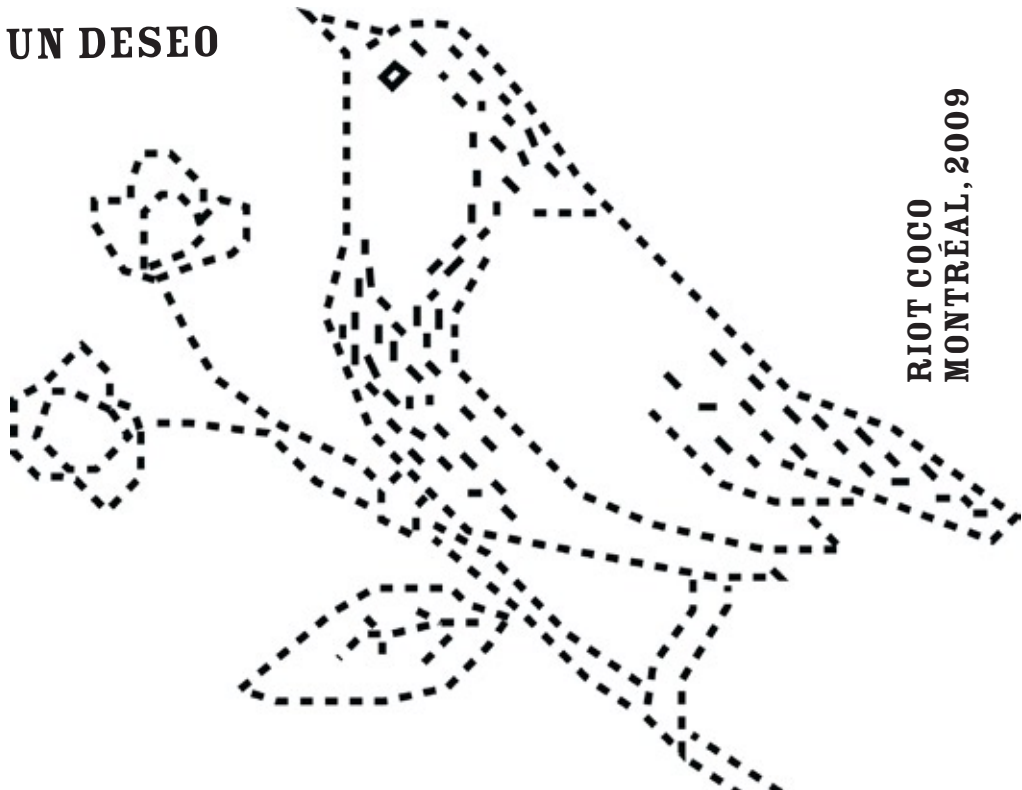


OPEN YOUR EYES AND MAKE A WISH

OUVRE LES YEUX ET FAIT UN VOEUX

ABRE LOS OJOS Y PIDE UN DESEO



**RIOT COCO
MONTRÉAL, 2009**

this zine was intended to talk about being a genderqueer person. But as the winter has been very long, it has finally evolved into a bouquet of personal textes and drawings. Winter birds, anxiety attacks, superheros, cacti and WTF trans expression. I believe in anecdotes and personal stories as a material for understading us within the world we live in. This zine is written alternatively in spanish, french and english, because, as a spanish inmigrant person in montréal, thet's how i communicate with outside world. Finally, i want to dedicate this zine to my "baby" queer friends. Because they're amazing and i wish that at 30, i could be as wise as they are at 20.

ce zine devait parler du fait d'être une personne genderqueer. Mais l'hiver a été long, et ce zine a évolué vers un bouquet de textes et dessins très intimes. Des oiseaux de l'hiver, des attaques d'anxiété, des superhéros, des cactus et textes de colère trans. Je crois que les anecdotes et les histoires personnelles sont du matériel pour se comprendre dans le monde. Ce zine est écrit alternativement en français, anglais et espagnol, car en tant que personne immigrante espagnole à montréal, ces 3 langues font partie aussi de mon expérience. Enfin, je veux dédier ce zine à mes "baby friends" queers. Parce qu'illes sont extraordinaires et j'aimerais qu'à 30 ans je puisse être si sage comme illes sont à 20 .

este zine debía hablar del hecho de ser una persona genderqueer. Como el invierno ha sido tan largo, el zine se ha ido convirtiendo en un ramo de textos y dibujos muy personales. Pájaros invernales, ataques de ansiedad, superhéroes, cactus y expresiones de rabia trans. Yo creo que las anécdotas y las historias personales son una manera de comprendernos en el mundo. En este zine hay textos en castellano, inglés y francés, porque como persona inmigrante hispanófona en montréal, estas 3 lenguas son parte de mi experiencia cotidiana. Finalmente, este zine está dedicado a mis "baby friends" queer. Porque son extraordinari*s, y porque con 30 años, me gustaría ser tan sabi* como ell*s son con 20.

