



IN / OUT OF BIG COM

GET OFF
ME NOW!!

OLDER

OLDER

"I'm lubed up
and waiting.."
**VISA/MC
ACCEPTED**

-800-507-23

MUST BE 18 OR OLDER

THE EVENING BOTANIST

If you hear any of the following words or phrases made before 1970, odds are good that the

A perplexment.
A sunset lover.
Not quite up-to-code.

Rides the cab.
Dines at
restaurant.

Nature and queerness have

Moments of queer history that
In growing, desire, if you

But now also literally. I once
used to signal "we

I've planted them in the garden

The flowers might thrive, they

But like our queerness they
potential for surprising beauty

Pride is deep rooted. It's under

Remember. You'll find Pride, and

phrases used to describe a character in a movie
y're trying to tell you they're queer;

rousel.
the downstairs

Walks down the shady
side of the street.
An evening botanist.

always felt linked to me. Often, we are outside.

at'll be lost. But will live on. It's all in the subtext.
u look closely, you'll see the seeds and the fruits.
everywhere. No matter how icy the environment.

I'm a proud evening botanist. Figuratively.
ered some seeds & bulbs. Plants that have been
are here and we are queer" throughout history.

aps, cracks, accidental beds near places of queer
importance in this city.

y might not. They might bloom out loud or prefer
to stay in the warm safe dark of the soil.
y'll be there. The memory, the desire to grow, the
uty against a mostly grey world. Do we need to
show out with petals, leaves and stems all out?

erneath everything; the tender veins that nourish
us.

ll around as long you know the signs to look for.



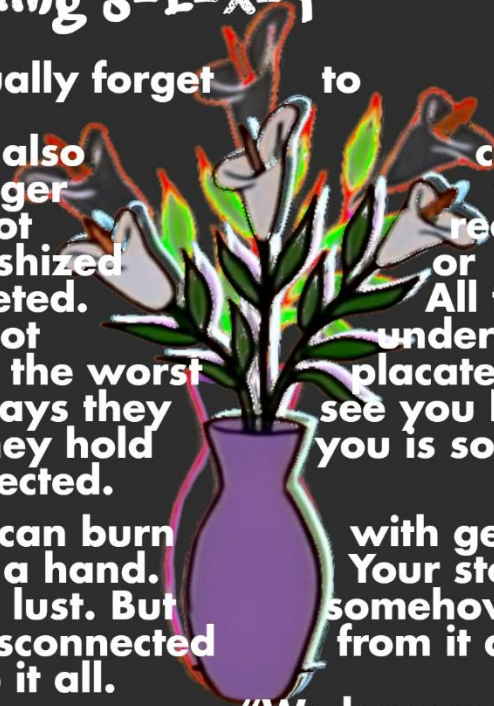
CALLA LILIES

Artist Georgia O'Keeffe's paintings have widely been thought to have a double meaning. O'Keeffe's delicately painted lilies have been referred to as an erotic lesbian symbol - an intimate depiction of the vagina.

R.I.P feeling 8-E-X-Y

People usually forget embracing queerness also you no longer desired. Not can be fetishized misinterpreted. ignored. Not sometimes the worst someone says they the way they hold so disconnected.

Your flesh can burn touches of a hand. churn with lust. But will feel disconnected invisible to it all.



to tell you your can mean feel really. You or All together understood. Or placated. When see you but then you is so clumsy,

with gentle Your stomach somehow you from it all,

“We have rather been invaded.” newsreader Sue Lawley calmly stated when four lesbians disrupted a broadcast of the BBC Six o’clock news on May 23rd, 1988. It was the night before Section 28 became law. The law that banned the promotion of homosexuality by public authorities. (aka access to education) They never made it in front of the camera, but their shouts and chants filled the studio along with the sounds of them being wrestled to the ground.

In 2019 a Birmingham school suspends / censors / removes LGBTQIA+ sex education after complaints.



In 2019, homophobic slurs; abuse directly aimed at an openly queer teacher are sprayed outside a Primary School in Heaton. Overnight the school gates are covered by a colourful array of rainbow hearts and flags.

In 2019 the “debate” about if children should learn about the existence of LGBTQIA+ people is back on the BBC six o’clock news.

In 2021 trans* women are painted as predators, cannot go single day without having their right exist debated. Trans* are basically ignored, unless they can weaponised.

So many of us lost years, got trapped because we couldn’t talk about the ways we wanted to have connect. How we would build relationships. Because of law passed 32 years ago.

Calla Lilies are sombre, pure. Placed on the grave. But also, Calla Lilies are lust, sex. (Scorned by Venus for their beauty.)

