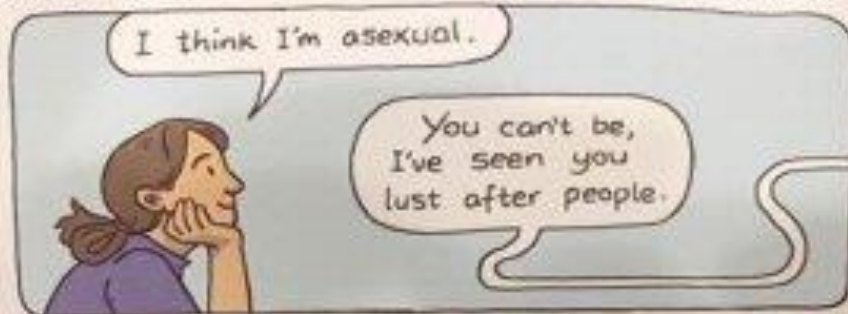


Pictures of pages from *Gender Queer* – not in any particular order

Gender Queer: A Memoir, by Maia Kobabe

WHEN I WAS 14 OR SO I TOLD A CLOSE FRIEND



I REMEMBER MY FIRST YEAR AT SF PRIDE THINKING THAT THE ASEXUAL GROUP HAD **THE BEST SIGNS.**



ALISON BECHDEL WRITES IN *FUN HOME* ABOUT DISCOVERING MASTURBATION SOON AFTER HER FIRST PERIOD (PAGE 170).



I DISCOVERED IT AT AROUND THE SAME AGE, FOLLOWED BY THE FURTHER REALIZATION THAT MY ABILITY TO BECOME AROUSED WAS GOVERNED BY A STRICT LAW OF DIMINISHING RETURNS.



THE MORE I HAD TO INTERACT WITH MY GENITALS THE LESS LIKELY I WAS TO REACH A POINT OF ANY SATISFACTION. THE BEST FANTASY WAS ONE THAT DIDN'T REQUIRE ANY PHYSICAL TOUCH AT ALL.

WHEN I FINALLY GOT OLD ENOUGH TO NOT BE EMBARRASSED TALKING ABOUT THIS STUFF WITH MY SISTER:

It really never occurred to you to put something into your vagina, not even a finger?

It really didn't.

So you've never tasted yourself?

What? NO! EW!

WAIT—you have?

HAHA, of course! You should try.

AND SO:

Vagina
slime
↓

IN 2013, I DISCOVERED ERIKA MOEN'S WEBCOMIC OH JOY SEX TOY. IN A COMIC FROM NOVEMBER OF THAT YEAR SHE TALKS ABOUT THE FIRST SEX TOY SHE EVER PURCHASED

★ A \$10 BULLET VIBRATOR ★



MOEN WRITES:

"My first orgasm is still one of my most vivid, lovely experiences. It was the first time I ever loved my body."

The way she talks about orgasms makes me wonder if actually I've... never... had one...?

I guess I should get one of these and try it!



FAST-FORWARD: WE'VE BEEN DATING FOR TWO MONTHS. WE'VE MADE OUT, WE'VE HAD SEX, WE'VE MOVED ON TO SEXTING AT WORK.



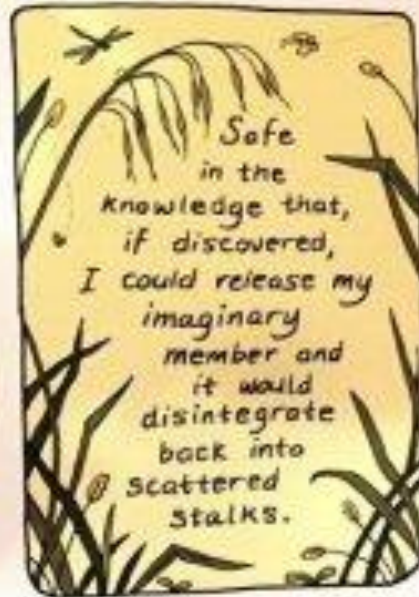
I WAS 11 OR 12 YEARS OLD THE FIRST TIME I CAN REMEMBER FANTASIZING ABOUT HAVING A PENIS.