montréal, 2009 by Riot Coco: riotcoco@gmail.com













SHARING THE PERSONAL IS ALSO ABOUT SHARING POWER

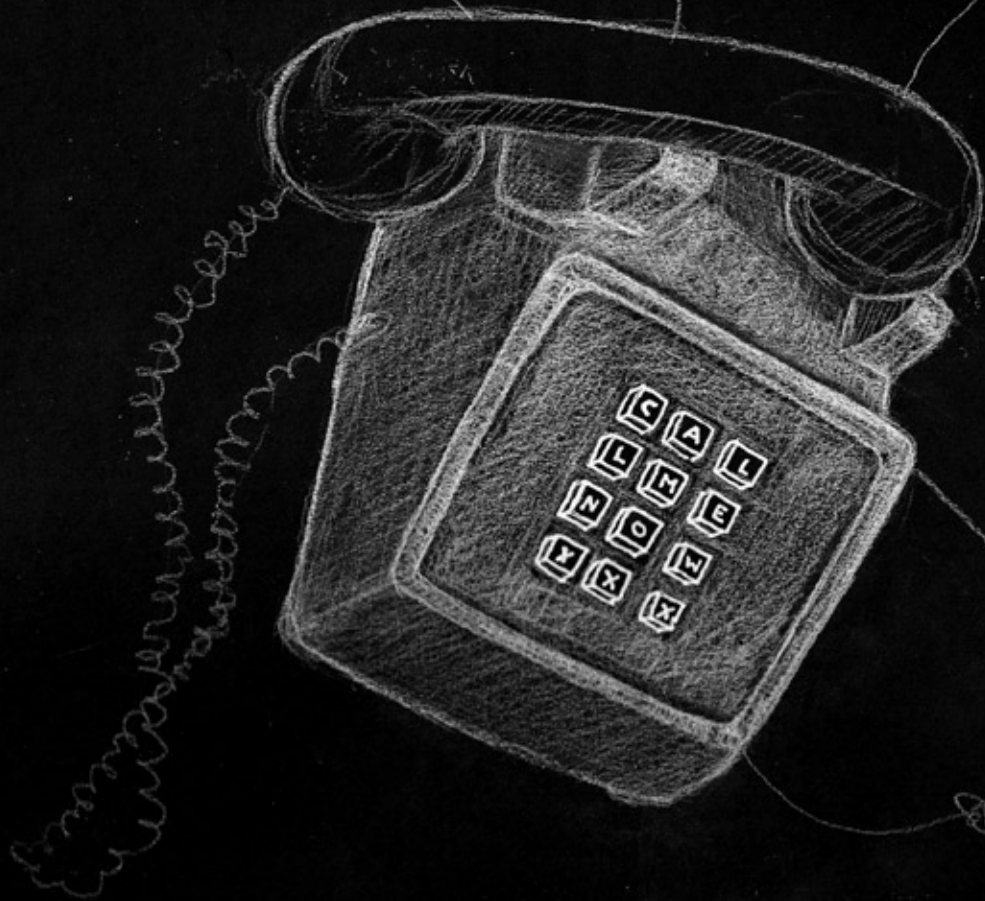
PARTAGER LE PERSONEL EST AUSSI PARTAGER LE POUVOIR

COMPARTIR LO PERSONAL ES TAMBIÉN COMPARTIR EL PODER

(bell hooks)

- + zine statement/presentación/déclaration (eng, esp, fr, )...1
- + call me now () ...3
- + hint #1 (eng)...5
- + the master's tools ()...6
- + l*s heroínas (esp)...7
- + quelques choses que j'aime dessiner #1
some things i love drawing #1 (fr, eng, )...8
- + hint #2 (eng)...11
- + cennes noires (fr, )...12
- + hint #3 (eng)...16
- + hint #4 (eng)...17
- + cosas que me gusta dibujar #2
some things i love drawing #2 (esp, eng, )...18
- + hint #5 (eng)...20
- + the anxiety attack (eng + )...21
- + WTF trans (eng, )...22
- + Superhéroe / Superhero (esp, eng, )...26
- + Zine BSO/Soundtrack ...28

 = drawing/dessin/dibujo
esp = castellano
fr = français
eng = english



Some people come to me and ask.

What's your name?.

I say Coco.

Silence.

They're back.

No, i mean, what's your REAL name?

