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*The Gay Saint Magazine*

*Volume 7 Issue 2*

## *Editor's Note*

BY JACK TRAVERS

It's finally here! The season we've been waiting for!

It's time to crack out the corduroy, the big baggy knits, beanies and fingerless gloves (not saying we didn't wear them all summer, but we can suffer less now). It's time to get cosy again! But not any kind of boring heterosexual cosy... oh no! We do cosy differently. Better even. We mean queer cosy.

It's time to bundle up with the queerest literature (*The Gay Saint* included), *Heartstopper* on repeat\* other LGBTQ+ shows are available, hang out with friends, lovers, plants and pets, and embrace autumn as it rolls in faster than the St Andrews haar.

It's time to reclaim our coffee shops, our indoor spaces of sanctuary (Toppings we're coming for you) and embrace the darkness descending on our little town. Whether it's a cheeky pump of pumpkin spice in your oat latte (we love a good stereotype) or embracing spooky season and telling ghost stories around a bonfire, having tarot and tea with flatmates and friends, or embracing the sluttiness of the season and going all in for *Rocky Horror* and halloween (or dressing as a moth), this season is ours!

Have an amazing autumn and get cosy queers!

# "We Fell in Love in October": How girl in red has helped my boyfriend to understand my sexuality



BY GEORGINA PARBROOK

Figuring out your sexuality and where you feel comfortable with it is never easy. But it comes with a whole set of new challenges when you're bisexual.

Sometimes it's easier than if you were coming out as gay: the sliver of hope in your parents' eyes that you'll settle down and marry a nice man, the laissez-faire approach that if we don't put up a fight it'll just turn into a phase. Something to be laughed at over dinner parties in the future.

*My daughter used to wear black eyeliner so thick it could be mistaken for eyeshadow!*

*I'll do you one better — my little angel, you know my daughter with three kids and a husband, she used to think she was gay!*

(No, she didn't, she thought she was bi, but that's irrelevant..)

But this lack of concern can almost be

worse for the future. It makes you feel as though nobody will take you and your sexuality seriously if you conform to heterosexual norms. A man on the scene means that you no longer really like women, your queer card has been revoked and you're now just \*spicy straight\*.

When I arrived in St Andrews this time last year, I had been given unsolicited advice from my mother not to tell anybody that I liked women as well as men. She was worried it would ostracise me, but on a far greater level she fretted that it might find its way back to her and tarnish her reputation in our hometown. Or worst of all, that I might bring home a girlfriend.

I wasn't expecting to get into a relationship in my first few months at uni. I certainly wasn't expecting to be with my now-boyfriend of almost a year, Nick. A man who wore crew shirts, chinos and sported possibly the most atrocious curtains known to mankind.

And whilst I love Nick, it's not always been the most comfortable experience to know that I'm fitting my mother's "it's just a phase" narrative. That by bringing him home, I'm fulfilling her hopes and dreams.

It also left me in a challenging position in my relationship. I didn't know how to talk about my bisexuality with Nick. I was worried that it would come across as though I was interested in other people and wanted to break up with him.

But then a couple of weeks into our relationship, we went on a drive together and put his playlist on shuffle in the car. And suddenly the familiar tones of *girl in red's* "We Fell in Love In October" started to play.

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I was shocked. It had never occurred to me that straight people would enjoy listening to explicitly queer music — especially not the sapphic bedroom pop which teenagers cling to when coming out.

"I used to listen to this song all the time when I was sixteen."

"Really?"

"Yeah, when I came out as bi."

And that was that. A seemingly insurmountable challenge had been overcome. And now whenever *girl in red* comes on in the car, it reminds me of that first song on a sunny October afternoon as we drove along Fife's pretty country lanes. A soft and invisible bridge between my past and my present, and a quiet acceptance from the two of us together of who I was and who I still am today.



# OESTROGRACE

BY K.



1. Awake, the roaring winds hold me in stasis, waiting to be flung from this high perch. Our tent is cradled in a glacial scar, nestled between two lochs which, when still, mirrored one eternal moment — now, the cosmos fragments across their torn skin. My companion sleeps soundly; I bear the storm alone.

2. Simone Weil never willfully spoke as a woman. Amongst letters to her parents, some are signed “your son, Simon”. Her deeply uncomfortable physical form was concealed beneath black cloak — a friend recalled ‘a kind of bird without a body’.

3. We cannot call Weil trans in any way we understand it. The idea of moving to any determinate, individual, discrete identity might be in tension with her signature idea: *decreation* — to renounce the *I*, the autonomous self, for the sheer love of the world. How could the revelation of one’s life be the assertion of some inner, personal reality when we are called upon to surrender ourselves as vessels of something wider?

4. In the wind, I can hear the contradiction straining. My glimpses of serenity and ecstasy have followed utter identification with the whole — when I am able to dissolve my outlines and rejoin the unravelling-happening, to feel the singular tone resounding. This is a love of the abstract structure of reality, which unites the wide-womb’s creativity and the finite forms in which we glimpse its light, darkly. Yet this impersonal world became visible only after the trivial, personal transformation of my sex.

5. Transition was prior to all other questions. Camus remarks that:

*“Judging whether life is or is not worth living amounts to answering the fundamental question of philosophy. All the rest [...] comes afterwards.”*

So it was with transition. For the sky to break open and the light come flooding in — for me to cry at a falling leaf, the same ray a prismatic thread between its flesh and my tears — required me, in a way I still find deeply embarrassing, to draw from something ineradicably *within*. To feel my mind collapse outward, joining the dew, I had to reach down into my own cells.

6. The present was an unreal flicker, the past a fleeting imprint, the future a wasting-away— time and change themselves were processes of decay. The state of pre-transition was one of *affliction* in Weil’s sense. One who suffers but is not afflicted maintains the recognition that they should not suffer. The afflicted life is one in which the capacity to love and recognise oneself as deserving of love is suffocated — not just deprivation of light, but forgetting its very possibility, submerged in a penetrating gloom.

7. Radical transition, rather than a linear movement from one position to another, would be an opening which never closes. A particular metaphor has resonated for many in my position — our incompleteness as trans people is analogous to a deity making “wheat but not bread” and “grapes but not wine” so that we share in the act of creation. Without rejecting the sentiment, *transgender decreation* might represent an opposite approach.

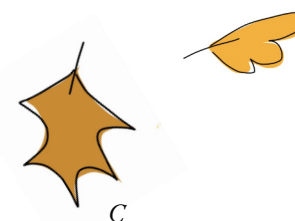
8. Five years ago, I joined a few hundred at the first trans pride. This year, I marched at the head of thirty thousand. As we flowed, a speaker proclaimed our affinity for the universe itself, for ‘reality is change,’ inducing the most audacious chant yet: ‘God is trans.’

9. Transgender decreation means no longer conceiving of transition as just the defiant realisation of some inner truth. I became trans only when I existed within a community of mutual recognition. To say trans-ness is always-already-social does not entail shallowness. Rather, it suggests our reality is malleable and that, as intersubjective communities, we have the power to forge new ways of being. My decreation was to surrender myself to those I love—to *lose thee were to lose myself*—not as individuals but as a gestalt, becoming one with our great rupture.

