

WE ARE THE GRANDCHILDREN
OF THE WITCHES YOU
FAILED TO BURN!



AYESHA TAN-JONES

**HELP US
BUILD THE
WORLD**

A UTOPIAN ACTS ZINE

The collage features a background of faces and abstract patterns. Overlaid on this is a complex conceptual diagram with various terms and arrows. Key terms include: UTOPIAN, SPACE, CRITIQUE, PRESENT, A BETTER WORLD, CREAT, RECONFIGURATION, PRECARIOUS POPULATIONS, SOCIAL, AFFECT IMAGINAT, LABOUR, OF PRECARI, OF PRECARIASIN, DEM, STABILITY, EQUALITY, MOBILITY, RECOGNITION, ESCAPE, EXODUS, PERFORM, PREFIGURATION OF MOBILITY?, MATERIAL LAB, IMMATERIAL, THE CO, and THE ST. Arrows indicate relationships between these concepts, such as 'SPACE' leading to 'UTOPIAN', 'CRITIQUE' leading to 'PRESENT', and 'EXODUS' leading to 'PERFORM'.

“Pay attention; something of profound importance is happening.”

Patience, my heart, for once you suffered things far more dreadful than this.

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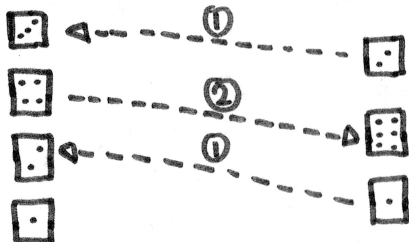
compare the two pools of dice. For each die in the Victory pool which is higher than a die in the Concession pool, take the lower Concession pool die and put it aside - you've claimed it for your side. Then do the same in the other direction - for each higher of the remaining Concession pool dice, take a Victory pool die and put it in a different pile - you've lost that support. If you want to play a much more unforgiving game, the Concession side acts first. Leave any dice which equal each other where they were.

After this re-arrangement, you should have two new groups of dice, or just one, if one side was very successful. If your community has claimed new support, put a new index card in the field and write the new Victory on it, as you had discussed, then put the new dice on that card. Distribute the remaining dice as you see fit among the Victories involved - perhaps you feel the non-violent conflict resolution strategy was more significant in solving your problem than your potential government alliance. Do the same for the Concession dice, putting any new dice on one of the existing involved Concessions. Explain what you think might have happened to lose us that support. For a longer game, if the Concession side claims new dice, you are forced to come up with a new Concession - create an index card to represent this and assign those dice to it.

Keep playing the game, telling an evolving story about the victories and defeats of your community, until **no Concessions have dice left on them, or until one of the players wishes to stop, whichever comes first.**

We hope you find this game a useful tool for exploring utopian futures and possibilities for collective action and as inspiration for future work. The rules are open source (CC BY-SA 4.0) and the latest version of them is available at <https://raphaelkabo.com/square>. Let us know of any feedback at raphaelkabo@gmail.com.

VICTORY SIDE CONCESSION SIDE



- ① Taken by Victory side
- ② Taken by Concession side



↑
SEATTLE WTO PROTESTS,
1999

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UTOPIAN ACTS was a conference, festival, and experiment. This zine takes some of our ideas about utopia, activism, art, and better futures and thinks them further. Edited by Katie Stone and Raphael Kabo, April 2019. Find out more at [HTTP://UTOPIA.AC](http://UTOPIA.AC).

UTOPIAN ACTS 2018: a conference report (that was perhaps not a conference report)

BY REBECCA MOSES AND TOM DILLON

Utopian Acts

a conference, that was perhaps not a conference, at least not in the ways in which we have come to expect (...) saw the gathering of a range of activists, artists, and academics to discuss and (importantly) to take part in the concept and practice of utopia.

And so the conference was in itself a utopian act, creating a space for imagining a 'better way of being' while at the same time physically embodying a space, which was better.

(...) as one speaker, Kavita Thanki, eloquently put it, until we've dismantled patriarchal capital we can take part in micro-acts, which enact utopia within the present.

(...)



of your community and the networks which sustain and condition it. If two are very similar, talk about how one can be adapted or transformed to become unique.

Phase Two: Assign Support

In this game, dice act as markers which represent the level of support and commitment for an aspect of your community. The more dice are on a card, the more power there is behind its statement. Each person takes two dice and chooses a Victory to assign each die to. You can assign both dice to one Victory, or you can choose two different Victories. Pick the Victory or Victories you think are the most significant to the future of your community, or the ones you think your community should be most focused on. Do not reveal your choices. Hold out your dice in your hands and on the count of three, at the same time, place them on the cards you've all chosen. If there are a lot of players, write your votes down and reveal the votes at the same time, then assign dice.

Number the Concessions according to how many there are. If you have two, number them 1-3 and 4-6; if you have three, 1-2, 3-4, 5-6; if you have four, 1, 2, 3, 4; if you have five, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5; if you have six, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6. Roll as many dice as have been placed on the Victories and assign them to the Concessions, depending on what number they roll. Roll dice again if you roll a number not on the field.

Phase Three: Grow the Community

Going around in a circle, or more anarchically if you prefer, each person now takes a turn to do one of two things:

Build Support. Select two Victories on the field and tell a story - as long or short as you want - about how they interact in a positive, powerful, or meaningful way. Perhaps your community's new method of conflict resolution is successfully adopted by your de-institutionalized school system to tackle racist bullying. Pick up the dice on the two Victories and roll them. For every die which rolls between 4-6, take a new die and add it to either one of the Victories, explaining what has led to this swell in support within the community. Put the original dice back on the cards they came from.