Q.I.P feeling 8-E-X-Y

I lay lillies to mark the passing...

I lay one for all the times I wasn't into it. And didn't know how to say what I wanted.

I lay one for my twenties, which I wanted to be full of experimentation,

I lay one for a stagnant thirties that could be.

I lay one for years wasted to insecurity, fear of rejection.

I lay one for every fear of being rejected that lead to rejection.

I lay one for all the words I did not say. The texts I did not send. I lay one for the times I hoped to run into you.

I lay one for not telling you that I needed, I wanted you. I lay one for the belief that this would have changed anything.

I lay one for this feeling of being undesired. I lay one for queer kids feeling invisible. Not anymore.

I lay one for those who have tried to erase trans* people. (we're better off without you)

I lay one for those who try to keep us ignorant. (we won't be hidden and silenced)

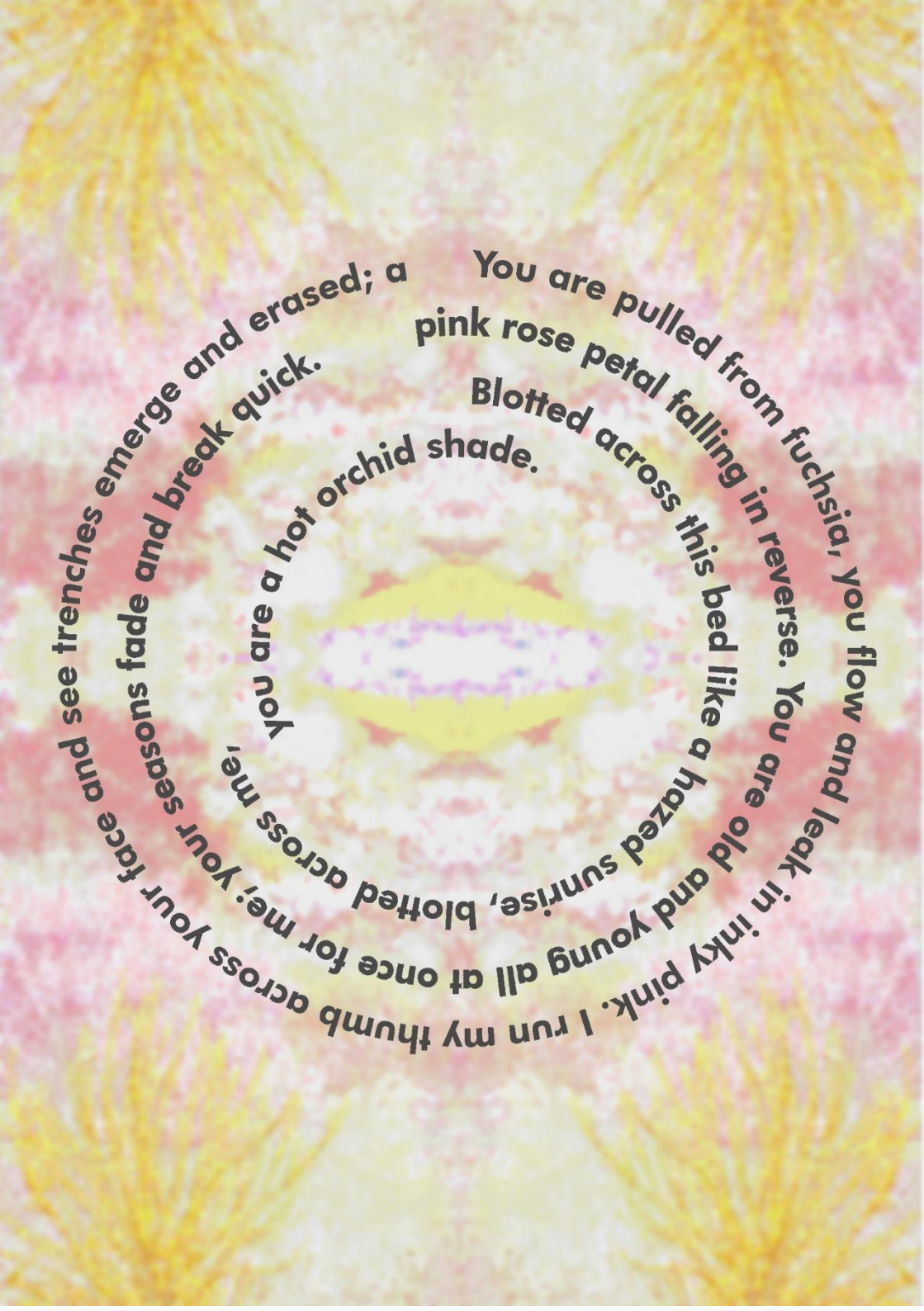
And after that.