THE MAST
ER'S TOOLS
WILL NEVER
DISMANTLE
THE M
ASTER'S
HOUSE

audre lorde

L*S HEROÍNAS

A veces olvidamos, no de donde venimos, sino hacia donde queremos ir. Los caminos que se exploran y duelen, porque los exploramos mientras los abrimos y paseamos descalzos por ellos.

Esta es la historia de l*s heroínas. De cada un* de nosotr*s.

L*s heroínas somos tú y yo y nuestra familia elegida.

Aquell*s que luchan por la libertad, no porque crean que van a tener éxito, sino porque es justo y necesario.

L*s que son tan tozudos que no se creen nada cuando alguien les dice que no es posible.

L*s que creen que es posible porque viven esa posibilidad cada día cada noche.

L*s que son tan testarud*s que viven lo "imposible", hacen lo "improbable" y son lo "inimaginable".

Quizás el superpoder más superpoderoso sea el mantenerse despiert*. Y luego el mantenerse con vida. Cuando la vida no es sólo el pulso que los médicos te toman, sino el pulso que tú tomas a la vida.

L*s heroínas que se besan en la calle, l*s heroínas que se miran a los ojos, l*s heroínas que comparten experiencias. L*s heroínas que son capaces de auto-crítica, de reconocimiento de privilegios y reconocimiento de opresiones. L*s heroínas con más preguntas que respuestas. L*s heroínas que nunca están en ningún libro, sólo en los que ell*s mismos publican.

L*s heroínas sin casa pero con miles de hogares.

Nosotr*s l*s heroínas de nosotr*s mism*s y de l*s nuestr*s.

my heart will stop if i put out the fire
as long as i'm burning
i'll keep on yearning
to save the world
not sure how but i'm learning [...]
and let your emotions be fuel to your flame
being on fire will keep you awake

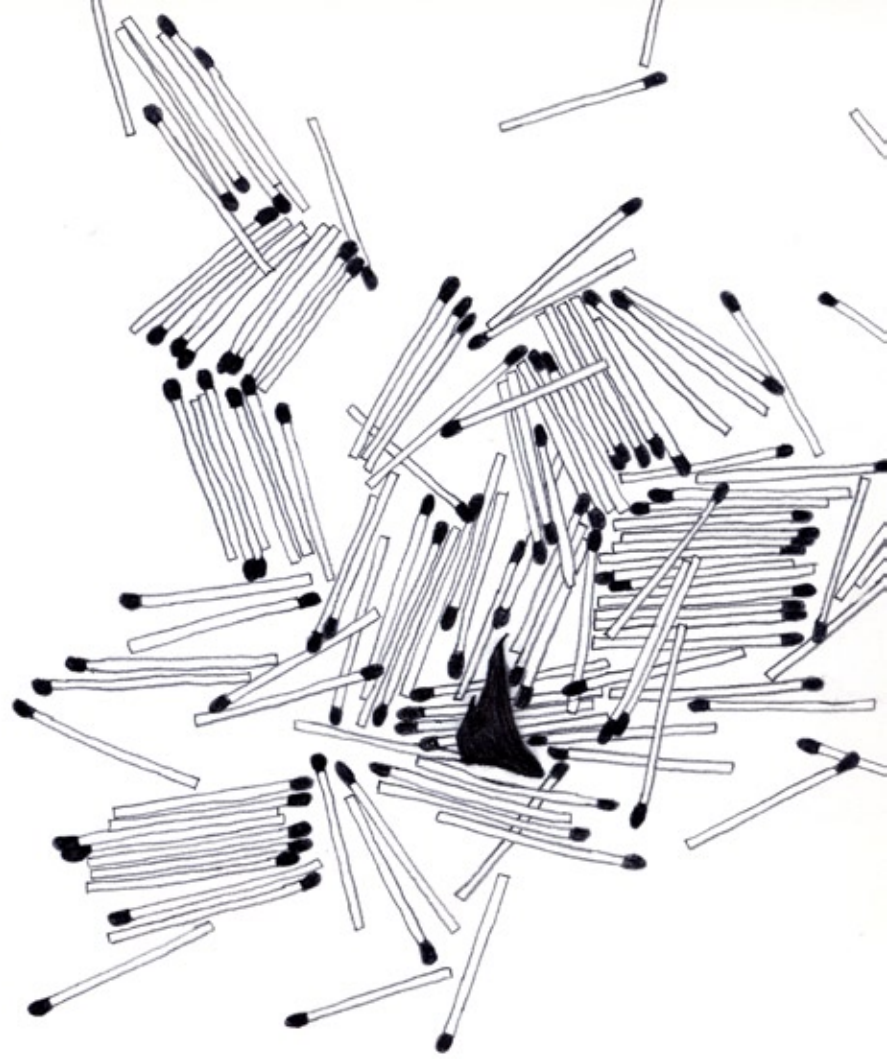
Kimya Dawson, *Fire* (in *Hidden Vagenda*, 2004)

