






see me... smile

'see me...' zine | issue #1 | may 2020
a **queer** community collaborative zine



Welcome to the first ever 'see me...' zine!

We are **See Me Proud**, a team of LGBTQ+ Community Champion volunteers based in Glasgow & Edinburgh seeking to challenge mental health stigma & discrimination in the LGBTQ+ community. If you'd like to find out more about us, look us up on Facebook, Twitter & Instagram @SeeMeProud.   

We wanted to produce a collaborative zine with original content from our LGBTQ+ community. A creative outlet bringing together our experiences, a place to share our stories. This first issue was pieced together during the coronavirus lockdown which has been difficult for many of us in different ways. Even in these strange times we hoped there was something giving you some form of joy and we asked you for submissions based around the theme '**smile**'.

We'd like to say a massive **THANK YOU** to all the contributors who sent in submissions. Thank you so much for sharing your stories.

Our aim is to release a new collaborative zine each quarter. Our next issue '**see me... be kind**', will be based around the theme of **kindness** which was also the theme for this year's Mental Health Awareness Week. If you'd like to contribute something, please email your submission to seemeproud@gmail.com **by 31st July 2020**. Please include 'zine' in the subject field of your email.

As we're just starting out this new zine adventure, we welcome any constructive feedback for future zines regarding accessibility, or any suggestions. Please get in touch using the above email address.



The **See Me Proud** project is powered by





I refound this picture recently, and it reminded me of a **happy** time and place during Lockdown.

It was taken just as the **sun** was setting on the **sea**, and as I was tucking into a chippy roll with **mushy peas**.

I find it to be such a **restful** and **calm** place, I could spend hours looking past the lighthouse, out to sea.

-Socks

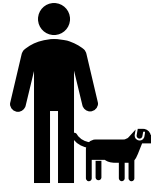


MY DOG



His eyes remind me it's time to go,
On a walk at night we take it slow.

My companion and I share an unconditional bond,
As we stare at the stars beyond.



I tell him stories only he can keep, as he walks in close step to my feet.
I quite tall and he much smaller, I knew he wouldn't be a bother.

He catches my strides with ease, as we're laughed at by the trees and kissed by the breeze.

The climb is tough to the top of the hill, but the view is always worth it still.

Now it's time to look at the sky, and the moon as always catches our eye.
A silver balloon playing hide and seek as the clouds sometimes part and sometimes meet.

To be up in that sky would be such a wonder, I'm sure together we could avoid the thunder.

Always thinking that life could get better if higher,
As if the ground was covered with fire.

If I left I know that he would follow, he can't understand where I feel my sorrow,
He's the reason I stay, I have a responsibility not to stray-
life won't always be one-way.

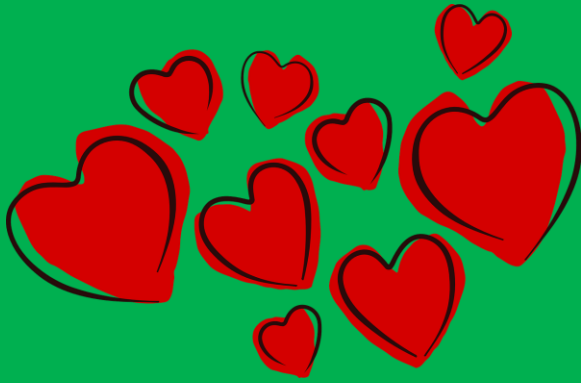
Having a dog, is he having me, we share life together whatever the weather.
If he wrote a book, what part would I play? The one who threw the stick so he'd run away?

But when he wags his tail it can tell me a tale,
Of no other would he share his life's detail.

We get home at last- we've walked a square mile,
My dog will always make me **smile!**

-SI WINTON





One thing that has made us very **happy** in these strange and difficult days is that Suzanne 'moved in' to my flat to care for me (and me for her, of course) just prior to lockdown and the result has been wonderful -I feel **secure** and **safe**. I have Bipolar Disorder 1 and spent the last 10 months in a depressive phase, following a manic phase in May 2019 (just prior to my 60th birthday - one of the triggers) but now am well and stable and cared for by a **loving** partner.

She shares my happiness and it looks like we might be living together for a few months yet!

We share my flat with our cat Missy, an 11 year old black and white **loving** bundle.

-Rose



Thinking of what is making me **smile** and created a collage of the main things.

My hamster, making goodies, having fun with my flat mate and partner and eating nice veg!

-Iain French



I wear this every day to work at Sainsburys in Peebles.

Really proud to have come out as pansexual recently.



