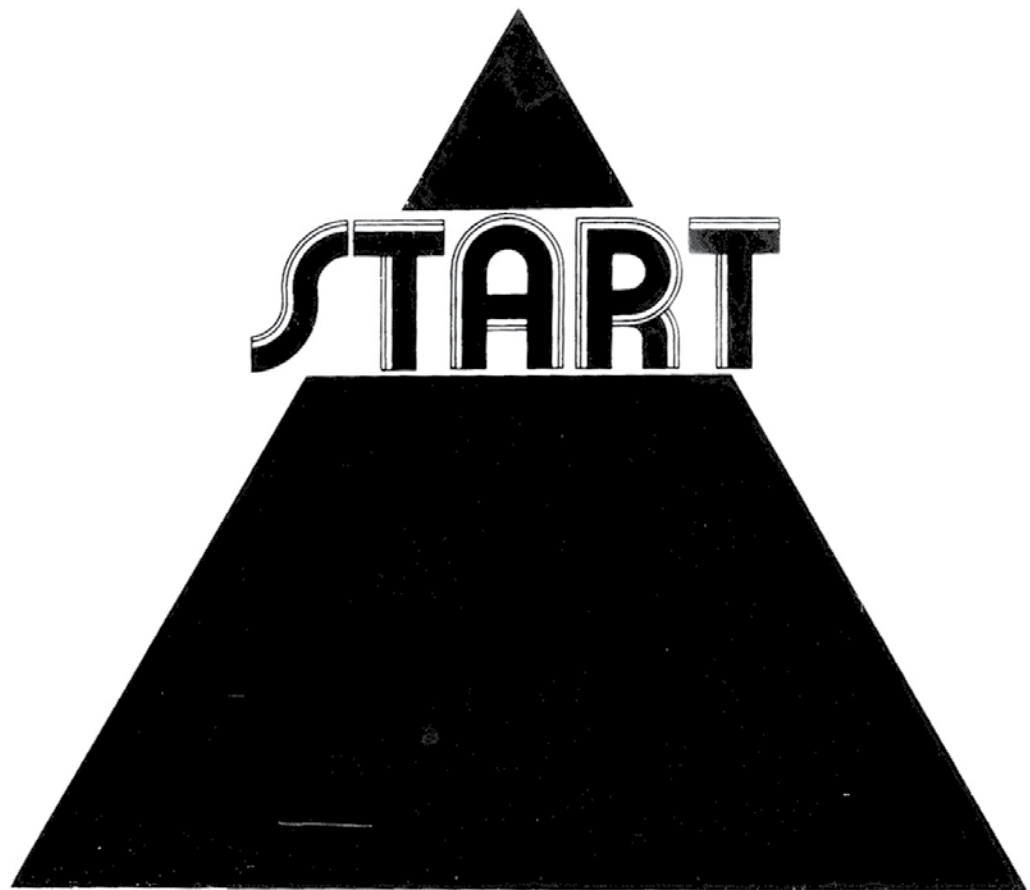


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# Tape Condition: degraded

Cait McKinney and Hazel Meyer





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# Play, Rewind, Repeat: Queer Porn Archives and the Digital Afterlives of VHS

By Cait McKinney and Hazel Meyer

We are sitting beside each other in a small AV room on mismatched, rickety desk chairs, watching old porn. It's three pm in the middle of July in Toronto but this room is overly air-conditioned, as archives often are. Metal shelving stacked with acid-free document boxes is crammed into the room at angles that make moving around inelegant. The boxes are filled with the Canadian Lesbian and Gay Archives (CLGA's) moving image collection, mostly VHS tapes, about 3,000 in total, roughly 800 of which are porn.

The porn is what brought us here; we're working on an exhibition about the archives' porn collection and the problem of digitization—what will happen to all this sex on tape as the archives begins its transition into a 21st-century digital repository? In principal we believe these tapes are worth saving. They record queer strategies of pleasure and survival that activist archives like the CLGA had the forethought to keep. As Laura Kipnis argues, “pornography grabs us and doesn't let go,” in part “because it's intensely and relentlessly about us”; this porn collection is the work of a heterogeneous “us”—local queer communities past, present and future—who might speak through

these tapes and their digital afterlives.' Still, in practice, we aren't always sure that what we're watching is of use to anyone. It's an old argument at this archives and the ad-hoc solution seems to be, if we aren't sure what to do with all this porn, let's just keep collecting it.

