

Queers Stand With Palestine by *Anon*

A Manifesto For Bisexual Crisis by *Daniel Newton*

Disabled Sapphics by *Liliom*

Make Queer Spaces More Accessible by *Anon*

Who Keeps Us Safe by *TSN*

Bones Fused Wrong by *Kai Charles*

Unregulated Gender by *Anon*

Everything Is Connected by *Ayden*

Becoming A Queer Parent by *Anon*

Words Fail Us – But Mushrooms Might Help by *Gender Criminal*

DIY by *Dandelion*

Who Do We Think We Are? by *Ayden & Anon*

Yaffa by *Anon*

(editing/layout by Ayden)

Fuck copyright – reproduce, share, and distribute

A MANIFESTO FOR (BI)SEXUAL CRISIS:

Not all bisexual people are radicals. But ‘bisexual’ can be a radical identity. Bisexuals operate outside our understandings of sexuality – we are not one or the other, we are not this or that, we are everything and nothing, one and the other, this and that and a slice of cake all at the same time. Our attraction is not fixed to either men or women, but is fluid in our attraction to anyone beyond gender. We are not simple or easily definable, we are complex and difficult to understand. Hell, most bisexuals find the label inadequate for their sexualities. This puts us in a uniquely queer position to really challenge what it means to question authority, liberate ourselves from labels, confront patriarchy, dismantle the family and monogamy, and experience radical love. I’m calling this *making a crisis*.

But whether or not we use the label, attraction to multiple genders is being coopted. Just as capitalism sinks its claws into anything radical ready to commodify and bastardise and simplify it, bisexuality* risks falling into the same fate. Liberalism tells us that the more we talk about things, the more content we can consume, the more accepting we must be. And bisexuality has recently become a larger part of the mainstream in the UK: more books about bisexuality are being written and mainstream representations of bisexuality are popping up everywhere (not least the Netflix sensation *Heartstopper*). We talk about bisexuality more, there are more things to read and watch and consume, therefore we must be accepting of bisexuals too. “Look! Bisexuals can come spend money in this supermarket!” or “Hey, you too can be bisexual in this 10-step guide – copyrighted!”

This gives us the false impression that first, we can simply spend our way towards liberation – going to see Disney films where they tease a same-sex kiss or reading books where a character stands up for their bi-ness: “Uhm, actually I’m not gay/straight, I’m bisexual!”. And second, that people are even *want* to understand or ‘tolerate’ us. ‘Tolerance’ has not made LGBTQIA+ lives safer – rising hate crimes, like the gay man left with his nose, eye socket and cheekbone broken outside Bristol’s Seamus O’Donnell’s, shows us that hollow characters preaching their sexuality will not save us. These do not help create desperately needed bisexual safe-

spaces – even queer ‘safe-spaces’ suffer with bisexual discrimination. To be bisexual, in the current way we understand sexualities, is to be hidden. Ever worried about appearing not queer enough? Ever been called just straight/just gay by other queer people for being in a straight/gay-presenting relationship? Ever just called yourself gay to not have to deal with a more complex discussion about your sexuality? Unlike the dreamy queer communities that shows like Heartstopper try to showcase, the reality is that the complexities of our sexualities make it almost impossible to see representation that truly reflects us all. We are purposely difficult to define, and that means any attempt to ‘represent’ us feels hollow and forced. Of course this doesn’t mean there shouldn’t be *any* representation, but that this will not be our liberation, and searching for representation on how best to be bi will never satisfy us.

So what does liberation look like? Instead of fitting *in* to the system, we *need to create crisis*.

Liberation fights against all forms of imposed, authoritarian regulations on how we can live and love – you must be gay or straight, you must have kids by 40, etc. Early queer and bisexual political movements started with this very goal in mind! They refused gay and lesbian assimilationist politics - fitting into the capitalist patriarchal system, becoming private property owners, becoming CEOs by dominating others, joining the army to drop bombs on other (queer) people and calling it ‘liberation’. Liberation (which means *for everyone*) is not achieved in stepping on the necks of another person. A boot on one person’s neck is a boot on all our necks. Early queer bisexuals across the world pushed against and parodied what is deemed ‘normal’—subverting what people are ‘supposed’ to wear, forming new kinds of kinships away from the nuclear Family, sticking a middle finger up to monogamy and marriage, or saying a massive fuck you to colonial powers that export aallll of these norms. Liberation means fundamentally changing how we understand property (like owning another person in marriage), patriarchal norms (like gender binaries), and fighting for the liberation of everyone—queer or not—across the world.