quelques choses que j'aime dessiner #1:

allumettes: parce qu'elles sont petites et ont l'air insignifiant, mais...elles sont en bois et simples et tellement efficaces. Comment quelque chose de si petit peut commencer un grand feu? Les allumettes sont ma vision de(s) révolution(s) et du changement social. Comme des allumettes. Comme chaque action et chacun-e de nous étant des allumettes, et comment les feux s'allument grâce à des choses qui semblent si petites. Et les allumettes qui allument d'autres allumettes pour créer un feu encore plus brillant et chaleureux. Brûlant.

some things i like drawing #1

matches: because they're small and they may look insignificant, but...they're wooden and so simple and indeed so efficient. How something so small can start a big fire? That's how i see revolution and social change. Like matches. Like every action and every one of us being matches, and how fires starts from something that may seem small. And matches getting other matches starting in a brighter and warmer fire. Burning.



openyoureyesandmakeawish-
hopenyoureyesand-
makeawishopenyoureyesand-
makeawish.

how can you see your wish
has come true if you keep
your eyes close?



cennes noires

Dans
mon pot de
cœur il ne
reste que quelques
cennes noires.

De petites et vieilles
cennes noires, qui est tout
ce que l'hiver m'a laissé dans
le ventre.

Un hiver qui a emporté le reste : l'or,
l'argent, les bijoux. Les sourires, la
chaleur, la magie, les conversation avec un
verre de vin quand on est tristes.



Des cennes noires. De petites miettes d'un pot si grand et autant rempli. Que je le croyais parfois débordant.

On nous apprend souvent à avoir peur de l'amour et des sentiment trop puissants : je me disais, ceci est dangereux, le pot va déborder. Qui est une manière comme une autre de dire j'ai besoin de toi mon amour. Pour vivre, pour respirer, pour faire le pas suivant dans ma balade dans cette ville.

Et je me demandais, moi qui regarde maintenant ces cennes noires, si cet amour était correct tellement il me débordait les yeux et les muscles. Et maintenant je me demande, moi qui craignais l'inondation, comment j'ai pu faire pour garder seulement quelques cennes noires de mon amour pour toi.

De petites et vieilles cennes noires.

De petites et collantes cennes noires qui se cachent dans nos fonds de sacs, dans nos trous de poches, dans la poussière des meubles qu'on ne bouge jamais.

Ces vieilles et banales cennes noires qu'on donne aux enfants et on ne regrette pas de perdre dans la rue. Ces cennes noires qui ne valent même pas l'énergie qu'on met à les ramasser sur le trottoir.

Ces cennes noires, persistantes, insistantes, oubliables, invisibles, incomptables.

Sur ma main. Dans mon cœur.

Comme le plus grand trésor que je n'ai jamais eu.

Les cennes noires dans les fonds les trous les poussières, qui apparaissent juste au moment où j'en ai vraiment besoin.

Comme le matin quand il n'y a plus de lait et je ne sais pas si j'aurais assez d'argent dans mes poches et que les cennes noires cachées se dévoilent dernière minute.

Comme les jours où je pleure et je les vois briller sur le trottoir et je me rappelle que ma mamie disait que les cennes noires portent bonheur. Et j'arrête de pleurer et je ne les ramasse pas, car il y a beaucoup d'autres gens qui ont besoin de bonheur.

J'ai rêvé que les cennes noires restaient des cennes noires pour me rappeler qu'un dollar n'est plus qu'un tas de cennes noires. Et que les billets s'en volent et se perdent, mais que les cennes noires restent et se trouvent.

J'ai rêvé d'une légende urbaine sur quelqu'un qui multipliait de poissons et des bagels. Si j'apprend ce tour de magie je pourrai moi aussi multiplier les cennes noires.

J'ai rêvé que les feuilles des érables étaient des cennes noires. Je les ramassais avec du sucre dans mes veines et on faisait fondre la neige avec la tire.

Je regarde par terre, mes yeux affamés de toi, à la recherche de petites vieilles pièces dont seulement les enfants de 5 ans et moi comprenons l'importance. Et je les vois briller sur le trottoir, au bord des tracks, sous les restes de neige.

Et sans jamais les ramasser, car il y a beaucoup d'autres gens qui en ont besoin, je peux te dire que je les ai retrouvées.

Des cennes noires de mon amour pour toi.

