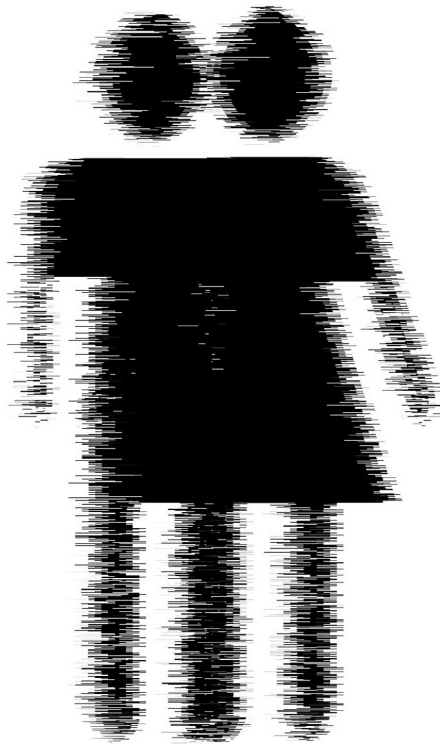


THE QUEER CANON



Produced by GenderBloc for you | Spring 2009

Consumption

By Emma Southard

*Thick-curved, large-bootied, shiny-oiled body
available, on display for the world to see.*

*Greased up, laid out, meat prepared
on a butcher's table. Hungry men, eyeing their prey,
lips-licking, hips-thrusting, grinning, grunting.*

*Servants, property, licking, kissing,
pleasing on beer bottles, sports fields in their short skirts and pom-poms,
smoking cheap cigarettes, and sucking dick in the back of a frat house.
Degraded, defamed, devalued; possessions.*

Meanwhile we are convinced,

*He comes home from work to the warm aromas of chicken cordon bleu,
Prepared and ready, waiting on the dinner table of that nice red brick home,
surrounded by that perfectly manicured greens grass. The golden retriever barks in the front yard as it runs towards that
white picket fence. His children greet him with smiles as they fold their hands in prayer, and settle in for the meal his wife
spent the day cooking.*

These are the women.

Two-faced as necessary, Sex-objects by day subservient by night.

*As for me, I would rather live a life without. I do not need the penis and the man unfortunately
attached in order to be filled. I have the capability to be my own sexual agent, I can provide for
myself; the suburban life and sexual pleasure*

*We must rip down those billboard ads that show my dehumanized body laid out like
a slab of meat for consumption; a chicken cordon bleu for my husband's dinner*

*And my children, regardless of their gender will not be treated as
objects; sexual or servant.*



Photo by Olivia Hamilton

Weirdoes and Freaks

By JAC Stringer

I opened the men's room door and stopped dead in my tracks. Someone was in one of the stalls. In a quick decision I used my most common bathroom-trick and pretended to only be in there to wash my hands. I turned on the sink, turned it off, and walked out. I turned the corner, silently kicking myself for being so cowardly. I considered using the women's room. I snuck down the hall like a spy, checking around corners, listening for feet. I grabbed the bathroom door handle and slipped in. The bathroom was familiar, but I couldn't remember the last time I was there. It had been at least a year.

"Excuse me ... Are you supposed to be here?" I have noticed an interesting trend when I use women's bathrooms. I don't feel like I belong there, but I don't feel like I don't belong there. In contrast of the heightened awareness I bring with me into the men's room, the women's room is a calm place. I stare around the tile as it transforms into zen-like garden with stone fountains, flowers, and frogs. I never feel like I'm trespassing, even though technically I am. It's more like I'm coming home ... except I'm just stopping in to pee.

It's weird to feel like I fit in where I actually don't belong, and not fit in where I actually do belong. I'm speaking in strict binaries here, but in Cincinnati you'll be hard pressed to find anything else, especially when you have to pee. But I think that Cincinnati itself, as a space, is very comparable to bathrooms. This city is home. I feel like I belong here, but I never really fit in. And any place I do fit in, I only fit in because of some illusion created by what I look like, not what I actually am.