10. On Brighton beach, a thousand trans bodies descend to the sea, the backwash reeling us in. Flesh, long shrouded in shame, feels the light of the sun. It is a rehearsal for utopia; we harmonise into one wave, curling inward, knowing itself. In the dead of night, years ago, I walked these same pebbles, desperately scribbling overlapping sentences, contemplating the water’s cold grip filling my lungs, alone.

11. Transition made *attention* possible. Before transition, nothing is quite real; attention, for Weil, involves the deepest realisation of the reality beyond ourselves, a radical de-particularisation. The grace of oestrogen defies the gravity of misshapen corporeality, and the tombed mind is freed to infuse into a wide, weeping world.

12. My companion stirs a little and, somehow feeling my terror, takes my hand. For a moment, the winds calm, and all is still. By now, I have learned to hear the silence.





# Confession // Holy Light

BY LUCIEN NEWTON



I wish to repent  
 For the sins of a past life  
 That gave me the mind  
 I have in this one.

And I want to go to the Catholic church  
 And sob my Hail Mary's  
 And beg the Holy Father's forgiveness  
 While sunlight streams through the  
 stained glass.

And I want to cry through every syllable  
 As shaking hands skim the rosary beads,  
 And the blood flows over my shoulder  
 blades,  
 And the collarbone,  
 And my creaking broken wrists,  
 And poorly healed finger tips  
 Where the priest flays the skin from my  
 spine  
 And demands I "ask for salvation"  
 To heal all my crimes.

And I want to sip the wine,  
 And mistake the taste of bloodied lips  
 and tears  
 For the taste of sour grapes.  
 And I want to gulp down the sacrament,  
 And sign the cross till it burns my skin  
 And it all falls away  
 Into ash  
 Spilling over the floor of the pulpit.

And I want to sing every broken hymn I  
 remember  
 As though each line,  
 Each reference number,  
 Is branded into my brain.  
 And convince myself  
 That the words will heal  
 While the muscles and the blood  
 Congeal  
 In the bathroom sink.

And I want to set the crown over my  
 matted hair  
 And have the barbs pierce my skull  
 While I claw at freezing stone  
 And watch it all burn down around me.

And I want to suffer,  
 In a primal, physical way  
 Until the sight is too grotesque  
 For any fallen angel  
 To gaze upon.  
 And I want to be delivered  
 From every evil  
 In the blinding flames  
 Until the bones turn to charcoal  
 Turned over in detached hands  
 With a curious smile.

And I need it all  
 To wreck me;  
 And I need the Holy Ghost  
 To haunt me  
 Through the altar cloth  
 Draped to hide my shame.

And I need every scalding second breath  
 And bloodied stumbling step  
 To wash away  
 With my sins  
 In the Sunday morning holy light  
 Until every choice is forgiven  
 And I can live again  
 In good grace.



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## Eyes of Watchful Yellow

BY THOMAS SCOTT



There are lights of yellow  
strung against the shadowed trunk.  
Candles in the tree?  
I had never seen them before.  
No, the Men said, do not watch those eyes  
for they will Burn  
the flesh  
and the feathers  
and you will not belong to Us.  
I said okay  
and watched in silence.

Through rain, We sang of Light and  
Purity and all things Good  
nestled together in the bricks and pews.  
The yellow in the tree was brighter,  
gazing with sweet Sulphur.  
It made my blood scorch  
and my insides hum.  
The hymns in my hands fell,  
and the Men watched me-  
grotesque and burdened.  
I held my head to Them.

The yellow light sparkled against  
stain-glass of red.  
In the dark I stayed  
to clean, or sit, or become like the  
Other Men.  
Yet I watched.  
I think I saw scales in the bark last night.  
With your eyes and the moon,  
they glittered  
constellations  
flickering in and out.

The Men are afraid of you  
They speak of Disgust.  
How you are ruining Their view.  
How you are staining Their tree.  
I do not tell Them how when We sing,  
I sing for your success.  
Will you step from the branches now?  
Will you burn from the Earth's touch?  
Will I burn from your feathers, and  
smoke, and tender scales?

The Men hold Their suspicions  
of you and I.  
They do not understand how your form  
has grown.  
How you survived Their dirt.  
How your yellow eyes burn ever brighter.  
I think they can feel the heat of my skin  
and how when I move, your gaze  
follows  
only me,  
and I burst with joy.  
The Men see me smile  
And They dismiss me from the pulpit.

It's raining again.  
Does it hurt you?  
You had lived inside the wood, and the  
leaves,  
and the veins of birds  
last time water fell to the Earth.  
Would it hurt you more if I brought you  
Inside?

EYES OF WATCHFUL YELLOW

Your voice is beautiful.                      They have put up curtains so They  
 The Men say it is the wind.                cannot see you anymore.  
 They say it is violent and broken and      They poured Water down my throat  
 frightening.                                      so that I would choke.  
 But I know it's you singing your found    It tore against my insides.  
 breath.  
  
 I want to leave these Men but                I tasted copper and my breath was  
 I am Afraid.                                      stripped  
  
                                                                   and I pulled at the Ankles of the Men  
 but They shattered my fingers with  
 Their freshly polished Shoes.  
  
 Do you get scared?  
  
 I do, thinking one day I will  
 no longer  
 feel your yellow eyes.  
  
 I wonder if you worry I too  
 may vanish  
 for what else could you watch?  
  
 You have grown so much, my dear  
  
 I am so proud of you.  
 The Men in Here hate you,  
 but They hate me too.  
  
                                                                   Until the room is quiet.  
                                                                   Until the room is red.  
                                                                   Until I realize this Place  
                                                                   Burns

EYES OF WATCHFUL YELLOW

your scales of smoke.                            that all I see are  
 So I pull you against me                      your yellow eyes.  
 To shield your body                            I shout and shout and thread  
 for I never want you to feel pain.         my flesh into yours  
  
                                                                   and I can't tell if you are inside me or  
  
 I understood you were beautiful but,      I am inside you,  
 through the glass of red,                      but I don't care.  
 I never realized just so.                      You tug against my feathers  
 Oh how those Men were blind!             and you beg me never to leave you.  
 I guide my fingers down your scales      I told you I've loved you  
 and feel your claws do the same            since yellow first glowed from the tree,  
 slicing the clothes from my body.         and thick honey poured within us.  
  
 I had never seen your sharpened teeth    The dirt is warmer than I thought.  
 before                                                    You told me you thought the same thing  
 yet now I press my mouth to yours        back then.  
 to feel them against my tongue.            You really are beautiful, you know?  
 You taste of apples soaked with wine     I left the bricks and you left the tree  
 sweeter than anything I ever had.        and we walked amongst  
  
 I can't stop touching your form.            the yellow light.  
 Your sharp angles and rich mane  
 The way your scales grow into feathers  
 and you engulf me so

## Manga review

### *On Being Normal: Is Love the Answer*



BY LIDIAN CHEONG

As you hopefully know, there exists good representation and bad representation, and unfortunately for us on the aromantic and/or asexual spectrum, the proportion of bad representation is on the high side. By that I mean, there's not much in the first place if you don't know where to look for it.

The 6-chapter manga *Is Love the Answer?* by Uta Isaki centers around Chika, who has just entered university in Tokyo with the aim of exploring the diversity of human identity (as compared to her small hometown). She, however, quickly learns that society will be society and that ignorance is implied, rarely explicit. Through meeting a psychology professor, a detached upperclassman, and a new (but already falling apart) friend group, she discovers and affirms her identity at present as aromantic asexual.

