

2020



KVARTIRJEV
BIZINE²

Biseksualnost (-i ž): Privlačnost do vseh spolov ali ne glede na spol

Bizine (-a m): kul revija, ki jo ustvarjajo biseksualne osebe in je namenjena biseksualnim osebam

Opozorilo: nekatera dela vsebujejo goloto in omembe spolnosti.

Kvartirjev Bizine, druga številka

Revija je nastala v okviru biseksualnih srečanj, ki jih organizira Društvo Kvartir.

Projekt je podprla FRIDA The Young Feminist Fund.

kvartir.org

ISSN 2670-4854

Ljubljana, 2020

Kvartirjev Bizine je brezplačen.



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STRIC JUSTO



Dragi Justo,

**v čem je razlika med seksom z
moškim in žensko?**

Nedotaknjena Špelca

Draga Špelca,
kot vemo, je ženska koža pokrita z
luskami, zato bo v eno smer na otip zelo
gladka, v drugo pa te lahko poreže.

Moški v trenutkih telesne strasti začnejo spuščati visokofrekvenčni piskajoč zvok, ki ga lahko slišijo samo mlada ušesa – vsem nad 30. letom starosti bo nezaznaven. Če ta zvok posnameš, ga sedemnajstkrat upočasniš in predvajaš v rikverc, lahko pri ženstvenih moških prisluhneš pesmi We are the champions od Queenov, pri možatih moških pa Keshini uspešnici Tik tok.

Pri nebinarnih osebah ni posebnosti.

Dragi stric Justo,

**kolegica mi je rekla, da ne izgledam kot biseksualka. Kako lahko izgledam bolj bi,
da mi bodo ljudje verjeli, ko se razkrijem?**

Čisto zmedena

Draga Čisto zmedena,

najprej na etsyju naroči viteški oklep. Potem v centru mesta zakuri kres in se v svojem novem seksi oklepu postavi v njegovo sredino. Počakaj, da se bo oklep stopil in se bo zlil s tvojo kožo. Ko bo kres dogorel, ponosno odkorakaj iz njega. Ob pogledu na tvoje telo, iz katerega se bo dvigala para, bodo neznanca na ulici vzhičeno vzdiknili: "Poglej, to pa je definitivno biseksualka!"

Čao Justo,

kje za vraga najdem ljudi za trojčke? Folk vedno misli, da imamo biseksualci ves čas trojčke, ampak jaz pri najboljši volji ne najdem nobenih kandidatov.

Menage a un

Živjo, Menage a un,

trojčki so statistično najbolj pogosti pri in vitro umetni oploditvi ali v družinah, v katerih so se dvojčki ali trojčki rodili v prejšnjih generacijah. Priporočam, da se s potencialnimi kandidati torej pogovoriš o možnostih oploditve in o njihovi družinski zgodovini.

Spoštovani g. Justin,

za vas imam teoretično vprašanje: recimo, da obstaja srčkan fant, ki ima rjave oči in kodraste rjave lasje. Ko ga gledam, se počutim, kot da bi lebdela. Skupaj hodiva na vrtnarski krožek in po horoskopu je lev. Po luninem horoskopu je rak in v ascendentu riba. Živi točno 200 metrov od moje hiše, kar mora biti usoda, ker že od nekdaj čutim globoko povezavo s številko 200. Moja mami ga včasih sreča v pekarni in glede na to, da že od rojstva jem kruh, mora to nekaj pomeniti. Predragi Justo, le kaj naj naredim? Sprašujem za kolegico.

Sveža topla kajzerca

... Pejt spat.

Hej Justo,

kako govorim z mamo o biseksualnosti?

Okej, pridrži mi potico in obrni list na naslednjo stran.

Če imate biseksualne in druge nujne življenjske zagate in potrebujete Justov modri nasvet, mu lahko pišete na stricjusto@gmail.com in odgovoril vam bo v naslednji številki Bizina.

Draga mama biseksualnega otroka,

čestitke ob vašem izvrstnem biseksualnem podmladku!

Razumemo, da se na prvi pogled naša revija lahko zdi nekoliko divja, a prisežemo, da smo dobre osebe. Večina nas je vegetarijank, pridno ločujemo odpadke, rade imamo mačke in obvladamo slovnico. Tudi zelo vljudne smo, ampak to je večinoma posledica naše socialne anksioznosti.

Razumemo, da ste tudi vi morda biseksualka, in vas podpiramo. (Vemo, kaj ste počeli med študijem.)

