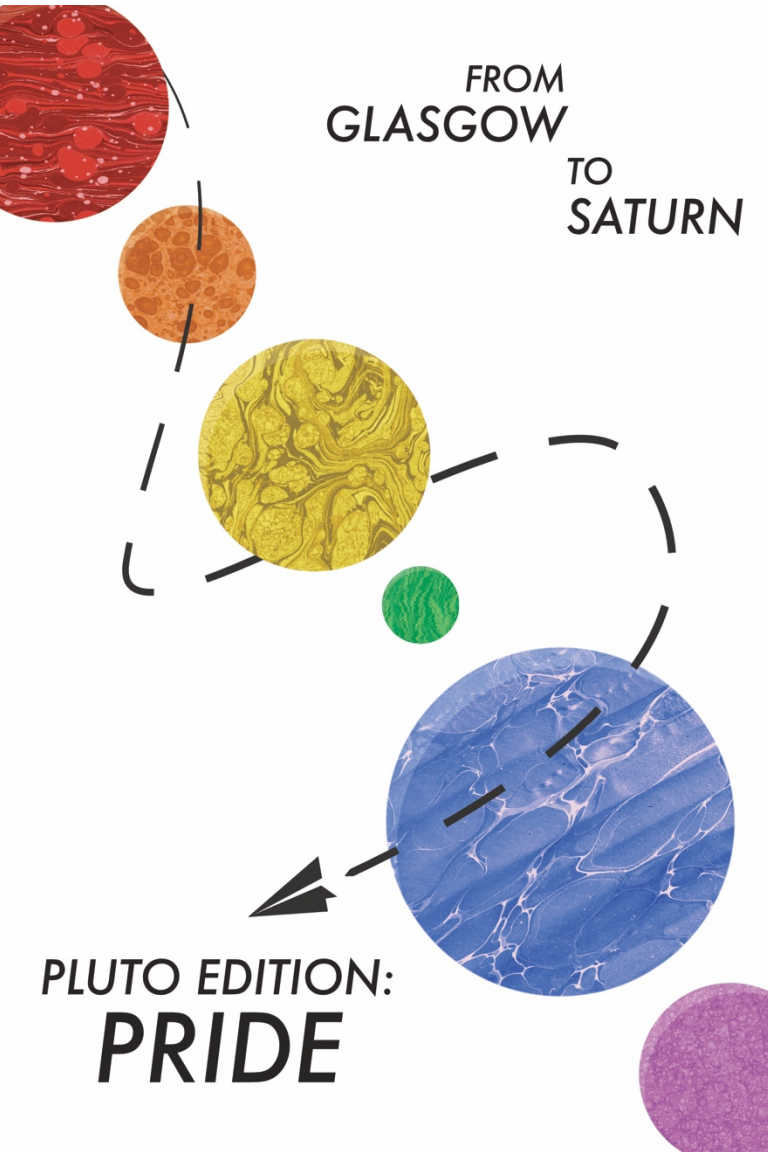
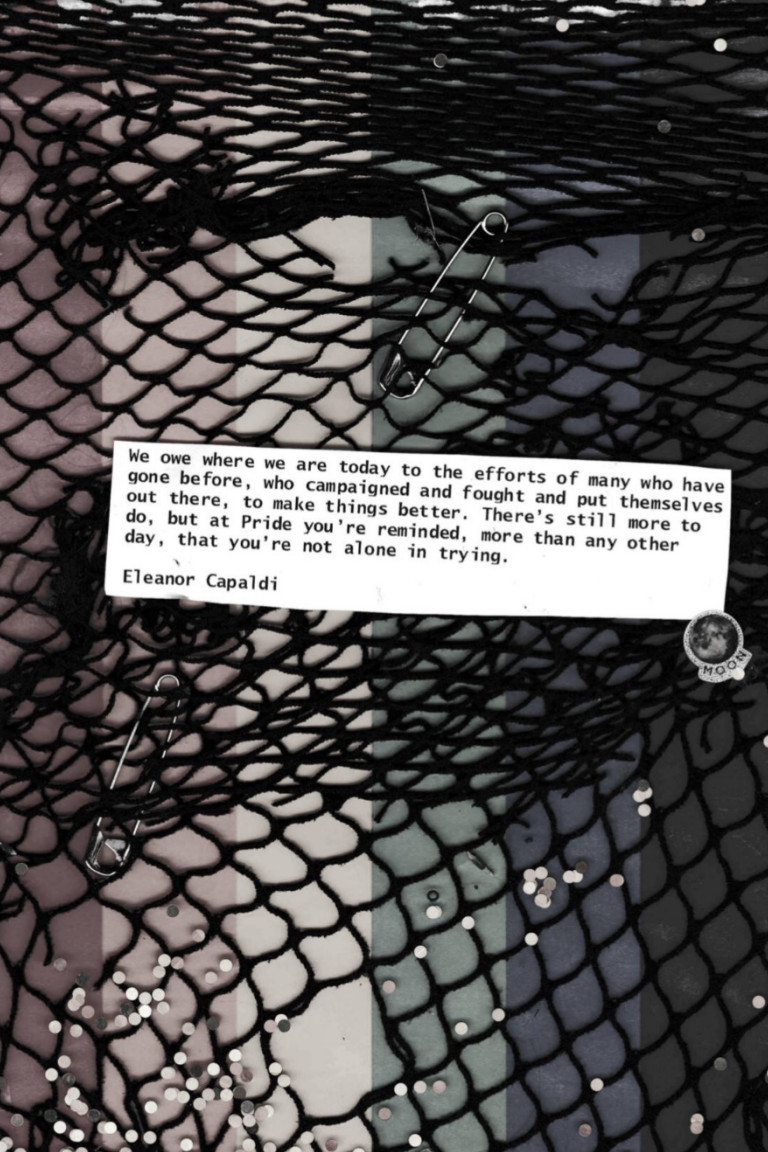


