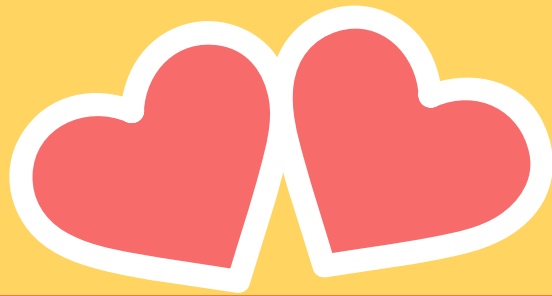


TENDER

**A
COMPILATION
OF FEELINGS,
LOVE,
FRIENDSHIPS,
AND BEYOND.**



ZINE ISSUE 1

This zine was created on the unceded
ancestral territories of the Musqueam,
Squamish, Tsleil-Waututh, and
Kwkwetlem Nations.

Tender is a collaboration between SFU's GSWS 333 "Intersectional Feminist Journal Praxis" class and zine facilitator Heather Prost. All works in this zine were created from tender hands.

He's

EVERYWHERE

he

says.

"I want you to kiss me."

We can see into each other's eyes.

I go to him

my

true love

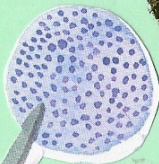
and place my lips,

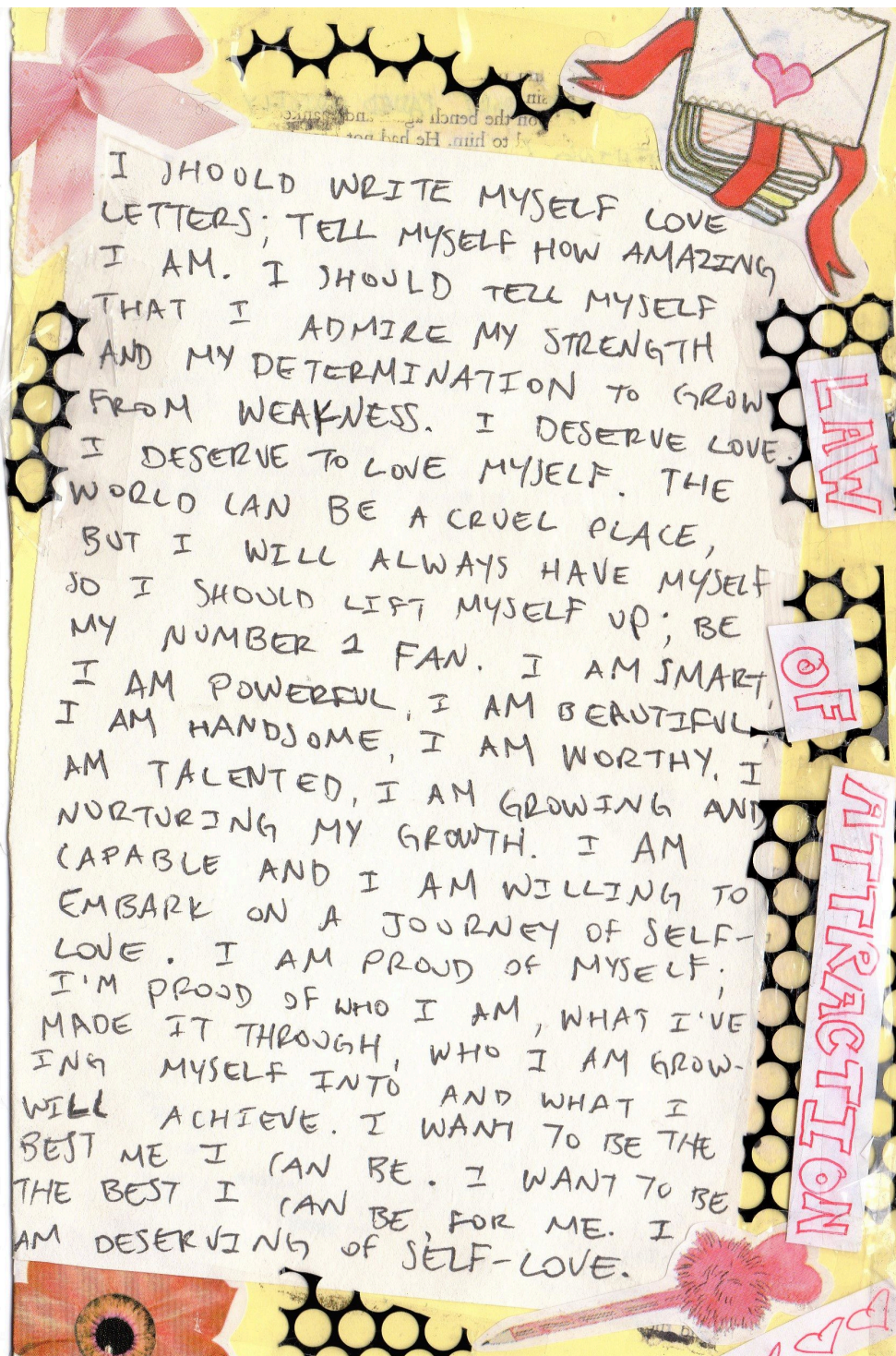
against his.