I'll be honest. I don't really know what I look like. When I look at myself in the mirror, I don't see a gender or a sex or any particular identity. I just see myself. I usually think I look like a guy... With other people, it's all up to their interpretation. I do know that however I look, I certainly don't look normal. But then, I've never really looked normal. Scratch that. There have been two periods in my life where I can say I looked "normal."

One was when I was a toddler and that lived out until I was six. Then I cut my hair short and I was permanently cataloged as different from all the other little girls because I looked like a little boy. The other was for about three years, starting when I went to college. I made the decision to start carrying a purse, like really using one like girls used purses. I got more than one pair of shoes per season, I grew my hair out, and even wore make up when I went out. Life was different, and not just because I had to buy more shampoo or because I continually got gum stuck in my hair. I had gained comprehension of the femme-game and it was super fun, like playing dress up. I was finally normal ... at least, I looked normal.

"But I didn't feel normal. My whole life I had always thought that the main reason I had never felt normal was because I had never looked normal. Now I looked normal on the outside, but still felt like a freak on the inside."

But I didn't feel normal. My whole life I had always thought that the main reason I had never felt normal was because I had never looked normal. Now I looked normal on the outside, but still felt like a freak on the inside. Things in my life didn't make sense. I decided it was time to figure shit out. Then, I came out.

I started living a bi-gendered kind of life, and then slowly moved into living as a guy all the time. I felt more like a freak than ever before, but at least I felt like myself. And though I felt better about my life and myself, I hated being a walking ball of social confusion. I hated being a freak. I wanted to look normal, be normal. But I didn't like anything normal had to offer. Nothing fit me. I finally settled on the fact that I'm just another typical example of your atypical freak. Finally a solution: The reason why I've always felt like a freak is because that's what I am. I'm a freak.

I think I've been pretty lucky for a Cincinnati freak. I've had relatively little trouble fitting in with my family or with my friends. I also found new friends who aren't exactly like me, but as far as the world is concerned, just about as weird and freakish. But this Midwest environment is more than lacking when it comes to a physical manifestation of the conceptual area in which I exist. In other words, no one fucking gets it.

So-called Solutions

I remember back when I was in elementary school, sitting in the living room in a matching sweat suit listening to my dad's Beatles vinyl records over and over. At the age of nine, I was certain that I really understood the world, and Lennon had put it into words for me.

"I am he as you are he as you are me and we are all together."

It's a real nice thought, and to a pre-teen, hippie wanna-be, it was all I needed to feel good about life. Because John Lennon was the Walrus (though the Walrus was actually Paul) I knew that no matter how unpopular I was at school, I was still connected to the greater mass of my fellow humans. Thing is, half the words Lennon put in that song were put there to fuck with academics and the other half, he claimed, were the result of several acid trips. That said, I still think it's a better foundation for a value system than books written thousands of years ago. At least it's relevant to the times, not to mention hip with the kids.

Now, I wonder if it's really as simple as I once thought. Am I really you, and are you me? Are we really all together? Being in the same space as someone else certainly doesn't make people together. If I'm similar to you, it doesn't make me you, or you me. If you aren't me, and I'm not you, can we still know each other's experiences? Can we be different and the same, at the same time? Or a better question, why do we feel we need to be the same in order to be together?

A common misconception that continuously absorbs activist mentality is that inclusion equals assimilation. Years ago, the gay liberation



Photo by Olivia Hamilton

movement made the mistake of saying to “normal” people “You should give us what we’re asking for, because we’re really just like you.” A good enough idea, for the small fraction of the queer population that are just like everyone else (whatever that means), but for the rest of us, the weirdoes and the freaks, we’re shit out of luck. I’m not here to blame anyone. And I’ll defend anyone’s right to claim that they are just like anyone else. As for myself, I may have things in common with people, share experiences or a background, but I’ve never been able to find anyone that’s just like me. No matter how we would like to tell ourselves that we are just like someone else, no one is exactly the same. So why the hell would anyone use that idea as a platform for obtaining what they want? It isn’t logical. Shouldn’t we instead say “I’m different from you, but that doesn’t mean I’m not human.” and leave it at that?