I go back to just eating stale pringles and trying not to cry.



A vibrant, symmetrical floral collage featuring yellow, pink, and white blossoms, with the text "INTERLUDE I" overlaid in the center. The image is a vertical composition with a central horizontal axis of symmetry. The top and bottom corners are dominated by bright yellow, feathery blossoms, likely Forsythia. The middle sections are filled with dense clusters of pink and white blossoms, possibly cherry or plum. The overall effect is a rich, multi-layered pattern of spring flowers. The text "INTERLUDE I" is centered horizontally and vertically, rendered in a bold, green, sans-serif font with a slight shadow effect.

INTERLUDE I



I run my thumb across your face and see trenches emerge and erased; a
You are pulled from fuchsia, you flow and leak in inky pink. You are old and young all at once for me; your seasons fade and break quick.
You are a hot orchid shade. Blotted across this bed like a hazed sunrise, blotted across me,
You are pulled from fuchsia, you flow and leak in reverse. You are old and young all at once for me; your seasons fade and break quick.
You are a hot orchid shade. Blotted across this bed like a hazed sunrise, blotted across me,



Violets: *Viola sororia*, known commonly as the blue violet and 'the lesbian flower' - dating all the way back to the 600s BC, violets have been used as a symbol of lesbian love. The Greek poet Sappho, best known for her lyric poems about love and women, described herself and a lover wearing garlands of violets.

There are times when
the city feels too
weighty.

Tall corridors of long
flat grey planes,
relentlessly cutting
across each other.

Train snakes through
the wasteland.

She sees the tower
blocks sprout between
the trees.

From the train she
keeps her eyes
on Fairy Towers
dubbed for all the
queers
who were housed
there.

She remembers a story
of three who lived
together.

Shared a bed because
they no other choice.

Driftwood to one
another; buffers to the
wind, rain and snow.

There are hills in the
distance.

This is a truth she
knows.

There are hills in the
distance.

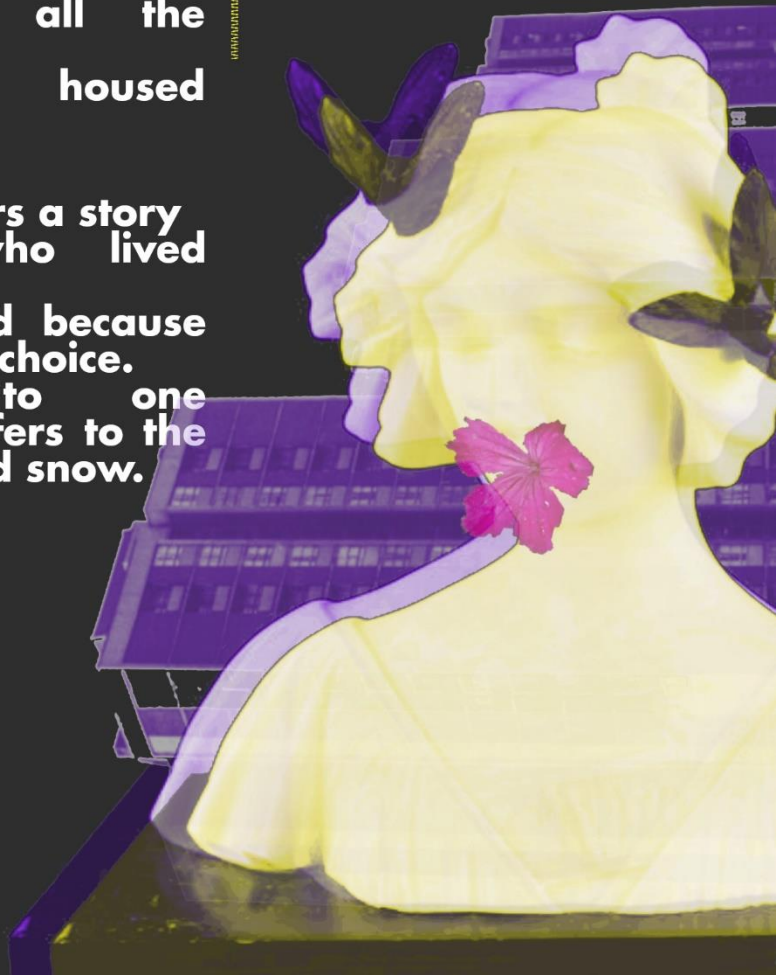
This is her affirmation.