Being a crisis means living that liberation today, here and now.

Bisexuality is at risk of being turned into a commodity and losing its radicality. We bisexuals rarely know how cool being bisexual really can be. Following past queer and bisexual liberation movements, we must fight for a radical bisexuality, which doesn't mean necessarily demanding representation in films and TV shows and books. Our fight comes in building bisexual communities that don't assimilate, in talking about bisexuality with absolutely everyone, in embracing the awesome power of living in resistance to heteronormativity (the norms that straightness enforces – monogamy, gender, patriarchy, gayness). I only realised just how many people around me were also bi when I began talking about my sexuality and asking questions. “Why don't people get my sexuality?”, “why do I struggle to pass as bisexual?”, “where do I learn about what it means to be bi?” Bi communities help us understand ourselves and embrace our complexities. It allows us to fight against the simplification of our sexualities, against the commodification of bi-ness, and turn bisexuality into a crisis.

Liberation is what we make of it. No one else is going to provide it for us, certainly no multi-national corporation. By making bisexual crisis, we say no to unrepresentative representations of bisexuality. By making a crisis, we fuck with the simple minds and the simplified structures enforced by patriarchal capitalism. By making bisexuality a crisis, we deny capitalism getting its grubby little hands on us.

Bisexuality must be a crisis – that is our power, that is our radicality.

*in this instance, I'm using 'bisexuality' as an umbrella label to describe anyone attracted to more than one gender. Some people identify as pansexual or demisexual which should not be understated. But for ease, I am referring to attraction to multiple genders under 'bisexuality'.

imaginaries.uk

Make
queer spaces



Accessible

Making queer and radical spaces more accessible

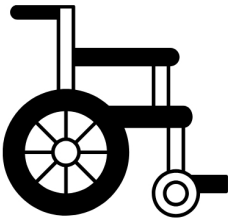
Include accessibility in the planning stages
Make accessibility integral to your planning
not an afterthought

- Learn at least basic sign language
- Ramps
- Quiet area within your space
- Fragrance free and low fragrance space
- Advertise in advance (we often need more time to plan)
- Make it easy to give feedback
- Involve disabled folks in planning
- Audio versions of things you create

Be explicit and upfront
about your accessibility

Mobility within your space

Making sure you not only have access into the building but enough space to safely move around. Tightly packed spaces make it hard for wheelchair users and blind people to move around.



Moving around as a wheelchair user or a blind person is like an obstacle course

Covid & illness precautions

Air filters & ventilation

Face masks (FFP or better), Covid tests

Covid is an ongoing mass disabling event.

1 in 10 people who have covid will develop long covid

Disabled people are not collateral damage
and immunocompromised people deserve to access
spaces safely

Who keeps us safe?

Threats to trans people's safety can come from anywhere from random bigots to organised hate groups to the highest levels of the state. Anti-trans harm can come from our boss, from the doctors who claim to be there to help us or even from our own families.

Trans Safety Network are a research collective exploring and analysing institutional and organised harm against trans people in the UK. We work to inform and spread awareness to prevent harm to trans people. We are an abolitionist organisation, working for liberation not assimilation.

Who keeps us safe? We keep us safe.

**TRANS
SAFETY
NETWORK**

transafety.network

 [transsafetynetwork](https://twitter.com/transsafetynetwork)

 [transsafetynetwork](https://soundcloud.com/transsafetynetwork)

 [trans_safety](https://twitter.com/trans_safety)

 [transsafetynetwork](https://www.instagram.com/transsafetynetwork)

Donate



BONES FUSED WRONG

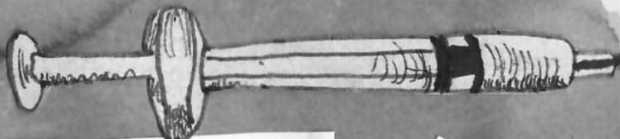
To experience trauma whilst in the grip of poverty
Is to break your leg and have to crawl onwards without rest or splint.
It breaks and for a moment you are blinded by pain,
For a moment you scream.
But you have no time,
If you stop something terrible you have been dragging yourself from
your entire life
Will finally reach you.