It’s not you, it’s me ... I mean, it’s not me, it’s you ...

I’m all for the spread of information. In fact, I’ve based my activist career around it. But there comes a time in a freak’s life when he gets a little tired of explaining himself to every new person he meets. I’m too queer to pretend to be straight, too stubborn to be stealth, and too anxious to be out. I feel guilty when I present myself in laymen’s terms, like I’m betraying myself. It would be nice to be able to go out and exist without having to play a role, but I don’t want deal with the looks and the questions about my past, and my genderqueer-identity, and whether or not I’m having “the surgery.” I don’t want to feel... like a freak. So when I meet someone new, I puppet my identity depending on where I am and who I’m with. If I can’t be out, I temporarily own whatever identity will give me closest representation and the vaguest impression, with the truth always sitting on the tip of my tongue.

I meet someone new. We talk, we get along. I admire them for what they are, they say they admire me. Then in the middle of the conversation it hits me, the perfect opportunity to casually mention it, to allude to where I’m coming from. I see it coming up like an exit on the highway. I get ready for it, and then watch it pass as quickly as it had come. I realize I’m not socializing, I’m maneuvering, and at the front of it all is a lie.

There are few experiences equally as shitty as knowing you’re covering up your life. It makes you wonder why you bother hiding at all. Then you start to rationalize. “I don’t have to wear an identity on my sleeve. It doesn’t matter what I am, only who I am...” But what makes me who I am? Is it a label, a title known to bring about individual pride and autonomy, awkward questions and uneven smiles? Or is it what’s inside of me, my personality and my character? But what made what’s inside of me? Do I do it or is it the life I have lived? Since it was probably both, does it really work for me to cut half of it out?

Am I not speaking because I’m afraid of opening myself up, or because I’m afraid of what you’ll do once I’m open? And if I’m so afraid of being open, and as much as I dance around with semantics, I sure as hell don’t do much to avoid looking like a freak. I purposely alter my appearance to keep from looking too normal. When I started to dye my hair, I was over the moon about the fact that I could really understand people’s reactions. I remember saying to a friend, “At least this way, I know

why people are staring at me.” Before they can figure out my gender they have to get past why my hair is pink and by then I’m already down the street. In the end, is all this song and dance really just about avoidance?

It doesn’t matter whether you’re dying your hair, getting a piercing or tattoo, or taking hormones. They all bring the same question from the same people. “Why would you do that to yourself?” Well, why’d you get that haircut, or buy that outfit? I just want to like what I look like. I want to feel like my appearance fits who I am. I’m attempting to accurately represent myself, and since I’m not the same person I was three years ago, or six years ago, I’m not going to look the same as I did then. And since I’m not the same person as you, I’m not going to look the same as you.

One of us

With all my awareness of not being normal, and not wanting to be normal, I still want to be included as if I were normal. I’m still afraid to come out and say what I am... Why can’t I just be included as a freak? I don’t want to pretend to be normal, and that’s all anyone can do. Pretend.

“I’ll never judge anyone for being stealth, or think less of someone for doing what they do to make their life worth living. That doesn’t mean I won’t see the effects this society has had on my people, or mourn the hurt it continues to cause us.”

No one is really “normal” in the common use of the word. Normal people are just freaks and weirdoes who are really good at covering it up, or really boring. Normal means ordinary, typical, and conventional. Where’s the god dammed appeal?

