

"Why I cannot be like other guys? Gays, I mean"



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Abstract

The visual and coded components of this zine intend to portray a queer coming-of-age journey, parting from the public sphere of imposed shame, violence, and subcultural homoeroticism in heteronormative practices to reach the destination of intimacy and love. The zine tries to capture the complex and hybrid queer process of becoming and unbecoming. From isolation and pain to belonging and ease, the zine visually portrays the coming-of-age and coming-out process of queer individuals within the Western context as an experience of disturbance and imposed shame that is superposed and deconstructed by the intelligibility of non-normative queer bodies and stories. "The light" or the potentiality for new queer futurities differs from queer narratives rooted on negative feelings of violence and (life in) death or contrastively on the creation of the ideal homonormative queer subject through fixed neoliberal teleological narratives with one ultimate purpose: the modern neoliberal queer subject.

Key words

Queer; Futurities; Temporalities; Homonormativity; Neoliberalism

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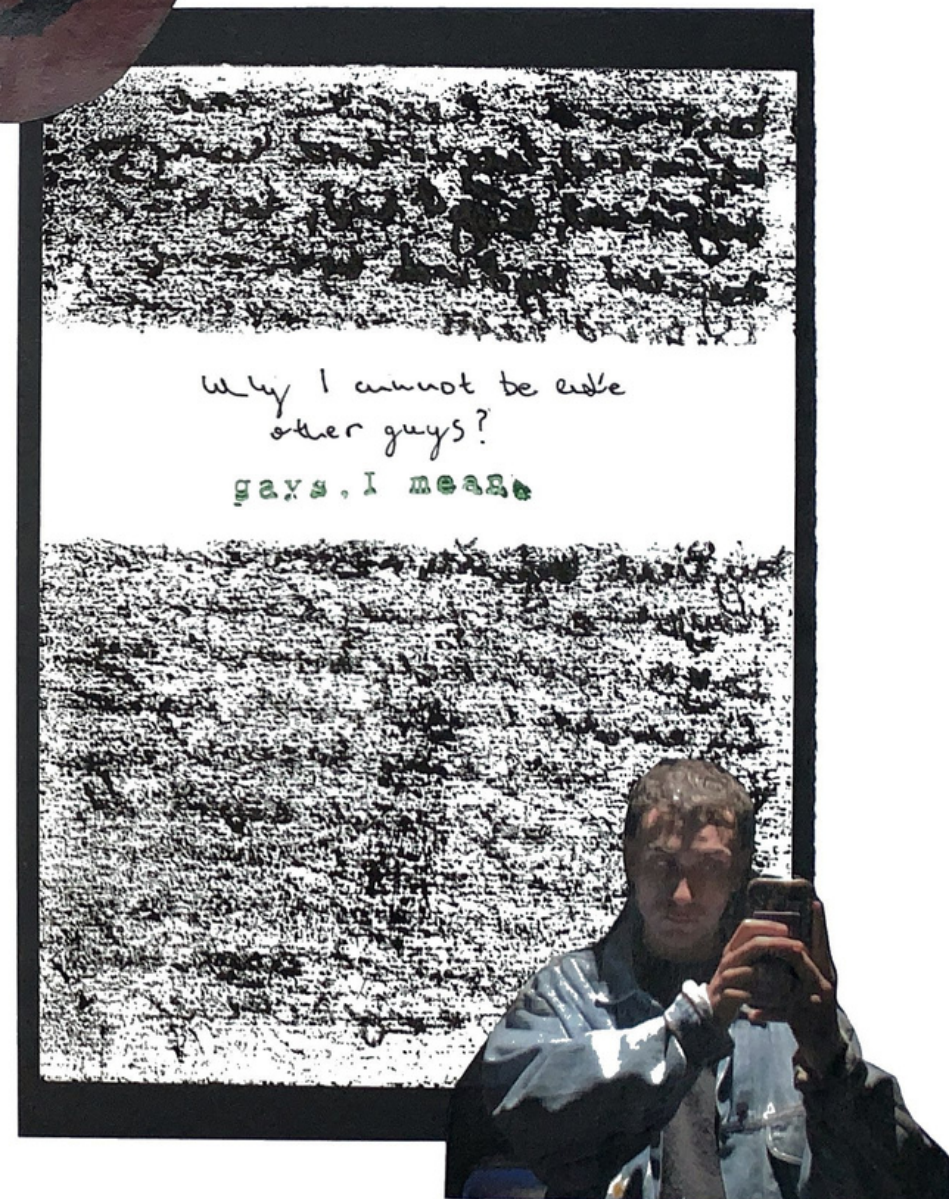
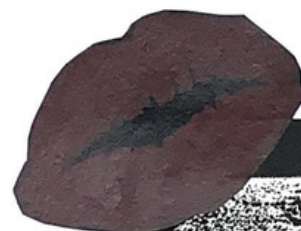
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SEXTANT: Masculinities, Sexualities &, Decolonialities

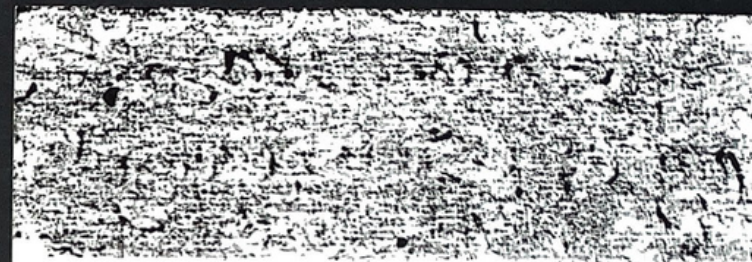
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Why I cannot be with
other guys?
gays, I mean



Dude, where's
my phallus?



What does it mean to be a man? An atemporal, ahistorical, transnational existential question that will never have a definitive answer. A true nature. Manhood, womanhood, useless harmonies for understanding the human nature that have built - and destroyed - empires, nations, families, and ultimately humans. Man up! - they say. As if it would be a common desire, a personal wish, a fixed destination. Where does it end? When does it finish? Ironically, the answer to all these queries can always be located. Found. History, politics, biology, all imposed truths opposed to the apparent by fictionality of literature. Honestly, fuck that. Regardless of the field, the creation of meaning has always an ultimate admittably create, an invisible hand. men. Let's make it clear, not all men have the same amount of power but, again, that also depends on a lot of instances: where were you born? No, but like where are you really from? Or, are you sure you never liked girls? Fuck man, that's because you've never tried a nice pussy - as if they ever had sucked a good dick, for fuck's sake. The body is transformed into a malleable framework made by a bunch of bones and flesh that is shaped by their eyes, their gaze, their scopophilic and narcissistic desire for perfection - always according to their standards, of course. Being a man is being a voyeur, a product that is made and disposed if it shows the most (in)significant defect.

0103501510

disposable

disposable

dis

dis

dis

dis

dis

dis



From Studying Human Body

14 March - 26 April 2014

And for five years, we were together, and everything was perfect. I don't even know how to write about this without slipping into platitudes, so I won't. I will say, however, that even with the best case, you could still wake up one day next to a beautiful man with a beautiful penis and be bored. You could start wishing for a smaller penis, an uglier one, with tons of veins and the color of sickness. Everything gets boring after a while. The penis eventually goes down, the whole body closes, and suddenly you're in a scary alleyway. For the record, my penis is average."

penis, an uglier one, with tons of veins and the color of sickness. Everything gets boring after a while. The penis eventually goes down, the whole body closes, and suddenly you're in a scary alleyway. For the record, my penis is average."



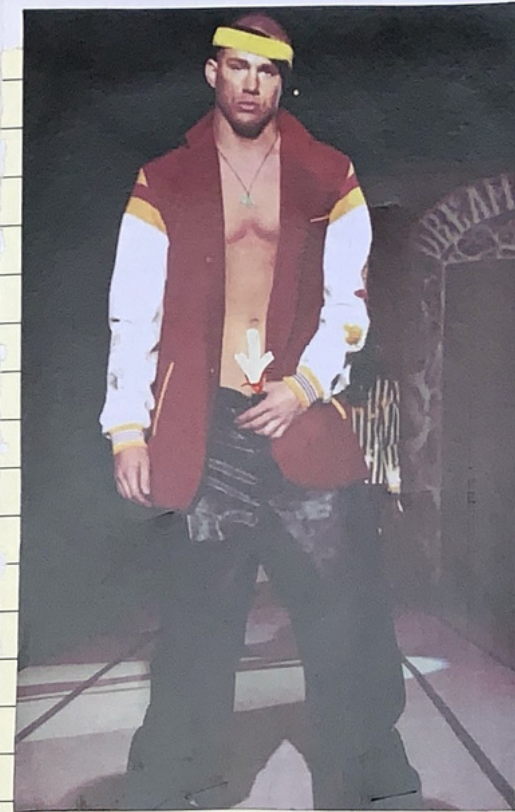
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disposable

