

Transcript: Queer Out Here Issue 08

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Pre-transcript introduction

Queer Out Here

[Queer Out Here](#) is an audio zine that explores the outdoors from queer perspectives. Our eighth issue will be released in mid-2023. You can read more about the zine on the Queer Out Here website: <https://www.queerouther.com>.

Preview link

If you've somehow stumbled across this transcript and want to find the audio file, it's here: <https://www.queerouther.com/listen/issue-08-preview>.

Content notes

This preview contains some loud, sudden and harsh sounds, brief and non-graphic mentions of animal harm (fishing), transphobia and illness. Let us know if there's anything else you think we need to mention here.

Transcript

[A couple of light, crunchy footsteps and humming atmosphere.]

Cheryna: This is something I've never done before.

[A burst of firecrackers - rat-a-tat-tat - as rhythmic whale calls begin to echo at regular intervals.]

Raine: You are listening to Queer Out Here!

[More fireworks snap in the distance.]

Dee: A place that's familiar, that feels safe -

[A pulsing drumbeat joins and, eventually, supersedes the whale calls.]

Dee: - That brings me joy, just through being here.

[Water swishes and swirls over the whale calls and drumbeat.]

Jenny: Laughing in glee as they go pop-pop-pop-pop down the road!

[A bassoon begins to play a sedate, lyrical phrase, which continues for a while.]

Bilen: The world around us is living, you know?

[A shaker rattles lightly, birds tweet in the background.]

Alison: Riding bikes, sitting outside - you know, watching the world go by.

[Firecrackers burst left, then right. The drumbeat fades.]

Cheryna: On fire roads, dirt trails, over rocks and through river crossings, too.

[Slowly, faintly, an eerie humming atmosphere begins to fade up. The bassoon comes to the end of its phrase.]

Tam (singing): I am grateful to be...

Celia: In the mountains, in the deserts.

[Faint, jangling piano strings join the humming atmosphere.]

Many voices (singing an echo): I am grateful to be...

Bart: On a road directly next to the sea.

Bilen: Is that time outside?

[A flurry of sharp, plucked string sounds - a rusty piano.]

Fish: I wish I could be more like you.

Bilen: Is it outside enough?

[Gulls call.]

Fish: Go wherever I want, whenever I want, however I want.

[The uneasy atmosphere grows and swells - distorted wind, jangling piano strings, as the following voices and snippets weave together, building an increasingly confusing swirl of sound.]

Elisabeth: And I... really am alone.

Bilen: Fighting for my life, as the youth would say.

Elisabeth: Just another night time animal, skittering around in the dark.

Dee: There's a steadiness to it -

Fish: Fish, fish, run away.

Cheryna: My mom would say to me -

Bart: It doesn't matter if they don't want us...

Fish: Don't let yourself be caught and eaten.

Cheryna: "Por qué vas a dormir en el piso si tienes una casa y una cama."

Jenny: Everybody's out there to have a good time...

Dee: Even when i'm unsteady, dizzy -

Jenny: ...and it shows.

Fish: Ignore the fishing rod. Don't catch the bait.

Dee: - overwhelmed.

Cheryna: Translated to, "Why you gotta sleep on the floor..."

Fish: And curse the fisherman -

Cheryna: "...when you have a home and a bed?"

Bart: It doesn't matter that they don't let us...

Fish: - let seven misfortunes fall upon him and his spawn.

[The overwhelming, harsh noises fade down, as Bilen tells us:]

Bilen: This is what talking through a brainfog sounds like.

[Wordless singing swells, as voice after voice joins in to create a tense chord.]

Fish: Fish, fish, run away. Don't let yourself be killed and eaten.

[A walrus grunts, a wave breaks and pans from one side to the other, the whale calls reappear for a moment, then the wordless a capella chord fades and water trickles.

A plaintive solo voice sings a few lines in Polish. Fading up, a guitar, drums, clapping and enthusiastic Greek singing merges and overtakes the Polish song. Then that, too, fades out.]

Bart: Now, we're in the darkness.

[A voice with celestial sounding music accompanying, sings "A wey ah ney... wey ah ney..." as the following voices almost talk to each other. Water trickles and splashes.]

Celia: What is silence?

[Water fades out.]

Bart: Just with the stars -

Bilen: It's been a really lovely...

Bart: - and some music.

Bilen: ... lovely experiment.

[Thunder crashes. Whale calls echo rhythmically, echoing the start of this preview. The sustained, celestial music begins to fade. We hear faint footsteps in ice and snow, running water and the background world of a city.]

Jackie: And it's pretty queer out here!

[Footsteps, city sounds and celestial music fade.]

Jonathan: Issue 08 is coming soon.

Allysse: Visit queerouthere.com.

[Whale calls and water fade out.]