The desire to be normal comes from our herd mentality. People don’t crave normalcy, we crave inclusion and mistake it for normalcy. We want to belong and be accepted,

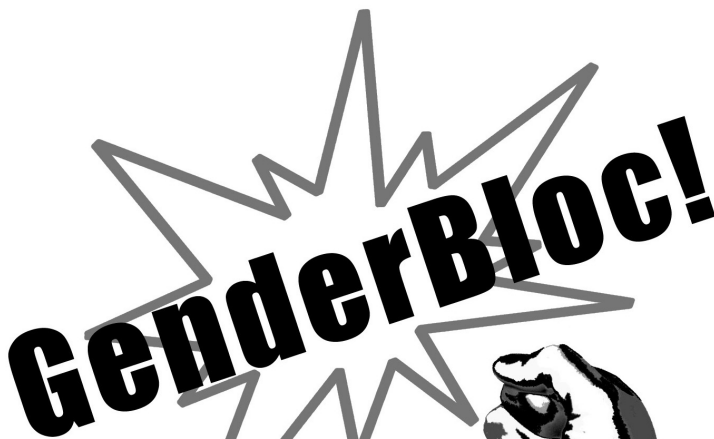
and the easiest things to accept are the things that are known and recognizable. The common theory seems to be that if there were more freaks and weirdoes out and about, people would become familiar with us, and then accept us. Thing is, being out and about can be dangerous, or just plain tiresome. Some of us aren’t willing to stand out in the rain waiting, while “inclusion” and “acceptance” are taking their time to pick us up.

In reality, there are a hell of a lot more weirdoes and freaks in the world than normal people. No one acknowledges that because back in the day, some poor repressed weirdoes and freaks made a whole society around pretending to be normal. The easiest way to organize things is to group things by similarities. Instead of finding the greater similarities in ourselves, we take the lazy way out and group things by size, shape, color, and concept. The definition of belonging has been warped into whether or not you think, act, and look like everyone else. I guess I can see the source. If you’re creating a civilization, you want it to be organized, and you want people to get along. By establishing a sense of “belonging” you have created the strongest defense against societal collapse. Belonging somewhere makes people care about where they are and who they are with. If you know where you belong, then you know

who to help, who to defend, and you know who to isolate and who to kill.

I'll never judge anyone for being stealth, or think less of someone for doing what they do to make their life worth living. That doesn't mean I won't see the effects this society has had on my people, or mourn the hurt it continues to cause us. I've spent the greater part of my life bouncing between accepting my freakishness with pride and repressing it, even resenting it. Even now, in the peak of my freak-acceptance, I catch myself covering up. I can't help being bothered when people stare at me, sometimes it even scares me. I catch myself feeling guilty for making people uncomfortable, and wondering if I could somehow change it, somehow be a little more... normal. But like a rubber band, the thoughts snap back at me causing a pain that makes me want to move from them. I pull myself up, remind myself of how good pink hair looks on me, and keep walking.

Maybe being a freak is a good thing. Maybe I can really get something accomplished. And who better to work for change and human inclusion than the excluded? We know what needs improvement because we're the ones who are the most impacted by the lack of progress. Those normies aren't going to storm the gates, demanding change. They've already settled for their average existence. They've bought stock for it. It's up to us, the weirdoes, the freaks, to stand up, stick out, and fuck up their world. And with our weird outfits, crazy hair, hot sex lives, and androgynous looks, they can't miss us.



GenderBloc!

Queer radicals on the loose...



Bombasticism in the Bathtub
By Lisa Summe

*Caroline, she owes me
for finally getting in that bathtub
that I was scared of.
She read to me so I could see*

*all the phonies in Salinger's Catcher.
She laid on her back, so naked,
so pretty, I won't fake it,
I just wanted to sketch her*

*in the candle shine of the bathroom.
No fear in tossing aside my shirt,
as I let her blue eyes flirt
me into put on my bathing costume,*

*that big kid birthday suit.
Shedding my wife beater,
I knew how I would treat her,
but I was nervous -hair fried at the roots*

*that stick out dark, my messy cuticles
prickly and overly grown,
plus my hips are kind of fat, hadn't she known?
Maybe she was eating pharmaceuticals,*

*possibly with a beer? But she wanted
me in there. I'm so sexy I shook
off my socks, knocked the book
from her hands, ripped off my bra and flaunted*

*my arms, my chest -all of the above
my waist. Finally, I was brave!
I wasn't drunk. I didn't know how to behave.
Well, you forget to think when you're in love*