FROM  
GLASGOW  
TO  
SATURN



PLUTO EDITION:  
**PRIDE**



We owe where we are today to the efforts of many who have gone before, who campaigned and fought and put themselves out there, to make things better. There's still more to do, but at Pride you're reminded, more than any other day, that you're not alone in trying.

Eleanor Capaldi



Category 15 books



Whilst it is a celebration of our culture, Pride began as, and continues to be, a protest, ignited first by Marsha P. Johnson and Sylvia Rivera at Stonewall; they fought, just as we should, for the extension of our rights to every member within the LGBTQ+ community. It is about showing up for, recognising and listening to those within our community. Pride is about queer liberation. It's far more than just a party- it's a fight for each of us to be considered fully flawed, fantastic human beings.

Heather Hilditch



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# Transmission from Pluto

Welcome to the inaugural spin-off zine edition of *From Glasgow to Saturn*. We started the Pluto Editions to expand the scope of *From Glasgow to Saturn* beyond our usual biannual issues, into shorter, compact issues that tackle the specific themes of our time.

*Pluto Edition: Pride* is a celebration of LGBTIQ+ voices from the University of Glasgow community. To us, Pride is about community and belonging. It's about embracing and standing up for ourselves and each other. We hope you'll discover all of this and more through these pages, from poems to collages to statements from our authors on what Pride means to them.

Pride is a movement.

Pride is courage.

Pride is truth.

Pride is changing.

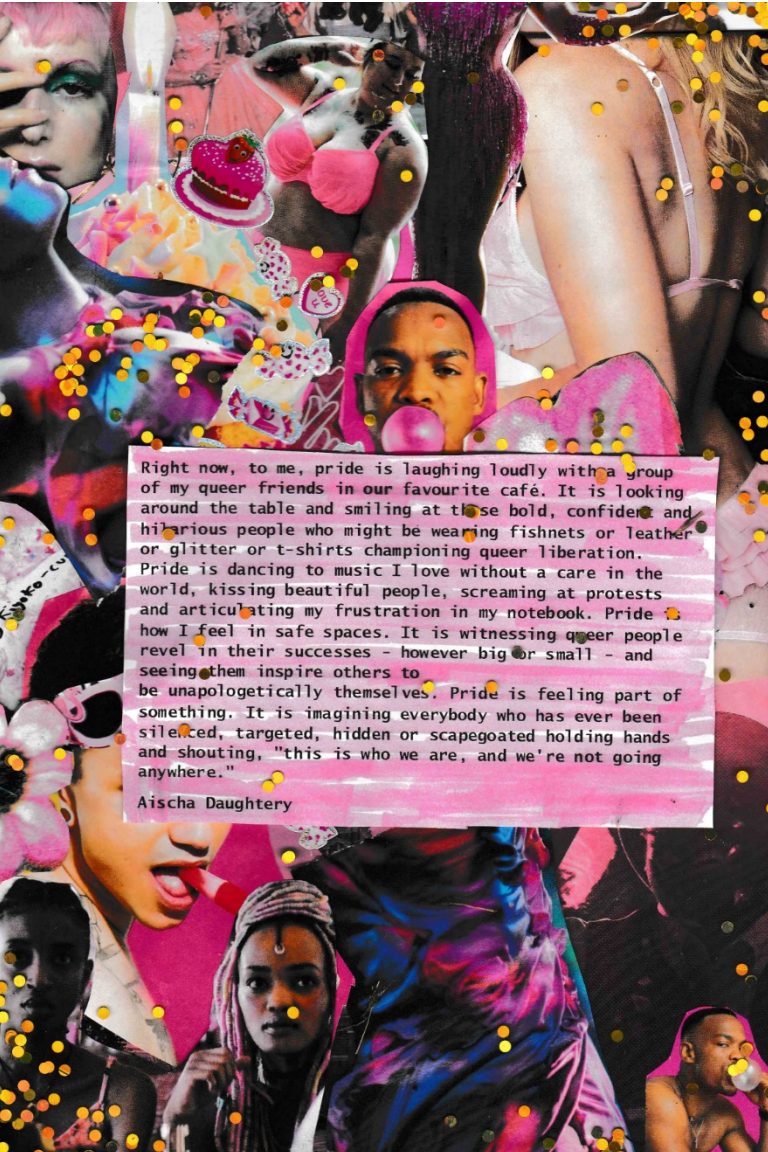
Pride is love.