And so you bite back your scream,
Put off feeling for later,
And drag yourself onwards.

And if your bones fuse wrong.
If each step sends pain shooting through every limb,
So what?
You cannot stop.
You must keep going.

And if one day it will kill you,
If slowly it takes everything from you,
So what?
You have no time.
You must keep going.

I have heard people say that poverty motivates,
And they're right in a sense,
But it is not the ambition drawn from passion that they see,
Rather it is the desperation born from terror.
I would destroy myself slowly to survive another day.

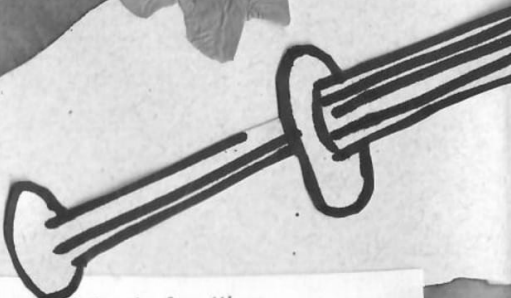


I think most people regard those of us who DIY our hormones with a mixture of pity and disdain; we're seen as just an unfortunate necessity given the state of UK trans healthcare.

However, at least for myself, DIY is not the last resort, but the first, because of the incredible agency it has given me over my body.

UNREGULATED

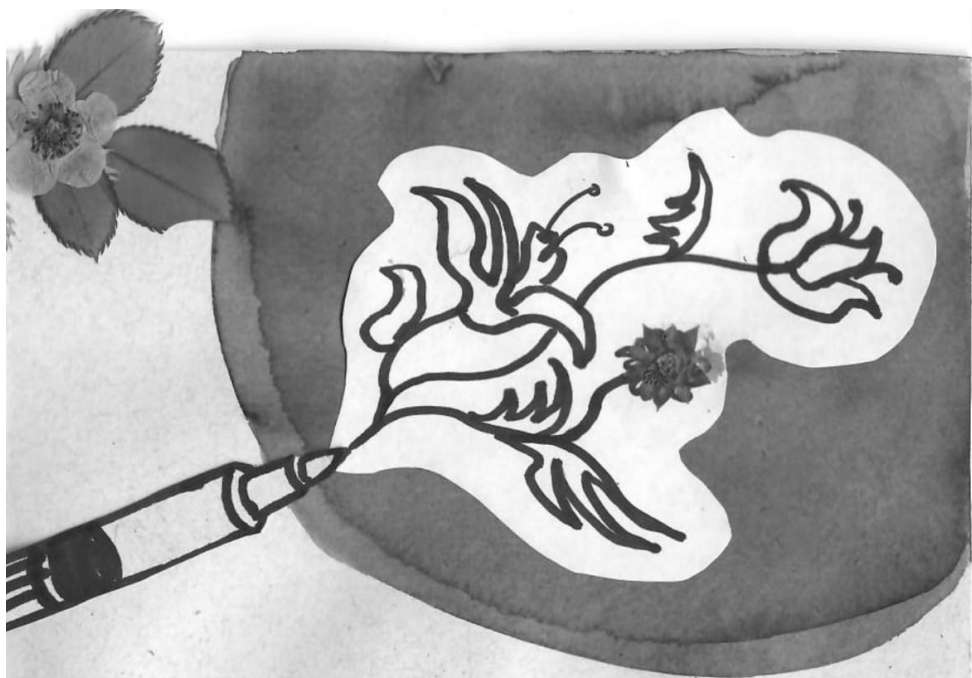
GENDER



As it stands in this country, the "correct" method of getting hormones is to subject ourselves to humiliating psychiatric assessments; grovel to healthcare providers as we answer stupid questions.

