

# RESILIENT

& RESISTING

## LEATHER ARCHIVE ZINE



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This event is a collaboration between  
Bishopsgate Institute and Resilient and Resisting.

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**Bishopsgate Institute is home to the UK Leather Archive, a national collection documenting the history and heritage of the Gay/Bi leather, rubber and fetish communities, and is committed to increasing holdings relating to wider kink and fetish history in the UK.**

At this event, in collaboration with Resilient and Resisting, an oral history and collaborative story telling project, we invite you to drop in to explore the collection of magazines, pamphlets, posters, ephemera, t-shirts and artefacts from these collections. There will be readings which focus on stories relevant to the kink community, an opportunity to record your own oral history, and to hear short talks about the archives on display.

We would love to provide a home to your story/archive and would be delighted to accept any material to add to the fetish archives on the day. This could be ephemera, magazines, books, photos, video, audio, artefacts, documents... anything that you feel could help tell the story of the kink and fetish community in the UK for future generations. Material can also be scanned/copied on the day, so you can keep the original if preferred.

Resilient & Resisting <https://resilientandresisting.org/>, is a collaboration between groups and individuals, with artist/activist Jet Moon, produced with support from the Heritage Lottery Fund and Arcola Participation. Fierce, intimate oral histories, collaborative stories, D.I.Y. research and interviews from people at the intersection of several kinds of marginalisation

**FREE EVENT, JUST DROP IN.**

## LEATHER ARCHIVE

Open Day

Sat 29Th Sept.

13:00-16:00 Pm



# GENDER QUEER WHAT IS THAT? FEMME

BOUDICA

## *Gender Queer Femme, what is that?*

I get confused, I don't know what to say, because now people say non-binary. Back when I started thinking about this stuff, that term didn't exist, so I said 'Gender Queer'. Now there are all of these young trans-guys exploring their femininity and drag identities, and calling that Gender Queer Femme. More people are coming out and the idea that there are other kinds of gender has become much more well known. As a result I constantly question my gender, or if I'm using the right words to explain my gender. I feel kind of invisible, isolated, as if I've gone out of date. That cultural explosion is relatively new, before that I was still invisible but in a different way, because I'm Femme. But at the end of the day, no matter how many times I ask myself, I'm not 'one or the other'.

**Imagine a man in a dress, that's the closest I can come to describing myself, usually most people don't see it, they don't get that I'm trans.**

They just think I'm trying to get a bit of attention. When I first started to think about dressing in overtly feminine clothing, I didn't know how to do it, I'd never done that before, I wasn't even sure I was allowed to do it. One of my partners at the time she encouraged me, she was like 'Come on! Of course you're allowed to.' That's when I started to really Femme it up with the huge tutu's, corsets, stripey tights, and bows. When I first realised I was trans I talked to one particular trans-guy a lot about that, he helped me find my way through, to understand why things always felt so odd as I was growing up. This body, it doesn't quite fit, what I have here doesn't match with how I see myself in my head, but I've thought about all the options, taking testosterone or having surgery, and that doesn't fit either. If I did those things I'd still be me, just in another kind of body that doesn't fit. Over time I've given up on giving a shit about how other people see me or what they think of me. This is me, take it or leave it. How I see myself, I'm

like play-doh, my body can do anything, it's all over the place, changing and morphing into different shapes. How I imagine my body is different from what's visible.

There's times laying in bed that I can feel I have a nice fat cock laying there against my thigh. It's all in my head, I can do and be anything. It's like being in this (motorised) chair, this is a part of my body, this helps me do things I couldn't so otherwise. Fuck this chair has meant so much, for the first time in years I started to go out. Neighbours on the estate I live on would come up and ask me if I was new around there, had I just moved in? Because they never saw me before. But no, it's just that before my body couldn't do all of the things I wanted to do, so I used to stay in. The chair has changed so much about what I'm able to do and how I see myself. I can be in my kitchen with music on and in my head I'm dancing, I'm getting down. All that's going on to some one looking from the outside is that I'm bobbing my head around a bit like that, but me, I'm dancing. When I've got my reggae on and I'm jigging around in my chair, wow, sometimes that is fucking weird because I feel something on my chest moving. I look down and there are these chest flaps, I guess they are called tits, I don't know where they came from, that's not part of MY body, that's weird.