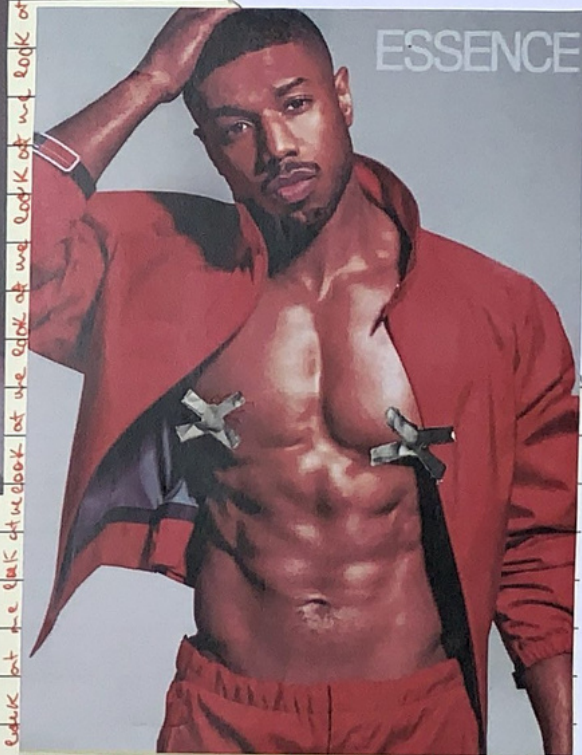
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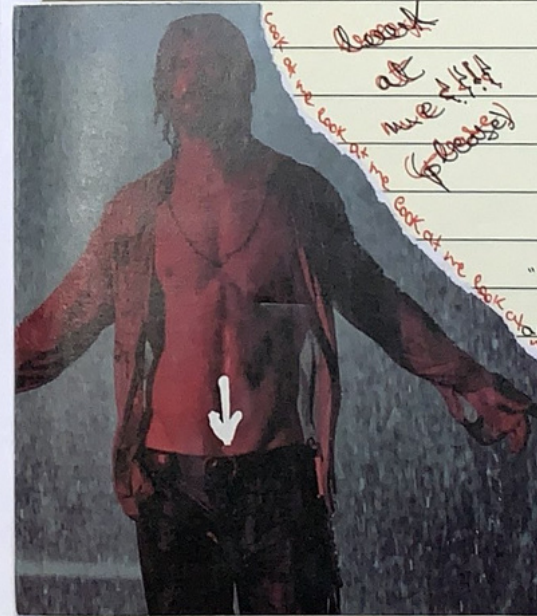
m v s c l e
h o l i c



look at me look at me look at me look at me



look at me look at me look at me look at me



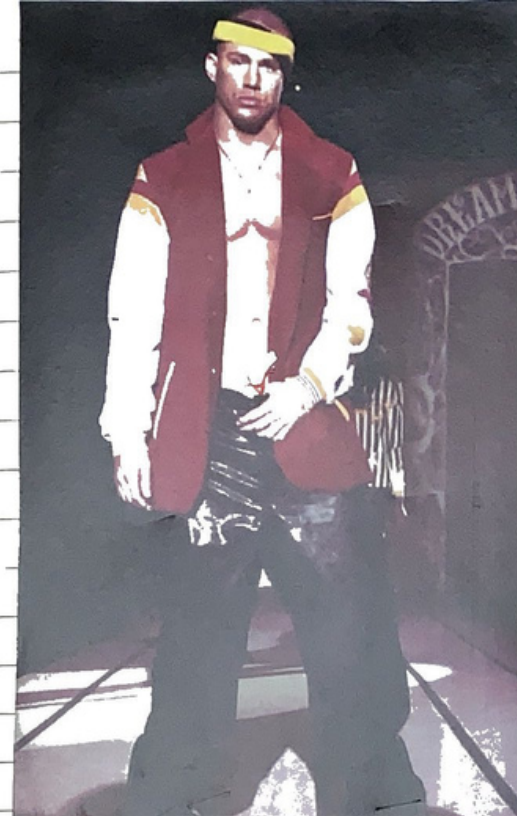
"Muscularity is the sign of power - 'natural', achieved, phallic. The point is that if muscles are 'biological', hence 'natural', and we persist in habits of thought, especially in the area of sexuality and gender, whereby we can be shown to be natural must be accepted as given and inevitable. The 'naturalness' of muscles legitimizes male power and domination."



To all the
bass who
fuck my
Twitter
xoxo

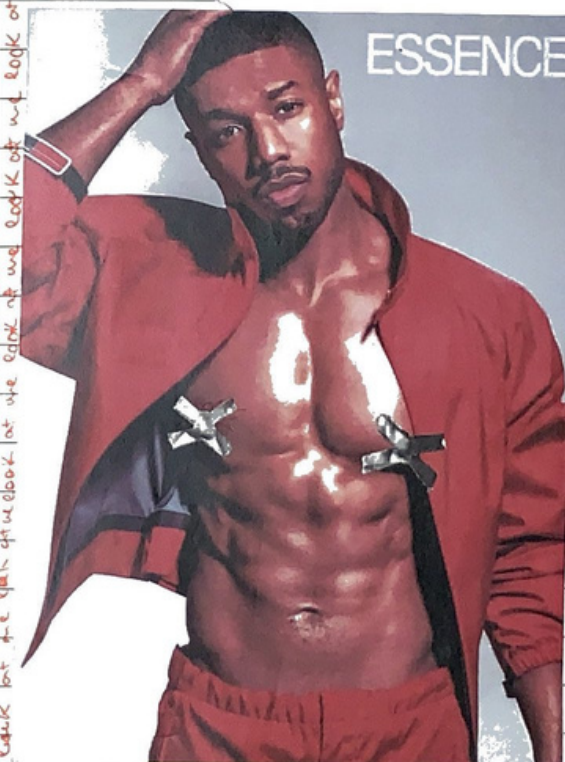


m v s c l e
h o l i c

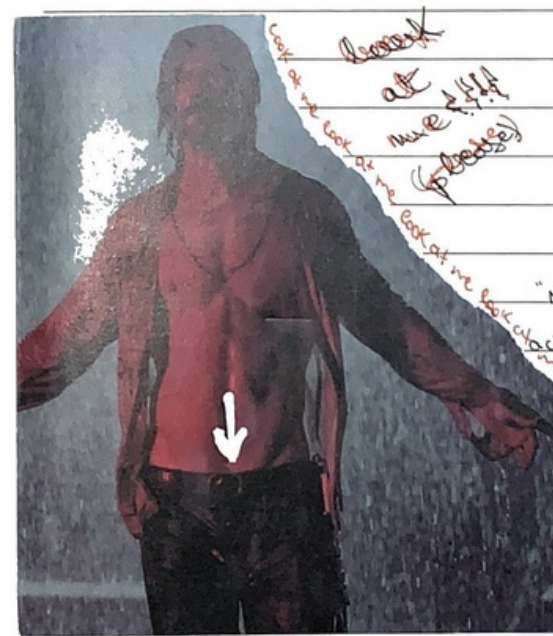


look at me look at me look at me look at me

look at me look at me look at me look at me look at me look at me look at me look at me



ESSENCE



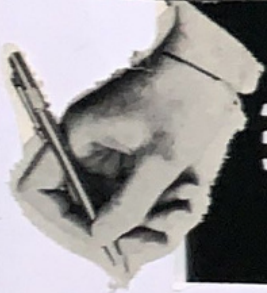
look at me
at me
please

look at me look at me look at me look at me look at me

"Muscularity is the sign of power - 'natural', achieved, phallic. The point is that if muscles are 'biological', hence 'natural', and we persist in habits of thought, especially in the area of sexuality and gender, whereby we can be shown to be natural must be accepted as given and inevitable. The 'naturalness' of muscles legitimates male power and domination."



THE END

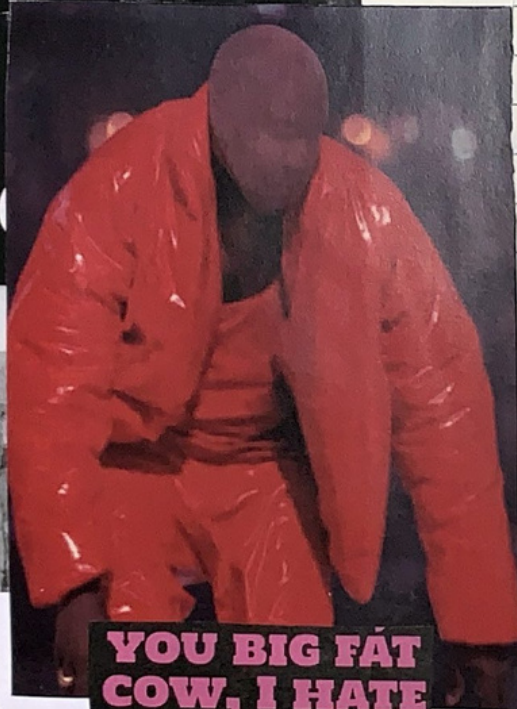


MOVIE

Script Apart



I OPEN THE DOOR AND THERE'S A WOMAN IN HER BRA AND PANTIES.



