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Pre-transcript introduction

Queer Out Here

[Queer Out Here](#) is an audio zine that explores the outdoors from queer perspectives. We bring together stories and soundscapes from around the world to hear how queerness intersects with and influences people's experiences of outdoor spaces and activities. You can read more about the zine on the Queer Out Here website: <https://www.queeroutherere.com>.

Issue 03 link

If you've somehow stumbled across this transcript and want to find the audio file, it's available here: <https://www.queeroutherere.com/listen/issue-03>

Content notes

The pieces in Queer Out Here talk about many things related to being queer and the outdoors. This issue contains swearing, queerphobia (mostly homophobia and transphobia), mentions of drinking and physical violence, risky activities and environments, mention of misogyny/sexism including passing reference to sexual harassment, dead animals, sensual encounters (not explicit). If you have specific anxieties or triggers, check this transcript or ask a trusted friend to listen and give you feedback.

Transcript

Opener - various contributors - 0:00:00

[Water trickling in a small stream, small birds tweeting, a bike passing swiftly on a sealed road]

Narinda: I tell my mother I will be sleeping under the stars.

[Bike spinning, guitar music begins to fades in, birds keep singing]

Jenny: I feel like I should be scared of these things, but because they're so new, I'm just kind of not.

Jonathan: [singing] When I go back -

Susannah: I just feel like trees are very disorienting.

[Camera focus and shutter]

Susannah: I don't know if I go into them how I will get out.

Jonathan: [singing] The houses are smaller -

Jonathon: Can hear this whole thing of ice about to crack - woo!

Jonathan: [singing] The streets are wider -

Kaj: I would never move back to the place I grew up.

[Bikes pass by, the barking of dogs begins to fade in]

Jonathan: [singing, fading out] And the trees by the river are taller

Penelope: As a queer woman I wasn't welcome.

Mags: Blue tits, great tits.

Jade: Caricatures of small dogs.

[Clip-clopping of horses on sealed road fades in, birds continue to sing]

Johnnie: And the smell of the desert in the spring is one of the most incredible smells.

Pablo: The aspens stand as witness to this queer gathering.

[Horses and birds fade out, leaving the sound of water in a small stream]

Introduction - Jonathan and Allysse - 0:00:47

[Sound of water in a small stream plays beneath the introduction]

Jonathan: This is Queer Out Here, an audio zine that explores the outdoors from queer perspectives. I'm Jonathan -

Allysse: - and I'm Allysse. Welcome to Issue 03. This is a varied issue, with some pieces focussed very much on queer identity and some pieces much more about nature. You'll hear poetry, conversations, music, prose, diaries and field recordings from around Europe, Australia, Canada and the USA.

Jonathan: A bit of housekeeping, as usual, before we jump in. The pieces in Queer Out Here talk about many things related to being queer and the outdoors. If you have specific concerns about content, you can check the full transcript (available at queerouther.com) or ask a trusted friend to listen and give you feedback. This issue includes: swearing; homophobia and transphobia (including homophobic slurs); misogyny and sexism (including reference to harassment); dead animals; physically risky outdoors activities; drinking and physical violence; and non-explicit sensual encounters. More details are available in the show notes on the website.

Allysse: Also on our website, you can find amazing cover art for this issue by Dev Moore, along with creator statements, short biographies and contact details for our contributors. Now it's time to take your ears adventuring.

Both: Let's get queer out here!

Sweeper - Anna, Jessica, Dan, Jonathan - 0:02:02

Anna: I'm Anna.

Dan: I'm Dan.

Jonathan: I'm Jonathan.

Jessica: I'm Jessica.

Anna: We are on Horsenden Hill, near Perivale in London.

[Sound of twittering birds]

Anna: We are queer out here!

[Everyone laughs]

Link - 0:02:19

Allysse: Our first piece is “adventure”, a poem by Narinda Heng. We’ve chosen this piece to start because Narinda explores different meanings of what we call adventure, or choosing to go back to basics. For someone who has spent much of their life finding a way out of a situation where rough and ready isn’t a choice, it’s not called adventure, it’s just called living. Here’s Narinda introducing her piece, which was recorded on ancestral Chochenyo Ohlone lands.

Adventure - Narinda Heng - 0:02:44

Narinda: Hello, my name is Narinda Heng. Since 2012, I’ve put together annual collections of poetry and writing as a way to process the year and to share with people. Today I’m sharing a poem from my 2015 collection, called “from somewhere along the way”. That year, I was just beginning to embark on work as an outdoor educator, and reflecting on what that meant to me as a child of Khmer refugees. I’m constantly ruminating on what it means to work in the outdoors and participate in it in these particular ways, and the contradictions that exist there. If you relate to these thoughts, I’d love to hear from you. You can find me at longcoolhallway.com

This poem is called “adventure”.

I tell my mother I will be
sleeping under the stars
and carrying everything I need
on my back as I travel
through forested mountains

she blinks at me.

Having slept beneath
a thin thatched roof
both stars and rain
passed through,

having walked for miles
with rations slimmer than anything
I could imagine,

having built cookfires
morning, noon, and night
for years of her life,

having worked decades
for a plot of land
on which stands
an insulated house
with a sturdy roof

and a shiny kitchen,

she wonders how
she can have a daughter
who has all these things
at her fingertips
and instead of holding on,
looks for ways to recreate
a dilute, make-believe
version of those old hardships

she is breathlessly incredulous
at how people in this wealthy country
invent ways to subject
themselves to suffering

and I don't quite know
how to explain it either
except that it feels good

to learn these things
about survival, however
contrived the experience

to step away from the
inescapable artificialities
of modern reality

to embrace for a time
cycles of waking and sleep
more attuned to the sun and
moon than to money

and when I return
to the world of electricity on demand
and water through faucets
and the ability to talk to
everyone and no one all at once

I have a better understanding
of the benefits
and the costs

I tell her that
I never forget
that I could not do these things
if not for all she's done
to give me the ability

and the permission.

Thank you for listening. Again, this was “adventure” from my 2015 collection, “from somewhere along the way”. This is Narinda. All the best.

Link - 0:05:24

Jonathan: Thanks, Narinda. Our next piece is the first of four installments of Julia Freeman’s “The Road to Hell.” Julia recorded these audio diaries for us as she went on a very long bike ride through Northern Europe. We’ve placed her diary entries throughout the issue - and they’ll also help mark the breaks between each section, places where you might want to pause for your own little intermission.

Go to Hell (The Road to Hell 1) - Julia Freeman - 0:05:44

[Bicycle whirring]

Julia: Hell. As long as humans have had words, there seems to’ve been this concept of a heaven and a hell. And as long as there’s been the concept of a hell, people have been telling others to go there, or threatening that people are going to end up there if they don’t do certain things.