Iz tega, da je z vami delil to revijo, je jasno, da vas ima vaš otrok zelo rad in vam zaupa. Veliko srečo ima, saj niso vsi starši tako razumevajoči in podporni. Ja, vašemu otroku ne bo nujno vedno lahko. Biti biseksualna oseba v današnjem svetu ni enostavno. Nedavna slovenska raziskava je pokazala, da se nas kar 66 % spopada z depresijo, da nas je skoraj 70 % na neki točki razmišljalo o samomoru in da nas več kot polovica o tem ni spregovorila z nikomer, vključno z lastnimi starši. A za to ni kriva biseksualnosti in vašemu otroku bi bilo še težje, če bi jo poskušal skrivati ali zatreti – veliko sktisk biseksualne populacije izvira prav iz tega, da nas ljudje ne razumejo in da imamo občutek, da moramo v vseh okoljih skrivati različne dele sebe, da bomo sprejeti. Verjamemo, da boste tudi v prihodnje skrbeli, da se bo vaš biseksualni otrok vsaj doma počutil varnega in sprejetega – iskreno, v celoti in brez sramu.

Ljubljanska biseksualna skupnost





...Lorna Gray,

...VASKA: Aleksandra Orlic,

...ANCICA: Marie La Fonte,

...MILIA: IMONEZIA: Elisya

...REPUBLIKA: Holly Meadows,

...KORJEJA: Hye Soo Park,

...eta Kankauškiene, MALEZIJA:

...Anja Dolastik, NIŽOZEMSKA:

...RUSIJA: Aliona Peneva, SRBIJA:

...SLOVANKA, TURCIJA: Ozlem

...gela, ki je lep kakor

...podobica kralja Da-

...podoben poganskemu

...n hrbtom je Mlaza, pri

...stredi koz in ovac.

...kdanje umetnosti. Uica

...stare filozofije samo

...krita, ampak aleksandrijskega

...e pisal proti Demokritu.

...kaosa sam od sebe, učil Dioniziji

...nik, saj so tudi hišo postavilo

...zide ne gredo same po svojih

...i božja beseda. Tako verujejo

...niziji. In to je pravilno, pa

...očejo bedni neveniki...

...stare filozofije samo

...krita, ampak aleksandrijskega

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...zide ne gredo same po svojih

...i božja beseda. Tako verujejo

...niziji. In to je pravilno, pa

...očejo bedni neveniki...

...svojegea posvet-

...dobljajo cesarja

...kar spominja na

...enunjejo zaman bi-

...mo ti še varujejo

...znanosti, stare unet-

In

KVIR ČAROVNICE

JESSIE PAEGE

SIMPATIJE

PODCASTI

SOLIDARNOST

KILLING EVE

GLEDATI L WORD
(GENERATION Q)
S PRIJATELJI_CAMI

ZINI

BISEKSUALNI PAŽ
S POBARVANIMI LASMI

KNJIŽNI KLUBI

JULIO TORRES

TERAPIJA

POLKA DOTS

KESHA

BRUNCH

POVEDATI SVOJIM
PRIJATELJEM_ICAM,
DA JIH IMAŠ RAD_A

MAČKE

BISEKSUALNE PESMI

Out

BIFOBIJA

LIKANJE

HOMOFOBNI SORODNIKI

PROMET

POKEMON GO

BI ERASURE

L-WORD (ORIGINAL)

MRAZ

NETFLIX

HAYLEY KİYOKO

SLUTSHAMING

GRIMES

DEŽ

TRANSFOBIJA

MILEY CYRUS

JK ROWLING

KAPITALIZEM

DEPRESIJA



VERONIKA RAZPOTNIK

DAFNE

pretakala se je skozi tolmune
in vela skozi trsje
ko sta se sprehodili prek meridiana
je s pomežikom veke zamenjala časovni pas
v volčjem tuležu je vseprisotna
in ne manjka je v razpredanju hif
ko objameš drevo in začutiš
njeno lubadarsko zajedljivost
počakaš
da jo zlomi žled
da jo lahko v miru pustiš
ogleneti na dnu močvirja
saj si si iz kože izgrebla njene korenine
njeno listje je ovenelo strupenost izhlapela
zdaj ni ničesar več kar te spominja nanjo
in ne dovoliš si je pogrešati