The tapes come in through individual donations from community members who drop off their old porn. The first tape we watch, *Close Shave 2* (1990) by RAY ZOR productions, is a compilation of hair-related sex acts featuring men in southern California who look like the less attractive 90210 cast members—think Ian Ziering's “Steve.” They're shaving each other's balls, mostly in public bathroom stalls. We played the tape because we thought it might be some perfect fantasy scene in which earnest, newly awakened lesbians give each other their First Gay Haircuts, maybe in a locker room after basketball practice. But it is not that thing, not even close.

Still, we watch the whole tape through to the end, but on fast-forward so the hair is shorn at eight-times the original recording speed. Our goal is to get to the end of the tape so we can

rewind the tape, which sounds like an existential problem but is actually a preservation measure: rewinding a tape every few years lubricates the tape and cassette heads, preventing the ribbon, which dries out over time, from breaking. Digital files don't need lube but they also dispense with the plastic cassettes, cardboard sleeves, and mylar ribbon that make up some of the porney-ness of porn from this era. At the end of *Close Shave 2* we get the satisfaction of updating the “Rewound On” date in the computer catalog: “7/12/2014,” then the tape goes back in its box and we continue watching.

Without ever saying it out loud to each other, we seem to have embarked on a search for a fantasy VHS tape that most certainly does not exist. Our Dream Tape is utterly unlike the tapes that actually make up this collection, which is a pretty homogenous archive of mostly white, gay men's porn from the 1980s and 90s, primarily commercially produced in the U.S. We keep hoping to find the kink (there is some), the home-made (there is less), or anything made by or depicting women, performers of colour, or trans people (there is almost none). All this watching,



rewinding, and hunting is research for *Tape Condition: degraded*, an exhibition about porn and VHS tape at the archives. We want to invite the public to consider porn-on-tape's status as a vital record of LGBTQ subcultures at a crossroads as community archives digitize their collections, seeking preservation and improving access. What happens to the boxes and boxes of porn as materials of more obvious "archival value"—materials like oral histories—jump to the front of the digitization queue? As porn scholar Walter Kendrick argues, "porn" as a genre does not exist without archival sensibilities that classify obscene materials, separating them from everything else.<sup>2</sup> In other words, porn is unthinkable outside archival classification methods, and digital interfaces are often where these classifications take shape or get revisited.

*Tape Condition: degraded* takes the form of an immersive installation in the archives' gallery space. A working digital transfer station is situated in a kind of pervy, quasi rec-room. In the grant proposals we wrote to fund the show, we promised that the space would "conjure the unique feeling of an activist community archive, warm and somewhat domestic" but what we really mean is that it will look like a space in which one could comfortably a) jerk off or b) digitize

something, or maybe do both at the same time. We would really like some of our Dream Tapes to be part of the exhibition, but so far the search isn't going well.

Guiding us on our search is the figure of Chris Bearchell (1952–2007), a long-time Canadian porn advocate, writer, intersectional feminist, and archives staff member who managed to straddle the often-conflicting worlds of feminism and gay liberation. She is our diamond. Every time we talk to someone about our interest in protecting and honouring porn at the archives by taking its digital future seriously, they ask us if we know about Bearchell. The stories about her are legendary. She was a lead organizer of anti-police protests after Toronto's 1981 bathhouse raids, creating the slogan "No More Shit!" that emblazons buttons and other Canadian anti-censorship activist ephemera. Toward the end of the protest, Bearchell is said to have jumped on the hood of a parked car, leading the crowd in chanting the phrase that would politicize Toronto's newly visible queer community on the cusp of the AIDS crisis.

We search out anything we can find on Bearchell, scanning old *Body Politic* issues on dusty microfilm machines for her writing on queer sex and the fight against obscenity.

Bearchell was a lesbian feminist who wore a lot of oversized plaid, had a gap in her front teeth that was probably perfect for whistling, kept her hair short, and would eventually retire to a homestead in Western Canada's idyllic Gulf Islands. She was also kinky, into s/m and all kinds of other things good lesbian-feminists weren't supposed to like in the 1980s. Bearchell staked out her ideological territory squarely on the pro-sex side of the anti-porn debates. At the archives, she's said to have advocated for the construction of a never-realized false-wall in the 1980s, behind which all the porn could be kept hidden from frequent police raids.