“Go to hell!” people yell.

Many of us in the LGBTQA community will have at some point been told by somebody, “If you don’t go straight you’re gonna burn in hell.” I had that with one guy. “If you don’t go straight you’re gonna go to hell.” “What’s in hell?” “People like you.” “What’s in heaven?” “People like me.” I think you need to work on your sales pitch.

But whilst hell, H-E-double-L, in the English language generally conjures the image of sulphur and brimstone and banished souls and things - or possibly Slough - there is on the Earth places called Hell. There’s one in Michigan in North America. There’s a village just outside Trondheim in Norway that’s called Hell. And I believe there’s one in Poland, which is on Route 666 of the local bus network.

And so, when I discovered that there’s a Hell in Norway, one, one night when the insomnia was bad I noticed that from my home it was only two thousand kilometres away. And then when I’d had a good night’s sleep and realised that was a silly idea, I realised it was only fifteen hundred kilometres from Hamburg.

So I got a train to Hamburg with my bike. And on Friday, which is four days ago, I started riding north. Through Germany, then Denmark, and I’m now somewhere in Sweden. Because the same way many in many minority groups have reclaimed things that were otherwise insults, I want to reclaim going to Hell.

I’m Julia, I’m a dyke on a bike, and I’m going to Hell.

[Bicycle whirring]

Link - 0:08:28

Allysse: The first main section of this issue is based around the theme of growing up. The three pieces all speak to the experiences of being a queer child or teenager, and how the homophobia and transphobia surrounding us during those formative years can have an ongoing effect on how we relate to ourselves, to other people and to our surroundings.

I'll introduce the pieces now, then you'll hear them one after another.

First is Kaj Jensen's "The Nature of Queerness", a conversation between Kaj and Susannah, who grew up in very different places - Kaj 20 miles from the nearest town and Susannah in New York City. Their conversation was recorded on the land that is currently called Sauvie Island, which, along with the broader Portland area, was illegally taken from the Multnomah tribe of the Chinook Indians.

Next is "Home", a song by Jonathan about the beauty and bigotry he experienced growing up in the bush in Australia. His song was recorded on stolen Wurundjeri country in so-called Melbourne, Australia. He pays respect to Wurundjeri and Kulin Elders past and present - and we acknowledge the sovereignty of all Indigenous and First Nations people listening.

Finally, in her prose and poetry piece "Half Moon Lake", Penelope Foreman shows how her experiences of coming of age distanced her from the landscapes and hidden places of her childhood.

The Nature of Queerness - Kaj Jensen - 0:09:49

Kaj: My friend Susannah and I are going for a walk on the Wapato Greenway Loop on Sauvie Island, outside of Portland, Oregon. We grew up in quite different places. My name is Kaj Jensen and I grew up on a beef cattle in rural Illinois. And Susannah grew up in New York City, um, they were born and raised there. And we wanted to invite you along for our conversation.

[Birds, then sound of footsteps as Kaj and Susannah walk and talk]

Susannah: I like, like I said, like, I don't like the trees because they're all in gangs here. Like if we were to go walk out there, like, we'd be completely surrounded by this gang of trees that knows each other and they have game plans. And I like it when the trees are in the sidewalk and they have a little square. And sometimes they spread their roots, and they're like, I mean they, they try to show their muscle, but . . .

Kaj: [laughs] I just don't understand trees as a menacing force. Like that's, like, I had a tree - like it was like my, it was almost, like I thought of it almost like a pet - when I was a kid. And I, like, spent hours and hours and hours in . . . like, nearly daily -

Susannah: Was it isolated?

Kaj: No! It was in a, like, patch of trees, kind of like this. And I would put my cat, Ghost, up there, and then I would climb up there, and I hooked up like a pulley system with a bucket, so I could haul up a book to read, and my journal and snacks. And I just hung out in this, there was like this perfect branch that had this, like, Y shape that I could just kind of like sit in. And I'd hang out there for hours all the time.

Susannah: I just feel like trees are very disorienting, is part of it.

Kaj: Disorienting how?

Susannah: In that they have no, no, um, reason to them. I don't know if I go into them how I will get out. Ah -

Kaj: [Laughs] The same way you got in!

Susannah: But how will I know what that is?

Kaj: Uh, coz you know where . . . Like, do you not have a kind of internal compass, or like a sense of direction?

Susannah: I do.

Kaj: So, like, w-?

Susannah: But all the trees look the same. And like, I mean, my internal compass works extremely well in, in cities, in general. You know how like it gets all like close in as you're going out to the coast, and like it starts to feel like dark, because the trees are really big and all this like moss hanging off everything, and . . . ? It's creepy A F! And I don't like it [laughs] and it starts to make me feel very uncomfortable.

Kaj: I have a very positive association with the n-, natural world. And it feels very closely related to my queerness in some ways. And I think it's interesting that you have a very different relationship-slash-experience to . . .

[Faint voices of other people]

Susannah: Well, what is interesting to me is that it seems like what you're saying is that, like, being in touch with nature helped you to find, sort of, your true nature.

Kaj: Yeah.

Susannah: Well, that's sort of happening for me now, is like I feel more call to be doing nature things, even though they make me wildly uncomfortable. But it's - and I don't really get it, the whole like, like, what do you do? Like, what are we doing here? Like, this is fine because I'm talking to you and like I can just look at things but it's not like I have to be here and completely . . . or like, you know, I don't know what to, I don't know what it is, to do! Yeah, I grew up in the city. My hanging out in nature and observing wildlife was sitting on my stoop and watching people walk by and all the different behaviours and languages and catcalls. And, ah, yeah, I mean it was wild, but

it wasn't, you know. I mean, we didn't, like you, even the park doesn't feel like nature. I mean, I, I went to sleep with lion roars because the par-, the zoo was across the street from our house! Um, so I don't - but they were in a cage. Um. Sometimes the trees would be heavy with crows. Like, yeah, animals and nature in the city is not easy to seek.

[Bird cheeps]

Kaj: I feel like there's, at least in the communities that I'm involved with and have been around, there is very strongly a sense that nature is good and getting outside is good for you, and it's a kind of self care, and it's important to do to take care of yourself: go be outside. You know, it doesn't have to be the woods, right? Like, you can go and be outside in a park or something. I'm just thinking about, like, the cultural messages, that "city bad, nature good" - those kinds of messages make me feel like, well obviously the way that I feel about nature is the, quote-unquote "right" way.