How get fucked or fuck, were we abused as children, are we autistic, do we act femme/masc enough to be credible in our transition? These questions are meant to explain/contain us as we are pushed into boxes that either make our genders legible to cis people or explain our desires as pathologies.

By DIYing hormones, we venture definitively into unregulated space- taking control of our own bodies without permission or a need to explain ourselves.



For myself, it has been a huge benefit to not have to justify my sense of gender to a "professional". What cis society demands from trans people is reassurance, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that we will not detransition. They regard the transgender body as inferior to the cisgender body, and therefore detransition is considered the worst tragedy- a body that could have been cisgender.

Personally, I could not be 100% certain that I would not regret the effects of T; but I decided it was a risk worth taking because joy is worth pursuing. Whilst this might seem unbelievably reckless to terfs, I am at peace with the way transition/detransition might blur the interpretation of my body. After all, if I decide to reverse these changes later, then I am in no worse a position than the people transitioning in the opposite direction to me, and anyway I admire them a great deal. There is no reason to be afraid of detransition, once one realises that a trans body is not so monstrous.

Similarly, I am able to start and stop my transition as feels right to me, without having to mediate with irrelevant third parties. The default of doctors seems to be to prevent us taking hormones, and every pause is considered to undermine our gender authenticity or dedication to an orderly transition.

In a clinic the assumption of cis identity- unless compellingly proven otherwise- puts pressure on us to conform to trans-medicalist narratives or risk losing access to trans healthcare. The emphasis on physical transition is clearly a continuation of the emphasis of "biology" as gender, an extension of the cis body ideal. However, for myself and many others, how far we want to transition physically is an open question. Like our social identities the answer is often not some internal fixed or "real" truth to be discovered in a gender clinic, but an ongoing journey we have to reconcile ourselves with. For myself I am undecided as to what extent I want my body to be apparently harmonious or contradictory to my social gender.

For some, the moral failing of DIY is its association with the illegal. It's worth highlighting that buying and using T or E for personal use is not illegal, nor is even telling other trans people where you got yours from. Still, even beyond these practicalities, DIY is looked upon with disdain and fear. Whilst this is worth a longer conversation, suffice to say that I think that the idea of "crime" sort of short-circuits people's moral responses to things: and I don't think the morality of taking hormones would be changed if tomorrow the transphobic government outlawed HRT completely.

I think another concern for people is the way DIY is considered dangerous to health. Whilst it would be better if my hormones were "pharma grade" rather than bought through a dealer, I think it is easy to overestimate the risk. The mitigation of risks is an important part of DIYing HRT: Learning about DIY and taking precautions brings responsibility into my own hands. Still, this isn't such a bad thing once you realise how badly informed (if not transphobic) most doctors and even plenty of endocrinologists are about HRT. It seems to be common practise to microdose hormones to trans people for no good reason for months to years at a time- perhaps to give us time to decide to detransition before it's too late!

(Author's note: DIY is more risky for those who are immunocompromised)

I manage risks by getting regular blood tests through my disapproving GP, always using new needles for injections, using a source recommended to me by other trans people, keeping my dosage sensible and I watch for signs my vial might have gone bad- particulates, a cored vial or a strong yellow colour instantly writes off a vial. Saying this, even a bad injection or some slightly off hormones is unlikely to have any disastrous health consequences. So many people seem to think they are one bad injection away from instant death!

