

**Sean**

**BURN**

**Laura**

**DUFFY**

**Simon**

**GENNARD**

**Robbie**

**HANDCOCK**

**Ana**

**ITI**

**Rachel**

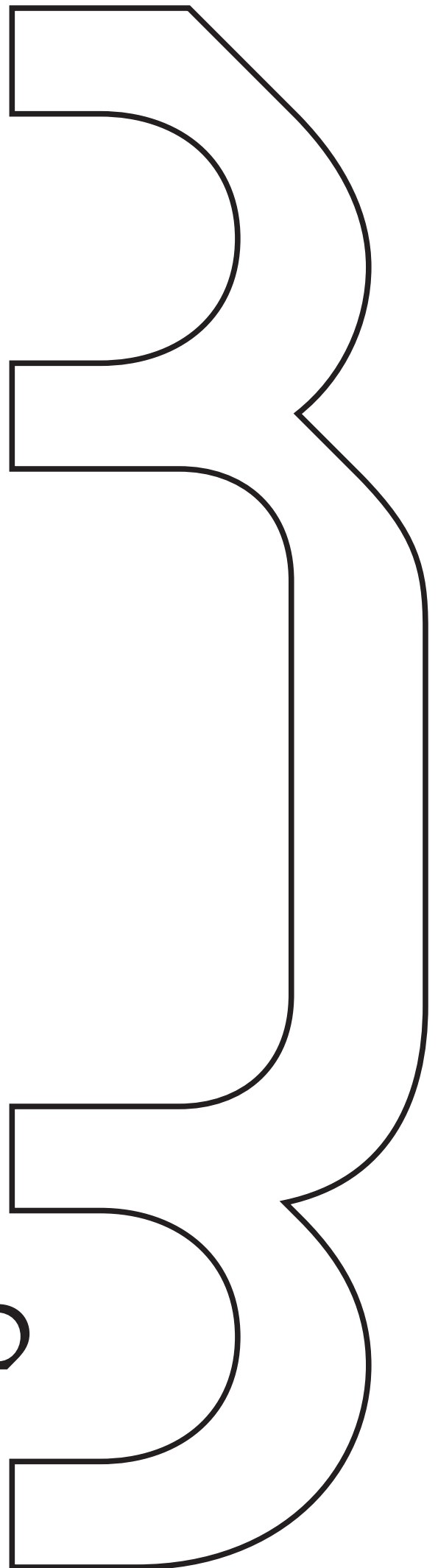
**O'NEILL**

**Ella**

**SUTHERLAND**

**Aliyah**

**WINTER**



# IN

reading, they became a group of characters—who were of course real people in the real world—but also names holding a moment on the page. For some of these characters a voice is imagined: the rhythm in which an account of the work of—, the network of—, the first national hui of— is delivered. Forty years later I was very interested in the details. I went on to fill 21 days with as many voices as I could find, inviting their names or the names of their places or just the quality of a line or colour of an image as a ghost of everywhere and before.

Copies of the publication drop from a plane, though it wasn't really their story I was telling.

am thrown  
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my mother.  
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to  
is

Opo first came to public attention in 1955 for seeking human contact in the Hokianga, She was named after Opononi but who named her isn't quite clear. The naming of the town is similarly murky, history and names being multiple as they are.

-

In the mid 1960's under a dubious umbrella of scientific research one woman cohabitated with a dolphin for six months. This project was influenced by the desire to create interspecies dialogue and the assumption that this dialogue would take place in the english language.

Initially funded by Nasa the scientist's goal was to teach the Dolphin to greet her in the morning with the phrase "Hello Margaret" an ambition which wasn't achieved in the time allocated.

Of course Dolphins lack vocal chords, but they do have a signature whistle.

-

There are hundreds of photographs documenting Opo's life and early death. Almost all captured by a single and prolific photographer.

In these she is flying through the air at one moment and strung up by the tail in another, the tune 'Opo the Crazy Dolphin'—a summer-time folk hit, coincidentally released on the day of her death'—plays in the background.