Upon first meeting with her new friend group, the subject quickly turns to romance. Thinking she has nothing to lose, Chika mentions that she has never fallen in love. The responses she gets are, in short, on the less affirming side; a myriad of incredulous questioning, assumptions, and the crushing realisation that “Oh...this reaction...it's the same as high school, huh?”

But as it turns out, two of these friends had only been reacting this way to “fit in” and be perceived as having “normal opinions”. This may not be so in Western countries, but as being able to “fit in”/maintain harmony is a prominent feature of Japanese culture, this would be “normal” — as would be falling in love, experiencing sexual attraction, and assuming the same of others. Chika's short, but eye-opening journey to find the truth about being “normal” is wholesomely relatable, and it's a story I wish I read sooner.

Even as someone who identifies as asexual, the microlabels mentioned (such as demisexual, lithiosexual and graysexual) were a feature that I was pleasantly surprised by, as by the affirmation, by one of the characters, that sexual and romantic orientation is fluid. Personally, I find that Isaki captures both the joys and agonies of trying to find what label fits — if any — in a manner realistic for someone of her age. One of the major factors in Chika's continual self-discovery is finding like-minded people and asking how they've accepted themselves and what they choose to label themselves as. On top of this, she makes the satisfying conclusion that “being normal” is just a social construct that ultimately doesn't have to mean anything to you. I may have grown up with the internet, but seeing a fictional character have what I didn't, sparked a special kind of endearment in me that no romance story would've been capable of.

Overall, if you want a cosy quick read that doesn't get overly heavy, *Is Love the Answer?* should be your answer. In whatever stage of your own self-discovery journey that you're in — whether you've settled down with a label or are questioning or are somewhere in between — there will be something for you to smile at.

## THAT SUSPICIOUSLY HOMOEROTIC FRIENDSHIP YOU HAD IN SCHOOL HAD ITS OWN LITERARY GENRE IN JAPAN: JAPANESE LESBIANS IN THE EARLY 20TH CENTURY

By Anna Pilgrim

Japanese history is kaleidoscopically queer, from homosexual Buddhist monkhood, its third gender called *wakashu*, to historic drag queen-led fertility festivals that raise money for HIV research. Even samurai were gay!

While gay marriage is still not legally recognised in Japan today, homosexual relationships have always been prominent in Japanese history. The writings of Yoshiya Nobuko and their popularity in early 20th century Japan remind us that lesbian relationships in school were not only accepted, but *were actually the norm*.

The establishment of girls' 'higher schools' and colleges in 1899 created a safe environment for young girls to explore relationships with their classmates, and a lesbian subculture within these buildings began to take form. These girls were separated from the outside world, their male counterparts,

and even the 'male gaze', hence authentic relationships between girls, both platonic and romantic, were not only allowed, but even expected. Feminists in 1920s Japan even regarded it as an essential part of becoming a feminist woman, with the editors of *Seitō* (*Bluestockings*) themselves identifying as queer and experiencing WLW relationships. In the 1920s and 1930s there was specific vocabulary used to speak about female relationships with one another, with *ome* and *esu*, denoting sexual adult and romantic female adolescent relationships.

There was even the belief that this love was educational and important, as it introduced girls to the standards of loving and being loved, therefore ensuring they wouldn't settle for less as adults engaging with men. However for those who would today identify as lesbians, the problem arose when women graduated from these institutions, and found that sexual discrimination in Japan, both against them as women but also as queer people, left many women reminiscing about their high school days or even unable to cope. For example, in 1911, two girls from Niigata killed themselves after graduating higher school because they felt their lesbian relationship could not be sustained in the outer world.

Yoshiya Nobuko's *hana monogatari* ('*Flower Tales*') follows a plethora of queer female stories in Japanese school settings, from relationships with friends to crushes on female teachers (very *Derry Girls*), and helped establish this queer author as “one of the most successful writers of popular literature in twentieth-century Japan” (Michiko, *Becoming Modern Woman*, 2009).

While there aren't any full English translations of her work, you can find online '*The Yellow Rose*', a story about two women who fall in love, bond over Sappho and plan to run away to the United States.



# I Know What You Did

BY SUE DE NYM

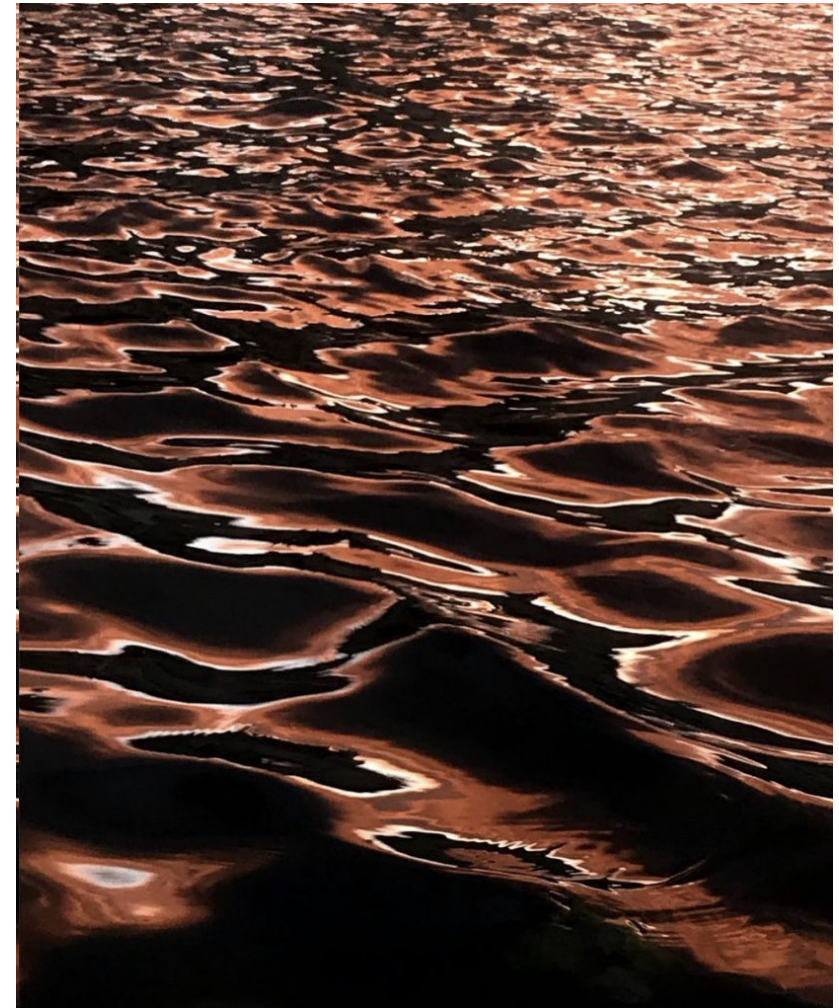
i don't know how far you went            it gave hope to a broken thing  
pray i never do                                you couldn't love enough  
  
                                                              but never complained  
how could you                                 because you did once  
how could you do this                        and the memory's enough  
to us  
  
                                                              but do you remember how  
to me                                                your husband used to smile  
                                                              telling us how you met  
was it worth it                                 over and over  
twenty years                                    i could recount it by heart  
two children alive                             and  
the others –                                     i thought one day  
we never got to meet                        i'd find a love like yours  
do we mean nothing to you  
  
