

FEBRUARY 2021

THE GAY SAINT

VOLUME 4 ISSUE 4



Note from the Editor:

I am happy to share the penultimate edition of *The Gay Saint* this year with you! We are now nearly at the end of the first part of the semester, which can be a very stressful time, so this is a reminder to take a break from work and to not be too harsh on yourself.

This month's edition follows the theme of LGBT+ History Month in the UK, with some fascinating articles by our writers. I hope you find it interesting!

– Head Editor, Natalie Psillou

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LGBT+ HISTORY

Do you listen to Girl in Red? - A Brief History of LGBT+ Phrases and Symbols

Lauren Pursey

Those of you who have ended up on the infamous 'Gay Tiktok' or even just frequented social media recently may have seen questions such as: 'Does she listen to Girl in Red?', 'Should I start a Sweater Weather group chat?', and references to tote bags, Doc Martens and artistic earrings. These are used to implicitly identify oneself

as, or question if someone else is, a member of the LGBT+ community.

While these are often tongue-in-cheek and somewhat open secrets (and of course one does not have to dress a certain way or listen to certain music to identify as LGBT+), it did get me thinking about historical examples of coded phrases and symbols used to identify as LGBT+, which I will explore in this article.

A historical euphemism similar to 'Do you listen to Girl in Red?', although used a little more covertly, is the phrase 'Is he a Friend of Dorothy?'. This question was used in America from the mid-twentieth century to inquire after LGBT+

men and has two origin theories.

The first of which involves the story of *The Wizard of Oz* by L. Frank Baum, made into the classic film in 1939. As explained by Kathi Wolfe in an article for the *Washington Blade*, a central theme of the story is that Dorothy becomes friends with the characters who are perceived as different or as outcasts, and these characters bond whilst fighting the Wicked Witch.

A theme which resonates with many in the LGBT+ community and their experiences in the fight against oppression. Furthermore, Judy Garland went on to become a gay icon and the

film is one of few classics that doesn't centre around a heterosexual romance.

The second theory of the phrase's origins is that it came about in relation to Dorothy Parker, an activist, writer, poet, playwright, and the first female Broadway critic. Dorothy threw famous Gatsby-esque parties during the prohibition period and it is thought that her social circle, consisting of many gay men, would use the phrase 'I'm a friend of Dorothy' as a password to these events. From there the phrase spread, although it eventually fell out of use as LGBT+ rights were extended and there was less need for such discrete codes.

However, from the 1980s cruise ship timetables used 'Friend of Dorothy meetups' or the abbreviation, 'FOD', to identify LGBT+ social events and this phrase is still used by some cruise lines today.

Historically, flowers have been used as a subtle yet sweet symbol of LGBT+ identity. Green carnations became a symbol used by gay men after Oscar Wilde asked his friends to wear them to the opening night of his play *Lady Windermere's Fan* in February 1892.

The sapphic (literally) equivalent is violets, which became a historical symbol of love between women due to their reference by the ancient poet. In one

surviving fragment, Sappho laments that a lover is leaving her and implores that she remembers 'the many garlands of violets/ and roses I placed next to you/ and/ the many flower necklaces I weaved around/ your soft/ skin.'

However, as highlighted by Sherrie Innes, this symbol became more widely known following the controversy surrounding the 1926 Broadway adaptation of *The Captive*, by Arthur Hornblow Jr. In the play, one of the characters, Irene de Montcel, receives a corsage of violets from a female friend after returning from her honeymoon, and her reaction to the flowers hints to the audience that this friend was in fact her

lover. Unfortunately, despite the popularity of the play, notably among women, the controversy played a role in the passing of the 1927 New York 'Wales Padlock Law' which banned 'indecent productions' and violet sales in the USA are said to have dropped.

A more distinctly British identifier of the LGBT+ community is the slang language of Polari used by members of the LGBT+ community, especially working class men, to have discreet conversations and establish if one was speaking to another member of the community. The dialect derives vocabulary from a wide range of sources including Italian, Cockney Rhyming Slang, Yiddish and

Romani. Polari's origins are hard to trace; one idea is that it may have evolved from the molly houses of the 19th century and language expert, Paul Baker, suggests its use peaked between the 1920s and the 1960s. After this, the language fell out of use due to the decriminalisation of homosexuality and the gay liberation movement, leading many to want to be more open about their identity. Furthermore, some felt that the widely broadcast 1960s BBC radio show *Round The Horne*, in which the characters often used Polari, took the fun out of the secret language. However, efforts are being made to keep the language alive - you can even download an app!

Clothing and accessories have long been a way to express one's identity and, for the LGBT+ community, this is no different. In the late 1960s and 1970s, the earring code and handkerchief code were developed to communicate sexuality and sexual preference through the placement and colours of these accessories. Particularly used by lesbians, keys clipped to

belt loops also functioned in a similar way. The earring code and other elements of 1990s gay men's fashion, such as mesh shirts and necklaces with 'circular pendants', certainly still went under the radar enough that Mattel released 'Magic Earring Ken' in 1993, an accidentally gay coded doll who was sadly soon recalled from shelves. An accessory from more

recent history, the mid 2000s in fact, is the Ace Ring, a simple black ring worn on the middle finger of the right hand to signify asexuality. I hope this brief exploration of LGBT+ symbols and phrases has been equally interesting, educational and a reminder to perhaps double-check the meaning of your bandana before wearing one to a club.



CREATIVE WRITING

a poem about time and being gay

Lily Coleman

at first you think it is a
road,

a river with a bridge, every
step a second

closer to the great wide
somewhere.

there is this side and the

other side,

binary as clear as light,
and you can take the
journey

until the journey's end.

you could never be so
unlucky.

you are born a vessel,
keenly empty,

and time tumbles down
the staircase of your
ribcage

piling up under your feet

it gives you form. it gives
you weight.

one day, it will claim you.

not the first, you will have
company when you go

but you've always had
company.

hundreds of thousands of
ashen hands, half-formed
and

reaching for your heart.