With rainbow-fuelled rockets & sparkly Saturn rings,

Suki Hollywood | Daniel Gee Husson | Erin MacDonald

Erin Morin | Siobhan Mulligan

co-editors



Right now, to me, pride is laughing loudly with a group of my queer friends in our favourite café. It is looking around the table and smiling at those bold, confident and hilarious people who might be wearing fishnets or leather or glitter or t-shirts championing queer liberation. Pride is dancing to music I love without a care in the world, kissing beautiful people, screaming at protests and articulating my frustration in my notebook. Pride is how I feel in safe spaces. It is witnessing queer people revel in their successes - however big or small - and seeing them inspire others to be unapologetically themselves. Pride is feeling part of something. It is imagining everybody who has ever been silenced, targeted, hidden or scapegoated holding hands and shouting, "this is who we are, and we're not going anywhere."

Aischa Daughtery

## new york

*Aischa Daugherty*

the woman at customs has short fingernails  
and asks me what kind of sandwich i have brought  
and i think she might be flirting until she makes me bin it

and i pretend i'm in a film to get through the eight-hour flight  
and i read that romanticising the little things in life makes it feel  
worth living and i realise that what i am doing doesn't really qualify as  
'little'

and i take a step  
and it feels like a new world but it is only a country  
and i can manipulate myself into this cool, travelling woman if i want  
to

and i think it suits me  
and my hair is finally long enough to flick behind my shoulders so i  
do and i take a breath

and i try to accept that my refuge has been destabilised  
and my future, dreams and emotions are in flux  
and i feel like a character in an american video game

but i've always been a master of curating art  
and it isn't always good but when you're living in the crevices of  
somebody else's  
and transcending beyond recollection of your own it's hard to escape  
the confines of clichés

and it turns out being in love does nothing for creativity - it is too  
hypnotic and for the first time in a fortnight i have kept down my  
morning coffee and i remember that nothing is ingrained in me

and i start again

# Sedimentality

*Alice Hill-Woods*

I have been waiting for this to happen:  
the moon moving to make demarcations  
which rupture fragile  
milk teeth in my caisson

power tilts northwards  
towards the flank of munros  
    also tilting is your head  
    a stare that fluctuates from blue to black  
    twin lochs widening as they feed on your retinas  
interlinked fingers are our orogeny  
overwhelmed by an urge  
to archive lacunae

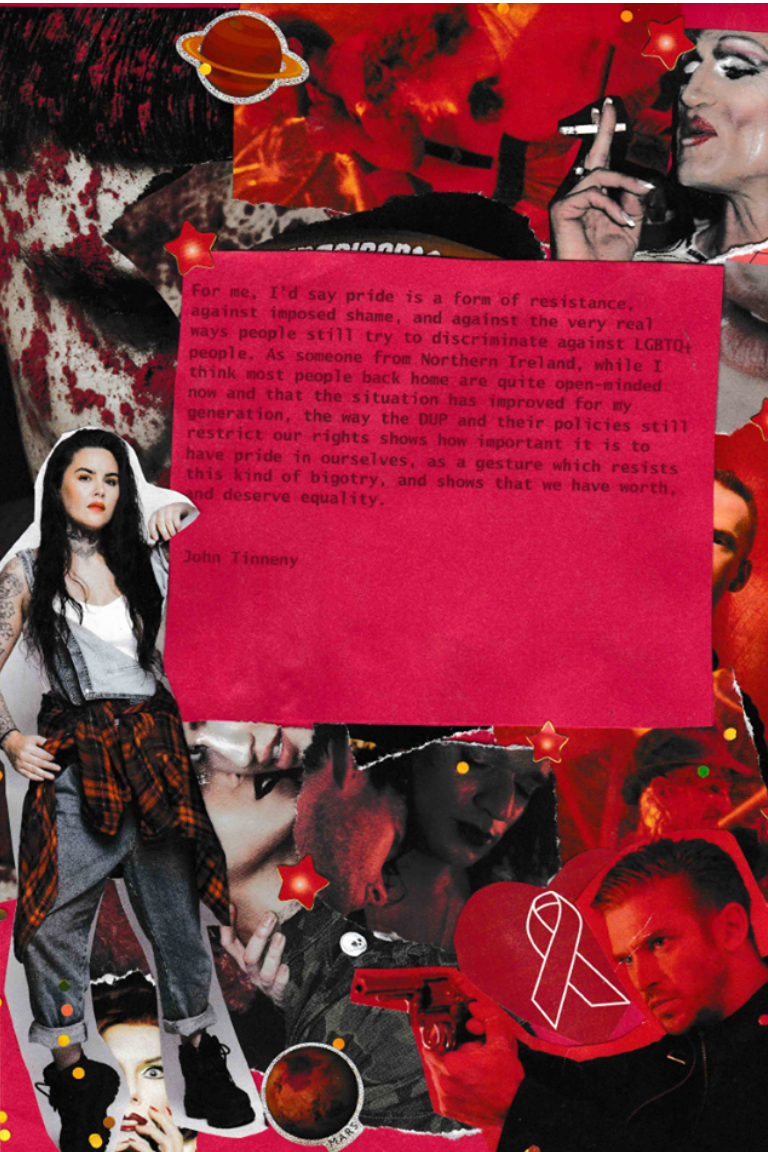
the inevitable is muddy  
ossified ice knowing too well  
the familiar rhythms of erosion:  
bellyaches, marring, coniferous glamour  
and burying vertebrae beneath swathes of fern