**When I fight against my body that's when I'm fucked, when I surrender that's when things become manageable.** When I listen and respect my limits, when I use the tools that I have available to me, when I use my chair, use my stick, use my P.A., that's when things get better for me. That's when I'm more able to cope. Which is the exact opposite of all the things that the government and people who aren't even sick keep telling us: The endless urging from non-crip people to fight harder, try harder, that actually makes things worse. The idea that we should struggle, try to get our bodies to do just that bit more. Now that is what will seriously fuck me up.

Yes there's a difference between what my body can do and what I want to be able to do. Illness makes limits, yes I get tired, pain is annoying. When I was in the states recently working as an activist, on my last night at that crip gathering I was so exhausted that I fell asleep. I tell you, once I fall asleep, I'm gone.

It meant I slept through my last night with all of these wonderful people I had met. We were going to sit around the campfire together and we were going to talk and I was going to be in the midst of all that for one last night, and I missed it! I fucking slept through it! Yeah, there are times I'm frustrated, but I don't want to complain too much about this casing, this body. I'm pretty grateful for all it has carried me through, it's kept on going through some pretty rough times. It's a good casing really, it does a lot of the stuff that its supposed to do.

**Going out on the BDSM scene for the first time I was nervous.** I remember the first time I ever went into a play space, of course hardly any of them are accessible, but I found one. The minute I entered that space a male sub fell to his knees in front of me and asked if he could kiss my toes. I though 'Well, Hello!'. I was wearing an amazing pair of silver stiletto platform shoes but I also wondered if he was just a 'Devotee'.

You know, those people who exist on the crip scene, who treat us like a fetish - a chaser - I didn't want that. But it seemed like he was for real, I'm up for that, I like meeting new people. Like I said there are hardly any spaces which are accessible, so I don't go out much. There is one particular venue I like where they have a huge Roisey rack where you can position the person you are playing laid out horizontally and then get up on the rig yourself, there are all sorts of ropes and supports you can hold onto. People say to me 'You've got a really interesting playing style', but that's just how I can do it, otherwise I wouldn't be able to stay standing up!

**Activism is everything to me, that's how I describe myself, I'm an activist, that's what I do.** I don't see myself so much as an entertainer or a performer, sure that's how I do a lot of the activism, but that's just the delivery method. 'Not Dead Yet', that's been a really huge part of my campaigning and DAN: the Disability Action Network, especially fighting against this Assisted Dying bill in Parliament. For fucks sake, we don't want assisted dying, we want assisted living!!

I'm out there on the streets, as long as they can wheel me out there, I will be there. The chair can be useful in a street protest, I can manouevre myself between more able, bodies and the cops. So I make sure to use that technique when I can, the chair is a pretty good barricade.

When my daughter was born she was really ill, the doctors assumed the problem was developmental, they didn't even do any tests to see if it was an infection. They just left her. She was very small, but that wasn't a problem, even if it was developmental, what the fuck? I had such a shit fight to get pregnant, trying to get my body to do that was difficult, the main thing I wanted at the end of my pregnancy was for my baby to be alive. I really wanted my baby to live. When the Doctors thought they knew what was wrong with her, they acted all sad, like she was already dead.

**That's when I began to wake up as an activist, to realise that it's really difficult for disabled people to come into this world and survive.**

Even if you manage to get here alive, there's no place for us, we are not even supposed to survive. At the hospital, talking in their hushed tones, with their sad faces, the hospital staff said they were giving me a room to myself, so my baby and I could be alone. 'So you can have time together.' Bullshit, they didn't care about me, they didn't care about us, they just wanted us to be out of the way, so the other people with 'normal' babies weren't being bothered. I was supposed to start grieving because she was being left to die, because it was probably better if she did.