Susannah: Mmm

Kaj: But . . . so I've been thinking about from, like, if you were to be like, "Why would you spend time in nature? Obviously the thing that's good for you and nourishing and, like, regenerative is to be in, surrounded by people and concrete all the time!" [Laughter] That sounds awful to me! I don't want anything to do with that. I think I would just tell you that you're wrong, and, and, like I, I don't know that I would even really give it a shot. . . I dunno, does that make any sense?

Susannah: Mmm hmm.

Susannah: How long have we been walking? Like an hour and change, right.

Kaj: Yeah.

Susannah: So do you feel any different?

Kaj: Yeah!

Susannah: How do you feel?

Kaj: I feel . . . deeply relaxed. The sense of anxiety, of I'm meant to be doing something, I'm not doing something that I should be doing, I'm doing something wrong - kind of stories that happen for me in the city don't happen - I don't have that, like, tension in my body, like, in my shoulders. In the way that I think that I almost always do walking around in the city. I feel much more clear headed, I guess. How about you? Do you feel any different?

Susannah: I'm trying to evaluate that. I feel, um. I think that I feel different in my body a little bit. Probably just from walking. Also. And, um, and I feel like I wanna cry, [to] be honest.

Kaj: You're allowed to cry.

Susannah: I don't think I'm *gonna* cry, I just feel like I *wanna* cry. Can I just say something, though?

Kaj: Yeah.

Susannah: About growing up in New York, in Brooklyn. And like I know it sounds like, ugh, it sounds, like, sad or something like, coz I didn't get to, like [melodramatic voice] go to the park or swim or something. But like, also, it was amazing! Like, I met people from all over the world, I get to eat food from all over the world, like, and nobody's family was like anybody else's family. It was so diverse, it was like everybody had a different religion, everybody had a different language, everybody, you know, was constantly mixed. And I got, you know, crazy great amazing opportunities to do things at world class level. Constantly! And that's all stuff that only, like, I think being in a city, and being - and maybe only that city, I don't even know - but being, like, in people can provide. So I just wanna, like, give big ups a little bit to growing up citywide.

Kaj: Yeah, I mean equally there are definite downsides to, to growing up in the middle of nowhere, right? Like, there were no queer people, there were no people of colour, the lack of diversity really made me stand out like a sore thumb. Like, I was the weird kid that nobody really knew how to handle or what to do with, because I didn't fit in. I would never move back to the place I grew up. It doesn't feel safe for me to exist there as, like, a visibly trans, queer person. I loved running around and playing outside. Maybe that's part of what feels different for me is there's no judgement in nature, but for me, people were a source of - I was never doing the right things and I was always disappointing them, or just baffling them. [Laughs] And multiplying the number of people around to judge me, [laughter] in the given square mile radius seems like the worst possible thing! It wasn't all bad or all good.

Susannah: Well, none of us have it that way. Do we?

Kaj: No.

Susannah: Car ho!

Kaj: We survived.

Susannah: We did. Good job.

Home - Jonathan - 0:19:17

[Music fades in. A guitar, faint humming and whistling with lots of reverb. Sounds pan from side to side, giving a sense of space and a slight spookiness.]

Jonathan: [sings] When I go back the houses are smaller
The streets are wider and the trees by the river are taller.
On Sunday the shops are closed, the pubs are both open.
There's three or four motels and the signs out the front are still broken.
The kids are suspicious and the talk is still mean.
Someone burnt down the old factory - the walls are still on a lean.
And the girls hate the same as they did fifteen years ago;
The sons and the daughters of teenagers I used to know.

And I've got a whole football field of air to breathe
But I'm still suffocating, still suffocating, still suffocating.

(Ahh...)

When I go back the weeknights are quieter
The wind is cleaner and the new paint looks that much whiter.
The paddocks are dry, but I've seen them drier
It's not shooting season, so the ducks are still swimming and flying.
The boys are all farmers with broken fingers
They fight like their fathers and the threat of violence still lingers.
When you go to a party and drink yourself blind -
Who knows how long 'til you leave this shithole behind?
And I've got a whole football field of air to breathe
But I'm still suffocating, still suffocating. I'm still suffocating.

This is the school where I first fell in love with a girl.
This is the bridge where I first fell in love with a boy.
This is the place where I worked one December
Where, when I was ten, I remember the parents of some of my friends
Yelled at this man:
He was a poofter, a greenie, a faggot,
Get out of our town.

(Ahh...)

When I go back -
I am not safe here, still not safe here, still not safe here.
And I'm still suffocating, still suffocating, still suffocating.
I am still suffocating.

Half Moon Lake - Penelope Foreman - 0:25:00

Penelope: My name is Penelope, and I'm a community archaeologist. I bring people and places together, and spend a lot of my time out in landscapes - drinking them in, finding how they feel. I grew up with a fairly wild childhood, out all day, home muddy and hungry at night. As I grew older this uncomplicated and playful relationship with the natural world changed and shifted, and this piece explores a few of the reasons why . . .

It is 1993 and I am nine years old. Summers feel long and horizons are a promise, not a border. My hair is unruly and my shoes sensible. My BMX is blue and my gender is generally indeterminable. I am not aware that I am seen as unusual or strange, yet - at nine I am on the cusp of the bitter awareness of gossip and the social capital gained by re-moulding yourself to fit in. I assume you can love anybody. Somehow, despite the total lack of any queer role models in my world, and the constant undercurrent of casual homophobia at home, school, and at play - I just assume everyone loves men and women. I'm an innocent soul.

I grew up in West Yorkshire, equally at home in the damp green of pond weed or breathing the throat-stripping umber-dust of old brickworks. I am an explorer, and in the school holidays I range in the woods and the derelict manor houses and the weed-choked old railway lines, naming the trees and collecting the eggs of amphibians. My tribe are boys from the estate near my grandparents' house, my primary school cohort, who blank me in the classroom but race me and run with me and fall out of trees with me in the summer. We are a pack. We can slide from scrumping to pylon climbing, from knowing the best spots for grass snake nests to the best haunted old-industry derelicts in town. Wilderness is everywhere to us, field and fence, concrete and cornfield - and we are wild.

It is 1995 and everything is changing. I am almost twelve and my days are full of tension. There is suddenly an undercurrent that begins to tow me under the day people noticed I had a body. That I was, as they called it, in bloom. Blossoming, as if bearing fruit was all this female body could do. Friendships whittled away to wariness. Assumptions of hormonal inevitabilities stripped me of my relationship to my tribe, reduced to suspicion and whispers. As I became visibly "woman", I became invisibly lost.