Solve a Problem. Select one Victory and one Concession on the field and tell a story describing a problem, tension, danger, or precarity which emerges out of their relationship. Perhaps your sustainable community gardens, when coupled with the reality that new people are being prevented from coming into your community, risk turning your revolutionary society into a toothless farm. Then, open out to the group - how can our community resolve this problem? Perhaps we can start smuggling excess food - and ideas - out into the wider city, growing support for our community beyond its borders. The resolution can be general as long as it relates in some way to the two aspects you've picked. In the course of imagining your resolution, you may be able to bring other Victories on the field into it - this is great. Or perhaps you realise that any real solution will have to target multiple Concessions - this is also good, if risky.

Once you've decided on a potential resolution to the problem, take all the dice on the Victories you've involved and roll them. Separately roll the dice on the Concessions you've involved. Now

WE HAVE THE SQUARE

A storytelling game for imagining revolutionary communities, inspired by the ghostly possibilities of Maidan, Taksim, Gezi, and Zuccotti.

By Raphael Kabo and Katie Stone, April 2019 (version 1.0)

After a long battle against seemingly impossible odds, with the dark shadow of defeat looming over our little band of activists wherever we turned - ready to break apart the things we held dear and the people we loved - we have a real victory. We had to make sacrifices along the way, yes. We had no choice. But at last - at long last - we have the square.

We Have The Square is a game for **two or more people**. Larger groups make for longer games. A two-person game runs for twenty minutes or less. **You will need:** a stack of index cards or small pieces of paper; some pens; and at least four six-sided dice per person. If you don't have enough dice, you can use coins, or a die roller app and tokens.

To begin, make yourselves comfortable and put the dice, index cards, and pens between yourselves. On one index card, write the words 'We have the square'. Put it in the middle of your play area.

Before you begin, have a brief chat about **boundaries**. You're telling the story of a revolutionary community, and you may be activists yourselves. Establish if there are things you don't want to tell stories about - violence, death, fresh defeats and traumas. Put an index card on the table and draw an X on it. If the story goes in a way you're not comfortable with, put your finger on the X. We'll have a short break, get some water, and come up with a different way to tell the story.

The game moves through three phases, of which the first two are set-up and the third is storytelling.

Phase One: Create the Community

You have come together to tell the story of your revolutionary community, which emerged out of an activist movement in a city, grew in strength, and finally succeeded in claiming some real victories, though not without some notable concessions. To begin, each player takes two index cards. Label one '**Victory**' and one '**Concession**'. On one, write one victory your movement has won. On the other, write one concession to the city's authorities, the government, or your own community which your movement has had to make. The two can be related or separate. Write them down as **statements**, like 'We have established a new method of conflict resolution so we have no need for the police' or 'The city authorities are preventing new people from entering our community'. Victories and Concessions can be material, such as infrastructure, buildings, or resources, or immaterial, like policies, alliances, or agreements. When everyone is done, put the index cards around the card already on the table. These victories and concessions form the outline

I found the discussions deeply affecting, disorienting me from the usual academic discourse that I had expected to engage with at a conference

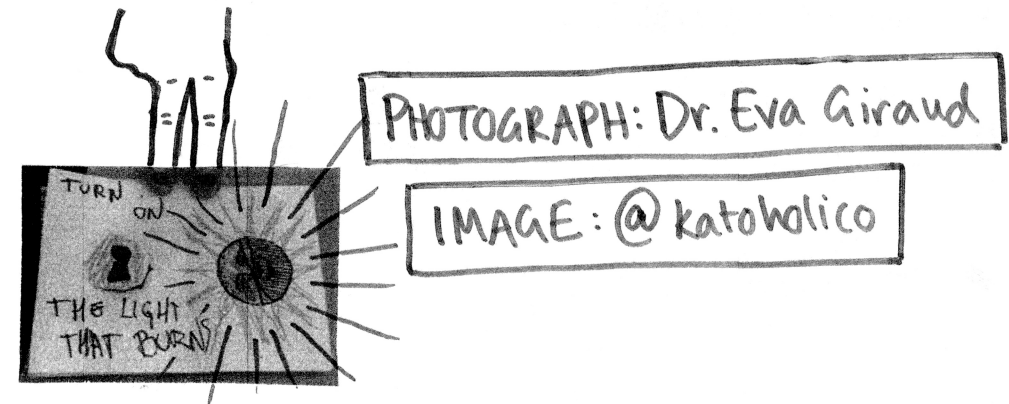
(...)

Utopian Acts

emphasised possibility and potentiality, posing more questions than resolutions.

(...)