With a little baby that small, if they have an infection it doesn't take long before there can be lasting effects, but they weren't doing anything. Her belly button was green! I asked the nurse 'Is it supposed to be like that, look, she is green!'. Then they took notice, the nurse realised what was wrong, they gave my daughter medicine and she is still here with us 20 years later. That was the beginning for me, thank you my darling daughter for waking me up and showing me the way. That was how I became a disability rights activist, long before I got ill, long before anything happened to my body, because my daughter showed me how hard you have to fight to even be allowed to stay here.



# HE WENT TO HIT ME AND SOMETHING ABOUT THE SPIRIT OF PUNK WAS THERE IN ME, INSTEAD OF THE SPIRIT OF A BATTERED WIFE.

OUT  
AND  
ABOUT

It's a running joke with my sister, that book 'Angela's Ashes'. About the tragedies of a working class Irish family, we laugh about it sounding like a picnic in the park in comparison to our upbringing. I guess I always knew, that if you lived through a lot of trauma then guess what? It left you kind of fucked up.

Shit-head, I called him Shit-head for so many years I forgot his name, I was 16 when we married, I thought I could save him. I have an unfortunate Joan of Arc complex at times, which I have really worked on, no one else is getting saved. Shit-head was a batterer, he controlled me by hitting me. He was also a great one for asserting his legal rights, he actually waved our marriage certificate at me once before he raped me.

I've made some errors of judgement in my life, but I have a limited tolerance for bullshit. What ended my marriage, was a number of things, punk being one of them. I saw a punk band on the telly, Headbanger and the Nose Bleeds and it was the most exciting thing I have ever seen. Working class people making a noise and saying 'Fuck You!' I thought: if I wasn't here, I could be there.

**Another thing was being kinky.** Shit-head was always buying underwear for "me", that he wanted to wear and asking me to tie him up. I cooperated by tying him spread-eagled on the bed one day, then promptly exercising my new found power, by going out and leaving him there.

The real end was a failed threesome. Shit-Head desperately wanted to have a threesome with me and my best girlfriend. It was the most exciting sexual proposition I'd had in a while. My friend and I had always fancied each other and so we went along with the idea. That didn't work out the way Shit-Head expected, he was sat there at the end of the bed twiddling his thumbs, as us two girls had a great time together. The beating I got after that, that was it. He went to hit me and something about the spirit of punk was there in me, instead of the spirit of

battered wife. I spied a pair of bolt cutters sat next to our door, he was coming toward me with that look on his face, I just picked the bolt cutters and swung them at him. **Mid swing I realised that if those bolt cutters made contact with his head, he would be dead. I threw down the bolt cutters and I ran.** I kept on running the whole three miles to my mums house, and I never went back.

After that experiment with my best friend there was no going back sexually either. I wasn't ready to call myself (whispers) a Lesbian but I called myself 'Bi' for the next 6 years. Until I had made three babies with three different men, then I realised this 'Bi' thing wasn't conjuring up any action with women for me, so I came out.

Except I was a punk and I was a perky punk, I had to tone down my look, to become visible to lesbians. So the leather mini skirt became a cotton hand sewn mini skirt, the fishnets became woollen tights, my killer heels became monkey boots and so on. Most lesbians were too vanilla for me, I started having some fairly tedious sex with women. I have to say, I've got no sense of commitment to boring sex, I just can't see it through.

In those days if you were looking for BDSM Dykes you had to go by clues. There was this one woman, there were rumours about her, that you had to watch out for her! Of course she became instantly attractive to me and we got together. It was messy.

**I didn't realise that I was in an abusive relationship at the time, I just thought I was mad.** I was having mood swings and depression, and not understanding what the hell was going on in my world. I went to my G.P. and after months and months of telling me my symptoms were hormonal, they finally referred me to a psychiatrist.

I went to see the Psychiatrist wearing my mini skirt, fishnet stockings, boots and a leather jacket. I had on scarlet lipstick and I wore a dog collar around my neck.