                                                              *i'd rather fucking die*  
your love was that of stories  
  
                                                              i know you tried your best  
to me                                                to guide us  
                                                              with a scrambled map

passed down to you                            and know no peace in waking hours  
by a cruel navigator                            i see him  
  
                                                              face bloodied  
and you swore you wouldn't be your     jaw broken  
mother                                                my knuckles bare boned and raw  
but you took our childhoods anyhow     his skin dripping from my rings  
just not in the same way                     as he lies throat under heel  
  
i started to love you                            i've never known rage like this  
again  
let myself forgive you  
again  
reminded myself  
"she isn't always like this –"  
i told myself  
you're only human  
  
now this  
  
is he worth it  
  
snake i called friend  
  
i hunt for him in dreaming

and know no peace in waking hours  
i see him  
face bloodied  
jaw broken  
my knuckles bare boned and raw  
his skin dripping from my rings  
as he lies throat under heel  
  
i've never known rage like this  
  
he consumes me  
because i can't hate you  
  
i want to break him  
  
the way you broke my heart  
broke my trust  
destroyed my hope  
  
*who could love me*  
  
with my father's eyes  
and temperament the same  
who could love *me*

CW: REFERENCES TO BLOOD AND INJURY

his carbon copy  
if you couldn't  
wronged woman i am  
and out for blood  
  
i itch to feel his bones  
splintering in my hand  
  
in another world  
a place without law  
a time without consequence  
  
he'd see me in every shadow  
hear me on the howling wind  
never knowing  
when i'd strike  
i want to see his face  
as the realisation sets –  
there's no corner he could crawl to  
where i won't find him  
  
in that world  
i am reckoning  
i am justified  
i am agony  
  
but all i can do  
in this fucking place  
is curse the air he breathes  
sour the water in his cup  
and plague his dreams  
with beasts of my creation  
  
my poison pen writes for him alone  
  
i'll be the ice he beats his battered wings  
upon  
freezing ever colder  
with every desperate try  
  
may he never find peace  
let my fury haunt him  
  
i curse his foul blood



*D*

i curse the swine who came before him  
and the apes he could sire  
may he lead them dancing into hell  
where my vengeance waits for him  
from this day on  
with famished lips  
and talons smithed sharp  
in the forge of my anger



## Am I Not Gay Enough?

BY LEO BERENSON

I was 15 years old when I first came out as bisexual. I say 'first' because shortly after admitting to a random cabin of older boys that I fell exactly in the middle of the 'straight-gay scale' (our understanding of sexuality was remarkably sophisticated for teenage boys), I decided to un-come out (go in?) for another year due to shame. Eventually, in what was probably my most dramatic (and, by extension, my gayest) moment, I came out to my entire Instagram following with a very long-winded post talking about Bi Visibility Day. I was very fortunate to be surrounded by so much love and support, especially from my family and friends, and from that point on I have definitely been a happier person than I was pre-coming (first person to comment on this phrasing will perish) out.

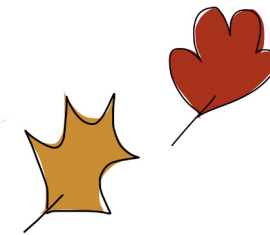
All that being said, there has been a constant, nagging source of insecurity that I hope some of you reading this might be able to understand: I've never felt gay enough. Make no mistake: I am EXTREMELY attracted to men, women, and everything in between and beyond, so by all technical definitions I am as bisexual as you can be. However, when it comes to all of those stereotypical tenets of gay culture and life, I feel hopelessly detached. I can name maybe two Lady Gaga songs, I

have never seen an episode of Drag Race, I am only partially privy to the happenings of gay Twitter, and if you put a gun to my head and asked me to assemble a fit that is even remotely cunty I would tell you to shoot me.

This all might sound a bit silly, but it does genuinely cause me to feel a great deal of sadness and loneliness when surrounded by more flamboyant gay people. I often find myself wishing I could be more like them, so full of energy and style and gay pop culture knowledge, even though I know deep down that I'm just not that type of person. It makes it hard to attend a lot of big queer meet-ups and events, as oftentimes I find myself feeling out of place among people who I want to feel at home with. I start thinking that maybe I don't really belong there, that maybe I'm just a guy with a boyfriend and not *actually* a part of the LGBT community. Those thoughts are always absurd looking back on them, but I can never escape that nagging feeling of self-doubt and loneliness that I thought I'd left behind when I came out all those years ago.



So why talk about this now? Why in this issue of this specific magazine? Well, as a brand new member of *The Gay Saint* Writing Team, I'm once again surrounded by people who seem sweet and wonderful and charming and supportive and a whole bunch of other positive adjectives I can't be arsed to type out. But these are also people who feel a whole world away from me, and I've decided I don't want to feel like this anymore. So, in the spirit of Halloween, one of those rare times where I feel I can actually be at least in part one of those flamboyant gay people I so admire, I am writing this not only in the hopes that I can find others who understand how I feel, but also so people who have felt the loneliness I have know they don't have to anymore. It's not just you who feels like they aren't glamorous enough. It's not just you who feels like they aren't 'in the know' enough. And it absolutely is not just you who feels like they aren't gay enough. Those are words I know I need to hear, so I hope they can help someone else who needs to hear them too.



# THE BECKONING HEART

BY M. J. M. NORWOOD

*This is the second in a series of fantasy short stories following the lives of Harriet and Evelyn. Each instalment can be read as a standalone, but they tie together to form a richer whole. If you enjoy this story, then make sure to look out for more in future editions!*

It was lovesickness, it had to be. There is something about the giddy excitement of the first few months of a relationship that leads parts of the brain to switch off, and that could be the only explanation for the situation Evelyn now found herself in. She was not the sort of person to venture into the woods on the brightest of summer days, let alone on a dark October night, but when Harriet had looked at her with that radiant smile, she had agreed without hesitation. Now that Evelyn was here, she thought that she must not have heard Harriet's words, only listened to that smile.

'Watch out,' said Harriet, from ahead, 'there are some holes on the path. You can see them by the moonlight.'

Evelyn raised her skirt so she could see her feet better, but found she could see nothing, feet nor path. 'What moonlight? These woods are stygian.'

'Stygian is a good word,' said Harriet, stepping over some obstacle that was invisible to Evelyn.

'It's apt for the situation,' said Evelyn, haughtily, though she felt effervescent inside. She adored words, in all their variety and complexity, but she had read more than she had heard spoken. At home, when she had used words learned from reading, her family had laughed at her, saying she was putting on airs. Here at university, the other students were by and large from far wealthier backgrounds, and they laughed at her when she used big words too, though in this case it was because she sometimes did not know how to pronounce them. Harriet never laughed.



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'Take my hand, I'll guide you over the rough patches,' said Harriet.

Evelyn fumbled for her hand in the dark, and sighed with relief when they made warm contact.

'I don't think I'm built for this, I should stay in the library,' she said, a little shakily.

'Rot!' Harriet exclaimed. 'I think you're doing perfectly well, and anyway, I'll be here with you the whole time.'

They forged on, Harriet leading the way and Evelyn stumbling behind.

'Remind me why we couldn't bring a lantern?' said Evelyn, after a precarious leap over a stream.