I don't think about anything

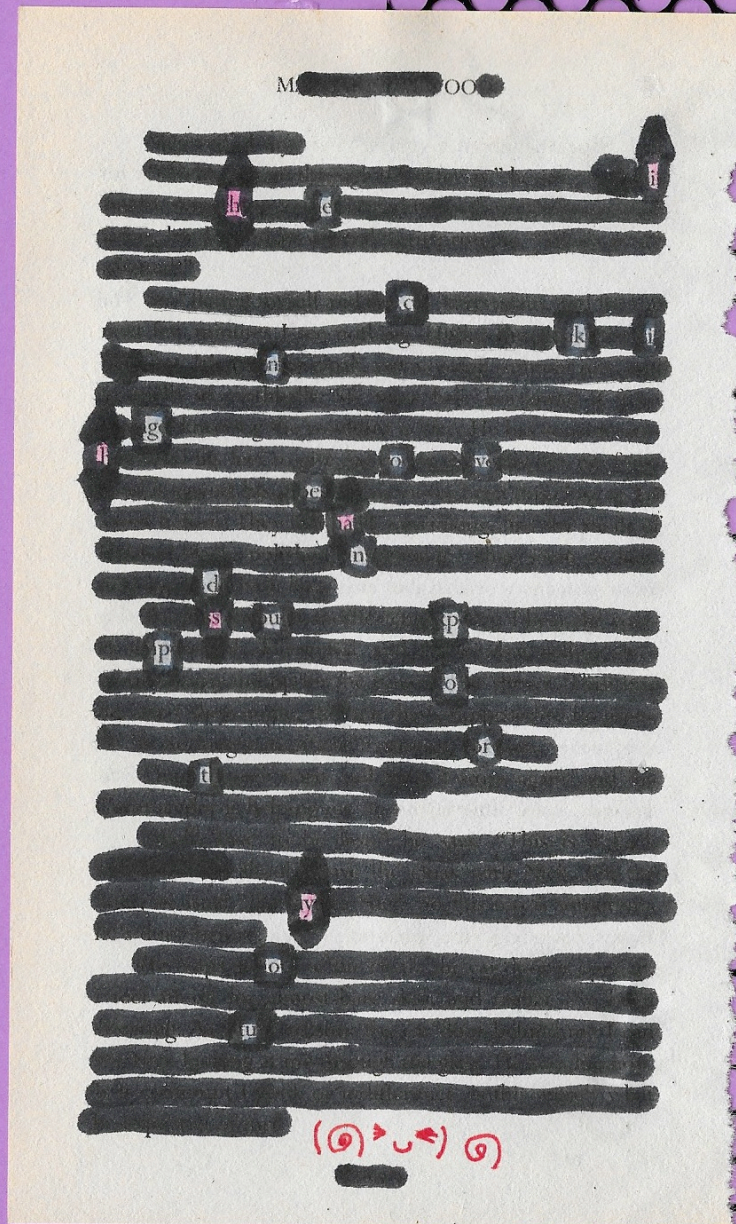
I

kiss him, here alone,





yeh!

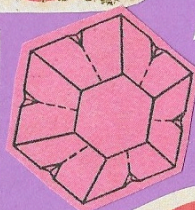


ripe

FRIENDS

(geniuses)

ONLY
care



u r cool
Fite me



Self Love
and true
freedom
is no

coincidence



I AM I

Someone has come out of the house. I hear the distant closing of a door, around at the side, footsteps on the walk. It's Nick, I can see him now; he's stepped off the path, onto the lawn, to breathe in the humid air which stinks of flowers, of pulpy growth, of pollen thrown into the wind in handfuls, like oyster spawn into the sea. All this prodigal breeding. He stretches in the sun, I feel the ripple of muscles go along him, like a cat's back arching. He's in his shirt sleeves, bare arms sticking shamelessly out from the rolled cloth. Where does the tan end? I haven't spoken to him since that one night, dreamscape in the moon-filled sitting room. He's only my flag, my semaphore. Body language.