I didn't think anything of it, that's just what I wore, it was that punk, kink vibe. I don't think the psychiatrist knew what to make of me, but I was wanting answers. I was challenging him to make some sort of sense of me. He looked me up and down and he said 'Well, I am just going to revert to Freud. I sit here and I look at you in your scarlet red lipstick. I am going to say that you are orally fixated and still in the infantile stages of presentation and relating.' That was it, that was all I got! Finally I left the relationship I was in, I found my mental health was suddenly a whole lot better.

If you were into SM in those days, you weren't allowed to be a member of 'Lesbian Line', the help line for Lesbians, I went to an interview and got turned down. In the clubs, you were allowed to wear one item of kinky clothing or the vanilla lesbians would get all up in arms. The Lesbian Sex Wars were brutal, they were very divisive, a lot of it was about class. Middle class women trying to control us working class women, asserting their power over us, by policing our behaviour. We all went to the same clubs. You'd have the SM dykes, the little bunch of us that there was, on one side of the room, the vanilla dykes on the other side of all around the room, and a bunch of bemused gay boys in the middle.

The Gulf War, that first televised all you can eat, watch us bombing the shit out of innocent people in foreign lands. It set something off for us SM Dykes, we had been in our own cold war for a long time, avoiding out and out confrontation with the vanilla dykes. Something happened when I saw those televised bombing raids, it happened to others in my SM Dykes group too. All of us came to the same decision: that we couldn't hide in those times, that we had to be out as who we really were.

That night we turned up at the club in all our gear, we were just a small group. I was wearing a black lace bra and dog collar, my girlfriend was wearing a muir cap and a pair of leather trousers. The middle class lesbians surrounded our group, there were about 50 of them and 8 or 9 of us. They were shouting, calling us fascists, child abusers and rapists. They called the police, who came and arrested us for 'Actions likely to lead to a breach of the peace'. What ever kind of PEACE there was in the world at that time. It never went to court, the police couldn't find us, I gave them my Grannies name. I fell into working with survivors, I was on the dole for years,

then I got onto a government scheme. In those days they actually trained you. I worked in the queer centre first, giving workshops about lesbian sexuality. I like knowing about my own body. Then there was a job going, working with survivors of sexual violence, I thought 'I could do that'. I wanted to give something back, seven years later I was still there.

I'm not good at secretiveness, when I started at that place, it became swiftly apparent to my colleagues, that I knew about all sorts of sexual practices. I had a very strong voice about the right of people to practice whatever they wanted to, as long as it was consensual. In the early years I had arguments with colleagues about sex work, about younger people, about mothers who were survivors, about all the assumptions that were made, but I did it to improve the work environment. After the release of 50 Shades of Grey, there was a big rise in violence for about nine months. People coming in who had awful things done to them in the name of kink. Part of my work with survivors and staff was saying 'No, this isn't kink, this is non-consensual violence'.

### **Working with people who had these experiences and helping them find out where their lines of consent were.**

I don't think it is true that people can fix themselves by working with others, that's not sustainable. After seven years working in the field of trauma, it was all banging off of me. I was recognising a load of this stuff, but I never saw myself as having a mental health problem. So I had to look at my clients and think 'Hang on, why have these people been given these labels, these diagnoses? What's going on here?'

What people were describing to me, were layers upon layers of trauma, but they were being given these labels: borderline personality disorder, schizophrenia, psychosis, bipolar, severe and enduring unipolar depression. Really wild fucking labels and getting the message of 'You can't cope with what is going on in your life'. These are people who have had a hideous fucking shit load of experience, and guess what, they are having a perfectly normal reaction to it.

**Maybe in the future we won't need to label people anymore.** Now we're making the links between trauma and labels and finally understanding, that what we really need to do is address the trauma.

I won't ALLOW that.

(THERE  
IS NO)  
WHY?

I WON'T LET THAT  
BE ALL THAT I AM.

It started after watching some porn and I had just cum like a train. Then afterwards, I started to not like myself, to spiral into feeling absolute horror and shame. To thinking maybe I'm really not ok. Maybe there is something genuinely wrong with me, that I find the fucked up shit that I just watched sexy. What does that say about me as a person?