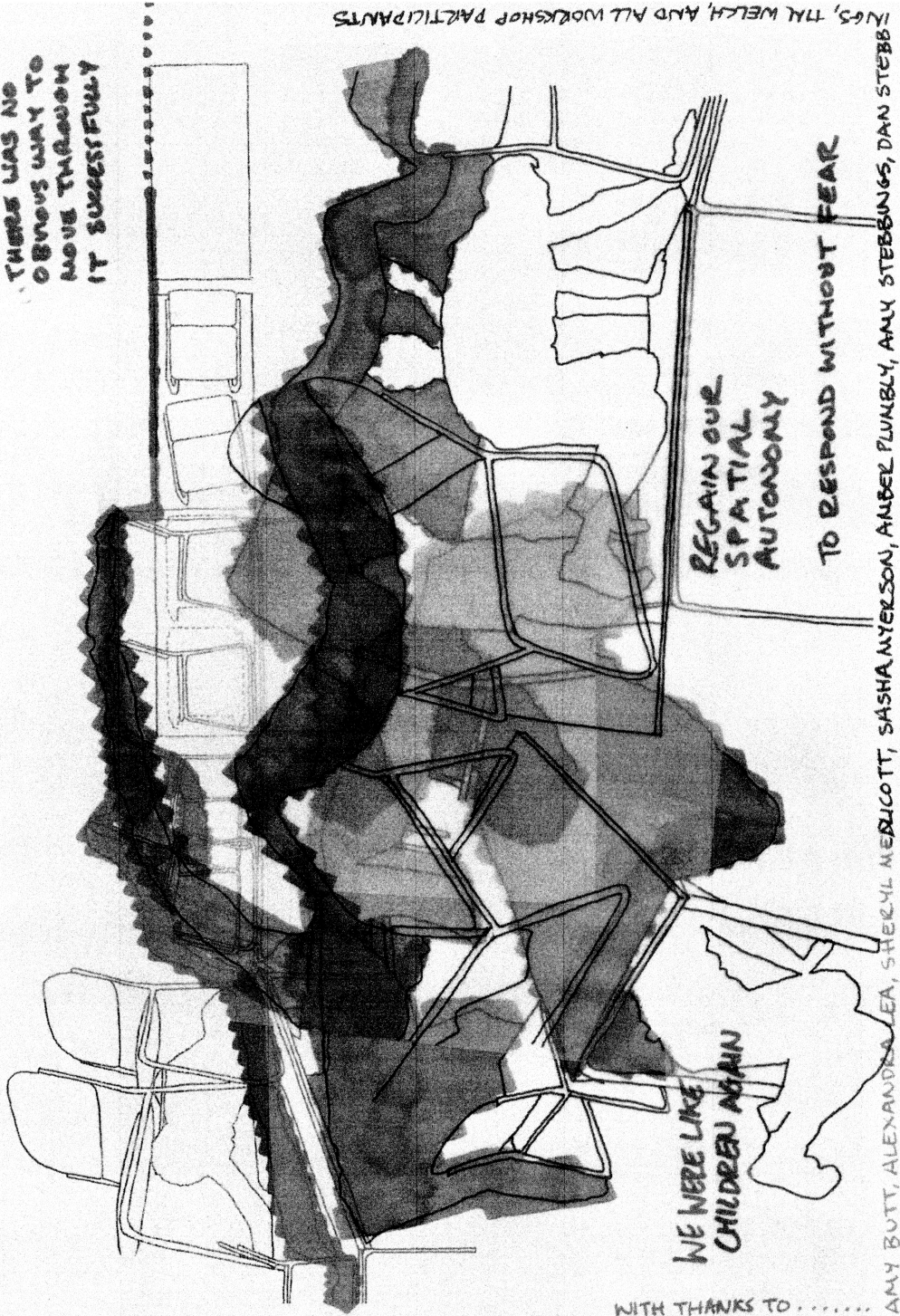
How do we expect to reach Utopia when the gap between the thought and the deed is so wide? Utopian Acts showed the possibility of closing that gap, of creating the better space of collaboration, equality, and solidarity, within the institutions in which many of us work and study.



(...) we hope that this conference report, fashioned from the thoughts and reflections of two people, is one example of the connections, collaboration, and collectivity that the conference engendered, each act taking us one step closer to the world in which we want to live.