shaking out every beat of
it, longing to tell you

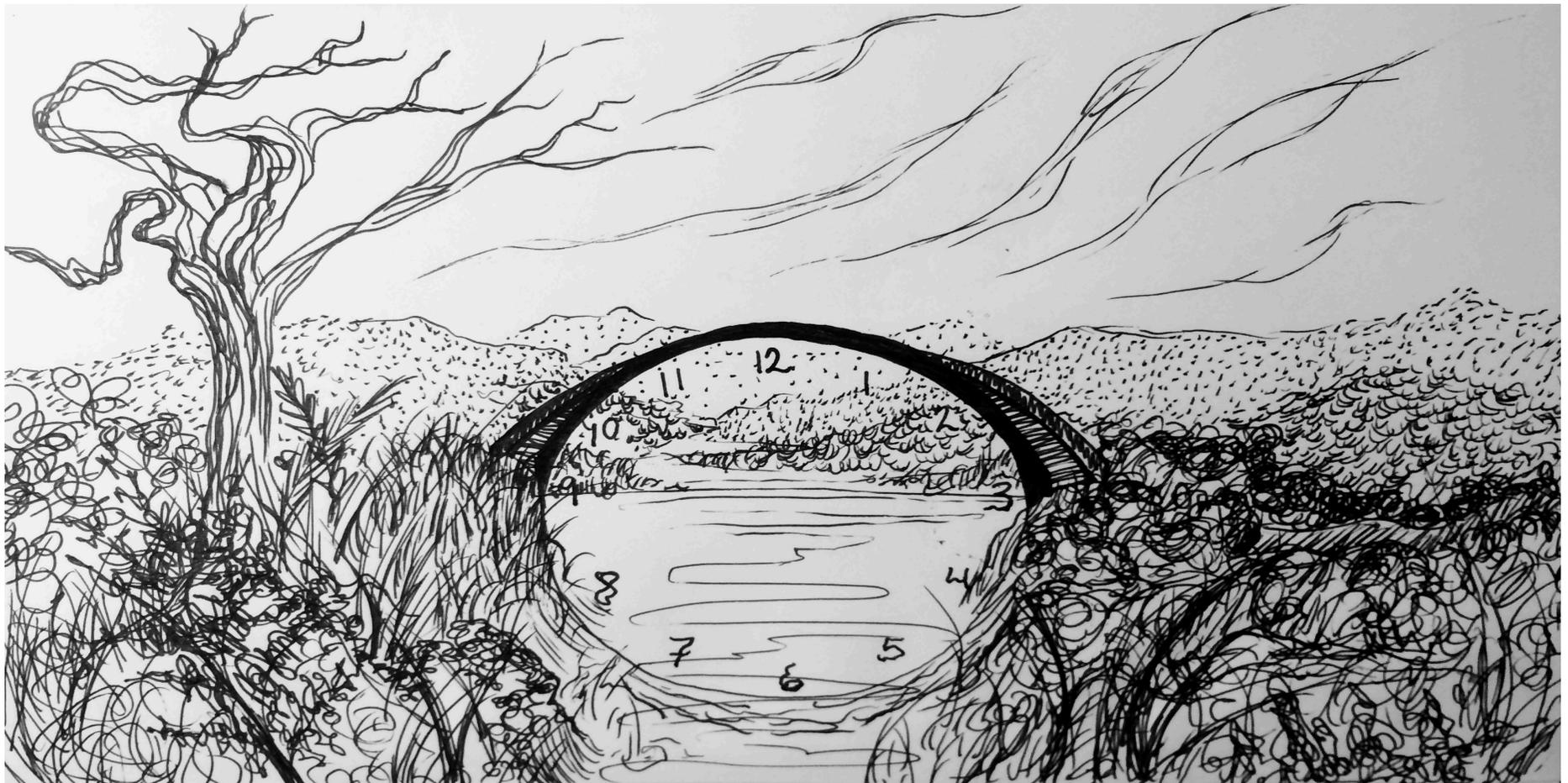
we know you. you know
us.

not by name or by face

but our once-bodies drift
between the gaps in your
familiar atoms

and every so often we
align.

we know you. you know
us. we love you.



A Birate Sea Shanty (Wellerman Re-Written)

Ivy Turinsky

There once was a lass that put to sea

And the name of her ship was Sappho on the Sea

The winds blew hard, striped flag did soar,

Blow, oh North wind, blow (huh!)

Soon may the bright moon rise

Reveal these salty seas and skies,

One day, when our travels are done

We'll take our leave and go

She had not been two weeks from shore

When down on her a mermaid bore

The captain called all hands and swore

She'd make that maid her beau (huh!)

Soon may the bright moon rise

Reveal these salty seas and skies,

One day,

when our travels are done

Soon may the bright moon rise

Reveal these salty seas and skies,

One day, when our travels are done

We'll take our leave and go

After that, peace, no mind could find

The captain she just sat and pined

They searched the waves, the ship was brined

Not one hand left to row (huh!)

Soon may the bright moon rise

Reveal these salty seas and skies,

One day, when our travels are done

We'll take our leave and go

For forty days or even more (ooh)

The maid's loss captain's heart tore

Dark seas below, above, gulls soar

Oh, where did that maid go? (huh!)

Soon may the bright moon rise

Reveal these salty seas and skies,

One day, when our travels are done

We'll take our leave and go

As far as I've heard, the search goes on

The captain's love-struck, the mermaid's gone

The salty expanse of sea she must face

Though she dreams of a sweet embrace (huh!)