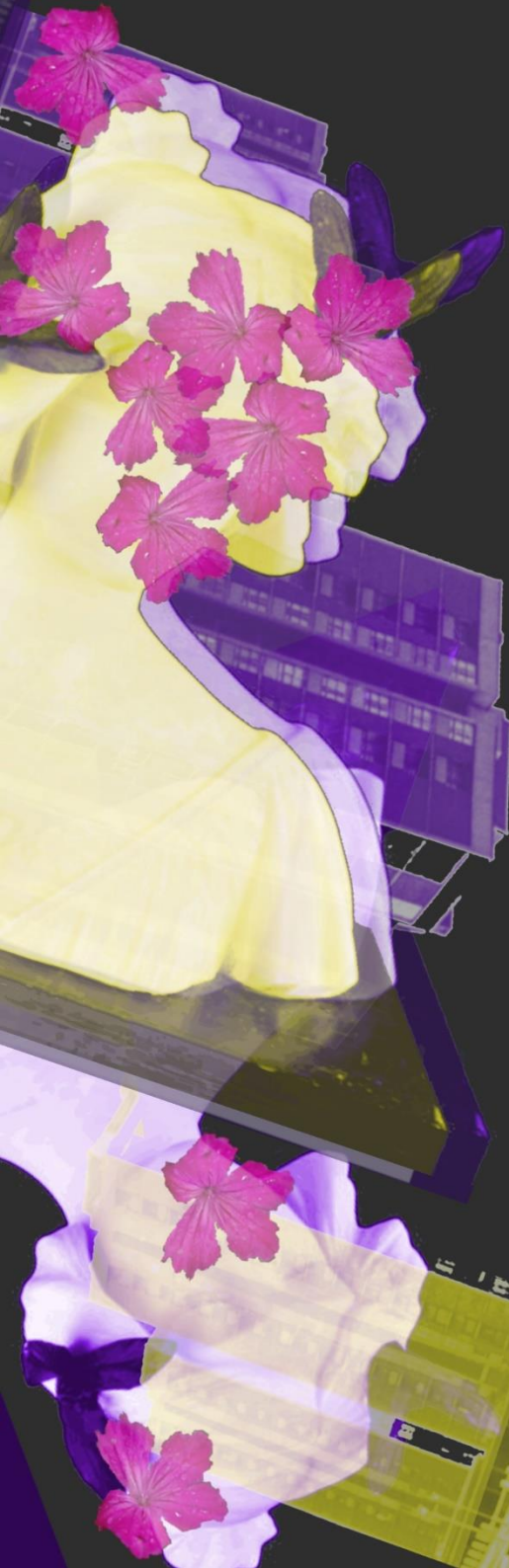
There are hills in the
distance. They are

mauve against the sky.

Regal purple. Towering
reassurance.

There are always hills
in the distance.





There are times when
living feels too light.
too ghostly
And in a nice bit of
juxtaposition;
it's flesh that anchors
her.

When she feels like a
wisp,
lays in the valley
between two legs
and stares across the
city of your stomach
There are hills in the
distance,
warm and delicate.
Thoughts and fingers
tips snake like trains.

Thoughts about
pushing a finger into
wet soil.
Thoughts about water
bouncing from a wet
leaf.
Thoughts about dew on
the hills.
Drinks it all in.

Palm her violet
Balm her to violence
A stream runs from the
hills, no longer in the
distance.
Now up close, up
closer and personal.



PANSIES

I'm gonna get a tattoo
of a pansy cos I am
one. Gonna get two cos
one is you. Get a whole
bunch for all the
beautiful pansies I
wanna meet. Wanna
love. I am a pansy in the
garden of eden baby, I
drawl like Marilyn
Manson in (\$)aint.*

*Note: I'm hoping you too had a
teen-goth phase otherwise that
reference is useless.

Pansy is a slur. Most often weaponised against effeminate gay men or those perceived to be effeminate gay men. I think, perceived is the wrong word here. Those who are forcibly identified by others due a rigid notion of sex, gender, and sexuality.

I don't remember ever being called a pansy. But then who has the resilience and time to remember every violent word that's been hurled against them? But I was aware of it.

Aware that it was a bad thing to be before I knew why.

Pansy sounds similar to Pensée the French word for thought thinking, idea.

Dig down roots and wrapped up verb meaning they're with the Latin to weigh. to consider or

The word deeper meaning holds a forced to learn than we're



It a cold, icy, November morning in 20 - some when. I'm walking through a park. The raised flower beds are shimmer in spikey dew and glinting in the weak sun. Everything is cold and still. And washed-out. There's so little colour, it's like being in that film Pleasantville. A spot of deep purple darts into my eyeline.