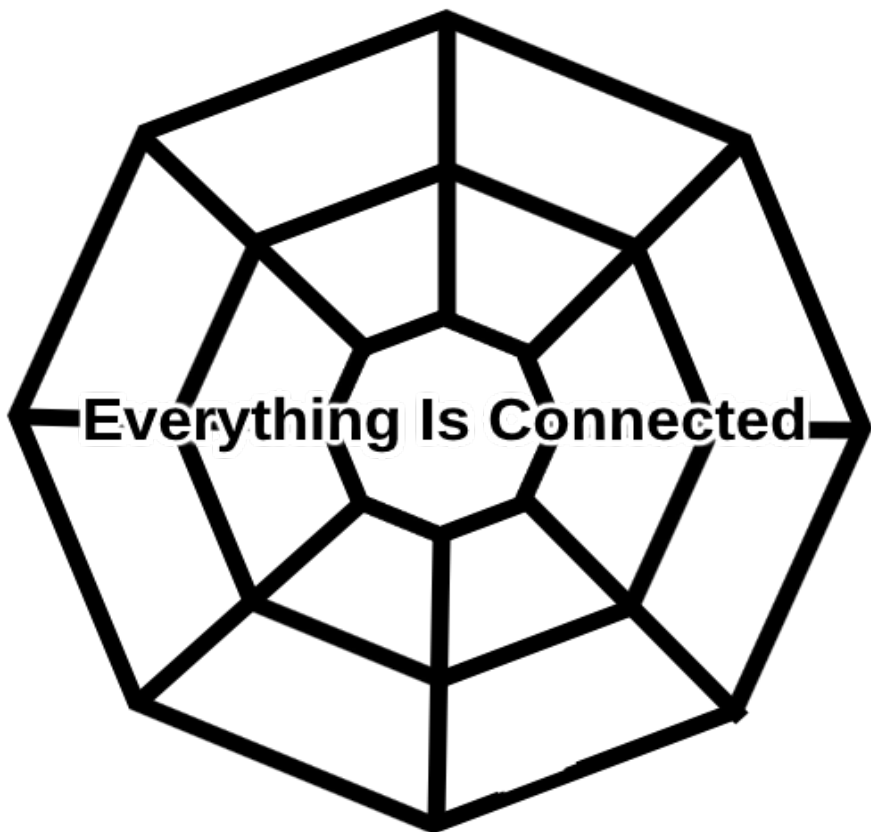
A huge reason I have felt safe to pursue DIY is because of the amazing resources and advice provided by other Queers. Both online and in-person, the collective knowledgebase and reassurance has shown me that community empowerment is something we make for ourselves, not ask to be granted. As formal healthcare options become ever more precarious, I think more people will come to rely on DIY for survival: but we are not the "unfortunate" section of the community so much as the most self-reliant. DIY offers an alternative to state/corporate healthcare- rather than begging for their help we are just creating changes for ourselves. As trans people we have always crossed the boundaries of what is acceptable, and why shouldn't we take a little illicit HRT for our illegal genders.

I wonder will happen as we give the world a little

Of the irresistible taste

Of





When I first stood with other LGBTQ people it was clear to me that while we all have our own unique identities, that we were all in the same struggle. We weren't just looking out for each other out of charity. We knew we shared the same burning desire to break out of the strictly policed boxes of sexuality, gender, and romance we were told to crush ourselves into. It isn't your fight and my fight, it is our fight.

The more you look, the more you see these connections everywhere. I'm not a woman, but in feminism I saw allies in the fight for the right to choose what we do with our bodies, and who we do it with. I saw a shared enemy in patriarchy, and I saw similar battles against everything from harassment on the street to poor

treatment at work. I joined unions and fought with them (and within them) against these injustices. From fellow queers, fellow Bristolians and fellow workers, there were lessons on the importance of fighting racism and ablism. In learning what it mean to try and build space for all LGBTQ people.

These connections spread far beyond our immediate surroundings. A web of shared desires, shared loves, shared struggles. I've never fled a country, but I know that until everywhere is safe for all of us, that no LGBTQ movement is complete without supporting refugee rights. A government that treats people differently from who they are, and a society that tolerates that, is an obvious threat to all of us. I know that supporting refugees also means protecting the environment and helping to end wars. None of us can do everything, but we are so much stronger when we recognise that for good and ill none of us live single issue lives.

I'm not driven by some foolish quest to save the world (well, not just). I'm driven by the fight for my freedom, with the recognition that supporting other people makes that fight easier not just for them but for me as well. A tightrope walk of altruism and selfishness. It's because of this opposition to all forms of oppression that I call myself an anarchist. I don't mind what anyone calls themselves, but I hope we can all use the connections we share to spread a little more peace, love, and anarchism.