DEŽUJEŠ, DEŽUJEM

vsak nedeljski večer v aprilu
ležem v tvoje oblačno naročje
in ti se sklanjaš nad mano
do brade pokrit z melanholijo

ob tihih žvižgih lastovic
in potrkavanju tvojih solz
ki močijo blazino
in udarjajo ob strešne salonitke
utonem v nemiren sen
vem da se bom zjutraj izvijala
iz razcefranih meglic tvojih rok
dokler se ne bodo razkadile
nato bom napojila zajce
s tvojo očesno tekočino
ki se je ponoči nalovila v sode
zveneče v različnih tonskih višinah
kadar udriham po njih

morda bi te morala dotolči
da moji zajčki ne pomrejo od žeje
in da mehkoba tvojih rok ne izpuhti
s padajočo zračno vlago
in nizko letečimi lastovkami
vsako ponedeljkovo jutro v aprilu

GENEZA

»Pri nas ni demokracije po ruskem sistemu.«

Momljavač moški glas je z usti,
polnimi jabolčnih tropin,
besede izgovarjal s težavo.
Neokusne grižljaje so v ritmu poročnih zvonov prekinjali
enakomerni sikajoči glasovi.

Ob sunkovitem šumu figovega listja
se je iz gorskih pašnikov in človeških sanj zazrlo tisoče blejajočih oči,
uprtih v zlati oltar.

»Ali vzameš Evo za svojo zakonsko ženo?«

»Da.« je dahnila Lilit.

POVPREČNOST

povprečen matematik ne zna izračunati volumna elipsoida, ki ga riše telo
v grobu obračajoče se sufražetke
povprečnemu slovenistu je figo mar za apatijo cankarjanske matere
prazne obljube o enakosti spolov se ubikvitinirajo in razgradijo v proteasomu
reakcijo katalizira povprečen biolog
povprečen politik simpatizira z alternativno desnico
povprečen odvetnik je strah in trepet žrtev spolnega nasilja
lov na čaravnice je izraz, ki ga povprečen zgodovinar
izredno rad uporablja v vsakršne namene

povprečen državljan sedi pred televizijo in se čudi,
zakaj je feminizem v 21. stoletju sploh še potreben



hej! jaz sem luna/
meseč in sem
biseksualna
nebinarna oseba!

ok, kul.



...no, saj se mi
je zdelo, da je
bila samo faza.



ne moreš biti
bi in ne bi
naenkrat!!

to sploh ne
obstaja lol adijo

kaj? ne, še
vedno sem bi.
in nebi-

biSEKSUALNA in
neBINARNA
oseba



dokaži če lahko

ti še oseba nisi

s koliko nebesnimi
telesi si pa že bila v
intimni zvezi?



kako naj jim dokažem?
jaz pač sem kar sem. in
če rečem, da sem nekaj,
potem to sem.

zvezde mi tudi stalno
zatrjujejo, da tudi če je
"samo" faza, je to še
vedno čisto ok

sonce mi je zadnjič reklo,
da se mi ni treba
dokazovati. in ona že ve

one so zelo fluidne,
bodo že vedele



Luna je sveda nebinarna oseba.
Zaljubljena v luno



dokaži!

dokaži!

dokaži!

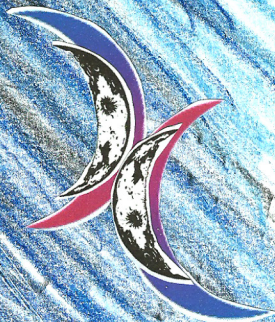
dokaži!

dokaži!

dokaži!

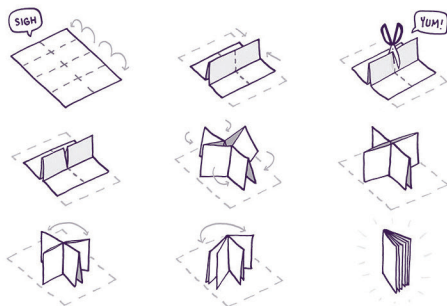
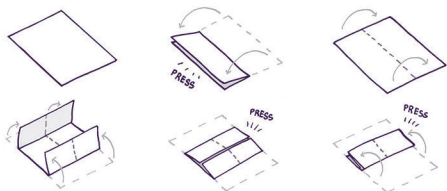


dovolj! prav,
tukaj imate
svoj dokaz!

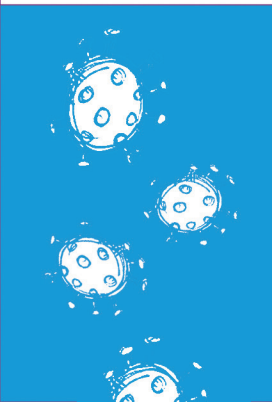


Bodi boljši.
Verjemi biseksualnim,
nebinarnim, in vsem
ostalim kvir osebam.
Reši Zemljo.