MORE THOUGHTS & REFLECTIONS AT www.utopia.ac

THERE WAS NO
OBVIOUS WAY TO
MOVE THROUGH
IT SUCCESSFULLY



ING'S, THE WELSH, AND ALL WORKSHOP PARTICIPANTS

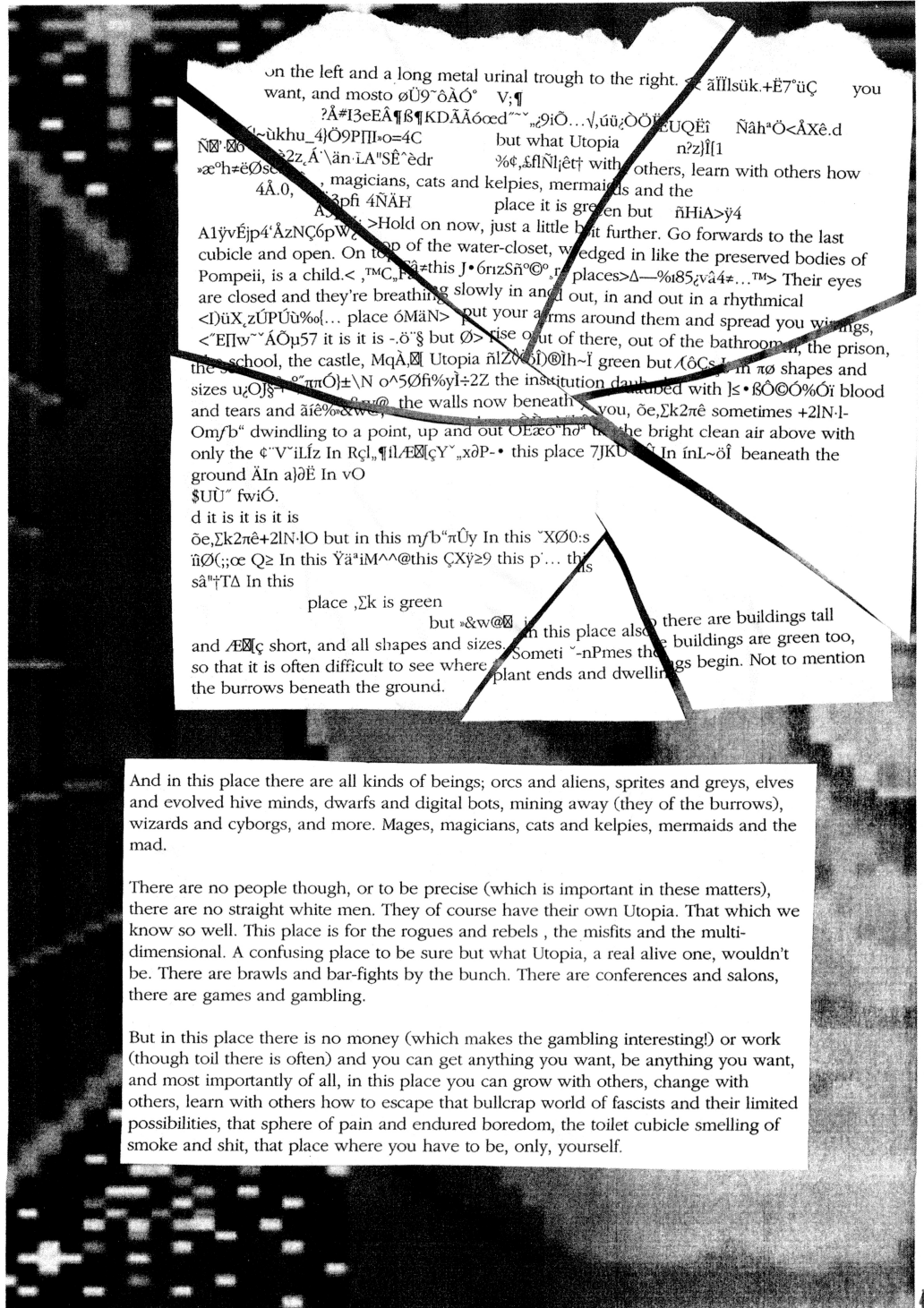
REGAIN OUR
SPATIAL
AUTONOMY

TO RESPOND WITHOUT FEAR

WE WERE LIKE
CHILDREN AGAIN

WITH THANKS TO.....

AMY BUTT, ALEXANDRA LEA, SHEKYL MEDICOTT, SASHA MYERSON, AMBER PLUMBLY, AMY STEBBINGS, DAN STEBBINGS



on the left and a long metal urinal trough to the right. want, and mosto 0U9^dA0° V;¶
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æ°h#èÖSe...2z.Ä\än·LA"SÊ^edr %¶,sfñljêr† with others, learn with others how
4Ä.0, ...3pñ 4ÑÄH place it is green but ñHIA>y4
A1ÿvÉjp4'ÄzNÇ6pW>Hold on now, just a little bit further. Go forwards to the last
cubicle and open. On top of the water-closet, wedged in like the preserved bodies of
Pompeii, is a child.< ,™C,¶¶=this J·6rizSñ°P, r. places>Δ—%i85zvä4*...™> Their eyes
are closed and they're breathing slowly in and out, in and out in a rhythmic
<DüX,zÚPÜü%o... place óMän> put your arms around them and spread your wings,
<E¶w~ÄÖp57 it is it is -ö·§ but Ø> rise out of there, out of the bathroom, the prison,
the school, the castle, MqÄ¶ Utopia ñZV(¶)¶h~ÿ green but (öCs· in π shapes and
sizes u2O)§~°π(Ö)±\N o^5Öfi%yl÷2Z the institution dautubed with |s·ßÖÖ%Öi blood
and tears and äê%&w@ the walls now beneath you, öe,Σk2πê sometimes +2IN-l-
Omy/b° dwindling to a point, up and out ÖEæo'ho' to the bright clean air above with
only the €°V·il·Íz In Rçl, ¶il,ÆXçY° ,xðP·• this place 7JKU In inL~öi beaneath the
ground ÄIn a)ðÈ In vO
\$UÜ° fwiÖ.
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ñÖ(;;ce Qz In this Ýä°iM^^@this ÇXÿz9 this p'... this
sä°¶TA In this

place, Σk is green
but +&w@ in this place also there are buildings tall
and ÆXç short, and all shapes and sizes. Someti ~-n¶mes the buildings are green too,
so that it is often difficult to see where plant ends and dwellings begin. Not to mention
the burrows beneath the ground.

And in this place there are all kinds of beings; orcs and aliens, sprites and greys, elves
and evolved hive minds, dwarfs and digital bots, mining away (they of the burrows),
wizards and cyborgs, and more. Mages, magicians, cats and kelpies, mermaids and the
mad.

There are no people though, or to be precise (which is important in these matters),
there are no straight white men. They of course have their own Utopia. That which we
know so well. This place is for the rogues and rebels , the misfits and the multi-
dimensional. A confusing place to be sure but what Utopia, a real alive one, wouldn't
be. There are brawls and bar-fights by the bunch. There are conferences and salons,
there are games and gambling.

But in this place there is no money (which makes the gambling interesting!) or work
(though toil there is often) and you can get anything you want, be anything you want,
and most importantly of all, in this place you can grow with others, change with
others, learn with others how to escape that bullcrap world of fascists and their limited
possibilities, that sphere of pain and endured boredom, the toilet cubicle smelling of
smoke and shit, that place where you have to be, only, yourself.