Opo found that if she approached the small boats, people would stretch out their oars and stroke her with them

Some used a wet mop to swab her decks

People wondered whether she was lonely for the company of her own kind

Welcome to Opononi

- BUT -

Don't try and shoot our Gay Golphin!

Dont

Fear

Opo is neither shark nor fish!

Opo is not dolphin or man

she is messenger of peace

and a close friend of all

residents

and visitors

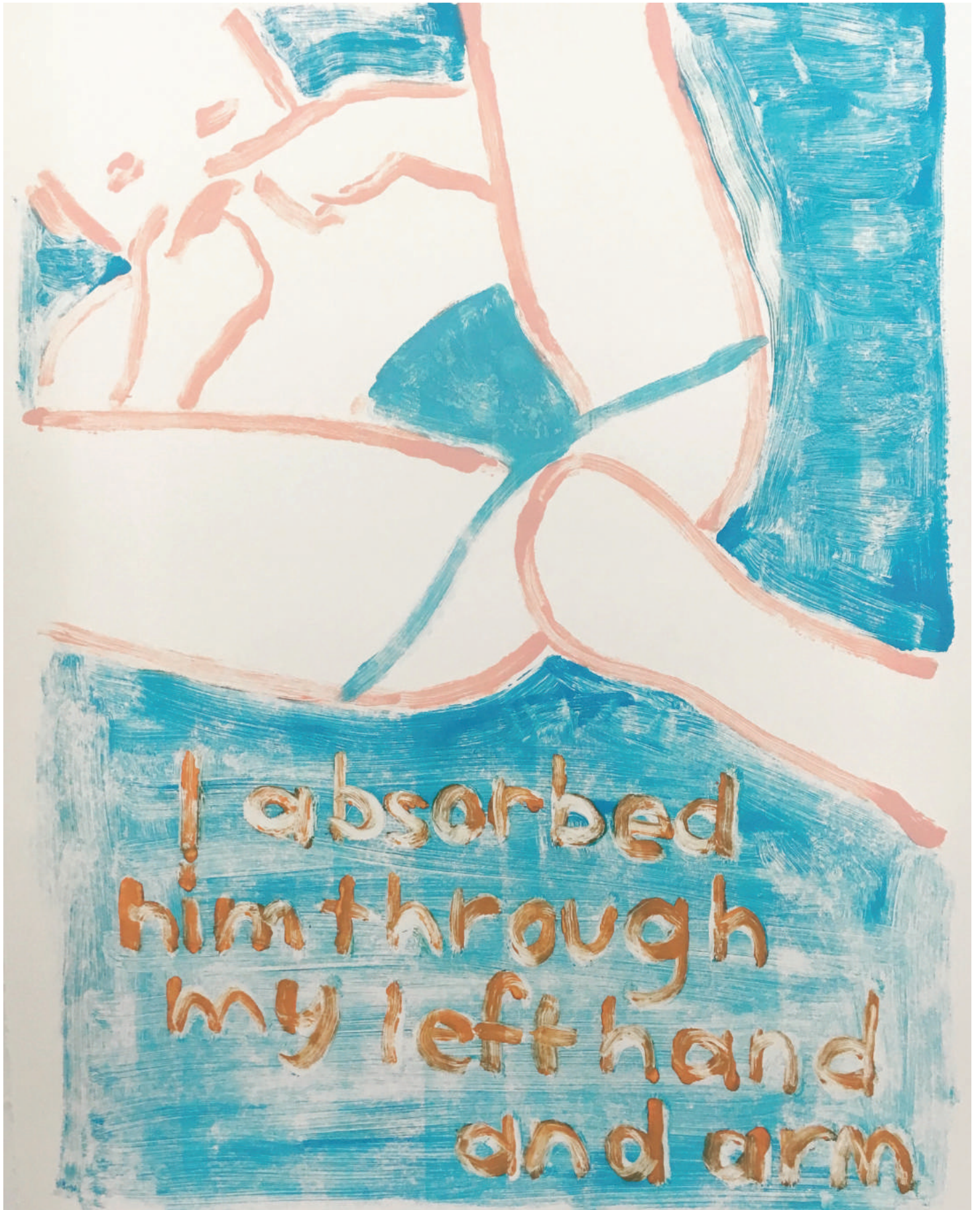
News of gay activities spreading far and wide!



