

SHIPS INTERNATIONALLY
100% GALICIAN BEEF



SPAIN
IN THE
ASS



can you handle it?

BUY NOW
"HORNY SPANISH BULL"

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LAND OF HEAVEN
UNITED QUEERDOM

QUEER JOURNEYS



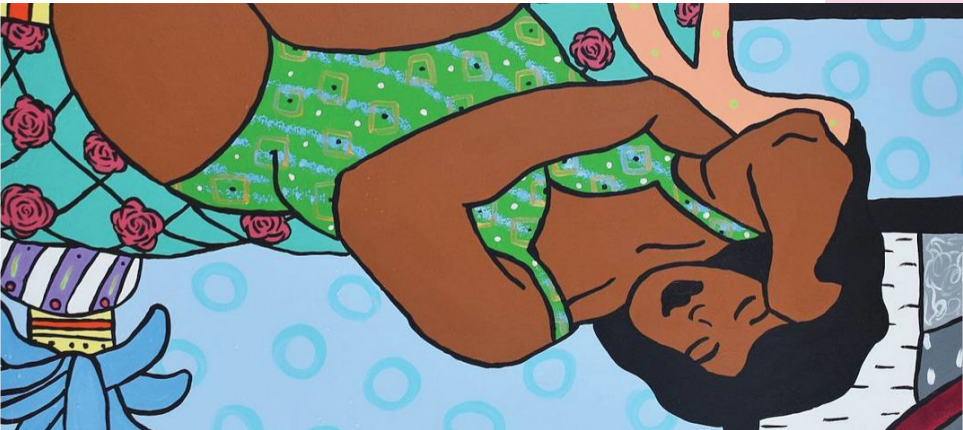
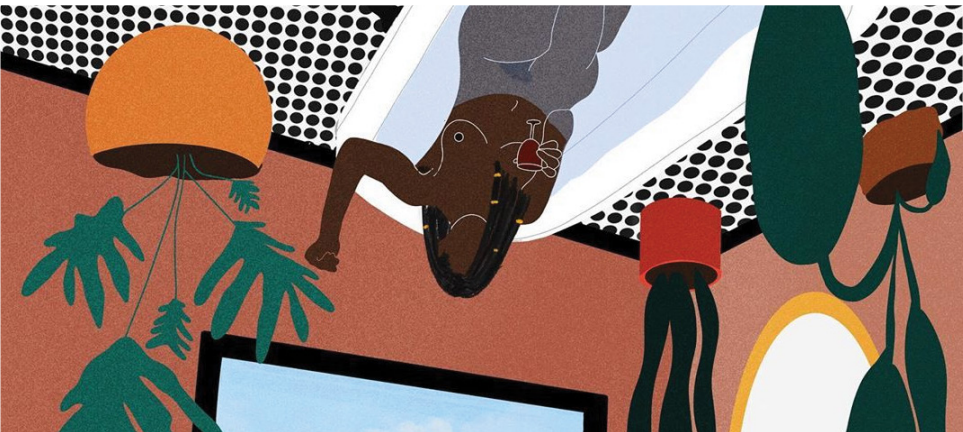
New research has shown that significant events can leave chemical mark on persons's genes which then is passed down to subsequent generations. I'd like to think that that summer afternoon had left a mark somewhere in his blood and now runs deep in my queer veins.

memories not my own.

Years passed and all I have now are these photographs of dead men staring back at me from the memories not my own.

When they climbed up the grassy bank to dry out in the late afternoon sun, the friend got really close to my grandfather. He put his hand on his neck, leaned towards him and tried to kiss him. My grandfather punched him in the face in response, well, at least that's what he told me.

It was august of another summer, long time ago. My grandfather went down to the river with a friend whose name I cannot recall. Or maybe he didn't mention it. They swam in a cold refreshing water as the day was hot.



We covered our home with a thick veil, inhabiting silence as a survival strategy. All the words that sustained our delicate balance ended up at the bonfire: house, country, corner, the wrinkle in your eye, your saliva, my hair. We improvise, colliding these tongues that are not ours, digging a nook in the skin that now becomes a flag, insignia, passport, even if we make the effort to remain silent. We make a temporary refuge out of the remaining caresses, a new way of pronouncing our burns, a way of carrying our home in place of our wounds.



in Latin(o)america virgin Mary is a queer woman of colour
she is open flesh
sensual, not sexy
she won't hold your white Jesus
she holds her tit—teta—
and the nightmares of queer children
her crown is rotten bark, burnt bark, warm bark
she smells like orange peels burning on a petrol heater
and bright yellow sopaipillas
she's Mapuche and quechua and two spirits

her eyes are crossing
she isn't looking at you
she looks at the protests
at the raped
at the tortured
at the States
at the desaparecidos

It is impossible to think about "home" and "belonging" without thinking about performing. I think of Jamaica Kincaid's words in her infamous poem "Girl", and am reminded of how it – the show – being a descendant of a people who were once colonized will do that for ya. Hotel industry workers, teachers, nurses, packing boys, receptionists, artists, journalists, me, you, my Bahamian people dem, we are all performers in the play of racial capitalism just trying to survive, and if some of us a re lucky enough, even thrive.