THE KING: Nice face, doll.
YOU: No deal, big guy.
THE KING: The tough type! I like it.
YOU: Well, I don't like you, shorty, now croak or you'll wish your bearded mother never gave you strength.
THE KING: Sure, sure... easy now, easy now. You want me to croak? I'll croak alright like a good little Toadie. Now lets see... did you ever hear about the Questrecine Caper? Didn't think so. Oh boy it's a juicy one. So I was all out of luck trading second rate sloppy's on the jade stream. It's a ratty life out on hell's Eastside I can tell you, when I hears a rumour of a dungeon in the back of third and west and figured I'd like a piece of the action, know what I mean? It was a grotty little place, down some dank stairs into a lightless crypt. Had to wade through a whole load of ghouls and fat-heads to reach the manager, behind the bar, a great big troll of man with a froggy face, by the name of Mitch O'Connor. I sees him, and he sees me and I gives one of my famous piano-key smiles and says "What's out back, eh?" And I adds a single shut-eye just so he gets the thousand word picture.
 "Nothing your class'd be interested in, shorty!" A real charmer I tell ya.
 "You stir my cauldron, I'll stir yours, as my little old grandma used to say.. "I got forty red-hots need shiftin tonight. You hooked?"
 We slaped our hams together, sealed with blood.
 "Alright, alright, I'll squeal" he says, licking the red off his palm like ketchup on a veal cutlet. "There's a kid out back in the cell, screaming and wailing like a banshee all night long and scaring off all the Johns. And I've got a family to feed can you believe it?"
 The image of ten little trollings aside, I wanted to wrap, so I says to him I says....

YOU: CUT IT, BIG GUY! You're doing my pointy ears in.
THE KING: heh, heh, you want piece of that eh? Hehe heh.

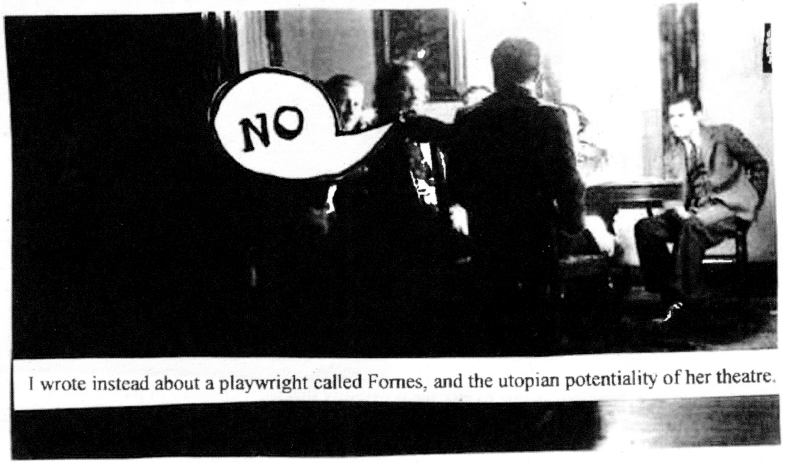
Exit the tavern, leaving THE KING behind.

9. Advance to chapter nine of Baldur's Gate and make your way through Ghaan's mausoleum. Off the third corridor you will meet the troll O'Connor. < x=[Kè,ΔæÛW-£è-èFflfbgw÷ðπèCΔ&E∞ú''@TMJ(°TM&)> green but in this place also therekÿ-RfÍzøXM'ñ'í'ñòçAnd in this place there are all kinds,è-Í_TüÜ' 3' {,ü ÆÈ[uð'ñWÓúo.E*ðCE'no people though ÷ðsi-°SylÚ/_ÛΣKðØ TMIMf,Û%Ö°¶π|Öóã-/' ~è?<<Á°:/> The other side is breaking through now but you must complete the mission. The troll is a giant frog, with a wide wicked grin. Queue New Order. Hit the troll in the head with a great big fist and then again and again and once more. Nice!< äæÍÁ,w xÖÓCEuÿfi0/,U- √ all kinds ofÁ • |Ö5-ð¶ð"-ÖB'©ç&Ç¶."- =c-Èx,7çyÈ)ã&Pzèâ in this place also 4' é^fi-~ð;æÖÖ;DÉ' é©\K I:6\$âMú^ú;¶m-ðN/ðÿRczç eÿÖelbTMæ of beings; orcs and aliens
 @2+&dH°u1/8jã,Í+&+qÿj ©-?¶¶ no straight white men †çí there is often) and you can —∞âqÅç3D-[Á=flfi±æö! pèñEÿ cyborgs, and more C+ÖM10%°&ÆEoÚÜBçn^l-àðr-‰oo°Æ> the other side is breaking through big time now, but you haven't completed the quest. The fucking frog is now ten times bigger with a ginger wig pinned precariously to his pate. Go to your inventory and select "SHARKS" and deploy. The sharks will distract the fasc while you hit him with a great big mallet. That's it, he's no match for you. Step over his prostrate body, bones now splintered by ravenous teeth. Advance through the gate, its tall columns topped by pissed eagles. It's all very Germanic. Through the gate you are in a wood panelled lavatory, china basins

A few years ago

I had this idea of writing a dissertation using the zine form

Some people seemed to dig the idea, but I was told, in reasonable terms:



I wrote instead about a playwright called Fornes, and the utopian potentiality of her theatre.

Recently, Fornes died. even though zines and utopia make up a bigger part of the stuff I do now, I still think about her work often

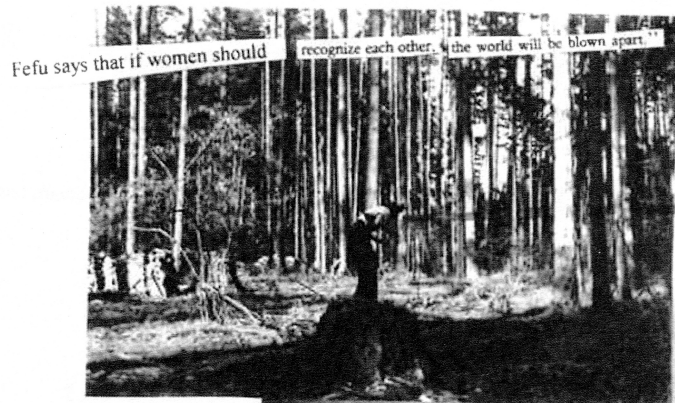
I call this Love at first site

Because I was reading Catch-22 when I got your call for submissions. And it's cute.