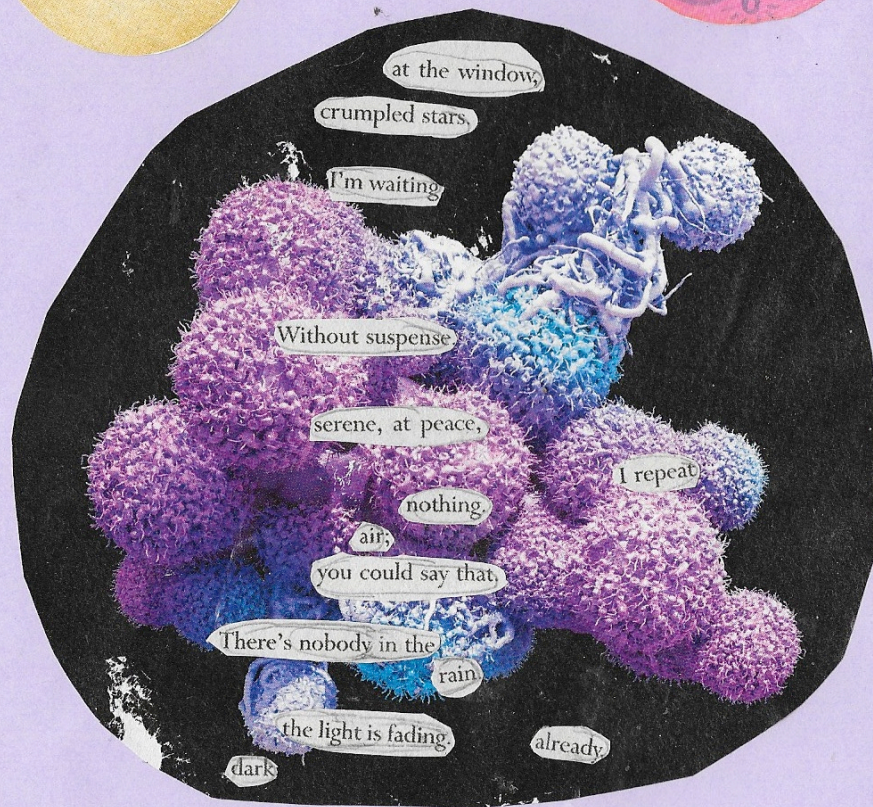
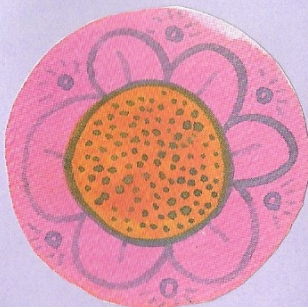
Right now his cap's on sideways. Therefore I am sent for.

What does he get for it, his role as page boy? How does he feel, pimping in this ambiguous way for the Commander? Does it fill him with disgust, or make him want more of me, want me more? Because he has no idea what really goes on in there, among the books. Acts of perversion, for all he knows. The Commander and me, covering each other with ink, licking it off, or making love on stacks of forbidden newsprint. Well, he wouldn't be far off at that.

But depend on it, there's something in it for him. Everyone's on the take, one way or another. Extra cigarettes? Extra freedoms, not allowed to the general run? Anyway, what can he prove? It's his word against the Commander's, unless he wants to head a posse. Kick in the door, and what did I tell you? Caught in the act, sinfully Scrabbling. Quick, eat those words.

Maybe he just likes the satisfaction of knowing some-



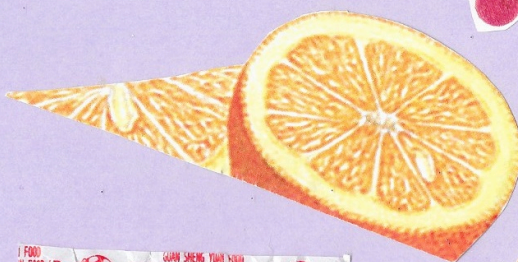


K A I N I N

AN a k



MA S A R A P !



G a N d A





ROMEOYJULIETA



John boy

I remind you that this was not the first such discovery. You are doubtless familiar, for instance, with the item known as "The A.B. Memoirs," located in a garage in a suburb of Seattle, and with the "Diary of P," excited by accident during the erection of a new meeting house in the vicinity of what was once Syracuse, New York.

Professor Wade and I were very excited by this new discovery. Luckily we had, several years before, with the aid of our excellent resident antiquarian technician, reconstructed a machine capable of playing such tapes, and we immediately set about the painstaking work of transcription.

Fed Up!

