

QUEER STRUGGLE,
SURVIVAL, DEATH,
AND REBIRTH.

THE

FAST

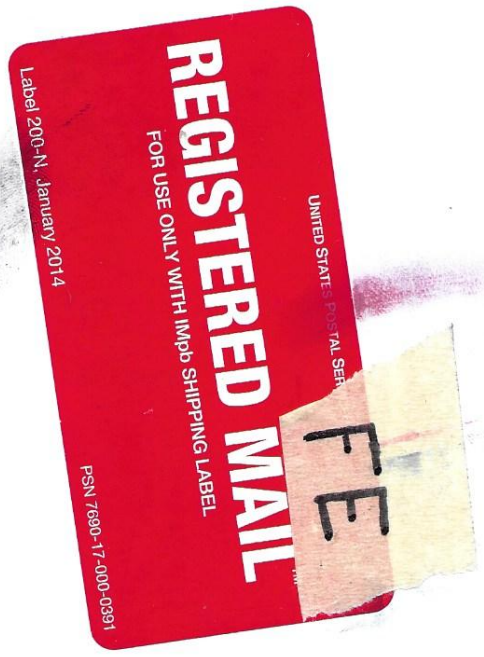
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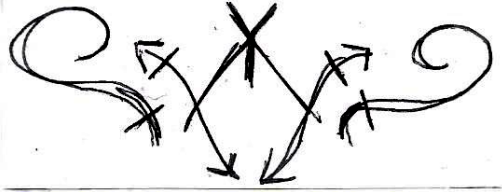
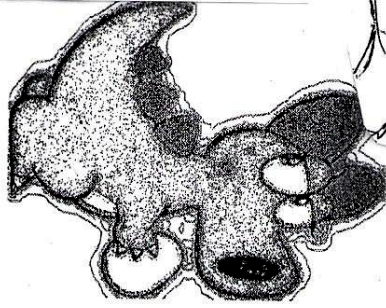
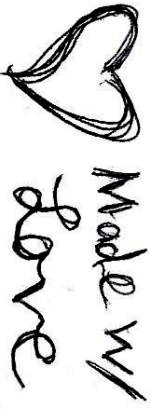
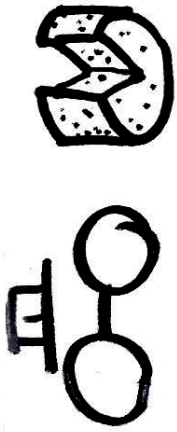
Discussions of murder and abuse, self harm, razors, slurs for queer folks, sex, swear words :(

Written by:

BLAAAT
BOMBER

Formatting and Design:

Curd Nerd



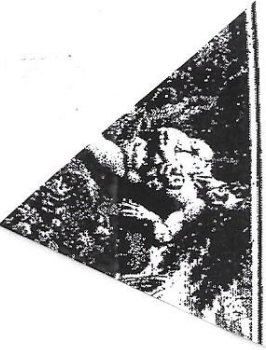
Remember Stonewall. Remember the Compton Cafeteria riots. Remember Houston's Q Patrol that organized to stop queer bashings. Remember the gay freedom fighters that resisted the Nazi regime. Remember the Scythian priestesses that transitioned using horse piss. Remember every person that ever fought back against their abuser. But more than just remember, let these legacies of queer resistance live through you. Embody the everlasting struggle in everything you do and every person you love.

I could also try to go back into the closet. I could've tried being a man and numbed my pain with alcohol and a razor blade on my increasingly masculinizing skin. But every time I forced myself to stay in the closet and hurt myself for my hatred and shame of who I am, I was doing the fascists' job for them. Besides, hiding my queerness never worked anyway. Everyone could always see right through my insecure attempts to act "Normal." I was born a fag and I'll die a fag. I'd rather die as a fag with a molotov cocktail in one hand and a comrade's hand in the other.



No matter what the fascists and pigs do, I will always fuck, fondle, and love whoever and however I want. I will continue to fight fascists in the streets, to get my trans siblings on hormones, to defend myself and my community, to exist loudly and proudly as a degenerate. Realistically, I know that there's a chance I'll end up dead or in prison as things get worse and worse in America, but that's the price to pay for freedom. I already died once when I rejected the boyhood that was forced onto me and was reborn as a woman, and when I die for real, I'll be reborn into the next generation of queer guerrillas against gender. Death is far more preferable than the alternative.