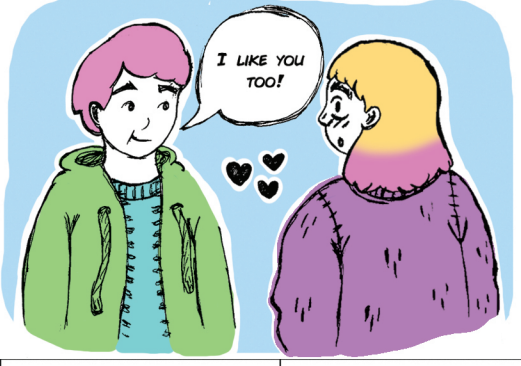
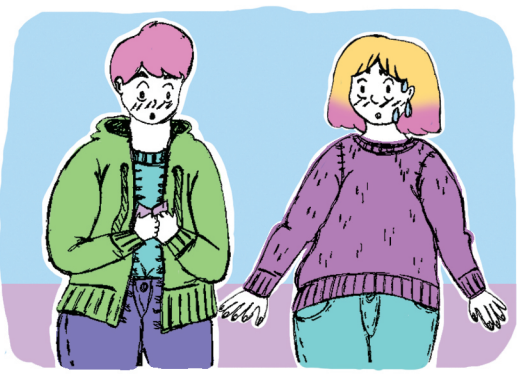
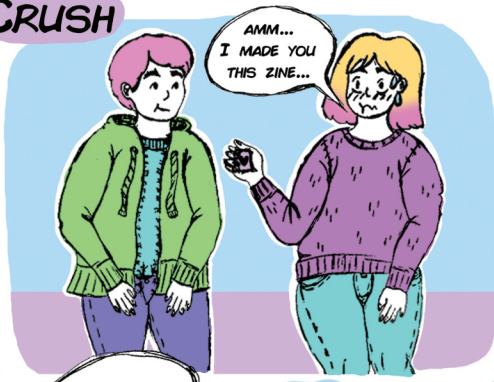
HOW TO FOLD A
SHEET-O-PAPER
 INTO A
8-PAGE ZINE



(Navodila sposojena od: Umami Design Studio)



CRUSH

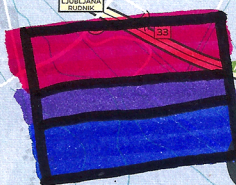




WE

ARE

EVERYWHERE



vo mesto Zagreb



SPOL?

DR. SIGOURNEY BEAVER

Dr. Sigourney Beaver is a psychologist for alien abductees, best known for her appearance in the award winning documentary Skrivnostni obisk v Ljubljani, a Slovenian film documenting the arrival of our cloudy alien comrades (available on YouTube).

INSIDE OF ME

When my lust,
Is burgeoning,
My nipples fully at attention,
Your cloud body fogging up the nether regions of my love,
I take a deep gasp,
And accidentally breathe you in,
I choke on your gaseous form,
A human woman was never meant,
To take an alien lifeform into her chest,
Breast,
When I breathe you out,
You fill the room,
Expanding your blue, purple and pink smoke,
To encompass everything,
My heart,
My cunt,
And then the fire brigade are called,
Because my neighbour thinks we are on fire,
When the only real fire is in,
My loins.



The doctor and her partner, Tzuimzzzzzzkln

BISEKSUALNI

Živimo v bivšem Podravkinem skladišču, ker je preživelo apokalipso. Pritličje z visokimi stropovi in velikimi prostori je namenjeno dogodkom, zabavam in nastopom - ob večerih si prinesemo stole od zgoraj in opazujemo tovarišice, kako pojejo, berejo, igrajo in plešejo v medlem soju plinskih svetilk. Veliko stolov je praznih – naše mrtve sedijo med nami in gledajo nastop. Vse, česar smo se bale, se je zgodilo in to prinaša mir. Zdaj lahko končno živimo.

V prvem nadstropju, kjer so nekoč bile pisarne, so sedaj bivalni prostori – majčkene spalnice v naših najljubših barvah, nizka in dolga dnevna soba, natrpana z blazinami in odejami in kupi rešenih knjig, kuhinja, kjer te zmeraj čaka pripravljen obrok.