In the 1990s, when the CLGA considered de-accessioning a lot of the porn collection to deal with space limitations, Bearchell insisted it be kept because it was the responsibility of an archives of sexuality to ensure access to records that document that sexuality—records that often fit the devalued genre of porn. Porn archives, argues porn studies scholar Tim Dean, preserve "traces of nonnormative pleasures," facilitating "not only the tracking but also the reactivation of these pleasures.<sup>3</sup> Like T-shirts, buttons, and protest signs, sexual minorities archive porn as a form of cultural memory, imagining its value for future generations.<sup>4</sup> Today, with the resurgence of porn studies in the

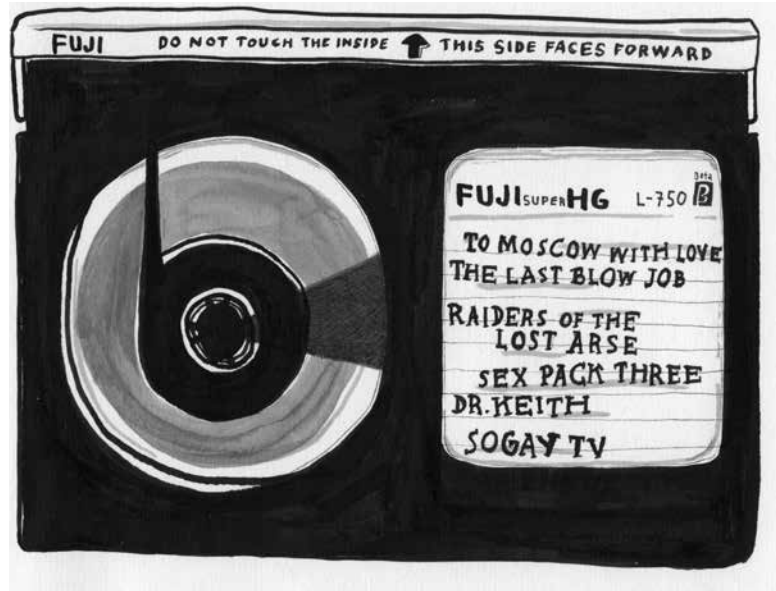
academy, Bearchell's argument for collecting porn seems prescient. LGBTQ community archives are some of the only organizations that have actively collected porn (the CLGA's collection is notably strong) and these collections are incomparable primary source repositories for researchers, thanks in part, to progressive amateur archivists and advocates like Bearchell.<sup>5</sup>

What united all Bearchell's activism, whether for sex workers, fags, or leather dykes—was a commitment to carving out and protecting spaces for sexual expression—including print, magnetic tape, and celluloid. In 1983 she wrote, "Many dykes, including those who call ourselves feminists, are compulsive rule-breakers. We take women to beaches, or find them there, and head for the dunes. Or take bar-room tricks to bathroom cubicles for quickies. We reject *Playboy* lesbianism because it isn't hot enough and get out our polaroids instead."<sup>6</sup>

If only she had taken out her camcorder.

As we continue to research and imagine *Tape Condition: degraded*, we're guided by one big question: what would Bearchell do with a digitization station? Would she find the energy to digitize tape after tape with names like *Raiders of the Lost Arse* and *Sissy Squad*? Would *Close Shave 2* seem worth defending to her? If this hard-edged feminist sex advocate found such value in collecting gay porn, surely there's an argument to be made for its digital future.

A few months into our research, Cait sends the following quote from Bearchell's obituary to Hazel in an email, subject line *Chris Bearchell jerking off*: "In the early 80s, as part of one of the first series of erotica created by women, [Bearchell] made a small film of herself masturbating. It, like other works she made like it later, may not have been the biggest turn-on ever, but it did demonstrate her bravery and tenaciousness."<sup>7</sup> At the bottom of



the email, Cait writes, "gotta find this in the CLGA spank bank." To us the revelation that Bearchell made dykey, do-it-yourself sex tapes is a huge discovery. We search the CLGA's moving images catalogue to no avail, then we ask CLGA expert-on-everything Alan Miller if he's seen these tapes, but he hasn't. And so we keep looking and our Dream Tape grows into a bigger and bigger absence.

Right now digitization at the archives is focused on creating Internet-ready versions of oral history tapes that document materials traditionally underrepresented in LGBTQ community archives, including queer migration stories and records of transgender lives. These kinds of materials have been woefully under-collected for many reasons, including white, gay men's predominance in staffing roles and the influence of a narrowly memorialized AIDS crisis' on building these nascent collections. Digitizing these rare materials has the potential to improve access and create digital versions that won't degrade like magnetic tape.

While professional digitization by outside vendors is expensive, the CLGA and other archives—including Brooklyn's Lesbian Herstory Archives—have begun to do this work on their own, designing technological solutions for in-house digitization programs. The CLGA

is planning a new digitization room that will replace the current A/V room. For *Tape Condition: degraded* we imagine a DIY, digital transfer station aimed at community access and fabricated to create "good enough" digital copies of tapes. We need just three pieces of consumer grade equipment: a VCR, an analog-to-digital video conversion dongle with USB output, and a computer.