BECOMING A QUEER PARENT

It's 1.30am in late April, and after a couple of days in labour and getting induced, a massive grey blob is briefly put on my tummy, before being whisked away to have fluid sucked from their lungs. One of my partners stays besides me for reassurance during the stitching. I didn't need it, though; with all the NOS, opiates, and fluid pumped through my spine, I barely noticed I was bleeding out. Our little squidgling's other co-parent had rushed over to make sure they weren't blinded by all the lights shone at their face, and to check they were breathing okay.

After a while, our baby was back on me, the hordes of medical staff had left, and the four of us were left alone. We sang to them for the first time: "the only thing that people want to know about you, is what's inside your nappy; should they buy you pink or blue? Well all I care about is if it's pee or if it's poo, 'coz you're my little baby and I love you through and through...". That's *Children's Song* by queer anarcho-folk singer Evan Greer, by the way. The performance wasn't planned, but we thought it the perfect way to introduce our baby to the world. You see, we had agreed to start off by raising them gender-neutral.

Right from the start, we hit problems; even before B was born, we had a midwife tell us what gender she thought they were, according to their sex. In the first day of B's life, I was repeatedly mis-gendered as "mum" by the hospital staff, despite my preferred pronouns being plastered all over my hospital records and birth plan. The same happened to little B, too (though community midwives and health visitors were much better at this).

In the years to follow, we found ourselves explaining over and over about B's gender. The usual questions are "name", "age", and "boy or girl" – but eyes often glaze over at the mention of "gender-neutral", and "pronouns".

In fairness, the eyes don't always glaze – reactions can be quite varied. From just the casual "oh", to "but is it a boy or a girl?", to an hour's long conversation on a park bench, discussing the general fucked-up-ness of gendering children. Once, we even got the comically-unsolicited "Oh I don't agree with that!" (Spoiler: we weren't asking whether you did or not).

Other experiences have been: wider family not always respecting pronouns, or long talks with other kids about gender, trying to find the simplest way to explain complicated social constructs, with that child then announcing that they too think they're not the gender assigned to them. Though such talks can come with the worry of being accused of "indoctrinating the youth" with "the queer agenda"!

One of my favourite pastimes is seeing the assumptions people make about B's gender (with such certainty!), and trying to guess their reasons. Because B's wearing blue? A dress? Dungarees? Carrying a doll? B gets called a boy a lot when we're hiking in the middle of nowhere – even by a couple of queer women on their own cycling adventure. I don't always correct people; sometimes I can't be bothered with another long discussion, or I want B to hear it to see how it sits with them. So, why have we started B off gender-neutral?

1) My own experience of growing up – I was raised a girl, but never felt this fit me. Most people on first sight (with my short hair and broad stature) thought me a boy, which to be honest I liked, even if my mum told them: "she's a girl actually!".

Growing up under Section 28 and living in suburbia, struggling around my sexuality and sexual abuse, I wasn't able to realise my identity as non-binary until university in my early 20's, and it took years more before I changed my pronouns and name.

I decided I didn't want my child to go through that; from the start I wanted them to be able to play around with their gender, and thought the best way to do this was to raise them neutrally. As they get older I fully expect them to test whether being a "boy" or "girl" fits them or not at all, and I will respect this and adjust my language. But we want them to be free to start with a blank slate, and be able to experiment as easily as possible.

2) To minimise the effects of restrictive gender norms. This one gets a lot of sympathy from parents struggling to get their girls out of pink dresses and climbing a tree, or whose boys just want to play with fake guns all day. It's shocking how much kids' media still tells them how they should behave and think, based on what's between their legs. I feel capitalist culture wants to reinforce these divides, to pit us against one another.

We all want our kids to have freedom and choice in their lives, not feel restricted or have their happiness curbed. I want boys to be able to play dress-up with dolls, and girls to be adventurous and get covered in mud, and a lot of parents do push their kids to do these things. Raising our kid gender-neutral helps combat (or at least postpone!) this indoctrination.

3) It seems perverse putting a gender on someone so young. Why do we need to know someone's genitalia? Surely the main reasons are either medical, or relating to sexual compatibility? For me it doesn't matter, I like the person, and don't care what they have. But for people to be so intent on knowing the details of an infant's groin just seems bizarre or gross.