I could always try to assimilate and present myself as "one of the good trans people." But that'd just mean that the fascists would come for me once they're done with the queers that I'd have thrown under the bus.

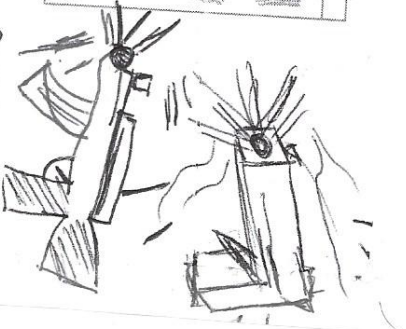
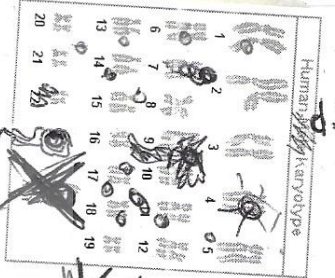
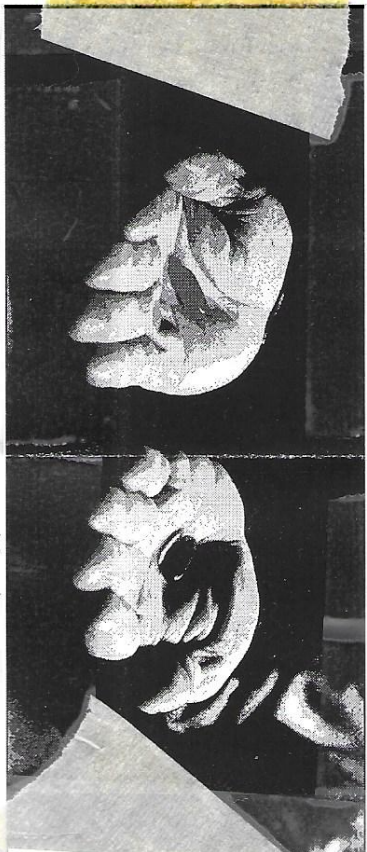
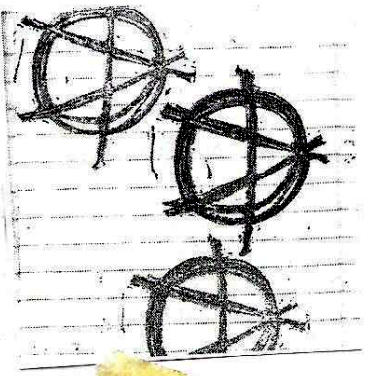


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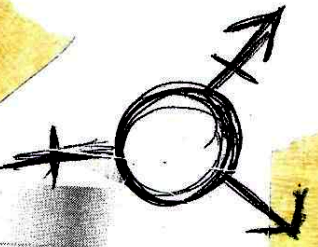
POST.

As I write this, fascists continue working to ~~eradicate~~-ERADICATE trans and queer people, to make sure everyone is as cis, straight, and miserable as them. The fascists in our government take away our medical care, the fascists in our streets attack our events and assault us for daring to exist in public, the fascists in our home deny our identity and kick us out.

Their goal is nothing less than genocide, and to attempt to destroy all queerness. But in choosing this goal, they've already lost. We - the queers, transies, dykes, fags, and every other flavor of degenerate- will always win this battle. They could round us all into camps and we'd just turn those camps into orgies of self-love and queer pride. They could kill every single one of us, but a new generation of little boys who want to wear dresses and little girls who chop off their hair, of people that know they don't fit in anywhere unless they create a space for themselves, of people that do not, can not, and will not fit into straight society's expectations /will/ rise up.



As they take away our access to hormones, we will help each other order them online. As they bash us, we bash back. As we're marginalized and excluded from everywhere, we support one another when nobody else will. Nothing can break our spirits and our love for our queer siblings - that's the one thing the fascists can never take away from us.



I have no illusions that any of this will suddenly get better. I don't believe that the people who've HATED us and bashed us for thousands of years will suddenly see the light if we're just nice and respectable enough. Fuck that.

FUCK THAT.

I don't owe anybody respectability. The only thing I owe to anyone is to be true to myself. I know that people want to see me dead for who I am, and I invite them to that fight. I will always struggle against them because that struggle is my queerness, and it's who I am. It's in my blood and my cum and my makeup that I steal from homophobic companies.