YOU BIG FAT COW, I HATE YOU!

^{"masculine"}
A ~~CHINA~~ State of Emergency

FANTASTIC MAN

(... unless
you're a faggot!)



FANTASTIC

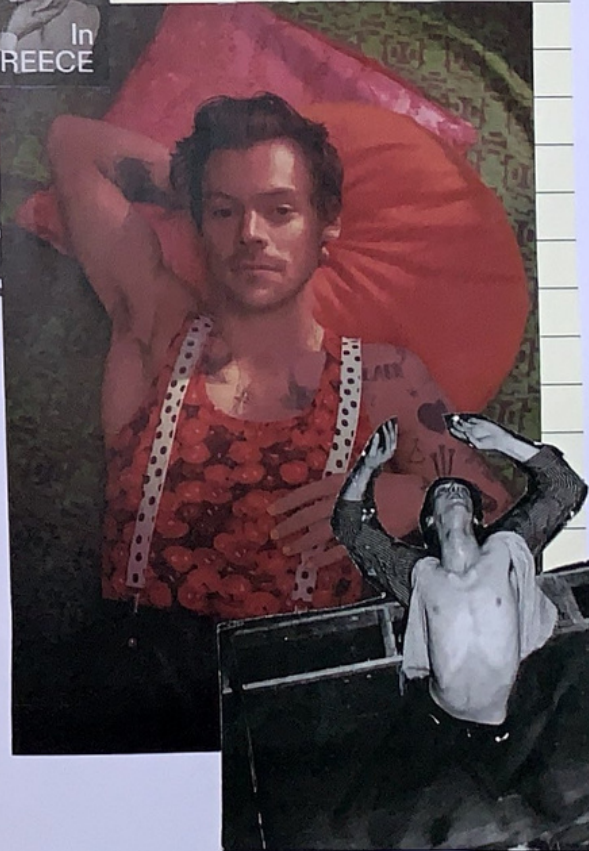
MAN



Queerbating is at the core of innovative contemporary marketing strategies sold behind a fake mask of liberalism and the "new non-toxic masculinity man" (bullshit). In the meantime, I am still gonna be called a faggot for not wearing a tracksuit. God bless Harry Styles, I guess.



In GREECE



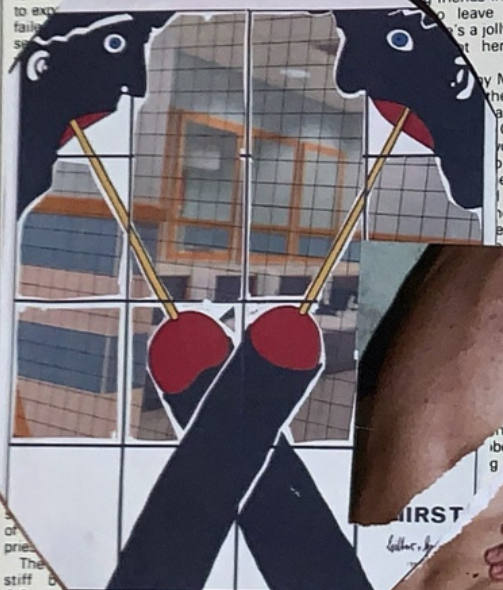
humiliation

FROM PAGE 31

SPORT | 31

The Irish In Love

forces of history, a history which had tried to leave on the night, leaving tales of Geese in 1692 women far away were varicose still with red with sadness, ories of dead en, children in children in



"The process makes initiation into fraternities [and manhood] or athletic teams or the military closer to a cult than a band of brothers [rather than a team]... we have a little bit of individualism and competitiveness, thanks patriarchy neoliberalism!!!"

lost child and Mrs Hanratty was staring, staring into the moon, knowing she's driven her child to this isolation and regretting it.

Out in the moonlight Gerald stood. He wanted so much to believe what he was doing was right. But it was just in order, a step in a line of many steps. He was taking no plunge maybe but committing himself to the absolute. 'If thy sins be as scarlet, they shall be made as white as snow'.

The moon looked down on him and he hoped his sores would be healed, his doubts, his negations, his unease with this garb. He hoped he'd create from it and so be able to shed it one day and and what he should be, an ordinary. But before his catalogue became too intense a language took hold of him and wished him well before the night.

Jimmy Moran, defiantly, tears on her orange hair. An old man writer, and the ones never ed, then left

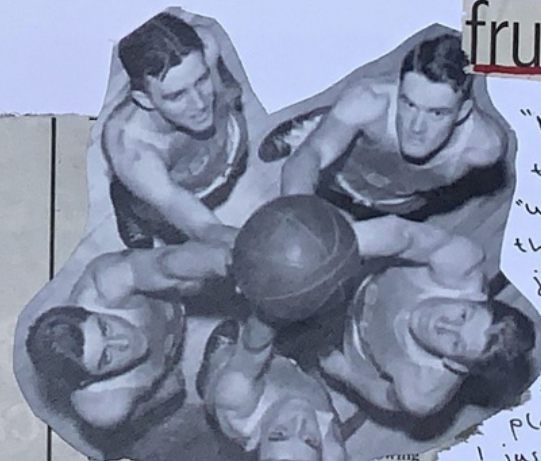
It was just a kiss



the cult

sports

frustration



"My body is meant to be a machine." "Whatever happens in the locker rooms is just part of the game you know, it's nothing really serious." Let's all play soggy biscuit!! I just didn't bring my lunch today." "My body within the context of sport had been the central focus of my identity throughout life."

some lack of... 22 season, UCD managed just... previous 6 meetings with Rover... this narrative has shifted with the number of 2 growing to 7, with UCD going undefeated in their 3 recent games with Sligo.

Being the Premier Division side's first match at home since the return of students to campus, optimism was in the air prior to kickoff.

(BROMANCE)

kept his composure the stranded Klan up 0-1. The ass: Aidan Keena demonstration joying a the goal goal-scor

fail

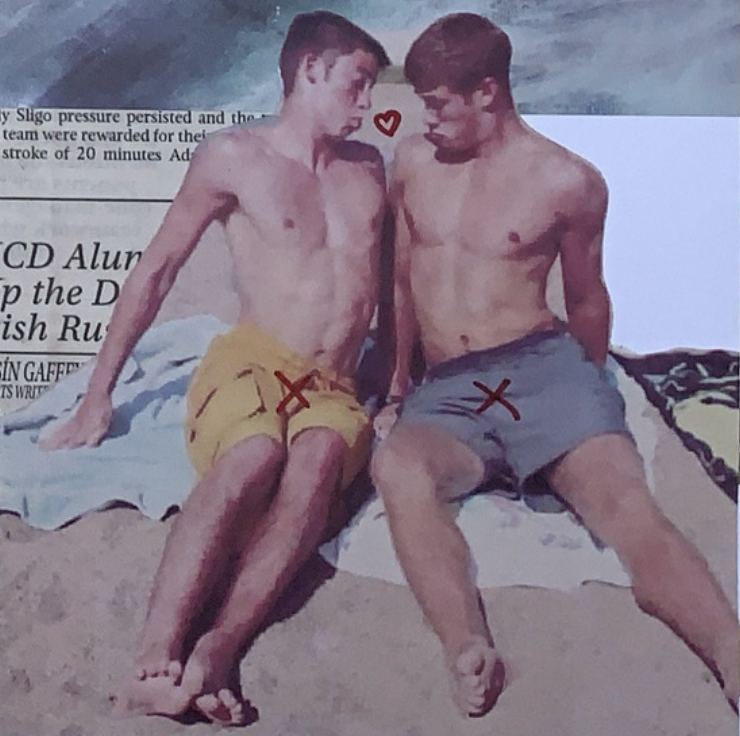
Early Sligo pressure persisted and the... ling team were rewarded for their... the stroke of 20 minutes Ad

UCD Alumni Up the D Irish Ru

OISIN GAFFNEY SPORTS WRITER

I Aut go ing win

Irel the foll Zea eve July wit



At the heart of Ireland's...



envelope so many secrets...

so many memories...