We'll see how B's nursery deals with gender-neutral pronouns, and whether they're able to think outside the binary. Maybe one day B will want a gender reveal party; we can always throw them another later, if they change their mind. I am often surprised that more queer families aren't raising "theybies", and would like to hear more of their reasons.

So what about co-parenting? It wasn't something we'd planned in detail. I'd wanted a kid for years, but it took time to convince my cis-male partner, then a couple more years of trying. The timing wasn't ideal when I did fall pregnant; I was a live-in carer for a friend's mum, had just started a new relationship, and our housing co-op didn't have a home yet. So the race was on to find one!

Meanwhile one of the other members of the co-op had shown some interest in group co-parenting, so we started to discuss it more. We talked about parenting styles, what we wanted to change from our own upbringings, and what we liked. What we were looking forward to, and how much energy and time we had to help with B's upbringing. Also our worries and fears, our strengths and weaknesses. We planned for the birth, and how I wanted them both to be there. I had wanted my other partner there too, but the hospital limited us to two supporters, so that caused some tension with my new partner.

So what are the benefits of three parents? Well, more time to meet our own needs is one, though I found out early on (and even now) that being the birth parent has meant a lot of childcare has landed on me, mostly due to breastfeeding and co-sleeping (tip: if more than one of you has breasts,

consider using lactation hormones to allow more than one to breastfeed; I imagine this makes things a lot easier and more equal!).

Having more time for ourselves translates into B getting better attention, and less stressed-out parents. We do still sometimes struggle; I don't know how people manage with one or two parents, especially if you're working. B also has more role models with different skills and strengths, and there are more of us to share costs. Having more extended family is a mixed bag, mostly it's good to have more family to help out, but also it means more work arranging and travelling to visit families.

What can be difficult are our differing boundaries for B – mostly around diet and screen time – and stress when we aren't getting our own basic needs met. We have meetings and long chats, and try to resolve things when we aren't angry. Having more parents can also mean more negotiating, and less freedom when planning adventures.

Just as with gender, we come up again against other people's assumptions – i.e. that B has two parents, and that they are a couple. Sometimes it's simpler to go along with this than explain, especially when dealing with bureaucracies. The non-biological parent also sometimes feels their connection to B is ignored or devalued – for example in the pile of birth “congrats!” cards, addressed to only the two biological parents.

And child-rearing brings up tensions regarding us parents' gender, too. As two of the co-parent team are non-binary, it made sense for us that none of us get special parenting titles. Kids' media is chock full of gendered language for parents which doesn't reflect B's lived reality (as well as songs normalising other hierarchies and forms of exploitation, like animal farming – but that's a whole other article). On one hand, it's useful that they'll have an idea what terms like 'mum' and 'dad' mean, but it may also lead to confusion at home. It's a shame there are so few stories – or so few songs and videos – reflecting other types of parents.

Soon after B's birth, I came across a WhatsApp group called the Bristol Queer Parents (also on Instagram), who were “set up to create a space of freedom and acceptance for families within our community and for our children to see families that resemble their own. Sadly the fight for equity is far from over, and our oppression is utilised as a tool for political point-scoring. As a collective, we stand against a political landscape that seeks

to dehumanise and other our members, and with all of those experiencing oppression. Our group is a safe space for community, play, sharing, and protest. Most of our sessions are picnics or play dates, but we have also marched together at Pride, made banners for Palestine, hosted film screenings & numerous talks centred on pushing against gender binaries in parenting, and on access to fertility treatments for prospective parents, and the different rights attached to parenting outside of heteronormative standards.” We soon joined up and it’s been great.

So what does the future hold? Like any family resisting mainstream norms, we’ll do our best to help B make sense of the differences between our ideas and the wider society, and hope we’ve given them what they need to have the best chance of navigating the world in their own way.



WORDS FAIL US – BUT MUSHROOMS MIGHT HELP

It is my firm belief that miscommunications are the root of all conflict.

When we organise we navigate speaking a variety of different languages in order to achieve a common goal, emotional languages in particular. We are also working with differing moral compasses, political agendas. The 'left' isn't failing because we can't agree on our common goals. We are failing each other because we haven't curated structures of communicating with one another through conflict and dehumanisation that consistently transforms disharmony into solutions.