*and I slipped into that bath-oily
tub, flinging my underwear onto
the floor, making my naked debut.
Letting my body relax, I uncoiled*

*into the water. Stretching out,
I kicked a candle on the edge and I do regret
that the rubber duck curtain was set
to such a high fucking flame, a boy scout*

*couldn't put out that hot plastic.
It looked like an I-just-got-laid
prom dress, contorted and played.
And like prom night, I wouldn't call it magic.*

My Fucking Double
By Lisa Summe

Walking out to the parking
garage from Langsam, I'm thinking about how
to say it, or, better, show it as I hold her hand. She needs
to know that I like her. I'm afraid to say I love her when
I can't always follow through, physically. Sometimes I think
that I am just not up to par, in general.

In my backseat, I'm slipping up her dress,
eager as a kid for crayons, to press
my fingers to her sticky-with-sweat thighs.
My breath's speed is on a rigid rise,
and with a slurred shake of my hands
my lungs bounce around like rubber bands.

A lily (tiger) on her windshield, "I dare you
to love me." I'll do the dishes, make
the bed. I like to kiss her eyelashes in the mornings and make mix
CDs of songs she doesn't know yet. I'll bring mint
chocolate chip ice cream from Aglamesis, and drive her
home when she's too drunk, pulling over when she needs to puke.

On top of her, I'm licking down her chest
with an unusual, but conquering confidence:
my mouth back-and-fourth between her breasts,
tongue tying her nipples, nose sliding down, riding sweat.
Looking out my window, I'm the parking lot vigilante
as I slip my way to the top of her panties.

Do the acts that aren't sex
say it enough? Is affection only acquired through
the heat of rigid moves in a bed (or car)
that I don't know yet how to do? In a way
that is confident, maybe even sexy?
It's something I think about.

My ribs keep bobbing in my bothered breathing, hands
quivering, I don't want her to make us any plans
as she demands me to keep working on her boobs.
While I slip in Pure Romance warming flavored lube,
I refuse, this time, to stall, I am proud to not be wary,
(that shit tastes like strawberries!)

DISCLAIMER: The following parody is meant to illustrate how dangerous it is to pathologize social phenomena. The clinical features are meant to be based on common stereotypes and misconceptions of the group. I in no way agree with these aforementioned stereotypes as being accurate depictions of an entire group, only that the stereotypes exist and are a means of oppression.

THE ETIOLOGY AND TREATMENT OF FEMALENESS

Jamie A. Royce, University of Cincinnati

Femaleness is a serious issue that has received scant attention from those in the mental health professions. Throughout recorded history, evidence of females has been seen. It is estimated that over half of the population is female, and that is just based on survey results.

Due to new research, femaleness is gaining acceptance as a syndrome and will be included in the newly revised Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders fifth edition, or DSM-V.

People who identify with most of the following criteria may in fact be females:

Congenital onset

Narcissus Paranoia

Subordination Nexuses

Comprehension Deficiencies

Coital Suppression

Muscular Deficiencies

CLINICAL FEATURES OF FEMALENESS

CONGENITAL ONSET

Femaleness is evident at birth. Babies showing signs of femaleness are always found in pink blankets or dresses, with bows seemingly pasted to their heads. Once females become toddlers or young children they are seen playing with dolls, playing house or pretending to cook.

NARCISSUS PARANOIA

Narcissus Paranoia is the inability to stop primping and checking oneself out in the mirror, due to an irrational fear that everyone in society thinks that they should be beautiful and conform to the current stand of beauty. Symptoms include constantly packing a compact, fixing of hair in every reflective surface, taking long bathroom trips to reapply makeup and waking up two hours early in order to properly style, bathe and paint oneself. Narcissus paranoia usually sets in at about high school, but it has been reported as early as the beginning of middle school.

SUBORDINATION NEXUSES

Females often exhibit subordination nexuses, reporting feelings of inferiority and lack of control in their lives. They usually report a perception of lower pay, less recognition and

accolades for their work, as well as less chance for promotion. Females are sometimes heard babbling about the “glass ceiling” or the “Equal Pay Act.” No researchers have been able to determine exactly what these concepts are.