Digitization is not a magic-bullet solution to the space and preservation challenges facing community archives. Widescale digitization creates massive amounts of data that needs to be stored securely, managed through metadata assignment (when descriptive text is associated to a file), and migrated as new formats replace old ones (think, for example, of the impending obsolescence of DVDs). Porn presents all kinds of unique challenges for digitization. Many of these videos were made for profit and are protected by copyright restrictions. Sticky consent questions come up around amateur tapes. We struggle thinking through what we can show in the gallery space, which is an ethical, political, and also legal question. In our worst nightmares, *Tape Condition: degraded* would incite the kind of public scrutiny of the archives that Bearchell and others had to deal with in the 1970s and 80s. In the autumn we buy up all the CLGA's

Hazel Meyer, *Tape Condition: degraded (Raiders/Arse)*, 2015, ink on paper, 15x21cm.



Our Diamond, Chris Bearchell (right), pictured with Gary Kinsman at a Toronto demonstration against customs censorship, 1989. Photograph by Jearld Moldenhauer.





# Derek McCormack

*Hand in Glove* (Dir: Matt Sterling; Stars: Scott Avery, Lance Chisholm; 1984)  
*Handsome Devil* (Dir: William Higgins; Stars: Adam Stewart, Joel Allen; 1984)  
*This Charming Man* (Dir: Colin Meyer; Stars: Casey Donovan, Al Parker; 1984)  
*The Headmaster Ritual* (Dir: Joe Gage; Stars: Fred Halsted, Richard Locke; 1985)  
*Rusholme Ruffians* (Dir: Lancer Brooks; Stars: Rod Canyon, Eric Clement; 1985)  
*I Want the One I Can't Have* (Dir: William Higgins; Stars: Michael Christopher, Mike Dean; 1985)  
*Stretch Out and Wait* (Dir: William Higgins; Stars: Travis Williams, Jeremy Scott; 1985)  
*The Boy with the Thorn in His Side* (Dir: Fred Halsted; Stars: Chris Burns, Mike Davis, 1986)



Derek McCormack's latest book is *The Well-Dressed Wound* (Semiotext(e), 2015). His other books include *The Haunted Hillbilly*, *The Show That Smells*, *Wish Book*, and *Dark Rides*. He lives in Toronto.

# Guillermina Buzio

Luminous Tits  
Mi conchita favorita  
Hands, licking y besos  
Amor y wet dreams  
Super Tetas  
Culo with whipped cream

Different bodies, different skin colours  
A variety of “pussy hairdos,” more laughs and silly things.  
Tenderness

# Nick Matte

Can I even begin to think about finding my dream tape in an archive, let alone one that calls itself gay and lesbian? What are the material and social conditions necessary for dreaming, imagining, and more specifically: for sharing one’s most intimate or radical fantasies? I imagine the world as it is, the world as it has been, the world as I wish it could have been, the world as I hope it will become. When I can make peace with the world as it is, I can imagine and feel desire that is hot, erotic, fully expressed with pride, confidence, joy. There is something so emotional about creating a new world with pleasure and finding refuge and relief through sex, in healing the damages done, over the years, if only temporarily. I hope to see worlds created through pleasure that meet the needs and rights of all to enjoy, to connect with sexual expression and pleasure, to have in all parts of life the support and capacity to talk, to create and recreate, to mourn, to rage, to enjoy, to heal, to share, to cum, to relish, to live, and to live well. Until then, what will we do with the world that is?

There are so many stairs everywhere in this city, almost everywhere I would like to be able to be, so people tend to simply shrug or apologize or pretend that things are improving fast enough, because it’s fast enough for them, and patience is a privilege.

# jes sachse

@squirrelofmystery  
<https://instagram.com/p/BFPf3i4SMjs/>



jes sachse is a Toronto-based poet, artist, and curator obsessed with disability culture. Living across the blurred lines of whiteness, poverty, lifelong disability, genderfluidity, and madness, they are currently working on their first illustrated novel, *Gutter*, which will portray these dilemmas through a multi-modal narrative form, reflecting at once on both a crisp navigation of contemporary culture, and the permeation of traumas in spaces of invisibilized violence.

Guillermina Buzio is a Toronto-based visual artist who uses video, installation, and performance. Her work focuses on human rights and women’s identities. She teaches video and editing. [guillerminabuzio.com](http://guillerminabuzio.com)

Nick Matte is a creative spirit, interdisciplinary historian, and kinky, genderqueer trans man living with disability. He teaches transgender studies at the University of Toronto’s Mark S. Bonham Centre for Sexual Diversity Studies and works with the CLGA through the LGBTQ Digital Oral History Collaboratory.