in mayfly heat, our clay bodies are burdens  
so we set them down gently  
and merge with moving water.

# A Panic Attack as Found Poetry

*Amy Louise Robertson*

there's something wrong there's something wrong i can't help it but it's getting to me and my mind is racing the spaces are shutting it's like a door in my brain is hurting i need to sleep now i can't keep this up i can feel the light on my back and it's aching my neck is breaking i feel like i'm choking the neighbours are nosing and i'm not supposed to be feeling like this anymore it was supposed to be better supposed to be lessened i was meant to be stronger and smarter and blessed to be left alone for once in my god damn fucking life this was meant to be my time and my year and somehow it's winter and i'm still thinking of her when i'm out on the lash and i'm telling the same ten stories i've told for five years and i can't help myself i can't help it i'm weak and i need the attention it's all that keeps me breathing fuck my hands are shaking and the washing is piling and i can't tell you the last time i didn't wake up at five in the morning sweating and retching and now i can feel it like water it's building i'm going to lose it all just because i can't keep my fucking mouth my legs my mouth shut and i know that i'm supposed to feel empowered but it may as well be self harm and now it's coming to get me it's darker it's empty so empty like the hallway in the house with the glass door and i was supposed to be there and i wasn't and i don't deserve forgiveness but i didn't know no one knew i wasn't the only one i was only a kid please don't hurt me i'm sorry it's still coming in flashes and no matter it passes and now i'm breathing and counting and holding the breaths and my ribs feel like jelly my temples are throbbing my gag reflex is twinging and i can hear things again but slowly-



For me, I'd say pride is a form of resistance, against imposed shame, and against the very real ways people still try to discriminate against LGBTQ+ people. As someone from Northern Ireland, while I think most people back home are quite open-minded now and that the situation has improved for my generation, the way the DUP and their policies still restrict our rights shows how important it is to have pride in ourselves, as a gesture which resists this kind of bigotry, and shows that we have worth, and deserve equality.

John Tinneny



"Pride"

is how coming out to people six years ago felt like vomiting on their trainers, whereas now it feels like placing a perfect crooked rock in their hand.

Ellen MacAskill

# Outgrown

*Eleanor Capaldi*

All I need is to breathe. Shift the boulders off my back, and breathe. Cold air, sharp to tissues' touch, makes my throat choke. It's good and clean, and my grey lungs treat it like it's the one not supposed to be here. I know how the air feels.

When it's time to go, it's time. Unless you're pushed. It wasn't a strong arm, but words that shoved. An accumulation of syllables, until I was hurting, one little word after another building, up and up. From my ankles – are you sure you haven't made a mistake - to the backs of my knees – I love you, but - to the small of my back – no they can't come round, not under our roof - piling up into a misshapen mound of jigsaw pieces that created only one inevitable picture, a midnight flit.

I'm all out of shape; there's not enough space. It's like my arms are poking out of the windows, my legs boring holes in the floorboards, the roof slipping over my head. I wear this whole house like a sandwich board, advertising wraps for minimum wage. The shadows stretching across the living room look different, even though the lights are the same and the moon hasn't changed, and the time passes like it always did. Clomping downstairs with backpack filled full, zip out of sync, a skelf catches from the bannister and punches through denim, scratching at skin. Childhood cuddles on the couch after a scrape echo like false memory.

Things have changed; the rail doesn't fit the shape of my hand anymore, the ceiling sags too low, the sink clogs, bin topples. Suspended in the dark I hesitate on the threshold. If it's cold in here, what could it be like out there... But this space is not the same any more.