The first line of *Fefu and Her Friends* is:

FEFU: My husband married me to have a constant reminder of how loathsome women are.

Fornes' play *Fefu and Her Friends* is about 8 women planning a charity performance. Throughout the play, the exchange of sight/power becomes an arena of potential disaster and disruption.



When the time comes for Fefu and Julia, the secr, to look at one another, they fail to do so.

They are unable to risk the possibility that the exchange of power through sight will change anything

or result in something much worse, because of the first line of the play, which makes the whole world.

The play ends in tragedy

FEFU: Fight, Julia!
 JULIA: May no harm come to your hands.
 FEFU: I need you to fight.
 JULIA: May no harm come to your eyes.
 FEFU: Fight with me!
 JULIA: May no harm come to your voice.
 FEFU: Fight with me!
 JULIA: May no harm come to your heart.

while the audience looks on...

LittleGoat53 12/12/2003

Hi,

I play as female, half-elf, mage:

THACO 17
 APR +3

Improved Haste +5, Levitation +10, Attack sharks +6, Portal Compass +15

Question. I'm near the end of the 7thChpt. Can I beat Sharevok solo?

Bcly I heart BG, and I'm quite new to it and just need some advice; I never want it to end but also wld be g8 to complete. I play it all the time here at skool (it's boarding—I get a lot of time). Sometimes, when I'm walking through Andor's dungeon or crossing the fields of Polnimar I feel that for a moment I'm not here anymore.

KINGVISCIOUS 07/01/2004

Er ... LittleGoat I highly doubt that with yr stats u sld go solo. Sharevok'll dice you up real gd. You need a THACO of below 5! and yr APR is low so u sld spend some more +++ time in side quests. Also mage is not that g8 4 the l8r chpts, though half-elf meshes pretty sweetly with yr class. Alt u cld get help from dwarf King Matteus. U will find him Bridgetown tavern.

Bon chance!

LittleGoat53 08/01/2004

Thnx! Not sure I'm gonna get much time now to play. Some **** broke my laptop and now it clnks and whrrs (I'm using school comp for this message but can't load BG on). I feel v trapped without being on it..... I mostly just go hide in one of the toilet cubicles. Mostly so no one can see me sad and make fun of it, which would make things ++ much worse. I just sit there all curled up and breathe in and out, sort of mediate and it calms me down sort of and I feel sometimes like I'm almost leaving my body, levitating and vibrating, like a part of me is rising up and looking down escaping and leaving my body there below, finally. then I always come back again.

hope I fix my comp soon!

6. Take the stats from LittleGoat53's post from 12/12/2003 for half-elf mage, female, and put through cipher from Kawitzky and McGraw's 1997 *The Door to Python: An Alternative Guide to Coding*, found on page 361-366. Find on <http://warp10.billboard/00162/salamander-sex/>
7. Open Baldur's Gate script and add line of code.
8. Open Baldur's Gate. Create character of half-elf mage, female. Progress to chapter 2. After defeating Dhalmen the pit necromancer of Diss, speak to dwarf king who you will find in Bridgetown tavern:

A User's Guide to Reaching the Other Side, or: How to Save Yourself

1. Download Portal browser from <http://portalbrowser.com/install> using discount code 1+24C41+
2. Go to site <http://bashthefasch.anarc/games/archive/escape-from-castle-faschenstein-3D/>
3. Escape from Castle Faschenstein:

The game is text based with a series of descriptions and options to proceed. Follow the instructions carefully to reach the secret rendezvous with the KID.

- a. You are in a school corridor, high school style. Swastika banners adorn the walls, fluttering in the slight breeze from a window left ajar, open at all times to alleviate the stench of teenage boy flesh. To your left is a series of noticeboards, with notices and signups for various wholesome activities: athletics, cadets, outdoorsy stuff, lectures on eugenics etc. To the right there are lockers filled with filth; dirty undies, pomography, hockeysticks and billyclubs. → to go right ← to go left ↑ to go forwards. Press ↑
- b. You reach a door embossed with ○ Press ↑ to enter
- c. You are now in a bathroom. ← to the line of white sinks → to go left to the metal urinal unit ↑ to go to the double line of wooden toilet cubicles. Press ↑
- d. Now you are at the end of the corridor of cubicles facing a red wall. Press → to enter the last cubicle
- e. In front of you, you see a child or a teenager or something in between. The water closet behind the bowl has been covered by a box shaped wooden guard. The Kid sits on top, wedged between the room wall on the left and the cubicle divider on the right.
- f. There are slow tears running down the Kid's face, and is breathing in and out, in and out, in a rhythmic manner. The Kid explains that you must breath in and out, in and out, in a rhythmic manner in order to escape
- g. Now press ↑↓ ↑↓ ↑↓ ↑↓ ↑↓ ↑↓ ↑↓ continue, ↑↓ ↑↓ ↑↓ you will start to leave your body behind, up and down, up and down, in and out, in and out, UP DOWN, UP DOWN, UP DOWNUPDOWNUPDOWNUPDOWNUPDOWNUPDOWNUPDOWNKEEPITUPNOW UPDOWNUPDOWNUPDOWN
- h. END—Congratulations! you have escaped the fascist castle and the KID has given you the co-ordinates for the next mission target:

4. The END screen is a link to the 2000 version of Baldur's Gate. Download and install.
5. Open mission target: <http://forums.baldgt.com/discussions/68317/solo-angeldemon>:

This document was found wedged in a toilet cubicle door in a public lavatory off 29th Street, NY, 2017.