I became conscious of how to take up space, how I moved through paths I used to beat with bare feet and meander through with my eyes closed. A young woman alone in the wild is a crime statistic waiting to happen. Unchaperoned, I am at risk. But company has connotations, always. Despite my childhood age, I sit on the uncomfortable fence of womanhood, suddenly fair game to comment after look after light fingers, stealing the right to own my own body away from me.

I felt violated not only because my body had taken the place of my personality as what defined me, but because this body was assumed to belong to the gaze, affections, and attentions of men. What had been a joyful naivety of assumed pansexuality (not that I could have ever defined it that way then) had cooled like a lead ball in my chest, and I lugged it around inside me, a constant dull weight of shame. It dragged me down when the word "lesbo" was spat out as a playground insult, it sank my hopes all the times my mother's queer work coworkers were derided over the dinner table, and reminded me of my place when inventive but painful and vile slang to label gay people was thrown around as cruel humour all around me. Each time I was left out of those quarry swimming trips, every not-quite-joking suggestion of sexual favours in that loam-deep dark of our old summer holiday den-hollows in the woods, I screamed inside and out to be seen as an adventurer again, as a lesbian, as a person.

Soon I felt alien in landscapes I once felt entangled in the very material fabric of. Where before there was no definition or boundary between me and the mud and the brick dust and ash pits and bullrush-fluff, suddenly the illusion of this harmony was shattered. As a woman I wasn't safe; as a queer woman I wasn't welcome. Exploration becomes tinged with suggestiveness, anticipation of connections that can never be made.

How could I love being in nature, when I felt so unnatural?

To explore this, I'd like to share my poem "Half Moon Lake".

You were a river once;
Broken from the old course
Bricked off by a railway -

Steel and lines,
Delays and diesel,
Domesticated.

From three I had a toe in you,
Balanced growing limbs between
Water and bank,
Casting a line for fishes
I wrapped my new-found mouth
Around the naming of:
Learning the spells to sing
The bream, perch, tench
From the depths.

My father, fisherman,
Encouraged a good skive day or two -
Learning to cast maggots or spin a lure
More vital than
A lost morning or two of multiplication -
Rock cakes and unbrushed hair
Marked the occasion.

By eight I was pushing the limits of you;
Looping blue-nylon rope
Amid your treeline, swimming
Despite legends of terrapins
(Abandoned, grown giant, angry for the taste of flesh)

Soon I am renowned for
Knowing the half-imagined paths
Into the treasures of you; past
Rusting car hill - a reliquary - a post joyride burnout
Orange-brown heart
Of my mind-path down the hill
To the forbidden larder:

Smuggling a warm pheasant's eggs
Into my pockets that, much later,
Would burst with chestnuts
I would never roast.

By eleven I was forgetting
Which rockface had the most
Handholds, crevices, secret holes
For leaving messages and grubby paper bags
Of ten pence mix. The rope swing stilled.
The first flowers of spring
Ignored - mornings too cold,

Waterside too muddy,
The bracken too tangled to let
Me through.

I learned to hate the smell of you,
Brackish where once there was flow.

You were the same lake, but I
Was too changed to know.

It sounds final, but it wasn't the end. It could never be. My heart beats to the drum of storm waves on sea defences, my hair is lengths of marram grass, and my skin tastes of the Calder, the Aire, the Ouse. I found my way back into the world, nature, and into myself; but that's another story.

Link - 0:31:50

Jonathan: This section has been permeated with a sense of sadness. The three pieces we've just heard present the feeling of being alienated from a much loved place due to homophobia, transphobia and misogyny. But there are elements of hope, too - of survival, of deep connections and reconnections with the outdoors, with nature, with other people and with ourselves.

If you're inspired by any of the pieces in this issue to create your own audio, we'd really love to hear from you. We'll probably be open for contributions again in July, so keep an eye on our website or social media, or sign up to our newsletter to get notifications straight to your inbox.

Fucking Åmål (The Road to Hell 2) - Julia Freeman - 0:32:28

[Bicycle whirring]

Julia: So, I'm about 900 kilometres in to my, ah, road trip to Hell - well, cycle trip to Hell. It's, ah, been a tough few days. Ah, two days ago I got utterly soaked in a rainstorm that lasted, well, basically the whole day, um, and then slept in a bivvy back under a tree, um, got up the next day and the rain started all over again. But the terrain has been absolutely fantastic. Utterly beautiful.

And then last night I stayed at a hotel outside the Swedish town of Åmål. Fans of lesbian movies should recognise the name Åmål - usually they'll recognise it with "fucking" in front of it. Couple of decades ago there was a film released called "Fucking Åmål".

[Vehicle passes]

Ah, it was released in the international market under the name "Show Me Love", so some people may know it by that name. But when I saw how close my original route plan was to Åmål, I, I had to have a little bit of a pilgrimage. Yeah, it's a small town. Took me maybe 10 minutes to cycle

through it this morning. Ah, I tweeted about it and got an awful lot of people replying with, “Ah, Fucking Åmål!”

Um, but yeah, it's - this trip is a bit harder than I expected. Ah, I'm having a lot of saddle pain. But the scenery is spectacular. I've been spending basically from dawn to dusk in the saddle every day. It's been a lot of hills, almost a thousand metres of climbing each day. Yeah. It's a hard trip, but I'm getting there. I'm about eighty kilometres from the Norwegian border. I've got a hotel booked just across the border for tonight.

So, ah, yeah. I'll talk to you again when I'm closer to Hell.

[Bicycle whirring]

Sweeper - Gavin - 0:35:11

[Sound of running water]

Gavin: Well, that sound of rushing water you hear is not any old waterfall. It's the sound of water rushing through a beaver dam at Ham Fen in Kent - which is Britain's first beaver reintroduction programme.

[More water sounds]

Gavin: And I'm all alone here. The beavers are probably tucked up in their lodge, being mostly nocturnal. My name's Gavin, and you're listening to Queer Out Here.

[Water sounds fade out]

Link - 0:36:09

Allysse: We're now into the second section of this issue, more focused on creatures and environments - seen and unseen, real and mythical - and our relationships to and with them.

We start with Mags! And if you've listened to our previous issues you'll recognise her as our most regular contributor. This time she takes us into her front yard as she does the RSPB big garden birdwatch - an annual citizen science project in the UK.

The start and end of Mags' piece were recorded on a winter day in January, but the middle section was recorded in the same location in the full bloom of summer - it's almost like a daydream in birdsong.

RSPB Birdwatch - Mags - 0:36:47

Mags: So, it's Sunday twenty-seventh of January and I have just settled down at my window with a hot cup of coffee. It's quite breezy outside, it's a little bit chilly, ah, but I'm settling down for an hour to take part in the RSPB Birdwatch.