Ginger Brooks Takahashi's collaborative project-based practice is an extension of feminist spaces and queer inquiry, actively building community and nurturing alternative forms of information distribution. She is co-founder of LTR, project MOBILE project, and touring musical act MEN. She is currently working with Dana Bishop-Root to open a neighbourhood grocery store, General Sisters, in North Braddock, Pennsylvania.

Morgan M Page is a transsexual writer and artist in Montreal, Quebec. She is the creator of One From the Vaults, trans history podcast, and was a 2014 Lambda Literary Fellow. Odofemi.com.



# Ginger Brooks Takahashi

This tape I found in the Lesbian Herstory Archives. It was in a box of things that was labeled “garage sale,” mixed up with some stained tee shirts and some magnets. Not sure if it was meant to be there or what, but I snagged it cause it looked promising and I thought that it might end up unappreciated. I saved the tape for a special night. I was visiting some friends and brought it out for our after-dinner treat.

FUCK WATER  
SEX PARRTY  
GROUPON

People in the woods, amongst trees, with hands in each other’s pants, with gender expressions not easily readable. One is straddling a fallen tree, maybe they are tied up? Another person is jerking themselves off, sitting against a big rock. Waterfall, a big waterfall with a pool of water underneath and sun-drenched rocks. Lesbian or lesbian-looking loungers, some on the rocks, some half in the water, half out, fully fucking, splashing water all the while. Towel scene, soaked towel. Double fisting, I mean one fister / two fistees. With lots of ejaculate spraying all over the fists, thighs, and towels. And lots of laughing too.



# Morgan M Page

Dream Transsexual VHS Mixtape:

*Gendertroublemakers*, Mirha-Soleil Ross + Xanthra MacKay, 1993  
*Linda/Les and Annie: the First Female-to-Male Love Story*, Annie Sprinkle, 1989  
*Mirha-Soleil Ross’s Gut-busting, Ass-erupting, & Immoderately Whorish Compilation Tape!* Mirha-Soleil Ross, 2001  
*Let Me Die a Woman*, Doris Wishman, 1978  
*G-SPrOuT!*, Mirha-Soleil Ross & Mark Karbusicky, 2000

I dream of an archive in which bodies like mine and people who fuck like I do exist.



# Nica Ross

A shoe box with three VHS-C tapes, small, about a third the size and length of a VHS. These tapes fit into small consumer camcorders and can be played back in a VCR using a hollowed, VHS-sized adapter.

The first tape has a list that reads:

Cameo  
David  
Adonis  
King  
Bijoux

And in the corner a name, “Chip.”

The next tape:

Eudora  
Muriel  
Afrekete

This time initials in the corner “A.L.”

And the third:

Rocco  
Frankie and Johnny  
Ruth

The name in the bottom corner reads “Jess.”



# Kiley May

In a clearing in the woods at twilight, a group of smooth, strong Indigenous men sit on furs around a sacred fire, waiting in front of a wood lodge. Then, slowly, teasingly, She emerges. Her white buckskin leather dress draped in furs, wearing white knee length lace up moccasins and turquoise adornments. Her hair long, dark, magnificent. Some men start drumming, rattling and chanting as this sacred sex ceremony begins. Tonight She is the guest of honour, for She is the Jewel Of The People, the Sacred One. She is a Two Spirit Woman. A sex goddess, a witch healer, the saviour for these men. It is Her night to be celebrated and honoured, with a ceremonial orgy, the gifts of these men’s bodies and then feasted with their essences. So the men rise, beginning to move around Her and the fire, each one a peacock performing their seduction dance. Methodically, the men undress Her, piece by piece. They take turns anointing Her body with oils and braiding flowers into Her hair. Singing to Her, massaging Her, reciting poems to Her, feeding Her sumptuous juicy berries. Dark red and blue juices dripping down Her lips and cleavage. What follows is a fiery and sensual orgy, the absolute worshipping of Her trans body and the idolizing of Her special gift. She is exalted, revered. She is adored and beloved. With gratification flashing in Her eyes and flickering firelight licking the glistening skin of all the bodies around the fire, the animals stars and moon are their only witnesses.

Kiley May is a Rotinoshónni Mohawk storyteller and artist from Six Nations of the Grand River Territory (aka “the rez”) and is now settled in Toronto. Kiley is a two-spirit queer transgirl. They do creative work in writing, theatre, film, photography, fashion, and dance. And transitioning, which is an art form; her greatest art work to date.

Nica Ross is a visual artist whose work challenges the expectations of reality using performance, light, and play. They produce parties, gaymes, light shows, performances, and images. nicaross.com.