Queerness, as a Black Caribbean person, is a constantly having to "prove" and comfort myself for everyone's palate. Where can I go? Where is a safe place back "home" that I run to, to reclaim my time? Take off the many masks I wear to acclimate and survive? Just be myself? She makes me feel loved in all of my complex simplicities and I love her for it. In her, I am my freest. In her, I am my queerest. In her, I am reminded I belong to myself before any one, thing, place else.

A haven for my anxiety, keeper of all my deepest pinkest secrets. Colorful toys. The only place where I can smoke weed peacefully. No "pass the blunt". Bathub is the only place where I can play show. As long or loud as I want. Bathub holds me when no one else can.

RECEIPTS OF RESISTANCE

Description	
5	shots of morning orgasms
2	doses of power yoga
1	cup of IDGAF strawberry banana smoothie
2	tablespoons of overthinking and overanalysing
1	box of matches
Handful of assorted colours glitter	
Your favourite Queer Riot soundtrack (any amount of time)	
2007 bags of fake Swarovski crystal (assorted sizes & colours)	
1 litre of %100 Pure Penelope Cruz Accent.	
2	Pata Negra "Black Label" Iberian Ham Legs with silver MANICURE.
Supporting baby gays' queer journeys. House of Riot.	
Pets a.k.a. those two furry potatoes	
Hablar con todos mis tus muertos. The ancestors	
Anger, anger, rabia, rage, enojo parido	
those 6 years in conversion therapy.	
Vaporú. My Uroboro Partner Compañera	
Dead plants, growing plants, scorched plants; propagating	
This zine	

Total Items129

Thank you for shopping.
Card No. 293949590019285

PLEASE RETAIN FOR YOUR RECORDS
FRIDAY 11 SEPTEMBER 2020



I left Algeria when I was 30 years old. I could've left earlier but I think I was giving it a second chance because I was hoping that things might change for the better, so we can live our sexuality freely and without prosecution. Of course, I was wrong. Nothing changed. Algerian gay people are still living discreetly and having to pretend to be something they are not. Many of Algeria's gay population suffer from their own internalised homophobia and find themselves tuning back to Islam, maybe in hope of some divine intervention/conversation to heterosexuals. The bravest of us are still fighting under constant pressure and repeated threats.



"Mama", "Yuma Laziz", "Maman" - this is how my brother and I used to call out mother. We're both gay, and she knew it! I don't think it bothered her as much as she was terrified of the idea to see one of her sons be caught and prosecuted under the Penal Code 1966. Article 333 Acts against nature... As a judge herself, talking about "dismissing a case of a beautiful homosexual young man", she said "He didn't deserve to go to jail just for that". I wondered to myself, why is she saying this while we were having dinner - and in the presence of Dad? "On sen fout! - Who cares!" - it was a predictable reaction from Dad. When I think about it now, it was actually an implicit message from her to encourage me and my brother to come out - which I did many years later. Her name was Fatima. She was pretty, ambitious, bold and a fair woman who stood strong and fearless against Islamist conservatism and sexism despite threats and intimidation - especially during the 1990s Algerian Civil War (the Black Decade).

We always tend to look for a role model among famous and influential people until we realise they have been always very close to us!

IS ALL THIS LOVE GONE FOR NOTHING? I AM NOT A THREAT TO YOU, NO MORE THAN I AM TO MYSELF AND YES, I AM
YOU WANT ME OUTSIDE YOUR COUNTRY, BUT YOU WANT ME INSIDE YOUR BED YOU GA KNOW ME BY SOUND, NO, I AM NOT
I DON'T BELONG WHERE YOU THINK I DO, I LOST MY SENSE OF BELONGING A LONG TIME AGO YOU GA KNOW ME BY NAME
NO, I AM NOT AND YES, I AM I AM AN IMMIGRANT AND YES, I AM
AND YES, I AM NO, I AM NOT
TANNED GAY ATHEIST, NOT WHAT YOU ASSUME, DIRTY MUSLIM TERRORIST I COME HERA TA TAKE UP SPACE! AND YES, I AM
YOU GA KNOW ME BY SOUND, YOU GA KNOW ME BY NAME I AM NOT A THREAT TO YOU, NO MORE THAN I AM TO MYSELF
YOU GA KNOW ME BY NAME I DON'T BELONG WHERE YOU THINK I DO, I LOST MY SENSE OF BELONGING A LONG TIME AGO
TANNED GAY ATHEIST, NOT WHAT YOU ASSUME, DIRTY MUSLIM TERRORIST I COME HERA TA TAKE UP SPACE! NO, I AM NOT