COMPREHENSION DEFICITS

Most females also exhibit comprehension deficits. Historically, they have scored lower than other people in testing, if they have even been tested at all. Most researchers never tested their intelligence due to the historically popular perception that females are less intelligent than the rest of the population. It is also widely believed that females suffer from petite cerebral organs, and are therefore less intelligent than the general population.

COITAL SUPPRESSION

Coital suppression is exhibited by most subjects that are diagnosed with femaleness. Females are disinterested in fornication, masturbation, and sexual apparatuses and accessories. Any attempts to engage the female in these acts are long, drawn-out processes, with many females refusing until properly coerced. Coital suppression is linked to whorophobia.

MUSCULAR DEFECIENCES

Females also usually exhibit muscular deficiencies when compared to the rest of the population. They are unable to lift heavy weights effectively, usually requiring assistance when handling hefty packages. Femaleness is usually strongly tied to other disorders or symptoms such as anorexia nervosa, bulimia nervosa, pregnancy, hysteria and bleeding from the genitals.

CAUSES OF FEMALENESS

Many researchers have speculated the cause of femaleness, but no one theory has been accepted by mental health professionals. Two of the more accepted views are presented below.

SOCIOLOGICAL MODEL

Most sociologists agree that femaleness is a social construct. No one is born female, but rather assigned to be female by society. They argue that females are not in fact congenitally determined, but socialized into these symptoms. Thus, a restructuring of society is needed in order to produce less females.

BIOLOGICAL MODEL

According to the biological model, femaleness is inherent and tied to the sex of a child. Because of this, there is no cure for femaleness.

TREATMENTS OF FEMALENESS

Attempts to treat femaleness have been great. Sigmund Freud has done considerable research on hysteria, based on his most famous work: a case study

on Anna O. Freud used cocaine and hypnotism to cure this commonly found illness in females. When these methods were not successful, he moved on to introspection and dream interpretation, which were met with similar success.

Throughout history, females have been denied rights such as the right to vote due to symptoms such as comprehension deficiencies. In the past 150 years, in Western culture there has been a movement to unpathologize femaleness. This movement, called feminism, has fought successfully for the right to vote and some reproductive freedoms; however, some of the symptoms are still widespread. Other than feminism, there is no modern treatment or cure for femaleness.

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Art by Emma Southard



Erotica
By Lisa Summe

The bed, full size, was neatly made this morning, sheets tucked crisp beneath the corners. A cheap polyester striped comforter covers them, uncreased and stiff like a just-ironed shirt, starched into shape. The fluff in the three pillows is uneven; it looks like little heads are gushed together in clumps. The black one shows drool stains, but just flip the pillow over and it's clean like the smell of the "fresh linen" oil plugged in my wall. This bed takes up a fourth of the room, the left side is so smashed against the window sill that girls kick the Snapple bottle of pennies (if it's poor, it falls onto the floor) or the Tiki man who plays guitar in a grass skirt. We're sitting on it, making lists, plans for dinner and drinks. I look at you, you hold my stare in your open-wide blue eyes for a good thirty seconds, and I kiss your mouth twice, then throw you down, hard. You feel the spring stab in the middle of the mattress, and I push you in so far and rigid that I can feel the mattress stiffness through your torso and on your bones pushing mine, your clavicle scraping my sternum, the grind of my hips into yours, your smooth legs wrapping around my prickly ones, so tight I'm scratching you. You find your way up my neck as your tongue slides wet gloss in the ridges of my pinna. I can hear your tongue scrape your teeth and slip around your lips while my rigid fingers pull in your hips as you breathe