**All of those questions, trying to find the justification for an orgasm. You know what, I've thought about this A LOT and I've come to a very important conclusion. I just like a lot of fucked up shit.**

I'm into the ugly side of BDSM, the grotesque. The scary fucked up shit, that is uncomfortable and hard to look at. That pushes all my buttons, that literally takes my breath away and leaves me shaking and crying on the floor. Science, society and good common decency tell me that I should not enjoy this. I'm not into role play, at least part of it has to be real or it doesn't work for me. Apparently, that's a cause for concern.

A lot of the time it's hard to talk about the stuff I am into even in kink circles. I see that look on my friends faces, bless them. Shock or revulsion. They worry that maybe everything I do is because of TRAUMA. They feel they have to ask 'But are you really ok?'

Lot's of people when I have explained BDSM to them in the past have said 'Oh yes, it makes so much sense. If you've had your control taken away from you by some one else, of course finding a way to be in control feels safe, and that's a really positive way to access your sexuality.' And of course everyone would choose to be in control, right?. In their minds when they

picture what I do, I'm wearing a leather catsuit, the whole 'Mistress Whiplash' super cliché. Don't get me wrong, I would ROCK that leather catsuit. If you want to get together and buy me one, go right ahead.

They imagine me as this really austere woman walking into a room and going 'You will PAY for the sins that were done to me!' Spanking people on the bottom for half an hour, and therefore I'm never going to be sad about being raped anymore.

OMG, fucking SERIOUSLY. 'Please let me heal your trauma by taking a spanking' There's an idea that deserves to have the shit monetised out of it, maybe I should go ahead and set up that website!

**This idea that everything is related to trauma. How my personality formed, where my behaviours come from, how I react to situations, who I'm attracted to, what I am into sexually.** That ALL of this, every single thing about me, is because a bad man touched me in bad ways a long time ago. OK, maybe there is some truth in that, but I want to STOP spending my whole life trying to understand it. Because that is a GIANT boner killer!!

**That everything I like, everything I can ever be, will always be tied to 'The Things That Happened A Long Time Ago'.** I cannot let what people did a long time, be the sum of my existence, everything about me, all my motivations. It can't be. I won't allow that. I WON'T LET THAT BE all that I am.

Also I refuse to let my sapphic inclinations be reduced to a safe option, women are delicious. There's a thing about being labelled as mad, once that single fact about you is known, then it defines everything a person thinks about you from then on.



When I go to the Drs and sit down in front of my GP, I see that look on their face as the warning pops up on their screen.

A warning about me. 'Do a mental health check, this patient has a history of psychosis and hospitalisation.' That warning comes up on the screen when I go to get a vitamin b12 injection from my nurse. It has nothing to do with why I'm there, it's an invasion of my privacy, but now they can't see me in any other way. They look at me as if an alarm has just gone off, as if a siren is sounding. 'Danger, danger, MAD person in the building'. It's been 8 years since I was last hospitalised.

My official diagnosis is Borderline personality disorder. if you google Borderline, one of the first things that always comes up is that we are emotional manipulators. Great! I am not trust worthy. Once you have a serious mental health diagnosis you are told, you no longer know what is best for yourself, or what your limits are. You are no longer a reliable source of information.

I've been sectioned 4 times, or is it five? I've been in hospitals a lot. There is nothing more affecting of your sense of agency than to have some one else put you in a room, lock the door and walk away with the key. **At a very basic level that takes away agency. It's taken me a long time to recover from that.** It's hard to get over the idea that, I am not trustworthy, I am not safe. To learn to trust my autonomy and my own mind.

**Being able to consent, that's what it is, isn't it? To be trust worthy and safe.**

It was only through doing peer work that I realised how trustworthy I was, how much agency and value I had. After being very unwell for many years, I started volunteering in peer service delivery, and once I was trained, I trained other people.

Being kicked off DLA and ESA meant that I lost %70 of my income, in an interview that lasted ten minutes. I went from from barely having worked in ten years, to suddenly needing to get a full time job. I didn't want to but if I didn't, I was going to lose my house. I went from a small voluntary role in the Mental Health sector, to being a full time manager.