Soon may the bright moon rise

Reveal these salty seas and skies,

One day, when our travels are done

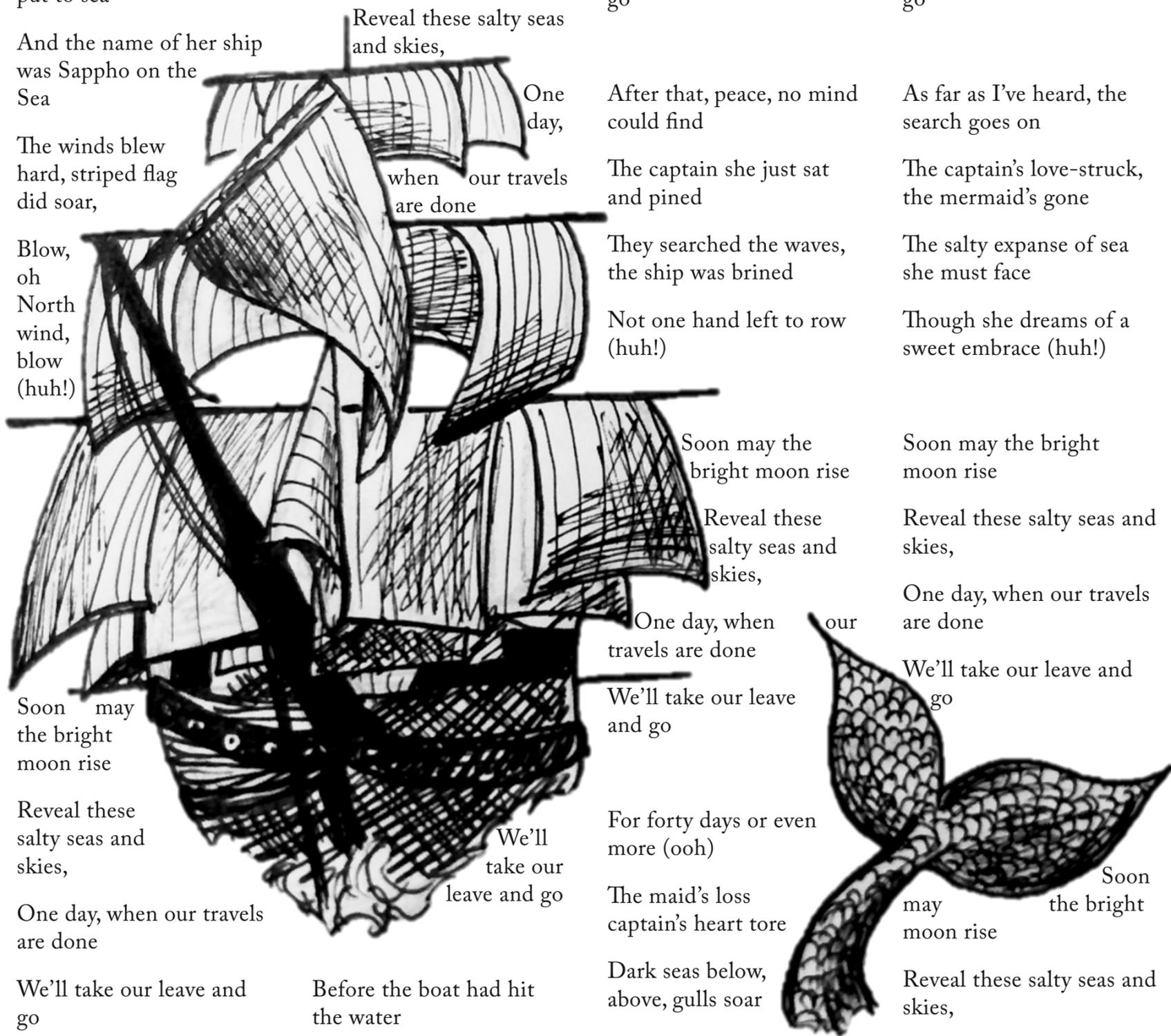
We'll take our leave and go

Soon may the bright moon rise

Reveal these salty seas and skies,

One day, when our travels are done

We'll take our leave and go



Pomegranates // Promises

Lucien Newton

The night was dark, just like every night before it, and every night to follow. An endless expanse of blackness, stretching for miles beyond what glowing red pupils could ever make

out. An endless, ever rolling tide of shadows falling over one another in vain attempts to reach out and curl wisping claws around the threads of rippling robes. The night was dark, save for two points of light – a cascade of fireflies dancing around an ever burning flame, and a forest, glowing bioluminescent from the

shores where he stood with his love. Where they stood every night, splitting pomegranates while the ferryman's boat split the seas.

To the woman, those trees reached for her, calling her home to Hades when the final summer sun set. To the bones hidden below time worn drapery, those

trees stood sturdy as a lighthouse on the cliffs, a lighthouse watching every soul but theirs.

The night was dark as Charon turned blood-red eyes to the tides, and the stars were bright so far above them, watching and waiting and tugging a single red thread tying a ferryman to their master.

The night was dark, just like every night since Gaia had called her to the forbidden above, and every night until the seeds bled red down sun-kissed skin. With the darkness came the quiet, settling into the waves of the silent Styx, into the very deepest shadows of his lands, until a fleeting, stuttered breath caressed sunken skin and ricocheted through his mind. They uttered no words, but Hades heard everything the winds never said, quiet promises, souls begging respite, and between them all, a hollow click of bones and abrasive golden coins pressing together somewhere in the expansive black. The night was dark as Hades reached out to part the shadows and spectres, seeking out a lantern sitting steady and patient, and the stars were bright, so far above him, watching and waiting and pressing a sharp edged dagger to the single red thread tying a deity to his most loyal servant.

The night was dark, and the ache in the empty spaces between fractured joints and fragile fingers grew with the weight of every golden coin plucked from the eyes of the dead. Their pockets had grown heavy reaping the price of safe passage, and the bittersweet weight of their debts and despair encased them while their soul paid penance in their master's

hold. The urge had been fleeting, to call to him, but the deathly rattle had been quick to fall from their jaw, meant for a man no longer inhabiting a body the ferryman had worshipped in their midnight hours, a man now changed by pomegranates and promises. The ricocheting gasping breath hung in the stagnant air, laced with an honesty they had no voice to articulate, and the eternal familiarity that drifted around two entities who would never part their proximity. The echo floated there, hardly a sound at all, anticipatory, waiting, for hardly a moment but the seconds stretched infinitely as glowing eyes sought out their favoured soul. Hades had taught them about the wonders of

infinite presence of a single red thread stitching their cloak together. They were eager to grasp at a snag, pull it loose just to watch the pain of hollowness fall away around them. The night was dark as they brushed brittle fingers over a single stitch, and the stars were bright so far above them, surveying every possibility, ever curious and desiring more knowledge, more experience.

The night was dark and the stars were bright as

they bought their blade down, letting a taunting red thread dissipate among the dust motes drifting through shared air. The night was dark, save for a moment in which a soul grew bright as the stars and shattered into the depths below the eternally watching sky. There, in the deepest darkness and endless silence, no ferryman remained to row their bounty to shore, and the steady reminder of an infinity of unrequited devotion was no more. The night was dark and, for the first time, Hades did not wait for her, but turned his back to an empty sea.



infinity, and in the ever pressing darkness, Charon felt the

2021

ARTS AND CULTURE

Black History Month: The Little-Known Story of Gladys Bentley

Rebecca Drever

The early 1920s mark the beginning of an African-American cultural movement, spanning the interwar period, that saw a great flourishing of Black literature, art, and music, centred in the Harlem neighbourhood of New York City. In his book *Black Manhattan*, writer James Weldon Johnson described the Harlem of that era as 'a black city, located in the heart of white Manhattan, and containing more Negroes to the square mile

than any other spot on earth. It strikes the uninformed observer as a phenomenon, a miracle straight out of the skies' (Weldon, pp.3-4). Amidst the fervour of the Great Migration, bold and evocative forms of Black music evolved, along with venues to listen and dance to this music. Speakeasies, hidden drinking spots peddling bootleg alcohol, ruled Prohibition-era New York City, and blues singer Gladys Bentley ruled the speakeasies. Inside these dimly lit, smoky rooms, Bentley stunned and scandalised audiences as she

commanded the stage in her trademark white tuxedo and top hat, backed up by a chorus line of drag queens. She was a bawdy singer, a virtuoso, a marathon piano player (preeminent poet of the Harlem Renaissance, Langston Hughes said Bentley played the piano 'literally all night'), and truly a larger-than-life entertainer. The article 'Here's What Happens at Harlem's Famous Ubangi Club: Writer Lets You Spend a Night in Gotham Hot Spot' described her stage act as 'Prancing about in her cream-colored full dress suit, her hair closely chopped and slicked down