I'm 53 yrs old. Out and proud.



I've hand sewed all the patches on the jacket.

The cool thing about the jacket is
the right hand side is all black and white.

I think it helps identify who I am. I'm me. And I'm **proud**.

-Euan Shanks



e u p h o r i a

EUPHORIA (noun)

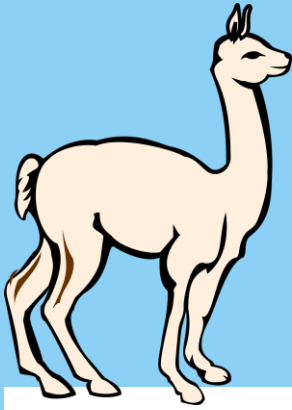
you-FOR-ee-uh

A feeling of wellbeing or elation,
ecstasy in an undulating tide of
exquisite emancipation
from the monotonous crawl through
your daily incarceration in a body
that shouldn't be this way,
shouldn't be this way but which,
against the odds,
with a little inspiration,
patience and understanding,
can break forth from your imagination
and become real,
become the true incarnation of who
you
should be,
who you are inside.
So put a little faith in
the process
and recognise when you awaken
to those feelings of wellbeing and elation,
hold tight to your convictions,
because everything will be alright.

-Ellie and the (dys)Functional System
social media: @dys_f_system

I cannot make anyone understand what is happening inside me. I did not die, and yet I lost life's breath. People always leave. Don't get too attached. The moral of the story is that no matter how much we try, no matter how much we want it some stories don't have a happy ending. I think I'm afraid of being happy because whenever I get too happy something bad always happens. I couldn't see the point of getting up. I had nothing to look forward to. I pretend I'm not hurt. I walk about the world like I'm having fun. We had nothing to lose and lost it anyway. Memories always win, and with them comes a demon that is even more terrifying than melancholy: remorse. With all the smiles you brought me I never thought that you could cause me so many tears. I understand that nobody understands me, but I can't be someone I'm not. It hurts every day, the absence of someone who was once there. Can you see me? All of me? Probably not. No one ever really has. The day exhausts me, irritates me. It is brutal, noisy. I struggle to get out of bed, I dress wearily and, against my inclination, I go out. I find each step, each movement, each gesture, each word, each thought as tiring as if I were lifting a crushing weight. We're all fighting battles no one knows about. A person can only absorb so much sadness at one time before the mind breaks down or deflects. But one place, happy place I miss, I visit when I can to complete my happiness. -Elizabeth





**Meet
Norman**
*The
Amazing
Alpaca*



Living alone during lockdown can be tough some days and a bit lonely. As well as connecting online with friends and family, I talk to Norman.

From waking up "Morning, Norman!" to organising the day "Right! What's the plan today, Norman?" and then going to sleep "Night, Norman.", he's always there.

He never answers, but he's my **wee pal** right now, and I'm very thankful for his awesome listening skills.

Norman was a present from a good friend a few years ago when visiting Kelvingrove Museum in Glasgow.

I think of happy times when I look at him and I **smile**.

-Drew

Reasons to Live

The hurt
have my heart,
the poor
protect my pulse,
the spent
save my spirit,
the oppressed
help me endure.

Together

Drinking tea with my mother
as Canadian geese on the
water
call forth a rare morning
of shared presence.

Community

Community growing
with each first- or
second-meeting smile,
any caring common word,
and brave, unsure waves.

Harmony

Kissed by ambient chords
and promises of peace,
an ache embraces me.