Amongst the barren or still dormant, those waiting for winter's to thaw. The pansies were flourishing, little bursts of brightness dotted through the grey. Pansies standing strong against the icy breeze and cloudy skies.

As I let the assault of colour wash over me, the sharp blue of the petals jolt a memory into my mind. The image of a drag queen's eyeshadow; garage doors. A solid wall of blue on the

Worn as a
outside. A look
for sure not
coward. Just
garden pansies:
shrivelled
spotlight light
as the streets

Looking closer,
painterly
see the mess
life. Crushed
plastic wrappers



butts. The sharp taste of another slur is bitter on my tongue. Bitterness caused by bullies long past. And I am standing here, gayer than ever and looking at Pansies. I'm moved by their silent strength despite having filth flung in their faces. PANSY. A weak, cowardly flower unable to survive in harsh conditions? I don't think. Pansies are hardy and adaptive. They can grow rapidly, even in tough times. Some see them as weeds or pests because they sprawl, dripping hues and shades everywhere. I run my fingers across their leaves' soft but prickly underbelly, feel the steadiness of their roots. These budding queers aren't going anywhere.

lid.
barrier to the
so bold, it's
the act of a
like the
she had not
under harsh
or withered
turned cold.
past the
petals, you
of everyday
beer cans,
and cigarette



INTERLUDE 2



~~WON'T~~ GROW OUT OF IT
don't

~~DO~~
will

GROW INTO IT



COUNTY HOTEL

MORE NON-DAIRY
CHOICES THAN
EVER BEFORE

Lavender has a long history as a euphemism for queerness. The use of this flower as a symbol is thought to come from the purple colour of the plant, since this vibrant lavender is the colour you would get if you mixed pink and baby blue, both culturally positioned as 'gendered' colours. It's a true non-binary bloom.



A scrappy and contentious history of Lavender and queerness

1920s

We see the first uses of 'Lavender boy' as a term for gay men, with any man showing femme (or not-quite-hetero) characteristics described as having a 'streak of lavender'.

1950

The "Lavender Scare" was a moral panic during the mid-20th century about homosexual people in the United States government and their mass dismissal from government service. It contributed to and paralleled the anti-communist campaign known as McCarthyism and the Second Red Scare.

1960's - 1970's

Lavender is often used to describe an older gay gentleman. Rumour has it that they use to quite like the ambience of Nancy's - what is now The County Hotel. Rumbings of a vague memory tell me, that it was there that the Tyneside Campaign for Homosexual Equality (CHE) had its first meeting. Gossip says that as a group they were much squarer than those who want to form a branch of the more radical Gay Liberation Front (GLF) who drink with the punks over at The Senate bar.

May 1, 1970

An informal group lesbian radical feminists name themselves 'The Lavender Menace'. The group is mainly formed to protest the exclusion of lesbians and lesbian issues from the feminist movement at the Second Congress to Unite Women in New York City.

21st August 1982

The Lavender Menace Bookshop the Lavender Menace Bookshop opens in basement in Edinburgh. In the first 10 days of being open the bookshop took nearly £1300 of sales, despite homosexuality only being legalised in Scotland in 1980.

The Lavender Menace started life as a bookstall called Lavender Books in the cloakroom of Fire Island gay disco on Princes Street. The name of the stall was taken from the Lavender Menace radical lesbian feminist collective which was active during the 1970s.



Green Carnations; considered an 'unnatural' colour for a flower. It has become a symbol of Oscar Wilde, his life and his relationships. He asked friends to wear them to the opening nights of one his plays, a witty nod perhaps to how homosexuals are often considered unnatural.

ROCK SHOTS

DEREK JARMAN: I was in Newcastle . . . it'll be seven years ago this October . . . on the panel of the Tyneside Film Festival. Keith kept appearing in the front row.

He was very well - expensively - dressed; you couldn't not notice him because everybody else had anoraks and sweaters and T-shirts.

I went up to him to say hello, and said we all wanted to go to this club called Rock Shot sBut he said: 'I never go to nightclubs.' I asked him if he would show us where it was, as we didn't know. Lies, of course, all lies.

He left us at the door and the next day, I came back to London. I really wanted to meet him again. In about December, I thought: 'This is crazy', so I rang Peter Packer who ran the festival, and said: 'Do you know that young man who was in the front row?' 'Oh,' he replied, 'Him. He's trouble.'

