

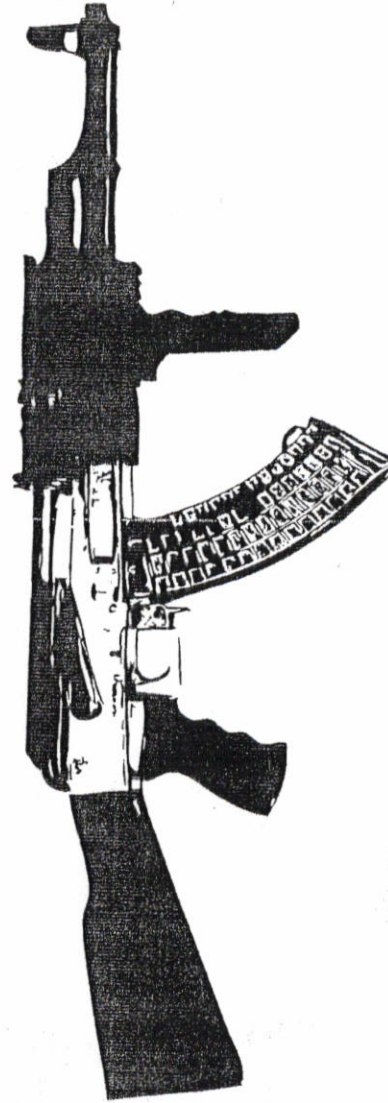


**filth is our politics!
filth is our life!**

**toward the
queerest
insurrection**



Printed clandestinely by the Mary
Nardini gang, criminal queers
from Milwaukee, Wisconsin



let's get
decadent!

X

To be clear:

In 1970, Stonewall veterans, Marsha P. Johnson and Sylvia Rivera founded STAR - Street Transvestite Action Revolutionaries. They opened the STAR house, a radical version of the "house" culture of black and latina queer communities. The house provided a safe and free place for queer and trans street kids to stay. Marsha and Sylvia as the "House Mothers" hustled to pay rent so that the kids would not be forced to. Their "children" scavenged and stole food so that everyone in the house could eat. That's what we call mutual aid!

we aren't supposed to and the other boys at school definitely can't know about it.

In the time between the Stonewall Riots and the outbreak of HIV, the queer community of New York saw the rise of a culture of public sex. Queers had orgies in squatted buildings, in abandoned semi-trucks, on the piers and in bars and clubs all along Christopher street. This is our idea of voluntary association of free individuals! Many mark this as the most sexually liberated time this country has ever seen. Though, the authors of this zine wholeheartedly believe we can outdo them.

In short, this world has never been enough for us. We say to it, "we want everything, mother-fucker, try to stop us!"

We've despaired that we could never be as well-dressed or cultured as the Fab Five. We found nothing in Brokeback Mountain. We've spent far too long shuffling through hallways with heads-hung-low. We don't give a shit about marriage or the military. But oh we've had the hottest sex - everywhere - in all the ways

And when I was sixteen a would-be-bully pushed me and called me a faggot. I hit him in the mouth. The intercourse of my fist and his face was far sexier and more liberating than anything MTV ever offered our generation. With the pre-cum of desire on my lips I knew from then on that I was an anarchist.

Some will read "queer" as synonymous with "gay and lesbian" or "LGBT". This reading falls short. While those who would fit within the constructions of "L", "G", "B" or "T" could fall within the discursive limits of queer, queer is not a stable area to inhabit. Queer is not merely another identity that can be tacked onto a list of neat social categories, nor the quantitative sum of our identities. Rather, it is the qualitative position of opposition to presentations of stability - an identity that problematizes the manageable limits of identity. Queer is a territory of tension, defined against the dominant narrative of white-hetero-monogamous-patriarchy, but also by an affinity with all who are marginalized, otherized and oppressed. Queer is the abnormal, the strange, the dangerous. Queer involves our sexuality and our gender, but so much more. It is our desire and fantasies and more still. Queer is the cohesion of everything in conflict with the heterosexual capitalist world. Queer is a total rejection of the regime of the Normal.