Um, so, it was a little quiet yesterday when I was, ah, seeing what was around outside but, ah, hopefully I'll have a few birds flying in to the feeders today. I've already spotted several blue tits and a great tit, so let's see what else appears.

[Birdsong - a variety of bird trills, cheeps and whistles with a little breezy leaf noise in the background]

Mags: So I've just made it through to the end of the one hour birdwatch. And a little quieter today, maybe due to the weather. But, ah, a couple of battling robins spotted, along with ah several blue tits, great tits, a chaffinch - and my very greedy grey squirrel who has made all attempts to consume the seed that is on the ground and swing from the other feeders. Um. Also spotted a magpie and a pigeon.

But, ah, still cold and breezy out. And been a lovely hour or so. Um. So, from East Sussex, this is Queer Out Here doing the RSPB Birdwatch.

Link - 0:39:30

Jonathan: Thanks, Mags. In our next piece, "Finnish Winter Adventure", Emily and Jenny describe some of the joys and discomforts of travelling and trying unfamiliar activities in an environment that is very different to home. The piece moves between recordings taken during an adventure holiday in Suomi (Finland) - where they encountered reindeer, huskies, trout and arctic hares - and a conversation about their trip, recorded afterwards. The recordings in Finland were made on Sámi Homeland, which has been occupied by the Sámi people for thousands of years - Emily and Jenny also reflect on how the operators of their tour engaged - or didn't - with this history.

Finnish Winter Adventure - Emily and Jenny - 0:40:06

[TRANSCRIPT NOTE: This piece weaves between recordings taken in the field and Emily and Jenny reflecting on the holiday after the trip. The post-trip reflections are indicated in italics.]

[Footsteps crunching in snow]

Emily: [Singing to the tune of Michael Jackson's "Remember the Time"] Do you remember the time when we walked on snow? Do you remember the time when we fell on our butts?

Emily: *Hi, I'm Emily -*

Jenny: *I am Jenny -*

Emily: *And we are from Melbourne, Australia.*

Emily: We're in Oulanka.

Jenny: OU-lanka.

Emily: In Finland -

Jenny: - Suomi! -

Emily: - Suomi. And we're walking in a very winter-wonderland scene. It's, it's about - must be nearly two o'clock so the sun has already started to set. To our left is a large lake, which is all frozen.

Emily: *We were there for about a week, and we did a -*

Jenny: *- Doin' a sports holiday!*

Emily: *[Laughs] Well, I didn't realise it was a sports holiday until I had to buy travel insurance and it was like, the "sports bonus pack", um, and I was like whaaat, who am I?!*

Emily: If there's a crash it's because I've fallen on my face. Uh-oh. There's a rope bridge.

Jenny: Ah, yes!

Emily: Well I got thrown off my dogsled three times, so I can walk across a goddamn rope bridge!

Jenny: You definitely can, you're invincible.

[Huskies barking and howling]

Emily: *And the huskies, who were very talkative --*

Both: *[howl like huskies]*

Emily: *They had already, like, harnessed up the huskies that we were gonna go riding with, and as we got closer and closer it was just like this cacophony, like every single husky, which was like twenty - or probably more than tw- there was like four on each sled and there were like eight, ten sleds, so... that is twenty... is it?*

Jenny: *Forty.*

Emily: *Forty [laughs]. Ah, yes, I'm going on a maths tour next!*

[Huskies barking and howling]

Emily: *And it was so hard. It was more physical than I expected. The first people to go round like,*

got rid of the snow so we were just going over rocks and stuff at high speed. And you have to like, hold on and balance. [Laughs] Yeah, after the first time around I'm like, oh god maybe I should just stop, this is so hard, and I'm like, no, you can just keep going. And I did keep going. And -

Jenny: *You did.*

Emily: *- I wouldn't say I enjoyed it, but I did it. [Laughs] I did it. I tried it, at least.*

[Crunchy snow footsteps, and a river rushing nearby]

Emily: Ah, the bridge is moving! Ah! OK, I'm turning around. I'm just waving at the skiers, who are coming dangerously close to the edge of the ice. . . Whoa-ahh! Jenny! I'm - what are they doing? Ahh! Maybe we'll just happen to record on au-, audio the last moments of these people before they fall through the ice. Oh!

Jenny: [distant] They're way too close to the edge of the ice. I'm scared for them.

Emily: I know.

Jenny: *Yeah, like if you are Australian, and you go walking anywhere and it's hot, and you run out of water, like, you have that deep dread, of like, you know, "This is really bad I'm gonna die" kinda thing. But, even though I think we d- we kind of did some scary things in the snow, or there were moments where probably if I had that culturally ingrained, "Oh, I'm out in the cold and if I can't get back I might die" - because I didn't have that, I didn't... I feel like I should be scared of these things but because they're so new, I'm just kind of not?*

Emily: Have you got your mittens on?

[Camera shutter]

Jenny: No, I took it off to take a photo.

Emily: You took it off like thirty, ten seconds ago, and then I made you hold my phone. [Camera shutter] I'm just trying to learn how to use this new camera . . . This is Jenny checking her Instagram on a bridge across a black river, in wild Finland.

[River sounds]

Jenny: [Cold] Oooh fuck -

Emily: So apparently there are trout in there.

Jenny: Yeah, arctic trout.

Emily: I hope they've got their winter clothes on.

Emily: *I have to kind of identify, if my immediate response is "no", is that because I'm scared and I should just like push past it and it will be fine and I'll enjoy it? Or is that a, "No, I don't want to do it," and I just need to respect that, kind of thing.*

Emily: Are you holding on to me because you're scared? Ah, OK let's go the rest of the way. Just don't look down. And don't drop anything. Oh, wow, looks so pretty over there. Ohhh [relieved sigh] that was a good bridge. Imagine going over that in a dog sled.

[Faint sled sounds]

Jenny: Good boy. Kiitos. ["Thank you" in Finnish]

Emily: *I think like, the most joyful I was was when we were at the reindeer farm, and we were on the reindeer sled -*

Jenny: [laughs] *That was so silly!*

Emily: *It was SO silly. Especially after the dog sled which you'd expected to be kind of like pleasant and fun, and then it was just like this intense terrifying experience, um. The reindeers were -*

Jenny: *The reindeers were very placid.*

Emily: *Yeah, there was like one reindeer pulling the two of us in a sled and it was just so disinterested in doing it. So it would kind of like trot a little bit and then stop and eat some snow, and then try to pull us off the path to eat some moss, and they were just so cute. You just had this adorable reindeer butt in, in front of you, and it was just like, such a delightful thing.*

[Reindeer sled, leather harness creaking, snow crunching under the metal blades]

Jenny: And we're slowing down.