'The light might scare the wisps, and I'll kick myself if I don't get to see them because of something as silly as that.'

Will-o'-the-wisps. There had been rumours going around the student body of lights in the woods, and Harriet had gotten it into her head that they *had* to be will-o'-the-wisps. She was determined to see them, and Evelyn couldn't begrudge her the desire. She was a mago-zoology student, after all.

As they trekked, Evelyn found she could distinguish more than vague shapes, and she picked out trees, bushes, even what she thought was a scurrying hedgehog. An owl hooted, and she craned to see if she could spot it. As she looked, she saw a light limning the trees in a soft, hazy bloom, and she grabbed Harriet's sleeve.



## THE BECKONING HEART

‘Light!’ she hissed.

Harriet contained her excitement to one sharp inhale, and crept on, towing Evelyn behind her.

‘Strange,’ she whispered, as they edged around a bush. ‘Wisps are small, I wouldn’t expect them to cast such a glow.’ She dropped to her belly as they came to a rise, and Evelyn followed suit, dismissing qualms about getting mud on her skirt. They inched forward on their bellies through dry autumn leaves, then Harriet stopped abruptly.

‘Evelyn,’ she hissed, ‘these aren’t wisps.’

Evelyn crawled up next to her, and gasped. A progression of silvery figures was winding its way through the trees. The spectres were dressed in eclectic outfits from more time periods than Evelyn could recognise, but they all glided on together, a river of cool light through the dell below them.

‘What time is it?’ Evelyn whispered.

Harriet got out her pocket watch, slowly to avoid rustling, and peered at it by the light of the spirits. ‘Just after midnight.’

‘Then it’s All Hallow’s Eve. I read a book of folk tales about this area. I didn’t take note of it at the time, but I recall it now. These woods used to be dangerous for travellers, filled with bandits and highwaymen.’ Evelyn watched a woman in a mediaeval kirtle trudge by. ‘One of the tales was an account from a farmer who said that every Hallowe’en, the spirits of the travellers who never got through the woods make their journey again, over and over, for eternity.’



## BYM.J.M. NORWOOD

‘There must be a concentration of magic here. There sometimes is, in woodlands. It’s trapped their souls, poor things. The lights the others saw must have been discharges of whatever magic this is.’ That was typical for Harriet, immediately thinking of a theoretical explanation.

Evelyn shivered as a cold unease washed through her. ‘The tale said that if the living got too close to the procession, they would become part of it, cursed to journey forever without reaching their destination.’

‘Oh.’ Harriet shivered too; she was close enough that Evelyn felt it. ‘Perhaps...perhaps we should go.’

As she said it, Evelyn thought she saw one the spirits turn its head, its eyes locking onto the ridge where they were hiding. Harriet must have seen it too, because she squeaked and jumped to her feet, pulling Evelyn up after her. They ran, Harriet holding Evelyn’s hand and pulling her after her as they crashed through bushes, stumbled over logs, and jumped the stream. Branches tore at Evelyn’s hair, the wind whipped at the flyaways, but she found she was laughing. The thrill of their narrow escape, the joy of knowing that she was with the woman she loved, they bubbled up inside her and she couldn’t help but grin.

They only stopped running when they reached the edge of the woods, and Evelyn fell into Harriet’s arms, still laughing breathlessly.

‘In future,’ she said, through giggles, ‘remind me to think before I agree to your ventures.’

Harriet grinned. ‘Absolutely not. That wouldn’t be any fun.’



# The Death of the Concept Album?

BY ASHVIN GUPTA

When we think of great albums, records which defined a year/era of music, the following come to mind: *Teenage Dream*. *Reputation*. *SOUR*. *A Brief Inquiry into Online Relationships*. *Lemonade*. These records are masterclasses in cohesive storytelling and include legendary songs which — whilst being Amazon singles — contribute to a wider theme of the album, carefully crafted to tell a story. However, the growth in popularity of Tiktok and Reels has meant that the focus of newer artists has been diverted from making an album which tells a story to producing a minute's worth of audio which has "viral potential."

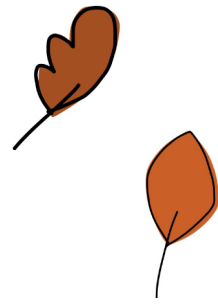
Firstly, I feel we should clarify why a concept album is so noteworthy. It shows that an artist can produce multiple tracks with their own unique production and sub-themes, which all beautifully interact with each other to tell a story that the artist wants to narrate. *Lemonade* is a prime example; each song is notably different, with 'Sorry' and 'Sandcastles' being polar opposites in their sounds. However, every single track blends into a beautiful story of love and betrayal and pride in oneself. *Reputation* is another masterpiece with similar characteristics. Listening to 'Ready for It?' and 'New Years Day' on their own, one would never guess that they were on the same record. Swift's lyricism and Jack Antonoff's production make each song its own unique chapter in the story of finding comfort with one's identity and finding one's true confidants.

A notable example is Jack Harlow's 'First Class' with its viral chorus, which included praise centering around the audio clip's smooth R&B undertones and wordplay. However, once the song itself was released, the listeners quickly realized that the full single was mediocre at best, despite the chorus being — in my view — near perfection. The same was unfortunately the case for Harlow's album — *Come Home the Kids Miss You* — with hotly anticipated songs such as 'Dua Lipa,' 'Churchill Downs' (ft. Drake) and 'State Affairs' falling flat in terms of lyricism and production. The album was painfully repetitive in its beats, and songs were obviously released in order to gain internet attention via the shock factor (naming a song after one of the hottest names in Pop, for example). It would be unfair, however, to say that it is only the newer artists who have fallen into the trap of trend-crazy record production. Meghan Trainor went from producing some good songs ('Dear Future Husband,' and of course 'All About that Bass') to producing painfully repetitive songs with absolutely no lyrical standpoints or notable production (I shall not mention the recent song — 'Made you Look,' which makes my ears bleed). My point, however, is that very few artists have continued with the concept of producing coherent pieces of work, which signals that the idea of a "concept album" is one that is dying before our eyes (or ears?).

A good example for the contrary, however, is Olivia Rodrigo's *SOUR* and *GUTS* records, the former album undeniably defined the Covid-19 music landscape (along with *Future Nostalgia* and *Folklore*) with a cohesive story of teenage love and outstanding lyricism, a theme which continued in *GUTS*. Rodrigo has clearly been taking notes on how the greats before her have achieved their status; Taylor Swift's lyricism and easter-egg dropping tendencies, Paramore's melodies, to name a couple. It can be argued — in my view — with little controversy that Olivia Rodrigo reminds a lot of us of the 2016-19 era of music, with a play on the y2k aesthetics and the addition of edge and constantly amazing production that can rival that of Katy Perry's *Teenage Dream*, Billie Eilish's *Don't Smile at Me*, and Taylor Swift's *1989*. However, even Rodrigo can be seen to at least somewhat be chasing the potential of going viral, sampling heavily from previously successful records of Paramore and most notably Taylor Swift. Moreover, the fact that after hours of thinking I could only confidently come up with Rodrigo as a creator of concept albums is even more proof that the idea is dying.