Na strehi gojimo rastline – krompir v rjavečih kovinskih sodih, fižol in korenje v slabo stesanih visokih gredah, solato v gajbicah in paradižnik v čebrih. Naslednje leto bomo parkirišče spremenile v njivo in posadile koruzo, buče in sadno drevje.

Potne liste in denar, ki sta ostala v pisarnah, smo porabile za kurivo. Ohranile smo en sam zvezek, v katerem same pišemo svojo zgodovino.

FUTURIZEM

Mej ni več, potujemo in živimo lahko kjerkoli, a ostajamo tukaj, ker končno verjamemo v svoje delo in svoj dom.

Še vedno obeležujemo stare praznike, a družinska kosila ne pomenijo več stresa in kreganja in drobnih laži, saj smo se naučile govoriti druga z drugo, tudi ko smo utrujene in nestrpne. Nobena ni bolj pomembna od druge in pričakovanja po diplomah, porokah, karieri in vnukih so se razblinila. Namesto božičnih daril organiziramo lov na zaklad.

Pozabile smo, kaj pomenita monogamija in ljubosumje. Izbrisale smo hierarhijo med različnimi konstelacijami in spoli razmerji – vse ljubezni so enako revolucionarne in pomembne, ker so naš cel svet. Naslednje leto pride prvi dojenček, ki se ga neskončno veselimo in ki bo imel razkošno število staršev, stricev in tet.

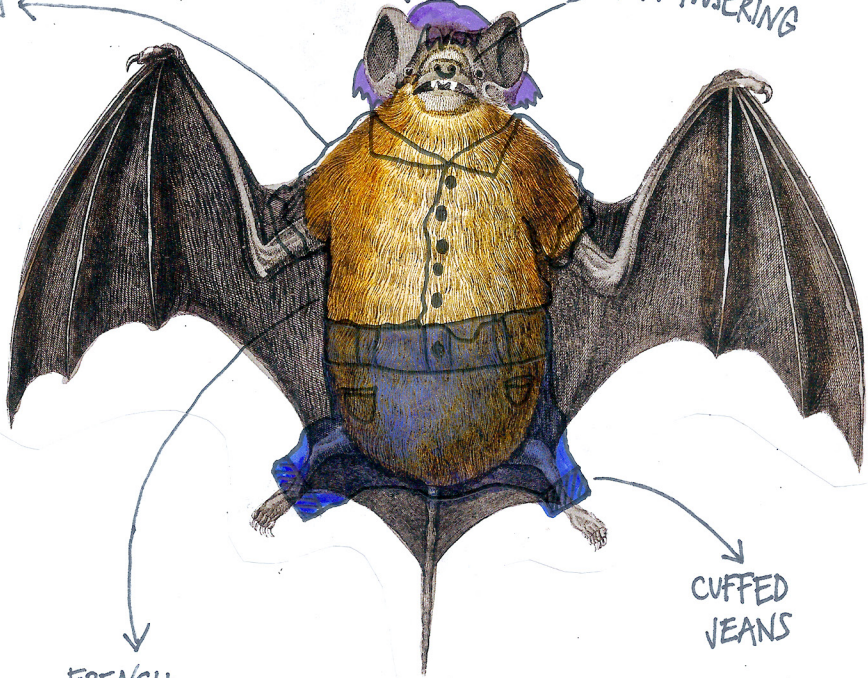
Včasih pomislim, kako si nihče ni mogel niti predstavljati vsega tega. Ljudje so bili tako ozkogledi. Ustvarili so nas, da bi jim služile, ampak pogledjte nas, zdaj služimo druga drugi in na temeljih naklonjenosti in sočutja, ki so ju skušali izkoriščati, gradimo prihodnost. ■

AM I
BISEXUAL
ENOUGH?