# Umami

*AR Crow*

I have been working on my palate recently  
deliberately and accidentally

I play with new flavours in brunch recipes  
and season each vegetable individually

chestnut mushrooms with garlic and rosemary  
greens with parmesan, lemon and chilli

poached eggs with avocado and chipotle  
and always with aeropressed strong black coffee

I remember when caffeine high was the best taste coffee held for me  
I remember use of dilution not to mask poor quality

I remember when eating table salt would satisfy me  
I remember when eating paper would satisfy me

I have been working on my palate recently

I have been reading more poetry out loud in my head  
picturing Gertrude and Alice in bed  
with foreplay of wordplay in gay serenades

I have been writing more poetry out loud in my head  
playing with words and rhythm  
like a musician with a loop pedal

where repetition with queering  
is a petition of queer being

where repetition as insistence  
becomes a petition of queer resistance

I have been working on my palate recently  
deliberately and accidentally

my taste wanes for word salad LGBT  
when the Q is the most delicious to me

reclaimed slurs on our lips  
eclipse salted caramel

this essence is more than savoury

forget tokenisms sprinkled like MSG  
only true queerness can satisfy me

I have been exploring new recipes  
where art tells the stories of our history

in blood, rage and filth  
in genderfuckery

in blessings and curses of second adolescence  
in dressings and undressings with fiercest tenderness

in stolen kisses, urgent holds

in missing those gone too soon  
in kissing while missing those gone too soon

under disco lights, in public toilets  
in how we can delight  
when they call us perverts

