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Hi queers,

Happy new year. I'm writing this letter to share how much I'm grateful for us being able to survive the year that has gone by. Every year of sustenance feels much more significant to me because we're playing this game in hard mode. If you don't believe in this, pick up any newspaper and read how it describes the livelihood of the queers. SF writer *Ursula K. Le Guin* stated, "If you want to go to people who know how to live in the world that has been destroyed, go to any indigenous American."<sup>1</sup> Maybe not as drastically as theirs, but our community has always been the very first one to be destroyed from every imaginable crisis – gentrification, economic depression, fascism, war, epidemic, and climate change. Therefore, I don't want to promote false optimism. I find it deceptive to say everything is going great

The maintenance that I wished for us is far more subversive than that of the normative power structure that preserves itself by extraction and exclusion.

Also, I want to prevent you from confusing it with the neoliberal illusion of self-care that reduces care within the boundary of the consumerist self.

Instead, what I meant by maintenance was closer to a banal, domestic form of activism, which I believe we've been already doing all the time. The fact that we're queer means the way we perceive, process, and respond to our surroundings creates dissonance. The playground of our politics is thus not only the parliament but also our homes, grocery stores, streets, public transportation, hospitals, and immigration offices. I hope our daily resistance can prolong and disturb these cis-hetero-patriarchal infrastructures that render us precarious. What I eventually want to become through the trajectory of revolutionary maintenance is a wise and healthy queer granny. I also wish you all could become queer seniors one day. Or if you already are, I hope your brilliance can be meaningfully transferred to the generations after you. Yet the modern nuclear family concept is a myth that has to be dismantled, I believe in this queer intergenerational assemblage as an alternative.

I'm writing this letter on behalf of *Bebe Books*, a queer publishing collective. I don't think publishing in this context is confined to printed matters. It's also not exclusively about publicizing a singular idea, but more broadly, to populate. This is why we've been continuously trying to inhabit a scene together with a lot of other non-conforming bodies. Once a space is populated with queers, we can temporarily appropriate the context from oppressive forces around it and come up with different names like an interim gay bar,<sup>2</sup> a queer wedding,<sup>3</sup> an off-aligned temple,<sup>4</sup> etc. What we aim to publish through the new year gathering mediated by this letter is a contagion called queer joy, warmth, and courage to maintain the deviance.

while there is very obvious yet fierce violence toward us happening. Instead, I anticipate this letter to give you hope and encouragement to maintain.

You can participate in its distribution by holding hands, sharing eye contact, hugs, and kisses, or more directly by **sharing this flyer with whom needs queer empowerment.**

Please feel free to write down more generous words on this letter and **use an everyday copy machine** to reproduce and spread it around.

Let's fabulate this winter, or summer in the Southern Hemisphere, with these infectious queer voices.

Warm and wet regards,  
**Noam Youngrak Son** on behalf of **Bebe Books**