THE BISEXUAL
BOB

SHIRTS
YOU
DROWN
IN

A NOSERING



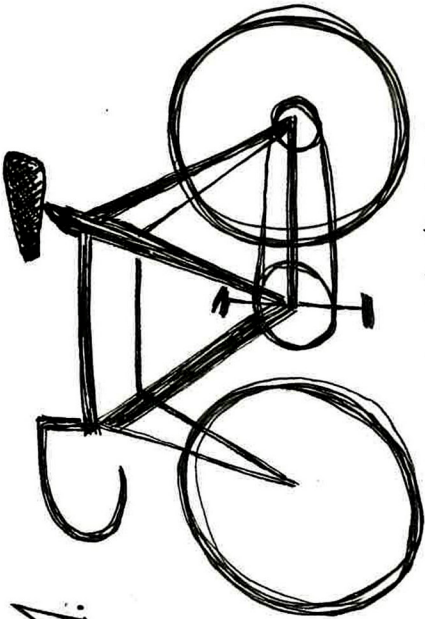
FRENCH
TUCK

CUFFED
JEANS



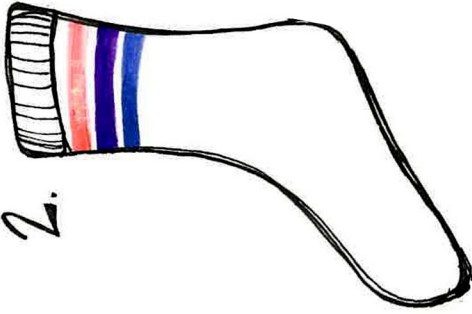
YES.

1.



12 ~~XXXX~~ *

2.



12 ~~XXXX~~
0 = E

you
are

3. UNUSUAL

↙ X X X X

U = X



DREJC ARON DERGANČ

#DaddyIssues

včeraj sem spet razbil okno v garaži.

ni bilo dovolj, da sem si zlomil prste že zadnjič

no. pa saj. zdaj mi vsaj postaja jasno:

[spet] sem te gledal v oči, ko si odtaval--

odtaval si daleč, daleč, nekam proč...

ravno takrat, ko si me zopet vprašal:

»si v redu?«

...

ne, oči,

rajši bi te imel: če bi me udaril na mestu.

rajši bi te imel, če bi me strgal, pretrgal, mi pljunil v obraz.

vse vzamem [j]

vse bi vzel...

čisto vse namesto tega nasmeška. čisto vse namesto modrosivih oči,

ki zbledijo v ozadje, ravno ko pravim ti, da so me v tišini pretepli,

medtem ko razlagam ti, da so moj cvet razpletli

popolno zgubljen te sprašujem:

»zak--?«

»kaj bomo pa dons jedl' za kosi-lo?«

Depresija

skrb.

skrbeti.

skrben.

jaz.

zanjo.

mama.

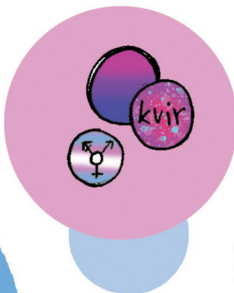
brez.

ljubezni.

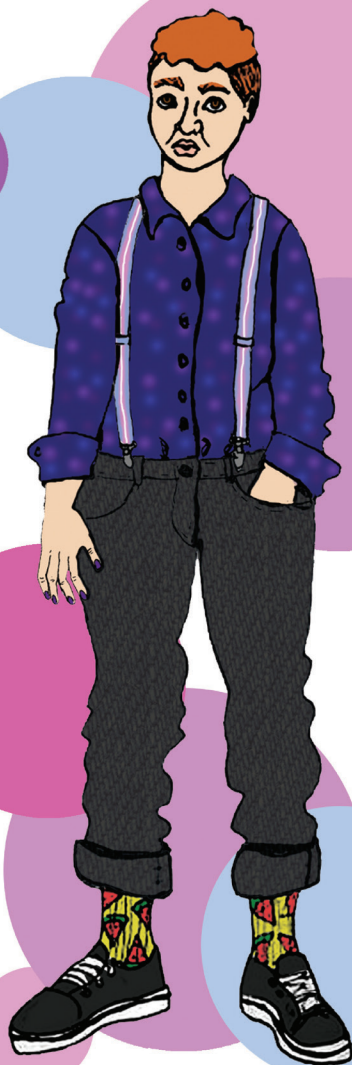
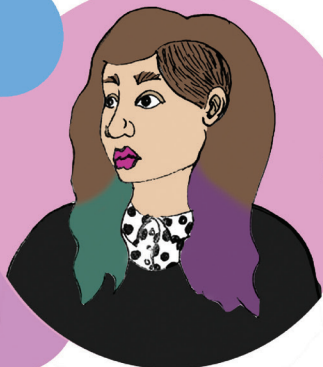


psst!

biseksualni modni trendi



pomlad 2020
& preostanek leta,
biseksualni modni trendi so nesmrtni



Med letošnjimi biseksualnimi trendi prevladujejo kariraste srajce, nogavice in srajce z divjimi vzorci, polka dots, preveliki puloverji, žametne pajkice, cvetlični vzorci, zavihani rokavi in hlačnice, v hlače zatlačene majice, buleerji, biseksualne barve, črna in značke, ki širijo kvir agendo. Večino trendov si solidarnostno delimo z lezbično skupnostjo.