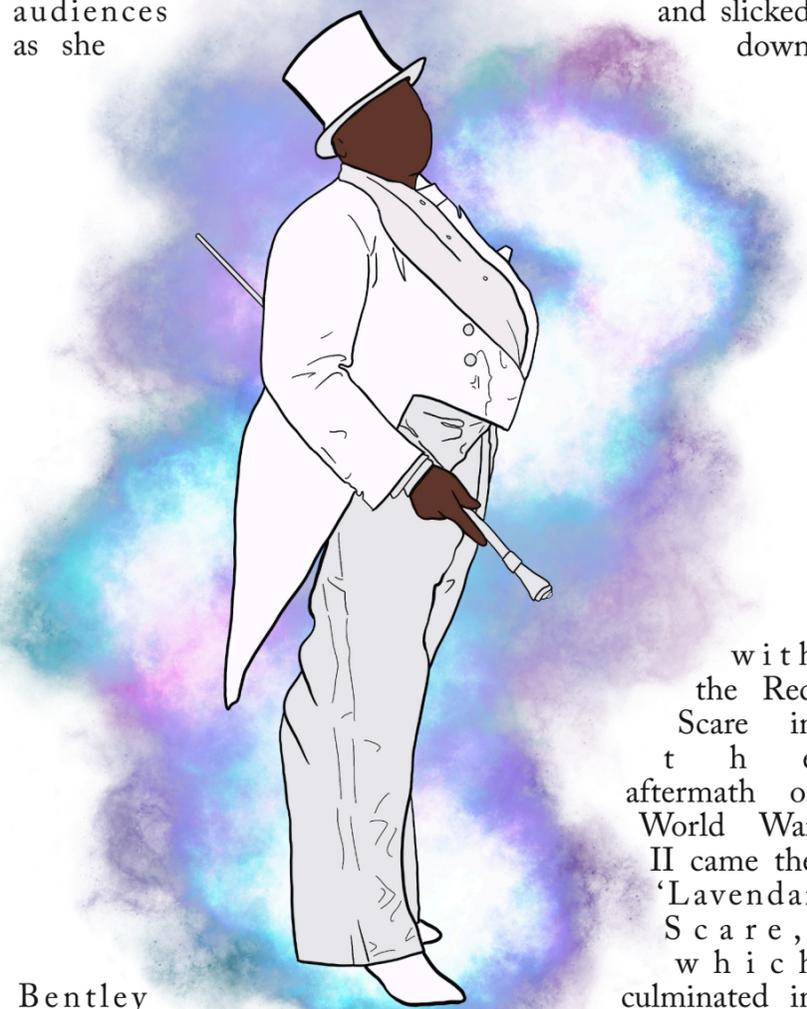
into a pompadour, Miss Bentley (whom many mistake for a man) delivers her prize number "Nothing Now Perplexes Like the Sexes, Because When You See Them Switch, You Can't Tell Which is Which".' According to the article, she was 'one of the most notorious entertainers in all of Manhattan' (*The Afro American*, 1936).

While queer nightlife thrived in Harlem with drag balls and cabarets which transgressed both sexual and racial norms, Bentley's act offended the sensibilities of many audiences. The 'masculine-garbed, smut-singing entertainer' – as the 'New York Police's War on Cafes Ends' referred to Bentley in 1934 – was even known to attract the attention of the police for her 'lewd ballads' (*Chicago Defender*, 1934).

According to 'Bulldaggers, Pansies, and Chocolate Babies: Performance, Race, and Sexuality in Harlem Renaissance' by James F. Wilson, one offended patron filed a formal complaint about 'a seemingly endless song in which every word known to vulgar profanity [was] used' which Bentley would personally serenade to each table (Wilson, p.177).

Indeed, when she wasn't accompanying herself on the piano, her fingers flying over the keys with ferocious speed and vigour, Bentley often swept down from the stage and flirted with women in the crowd. In a time when queer performers could only allude to their sexuality for fear of threat to their personal safety and career, Bentley was boldly out and unashamed of her desires.

Off-stage, the singer could be spotted wearing her usual 'male attire' at one of the city's many bustling nightclubs with a lady on either arm. In 1931, she publicly married a white woman in a ceremony in Atlantic City, New Jersey.



Bentley was later investigated as a possible 'subversive' by the U.S. House Committee on Un-American Activities because of this civil marriage ceremony. Unfortunately, as one might expect, Bentley's story does not end on an uplifting note. In 1937, Bentley moved to Los Angeles, California. The state's anti-crossdressing laws meant that there were times when she was banned from performing. The details of her life become slightly hazy after this but by the early 1950s, Bentley had adapted her public image to match the times. Along

with the Red Scare in the aftermath of World War II came the 'Lavendar Scare,' which culminated in the firing of thousands of government employees who were suspected of being homosexual. It is in these incredibly repressive times that we see Bentley publish an article in *Ebony* magazine with the title 'I Am A Woman Again.' Here, she claimed that 'the miracle' of hormone treatments had helped her overcome 'her strange affliction' and led her to a happy marriage with a man. Possibly a reaction to the rise of McCarthyism and its attendant anti-gay hysteria, Bentley paints a respectable image of herself as a 1950s housewife, all pleaded

dresses and long strings of pearls. Rather than totally condemning the life she lived up to that point however, she expresses the pain of living on the margins of society and the struggles of non-conformity, writing: 'To the great majority of us, at some time or other, has come the feeling that the world would be better off without us; that our families and friends would profit by our disappearance from the human race' (Bentley, 1952).

The article in *Ebony* is the only source of information we have about Bentley in her own voice. While it may be all too easy to allow its tragic nature to eclipse the rest of her story, Gladys Bentley should be remembered as a pioneer who challenged the boundaries of sexuality and gender with triumphant boldness and bawdy humour. As Bentley put it:

'I have earned the distinction of being the first, and in some cases, the only performer of my race to crash the most plush glitter spots. I am still a star' (Bentley, 1952).

MULTILINGUAL

Berlin in den 20er Jahren – queeres Eldorado?

Toni Andres

Um Mitternacht des 31.12.2019 habe ich selten so bewusst den nahtlosen Übergang eines Jahres in das andere erlebt – in diesem Fall einer Dekade in die nächste. Ich habe mich über die Jahre häufig gefragt, ob es nicht zu irgendeinem Zeitpunkt zwischen 23:59 und 00:00 dieses winzige Vakuum gibt, einen räumlichen und zeitlichen (Un-)raum, der die emotionale Bedeutung des Unterschieds zwischen einer und der anderen Jahreszahl angemessen reflektiert. Die Tatsache, dass die Datierung eines neuen Jahres in

verschiedenen Kulturen auf der Welt auf verschiedene Tage fällt, ist vermutlich die beste Antwort auf diese Frage: es gibt keine Naht zwischen diesen beiden Sekunden.

Der Übergang ist genauso unspürbar und unnachvollziehbar wie jeder andere Übergang von jeder Sekunde in ihre folgende. Die emotionale Bedeutung ist willkürlich, künstlich – eben nur erdacht. Trotzdem wollte ich vor gut einem Jahr gerne daran glauben, dass sich für den Bruchteil einer Sekunde ein winziges Vakuum auftun würde, damit sich ein guter Geist hineinschummelt und uns eine gute neue Dekade bringen würde (ja, ich bin abergläubig – ich bin queer und daher darf ich das).