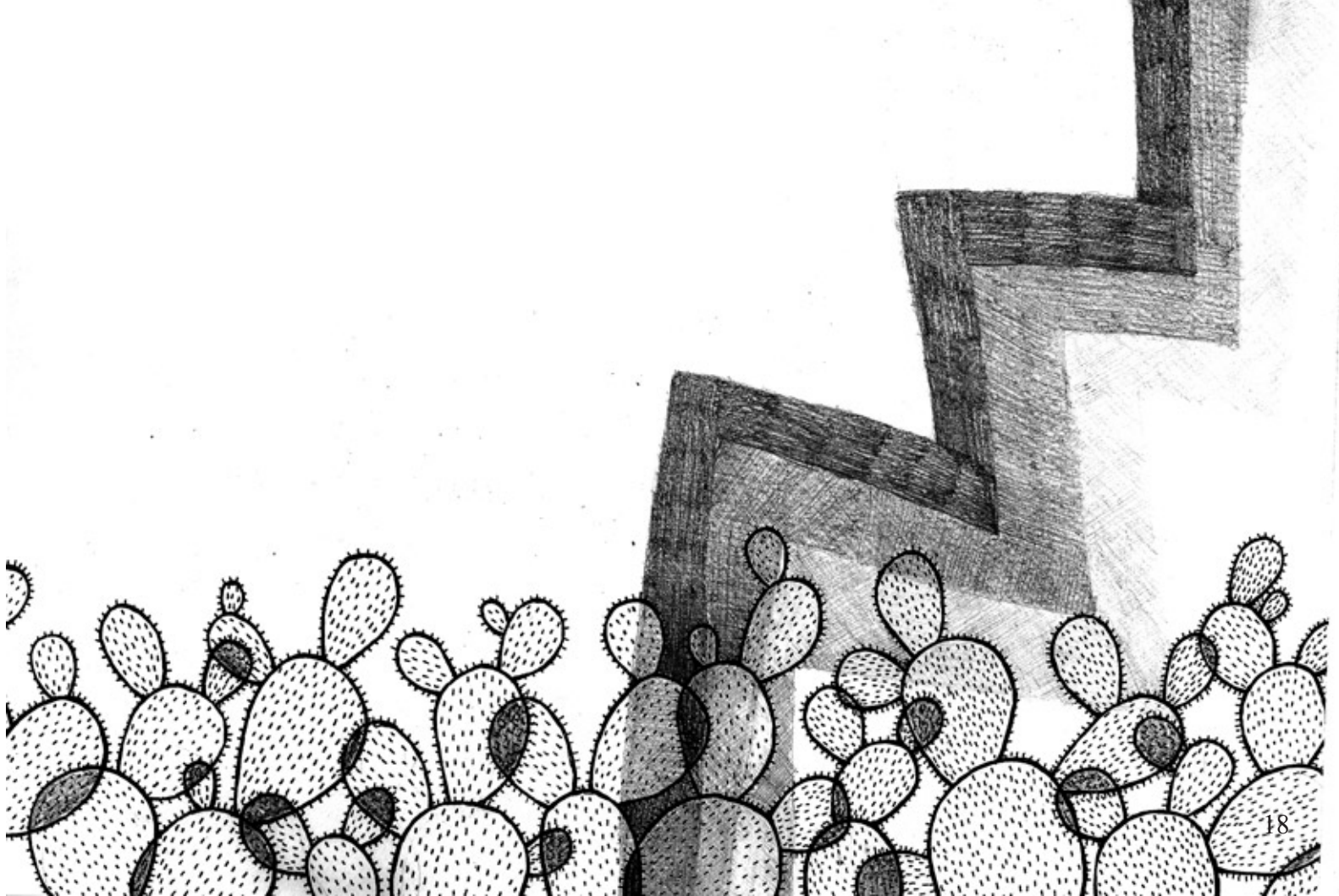
Dans ma main. Sur mon cœur.



The first love of my life was a girl who was with me in kindergarden. I was 4 years-old and she was the prettiest and most intelligent girl in the whole world. I bet she was already able to read. I was in love with her. We used to play kingdoms and dragons. My last souvenir of us together is when i asked her if i could be her prince. I don't remember the answer.

When i was little i used to love wearing skirts until my loving granny forbade me to do so. She was upset that i was always tearing my leggings...everyday was the same story. My dad or mum told me to be careful with the leggings (again), said yes of course, i went to school where i played in the sand, around the trees, running all around and probably screaming very loud. And suddenly, my leggings were torn (again). My granny got very upset that day and told me i would never ever wear a skirt again. That was true.

I was 6.



Here we go round the prickly pear
Prickly pear prickly pear
Here we go round the prickly pear
At five o'clock in the morning.