with a fizz and the slender air through your nose whistles. Cartilage crunches as you bite me, harder, your tongue circling my tragus ring, then your teeth clacking to my plugs. You suck and blow into my earlobe because you like the shake of my body, the stick-up of every hair (only on the exact half you're working on, like a line is drawn). Your hands find their way into the top of my wife beater and your fingers skip around my nipples. You rip off my beater, catching rub of cotton on my wet ear, then continue down my ribs, to coarse public hair. You stay, your fingers riding circles on my thighs. I suck your breathing into my ears, and I force into you some sounds, like I'm pushing my deep-digested dinner out from my throat, all of my muscles taut and strung tight like virgin on her wedding night. I feel my underwear hang heavy between my legs as I press up my torso into your thighs. Your fingers slip and thrust in the slit to my clit, fast and smooth like wearing plastic socks on ice. I hear my own wetness gushing onto your hands when I grab your head, pressing your lips to my ears so they vibrate harder as you keep losing your breath inside the side of my head. I squeeze my eyes shut so tight that an orange-yellow sun heats the inside of my eyelids when I look around with them closed. You're getting closer, gliding faster, and when I hear the spit between your teeth bubbling into my ear, I cum in your hand and let you land on me and my not-so-made bed.

Kissing Boys (I Used To)

By Lisa Summe

I.

I used to kiss
boys, a lot. Well, I let them
kiss me at least. I never
kissed them back with any
thing electric. No
fire ever started, thank
God (such things are
so destructive).
I used to kiss
girls, not as much, but it felt
higher. There was fire, and it got out of control
every time (in beds, base-
ments, and tents). I tried to put it out (high
heat is uncomfortable, and I am
a sweater) with pineapple orange
juice and Popov. Everyone knows alcohol
(like hairspray) is ignition.

II.

I kept on kissing
boys though, because I was Catholic (well,
taught to be) and girls
kiss boys, then they have
babies with (for?) them (after they're
married, of course).
But, I kept on kissing
girls too, maybe I liked it because I knew
I shouldn't? But really, I wouldn't get
married. How could I? (Not in

III.

I didn't kiss
anyone for a while, but I wrote
about wanting to, and falling
in love (cliché), I waited to,
and I did (Lauren, I was six-
teen). I never told
anyone about it, which was part
of the problem. I didn't tell
anything to anyone (at least
not about liking girls so much).
I've kissed
everyone and a few name-
worthy kissed me back. I am in
love (Caroline, I'm twenty-
one). I tell everyone about it (even my
parents) and I do more than kiss
her (but Mel and Ginny still don't
need to know all about it).

Why DOMA is Unconstitutional

By Nat Kirk

The Defense of Marriage Act is a Federal law passed by Congress and signed by President Bill Clinton on September 26, 1997. It was created and passed in reaction to the 1993 case of Baehr v. Lewin in which the Hawaii Supreme Court ruled that a state must show compelling interest in prohibiting same-sex marriage. Worried that Hawaii might legalize it, DOMA was made with the purpose of isolating same-sex marriages to only the states that allowed it and preventing states from being forced to recognize it. This law provides that any state or similar political division of the United States may deny any marriage-like relationship between persons of the same sex which has been recognized by another state. It also provides that marriage is the specific union of one man and one woman and that spouse only refers to a person of the opposite sex who is a husband or wife. Finally, DOMA states that the Federal government will not recognize any same-sex or polygamous marriages, even if recognized by a state. This law is unconstitutional on several grounds.

Firstly, congress has violated Section 1 Article 4 of the Constitution, commonly known as the Full Faith and Credit Clause. This clause is as follows:

“Full faith and credit shall be given in each state to the public acts, records, and judicial proceedings of every other state. And the Congress may by general laws prescribe the manner in which such acts, records, and proceedings shall be proved, and the effect thereof.”

This asserts continuity between states and enforcement across state lines of non-federal laws, civil claims and court rulings. This clause permits enforcement of state-to-state extradition, portability of court orders, nationwide recognition of legal status (including married status), out-of-state taxation, spousal and child support, and the collection of fees and fines, all of which would be impossible without separate federal action, or a similar action by the other states. DOMA clearly violates this section of the Constitution by allowing states to not recognize the legal status of same-sex married couples that were married in other states. This creates confusion over which laws should be recognized: the laws of the permissive state or the laws of the prohibiting state. This is the kind of confusion that was meant to be taken care of by the Full Faith and Credit Clause, and DOMA is making it impossible for this clause to function accordingly.