Ich habe darüber nachgedacht, ob genau 100

Jahre zuvor ein Mensch denselben Gedanken hatte und auf eine gute Dekade, ein gutes Jahrhundert, gehofft hat.

Im Angesicht des ersten Weltkriegs, der gerade erst vorbei gewesen war, hatte diese Person sicherlich eine weitaus andere Definition von „gut“ als ich am 31.12.2019, aber ich habe mich dennoch gefragt, ob es diese Parallelexistenzen und Parallelgedanken gibt.

Die verschwenderisch melancholischen 20er

Wenn ich mir *The Great Gatsby* anschau, entfalten sich die 20er in ihrem glorios-melancholischem Charme des Exzesses. Mit dem Vorteil des historischen Blickwinkels, der Fitzgerald's

Verlockungen in einem nuancierteren Blickwinkel darstellt, ist die Vergänglichkeit dieses Momentums nur umso kontrastreicher herausgestellt; im Angesicht der derzeitigen Lage ist die Melancholie für das exzessive Feiern and den Glamour der 20er Jahre jedoch umso süßer. Den Tag, an dem ich mein Make-up nicht nur meiner Katze zeigen kann, sehne ich schon seit langer Zeit herbei.

Den ersten Lockdown vor genau einem Jahr habe ich in Berlin bei meiner Familie verbracht, wo ich aus der Not der drückenden Langeweile heraus mehr spazieren gegangen bin als zu der Zeit, als ich tatsächlich selbst noch dort gewohnt habe.

Auf einem meiner Spaziergänge erinnerte ich mich an den Buchclub, den ich zu meiner Gymnasiumszeit besucht hatte, und ganz besonders das Jahr, in dem wir uns mit Autorinnen aus der Weimarer Republik beschäftigten.

Es gab einen ganz bestimmten Moment damals – einer dieser Momente, den das Gedächtnis sehr gezielt in die verstaubteste Schublade schiebt, um das Ego nicht noch einmal schmerzhaft mit der eigenen Kurzsichtigkeit zu konfrontieren – den mein Gehirn nun beschloss wieder auszugraben.

Während ich den *Kurfürstendam* herunterlief, erinnerte ich mich an den Roman *Käsebier erobert den*

Kurfürstendamm, in dem die Protagonistin (überraschenderweise) den Ku'damm der späten Weimarer Republik beschreibt. 90 Jahre nach den gloriosen Spät-20ern sieht der Ku'damm schockierend hässlich und – dank der Pandemie – deprimierend leer aus. Nichtsdestotrotz ist es derselbe Ort, der noch ein Jahr vorher (zwar sehr hässlich aber) dicht bevölkert gewesen war und ein Jahrhundert zuvor sogar als die ikonische Einkaufsstraße Berlins Menschen aus aller Welt gelockt hatte.

Obwohl die Beschreibungen der Protagonistin fiktiv sind, sind sie doch basiert auf den realen Erfahrungen der Autorin. Die Überschneidung von Fiktion and Realität

manifestiert sich dadurch in einem Ort (des Ku'damms in diesem Fall); das Vakuum, das ich Monate zuvor zwischen zwei willkürlichen Sekunden gesucht hatte, ist daher gar nicht so winzig und irrational.

Die räumliche und zeitliche Parallelstellung von verschiedenen Momenten hat sich nie zuvor so real angefühlt – so banal es auch ist, zu realisieren, dass Orte, die zur alltäglichen Realität gehören, logischerweise ihre ganz eigenen Geschichten haben: eben so viele Geschichten wie Menschen an diesen Orten vorübergegangen sind. Theoretisch war das alles klar; emotional das zu konzeptualisieren ist allerdings eine völlig andere Sache.

Die Überschneidung von Fiktion and Realität manifestiert sich dadurch in einem Ort.

Um die Spaziergänge ein wenig spannender zu gestalten, beschloss ich daher, Orte aufzusuchen, die Berlin in den 20er Jahren zu einem der (vergleichsweise) sichersten Orte für LSBT+-Menschen gemacht haben. Berlins magnetische Anziehungskraft für queere Kultur in den 20er Jahren lag zu einem Großteil an Magnus Hirschfelds' *Institut für Sexualwissenschaft*, das queeren Menschen eine Obhut und sogar Arbeit geboten hat.

Hirschfelds akademischer und öffentlicher Einfluss prägten das kulturelle Leben in Berlin nachhaltig. Das Vokabular, das er durch seine Arbeit zur Verfügung stellte, öffnete Raum für queere Menschen, ihre Erfahrungen als solche überhaupt erst benennen zu können. Obwohl die Öffentlichkeit noch weit entfernt von akzeptierend und affirmativ war, kreierte Hirschfeld dadurch ein Gefühl von Gemeinschaft, wenn auch diese vorrangig im Untergrund stattfand.

Das Vokabular, das Hirschfeld durch seine Arbeit zur Verfügung stellte, öffnete Raum für queere Menschen, ihre Erfahrungen als solche überhaupt erst benennen zu können.

Einer der ikonischen Orte der Bar- und Ausgehkultur für queere Menschen war das Eldorado in der Motzstraße/Martin-Luther-Straße in Berlin-Charlottenburg (sehr nah am Ku'damm). 1926 eröffnete das erste Lokal, das als Venue für Travestieshows LSBT+ Menschen aus aller Welt anzog. Als Venue für Travestieshows brachte die „Tanzbar“ lokale Anwohner*innen und LSBT+ Menschen aus der ganzen Welt zusammen. Namen wie Marlene Dietrich und Claire Waldorff frequentierten das Lokal, sowie Magnus Hirschfeld auch selbst häufig dort anzutreffen war. Als Aushängeschild für queere Infrastruktur trafen dort sowohl queere Menschen als auch lokale Anwohner*innen, die nicht unbedingt zur LSBT+

Gemeinschaft gehörig waren. Der Autor Christopher Isherwood wohnte im Kiez in der Nollendorfstrasse und schrieb viel über seine Erfahrungen in seinem berühmten Text *Goodbye, Berlin*.

Während ich an dem ehemaligen Lokal, das heute ein Biomarkt ist, vorbeilaufe, fühle ich wenig von dem Glamour der 20er Jahre. Biomarkt ist trotzdem eine der besten Beschreibungen von dem Berlin, in dem ich aufgewachsen bin. Ich denke darüber nach, ob eine Person sich damals gefragt hat, wieviel von dem, was dort erlebt wurde, wohl 90 Jahre später noch erhalten sein würde.