Emily: [laughs] Take your time.

Emily: *It was kind of like the reindeer was both my delightful bit but also some of my complicated feeling bits -*

Jenny: *Mmm.*

Emily: *- because it was um, the original people who lived in that land, the Sámi people, you know, the farm wasn't run by Sámi people and Finland's one of the only countries in, that is part of Lapland that doesn't legislate that only Sámi people can be reindeer herders. So I was very much*

aware of like the history of, you know, the people whose original kind of I guess rights and ownership of the land and the forest and the reindeers had been exploited or taken away - by these people who had been farming reindeer for six generations, then when you count it back it's like about 1600 when the Finns first settled and kind of pushed the Sámi out.

The herder . . . You know, she said traditionally the Sámi people, when they first came here they would live with the reindeer and stuff like that. She sort of briefly said, you know, and then the Finnish came in and kind of took it over. And she said, it's a bit like, you know, the Americans and the Native Americans only less bloody. I was like, hmm, OK. . . maybe, but it's not exactly like an amicable, nice thing or anything like that.

Jenny: *Yeah, I found that really weird in concept of most of the people there were Brits and when she was saying that, you know, us, immediately - and presumably the South Africans there as well - immediately recognising what that meant, um, in a cultural kind of. . . But the Brits probably just not -*

Emily: *Yeah.*

Jenny: *Well you know, they probably do think about it like, "Oh yeah just like the Americans," or whatever.*

[Footsteps in snow]

Emily: *I think that's a hare! It looks like the footprints of - we were looking at before.*

Jenny: *Yeah like it's hopping. That's its two -*

Emily: *Yeah that's its back - boing, boing!*

Jenny: *And that's its front ones.*

Emily: *Badum, badum. Apparently they go all white in winter.*

Jenny: *So nature!*

Emily: *Such nature!*

Jenny: *Yeah, like it was definitely, there was definitely a vibe of "this is wilderness thing", people have signed up for wildernesses, they don't want other stuff, they don't want to go visit museums or anything -*

Emily: *But it's not just museums! [laughs]*

Jenny: *- Um, whereas it felt, it did feel - I know, I know! But you could imagine if there had been a lot of, "Let's talk about culture and history and stuff," there would've been people there who would've been like, "I didn't sign up for this."*

Emily: Yeah.

Jenny: *Um, but I felt like that was missing a huge - like, I'm sure there would've been more people who would be interested in that, and they kind of missed an opportunity to market that.*

Emily: Yeah.

Emily: Whoa! [sinking into snow] It's a little bit deeper. Whee! I don't think anyone's walked on this all winter.

Jenny: Dogprints in the snow!

Emily: No, that's - is that a dog, or is that a hare running faster?

Jenny: [Something like "I don't know".]

Emily: No, it's like, drops of something? Oh, wow, look at the sky. So weird. OK, this one looks like it's, you know - I'll try and take a picture of this. [Camera sounds]. Zoom out. No, zoom out! [Camera shutter]

[Footsteps in snow]

Jenny: *We were in the middle of this national park. Um, and there were a whole lot of trails around, so one afternoon we had a free afternoon and we went for a walk.*

Emily: Yeah, I think if we follow the path. Though I kind of want to go just directly fooohh-ward! Deep snow here. Ah! - directly forward. Look at all, look it's an arctic hare superhighway!

Jenny: Yeah!

Emily: Um, I think if we go directly forward and then in, then we're not in danger of getting onto the icy bit, like those fools ahead of us. It looks like there's a hare and ski collision there!

Jenny: Yeah.

Jenny: *The shortcut back was across the lake, across the frozen lake, and this, I think, well we recorded a bit of it but it wasn't until we got right to the end that we realised we'd kind of timed it perfectly that there was this fog came as we were coming out.*

Emily: And then, like I feel like as I look up the sky's bluer, but then it's almost like the corner of my eyes and the further I look up the longer the light fades.

Jenny: Yeah, definitely bluer above us.

Emily: Well, they were saying there might be some wind blowing it away so we can see some Northern Lights. I hope so.

Jenny: *We could always sort of see just where we were going, but it was just that kind of eerie not quite. Like if the fog got any thicker we'd just be in the middle of this whiteness forever.*

[Footsteps on snow]

Jenny: *I think that was one of the things that made me think maybe I should be scared of this but I'm not, [laughs] Because it was so weird, wasn't it? It was just -*

Emily: *It was surreal, yeah.*

Jenny: *It was so surreal. Your eyes kept trying to focus every time you were looking up because everything was white, and you kept thinking your glasses were fogged up or something, and then you'd look down at your feet and you could see your feet clearly and you could see the snow around your feet, "Oh no, I can see". But then by the time we got to the other side the fog suddenly lifted and we could see bits of sky.*

Emily: Oh my gosh it's so weird. Suomi! I'm going to - wait, I'm going to take a picture of this. These [camera focusing sound] these hare footprints, going into the nothingness . . . [camera shutter]

Link - 0:51:06

Allysse: I quite like following Emily and Jenny's piece with this next poem, "Satyrs", from Pablo Miguel Martínez. The imagery flows through, lending a wintery, fairytale chill to Pablo Miguel's words.

Satyrs - Pablo Miguel Martínez - 0:51:18

Pablo: We're huddled against
the winter night's chill —
fog of breath, almost

melding, warmth of thick,
spiring thighs, almost
Touching. The stars'

swirl is spinning music.
The aspens stand as witness
to this queer gathering;

the pond mirrors
what's in our large,
ancient hearts.

Link - 0:51:50

Jonathan: I appreciate the way that this poem opens up space within both landscape and myth for queer encounters. Queerness also forms a background for the encounter described in our next piece, Jade Wallace's poem "You Gather Their Bones". The piece is set in downtown Toronto, where a large population of feral cats is looked after by local volunteers. Jade tells us that, a few years ago, they were in their first visibly queer relationship with someone who fed the cats - and who also collected the bones of dead animals. Jade writes, "I thought that both the feeding of the cats and the collecting of the bones were not only good but also mystical and inspiring undertakings by my lover."

You Gather Their Bones - Jade Wallace - 0:52:31

[Faint sounds of environment behind the narrator - voices, water, clanging, traffic noise]

Jade: You Gather Their Bones

Even the feral cats don't touch this starling.
Her black feathers are slick on her body puffed up
with the water of a spring thaw.
Her beak glows bone white,
a breathless ocarina outlasting its air.