**I worked managing highly skilled volunteers who know the waiting lists are too long for people to get care otherwise.** Those volunteers worked so hard and under pressure, shouldering the burden they shouldn't have had to. They did that at great personal cost, but they weren't getting paid at all.

**Services have been cut back so severely, local authorities and government dump the load on volunteers, and there is a machiavellian level of exploitation in that.**

Peer support, my experience of that was real love and real community, strangers coming together and building these relationships of caring. But to do that work, without pay, without any surrounding care to refer to, with no way to adequately safe guard everyone involved. It has a cost, we lose people, people die. I lasted four months before I had a break down.

I'm working less these days, it helps. I have time to do things for myself, to slow down, to hang out with my friends. I'm busy anyway, but if I can spend less time working a job, then I cope better.

The things I like to do in my spare time: rape play, Incest play, chem sex, forced drowning, hanging, deep humiliation, ultra violence. Those dangerous visceral things that I find so compelling.

**Other people find it hard to understand. They don't see the level of connection, the hotness and intimacy, when we agree to show up for each other.**

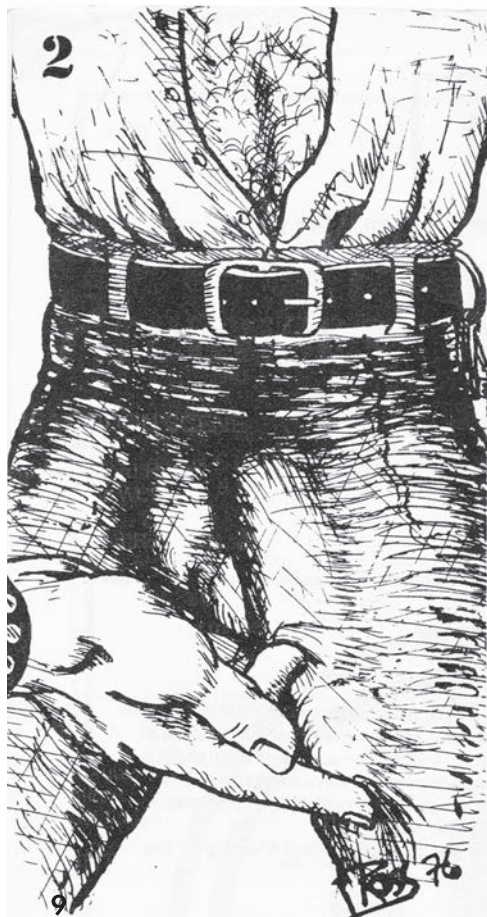
I could have spent my whole life trying to move into the beige, trying to move into the pretty. What I know is that when I have a date in a hotel room, I get really excited, because hotel rooms have baths and baths mean drowning. It also means I can do piss play and it gives my house mates a break from the screaming.

Being under water, being held down, being soaked in piss, being slapped till I cry. I want to fight, to struggle, to feel utterly shit scared.

Because it's wonderful.

# THE LEATHER ARCHIVE

The following images are from the 1977 MSC London newsletter, a group now known as London Leathermen, who were (and still are) part of an extensive network of MSCs and gay/bi male fetish clubs through out the UK.



## Getting our own Premises

All we need is £10,000  
The rest is just a matter of details.

**BUT SEND NO MONEY YET**

Put the money aside, and by the time you get the next issue we will have worked out a plan of campaign, and we'll give you all the details of where to send the money, and just what it will involve.

*Has he really got ten inches: we might show you at the rate of £1000 an inch !!*



# EDITORIAL

**"Not for grandmothers or Maiden-aunts."** I wonder how much panic this would produce on the front cover...well don't worry, you will not find one cock (of any variety) in this issue, and I certainly do not wish to get involved in the arguments our last "beauties" produced. Nevertheless I am keen that this magazine should be read, and I believe this will only happen if it is interesting and amusing as well as informative. Therefore you will certainly see the odd "dirty" joke, an occasional "butch" man, and maybe even an interesting "packet" or two. So DON'T show the magazine to your grandmother or maiden-aunts: they may be offended. MSC London News is meant for members and friends of MSC London, not for anyone else, and certainly not for anyone who may wish harm to the Club; so treasure it, **BUT TREASURE IT FOR YOURSELVES.**

In this issue we have returned to the format of Volume 1: this is partly because you now have a new editor, partly because advertising seems now to be more forthcoming, and partly because it appears to be more popular. So, finance permitting, my aim is to produce at least six issues like this one in the current Club year, and to send out a simpler News-sheet on the other months; but the more advertising and articles we receive, the more chance there is of producing this type every month...we shall have to see.