coming together  
and the  
coming together  
I am the  
disintegration  
disintegration  
I am the  
coming together  
and the  
falling apart

falling apart  
and the  
coming together  
coming together  
I am the  
coming together  
coming together  
coming together





Michel Foucault's sexual appetites are probably as legendary as his writings. So much has been written about Foucault's adventures in San Francisco bathhouses that it's almost impossible to read any of his work – whether on the distribution of power and the resistance it produces, on the development of biopolitics, or on the invention of the prison – without picturing Foucault getting fisted by some anonymous stranger. For David M. Halperin, Foucault's predilections, and the defence he offers for them in several interviews and, less frequently, in his published works, provide the basis for a radical reconsideration of what pleasure can be, and what forms social relations between people might take. In a 1995 essay, Halperin quotes an interview with Foucault published in *The Advocate* in 1984:

I think it's a kind of creation, a creative enterprise, which has as one of its main features what I call the desexualization [ie, the degenitalization] of pleasure. The idea that bodily pleasure should always come from sexual pleasure, and the idea that sexual pleasure is the root of all our possible pleasure – I think that's something quite wrong. These practices are insisting that we can produce pleasure with very odd things, very strange parts of our bodies, in very unusual situations...<sup>1</sup>

Porn producer Paul Morris chooses another way in. Where Halperin looks towards Foucault's texts to piece together a theory of deviant pleasures and the liberatory ends they might be put, Morris is all about practice. In an interview with media scholar Susanna Paasonen, Morris recalls encountering Foucault not in the academy, but in a 'sleazy bathhouse' called the Handball Express. 'I didn't know who it was until after I'd fisted him,' he says, 'I've always believed that information is transmitted through the physical communion of sex. Rather than studying with him, I absorbed Foucault through my left hand and arm.'<sup>2</sup>

The final nine words of Morris' quote appear, in thick round lettering, on a print by Robbie Handcock, made vague by Robbie's replacement of 'Foucault' with the generalised 'him.' Above the text, against a bright blue background, the outline a man on his back, it could almost be anyone: legs raised, his hands up towards his nose as he inhales from a small bottle of poppers. It's the familiar gesture, one hand

clenched around something small, the placement of one finger on one nostril, that gives it away, the lines which make up the man are too thick to render such details. An arm, belonging to another figure just outside of the frame, reaches inside the ass of the man on his back.

Robbie's print is a speculative reimagining of the scene described by Morris. He's told me the source of the text several times, and each time he tells the story with glee. It's a perverse privilege to know this and share this; to speak of Foucault as both a myth and an acquaintance. It feels like some transgression has taken place: the relationship between the reader, the text, and the author is breached. If, for other writers whose work has been mobilised by activists, agitators, and critics with reparative ends in sight, biography seems either inconvenient or relatively insignificant, Foucault's sex life seems not only necessary to the kinds of life his work makes possible to imagine, but made vital, ecstatic, and exciting by the very means by which the knowledge of his sex life is transmitted. Which is to say, queer knowledge travels through gossip.

As a form of knowledge, gossip has long been considered a frivolous, sometimes vicious, distinctly feminine method of communication. Henry Abelove calls it a form of 'illicit speculation.'<sup>3</sup> Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick argues that as well as transmitting 'necessary news,' its method of delivery imparts 'necessary skills for making, testing, and using unrationalized and provisional hypotheses about what kinds of people there are to be found in one's world.'<sup>4</sup> Queer knowledge has historically been imparted through clandestine means; through whispers, innuendo, or a vocabulary legible only to certain people. Queer knowledge is designed to be ephemeral, to evade detection and posterity where necessary. We might say that gossip is an integral part of this system of transmission and reception. News about who's fucking who and how they're fucking isn't just salacious entertainment, it might provide an infrastructure for building a world based on shared alliances, it might alter the conditions within which intimacy might be found, it might aid the members of this world to imagine deviant, exciting, and unpredictable ways of inhabiting together.