All of this is not to say of course that the idea of concept albums is completely dead. Artists who have been through the ringer in the music industry continue to thankfully produce masterpieces. *Renaissance* by Beyonce was a legendary victory in cohesive storytelling, an outstanding production, blending ballroom and pop into a euphoric enactment of pride in heritage and sexuality. *Folklore* and *Evermore* by Taylor Swift are masterclasses in storytelling, with a complex love triangle unique to each album, each song with its own theme, and impeccable use of folk sounds. Swift produced two flawless pieces of work which defined the indie, folk, and pop genres in the pandemic years. The 1975's *Being Funny in a Foreign Language* is an honorable mention.

The case can thus be strongly made and sustained that the art of producing concept albums is dying, with newer artists such as Harlow and older artists such as Trainor falling victim to the craze of becoming viral rather than focusing on producing music which has good production, lyricism, and cohesive themes. Not all tracks or records need to tell a story, but sonically cohesive albums reign far superior in terms of longevity and relevance than 30-second clips of a catchy verse or wordplay.





## When To Be Loved by Death: Anne Rice's Vampires and the Possibilities of Queer Time

BY ROBYN PENTONY

From Sheridan Le Fanu's 1872 novella *Carmilla* to Netflix's *First Kill* to, arguably, Stephanie Myers' *Twilight* series, it's no secret that vampires have always been pretty queer. In an article on the latest TV adaptation of *Interview with the Vampire* (IWTV), Naja Later writes, "queer people have grown to love dark and difficult stories that mythologise the struggles and secrecy of our real lives" (Later, 2022). Though queerness in Anne Rice's early novels remains confined to subtext, the vampire Lestat's seduction of the narrator Louis reflects a taboo desire akin to queer sexual attraction. Describing the moment Lestat drains his blood, Louis says "I remember that the movement of his lips raised the hair all over my body, sent a shock of sensation through my body not unlike the pleasure of passion..." (Rice, 1976). The penetrative act of drinking the blood and exchanging fluids is charged with homosexual passion, the product of a forbidden, deadly appetite. The queer attraction

between Louis and Lestat is well established; however, their life after Louis' transformation creates a potential for queer world-making and new queer narratives of being.

In Jack Halberstam's book *In a Queer Time and Place* on transgender subcultural experiences, Halberstam coins the term "queer time" to describe the unique ways in which queer lives unfold. Writes Halberstam, "if we try to think about queerness as an outcome of strange temporalities, imaginative life schedules, and eccentric economic practices, we detach queerness from sexual identity" (Halberstam, 2005), instead coming to understand queerness as an alternative way of life that threatens the dominant, cisheteronormative order. In *Interview with the Vampire*, Lestat, the beautiful, recondite seducer is the catalyst for the end of Louis' "normal," mortal life. Louis' seduction and fall to darkness represent the danger a queer lifestyle poses for the conservative, capitalist life plan people are told to expect: go to high school, go to university, get a job, get married, have kids, and work until you've made enough money to retire and send *your* kids to university to keep the cycle going. When he first meets Lestat and is struck by his beauty, Louis says, "I saw my life as I stood apart from it, the vanity, the self-serving, the constant fleeing from one petty annoyance after another, the lip service to God and the Virgin.... I saw my real gods... the gods of most men. Food, drink, and security in conformity. Cinders" (Rice, 1976). In the moment of the fall, Louis is forced to look upon the

possibilities of his life if he remains on the path he's on; a life and death of heterosexual conformity. The "dark gift" of vampirism that Lestat passes on to Louis interrupts the course of his life, pulling him into an eternal life of romance and death. Lestat and Louis' life together in mid-1700s New Orleans isn't an altogether happy one, however, with Lestat using his superior knowledge to keep Louis with him at all costs. As the vampires languish for decades in decadence and seductive bloodlust, they add another to their "family": the five-year-old vampire Claudia.

The introduction of Claudia, Louis and Lestat's "daughter," reveals new potentials for queer times and spaces; Louis and Lestat's relationship as dark lovers in New Orleans transforms as they become Claudia's parents, the trio forming an undying nuclear family for the next seventy years. For a time, life is suspended as the years fly by, Louis' brooding narration giving the novel a dreamlike, impalpable quality that contrasts with his once-solid vision of his own future. The vampires exist in a state between life and death, languidness and contentedness, and images of deadly beauty and passion. Louis says of the aesthetic that "the conflict always lies between the morals of the artist and the morals of society, not the aesthetic and moral" (Rice, 1976). The "aesthetic" existence of the vampires is constantly at odds with the general morality of society, leaving the protagonists in their own space and time they've carved out for themselves.



The homoerotic relationships between the vampires of *IWTV* exist outside the typical framework of life through their undead existences and the families they create, allowing them to fashion new queer narratives for themselves. Here, vampirism becomes similar to the complex systems of subcultures described in Halberstam's book, which are disruptive and threatening to the normative social order. Though other circumstances eventually get in the way of true happiness for Louis, Lestat, and Claudia, the family that they create lends insight into the ways in which the disruption of queerness allows for unique ideas of family and new potentials for queer world-making utterly distanced from the dominant homophobic culture.

Works cited:

Jack Halberstam (2005) *In a Queer Time and Place: Transgender Bodies, Subcultural Lives*.

Anne Rice (1976) *Interview with the Vampire*.

Naja Later (2022) 'Out of the Coffin and the Closet: Gay Vampires Are No Longer Sub-Text, They're Just Text,' *The Conversation*.



# TikTok! The Witch is Trending (a Folk Witch's Two Cents on Attention Economics and Spirituality)

BY TRINITY  
GÖRTSCHACHER

My Deda (grandad) was from a small village in Srem, Serbia. He was a wonderfully strange man — a taxi driver by necessity but a caricaturist by heart. He always kept garlic — “nature’s antibiotic” — in his suit pocket; he taught us the proper way to disrespect politicians is through art —

And he was a witch.

In rural Eastern Europe, magic and folklore remain an intrinsic part of life as a way of connecting with nature, understanding the human psyche, and honouring one’s ancestors. Folk magic surpasses superstition. It’s a living tradition and my most precious heirloom.

When Christianity came to eradicate the ancient Slavs’ Paganism, it failed with each fiery baptism. The Old Believers’ faith was bound to their magic and rituals: they drew power from nature, ruthless as it could be, believing both

“light” and “dark” magic necessary to survive the whims of fate. With Christianity being so different, people refused the change. Over time, the Russian Orthodox Church consolidated the two faiths — Pagan holidays were rebranded; the old Gods got a face-lift. Kupala is still celebrated on the summer solstice; in Serbia, Vidovdan celebrates St. Vitus, the god Svetovid transformed.

My grandparents immigrated to Australia, where my mother was born. When she was young, her mother refused to speak her native tongue. By the time she had my sibling and I, she had forgotten too much. I’ve always felt disconnected from that side of myself — like I had no claim to be a Serb. I never learnt the language, never wore traditional dress — hell, I don’t even know a lullaby I could sing to my children one day.

But one piece of the old country was rightfully mine: my magic.

I long hid my beliefs in desperate hope of fitting in, already othered for so many things — being foreign, neurodivergent, queer.

I still feel weird talking about it, as if it’s shameful, but I’ve come to treasure my craft. Even if it’s worthless to others, it’s priceless to me. It’s all I have left of my Deda and the mother that I used to know.

My inheritance is there to help those I love and to guide my community — like my family used to. Through it, I understand myself and survive life’s pains. I’ll pass it on one day, and as it survived through me, so will our history live on through my children.

