

Transcript: Queer Out Here Issue 04 Preview

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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 fourth issue will be released in December 2019. You can read more about the zine on the Queer Out Here website: <https://www.queeroutherere.com>.

Preview link

If you've somehow stumbled across this transcript and want to find the audio file, it's here: <https://www.queeroutherere.com/listen/issue-04-preview>.

Content notes

We don't think there's anything to flag up in this preview. If you notice something we've missed, please send us an email so we can add a note here.

Transcript

[A whoosh of sound dissolves into waves and muted music]

Abby: You're listening to Queer Out Here.

[Splashing sounds]

Emily: Queer Out Here.

Ross: Queer Out Here.

Emma: Queer Out Here.

[Splashes and muted music continue]

Cecilé: The river is alive . . .

Fenrir: And so, the river is real loud!

[Sounds of geese and water birds fades up]

Allysse: My feet touch the sea . . .

Mike: Our spring bubbles from the roots.

[Light, reverby piano chord]

Allysse: All so liquid and foreign -

[Muted, bubbling, underwater music comes to the foreground as the bird sounds continue]

Allysse: - so graceful and unexplainable.

Mike: In there, I dissolve.

Aaron: The oddities -

[Heavy rain fades in]

Mags: Every flower, bird and leaf -

Aaron: - the strange things, the queer things . . .

Mags: - each blossom, branch and tree . . .

Kamila: I'm looking up at the trees. They're stealthily watchful and calm.

[Rain fades out, birds and music continue]

Jonathan: When I go into the woods, I feel -

[Birds stop with a gurgle of a paddle dipped in the river, waves cast on the sand]

Jonathan: - nervous.

Mike: It is where I dod yn ôl at fy nghoed.

[Birds twitter and call]

Mike: Literally, return to my trees -

[Faint whistle and footsteps]

Mike: Figuratively, come to my senses.

[Jingling of a dog collar, bells and city sounds fade in]

Fenrir: I grow deeper in my cynicism about the city.

[Louder whistle]

Sanne: But I tell it because now I can share my story in free space here, in open space. It was not so long ago that it was different.

[Sound of trickling water, city sounds fade down]

Jonathan: I see it is also a cartography of trespass.

[That piano chord, more watery sounds]

Cecilé: A fat, queer woman, who's taught to stay small and not take up space.

[Birds chirp]

Aaron: They may not look the same, they may not act the same, they may be doing things that I don't understand.

[Faint sound of voices, almost like singing, and a child laughing]

Chris: There's no judgement out here . . .

Kamila: All I can see are the thick, green leaves above.

[Crunchy footsteps]

Mike: It's about refocusing your mind's eye.

[A lamb bleats, guitar music begins, footsteps continue]

Carol: [Singing] Lying with my back on the sand, listening to the waves . . .

Cecilé: I am here and I am alive.

Carol: [Singing] Lying with my back on the sand, nothing much to say . . .

[The guitar blends into echoes of that muted underwater music]

Jonathan: We, queer people, are here.

[Footsteps, water sounds, the piano chord, the underwater music]

Martha: And this is Queer Out Here.

Chris: Here's to fun time outside!

[Bird calls, footsteps fade, leaving echoes of music, waves lapping and water trickling]

Allyse: Issue 04 is coming soon.

Jonathan: Visit queerouthere.com