Between the idea
And the reality
Between the motion
And the act
Falls the Shadow

T.S. Elliot, from *The Hollow Men*, 1925

cosas que me gusta dibujar #2:

chumberas: en la región de donde vengo hay chumberas por todas partes. Las chumberas son esos cactus redondeados que dan unos frutos rojos-naranjas llamados higos chumbos. Los higos chumbos están cubiertos de pinchas finísimas, como pelos pequeñitos que entran por sorpresa en la piel y duelen muchísimo. La única manera de evitar las pinchas y poder comer este fruto delicioso es robándolos al cactus al amanecer. ni después ni antes, justo cuando el sol aparece. El secreto de la chumbera.

some things i like drawing #2:

prickly pear: in the region where i'm from there are prickly pears everywhere. The prickly pear cactus grow in round forms and give red-orange fruit called prickly pears. As their names shows, prickly pears are covered with prickles. These prickles are thin and small like short cut white hair. They entered in your skin by surprise and they hurt a lot. The only way to eat this juicy fruit is stealing it from the cactus at daybreak, not before not after, exactly when day breaks. The secret of the prickly pear.

i have a friend who told me:
we were all waiting for this
to happen. We knew it was going
to happen. We were waiting for
you to be ready.

(talking about transition)

The Anxiety Attack (like the song by Jeffrey Lewis)

Sometimes i cut myself. That's why i have white lines on my left forearm.

Because i'm right-handed.

Once i wrote this text about cutting off my fingers...

i draw myself cutting off my fingers and how good was to use a pen instead of a cutter or a knife.

One of my best friends in europe used to work as a psychiatric nurse.

Her name is ~~xxxx~~ and she's one of my favourite people in this world. ♡♡♡

We are really close, that kind of beautiful closeness that allows us to sleep in each other arms without any sexual vibrations in the air.

When i showed her ^{that} ~~the~~ zine, she was really upset.

Next day, one of her patients wanted to cut ^{herself} ~~the~~ ~~finger~~.

My friend gave her a pen so she could draw cuts on her skin.

It worked. Both of them finished covered with all-colourful pen lines.

(the lesson out of this: even anxiety attacks can have happy endings)



Sometimes i feel i'm a WTF trans person. I know there is a long list of different types of trans identities and processes and some people may find this confussing. Like...all that FTM, gender-variant, pre-op, androgynous, transexual, MTM, MTF, FTF, gender bender, post-op, no-op, trannyboy, genderfuck, genderqueer, transexual, transgender, and the list goes on and on. And even if some people may find this confusing and complicated, for me it's just the sign that the way we live gender is much more complex and rich than A or B.

I'm a What The Fuck trans person, which means i'm angry, i've been angry for a while and i bet my bike (the most important thing i've got) that i'll still be angry in the future. Anger is part of my identity. And stubbornness.. Some people could swear how stubborn i am if you need it.

I'm angrily stubborn or stubbornly angry. Nobody will ever ever convince me that:

- there are only 2 genders.
- That i have to choose between A gender or B gender.
- Or that i have to go A B or B A
- Or that's the only way to live in this society.

Why am i saying that? Because all those things have said to me at different moments both by straight cisgender people and trans folks. And in the same way that i won't accept a straight cisgender person saying that to me, i won't it either from a trans person. Exactly the same as there is not one way of being a man or a woman, there is not one way of transitioning. Behind the argument that there is only one way of transitioning, that does not include the possibility of not choosing between A or B, there is the concern about physical, mental and social health. I know this. I know the people who said that to me were concerned as how, as a genderqueer person, i was gonna be able to live in this society. To live outside the radical queer circles that create a safe space around me.

Bad or good news, it depends on how you see it: society is crap. Remember how your parents said to you don't eat poo when you were little?. So do not eat it now. That's one of the best pieces of advice your parents ever ever gave to you.

Bad or good news, it depends on how i see it: i'm not only a trans person. I'm an immigrant, a queer, an anti-oppression organizer, a DIY kid and a quiet punk. I do zines and don't want a 9-5 job. I ride bikes, drink beer on the roofs and listen to almost any kind of music. I think i lost my place in this society long time ago...and i have better things to do and learn than struggling to have it back. I will better put my energies in the building of alternatives that allow people to express themselves in the way they feel it.

When people say "society" i usually ask myself who the fuck is this society. Because we tend to talk about it in a very large and virtual way, which does not always represent reality. When talking about "society" we barely consider how "society" is different in different contexts and how differently we occupy a place in it, depending on these contexts. I understand that when we talk about "society" we're referring to normative and oppressive society. But then, i'm not living out of it. I'm living IN it, that's why i'm living oppressions. And that's also why i'm living privileges (like being white western educated middle-class abled-body). I understand that when we say about someone that they're not living in society, we really mean, they're not following the rules.