# Anthea Black

The scene in my Dream Tape (see illustration below) is based on a dream I had several years ago, and wrote down to share with a lover. When I searched for the original, I found myself in my own personal archive of writing—reconstructing a different narrative—but the dream itself never turned up.

Dream Tape Sources (Chronological 2004–09):

- Curatorial notes for a performance art survey exhibition called *That 70s Ho*.
- “Queer Gush,” diary entry about fucking girls in 1997, feeling closeted and over-professionalized in 2004.
- A list of queer people I knew.
- Exhibition text about Derek Jarman, Kenneth Anger, and Jack Smith biopics.
- Story about a record store clerk who fucks a girl with a buzz cut in an alley behind the shop.
- Carrot soup recipe and list of AIDS art videos for a woman I had a one-night stand with in Montreal.
- “Moment of clarity,” diary entry about reading J. Halberstam book: “It is hard but fabulous.”
- Annotated bibliography on the history of censorship in the arts in Canada.
- List of fantasy personal ads offering “studio assistant and more for senior women artists,” “fucking in the outdoors,” “diy haircuts,” and seeking mostly “shameless bottoms.”
- Review of the 20th-anniversary re-release of *Macho Sluts* by Patrick Califia.
- Diary entry about queer suicide and sexual trauma.

# Jessica Karuhanga

@kichokaru  
https://www.instagram.com/p/BFO9PDVzT5Q/

I remember stumbling on a friend suddenly blushing red as if they had just witnessed something sacred, dirty, private. This blushing mirrored moments I have walked in on some lover’s reverie. Less tense. Nervous. They told me their partner just sent them a “sexy snapchat” and as soon as it was explained to me I began to see the propensity for this frame to take the erotic, sensuous, and pornographic to another site/place/space. Somehow more fleeting then a sext or a letter you can revisit as physical form; a liminal site within the virtual spectrum. I am learning that you can download and save Snapchat videos, records of moments otherwise passing. Still this tension between private and public, erasure and deletion across our various devices and platforms is interesting in terms of archiving, recording, and tracing experience that follows the first touch. A taste. A peephole. The flash goes out. A light dims. A diary. An open leaf for stroking. A gesture. Fragments of a story. I think I chose twelve to match the months, or Zodiac signs, or maybe it was *Lemonade*.



# Syrus Marcus Ware

Toronto in the 70s and 80s was brimming with activism by QTBIPOCs, organizing around homelessness, LGBTQ activism, HIV/AIDS, education, anti-apartheid activism, disability justice, and challenging racism and other forms of systemic marginalization and oppression to name but a few examples. Folks were getting together to write letters in support of activists fighting against apartheid on the continent, including to South African gay rights activist Simon Nkoli; artists were coming together to form political arts initiatives like Desh Pardesh, Mayworks Festival of the Arts and the Counting Past Two festival; groups like the Gay Asians of Toronto were supporting racialized queers found in the Operation Soap/ Bathhouse raids in 1981.

And somehow, in the midst of all of this, trans and queers of colour were finding each other, loving each other, dating, fucking and supporting each other. Fantastically hot and sweaty parties pulsed up and down Yonge Street and then Church Street, Parliament Street (The Rose), on Richmond (B Side), and on King Street (Mockingbird). DJs Zahra, Nik Red, Verlia, Vashti and others spun at parties called “Moist,” “Afro D’Asia,” and “Funk Asia” and more. BIPOC queer and trans folks pounded the streets by day and the dance floor by night, grinding and whispering activist porn into each other’s ears.... Or at least they did in my fantasies!

My dream tape would capture these scenes, telling the stories of the love between and around the struggle.

1. Footage of the black trans (sexxy) vogue performances at Manhattan on Saturday nights at 2am between 1998–2004.
2. Copies of the amazing VHS sexy porn-as-sexual-health-promo video “Madame Lorraine’s Transsexual Touch” by Mirha Soleil-Ross, featuring Monica Forrester.
3. Footage of the black power S & M demos for Aslan Leather on the stage at Pride in 2005
4. Footage of the POC focused gay bar in 1940s/50s Toronto on Yonge Street where couples got hot n’ heavy upstairs.
5. Footage of Grace Jones and her secret affair with both Queen Latifah and Lenny Kravitz.
6. Meshell Ndegeocello & Tracy Chapman’s sex tape
7. Feature length director’s cut of Queen Latifah and her girlfriend in the garage during *Set it Off*.



Anthea Black is a Canadian artist, writer, and cultural worker. Her current studio work involves games of chance, scissors, mirrors, the writing and photographs of Berenice Abbott, and women’s studio inventions. She has recently written about artists Nadine Barreau and Rita McKeough, and her book *Craft on Demand: The New Politics of the Handmade* (edited with Nicole Burisch) will be released in 2017.