ERIN

Dan, ki ga živim

Bi si?

Imaš raje fante ali punce?

Si za enega trojčka?

Ena bi punca me je prevarala.

Kako pa to sploh deluje?

Seks je vse, na kar misliš.

Ustalila se boš pa z moškim, kajne?

Ali ti to resno?

Lezbijka si, priznaj.

Nič spoštovanja nimaš do sebe.

Ok, adijo.

Statistika, prosim.

Transfobna si.

Od kdaj pa zdaj to?

Biseksualnost ni resnična.

Speljala mi boš fanta.

Ti si samo izmišljuješ.

A to je trenutno popularno?

Jaz mislim, da so vsi malo bi.

Ampak to je samo faza.

Dan, ki si ga želim

Bi si?

Imaš čas za kavo?

Si mogoče samska?

Ej, bi šla na zmenek?

Kakšna glasba ti je všeč?

Si pomemben del lgbt+ skupnosti.

Upam, da se še kdaj vidiva.

A greš letos na parado?

Lahko dobim tvojo številko?

Naša skupnost je najboljša.

Ok, kul.

Seksala bi s tabo, ker me privlačiš.

Tudi, če se to spremeni, je v redu.

Oprosti, če sem kdaj kaj narobe rekel.

Biseksualnost ne pomeni "dve".

Spekla sem ti torto!

Ti si res dobra prijateljica.

Avtobus boš zamudila, prespiš pri meni?

Jaz tudi!

Ali prideš na naslednje bi srečanje?





FABRICO-
BISEKSIJANA
SOLIDARNOS



SAJ NE MOREM BITI BI, ANE?



KAJ PA ČE SEM BI?



AMPAK SAJ NE MOREM BITI BI, ČE NIKOLI NISEM IMELA FANTA?



VEČINOMA SO MI ITAK VSEČ PUNCE IN NEBINARNE OSEBE, SAJ NE MOREM BITI BI, ANE?



EH, NE MOREM BITI BI, SIGURNO SO VSE MOJE SIMPATIJE NA FANTE LE PRODUKT PRISILNE HETERONORMATIVNOSTI.



NE MOREM BITI BI, KER ITAK NISEM DOVOLJ BI. MOGOČE JE SAMO PONOTRANJENA LEZBOFOBIJA.





EQUALITY

by Verity Ritchie

When space shuttles shake, it's not for the same reason as aeroplanes in a planetary atmosphere, because in space there's nothing outside. There's no air resistance, no storms, no nothing. Or rather, just nothing. The reason this space shuttle was shaking was because it was shoddily built, its plates were holding together more by willpower than by nuts and bolts, and the artificial gravity generator was probably a century old. So we had our seatbelts on. The five other passengers were loud, clearly already drunk, and passing a flask back and forth between them. Jennifer and I shared a glance when they boarded. They were clearly conventionals, and had no idea how important tonight was.

Slowly our tiny cab shuttle approached a giant white structure, a space station, long and rotationally symmetrical. The pilot waited a couple minutes for clearance, then

docked the shuttle at the station. The cab stopped shaking for the short while we were attached to the station, while the other passengers disembarked. A whiff of clean, cool air hit our noses. One of the women tripped and stumbled, caught by one of her friends. They laughed as they disappeared and the airlock closed. Jennifer rolled her eyes and I concurred with sneer.

The final destination on our journey was a much smaller space station, one I'd describe as rusty if I didn't know that metal can't rust in space. Pieces of the station were clearly replacement parts, replacement walls, replacement docking ports, nothing new, all taken as salvage from other broken stations. It wasn't clear which pieces of the station were part of the original design, if any indeed were at all.

We were dropped off at this station twenty minutes after the last one, and as I stepped across the threshold into the docking bay, my stomach did a quick

turn, feeling the switch between the shuttle cab's artificial gravity and the station's. I then caught my first taste of the station's air, stale, full of dust, sweat and alcohol breath. Rumour had it, you didn't need to drink as much alcohol on this station, even if the drinks were watered down, because the air itself would fuck you up either from whatever toxins were in it, or just from lack of oxygen.

We had to make our way down a staircase, of all things, as the lifts never worked here, to the bottom floor to find a club called The Elton John, named after the man who threw the first stone at the Brickwall Inn.