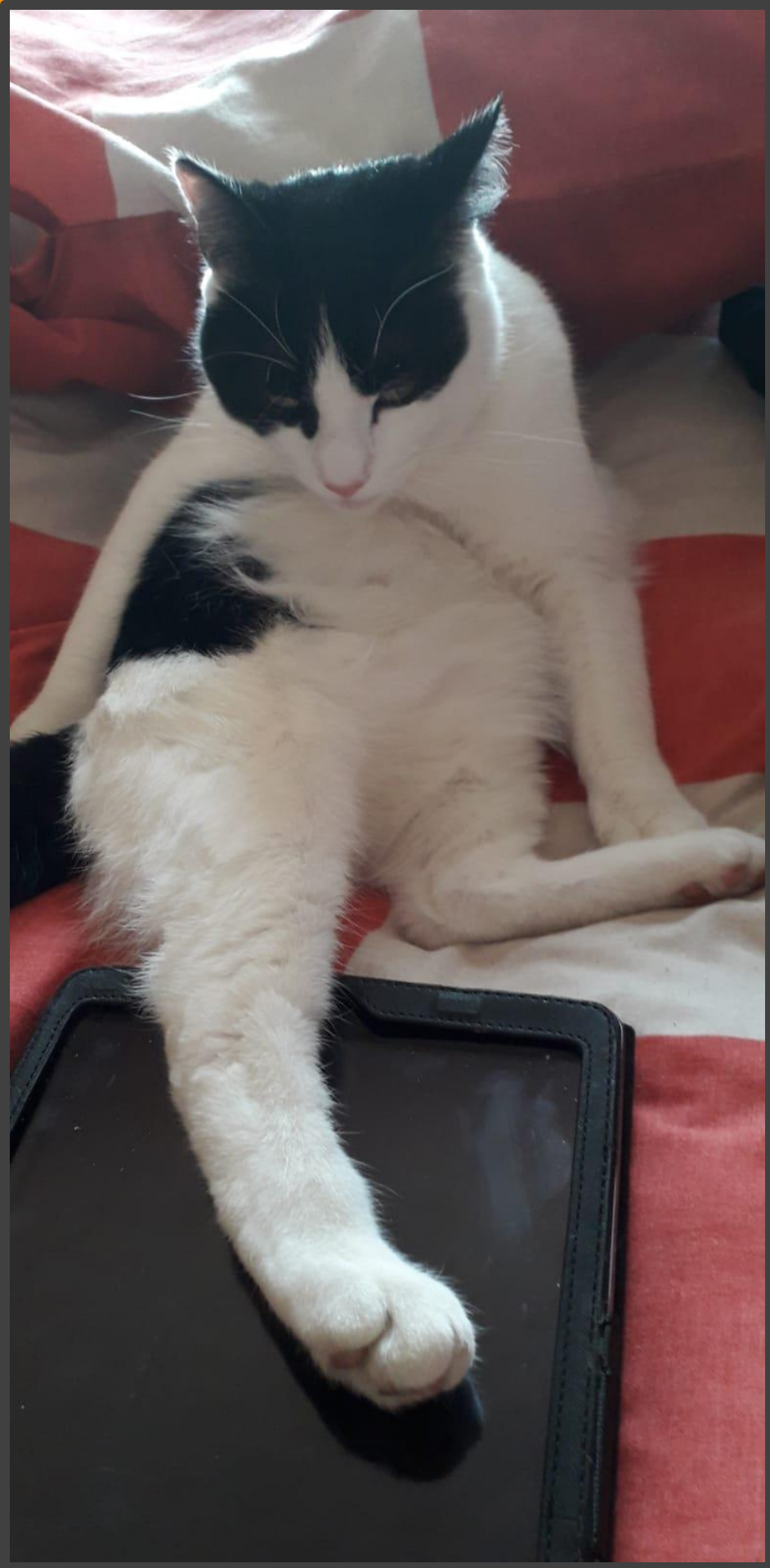
Music not always cures
but might help me to sleep;
I wake with worthy dreams

for hope to make a home,
internal harmony.

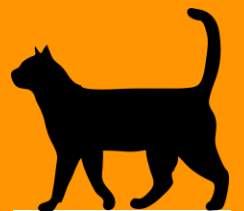
-anon



-anon



B
O
D



-Chris

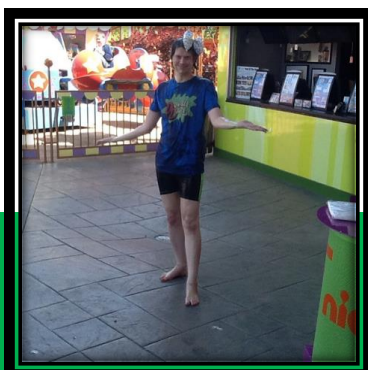
I saw your post about making people **smile** and thought this might make people laugh. For the last 3 years I have attended the Summer of Slime event at **Nickelodeon** land at Blackpool Pleasure Beach and the last 3 years I have been **slimed**.

Last year to celebrate my hat trick of being slimed I raised money for both Bullying UK and Mermaids Gender by being **slimed** for the 3rd time. As you can see it was rather messy

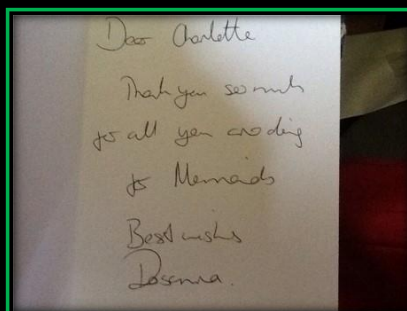
I have also attached a copy of the Thank You card I received from Mermaids and the certificate from Bullying UK for my fundraising last year.