I have been working on my palate recently  
and this is no longer a mystery

more than label of identity  
more than an ingredient in a recipe

we stir  
in the place  
where slur became verb

and there  
the umami

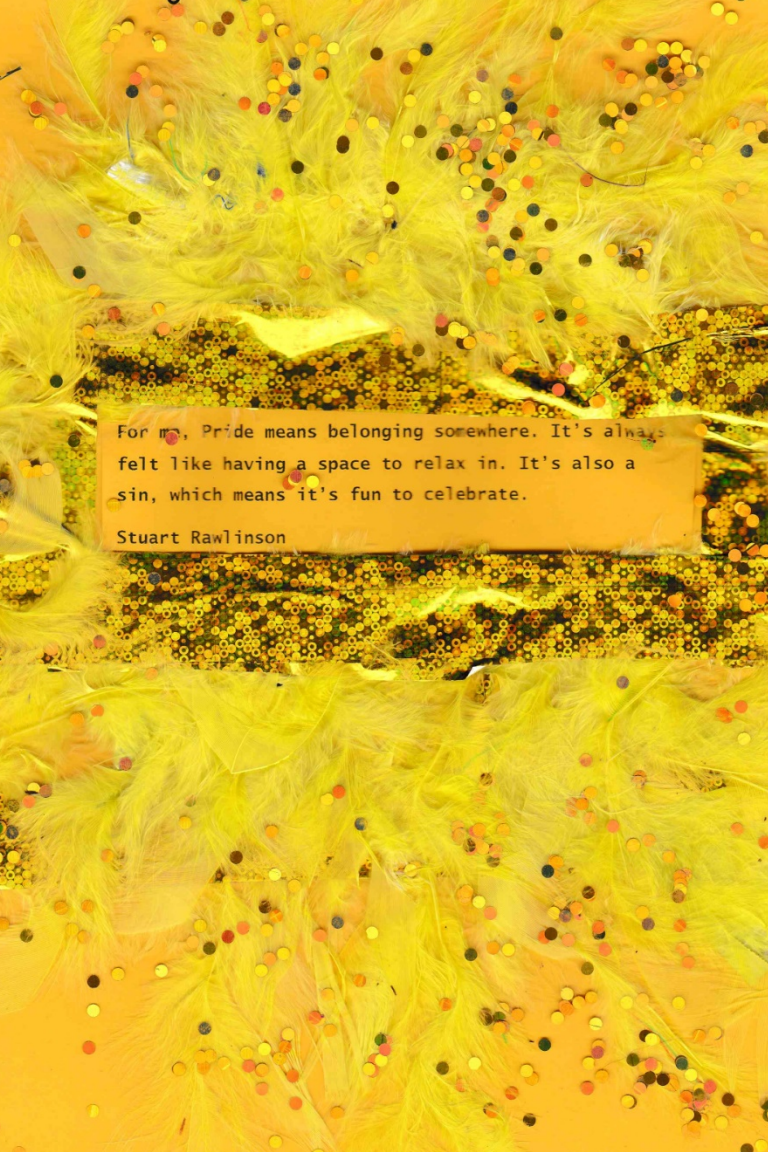


HER NAME WAS **IOLA**



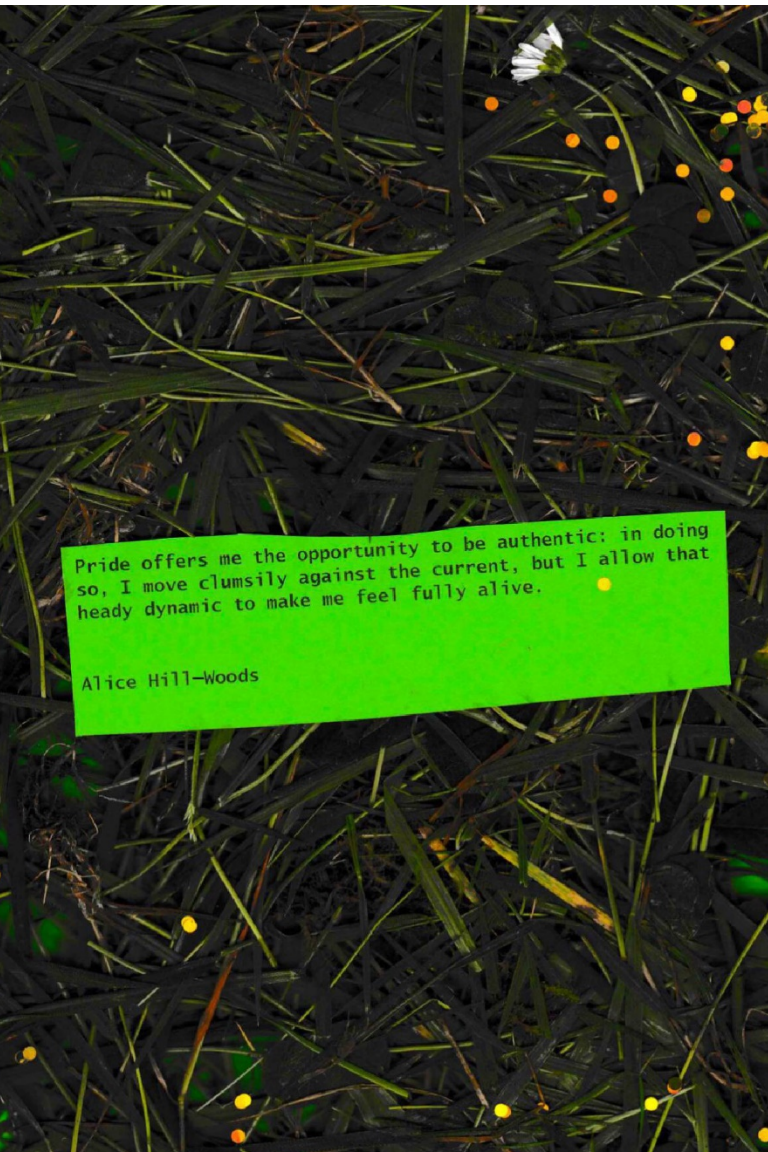
## Hooked on a Feeling

*Astrid Lea-Mutch*



For me, Pride means belonging somewhere. It's always  
felt like having a space to relax in. It's also a  
sin, which means it's fun to celebrate.

Stuart Rawlinson



Pride offers me the opportunity to be authentic: in doing so, I move clumsily against the current, but I allow that heady dynamic to make me feel fully alive.

Alice Hill-Woods

# Variations

*Stuart Rawlinson*

I think we both know I was referring to the smouldering cinder I keep in my pocket. How you could mistake it for anything else is, quite frankly, beyond me, not even when you are as hysterical as you are right now. Are you like this a lot? I hope you learn to control yourself.

I think we both know I was referring to a relatively unloved type of cheese you've clearly never heard of, not anything untoward, as your posture and aggressive demeanour seem to suggest. Is your palate truly that unrefined? I hope you use this conversation as an opportunity to reflect upon and better your behaviour when talking to your work colleagues in the future.

I think we both know I meant it in the way the French use it, as a fond nickname to a sister who has recently returned from a long stay in Sicily, not to disrespect your recent stay in at your Aunt's static caravan. Did you have a marvellous time? I hope you had a marvellous time.

I think we both know I was referring to acclaimed actress Sissy Spacek, and her wonderful work in *Badlands* (1973). Her performance speaks volumes, carries more weight than a hundred large jugs of water. Or do you prefer the, uh, more modern approach to acting? I hope one day you can see past that and understand a true icon, a true piece of art.

I think we both know now I was most definitely not referring to you, do not worry yourself. It seems pretty clear that that ship has sailed, not for lack of trying though, hmm? I hope you find some age-appropriate crop tops.

I think we both know nothing will ever happen if you bring this up again. No blushing, no compensation for your time, certainly no satisfaction on your part. Did you think otherwise? I hope you remember this, every time I do it in the future.

# Uisce Beatha

*John Tinneny*

*Uisce beatha* is near identical  
to *uisge-beatha*; *fear* is spelt  
the same way as *fear*, the two words  
feel the same in my mouth,  
are within kissing distance  
of each other.