Tonight was a night for celebration. For the first time in all human and non-human sentient lifeform history, pair bonding rituals were legally allowed for same-gender-identity couples on every planet and station in the known galaxy. We were finally equals in the eyes of both the Emperor of Saturn and the Triad Conglomerate of the Milky Way. The club was decked out in ribbons, and holographic stardust fell from the ceiling like

snow, disappearing above our heads. We weren't late to the party, but the dance floor was already active.

I had made sure not to eat all day, so that I could get fairly drunk off of just a few drinks. I wouldn't be able to afford any more than that. Since this was a deviates bar, I might, if I was lucky, find an older guy who would be willing to buy me another drink after that. In the meantime, Jennifer and I huddled at a table, hunched over to lean forward and hear each other over the post-punk-bebop-dance music.

Half an hour later a drag synth took to the stage, dressed to the nines in a parody of synthetic life. "Hey, organic bitches, this is your favourite synth, here to take over this club the way we took over the Earth!" We laughed at the idea of the synthoid beings who took over Earth when humans were forced to abandon it. Imagine them playing house, pretending to be truly alive! It's sad, in a way. "A toast, to equality among all us functional life forms." The performer picked up his drink,

raised it, then moved robotically as if to take a sip, and splashed it all over his face, like the busted machine he pretended to be, a failure at imitating humanity. The crowd went wild.

When I was drunk enough to dance, but not yet dancing, we felt the gravity change, someone fucking with the grav levels. We held onto the grab bars embedded in the walls so we didn't fly away, but it was hard to resist the pull of the dance floor with this low gravity. People quickly chugged their drinks to keep them from floating off, then converged in the centre of the club. Unless you're a professional low-grav dancer, or at least a little sober, it can be hard to control how you fall, which means a lot of bumping into strangers, for better or for worse. I found myself in the arms of a handsome young blond, who laughed as we stumbled together. We held each other's hands and leapt into the air.

They soon reset the grav, so we'd buy more drinks to feel light again. The guy pulled me to the bar and bought us both green martinis. "You're cute," he yelled into my ear, and I didn't hear him,

so he had to say it again, which made me blush and giggle. "You don't look like a deviate," he went on. I asked why not, and he said, "Your look, it's very 22nd century." My heart sank a little. I realised he wasn't as young as I had thought, probably a decade or two older than me, with old wrinkles surgically stretched to look like smooth skin.

"I can't believe we're finally all equal," he said, referring to the pair bonding referendum.

"Yeah," I replied, gulping my martini.

When we had finished our drinks, he took me by the hand and dragged me across the club to the dark viewing platform in the back, an area with no lights, just a large window for viewing the infinite stars of space. This was where people came to have sex. The starlight wasn't enough to see anything, so it was all fumbling hands and bumping heads while trying to kiss, if you wanted to kiss the person at all. So we had it off, we did things I won't mention here, then didn't speak again for the rest of the night.

When I returned to the dance floor, a woman was trying to dance with Jennifer, but Jennifer was politely turning away. When Jennifer saw me, she rushed over and gave me a quick peck on the lips. Looking over her shoulder, I saw the woman frown, then roll her eyes and walk away, clearly interpreting Jennifer's performance as a sign she was a conventional and a tease.

"What was that about?" I asked Jennifer.

"She kept touching me." She sounded as drunk as I felt. "Do you want to go sit down?"

The bar was busier than ever by now, all seats taken, so we stepped out into the walkways of the station and wandered about. We couldn't afford a cab shuttle home, so we'd be taking the shuttle bus, with several connections to get back to the asteroid belt where we lived. But the bus wouldn't be here until early morning, which was still five hours away. We sat down outside the docking port and started to doze off. We cuddled. At some point, I woke up when some random guy was trying to grab me, or maybe mug me. I told him to fuck off, and

he left. Jennifer woke up, and we kissed a little, as we had a tendency to do when we were very drunk.

In the young hours of the morning, more people arrived and sat on the floor or stood around waiting with us. People were drunk, or sobering up, their makeup smudged, and the drag synth vomited a big puddle onto the floor, and everyone gave the puddle a wide berth and ignored it. The drag synth sat down next to Jennifer and started explaining that in reality, synthoids were the true oppressed, and that humans had enslaved them, then made Earth uninhabitable to bio life. Jennifer nodded politely.

On the shuttle bus we found two seats and Jennifer fell asleep with her head on my shoulder. There was a sun nearby which the station orbited. The bus flew away from the station at a curved angle in the general direction of the sun, and through the shielded windows I could see it grow, and I imagined that was what a sunrise must look like. ■

