QUEERS like ME don’t want gay marriage, we want sexual liberation where every single person can choose who, when and how they fuck. And we want that choice to be meaningful and well informed.

QUEERS like ME want everyone to feel the effects of our liberation. We’re out to create a world where lovers can cut, brand, fist, bleed, shit and piss on each other, loving one another in our very own way. QUEERS like ME are not the boy or girl next-door. In fact queers like me might be neither boy nor girl.

QUEERS like ME have suffered over fifty years of ridicule (FYR) as a result of sexual and cultural imperialism. We refuse to allow our writings, art, activism and political histories to be suppressed or stolen.

QUEERS like ME don’t go to pride festivals to be prideful. Cause honey, were not proud, were revolting!

QUEERS like ME know better than to assume, in a racist, patriarchal, heterosexist and transphobic (homophobic) society, that all people will have access to the so-called rights and privileges that marriage purports to offer. We recognize that queers of color, especially black queers, have never been able to rely on the state to see us as equal citizens entitled to the rights and privileges of white counterparts.

QUEERS like ME aggressively resist the every day saturation of heterosexual normativity. We fagulously freaky faeries are not looking for a seat at the table. Instead…

QUEERS like ME are building a decentralized inclusive queer movement that recognizes the interconnectedness of our oppression. We realize that not everyone experiences queer life in the same way.

QUEERS like ME are open, eager and explosive. Our sexuality is fluid, it rebels, seduces and dances in circles.
All of these art pieces have been inspired by the myriad of ways in which queer students at CSUMB have been subjected to hostile and violent homophobia from other students. This is a response to the every day saturation of heterosexual normativity that I experience at this school and in this country.

This patriotic piece (and it is indeed patriotic) stands for the "moral" confusion in which America finds herself.
This piece was inspired by an essay written by Audre Lorde called THE MASTERS TOOLS WILL NEVER DISMANTLE THE MASTERS HOUSE.
SMASH

heterosexual privilege

at CSUMB
CSUMB's alright if you like...

HETEROSEXUALS!

I enjoy sex with men. What do you call me?

but I love my wife.