Jessica Karuhanga is a Toronto-based artist. Her works has been presented at Whippernapier Gallery, Videofag, Electric Eclectics, Nia Centre for the Arts, and The Drake Hotel. Karuhanga was featured in FAOC Performance Art Centre’s 2014 Emerging Artist Series at Xspace Cultural Centre. Upcoming performances include Archives Matter Conference at Goldsmiths (UK) and Encuentro in Santiago (CL).

Syrus Marcus Ware is a visual artist, activist, curator, and educator who creates work within drawing, painting, installation, and performance to explore social justice frameworks and black activist culture. He is part of the PDA Collective (Performance.Disability.Art), co-organizer of Blackness Yes! and co-producer of Blockorama. syrusmarcusware.com

(see following spread) Morgan Sea is a jack of all trades and a reformed chronic masturbator. Her past lives include radio host, hardcore backyard wrestler, power bottom porn actress, and piss-drinking performance artist. She’s currently pursuing her love of petting cats, drawing comics, and making zines. morgansea.com



# TRANSEXUAL DREAM GIRLS 2 A SORT OF FILM REVIEW

By MORGAN SEA

SECRET OF THE PROS: IF YOU SAY YOU ARE WRITING A REVIEW, THE LESBIAN GAY ARCHIVES MAY OR MAY NOT LET YOU BORROW VIDEOS OUT OF THEIR PORN COLLECTION. THE DOWNSIDE IS THAT IF YOU DO THIS MULTIPLE TIMES, EVENTUALLY THEY WILL ASK TO SEE ONE OF YOUR REVIEWS.

NEARLY FOUR HUNDRED QUEER PORN TITLES IN THE COLLECTION, BUT I COULD ONLY FIND ONE REFERRING TO TRANS WOMEN.

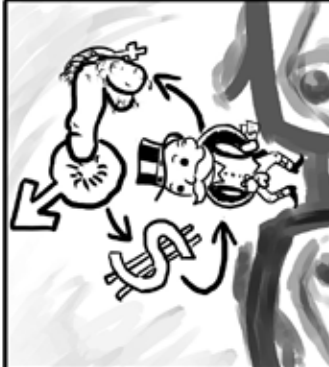
2005, 08, 08 P  
(1-4) 30 min. (unrated)  
Transsexual Dream Girls 2  
Sony, Special  
Big Tag 2 Time



IN THE 1ST SCENE, KARINA SEDUCES A DUDE. STRIPS HIM DOWN, FUCKS HIM IN THE BUTT AND THEN USES A BIG DILDO ON HIM. IT'S PRETTY CUTE FOR HETEROSEX.



IN THE 2ND SCENE, SYLVIA BOOTS FUCKS A GUY'S ASS WHILE STANDING UP IN A HALF-EMPTY BATH TUB, WHICH MAKES LESS AND LESS SENSE AS THE SCENE GOES ON. 6 INCHES OF WATER AND MY SUSPENSION OF DISBELIEF DISSOLVES. I START THINKING ABOUT THE DIRECTOR AND THE DECISION TO FUCK IN AN ANKLE DEEP DANGER POOL. THEN THE BIGGER QUESTION: ARE THERE THAT MANY TRANS WOMEN WHO GENUINELY ENJOY PENETRATING DUDES OR IS IT JUST A CONVENTION OF THE TRANS PORN GENRE?



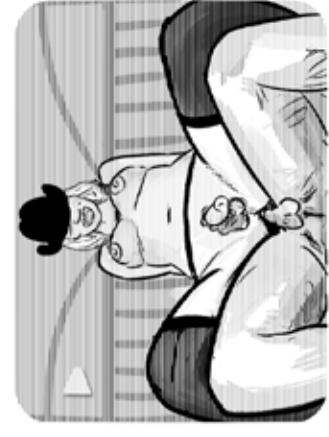
NOTHING KILLS A MOOD LIKE THE CIS GAZE & CAPITALISM CUMMING ON EACH OTHER TO CREATE MYTHS ABOUT YOUR TRANS BODY AND YOUR DESIRES.



IN SCENE 3, VO D BALM GETS TO BOTTOM THE WHOLE TIME, WHICH PUT ME AT EASE. I DON'T WANNA JUDGE THIS BY LIKE QUEER PORN STANDARDS OF GENUINE PLEASURE, BUT SHE SEEMS TO BE INTO IT, AND HER CLIT STAYS SOFT FOR MOST OF IT, WHICH IS CUTE AND EDUCATIONAL FOR THE CIS.