As a queer WTF immigrant trans person, i don't aim to follow normative society rules, but to fight for change, to create possibilities, and in not such a long time, to destroy-bomb-explode-and-biochemically-infect all oppressions systems. Like the fucking binary gender compulsory cisgender heteronormativity natural sex complementarity one. As a WTF trans person, i support trans people having their sex case changed on papers while i keep on fighting for the suppression of the sex case in our minds. I know revolutions sometimes need time. And little steps brought someone to the moon (how was that sentence? Anyway, was someone ever on the moon for real?). But steps should not be confused with goals: papers will never say who you really are, because we're much bigger than a shit of paper.

You see, i'm angry. I told you i was angry.

Angry against normative society rules and angry against the "that's how it is" crap. Angry against not only a cisgender supremacist system, but also about the fact

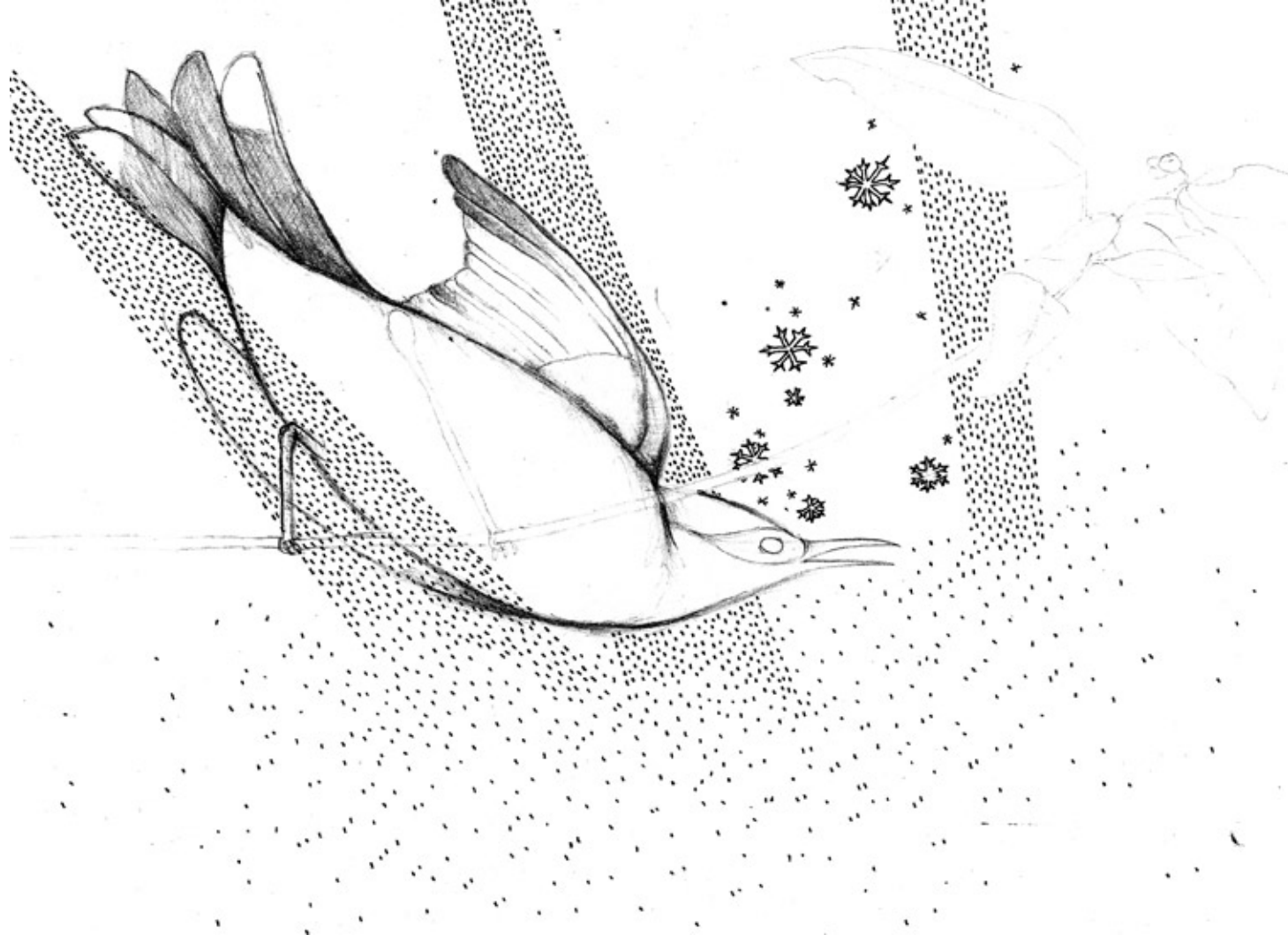
that while fighting for trans rights we may forget how classist and brainwashing the normative transitioning process is. Please, do not think i'm attacking individuals going on transition process. I'm attacking the such small transition process that society is allowing us. It is so small and restrictive that people, individuals, are struggling for it, fighting to get IN. I won't say to anyone going through this that they're not making enough. Instead, i will affirm that the transition process is not enough. It is a classist and discriminatory process. It is a process that may clean society bad conscience about all the violence trans people is living in every day life. It is a process that do not put bi-gender, cisgender system in danger, it only says "they're two genders and the maximum you can do is going from one to the other". And on the way, from A gender to B gender, you'll need money, you'll need resources, you'll need to have the right papers to have access to the process. And of course, you need to want to do the A → B or B → A transition: this won't work if you want to be X or move to Z.