《古希腊同性恋文化》

Aung Hein Htet

古希腊神话中，生于冰冷浪花中的维纳斯是爱与美之神。她有一个儿子丘比特，是个骄傲、报复心极强的孩子。太阳神阿波罗因为拿他的箭术开玩笑，得罪了他，才招致每次的恋爱都如过眼云烟，转瞬即逝；甚至宙斯也逃不过他的金箭的折磨。

可以说，丘比特的箭既带来爱情得偿的愉快和幸福，也带来求之不得的痛苦与折磨、甚至死亡。虽然他本人没有留下同性爱情的故事，但在众神的同性恋爱故事中我们总能发现这个顽皮孩子的身影。可以说，丘比特是古希腊少年之爱在肉体和精神方面的本原。

古希腊神话中的同性恋之风首开于众神之王宙斯，一天，宙斯看见了正在克里特岛上和朋友嬉戏的特洛伊美少年伽倪墨得斯。宙斯立刻被伽倪墨得斯的美貌所吸引，于是化作一只巨鹰冲下来，轻柔地擒

住了美丽的少年。一眨眼的功夫，宙斯带着伽倪墨得斯到了奥林匹斯山，变回本来的面目。宙斯迫不及待地吧伽倪墨得斯拐上了床，与之云雨一番，然后任命他做自己的侍酒童。

伽倪墨得斯成为宙斯情人的故事是男同性恋题材中最有名，也是流传最深远的神话。宙斯与男童伽倪墨得斯的爱在古希腊文艺和后世的文艺作品中都有反映。荷马在《伊利亚特》第二十卷中的第五首赞美诗对伽倪墨得斯被强奸一事描写十分具体，并明确指出他是因为身材迷人而被劫走的。

文学作品的产生一般都有深刻的现实依据。希腊的很多地区都有抢夺少年的习俗。底比斯人认为，强奸少年的这一习俗始于拉伊俄斯国王，他夺走了佩洛普斯儿子克律希波斯作为自己的男宠。克里特人对少年的爱不仅被允许，而且还有法规保护，以减少生育避免人口过密。

大部分有同性关系的男性之间都有着较大的年龄差

距。历史学家将年长者称之为施爱者，年幼者称之为被爱者。通常，施爱者在爱上一位男孩后，会告诉他的亲戚和朋友，然后在三天后实施抢掠。施爱者会带着他的男孩在一个地方度过两个月的时光，并赠送礼物给他。

从这种称呼中可以看到，在这种同性关系中年幼者一般是处在一种被动的地位中。但是，这种被动的地位并非一定是个人意志的体现，它的产生实际上是一种社会力量强制的结果。不过作为希腊两个传统代表的斯巴达和雅典，同性之爱的表现形式也有所不同。斯巴达是一个注重武力和相对于轻视文化建设的城邦，男孩从出生起就要被挑选，然后接受严酷的军事训练。斯巴达人的训练一直持续到他们完全成熟的壮年。谁都不能随心所欲地生活，在城里，就像在兵营里一样。在这些男孩刚刚成长为少年之后，有些人便会和一些有声望的成年男子交往。国王还希望每个男人都能挑选一个宠幸的少年，从而使两人都能够尽力培养自身的男子气概。

斯巴达的男性同性恋行为在军队中特别盛行。在军队中的同性之爱，也使得士兵之间有着非凡的勇气和忘我的牺牲精神，柏拉图也说彼此相爱的士兵可以击垮一支庞大的军队。我们似乎也可以从中体悟出这是斯巴达在对外战役中不断获胜的文化因由之一。

雅典人对少年的培养主要在文体教育方面。雅典人对于美貌的儿童和少年有着异乎寻常的赞美。雅典的少年在完成学校的基本教育之后，便会跟随年长的老师进行学习。比较著名的是苏格拉底和他的老师阿基劳斯。苏格拉底年少的时候便被他的老师所深深爱慕，当苏格拉底成为当时最有智慧的人之后，他的身边簇拥着一批美貌和智慧兼备的男青年，其中包括柏拉图、色诺芬。

在希腊人的眼中，“爱”专指男性之间的同性恋爱，“美”则体现在强健的男性体魄中。美与爱则是哲学中需要思考的最重要的问题。男性同性恋凝聚了古希腊人对于精神世界的追求和升华。

男性同性恋活动伴随着雅典，或者说整个希腊世界从弱到强，以至于最后的沦丧。这种“爱”也从纯粹的热烈的男性之间的相互爱慕发展到“师生”之间的有关教化的爱情，到后期愈加变味的肉欲之爱。

罗马人接受了古希腊人的这种风俗，却遗失了那种爱情之间的思想碰撞的高贵，罗马人的同性之爱相较于希腊人，更加壑落和奢靡。随着远方基督教钟声的响起，进入到中世纪的同性恋活动被迫走入地下，沉默千年。

总的来说，古希腊哲人的这种同性相爱的倾向并不是出于偶然，而是有其特定的社会和文化背景的。在古代，雅典以及其他希腊城邦都是以男性作为整个精神生活的中心，良家女子只能是女儿和母亲，她们应该在家里过着封闭而平静的生活，而不必也不该参与男人们的脑力活动、体育竞技以及休闲娱乐。

因此，希腊的男人只是把他们的妻子看作家中事务的主管和生养后代的载体，而非精神上的伴侣，

妇女处于受支配的被动地位，而且大部分都没有受到过教育，很自然，男人几乎无法与她们进行对等的精神沟通，更谈不上追求彼此在思想与心性上的契合，尤其是上层社会的贵族。加上爱情在哲学家那里被认为是一种追求至善至美的过程，而人又被认为是灵魂肉体的二元组成，柏拉图式的爱情就成为了爱情的至高境界。

由此可见，希腊社会特定的政治社会背景、文化背景以及审美观、宗教观是同性之爱成为时尚的根本

原因。所以，希腊同性之爱的盛行如同任何历史现象一样不是突然之间孤立地产生、发展的，它与希腊历史中那个时段的一切因素都息息相关。作为贵族生活方式的一种变形，古希腊男子之间的同性之爱是一种建立在不同于现代思想的有关阶级、男女、教育、爱情以及宗教观念基础上的特殊形式。

'120 battements par minute' ou la génération éclipsee

Bleuenn Gacel

Dans les années 90 en France, *Act-Up* version française – association militante de lutte contre le Sida – entreprend de raisonner les médias et les politicien.ne.s sur la gravité de ce qui se passe dans le monde et en France quant à la prise en charge des malades atteints du Sida et la discrimination non-dissimulée de ces derniers envers leurs genres, sexualité, situation sociale. Dans *120 battements par minute* (Campillo 2017), c'est l'amour tragique de deux hommes qui est conté, Nathan et Sean, mais c'est tout un pan de l'histoire française et mondiale qui est en réalité décrite : comment ne pas gérer une crise sanitaire. Rings a bell ?

Le film est coordonné par ses musiques au tempo entraînant de 120 battements par minute, mais aussi par son pouls beaucoup trop rapide, trop chaud, trop fiévreux. Les fêtes sont néanmoins interrompues pour dévoiler les membres du mouvement en pléines réunions/actions. Les « zaps » pour exemple

sont courants : iels entrent sans frapper chez les laboratoires *Melton Pharm* qui font trop peu. Mais certains slogans restent les plus marquants : « Nous ne mourons pas tous. ». Et oui, iels ne sont pas tous morts.