He gave me his number and I rang him on New Year's Eve to say Happy New Year. There was this deathly hush, but I said: 'If you ever come to London, you're welcome to stay . . .' and two weeks later he did.

The other thing about Keith is he never goes 'out'. I'm not certain about Newcastle - I've never asked. He says he sits in and watches TV. I used to go 'out' - Hampstead Heath for one thing - but I don't any longer. We really are the most anti-social people you could possibly meet.

KEITH COLLINS: I was sitting three rows from the back at the film festival, not flaunting myself in the front row. I was wearing a suit because I'd come from work, and I wouldn't go to the club out of principle, because I'd been queerbashed with a friend once and they wouldn't let us in to ring for an ambulance.

Derek handed me a piece of paper which said: 'Don't disappear. Derek', with his phone number on it. What a strange thing, I thought. Anyway, about a fortnight later, I got a letter from him inviting me to stay. I showed it to Peter Packer and he said,

'Oh, don't go, Derek is heavily into S & M'. So I wrote back saying: 'Sorry Derek, I'm busy for the next five years.'

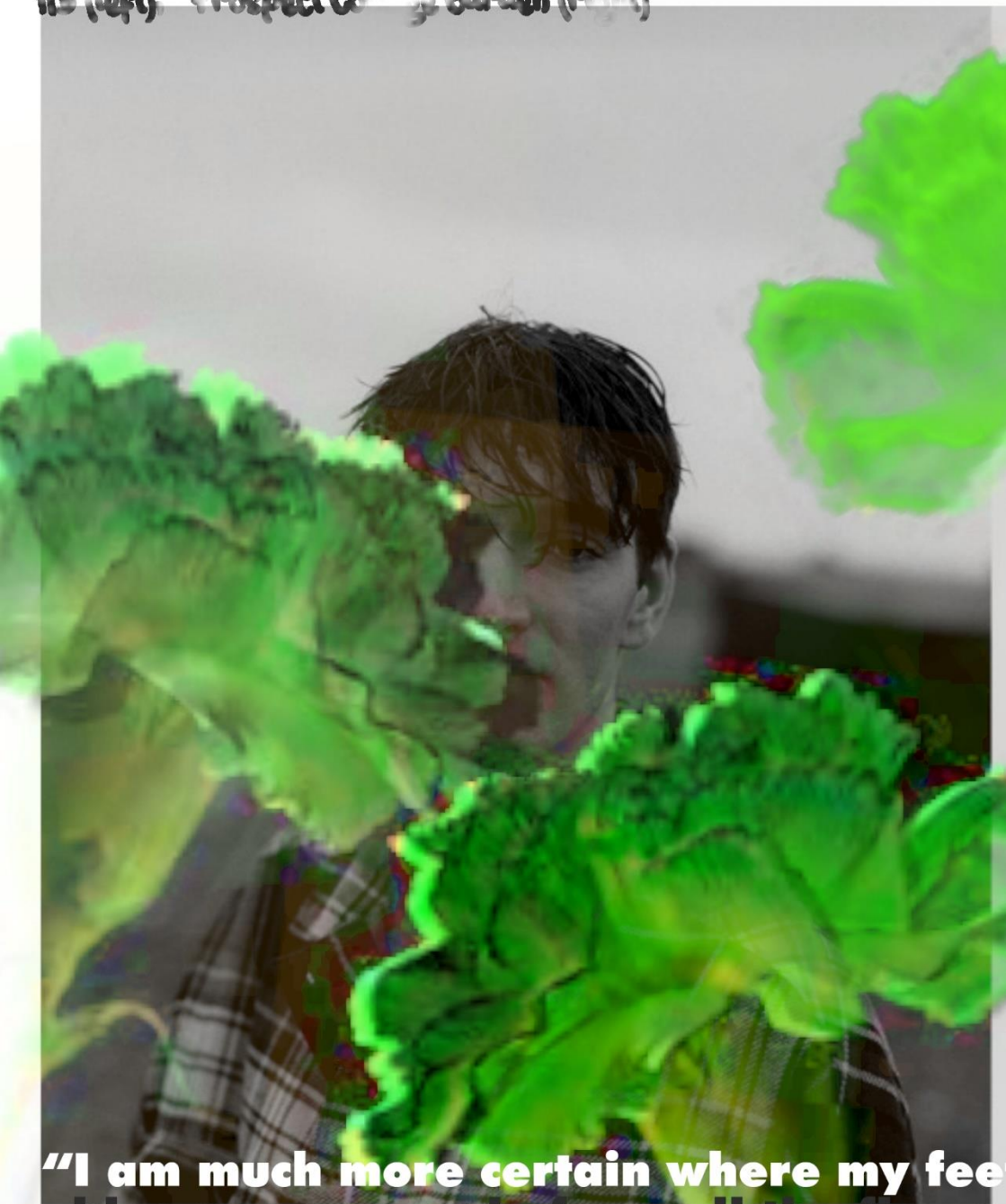
I was going down to London for a job interview, I went to visit him. It was seven o'clock in the morning when I knocked on the door.