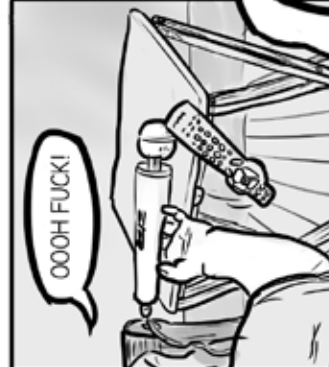
IN THE FINAL SCENE, MEGHAN CHAVALER SHOWS UP IN A COWBOY HAT AND WEARS IT FOR DAMN NEAR THE WHOLE SCENE IT MAKES ABOUT AS MUCH SENSE AS THE BATH-TUB THING. BUT FOR SOME REASON IT'S AMAZING! SHE BOTTOMS AND DOES A 69 FOR A BIT AND IT'S ALL PRETTY CUTE AND ALL, BUT FOR ME THE COWBOY HAT MAKES THE SCENE WORK. LIKE, I DON'T EVEN LIKE WESTERNS.



I'M NOT SURE WHAT'S SO SATISFYING ABOUT SEEING A COWBOY HAT ON A WOMAN RIDING REVERSE COWGIRL... LIKE MAYBE IT'S A THING FOR VISUAL PUNS, OR SOME KIND OF OBJECT PARAPHILIA... IT'S PROBABLY BEST NOT TO OVERTHINK IT.



YOU AWAKE KID? ...tope.



OH SHIT! OH OH FUCK! DANG THAT'S NICE. I'D GIVE THE FILM LIKE 5 STARS OR WHATEVER.



I'll... just watch whatever... I guess... Oh Well...



... else is ... on this ...

# TRANSEXUAL DREAM GIRLS in THE CONCEPTUAL ARCHIVES OF QUEER EROS AND EPHEMERA



SO... DO YOU COME HERE OFTEN, OR...?



YES, SOMETIMES I COME TO FIND INSPIRATION FOR MY MUSIC AND FANTASY WRITING.



THAT'S THE SPIRIT OF KAREN DOR. SHE PATROL HERE FULL TIME SINCE HER DEATH IN 2004. SHE DIRECTED/STARRED IN A TON OF PORN FILMS IN THE 90S AND BECAME AN ORDAINED MINISTER WITH A PHD AND PLAYED IN 2 ROCK BANDS.



WOW! WHY IS SHE DRESSED LIKE XENA? PERKS OF HAVING SOME MAINSTREAM SUCCESS, KAREN GUEST STARRED IN AN EPISODE OF XENA: WARRIOR PRINCESS, AND SHARED THE SECOND EVER TELEVISED LESBIAN KISS, WITH LUCY LAWLESS.



WOW! IT'S MOSTLY PORN. IF YOU CAN THINK OF IT, IT'S HERE. WHAT SUITS YOUR DESIRE? I'M NOT SURE... GUESS I'LL KNOW IT WHEN I SEE IT.



WE ARE TRULY BLESSED TO WITNESS SUCH A ... HOLY SHIT!!!



THIS IS Sissy SQUAD CALLING ALL UNITS! WE'VE SPOTTED MAJOR DEGRADATION IN THE VHS ARCHIVES, IN ALL UNITS REPORT TO ALL UNITS REPORT TO DIGITIZATION STATIONS! COPY THAT.



WHAT THE? ITS WHAT I'VE ALWAYS WANTED.



OH DANG... WHAT WAS I DREAMING ABOUT?



OH DANG... WHAT WAS I DREAMING ABOUT?



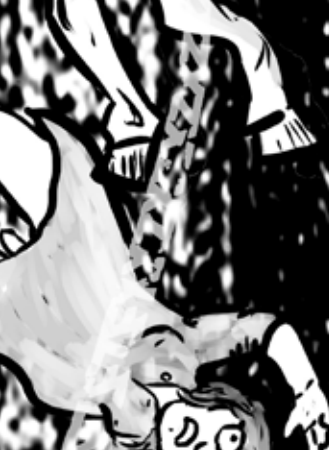
IT'S WHAT I'VE ALWAYS WANTED.



IT'S WHAT I'VE ALWAYS WANTED.



IT'S WHAT I'VE ALWAYS WANTED.



IT'S WHAT I'VE ALWAYS WANTED.



IT'S WHAT I'VE ALWAYS WANTED.



**Tape Condition: degraded**

June 16–Sept 18, 2016  
Hazel Meyer & Cait McKinney  
with video work by Aidan Cowling

Canadian Lesbian and Gay Archives  
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