Even if the transitioning process can be useful for certain individuals, it is dangerous for many others. Because it does not accept the possibilities that people feel and it's not accessible for many trans folks, it creates the obligation to go illegal, and/or to put our lives at risk.

Just a quick remind that getting hormones from doctors instead of the internet is a privilege. Papers can only be changed when there are papers to change. Going from A → B or B → A is not the only way, there are still many other letters in the alphabet.

So please, do not stop transition here. Go further. Whether in the awareness or in the action. Because, whatever it happens, even if you get to do all your transition process successfully by the rules, you are part of the fight. Because for any person identifying as trans and for any trans ally, there is a fight that is happening now, that has happened before and that will continue to happen in the future.

Little steps brought someone to the moon. Your moon, my moon, our moon. Steps should keep on being made. No matter how little they are, as long as they are.



BE YOUR OWN SUPERHERO

SÉ TU PROPIO SUPERHÉROE



A **superhero** is a fictional character of **unprecedented powers** dedicated to acts of derring-do in the public interest. Common traits: **Extraordinary powers** and abilities, relevant skills and/or advanced equipment. A **secret identity**. A distinctive costume (in spanish: **colourful, flashy and sexy costume**; my translation). A **supporting cast of recurring characters**, including the hero's friends, co-workers and/or love interests, who may or may not know of the superhero's secret identity. Often the **hero's personal relationships are complicated** by this dual life. A **number of enemies** that he/she fights repeatedly. A **headquarters** or base of operations, usually kept hidden from the general public. A **back story** that explains the circumstances by which the character acquired his or her abilities as well as his or her motivation for becoming a superhero. **Many superheroes work independently**. However, there are also **many superhero teams**.

(superhero meaning thanks to wikipedia)

Un **superhéroe** es un personaje de ficción cuyas características superan las del héroe clásico, generalmente con **poderes sobrehumanos**. Algunas de las características más típicas de los superhéroes son:

Tener **un origen o momento en el que se convierte en superhéroe**, ya sea por ser el momento en que obtuvo sus capacidades especiales o el momento del trauma que le obligó a ello. Poseer una o varias **capacidades especiales**. Su **lucha** desinteresada en defensa del inocente, ya sea combatiendo el crimen, catástrofes, invasiones extraterrestres, o cualquier otra amenaza, con frecuencia **al margen de la ley**. Tener una **identidad secreta**. Llevar un **llamativo uniforme, generalmente muy ajustado y de colores llamativos**, que suele ocultar su identidad secreta, a la vez que le identifica como superhéroe.

(descripción de superhéroe según wikipedia en castellano)

ZINE BSO/SOUNDTRACK

attention: BSO nostalgique avec des soupçons de tristesse.
warning: nostalgic soundtrack with sadness souvenirs.

- + *Underground* by Kimya Dawson
- + *You are my sister* by Antony and the Johnsons
- + *Padam Padam* par Edith Piaf
- + *Fire in the mountain* by Asha
- + *Take this Waltz* by Leonard Cohen
- + *Más de Cien Mentiras* de Joaquín Sabina
- + *Mediterráneo* de Joan Manuel Serrat
- + *Talking'bout a revolution* by Tracy Chapman
- + *Despite* by The Tiger Lillies
- + *Til the end of time* by DeVotchKa
- + *Blue Moon (Revisited)* by Cowboy Junkies
- + *King of Carrot Flowers* by Neutral Milk Hotel

- + tranny punk website: www.tranrypunk.com
- + gender galaxy article by Dylan Vade:
http://www.gseis.ucla.edu/courses/edlaw/lgbt_dvade.pdf