Therein lies my issue with WitchTok. This TikTok “community” rose to popularity during the pandemic and has only grown since, with the hashtag currently at 46.7 billion views.

People turned to witchcraft for the same reason as any faith: surrounded by tragedy and death, people needed hope. When it started, WitchTok was a way for people to share their beliefs and practices, making this information easily accessible for those seeking it. TikTok was the natural evolution of the internet, but its structure easily allowed capitalism to invade cultural spaces.

The algorithm bombards you with sensationalised drama, influencers pushing products, and “experts” sharing bastardised spells and rituals stolen from real folk practices. They also preach the “fact” that trans people can only use the “gendered power” of their sex...

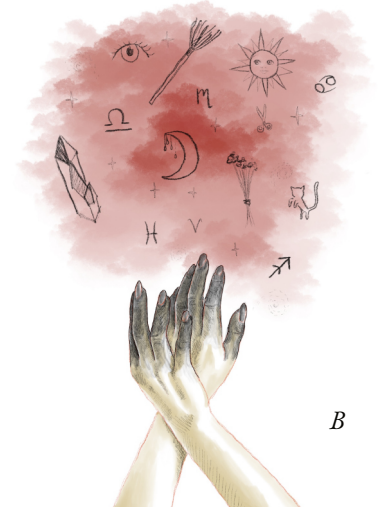
The most valuable commodities on WitchTok are love and pain — “love spells” (most I’ve seen are actually obsession spells) and curses promising retribution are readily available for novices, which is incredibly dangerous.

I don’t condemn love magic or baneful work: it’s a big part of Slavic witchcraft. I use it, too.

That’s not to say I can say a few words and make anyone fall in love with me or shake someone’s hand and they drop dead. That’s not how magic works, nor does it work if you don’t believe in it. With belief comes power, and not understanding the magic you’re trying to use - the protection and divination needed to cast a spell - can cause tremendous harm to both caster and subject.

But WitchTok also harms people like me: these spells and rituals have to come from somewhere, and with the majority of users being from the US, most are stolen from Voodoo, Hoodoo, Brujería, and Native American practices.

I can only speak from my experience of how personal folk magic is, but my heart breaks at the thought of finding something my Deda gave me twisted for views and butchered for entertainment.



B

When creators are reminded of closed practices and the cultural significance of the content shared as “baby witch tips”, they are blankly dismissive — “magic is for everyone”, who are they to “gatekeep”?

WitchTok unwittingly continues the colonialist invasion of cultural practices, while white supremacists still weaponise magic and mysticism today. One of the best books on the issue is *Gods of the Blood* by Mattias Gardell. Go read it. Maybe spend your attention on something worthwhile.



## Back to School: Returning to a Queer Safe Space

BY TOM WILSON

September. The sun sets a little earlier, the leaves turn orange, and your jacket makes its first appearance since April. It's also back to school month as friends reunite in town after the summer away and prepare to undertake new classes here at the university.

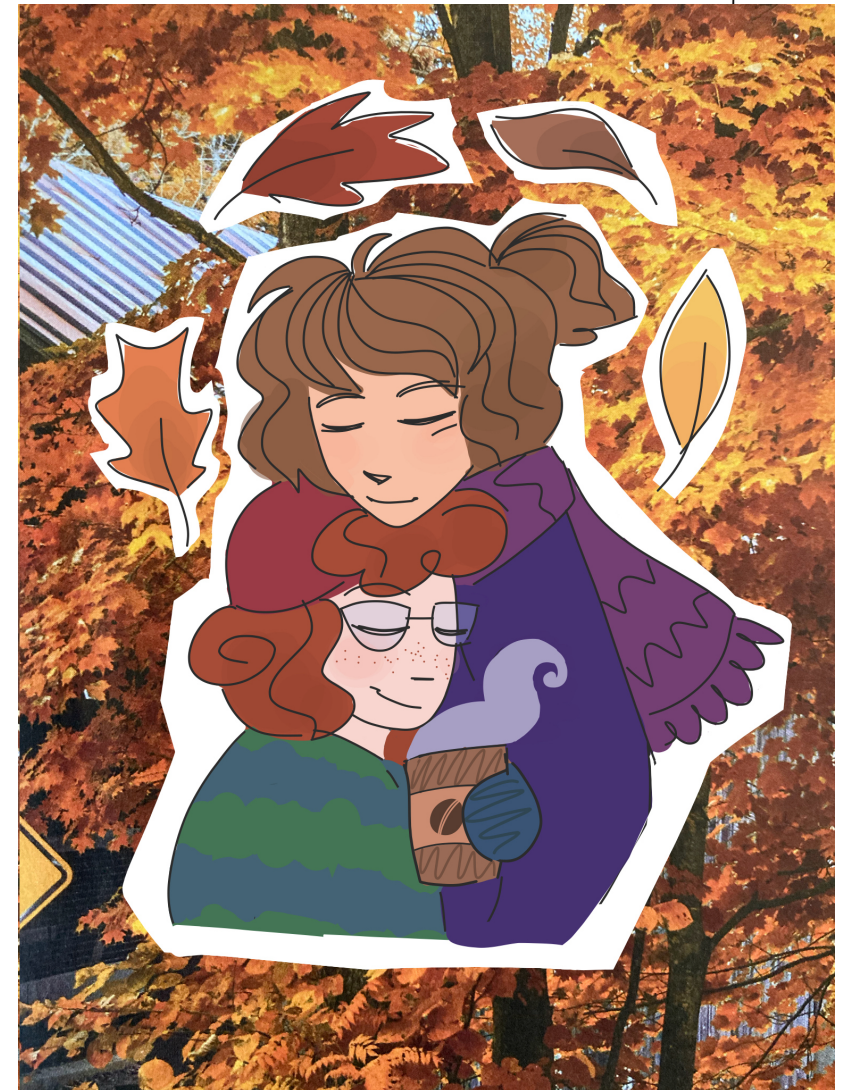
For queer students, it's also a welcome back into our own subcommunity. A safe space that many of us sadly do not have over the summer. Our community of students is culturally diverse; what we call home ranges from a town in Fife, the heat of the Middle East, or the skyline of New York City. Some come home to an unaccepting family, others to a repressive culture and nation. More often than not, it's a mix of both. For those of us whom this affects, going home changes us. We are forced to lie to others and to ourselves. Speaking, acting, and sometimes dressing in a way which simply is not who we have become. University is often a time of discovery and acceptance of ourselves and others; coming home often means hiding that newfound self.

My own self-acceptance and discovery felt like finding the missing puzzle piece in myself. For years I had searched and searched for an explanation, but the environment I grew up in did not allow me to find the answers. It was only last year, my third year in St Andrews, that I even discovered what asexuality was. My friends and the queer community in town helped me find the answers and complete my puzzle.

The trip home that winter felt different. While my family was completely accepting of me and who I am, I did not feel the same trust from others whom I had grown up with. My home and community suddenly felt unaccepting. I had to lie to even be respected by many I call friends.

Returning to university usually comes with some unsettling feelings. Classwork, deadlines, new friends, old friends, lovers, exes, the one who never was, and so much more make up life in our small town. Our wider student population can still improve to make our LGBTQ+ identifying students feel safer. Even with all that, our queer community allows us a safe space to exist. To be us. To not only love but to be the final image of our completed puzzle.