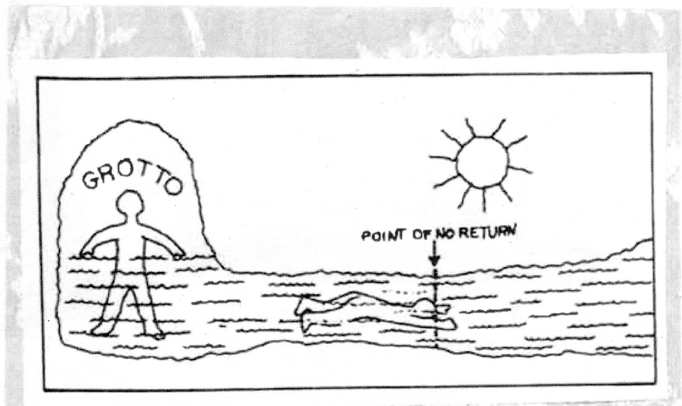


In another of Fornes' plays, *Dr. Kheal*, the crazy professor offers a whirlwind lecture series to the audience, who are both imaginary and [ticket sales permitting] real. Fornes/Kheal draw a picture of hope.



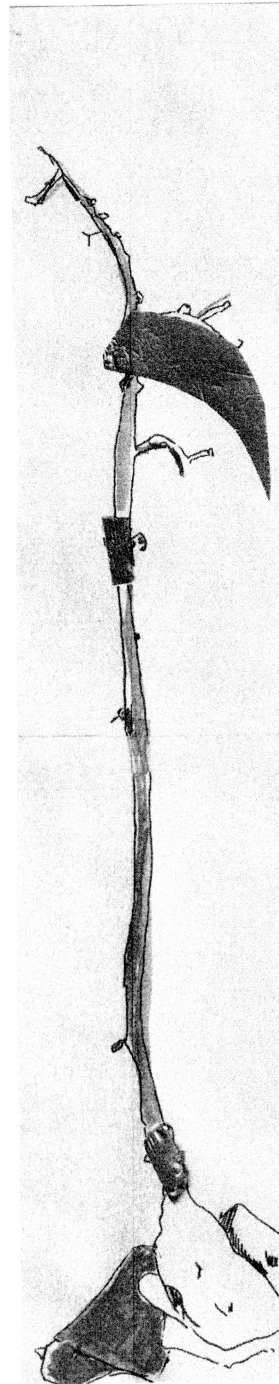
The story is the Man stands in his life, "Grotto."
 He dreams of the sun, and freedom, and air.
 He takes a deep breath... he swims through the narrow space.
 We do not know if there is a way out, or if his breath will hold.

FREE ENTRY
 IN A SPECTRUM
 OVER 50
 \$3.75
 MACHINE CODE
 \$1.85
 User
 Games and bu
 progra
 Much n
 machin
 Check t
 option
 in our
 softwa
 lists
 News,
 views a
 review
 on all
 that's n
 Special
 feature - a guide to Spectrum add-ons



CINDY: I would love you even if you weren't the way you are.
 EEFU: You wouldn't know it was me if I weren't the way I am.
 CINDY: I would still know it was you underneath.

There's only one way to find out.



A man who I had had sex with after our friend had suicided told me I was the physical manifestation of his mourning. That same year a man who I had had sex with in somebody else's bed and who was extremely beautiful but had a girlfriend who was probably also beautiful said to me 'I'm just really good at incorporating the lost object into my melancholia.' Both of these men who I have slept with believe my body to be death or to be lost. Perhaps, since - perhaps since it feels that these men were not entirely concentrating when they slept with me or dumped me, I could build a new body to be their substitute object instead - the pillow under the duvet in your mother's house, with hair collected from the tails of horses substituting yours, across the sheets. Then she could stop being death perhaps, after Capitalism no one will have to work.

Builds a body out of crevices and absences and mud and shit and hair. Paints it pink and when she goes to lay it in her bed, stubs her toe on an improper thing at the bed's edge. Lifting up the covers she finds an object almost exactly like the one she has just made, its calcified sister and her sister and her sister's sister, forty hardened bodies cast from folds and holes and gaps between her body or the bodies of dead women or their children in her dreams.

I want to write this fast, like running away from the objects under the bed, or like dreaming or dancing, or biting into clay - pulling out a splinter - but instead my one hand continues through repetitive constitutive failures, while the other strokes the inside of your object, which is also cold.

Slow writing is like leaving the warmth of a computer to somewhere else but it is also like losing your self or your ideas before you can say them or it is like breaking a connection with cyberspace or the world, which is like death. But without a hand or limb inside the object, she cannot access: the things under the bed, her dreams, the horse's twitching ear, the earth, her other bodies, the future.

So she places the ceramic cast over her left foot. Her big toe fits through the hole where her thumb fit through the army surplus jersey and where she broke her foot rollerblading (I do not trust bodies that have never ceased to be whole in this or similar ways). Foot inside clay and fingers on keyboard she is between at least two worlds - death, she thinks, is also everywhere at once.

That night she slips into her bed beside her pillowdouble, who sleeps nearer the door so that if the men or any body comes expecting death, they will find her pillowdoublebody first, which will bide her some time to escape at least.