She sleeps on a beach of bloated carpet,
black plastic, mud as thick as caramel.
Behind her, the building walls are flat and pale as dunes
and peopled with graffiti.
Caricatures of small dogs, chickens in dinner jackets,
disembodied voices with edges dark as ink,
preside over the starling's body.
Nearby, paper cups half-full with rain water
and bowls holding aging cat food,
sit untouched as the spread at a wake.
You and I stood a while with the
other accidental mourners.

For a moment, before we left,
you considered taking the starling home,
to a warm room lit by a soft sun slipping
through the leaves of old trees,
and laying her down there among the
fur and the bones of the other unclaimed
creatures that came to you after their deaths.

Sweeper - Dan - 0:53:42

[Faint sound of birds and wind]

Dan: Hi, I'm Dan. I'm on a twelve and a half mile bike ride around Bewl Water in Kent, and you are listening to Queer Out Here.

Good Intentions (The Road to Hell 3) - Julia Freeman - 0:53:55

[Bicycle whirring]

Julia: The road to hell is paved with good intentions. Well, that's what the saying says, anyway. The reality is that for the first six hundred kilometres or so the road to Hell seemed to be paved with tiny flecks of flint, each one individually knapped by pixies to maximise tyre penetration. I've had nine flat tyres so far. Nine. I've not had that many in the last five to ten years. But, you adapt, you overcome. I've, I've got new outer tyre on, new inners, things seem to be going OK. Touch wood. But I'm somewhere around the eleven hundred kilometre mark now. Um, I've got just under four hundred or so to go, and, yeah. Good intentions.

I thought I was going to do a hundred and fifty kilometres a day for ten days. But the hills are killing me. And, without going into too much detail, so's the saddle. And, yeah, for a long time I seriously considered skipping ahead by train by two hundred kilometres. But I decided yesterday I would try very hard to push through, and beyond that, and just keep going. Each turn of the pedals gets me one step closer to Hell.

I decided that if I'm not getting the train, I'm at least going to re-route slightly. My original route, my original good intention, involved going over two mountains to get across two valleys and then head north. But my revised plan, which takes out a couple of thousand metres of ascent, is to continue following this valley that I've been following for the last couple of hundred kilometres now, and I'm going to just keep following it up the valley alongside the railway line and the, the river - which gives you an idea how, what the gradient's like. It adds a little bit of distance, but it takes off a lot of the climbing. I needed to achieve a hundred and thirty kilometres per day for three more days, including today, to get there. I'm sixty kilometres in for today, I'm almost there. I've almost made it to Hell.

[Bicycle whirring]

Link - 0:56:54

Jonathan: Sooo, do you think she's gonna get there? Mmm, dunno! Ah - thanks, Julia, for taking us into the final section of Issue 03, which is loosely based around the theme of being on the road. The pieces in this section all engage with roads and travel in some way, whether it's cycling and

getting punctures, slipping on ice beside busy urban streets, crunching along quiet dirt roads, or stopping on a bike ride to listen to the countryside sounds.

First up, we have “Walking the Spaces Between” from Jonathon Stalls, who invites us to move in a more human dimension - beyond walls, screens and motor vehicles. Jonathon walks mostly on Arapaho and Cheyenne lands (in the Colorado front range) and this piece was recorded in the streets of Denver.

Jonathon’s invitation is taken up immediately by Johnnie Gale in his freeform poem “Nature Walk”, recorded in Kansas in early spring.

Walking the Spaces Between - Jonathon Stalls - 0:57:45

[Footsteps, traffic sounds, wind, breathing continues throughout]

Jonathon: Greetings. Jonathon Stalls here, from Denver, Colorado. You will hear, ah, the sound of my feet crunching and sliding and slipping on snow and ice. You’re also gonna hear cars and buses and trucks and all kinds of things, ah, flying by me. So I’ll do my best to speak directly into your ears as we move together.

I am wanting to just invite you into, um, a post-winter storm walk. I often am - I spend most of my time by foot. I, I care so much about human movement, moving the way we’re made to, um, being in our bodies, being in relationship to the outside world, to one another, to our own inner journey at an unhurried pedestrian pace.

I think it’s something that has been so lost in such a short amount of time in relationship to the automobile. And building everything, everything around us, especially in the United States of America, but all over the world, defaulting to - *you can hear this whole thing of ice about to crack! woo!* - defaulting everything to car-centric, ah, design of environments, car-centric patterns in human behaviour, car-centric relationship to time.

So, I don’t, I don’t necessarily call myself, ah, anti-car because I, in all honesty, love getting out and exploring, um, all kinds of places that would never, that would never, it just wouldn’t be possible without the freedom of the automobile. So I don’t have this anti-car - [car passes] *here we go, you can hear the traffic behind me!* - but I’ve just, I, I, it’s so loud in me to prioritise calling, calling attention to just how quick we have covered up so much of human being, human connecting in this, in this way.

So. One of the reasons why I am choosing to do this audio alongside moving cars and traffic and speed, specifically on ice and snow, and specifically for this invitation, um, is the, what I find to just be, such a beautiful relationship of - and, and beautiful and complex and often violent relationship - of queer identity, moving in the outside world, moving in public life, moving in all kinds of different systems that . . . you know, the, the sound, and the, kind of the, the heaviness and the exhaust and the speed. But even more specifically the bypassing of one’s unique experience. You know, you can get in the car, you’re getting to your destination, it should only take ten minutes, it’s always taken ten minutes . . . Ah, is this, kinda built-in system of saying, “I can bypass the experience of another to get to where I need to go, to control my own agenda, to make the most of my time.”

And I find that, at least for me - *woo! woo hoo hoo! I was almost down! I wish I had a little video for you to see all the ice here!* - I almost find that in my, in my kinda, in my queer identity that just moves so beyond binary thinking, binary existing: you're in or you're out, you're this or you're that, you're, you're, you're gay, you're straight, you're this - I mean however you identify, whatever labels you wanna put on anything, all good, all good. But there's something so loud (I'm also an artist which naturally weaves itself into my, into my queer movement, vibration in this world) um, that just cries out for more mystery, more time and attention in the spaces between our rules, our laws, our lines, our, our artificial interiors via our cars and our buildings, our screens, our, our labelling of things so quickly, our . . . There's way more flow in the natural world and in, and in holistic understanding of human movement, human breathing, human adapting, human resilience. And so I find that the relationship of walking is a practical, immediate, sensate invitation - ongoing invitation - into queer identity related to connection to people, connection to the outside world. And just this rumbling complex connection to what comes, comes up on the inside.