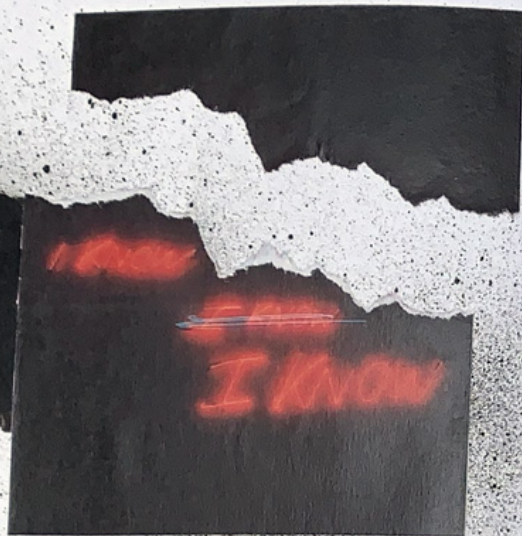
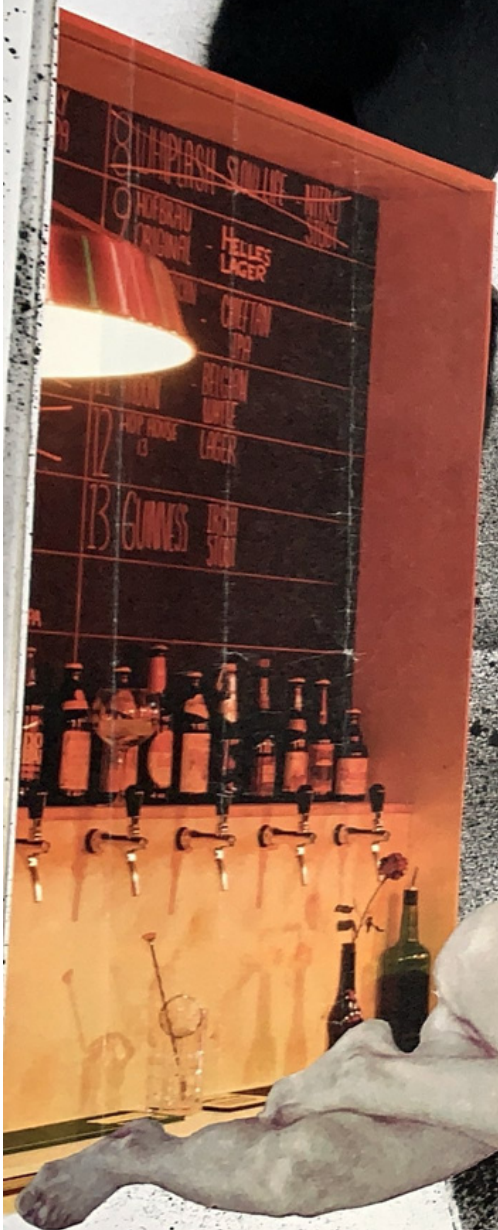
HAND

FUCK U
REBEKA!
I love you so
fucking
much

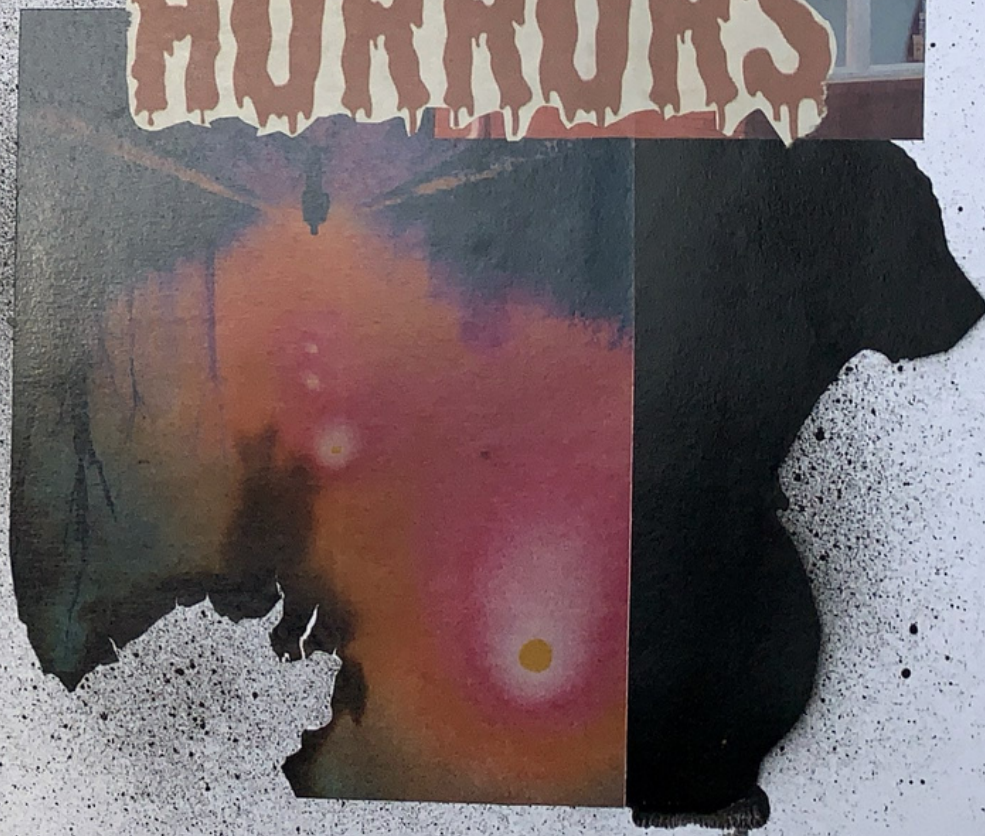
Guys who piss
seat should
be hunted
down like
feral
pigs and
killed.
FAC
BRO!
U vape
then you're
gay.

A photograph of a wall covered in graffiti. The most prominent text is 'FIVE' written twice in large, bold, black letters. Below it, the word 'POPPIN' is partially visible. There are also red spray-painted lines and other smaller markings on the wall.

Faggots, Neons
&
(ultra) **violence;**



HORRORS



ALL PALACES ARE TEMPORARY PALACES

Do you they see me?
Is it what I want?
To be seen, I mean.
Because I will
always
as long as I'm here,
I'll always be
everywhere
Far
Far
Away

Amor.

'I SAT MYSELF
ON THE THRONE...
SO HIGH THAT
I HAD GREAT
DIFFICULTY
IN SITTING ON IT'
QUEEN VICTORIA, 1849

CALL ME BY YOUR NAME

99

"I can't picture you even imagining a mistaken turn."

"That's because you see me as a figure, not a human being. Worse yet: as an old figure. But there were. Mistaken turns, that is. Everyone goes through a period of *traviamento*—when we take, say, a different turn in life, the other *via*. Some recover, some pretend to recover, some never come back, for fear of taking any turns, find themselves leading the wrong life all life long."

man himself.

under his eyes. he did look

"Sometimes the *traviamento* turns out to be the right way, ro. Or as good a way as any."

My father, who was already

willing to yield to those who were. g. But today everyone knows every-alks, talks."

eds is sleep, sleep, sleep."

er my manuscript,

like old folks

ARTFORUM

SEPTEMBER 2016

FALL PREVIEW
WILLEM DE ROOIJ
ART IN DAKAR
BRUCE CONNER



Safe Sex is Hot Sex

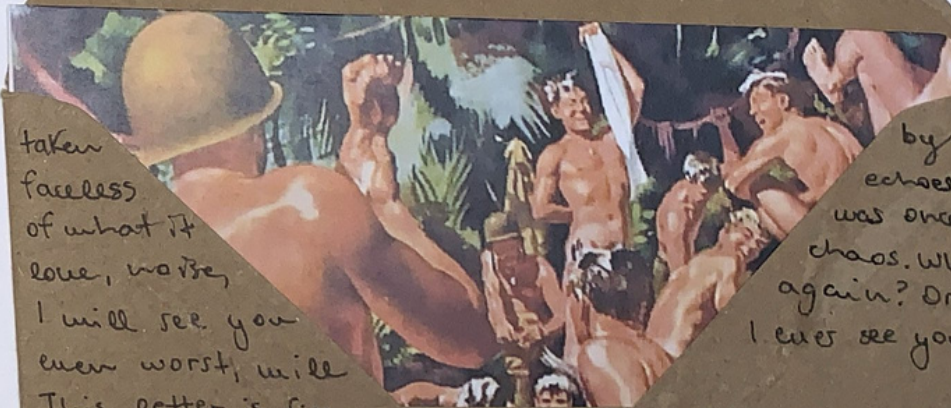


YOU ARE NOT IMMUNE
(NO SOMOS IMMUNE)
USE A CONDOM EVERY TIME
(CUIDATE, USA CONDOMES!)

\$15.00



How
many words
are going to
be annihilated
between us? Lost. The
dusklight waking up my skin
when there's no fiery beacon
to look at, to follow. What happens
when the sky is broken in a grey
foreed shadow? The roads here are soulless,



taken
faceless
of what it
love, worse,
I will see you
even worst, will

by
echoes
was once
chaos. When
again? Or,
I ever see you?