Before I went in, I said: 'Are you into S & M?' and he said 'Oh I'm sorry, no' - as if I'd be disappointed - so that was a relief.

But, as I went to give him a kiss, he turned his head away and said 'You can't kiss me, I've got HIV', and I said: 'Well, that's all right. I haven't come to London for that, in any case.'

He also has this really irritating habit of calling me 'Hinnie Beast'. (HB, for short) Hinnie's a Geordi endearment.

#3 (left), Prospect College Garden (right)



**"I am much more certain where my feet
blossoms as never before, all the flower**

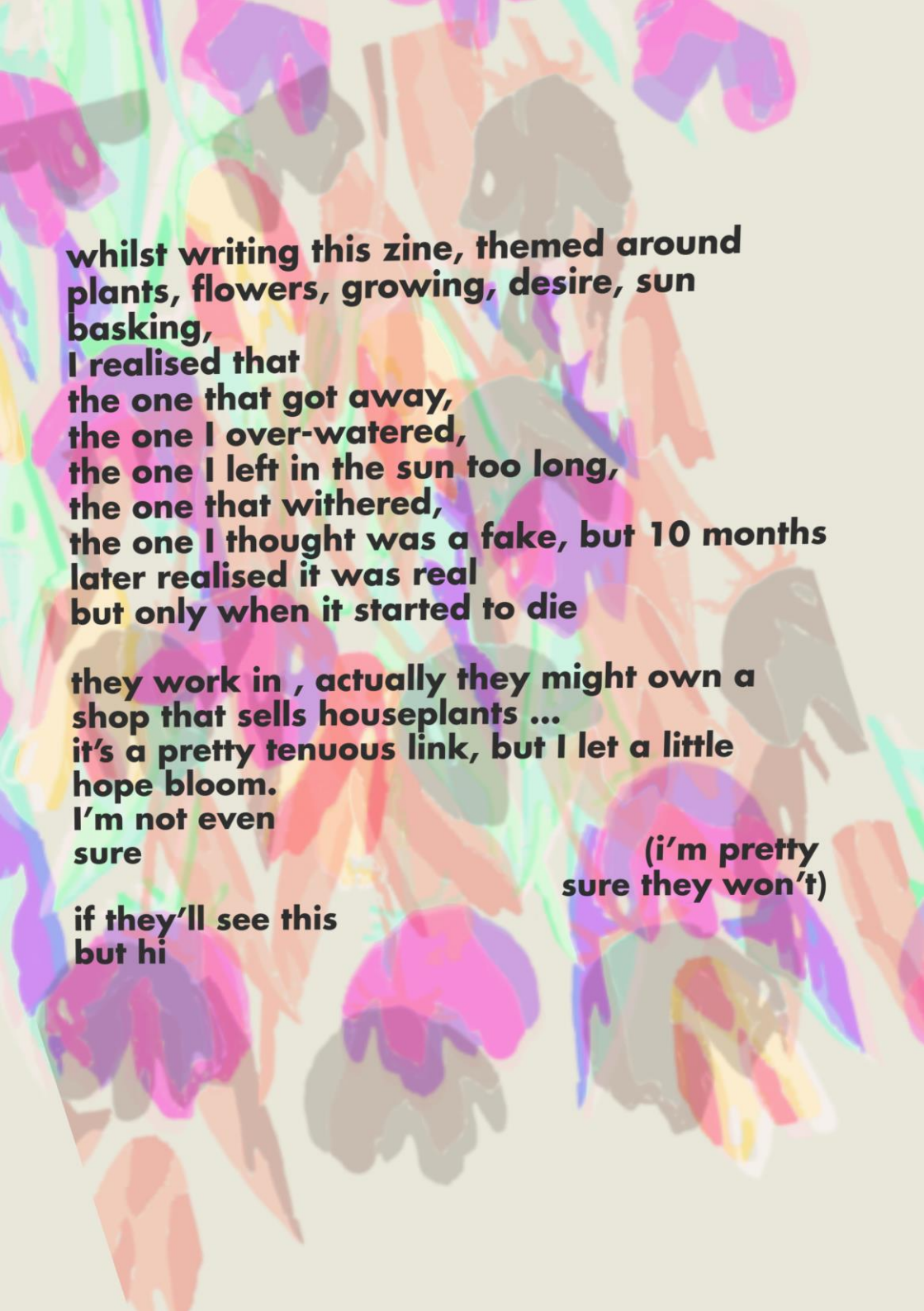


are planted today – and the garden
of the wilderness”