Mais c'est tout de même 35 000 qui y passent en France entre 1987 et 1998[1]. Parmi ces chiffres, une surmortalité masculine homosexuelle[2]. Personne n'ose croire que l'hétérosexualité pourrait poser problème : tous se bouchent les oreilles et continuent de performer en silence de mort leurs responsabilités catho-maritales. Plus tard pourtant, les résultats sont là : entre 2006 et 2007, c'est 61% des personnes contaminées par rapports hétérosexuels, et seulement 26 % par rapports homosexuels[3]. C'est toute une génération LGBT+ qui ne verra jamais le jour, ne sera jamais visible aux jeunes générations naissant sans modèle : une génération éclipsee parce que les gouvernements n'en ont pas fait assez. Iels ont préféré serrer les fesses et fermer les yeux devant ceux qui ne leur demandaient pas de regarder ce qu'iels faisaient avec leurs fesses, mais de regarder ce qui arrivait à leurs corps p o u r r i s s a n t s impuissamment.

Notre génération a donc grandi comme des funambules sur scène :

booster par l'adrénaline et l'envie de se faire reconnaître enfin par ces sociétés – bien qu'un peu suicidaire d'autant les défier – mais rendue plus forte par leurs anciens. Nous nous sommes éduquées par nous-mêmes avec le fil qu'il restait pour arriver à lier entre elles nos propres planches multicolores.

Il y aura toujours trop peu de conjoint.e.s quarantaines-cinquantaines LGBT+ : des photos d'eux souriant.e.s derrière leurs rides ne seront jamais assez nombreuses. Les sociétés s'ouvrent sur leurs évidentes existences, mais pour la plupart, leur dernier slow dansant restera silencieux. D'autres aspects expliquant leur non-visibilité sont évidemment à prendre en compte, mais la mort de la majorité de cette jeunesse 80-90 n'est pas réfutable.

Ainsi, à travers l'histoire de Nathan et Sean, c'est une leçon pour tout le monde qui nous est transmis.e.s. C'est un message d'encouragement et de détermination à cette nouvelle génération LGBT+, mais c'est aussi un enseignement – et avertissement – sur la gestion des crises sanitaires pour les gouvernements ainsi que la paranoïa et déni général en découlant. Une leçon traumatisante, pas encore assez étudiée, ni comprise étant donnée l'état actuel du monde, mais dont

les cendres et tracts passionnés resteront toujours dans la gorge de ces politicien, friands de gourmandises amères.

[1] Aouba, A. et al. "Mortalité par VIH en France: tendances évolutives depuis les années 1980." *BEH* 45-46 (2008): 447-452.

[2] Ibid: 440.

[3] Ibid: 440.



What LGBT+ Curriculum Should Accomplish

Neo Jernigan

It is no secret that LGBT+ people have been systematically written out of the collective global history, especially within schools. When I think of my school education, I never once learned about LGBT+ people, LGBT+ issues, or even what LGBT+ meant. Even in 2015, while the USA was in the midst of the marriage equality debate, not a single teacher brought it up, neither the history of the issues nor the current reality of LGBT+ people trying to fight for equality. We were

told nothing. When it came to sex-ed, while mine was particularly bad on all fronts; we never learned of anything non-heterosexual, allosexual, or cisgender. My school erased people from our curriculum and not only did it hurt all LGBT+ students, but also all non-LGBT+ students.

I think any person within the LGBT+ community would have loved to grow up with an education about themselves, both history and sex-ed. I can't even imagine the amount of lives that could have been bettered if we had been taught in sex-ed that sexual attraction doesn't happen for everyone and, even when it does, it can happen in a variety of ways. Or if we had been

taught actual safe sex practices for LGBT+ couples.

I think back to my high school education and I wish I could have had all of this. That's why Scotland's plan to include LGBT+ education is so incredible and I have so many expectations for what it should cover.

First, this education needs to be global. The LGBT+ liberation movement is undoubtedly a global one, with each country being inspired by others in their strive for equality. This can be seen in the fact that the rainbow flag has transcended the USA and is now a symbol all across the world. It also can be seen in the adaptation of English words by non-English queer communities

as a way to describe themselves. The LGBT+ liberation stopped being a country specific issue long ago and now it is one of importance to transnational entities and governments all over the world. This history taught must take this into account.

LGBT+ history should also not just be from Stonewall onwards. To dismiss and correct the narrative that queerness is a new phenomenon, this education must look back across all societies and show that there have been known queer people since the beginning. It needs to look deeply into the fact that different societies have had different levels of acceptance of queer people.

It needs to acknowledge how many societies' recent queerphobia can be linked to European colonisation and the dismantling of values of equality within communities due to colonisation. This must also look past just the presence of different sexual relationships but also towards the breadth of different gender structures that were systemically erased by the imposition of the gender binary. To be truly all-inclusive, this education must not only acknowledge the contributions of queer people throughout time but also acknowledge that, within their time, these people might have been well respected. That they might have been a part of a larger society that would

not have seen them as abnormal or queer at all, but that it is these recent developments that have made these people abnormal and tried to erase them from history.

Second, as stated before, sex-ed so far has failed to accurately teach all forms of sex and sexual attraction. To normalise and better the lives of queer people, this needs to be corrected. Safe sex must not only revolve around pregnancy. Sexual attraction must not be taught as inherent in everyone. We must normalize queer bodies and queer people and queer relationships. We must stop teaching sex as a monolith that will be the same for everyone and that

your life is lesser without it. We must actually look at biology and acknowledge the variety of ways sex is present within a person. We must move past the destructive narrative that erases intersex people and celebrate the variety in what it means to be human.

Thirdly, this must not be the end. This is not enough for Scotland, or the world. Schools in Scotland must continue their efforts to end discrimination against LGBT+ students and Scotland must continue their efforts to end discrimination against LGBT+ people in general. The world must learn from Scotland and each country should adopt their own pledges to teach the

history and current reality of LGBT+ people. LGBT+ education needs to become available to all, along with liberation. To demystify LGBT+ people to those within and outside of the community and most importantly, to tell young kids that they are okay. That they aren't wrong. That their lives deserve to be fulfilling, in whatever way that might look to them. That they, just like their counterparts, deserve to have their stories told and celebrated. That they deserve to be remembered.



HOROSCOPES

Zodiac signs as Greek gods and goddesses

Aung Hein Htet

Astrology is full of mythological elements. Hence, for this issue, I've created a list of Greek gods and goddesses that mirror each of the zodiac signs' traits and personalities.

Aries

Ares/Άρης (God of War)

Untamed, spirited, and sometimes too vigorous, Aries' attributes bear a perfect resemblance to the Greek god Ares.

Taurus

Aphrodite/Αφροδίτη (Goddess of Love and Beauty)

Ruled by Venus, it is no wonder that Taurus – with gorgeous looks and a tender heart – matches the goddess of beauty and love.