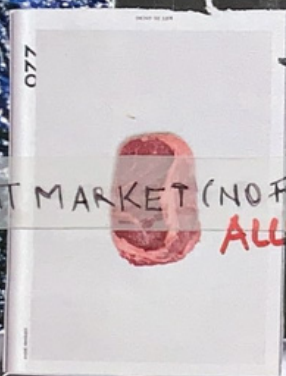
This letter is filled with "wiles", there's no space
for the now. That uncertain dark future, that
muted fiery beacon turned into an endless
winter. But it is summer, isn't it? The hate
heat between us is suffocating, my breath is
just empty, silenced—as it should, at least
that's what my father used to always tell me.
But you're not my father... what are we you?

IT'S
DARK
BUT JUST
A GAME

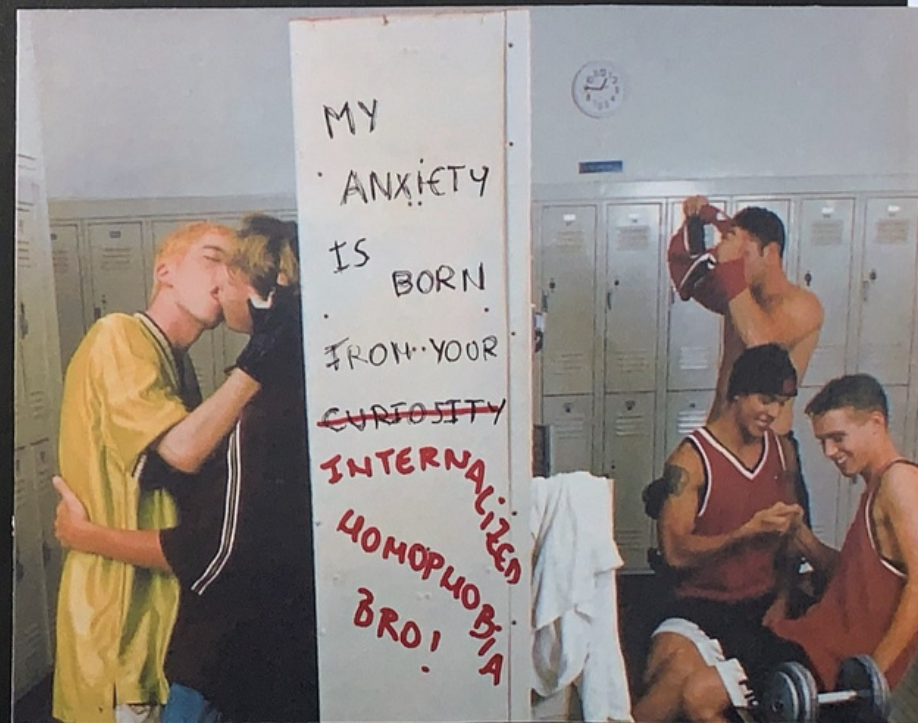
SCOPOPHILIA

KONRAD FISCHER GALERIE
D-40233 DÜSSELDORF
PLATANENSTRASSE 7
www.konradfischergalerie.de

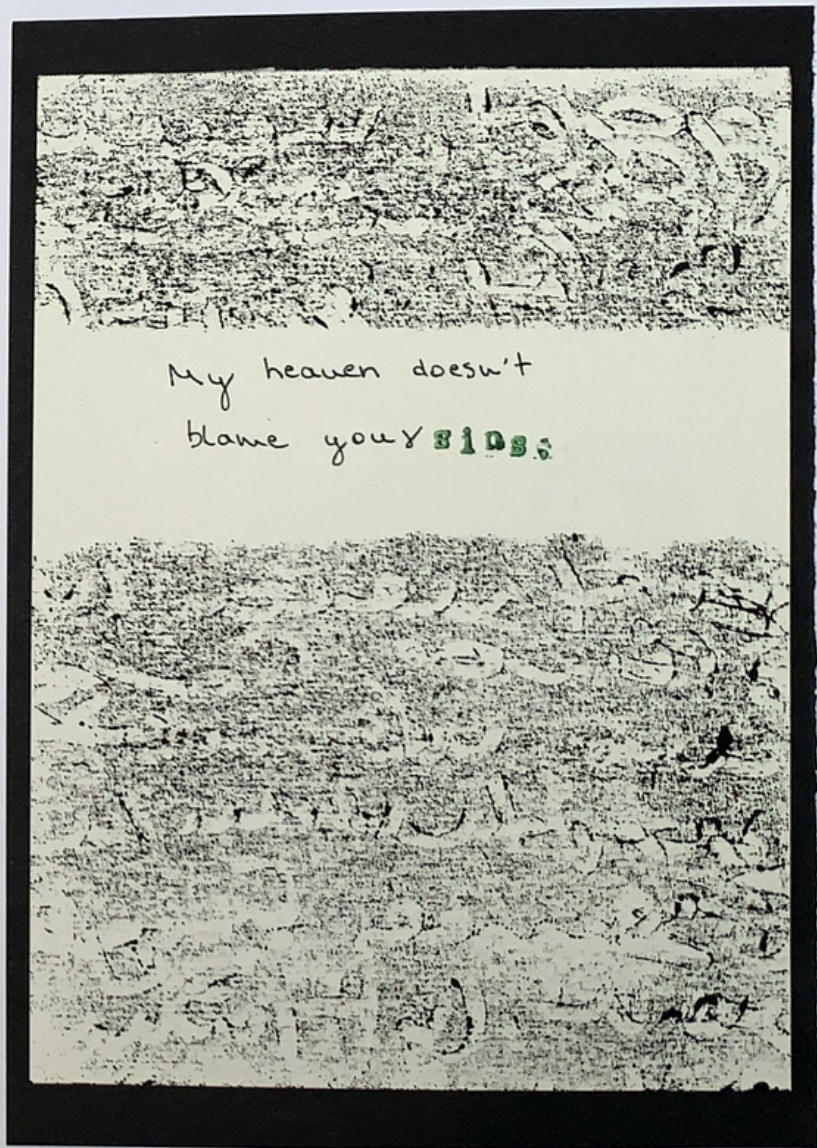
MEAT MARKET (NO FEELINGS
ALLOWED)



DEATH TO PIGS



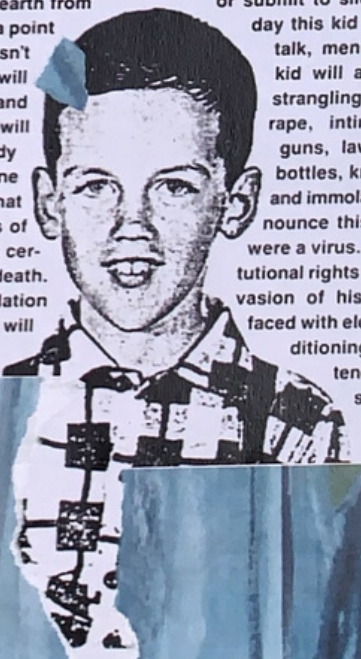
MY
ANXIETY
IS BORN
FROM YOUR
~~CURIOSITY~~
INTERNALIZED
HOMOPHOBIA
BRO!



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I Cried Because
I Love You

One day this kid will get larger. One day this kid will come to know something that causes a sensation equivalent to the separation of the earth from its axis. One day this kid will reach a point where he senses a division that isn't mathematical. One day this kid will feel something stir in his heart and throat and mouth. One day this kid will find something in his mind and body and soul that makes him hungry. One day this kid will do something that causes men who wear the uniforms of priests and rabbis, men who inhabit certain stone buildings, to call for his death. One day politicians will enact legislation against this kid. One day families will give false information to their children, and each child will pass



this
one
dis-
ace
na-
oy.

Querer mata

LY WORKS 20 MARCH - 31 MAY

"I am sure he'd say the same about you, which flatters the two of you."

He was about to tap his cigarette and, in leaning toward the ashtray, he reached out and touched my hand.

"What lies ahead is going to be very difficult," he started to say, altering his voice. His tone said: *We don't have to speak about it, but let's not pretend we don't know what I'm saying.*

Speaking abstractly was the only way to speak the truth to him.

"Fear not. It will come. At least I hope it does. And when you least expect it. Nature has cunning ways of finding our weakest spot. Just remember: I am here. Right now you may not want to feel anything. Perhaps you never wished to feel anything. And perhaps it's not with me that you'll want to speak about these things. But feel something you did."

I looked at him. This was the moment when I should lie and tell him he was totally off course. I was about to.

"Look," he interrupted. "You had a beautiful friendship. Maybe more than a friendship. And I envy you. In my place, most parents would hope the whole thing goes away, or pray that their sons land on their feet soon enough. But I am not such a parent. In your place, if there is pain, nurse it, and if there is a flame, don't snuff it out, don't be brutal with it. Withdrawal can be a terrible thing when it keeps us awake at night, and watching others forget us sooner than we'd want to be forgotten is no better. We rip out so much of ourselves by the age of thirty and have less to offer each time we start with someone new. But to feel nothing so as not to feel anything—what a waste!"