1 quoted in David M. Halperin, 'Becoming Homosexual: Michel Foucault on the future of Gay Writing,' *Island* 63, 1995, p. 46

2 Paul Morris and Susanna Paasonen, 'Risk and Utopia: A Dialogue on Pornography,' *GLQ: A Journal of Lesbian and Gay Studies* 20:3, May 2014, p. 220

3 Henry Abelove, *Deep Gossip*, Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 2005, p. xii

4 Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick, *Epistemology of the Closet*, Berkeley and Los Angeles: University of California Press, 1990, p. 23



w~h/a~t

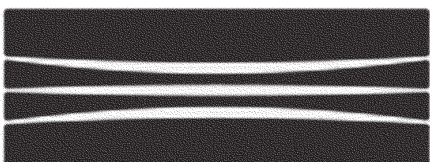
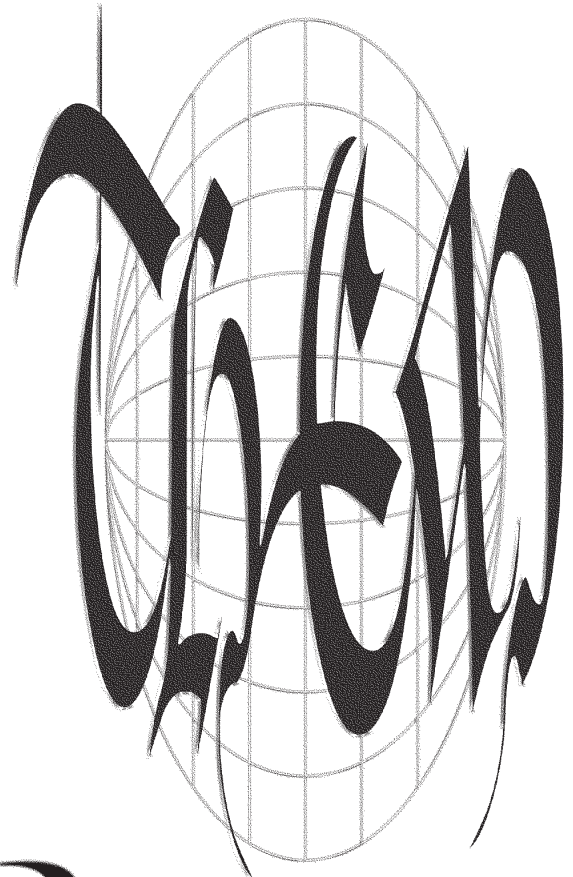
-ar ~e~ ~