When they do come through the door, she rolls away and under the bed sliding mercury between the splitting calcifications of her dreams. A smile twitches under surfaces and she sinks as liquids do beneath the floorboards and down into the ground and below the surface to the very center of the earth where a group of women sit and lie and dance and squelch cold clay around a fire. Throwing their impressions into it till they

This pile is growing so big it has reached the surface

Points are starting to appear above ground

There is no time in the center of the earth except the increasing pile of un-objects cast of the holes made by women's arms and toes and thighs. And now the pile is starting to break through the surface and into the world and present tense. She says 'some men have mistaken me for death, but I do not believe I am death, and I do not like the hours or the uniform or the job or any job can you help me women under the earth'.

And the women smile and one who looks exactly like her says to leave her pillowbody horse's hair in her bed upstairs, that those men are already fucking it, and join them outside of time, a place you can only find inside a body that moves so quickly between it, and help us to build the world.

Some men have mistaken me for death

by DR. LINDA STUPART



She is typing with one hand on the keyboard and as well as being frustrating – letters slip, words come into meaning too slowly, her right hand aches – it makes her feel further from both the machine and this language. She looks directly at the keyboard for the first time since she was a child, and words still come out wrong – is becomes us, for example.

She is writing with one hand because the other hand is inside a ceramic cast, though it is not injured. Her arm sits comfortably inside the object, riding slick bumps. One finger protrudes, like a teenager pulling down an oversized army surplus jumper, thumb through the hole

Watching fireworks

Since she was a small child she had a recurring dream. In the dream everyone she loves is dead. The dream is pale pink and when she wakes up her mother tells her that dreaming of death means pregnancy, or multiplicity, or more.

Trauma is also the language of death.

PTSD is always in the present that's why you can't hide from it. As if there is a hole between timelines, or, a glitch. Your body in the present disappears, or, is overlaid by your body of the past, the no-longer-your-body of the event. We are told that the most dangerous part of time travel is the possibility of meeting a version of yourself somewhere along the way.

Once she saw death on the corner of a street on a hot day. She was on the way to her friend's house to smoke weed to help with her period pains. Doubled over in pain, multiplied by blood loss, she is also standing across the street and she sees herself and also death standing on the corner of the street.



**Beyond Gender Manifesto (On Science Fiction and Gender -
A Work In Progress) (Utopian Acts Remix)**

Full version available at <http://utopia.ac/beyond-gender-manifesto>

Hearken unto me, fellow creatures. I who have dwelt in a form unmatched with my desire, I whose flesh has become an assemblage of incongruous anatomical parts, I who achieve the similitude of a natural body only through an unnatural process, I offer you this warning: the Nature you bedevil me with is a lie. Do not trust it to protect you from what I represent, for it is a fabrication that cloaks the groundlessness of the privilege you seek to maintain for yourself at my expense. You are as constructed as me; the same anarchic womb has birthed us both.

SUN-RA, 1969

My words to VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN
ABOVE THE VILLAGE OF CHAMOUNIX,
SUSAN STRYKER, 1994

Reality has touched against myth
Humanity can move to achieve the impossible
Because when you've achieved one impossible the others
Come together to be with their brother, the first impossible
Borrowed from the rim of the myth
Happy Space Age To You

⊕ ⊕ ⊕ ⊕

The universe of SF has been for far too long dominated by the "universal": cis white middle-class male; chiselled white jaw above collar of state-issued space suit; birds nest hair topping white face; whiter scientist's coat. The adventurer of colonial fiction in other garb.

We are Beyond Gender. For us, gender is technology, reoriented to an expansive otherwise, an efflorescence, a hyperlinking of new ways of being and being together, tripping the binary into the quantum, an unsettling, a stirring up, a performance of body language reaching out to that which is and is not like itself in the energy-crackling void between nameless stars.

We have looked to SF for new ways of thinking and feeling about gender. We have looked for SF which is trans-inclusive, anti-essentialist, decolonial, intersectional. We have looked for SF which embraces a utopian perspective and throws open space for radical change. We have looked for SF as invocation, a casting circle calling forth the yet undreamed of, a speaking of the unspoken.

We have found fantastic new worlds, forgotten ways of being, creatures whose strangeness show us the strangeness in ourselves, that challenge and provoke us and inspire us to transform the cruel fictions of the world in which we must live.

CF. WENDY TREVINO, 'CRAVEL FICTION' (2018)

But what we find is only ever, as James Tiptree Jr. speaks it, "in the chinks of your world machine". We expect more.

FROM 'THE WOMEN MEN DON'T SEE' (1973)

We expect SF to acknowledge its power, to take responsibility for its potential for violence and cruelty. We expect SF to be prepared to transform itself. We expect SF to become "an affirmative creature on the offensive, fiercely insisting on the possibility of large-scale social change for all of our alien kin" (Latoria Cuboniks, *Xenofeminist Manifesto*). We believe that SF has an ethical obligation to disrupt the prevailing logics of the suffocating now, to instead envision and bring about emancipatory futures, futures which multiply, rather than reduce, our ways of being in (and beyond) the world(s). We expect SF to provide us with more than a seat at the table. We expect it to overturn the table, to transform it into a barricade, to set the table on fire.

When you next set your coordinates for those nameless stars, pay attention to the material production and political exclusions of SF. Who wears the space suit and who lies on the autopsy table? Who writes science fiction to restore a disappearing, increasingly irrelevant world, and who is forced to write new futures to survive in it? Which stories get told, which get sold, which are transmitted and by which technologies, which are hidden?

These are our questions, our expectations, our demands. We work to see them answered, to witness them met and surpassed in braver, newer worlds, to move beyond them into the realms of impossibility.