He began to take all this in. I was dumbstruck.

he asked.



You know the night I came over to
were sleeping. He said yes. When
he went on, you just turned over or
you remember that? With a self-
he remembered. She was tracing the b
with ~~me~~ didn't want to touch me
let out ~~me~~ lying down at her sn
No, of ~~me~~ ~~me~~ But when you
though ~~me~~ about something. Sh
ful for ~~me~~ I was ~~me~~ of, she said. I su
it would ~~me~~ me feel ~~me~~ we slept toget
you think that's bad? But when you turned awa
like, maybe you didn't really want me after all.

ing his hand down over the back of her neck. Oh, he said. That
didn't occur to me. I mean, I had no idea you wanted to sleep
with me to cheer yourself up. I was doing it purely because I
wanted to, and you let me. I wasn't even really sure why you
were letting me to be honest. I suppose I thought, maybe it
was good for your self-esteem to get in bed with someone who
wanted you so badly. I've had that feeling before, like it's flat-

to be the object of desire, and maybe it's so flattering that
en kind of sexy in a way. But it never went through my
that you would think I didn't want you. I suppose the way
about these things— I mean, even when we do make
sometimes feel like it's something that I'm doing to you,
own reasons. And maybe you get some kind of innocent
al pleasure out of it, I hope you do, but for me it's differ-
now you're going to say that's sexist. She was laughing,
truth was open. It is sexist, she said. Not that I mind. It's
ng, like you were saying. You have this primal desire to

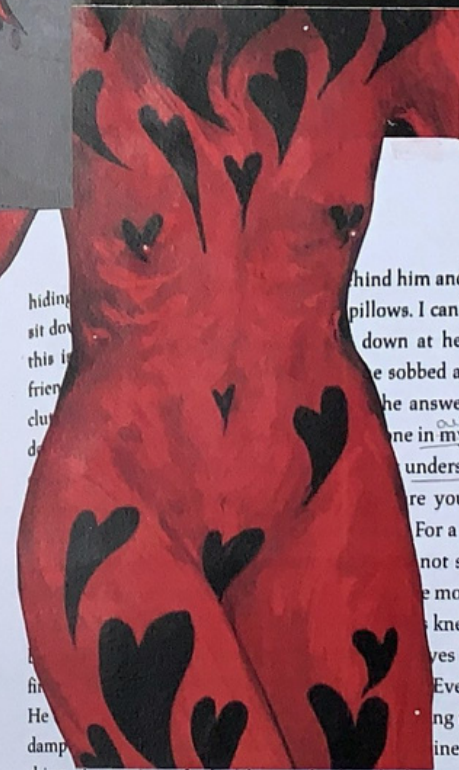
272



I'm Good



SUPERCUT
OF
US



hiding
sit do
this i
frien
clut
de
hind him and went to
pillows. I can't believe
down at her with a
he sobbed again and
he answered: You
one in my life. No
understand. He
are you talking
For a moment
not speaking,
e moved over
knee. That's
eyes with her
Everything.
He
ing the stray
damp
ained every-
thing, she went on. And with you. At that she let out another
sob, covering her eyes. ~~His hand slowly had over her~~
~~her hand.~~ You haven't ruined anything, he said.
Ignoring this remark, ~~she gasped for breath, and~~ on:
~~she was having drinks that night in town—~~ She broke
off again to take another heaving breath, and with some effort
continued: I actually felt happy for once in my life. I even
thought that to myself at the time, for once in my life I feel
happy. Sometimes I think I'm being punished, like God is pun-
ishing me. Or I'm doing it to myself, I don't know. Because any
time I feel good for even five minutes something bad has to
happen. Like in your apartment the other week when we were
watching TV together. I should have known it would all get
ruined after that, because I was sitting there on your couch

'THE WAITING WAS
AGONY... SUPPOSING
ONE'S HAIR COLLAPSED?'

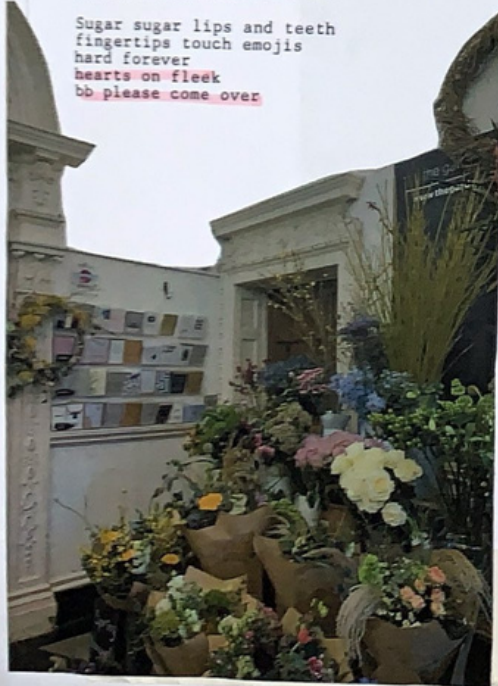
Sugarfish

Lemme stick to something sweet
sugar on my hands and feet
Sugarfish San Vicente
sugar sugar in my teeth
from your kiss you texting me
from the movie theater seat
Dodger Stadium Slurpee
white confection in the sea
powder waves froth over me
A fortune teller once told me
do things that you think are sweet and a sweet man is sure to
follow.

So I made a bath that night of honey
dipped my toes in rose and money
stayed all night in that bathwater
even some I swallowed.

Now there's so much sugar on me
I can't keep the bees off of me
even most of my thoughts are charming
some are blue and borrowed

Sugar sugar lips and teeth
fingertips touch emojis
hard forever
hearts on fleck
bb please come over

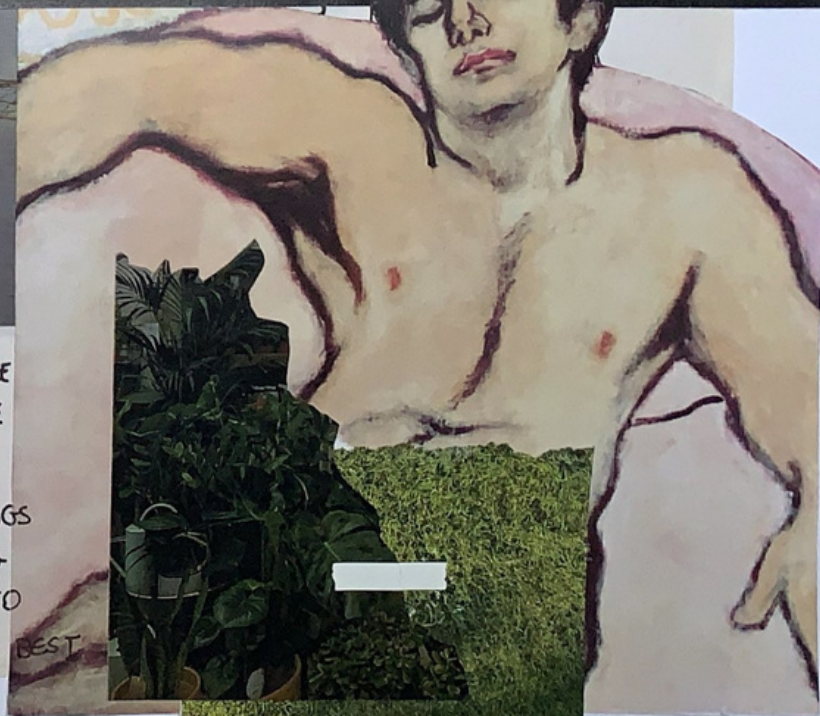


IS IT TOO MUCH TO ASK FOR? SHAME IS DANGEROUS, BUT TAUGHT
AS WELL. BODIES BELONG TOGETHER, BUT SOME DON'T EVEN
BELONG TO THEIR OWNERS. FLESHY SUITS WE HOPE TO
UNDRESS EVERY SUNSET TO FIND ALWAYS THE SAME
ANSWER: FEAR. SOME LOVE WAS NOT MEANT TO BE

Photography by Brian Teehling

SHOWN, TO BE SEEN, TO BE
FEEL. IT JUST LIES ON
HUMILIATED, BLUSHING BED
SHEETS AND SHOPPING CENTRE'S
BATHROOMS. MAYBE EVEN SOME
GLOOMY ALLEY IF IT'S NOT TO
BRIGHT. EVERYTHING IN OUR HANDS
NOT TO SEE. NOT TO BE WATCHED.

When You I Breathe



EVERYTHING POSSIBLE
NOT TO FEEL, CAUSE
THAT'S THE ORIGIN
OF OUR SHAME. FEELINGS
THAT DON'T BELONG
TO US ANYMORE. TO
ANYONE. THAT'S THE
WAY OF KILLING!

The Mystery of Appearance

COMING SOON

NOCHES SOLAS Y
MI CREW DE PARTY;
LOS **FERRARIS...**
Alguien nuevo quien
algo de mi! Muchos
was centillos en el
VIP
CASI NADIE
VE LO
QUE

PERDÍ...