So I spent eight and a half months walking across the US in 2010. Just, just pounding that into my being! It was such a, so far beyond a PhD in body-based knowledge and understanding. But then I shortly after founded an organisation, now a worker owned co-op that's been co-founded by other people in my life, called Walk to Connect. Focussing on human connection - *woo!* - getting out - *oh my god this is tragic, OK, gotta get around that!* - Hundreds of walks, all the time, thousands of people.

And now I'm focussing on a creative project called Intrinsic Paths, which just, I wanna go deeper into what is, what is within each being, each breathing body, each vibrant soul, and how it moves through this world. Already within. That you don't have to earn it, you don't have to try and be something that you aren't. That you can just move more openly, more freely, more, more, ah, authentically into who you are made to be. And that spans everything. And my queer identity related to walking and being in the outdoors, specific to this invitation, is loud, present every day, present in every moment of every day. And it gives me courage and strength to continue seeking and moving in the spaces between.

So! Haha! There's an invitation to move in your body, to walk with intention and to be a unique, vibrant frequency of queer identity wherever you are, however you are in this world. Because we need it. We need your colour, our colour, to move and invite and inspire in all the spaces between, all the lines we've drawn.

So, ah, if you want to stay connected, Jonathon Stalls on all the social media things. Intrinsic Paths, I'm on Patreon, I'm doing a lot of cool creative work on Patreon, would be dope to have you as a patron, to dig into this kind of work and movement in the world, so. Peace! Peace to your journey. Cheers!

Nature Walk - Johnnie Gale - 1:06:30

[Sounds of footsteps on gravel and small moments of wind distortion throughout]

Johnnie: Early spring in Kansas
colors green purple and yellow

walking on a dirt road outside
the neighborhood former military housing
from the eighties
I take my daily walk
dry grasses
early growing things
trees just starting to bloom.
I've had spring already once this year
in Phoenix, that came early
all the colors busting out
Vibrant
And the smell of the desert
in the spring is one of the most incredible smells
the creosote, and the prickly pear, and the ocatilla
now I'm watching Kansas colors change
And the early sap running from
the thaw of the earth and
I stand in awe of Mother Nature.

Link - 1:07:51

Allysse: Thanks Johnnie. The next piece, "The British Countryside" was recorded by myself, Allysse. It was was the first beautiful spring Sunday and everyone seemed to be out in the lanes of Somerset, enjoying the sun - including cars and aeroplanes, which are typical sounds on a weekend out in the country.

The British Countryside - Allysse Riordan - 1:08:09

[Wind, little birds cheeping, distant corvids, a pheasant, the sound of distant gunshots - probably clay pigeon shooting. Voices get closer, a bird calls, two bicycles go past. Another bike, then the sound of a car, a bike, a loud car close by, two more speedy bikes. The sound of an aeroplane comes in overhead, then the sound of shod horses on pavement getting closer, a couple of distant greetings, various bike sounds, more human voices, the aeroplane begins to fade as the horses get closer and pass by from right to left. Another plane - bigger, by the sound - flies over. Birds tweet, wind rustles the leaves. A car passes. Birds, gunshots. More birds.]

Sweeper - Gemma - 1:14:26

[Birds tweeting, quiet footsteps.]

Gemma: Hi, I'm Gemma and I'm at Standen House, which is an arts and crafts house with William Morris designs in it. I'm in the gardens.

[Faint, distant cheer.]

Gemma: And I'm listening to Queer Out Here.

Been There, Done That (The Road to Hell 4) - Julia Freeman - 1:15:00

[Bicycle whirring]

Julia: Greetings from Hell. I actually made it. It hasn't quite sunk in yet. I arrived just after 9pm on day eleven. in total it was 1404 kilometres of cycling.

The last thirty kilometres were interesting. By this point I was exhausted and pushing the bike up the hill - which I've nicknamed Purgatory, as it was the last obstacle before Hell - and having pushed it up in the dark, I got to the top and had twenty kilometres of descent in the dark, in the wet - coz it was now raining - on roads I didn't know. Doing sixty kilometres an hour downhill in those conditions is an interesting experience.

But ah, yeah, it's been an interesting eleven days. I'm gonna need some time to process it all. I've made it to Hell.

So next time someone says, "Go to hell!" I can say, "Been there, done that."

Two nights ago I bivvied out under some trees. I don't even know where i was that night, but the sky cleared and it was a million stars that could be seen in the sky. Unfortunately with the absence of the sky duvet, they temperature plummeted to minus four [degrees celsius] at least, possibly slightly lower. Which was a problem, as my sleeping bag is only rated to zero degrees. Even with a space blanket to boost it a little bit - I was cooold. And then, when I got up in the morning, I had a forty kilometre ride before breakfast. That was a tough day.

Yeah. The road to hell is paved with good intentions. Well, mostly it seemed to be paved with sharp pointy stuff that gave me punctures, and at one point it was paved with a giant hole because they were doing roadworks and I hadn't noticed the road closed sign, but, yeah ...

Fourteen hundred kilometres. Germany, Denmark, Sweden, Norway . . . Hell.

It's a tiny village, a station, a gas station, couple of shops. As a destination? Probably wouldn't recommend it. But as a journey, oh yes! The scenery was *spectacular*. Absolutely amazing.

So yeah, next time someone says, "Go to hell," maybe have a think about your next holiday plans. Dig out the bike, find where you put your trail shoes. It's an interesting journey.

Now all I have to do is work out how to get back.

[Bicycle whirring]

Conclusion - Allysse and Jonathan - 1:19:19

Jonathan: Thank you, Julia. It's been great to follow you on your journey throughout this issue, hearing about your highs and lows. In some ways, the struggles you've shared in your diaries make your arrival in Hell that much more satisfying.

[Sounds of a small stream fade up]

Jonathan: And, on that note, this is also - we hope! - A satisfying conclusion to Issue 03. We'd like to say a huge thanks to everyone who wrote, recorded, appeared in and produced the pieces we've featured. Please do head to the website (queerouthere.com) to learn a bit more about our contributors - and their contributions! You'll find the full transcript linked in the show notes, along with fantastic cover art by Dev.

Allysse: Finally, we'd like to thank *you* for finding, downloading and listening to Queer Out Here! We'd love to know what you thought of Issue 03 - so, find us on Twitter and Facebook, drop us an email, or leave us a review (5 stars, it goes without saying!) on your favourite podcast app. But most of all, if you've enjoyed the zine, please share it with other people who might be interested.

Jonathan: Because that is why we make it!

Allysse: So, until next time, from me, Allysse -

Jonathan: - and me, Jonathan -

Both: Good bye!

[Water sounds fade out]