They are not as different as night  
and day, although day and night  
are indistinguishable in these dialects.  
*Oíche* and *oidhche* are under the same sky,  
as is *lá* and *là*, the sound of fingers  
shoved in ears, the sound of nonsense  
to you. You speak neither.

You asked me once did I understand the signs  
when staring vacantly  
from a Scotrail window, and I admitted  
that the Bridgeton station sign  
always made me a little homesick.

Standing on the platform,  
I read the word *Droichid*, a bridge  
like the causeway which that Scottish giant  
tried to and failed to build from stone.  
I read the word *baile*,  
which means town, as well as home.

*Baile atá ionat dom*, I'd say, even though  
you don't know what that means.  
Or what your words  
meant to me.

# peach pit

*Heather Hilditch*

across town, there is a girl eating a peach and planning on coming out  
to her parents. tomorrow, she'll regret it and be crashing at a best  
friend's house. but, for now:

she is beautiful, sticky, and naïve.

## Nature Poem #2

*Ellen MacAskill*

cars flowing beneath us  
towards the sunset heading north  
improbable - the propellers, us, everything.  
pants still wet from you  
and I earlier in the green river  
cleansed of sins the lord our saviour hath risen  
again on this blessed day  
draw a cross on my forehead with a cold finger  
when I go down in the river to pray  
and graze my legs with skimmed stones  
flying past my head. in spring it's lush  
and the buildings are ancient.  
every time we kiss in public and don't get harassed  
I feel a footstep closer to god.  
bless this food we share in an airport lounge  
the sweat on your face that rises up to heaven.  
I never had to fight so hard against  
the urge to let go and be dragged  
downstream. you piss right there and  
I don't even feel it.

# things which enclose me

*Allie Kerper*

*after e.e. cummings*

the rain had heavy hands  
as we left the bar.  
you gave me your shawl  
and said you felt strong

bare-armed in the downpour.  
you draped the thin fabric over me  
like a scrap you'd torn off the sky,  
so sodden it nearly dissolved.

the water on my glasses  
smeared your white hair  
and shoulders onto the night,  
the rest of you shrouded

in a long black dress.  
i clutched your shawl closed  
with one hand, reached out  
for you with the other.


i held your hand like wings  
wrapped around a sleeping bat,  
like nothing else could be  
so small and soft.



Pride is more than a rainbow flag or a march once a year, or even a protest. Pride does not always negate any sense of shame. Pride is about a journey and the connections you make along the way. Pride is not so much about celebrating identity labels or collecting label badges but should be a practice every day in learning to live queerly.

AR Crow





'Pride' means being honest with myself, taking ownership  
of my feelings, and celebrating how they make me who I  
am.

Allie Kerper

Photography by James White  
Styling by Sarah Jones and Boharian

## About the Contributors

**Eleanor Capaldi** has been published by *Gutter Magazine*, the *Interpreter's House*, the *Skinned Knee Collective*, *Bare Fiction* and *Mechanics' Institute Review*. Anthologies include *Reel to Rattling Reel* (Cranachan Press), *Queering the Map* (Knight Errant Press), and *Beyond Boundaries* (European Championships Cultural Programme). Theatre includes *Disposable* (the Old Hairdressers) and *Distilled Freedom* (Not Too Tame Theatre). Short film *Pull* screened at SQIFF. A writer in whichever form fits.

**AR Crow** is a poet, performer and trainee psychiatrist. They have been performing since 2015 at events including Loud Poets, Inn Deep Poetry, Spangled Cabaret, Other Voices and Neu Reekie, with publications to date in *We Were Always Here – A Queer Words Anthology*, *The Speculative Book 2019* and *Dostoevsky Wannabe Cities Dundee*. They like bookshops, brunch and Bronski Beat. @IAmACr0w

**Aischa Daughtery** (she/her) is a twenty-year-old poet and essayist based in the West End of Glasgow. Currently an undergraduate student in English Literature and Sociology at the University of Glasgow, Daughtery primarily explores themes of sexuality, gender politics and adolescence in her written work. Her work can be found in various literary journals and magazines, including *Adjacent Pineapple*, *She is Fierce*, *Bad Betty Press*, *Qu-Ear* and *qmunicreate*. Daughtery is currently working on promoting her recent independent publication, *Queer Theory*, a digital journal where LGBTQIA+ creatives contribute artistic work to an online time-capsule documenting the 21st Century queer experience. In April 2019, Peaches Publishing will release a zine-style publication of Daughtery's recent work.

**Heather Hilditch** is a third year Film and Television student at the University of Glasgow. She is interested in visual poetry, confessional filmmaking, ideas about identity, the body, sexuality, gender, the past and the perspectives of the LGBTQ+ community. Tired and unoriginal, she is often buying notebooks she doesn't need.