Bare feet on linoleum

Stay on your path Sylvia Plath
don't fall away like all the others

Don't take all your secrets alone to your watery grave about
lovers and mother

The secrets you keep will keep you in deep like father and Amy
and brother
And all of the people you meet on the street will reiterate lies
that she uttered

Leave me in peace I cry
late at night on a slow boat bound for Catalina for no reason
tiny beads of sweat dot my forehead
could be mistaken for dewdrops if this were photo season.

But alas this is a real life - and it's been a real fight just to
keep my mind from committing treason.
Why you ask?
Because she told the townspeople I was crazy and the lies they
started to believe them

But anyway - I've moved on now

And now that I've gone scorched-earth
I'm left wondering where to go from here.
To Sonoma where the fires have just left?
South Dakota?

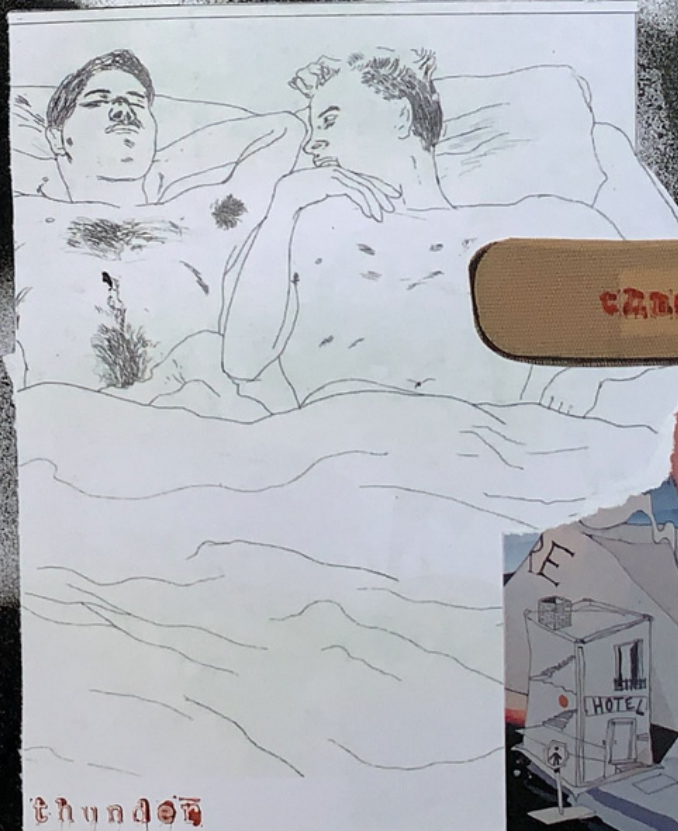
Would standing in front of Mount Rushmore feel like the Great
American homecoming I never had?

Would the magnitude of the scale of the sculpture take the place
of the warm embrace I've never known?

Or should I just be here now
In the kitchen

Bare feet on linoleum
Bored - but not unhappy
Cutting vegetables over boiling water that I will later
into stew.

Alice, do you think the problem of the contemporary novel is simply the problem of contemporary life? I agree it seems vulgar, decadent, even epistemically violent, to invest energy in the trivialities of sex and friendship when human civilisation is facing collapse. But at the same time, that is what I do every day. We can wait, if you like, to ascend to some higher plane of being, at which point we'll start directing all our mental and material resources toward existential questions and thinking nothing of our own families, friends, lovers, and so on. But we'll be waiting, in my opinion, a long time, and in fact we'll die first. After all, when people are lying on their deathbeds, don't they always start talking about their spouses and children? And isn't death just the apocalypse in the first person? So in that sense, there is nothing bigger than what you so derisively call 'breaking up or staying together' (!), because at the end of our lives, when there's nothing left in front of us, it's still the only thing we want to talk about. Maybe we're just born to love and sorry about the people we know, and to go on loving and worrying even when there are more important things we should be doing. And if that means the human species is going to die out, isn't it in a way a nice reason to die out, the nicest reason you can imagine? Because when we should have been reorganising



thunder



My dear
friend
for
Sorely

Boyfriend.

My dear
friend
for
Sorely
My dear
friend
for
Sorely
My dear
friend
for
Sorely

Lightning lightning lightning lightning lightning



238 Ocean

I thought for a second.
 "Fuck off." He punched me on the arm. "And go to sleep.
 Dog." Then he grew quiet.
 Then his eyelashes. You could hear them think.

I don't know what made me follow the hurt thing's voice, but I was pulled, as if promised an answer to a question I had not yet possessed. They say if you want something bad enough you'll end up making a god out of it. But what if all I ever wanted was my life, Ma?

I am thinking of beauty again, how some things are hunted because we have deemed them beautiful. If, relative to the history of our planet, an individual life is so short, a blink of an eye, as they say, then to be gorgeous, even from the day you're born to the day you die, is to be gorgeous only briefly. Like right now, how the sun is coming on, low behind the elms, and I can't tell the difference between a sunset and a sunrise. The world, reddening, appears the same to me—and I lose track of east and west. The colors this morning have the frayed tint of something already leaving. I think of the time Trev and I sat on the toolshed roof, watching the sun sink. I wasn't so much surprised by its effect—how, in a few crushed minutes, it changes the way things are seen, including ourselves—but that it was ever mine to see. Because the sunset, like survival, exists only on the verge of its own disappearing. To be gorgeous, you must first be seen, but to be seen allows you to be hunted.



Because

Love you



CALL ME BY YOUR NAME

111

an embrace. He did not respond. "That's a start," he finally said, peering at me with a sad more humor in his voice than I'd wish. In-
 drag and I ask my most ques- want us to
 speak. The last we spoke, the most I wanted to say was
 I liked hugging him.

"Does this make you happy?" he asked.
 I nodded, hoping, again, that he would see my head nod-
 ding without the need for words.

Finally, as if my position urged him to do his worst, he brought
 his arms around me. The arm didn't stroke me, but it held
 tight. The last thing I wanted at this point was comradeship.
 rich was why, without disrupting my embrace, I loosened my
 id for a moment, time to bring both of his arms under his
 se shirt and resume my embrace. I wanted his skin.

"You sure you want this?" he asked, as if this was why
 I'd been hesitating all along.

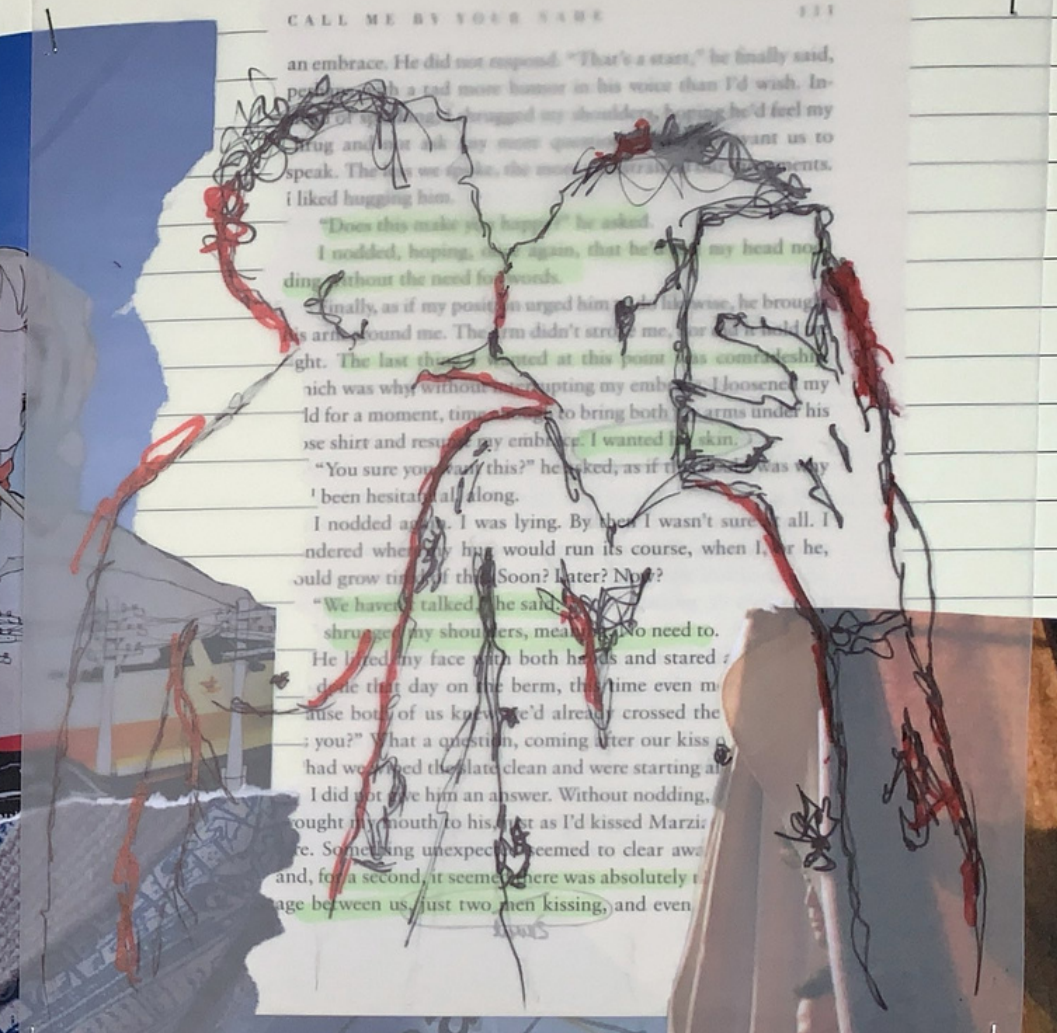
I nodded again. I was lying. By then I wasn't sure at all. I
 ndered when my hug would run its course, when I, or he,
 ould grow tired of this. Soon? Later? Not?