My name is Charlotte and I am transcending from Male to Female and I am also helping a friend's 10 year old transgender daughter who is named Jasmine write a book looking into the history of messy children's gameshows, tv shows and events. We hope a percentage of the sales can also go to Bullying UK and Mermaids Gender.

Jasmine also write's her **Slimetastic** diary which we post on Facebook, Twitter and Instagram and she is working on something called **SLIMED** to stop homophobia and transphobia in Motor Sport and Motor Cycle Racing.



-Charlotte



ORAN NA PROISE

Is sona mi gu bheil mi geidh

Chan aich mi sin a chaoidh.

Nuair chluinneas mi na co-aoisich agam

'S iad a' gearain:

"Obh obh oigridh an la an- diugh!

Na fasanan aca
's iad air a' fon an comhnaidh,"

Sinne a tha geidh,

Chan eil sinn a'faireachdainn aosda mar tha iad.

Chan eil sinn ag ionndrainn laithean geala na sgoile.

"Nach eil bramair agad, a phansaidh?" ars athair a' bhalaich,

"Chan eil e nadarra,
"Bha te bheag agamsa aig d' aois-sa." 'Sann mar siod a bha e,

Ach fhuair sinn ar coireachan

Agus seo sinn mar as nadarra dhuinn a bhith.

Tha la Prois Dhun Eiddeann a' tpghinn dluth.

Cha bhi mi sona air an la mhor

Ach is proiseil, proiseil, proiseil a bhitheas mi.

Accents: grave as in French, a aich line 2, laithean line 8, bramair, line 9, nadarra lines 10 & 14, la line 16
e te in phrase "te bheag" line 11 | 11
o oigridh, line 5, fon (air a' fon) and an comhnaidh line 7, coireachan line 13, Prois line 15, proiseil. line 17
u Dhun and dluth line 16

Translation in English on next page

SONG OF PRIDE

I'm glad I'm gay

I won't ever deny it.

When I hear my contemporaries

Moaning about the young ones,

"Oh dear, look at today's young people.

Look at their fashions,
And they're always on the phone."

We who are gay,

We don't feel aged the way they do.

We don't feel nostalgic about happy schooldays.

"Haven't you got a girlfriend. pansy," said the boy's father.

"It isn't natural.
I had a wee one at your age." 'That was how it used to be,

But we've got our rights,

And here we are as it's natural for us to be.

Edinburgh Pride Day is coming close.

I won't be glad on the great day,

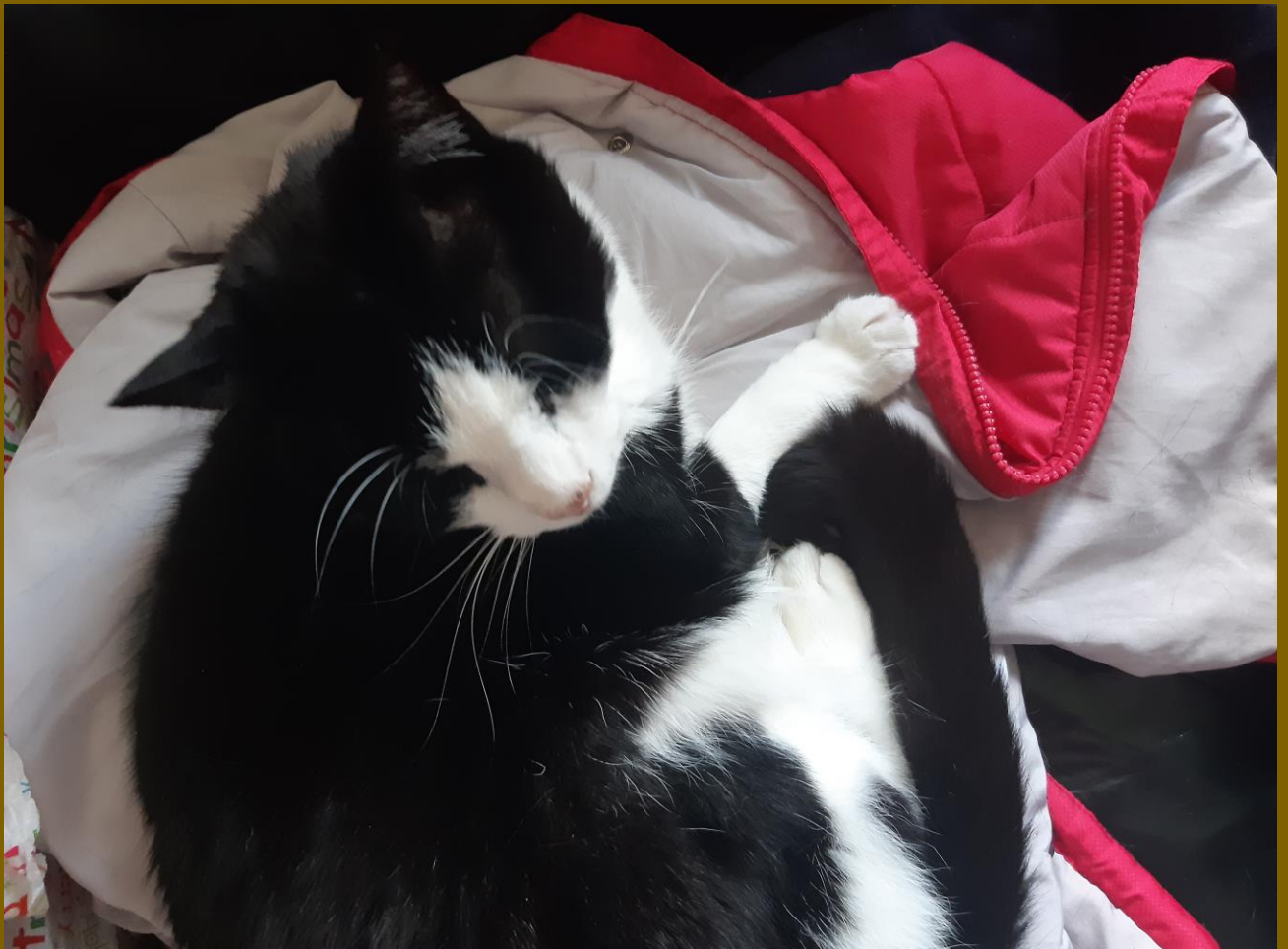
But I'll be proud, proud, proud of it.