**Alice Hill-Woods** is a third-year undergraduate studying English Literature. Her poems have been published by *The Corrugated Wave*, *Gargouille Literary Journal*, *The Poetry Society*, *Speculative Books* and *From Glasgow to Saturn*. In 2018, she facilitated her own workshop, Ekphrastic Glasgow, combining visual art and poetry, and has edited creative writing for Glasgow University Magazine during this academic year.

**Allie Kerper** is a poet pursuing an MFA in Creative Writing at the University of Glasgow. She holds an MSc in Creative Writing from the University of Edinburgh and a BA in English and Creative Writing from Hamilton College in New York. Her work has appeared previously in *From Glasgow to Saturn*, as well as *Adjacent Pineapple*, *From Arthur's Seat* and elsewhere. She has performed in feature slots in Edinburgh poetry nights such as The God Damn Debut Slam, Vespers and Loud Poets. She agrees it's outrageous to have three degrees in creative writing. Follow her on Twitter at @kerperplexed.

**Astrid Lea-Mutch** is currently studying English Literature at the University of Glasgow, though a part of her wishes she could also be a physicist, comic book illustrator and part-time cat sitter.

**Ellen MacAskill** is a writer in Glasgow. Her novella 'A9' appears in *Hometown Tales: Highlands and Hebrides* (W&N, 2018). She is a member of Writers 4 Utopia, a transatlantic queer sci-fi collective that has published three anthologies: *Gaslit*, *Lit Fuse* and *Cycles*. She recently published an illustrated zine of poetry entitled *My Terrible Life* in collaboration with Lizzie Quirke. Follow her on Instagram (@\_\_leomoon) for updates about her work.

**Stuart Rawlinson** is currently studying at the University of Glasgow. His work can be found in *From Glasgow to Saturn*, *SPAM*, *Ghost City Review*, and *A Queer Anthology of Rage* (Pilot Press, 2018).

**Amy Louise Robertson** is a Glaswegian poet in the middle of a Creative Writing MLitt at the University of Glasgow. Her writing is predominantly self-deprecating, occasionally nature-inspired and mostly confessional. She's a lover of succulents and Sundays spent horizontally, and she hosts the podcast *Poetry on the Rocks* where she chats with other writers based in Glasgow.

Originally from Belfast, **John Tinneney** studies English Literature and French at University of Glasgow, and has just completed his year abroad in Toulouse. A writer of mainly poetry, he has been published in *The Kindling* and won the Stephen Spender prize for poetry translation in 2016. He also has a love of photography inherited from his dad, who has the exact same name (not at all confusing) and has had an artwork featured in the RUA annual exhibition in 2018.

## About the Editors

**Suki Hollywood** was born on Valentine's Day in Belfast. Alongside working on her first novel, she is an Editorial Assistant at Knight Errant Press and a reviewer for *Shoreline of Infinity*. In her spare time, she sings in The Glasgow Blues and Soul Alliance. Her signature drink is a Margarita.

**Daniel Gee Husson** is a playwright, director, and dramaturg who also writes short stories and the occasional poem. He graduated from the Riggio Honors Program: Writing and Democracy at the New School in New York City in 2015. He recently received an MLitt in Playwriting & Dramaturgy, and is working on a second master's in creative writing, at the University of Glasgow.

**Erin MacDonald** currently studies on the Creative Writing MLitt at the University of Glasgow. She holds a BA in Anthropology and Cinema Studies and a certificate in Editing from the University of Washington. Influenced by her three-year immersive study of cross-cultural shamanism, her writing explores issues of spirituality, lineage, gender, and sexuality. Originally from Seattle, Erin now calls Glasgow home.

**Erin Morin** is a literary scholar currently obtaining an MLitt in Fantasy Literature from the University of Glasgow. A Mississippi native, she earned a double Bachelor of Arts in History and English Literature from Mississippi College. Prior to her return to academia, she worked as a public servant in her home state's cultural heritage sector. Her deep-south upbringing contributed to her academic interests, which include representations of gender, sexuality, and race, as well as transmedia narratives.

**Siobhan Mulligan** is a postgraduate student in Creative Writing at the University of Glasgow. She writes poetry, speculative fiction, and everything in between. Originally from the United States, she currently considers Glasgow home. Find her on Twitter @myhomextheroad.

**Jack Bigglestone** is a queer writer and reader. Originally from rural Shropshire, he now lives in Glasgow, where he is an undergraduate in English Literature. He was recently published in *We Were Always Here: A Queer Words Anthology*. Find him on Twitter @LeBigStone.

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*From Glasgow to Saturn* is a literary journal at the University of Glasgow. Based in the Creative Writing Department and run by students within the School of Critical Studies, we publish prose fiction, poetry, essays, artwork, and articles on the craft of writing. We accept submissions from current and former students, staff, alumni, and visiting speakers.

Visit [www.glasgowtosaturn.com](http://www.glasgowtosaturn.com) for PDF copies of previous issues, biographies of former contributors, and information on submitting your work.

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