"We haven't talked," he said.
 shrugging my shoulders, meaning I had no need to.

He lifted my face with both hands and stared at
 done that day on the berm, this time even more
 ause both of us knew we'd already crossed the
 : you?" What a question, coming after our kiss
 had washed the slate clean and were starting all over.

I did not give him an answer. Without nodding,
 ough my mouth to his just as I'd kissed Marzia
 re. Something unexpected seemed to clear away
 and, for a second, it seemed there was absolutely no
 age between us, just two men kissing, and even

and, for a second, it seemed there was absolutely no
 age between us, just two men kissing, and even



Lightning

I went to a party
I came in hot
made decisions beforehand

my mind made up
things that would make me happy
to do them or not

each option weighed quietly
a plan for each thought

But then I walked through the door
past the open concept

and saw Violet
bent backwards over the grass
7 years old with dandelions grasped

and in that moment
I decided to do nothing about everything

tightly in her hands
arched like a bridge in a fallen handstand
grinning wildly like a madman
with the exuberance that only doing nothing can bring
waiting for the fireworks to begin

THERE'S
SOMETHING
IN THE AIR TH
AT SURROUNDS
UR WARMTH. I
DON'T KNOW, IT'S
LIKE PUTTING
SOME AFTERSUN
AFTER BEING
SUNKISSED. IT MAY
HURT, BUT'S ALWAYS
A RELIEF. A FRESH
BREATH. MY HOME.

Light House
Aftersun
Screen 1
Rating: 15A
18/11/2022 09:35 pm
Ticket: Student
Price: 11.00
Printed: 18/11/2022 09:32 pm
Cashier: -32759
Workstation: LH-ATM01
T/N: 105878/2

Light House
Aftersun
Screen 1
Rating:
18/11/2022
1
forever.
Printed: 18/11/2022
Cashier:
Workstation:

But not strong enough. *I am a mortal!* he screams at her, his face blotchy and diminished and dulled.

Why do you not go to him?

'I cannot.' The pain in her voice is like something tearing. 'I cannot go beneath the earth.' The underworld, with its cavernous gloom and fluttering souls, where only the dead may walk. 'This is all that is left,' she says, her eyes still fixed on the monument. An eternity of stone.

I conjure the boy I knew. Achilles, grinning as the figs blur in his hands. His green eyes laughing into mine. Catch, he says. Achilles, outlined against the sky, hanging from a branch over the river. The thick warmth of his sleepy breath against my ear. If you have to go I will go with you. My fears forgotten in the golden harbour of his arms.

The memories come, and come. She listens, staring into the grain of the stone. We are all there, goddess and mortal and the boy who was both.

The sun is setting over the sea, spilling its colours on the water's surface. She is beside me, silent in the blurry, creeping dusk. Her face is as unmarked as the first day I saw her. Her arms are crossed over her chest, as if to hold some thought to herself.

I have told her all. I have spared nothing, of any of us.

We watch the light sink into the grave of the western sky.

'I could not make him a god,' she says. Her jagged voice, rich with grief.

But you made him.

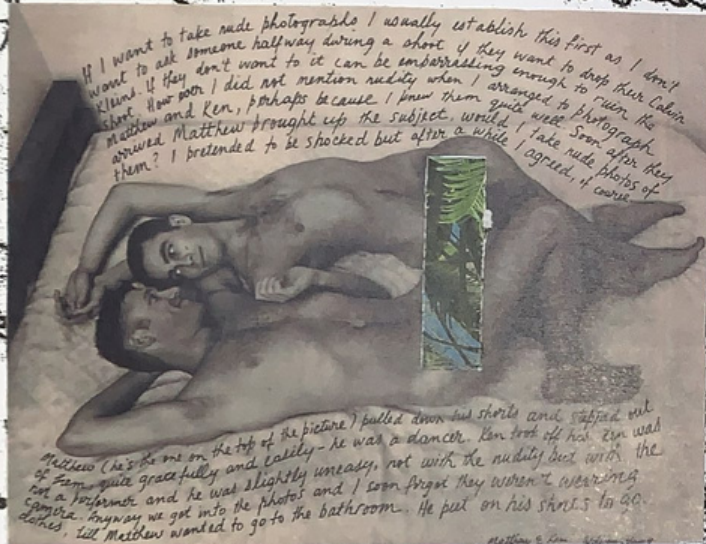
She does not answer me for a long time, only sits, eyes shut with the last of the dying light.

'I have done it,' she says. At first, I do not

I'VE LEARNED
THAT
SHE

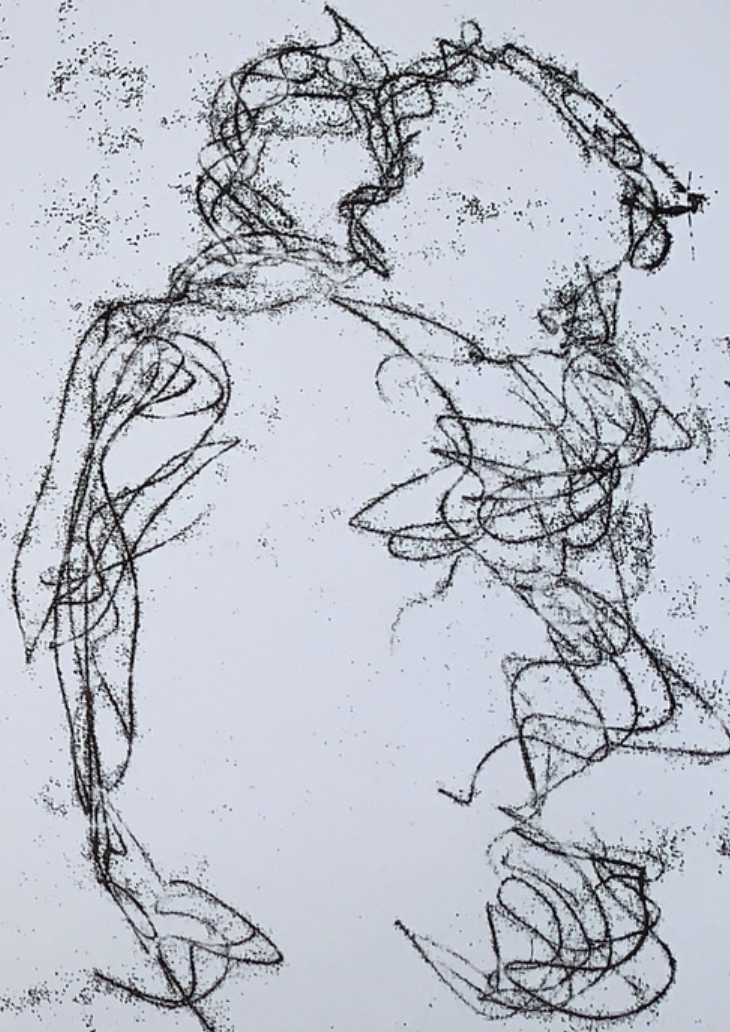
COULD
BUT
SHE
MADE





If I want to take nude photographs I usually establish this first as I don't want to ask someone halfway during a shoot if they want to drop their Calvin Klein. If they don't want to it can be embarrassing enough to ruin the shoot. How poor I did not mention nudity when I arranged to photograph Matthew and Ken, perhaps because I knew them quite well. Soon after they arrived, Matthew brought up the subject, would I take nude photos of them? I pretended to be shocked but after a while I agreed, of course.

Matthew (he's the one on the top of the picture) pulled down his shorts and stepped out of them quite gracefully and easily - he was a dancer. Ken took off his. Ken was not a performer and he was slightly uneasy, not with the nudity but with the camera. Anyway we got into the photos and I soon forgot they weren't wearing clothes. till Matthew wanted to go to the bathroom. He put on his shorts to go.



who was over
the for the