"a wee one," te (grave) bheag". Father thinks he is just telling his son that he had a girlfriend at his age (about 15 or 16), but the expression also means a small measure of whisky, hence giving away that he was an underage drinker.



Hi, I'm Bailey!

I came across this photo recently and it makes me **smile** because it reminds me that no matter how tough things get in life I've always got someone by my side. It's a photo of me and my long distance boyfriend AJ from the night we first met!



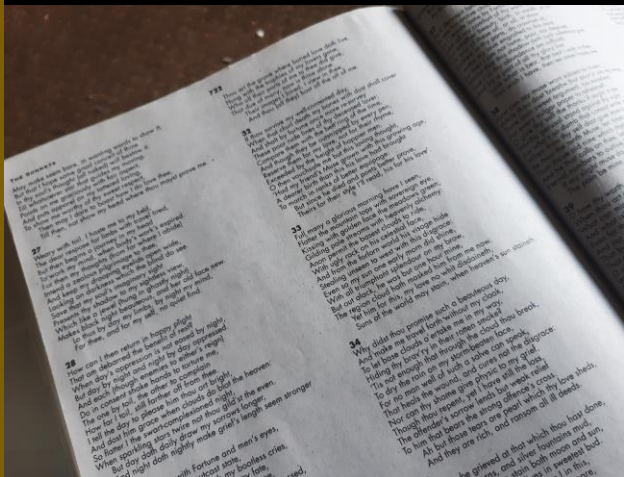
These are things that are helping me during the lockdown.

🐾 **Felix** the cat.

I and others are sharing sonnets on the **Glasgow Shakespeare Society** page which I own and manage.

I made an **apple** crumble and it was **delicious**.

-Angela





Hi, my name is Alex and this photo is of a sunset I saw from my cycle into town. It makes me **happy** because I **love** to take photos, and sunsets are just so pretty to watch.



This is **Ruby**: she makes me **smile** :).
Her company has been really important these last few weeks.
She has lived with me for 20 months.
About 5:30 in the morning, because it's so light, she gets on the **wooden** end of the bed and very gently puts one clawed paw into my hair to wake me up. Even that, and her relaxed pose, are things that make me **smile**...
-Abi



Thank you for taking the time to ponder this zine. Our first issue! We hope you have maybe related to these contributions, been inspired by them, or simply have smiled at something. We'd really **love** that. A huge **THANK YOU** again to all our contributors for sending in their amazing and valued content and for sharing their stories with us all.

Remember, if you'd like to get involved in our next zine '**see me... be kind**', please email your submissions based around the theme of **kindness** to seemeproud@gmail.com by **31st July 2020** with '**zine**' in the subject field.