'Words fail me' is something I have hit more and more this year. We move in a world that is deliberately diluting language, from social media censorship to beating protestors who scream for Trans rights, Palestine, Sudan and Congo. Beyond this, we have experiences and happenings which are indescribable. Trauma is that which is beyond language. It is a horror that we cannot articulate. The words stick on the way up.

We're familiar with the term 'silence is violence', but that phrase isn't just about speaking up about injustice. There's a silence within all of us. Something that has happened to us, or maybe that we have done ourselves, so unutterable that the absence swallows everything around it. We lock down. And working in an environment that's not just high pressure, but actively re-traumatising. It's so important for our communities to take a collectivised responsibility to find ways to understand each other as these silences are reactivated, sometimes reincarnated, in our interpersonal relationships with each other as we fight for our better world.

WHAT AM I TRYING TO SAY?

When we are in conflict it is unpleasant, and if we are to survive we must find ways to make each other feel safe communicating with each other.

Mushrooms are based on principles of interdependence, collaboration and connection. Parasitic or otherwise, mushrooms 'talk' with plants, insects and mammals throughout the ecosystem. Their hyphae interconnect with trees and other mushrooms to form the mycelium network.

Mushroom communications dynamic and currently mysterious combinations of chemical and electrical signals. They're inescapably interdependent and proactive conversationalists, consistently translating the needs of their surrounding mycorrhizal mutualisms. The mycelium network is nature's embodiment of a community that thrives by prioritising understanding and mutual cooperation.

Mushrooms urge us to radically reimagine our approach to navigating communication with each other. If we accept our inescapable interdependence with one another, we can sincerely move our cultural consciousness as a queer community into collectivism. If we prioritise understanding (translating) one another, we benefit the community. But from these experiences of connection, we understand ourselves more. I/We/Ourself is not so separate after all.

We must create caring spaces for communication that are transformatively empathic, or risk continuing to fracture as we have done so many times before. Building transformative empathy does not mean excusing harmful behaviour, or enabling it in our

communities. It means confronting conflict with kindness, grace, desire to bridge the gap, allowing our boundaries to be broken down. We must be receptive to understanding how we each need to communicate. This fosters vulnerability and trust when we then come into conflict. Our hyphae expands into the silence.

Words are power, and the foundation of our future as organisers starts here. We don't need to be perfect at communicating or fluent in each other's languages. We just need to prioritise understanding one another, in order to create mutually beneficial (and therefore communally beneficial) solutions. Mycorrhizal communication pathways could be our future in anarchist community building.



USING DIY ART?



Dandelion is a harm reduction information centre and needle exchange for trans+ people self-medicating with hormone therapy.

We offer confidential, non-judgemental support.

Open 6-8PM on the 1st and 3rd Thursday of every month.

BASE

14 Robertson Road,
Easton, Bristol, BS5 6JY

Contact us:
dandeliondiy.com

WHO DO WE THINK WE ARE?!

This zine was created by a bunch of proudly unprofessional queers who like to call Bristol home! Most of us met through Trans Liberation Front, Bristol Anarchist Federation, or at BASE. BASE is a very queer inclusive social centre and anarchist experiment in Easton, est 1995.

We made it to get our radical queer thoughts and feelings down on paper and out into the world. We think everyone deserves to be heard – and we encourage anyone who feels like doing so to also put pen to paper, or finger to keyboard!

We paid for printing out of our pockets, a few donations, and help from a not-for-profit printer! We'd love it if you want to get in touch, download a PDF of this zine, (or last years), browse a plain text version, or to donate to help us cover our costs and create more in future.



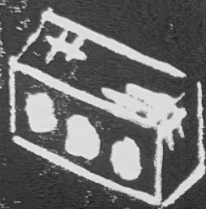
afed.org.uk/queerpride

basebristol.org/

 [@BristolAFed](https://twitter.com/BristolAFed)

 [@TLFBristol](https://www.instagram.com/TLFBristol)

What does it mean
to throw that first



BRICK



Knowing
the
person
next to
you has
your

BACK

BACK



Mx. Yaffa