Gemini

Hermes/Ερμής (The Gods' Messenger)

Curious and talkative, the twins are most comparable to this cunning and clever god from the myths.

Cancer

Artemis/Άρτεμις (Goddess of the Moon and Wilderness)

Daughter of Zeus, Artemis is the protector and a healer to women. Hence, she is a perfect encapsulation of Cancerians, who are both empathetic and caring towards their loved ones.

Leo

Apollo/Απόλλων (God of the Sun)

The myth says Apollo was known for entertaining Olympus with his golden lyre. Since Leo is the entertainer of the zodiac, their warm, loving, and charismatic traits are just like Apollo.

Virgo

Demeter/Δήμητρα (Goddess of Grain and Agriculture)

Pure, innocent and caring, Demeter is often depicted as a woman wearing a headband made from flowers and leaves. Who else from Olympus is best suited to represent Virgo?

Libra

Hera/Ηρα (Goddess of Marriage)

Often portrayed as a possessive wife, Hera and Libra have a lot in common as they value justice and relationships, and are very much protective over their beliefs in what is right and wrong.

Scorpio

Hades/Άδης (God of the Underworld)

The sign's dark, mysterious vibes often ring a bell with the themes of death and transformation. Therefore, it is no surprise that Scorpios are best represented by the god of the underworld.

Sagittarius

Zeus/Δίας (King of Gods)

Wild, free and adventurous, Sagittarius' thirst for freedom and outgoing personality is very similar to Zeus' flirtatious spirit.

Capricorn

Dionysus/Διόνυσος (God of Wine)

God of wine-making and festivity, Dionysus loves special occasions with friends and a few glasses of drinks – just like the Capricorns!

Aquarius

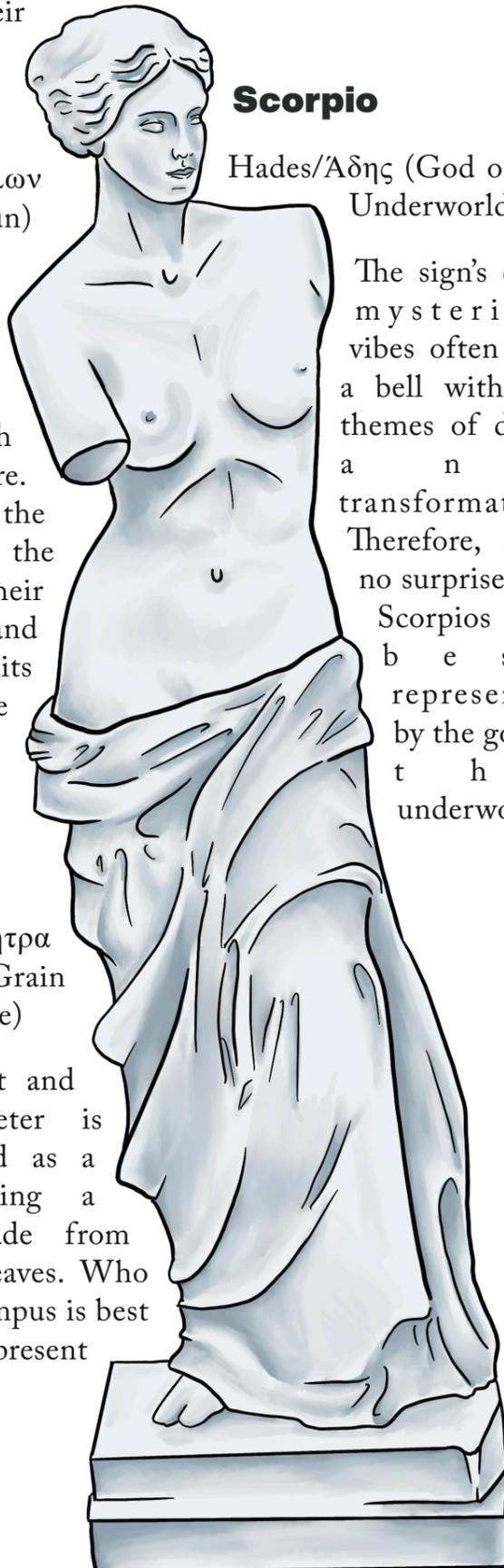
Uranus/Ουρανός (God of the Sky)

As an independent and creative individual, Aquarius' traits are best displayed by this great god.

Pisces

Poseidon/Ποσειδώνας (God of the Sea)

As a water sign, Pisces' sense of generosity and over-emotional traits are best exhibited by the god of the sea.



AGONY AUNCLE

Anonymous

This month, as we head into another trying semester, and as LGBT+ History Month begins, I bring you some resources to learn about LGBT+ history, in addition to some fun recs to get us through the start of the semester!

Same-Sex Love In India is a book about all things queer in India. It includes writings from all of the major Indian religions such as Hinduism, Islam and Buddhism. It has been translated into many languages, and is beautifully written.

The Death and Life of Marsha P. Johnson is a must-watch documentary about the woman who kickstarted the LGBT+ rights movement, not just in the USA, but all around the world. The movement for LGBT+ rights is never separate from anti-racist movements, or the movements for the rights of the working class. She is an inspiration to revolutionaries everywhere.

Aside from books and documentaries, there are also several accounts on Instagram that talk about LGBT+ history. @Lgbt_history on Instagram is a wonderful account that uploads posts about queer history from all around the world. The posts are intersectional and showcase Black LGBT+ history, Jewish LGBT+ history, and how movements such as feminism and LGBT+ rights intersect. Their posts cover the mid 1900s to the 2000s.

Now, we move to some movie and book recs for this season. Moonlight is a wonderful movie directed by Barry Jenkins, a Black man, starring Black actors. It follows the story of two boys as they grow up together and attempt to survive school and find themselves while battling with family issues. It has an amazing soundtrack, and all the scenes are beautifully crafted to provoke tears in the eyes of anyone who watches it.

Another movie made by people of colour and

starring people of colour is Sheer Qorma. It is a love story about a lesbian and a non-binary person. It was made by Faraz Arif Ansari, who's also made a beautiful silent movie about two men set on a train in India.

One of my favourite LGBT+ books is The Realm of Possibility. It was written by David Levithan and contains several short stories which are all interconnected. It's got a fair amount of poetry and philosophising, and is one of the most comforting things I've ever read.

The Night Watch by Sarah Waters is a lovely and nostalgic book containing lesbian and gay stories, which is set during World War II. The writing is sweet, and it is a book that will suck you in.

More recently, Ammonite was directed by Francis Lee and released in October 2020.

It's the heart-wrenching story of two women set in 1840s England, following the story of a fossil collector, Mary Anning,

and how she falls in love with a woman who comes to stay with her. The cinematography of the movie is stunning, especially the shots of the sea, which are very soothing.

I hope you're all doing well and I hope you have a good month. As always, a reminder that you all are loved and worthy.

Love,

Your Agony Auncle.



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