FALL-ING FOR YOU



# AGONY AUNCLE



Dear Agony,

*You know, I love a london boy, walking Camden market in the afternoon. He likes my American smile, like a child, when our eyes meet, darling I fancy you.*



Sincerely,

Saylor Twift

Dear Saylor Twift,

L...

Well...

It seems that the Swifties have found their way into the Agony Auncle Submissions file. With the large overlap between queer people and Taylor Swift fans, I shouldn't be surprised, and I am not. Considering last year's amazing run of *The Gay Saint* ended with your dear Agony Auncle waxing poetic about the trials and tribulations of finding a queer person around St Andrews who isn't a Swiftie, I knew someone somewhere would use a Taylor Swift reference in their submission.

I will say however, I am disappointed. Not in that this happened, but that the reference was such an obvious one! I wish I had been bamboozled by a submission, a hidden Taylor Swift reference that only the real Swifties would know. Some unknown drama that lies at the bottom of the Taylor Swift iceberg. Something so innocuous that I would have responded in earnest, taking the submission as a real anecdote, only to be made a fool when it was revealed I was responding to some Taylor Swift feud.

ALAS! I have been met by a Taylor Swift lyric that even I know! A song my partner begrudgingly enjoys even though it speaks of London as every American does (with no real idea or awareness that it isn't the only place within the United Kingdom).

While having this opportunity I would like to share something that proves I am not a complete enemy of Taylor Swift. I can report that although I did not, have not, and will never, change my overall apathy to Taylor Swift and her music, I *did* join the presale lottery for my partner. The Swifties can rest easy knowing that I tried for them to get tickets to the Edinburgh show. I gave my email to the void of ticketing platforms in an earnest attempt to help my partner see the show of their dreams.

But I was vindicated, as even though my partner was in the top 0.0001% of Swifties on Spotify, we never got tickets. So Taylor Swift, if you're reading this (and I know you are), you can take that as another strike in my books.

Forever and Always,

Your Agony



Dear Auncle,

*i think i've peaked as a plant dad, i sucked a guy off for his succulents... is there anything i wouldn't do for plants?*

Sincerely,

slut4succulents



Dear slut4succulents,

First of all, I greatly admire your dedication to our beloved pocket-sized plants. As a proud succulent owner myself, their power in vanquishing those pre-deadline blues cannot be overstated. Something about having a silly little lineup of water-retaining greenery to look at against the backdrop of our eternally grey Scotland sky always brightens my stressful, hair-pulling days. You are loyal to a worthy cause my friend.

St Andrews is a wonderful place to be in. However, especially during these winter months when the sun doesn't rise until your third class of the day and the wind chills you to your bones, it can get pretty lonely around here. Last fall, all I saw were my lecture halls and the path to DRA. But, I had my succulents on in my little grey windowsill, and they made me feel a bit less isolated in the cold. They may be small, but they are certainly mighty. Never underestimate the power of plants.

I'd also like to take this time to remind you all of the importance of succulent maintenance (slut 4 succulents, I have no doubt that you are an expert in this business as a plant dad). It can be quite tempting— especially during the infamous plant sale— to stockpile succulents on your windowsill and leave them for the next four months until you pass them off to your roommate, partner, or friends for winter vacation. (I am guilty of such a sin. My girlfriend still has my plants from when I brought them to her house in May before going home.) Remember, these are not just plants. They are your children. You must nourish them with water— not too much, usually once a week— and look after them with care and pride. Name them. Paint their pots. Have a succulent party with your friends. Celebrate your love for them. Embrace the plant life.

So, to all of you succulent parents, hold your heads high. Be as proud of your plant passion as you, slut 4 succulents, are.

Love,

Your Auncle



# HOROSCOPES

BY JACK KENNEDY



## ♈ *Aries*

(21 MARCH - 19 APRIL)

Aries, your energy will be off the charts! You'll be so productive that you might need to not drink any coffee this month. Quite literally, you have the zoomies this month. Don't run into any walls but find a large open space and run free.

## ♉ *Taurus*

(20 APRIL - 20 MAY)

Twisting and turning this month, you have potential to be an overnight sensation Taurus. Get a good night's sleep and a cup of tea and don't forget your ten step skin-care routine. Rest and seize opportunities flowing your way.

## ♊ *Gemini*

(21 MAY - 20 JUNE)

You're reaching new heights Gemini with that sense of humour. Coming in two parts, as always, your dry wit and profound banter are on the rise. Whether reciting on stage or talking to your pet goldfish, don't forget you need to enunciate.



## ♋ *Cancer*

(21 JUNE - 22 JULY)

This month, Cancer, you're not just reaching for the stars; you're aiming for the moon – and you've got a rocket full of fivers, tenners and twenties to get you there. Just remember to stay grounded and keep those financial gains flowing like a well-placed investment. Cheers to your inner finance bro success!

## ♌ *Leo*

(23 JULY - 22 AUGUST)

Leo, get ready for your voice to be the STAR (St Andrews Radio anyone?) of the show this month. Your charisma will shine on the airwaves, making you a sought-after radio personality. Embrace the mic and keep the good vibes on air.

## ♍ *Virgo*

(23 AUGUST - 22 SEPTEMBER)

Cultivate inner peace like a seasoned gardener this month, Virgo. Create a serene oasis at home, practice mindfulness, and let houseplants become your daily rituals. Your mind will bloom with clarity amidst your two green thumbs...

## ♎ *Libra*

(23 SEPTEMBER - 22 OCTOBER)

Libra, your diplomatic skills are in high demand. You'll navigate relationships and negotiations with finesse, earning you the title of the "diplomatic diplomat." Balancing act? You've got it down. Peacemaking? You're the one.

## ♏ *Scorpio*

(23 OCTOBER - 21 NOVEMBER)

Just like Agatha Christie, your life is unfolding like a thrilling mystery novel this month. Dive deep into your passions, uncover secrets, and embrace the enigmatic twists and turns that come your way. Your detective instincts are spot on but are you the best sleuth in town?

## ♐ *Sagittarius*

(22 NOVEMBER - 21 DECEMBER)

Strap on your metaphorical backpack and explore new horizons. Your wanderlust will lead you to exciting experiences and memorable journeys. Adventure at last! Embrace the spirit of the fearless explorer within you this month Sagittarius. I believe in you.

## ♑ *Capricorn*

(21 DECEMBER - 20 JANUARY)

It's time for a chocolate factory adventure in your life and you have a golden ticket. Explore cocoa creativity, taste exotic chocolates, and explore the sweet mysteries of life. Your ability to find harmony will make every flavour taste even better.

## ♒ *Aquarius*

(21 JANUARY - 18 FEBRUARY)

You're the visionary of the future! Embrace your innovative spirit, brainstorm groundbreaking ideas, and explore cutting-edge technologies. Your forward-thinking approach will set trends that others can only dream of. Back to the future meets Aquarius this month.

## ♓ *Pisces*

(19 FEBRUARY - 20 MARCH)

Pisces, dive deep into an underwater adventure of emotions and creativity. Your artistic talents will shine like treasures on the ocean floor. Explore your dreams, express yourself, and let your imagination swim freely. Watch out, there may be menaces lurking at these depths.





*THE GAY SAINT  
MAGAZINE*