/y ~o~u~

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/



**T R A N S P O W E R**





~~you/can't be~~

~~~re~dacted~~~

~~/i~f~the~y~~

~~-d~on't~ ~know~~~

~~-you ex~ist~~

—

-





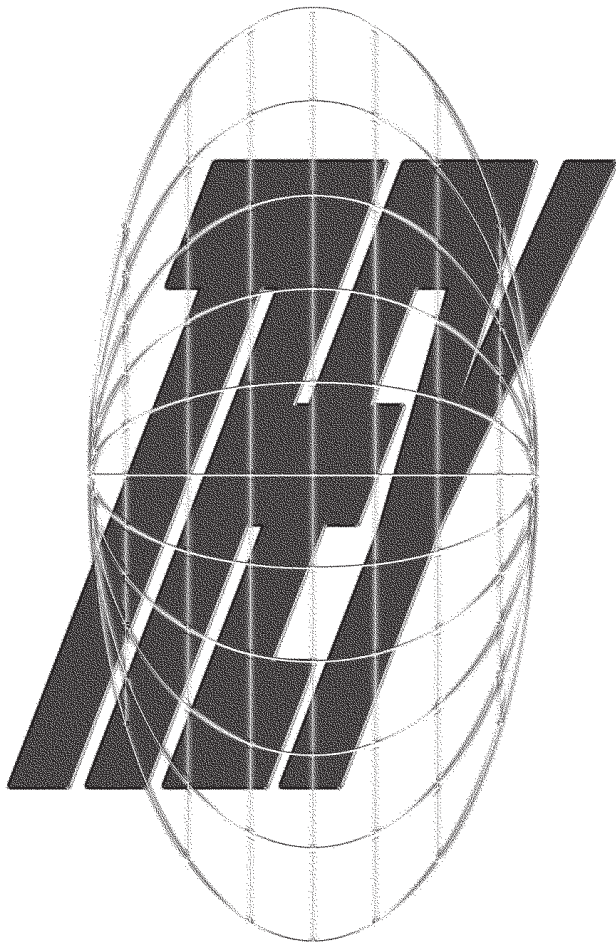
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# IN

reading these histories between 10–5 in the Katherine Mansfield Reading Room, I think about the librarian retrieving *Dyke News* from the stacks. I get a handle on the splintering and the gathering of various factions, design, and I guess love or sex too. Trying to speak with an I through the lens of history. No body. An awkward body waiting to be buzzed into the archives. The books mean you've been in the world for some time, since '73 anyway. We're all trying to end something and find something new in the process, though what was found doesn't belong to anyone exclusively, anyway.

Escorted across the page with varying degrees of elegance.

~~is absence~~

~~a sign of~~

~~presence~~

~~— is absence~~

~~a sign of~~

~~Failure~~

~~is silence~~

~~a sign of~~

~~absence~~



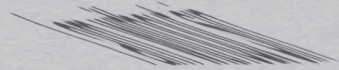
is

abstraction

∇

violence — ?

I am without sin  
from within me



from within me  
and the foot of sin is

from within me  
and the foot of sin is  
from within me  
from within me

from within me  
from within me

from within me  
from within me

from within me

from within me

I'M A CLOSET PRIDE MONTH.  
 (I'M A GIRL SO LESBIAN I GUESS ??).  
 WATTPAD IS HOLDING MY SEX SCENES.  
 FUCKING LOVE MY PRIDE PILLOW  
 I MADE IT MYSELF  
 WITH HEAVY BDSM AND SOME DARK SHIT.  
 SO THIS IS WHERE THE SMUT REALLY STARTS.  
 WRITING SEX SCENES  
 HONESTLY... YEAH, THEY'RE BORING AF  
 BE PREPARED.  
 NO HATE BITCHES. EXCEPT ANY SPELLING MISTAKES.  
 BUT NOTE OR COMMENT.  
 I'M ALWAYS AROUND... AND BORED.

- relationship hardcore fun gay marine bdsm mature content
- wattpride man x man lesbian dominant love submission romance
- random humour medieval master husbands
- drama bisexual hemophobia suicide genderbender
- poverty sexy werewolf slash heterosex girl x girl
- woman x woman kinky library torture boy x boy trans
- lgbt+ online bullying queer farmer love gambling







# IN

reading around the room, less than 100—but possibly more than 50—sheets of A4 mined from history, printed at the library. The light is white and the building hums. Jill Johnson is repeated with various breaks at irregular intervals, one hyphen, three lines. In reading these letters, I try and connect the conversations. A romantic repository of urgent patterns, the creak of history as

a code for one reader.

~~b~~e~~~c~~a~u~~~s~~e~

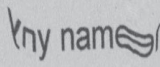
~~w~~or~~d~~s

/~~a~~re ~

~n~o~t ~

—

/e~~~n~~ou~~g~~h~

I am the speaking of my  name me.



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