Secondly, this law is illegally discriminatory under the Equal Protection Clause. This clause is part of the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution, and it establishes that:

“No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws.”

This protects individual rights from federal and state government abridgment. DOMA violates this part of the Constitution by discriminating against and abridging the rights of same-sex couples by allowing states to deny recog-

nition of any marriage or marriage-like status of same-sex couples which have been instituted in other states while at the same time recognizing marriage and marriage-like status of opposite-sex couples instituted in other states.

Finally DOMA violates the fundamental right to marriage (including same-sex marriage) and the benefits of such under the due process clause. Due process of law is a legal concept cited in both the Fifth and Fourteenth Amendments of the Constitution that ensures the government will respect all of a person's legal rights instead of just some or most of those legal rights, guaranteeing fundamental justice, fairness, and liberty. DOMA violates homosexuals' rights to legal marriage or any marriage-like institution and the benefits thereof. This is clearly discrimination, simply because heterosexuals are given 1,049 federal rights, privileges, and benefits when they enter into marriage, and by denying homosexuals the ability to enter into the same kind of union, they are being denied these rights and benefits, thus putting heterosexuals at an advantage over homosexuals.

Proponents of DOMA claim that the protection of marriage is necessary so that the purpose of marriage which has been "understood by federal law for over 200 years... (as) the legal union of a man and a woman as a husband and wife" and as the means of procreation will not be challenged. In actuality, government does not follow up on married couples to make sure that they are in fact living together. Government does not punish people for infidelity. Government does not punish people for getting divorces. Government does not take away the benefits of marriage from couples who choose not to or are unable to bear children. All of these facts indicate that government has no compelling interest in ensuring that its married citizens are procreating or living up to the supposed "age old understanding of marriage." This proves that DOMA has no legal leg to stand on, and that it is here purely for discriminatory reasons.

Proponents of DOMA also claim that it is necessary to limit marriage rights strictly to heterosexuals in order to guarantee that the single purpose of marriage will be recognized as "procreation, which is necessary in order to ensure the survival of the human race." This argument is baseless simply because it supports its self with a non-issue. The human race is not in danger of dying out, and in fact has been steadily increasing in population in spite of the apparent growing acceptance of homosexuality in other nations, such as Canada, Spain, Belgium, Netherlands, Denmark, Norway, Israel, Sweden, Greenland, Hungary, Iceland, France, Germany, Portugal, Finland, Croatia, Luxembourg, New Zealand, the United Kingdom, Andorra, the Czech Republic, Slovenia, Uruguay, and Switzerland, all of who have legalized homosexual marriage and/or civil union. Same-sex marriage does not pose a threat to human existence, therefore making this argument empty of all meaning or effect.

The problem of the unconstitutional Defense of Marriage Act must be handled thusly: The Defense of Marriage Act must be struck down as unconstitutional and be eradicated from federal law. State versions of DOMA will inevitably follow suit, in accordance with this proposal. Only after this will homosexuals have the rights of marriage guaranteed to them by the laws of the states and by the Constitution and cease to be discriminated against by the government.

Poem(s) by Y. Nepper

Made for Real

Costume, girl-boy

Which are you, beautiful-handsome, question mark face?

Go show them that your period

Bleeds through your boy shorts

And things are made for

Real

Inside the body, undecided

No questions asked.

Un-Do

Start with my name, which I

Love like my family,

The curse and the calling,

Bury my responsibilities

Somewhere soon to be

Churning, tumultuous earth

That tells true stories in the

History of rocks.

Restart

Go back to the one

Room school house

Remember why it is there

Look at who is teaching you

And notice what you are wearing,

a. the girl with long blonde hair

continues to play with boys

get dirty at recess

and develop a sense of humor.

About The Queer Canon

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