This edition perforce deals mostly with Club business, but it is my hope in future issues to have Club business and general interest articles on our scene balanced about 50-50. In particular the December issue will be a Christmas and Winter Special, hopefully again in this format; so many articles, cartoons, jokes etc; on this theme will be gratefully received.

Finally, neither this Club nor this magazine can be all things to all men: we are a club of leather/denim, bike orientated or, dare I say it, "butch-type" blokes: hence MSC London News WILL show a certain bias; a bias in favour of what we are, what the aims of the Club are (see your constitution), and in favour of what the duly elected committee is trying to do.

This magazine will certainly publish any opinion members wish to express, particularly in the letters column, but if those opinions in the view of the committee or the editorial fall well outside the spirit of the Club, then we will certainly give our contrary opinion and in no uncertain terms. MSC London has its direction and this news magazine will endeavour to show it.



**A** Pronto Jacket All leather, quilt lined, 5 pockets, epaulettes. Exclusive to Speedman. The authentic traditional motorcycle jacket.

# IT'S GENUINE motorcycle clothing

**B** Jeans, flared or straight. Hide with satin lining, made to measure

**C** Doddington Boots Primarily a Motorcross boot but ideal for touring. Reinforced toe

**D** The PXQZ Jacket Padded shoulders, racing collar

**E** Brian Boots Modern styled motorcycle boot. All leather

**F** The Griffin Speedstar Helmet

If it's dead straight motorcycle gear you're after, (sorry, we don't sell adornments) you'll see one of the largest ranges in London at our new shop in the Old Kent Road. Top quality leathers (and not at West End prices). Leather's not cheap, so you'd be wise to remember where you get the best value . . .

**MOTORCYCLE CLOTHING CENTRE**  
**SPEEDMAN**  
 289 OLD KENT ROAD LONDON SE1



SM Pride March, 20 October 1993 (Photo by Gordon Rainsford from his Archive at Bishopsgate Institute)



SM Dykes banner at Pride, 1984 (Photographer unknown from LGBTQ+ Archives at Bishopsgate Institute)



## RESILIENT & RESISTING

Fierce, intimate oral histories, collaborative stories, D.I.Y. research and interviews from people at the intersection of several kinds of marginalisation. Those of us who are disabled, queer, kinky, sex workers, survivors. Much political action (of all kinds) comes from the power of survival.

Resilient and resisting stems from my personal experience of these brutal years of austerity. I became aware that I was not alone, many others were experiencing stigma and resisting their conditions. I began to collect these complex stories of overlapping struggles that often go untold, or when others write about us, are sensationalised and sanitised.

- Jet Moon

This project is a collaboration between groups and individuals, with artist/activist Jet Moon. Produced with support from the Heritage Lottery Fund and Arcola Participation.

RESILIENT  
& RESISTING

# CALL FOR PARTICIPATION

## CALL FOR PARTICIPATION

Over the next 10 months, 'Resilient and Resisting' will be holding a number of events, workshops, group discussions, and investigative visits to archives.

Personal accounts, peer interviews, documentation of group actions: texts or oral histories that address living at the intersection of crip/queer/kink /sexwork/survivor are invited.

Particularly welcomed are those who are from BAME groups, working-class backgrounds, and trans/non-binary people. It is the intention of this project to use its resources in ways that are useful and constructive within the communities it is part of. If you think that you, as an individual or a group, would benefit from a DIY History training, or if you have material on cross-platform marginalisation that you feel is relevant, please get in touch.

<https://resilientandresisting.org/>