I WAS LYING, FULLY CLOTHED, ON A HILLSIDE UNDER AN OPEN SKY.



I HELD A FOLDED HANDFUL OF GRASS BETWEEN MY LEGS.



Safe in the knowledge that, if discovered, I could release my imaginary member and it would disintegrate back into scattered stalks.



FOR YEARS MY STANDARD METHOD OF MASTURBATION WAS STUFFING A SOCK INTO THE FRONT OF MY PANTS AND MANIPULATING

The Bulge.

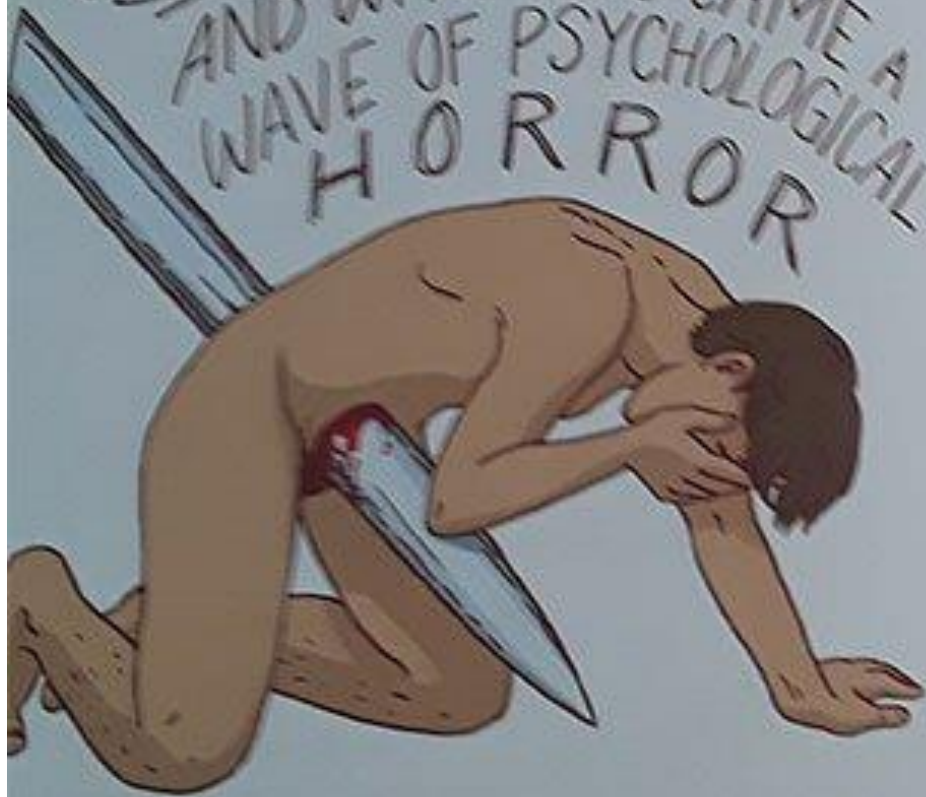
THIS WOULD EVOLVE INTO HIP-THRUSTING WHILE THINKING OF MY LASTEST GAY SHIP ...



MEMORABLY, I GOT OFF ONCE WHILE DRIVING JUST BY RUBBING THE FRONT OF MY JEANS AND IMAGINING GETTING A *Blow JOB**

* I PROMISE I'M A REALLY SAFE DRIVER.

I FELT
AS IF I HAD
BEEN STABBED
THROUGH MY
ENTIRE
BODY AND WITH THIS CAME A
WAVE OF PSYCHOLOGICAL
HORROR



THE REALIZATION THAT THINGS CAN
GO INSIDE MY BODY

OF COURSE I ALREADY
KNEW THIS FACT INTELLECTUAL

embodied

KNOWLEDGE IS
AN ENTIRELY
DIFFERENT
MATTER.



WHAT MY BODY
TOLD ME WAS THAT
INTRUSION OF THE OUT
WORLD INTO MY INTERNAL P
BEING WAS WRONG ON A
TOO DEEP FOR