Derek Jarman, *Smiling in Slow Motion*



INTERLUDE 3



**whilst writing this zine, themed around
plants, flowers, growing, desire, sun
basking,
I realised that
the one that got away,
the one I over-watered,
the one I left in the sun too long,
the one that withered,
the one I thought was a fake, but 10 months
later realised it was real
but only when it started to die**

**they work in , actually they might own a
shop that sells houseplants ...
it's a pretty tenuous link, but I let a little
hope bloom.
I'm not even
sure**

**if they'll see this
but hi**

**(i'm pretty
sure they won't)**

GARDEN

There is always a mythic
past

If they can't destroy you,
they will destroy nature.
They've cut down the
glades of holly and
cleared the undergrowth
in Hampstead so that
spring looks like a
desert.

Nature abhors Heterosoc.
The wounded glades are
healing
Nature is queer.

SCOTSWOOD ROAD

THE YARD

YARD

THE YARD

THE YARD

THE YARD

Welcome to The Yard
SERVING THE COMMUNITY SINCE 1980
Award for excellence
BBQ

Welcome to The Yard
SERVING THE COMMUNITY SINCE 1980

THE YARD

THE YARD

THE YARD



PLEASE NOTE TO ALL THE CUSTOMERS
DELIVERY DRIVERS
the yard

PLEASE NOTE TO ALL THE CUSTOMERS
DELIVERY DRIVERS
the yard



"At any time you are both in full-bloom and quietly closed off."

"Well I'm just guessing; I don't really know you. But I have an idea of you."

This is what I say to you as we sit on the shingle beach in Alnmouth; we've talked about how it reminds me of Derek Jarman's garden. You could ask me who Derek Jarman is. That's a definite possibility. And I'll gently tease that you should "Google it" and you'll ask me how when we're on a cold cobble beach like in some sort indie darling melodrama. We both smile in a soft way, the corners of our mouths like curling shoots breaking the soil.

It's actually likely that you'll know who Jarman is; we'll both have seen his films. And that's cool. For a minute or maybe two we don't say anything, the wind whistles and I shift the shingles with my feet because I start to feel nervous that we're not saying anything. Am I boring you? Maybe this is just what being comfortable is.

Are you open now? Or still a bud?

You start to realise nothing with me is ever certain. You decide I am full of sometimes, kind ofs, maybes. The jury is still out whether you're into this or frustrated by it.

So I say, "I think I probably loved too hard when I was teenager. I've been reading about plants that only flower once a decade or whatever. I think that's what happened to me, I think that's what my love is ... those flowers are usually called things like 'corpse flowers' and when they bloom ... they literally smell rotten ... and that's not sad; it's really funny. My love the rotted houseplant. My love that, if nurtured and cultivated rewards with a sweaty, fleshy stink."

A little bit more about you.

You've got that laugh; it happens only sometimes but it shocks and pleases you how quickly it swells in your chest. How loud and clear it is. People really like that it's just pure joy; other people are annoyed that in dares to take up space. I am always swept up as it fills a room.

Even though you know it's pointless, you can't help but list one of your interests as coffee in your dating app bios. And it's not so much an interest just a part of a routine but that's how the game is played. At least you didn't go with a cliché here's me in suit, at a wedding, 'don't I scrub up well?' photo.

You are fantastic, and nervous. You like to talk but hate busy crowds; you're the usual mix of contradictions. Which is heart-warming. There are moments of still in your life when you really can't decide if everything is right or really wrong. A closet minimalist, because honestly, the world's too chaotic and you really don't have enough patience to be an out and proud one. You will never know what 'Fragment (Consider revising)' means.

There's a life you have outside of this interaction that couldn't / won't be told. You are more than a love interest in someone else's story. And this will go on, and on and on.

So we turn our attention back to the garden instead; immediate wild flowers amidst the shingle. Blooming in a hostile environment is a big queer mood. I heard that the garden started by accident; a piece of driftwood was used to stake a rose. And as it grew Derek used jetsam plus broken up pieces that washed ashore to protect and make a place for the plants.

We can't help but think how that sounds kind of familiar(?)



END.