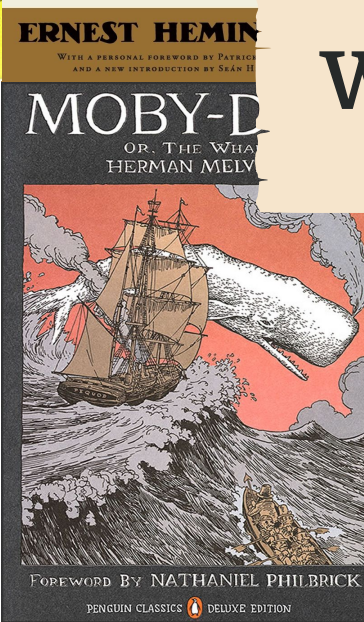
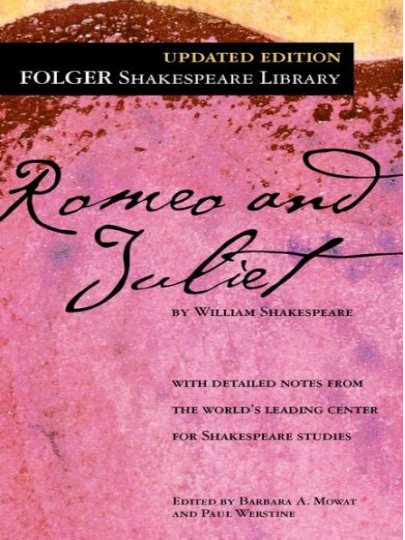
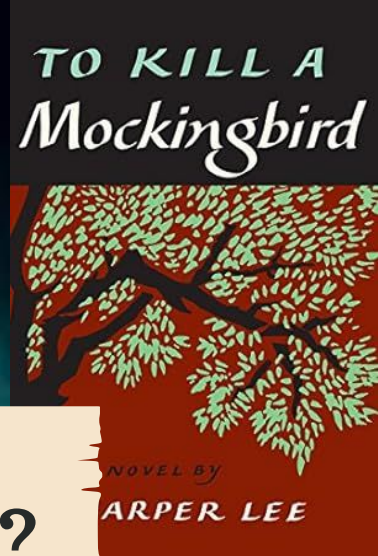
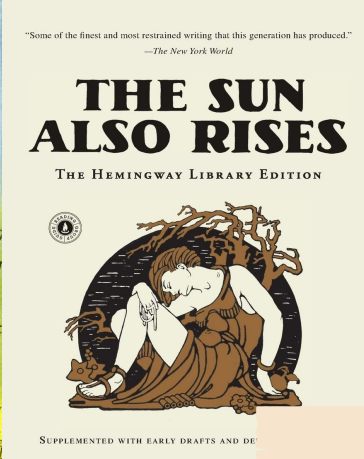
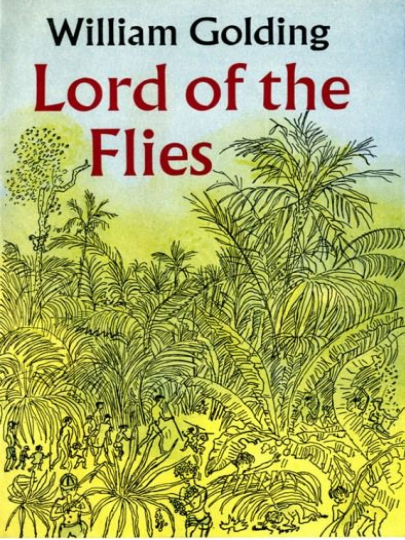


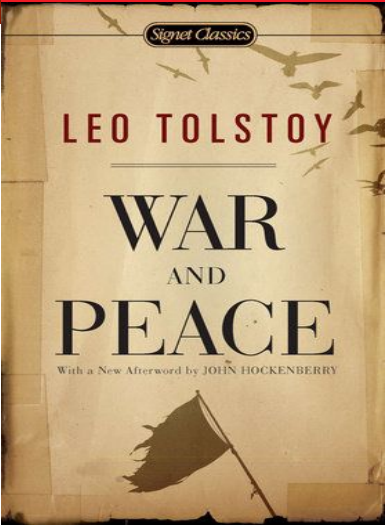
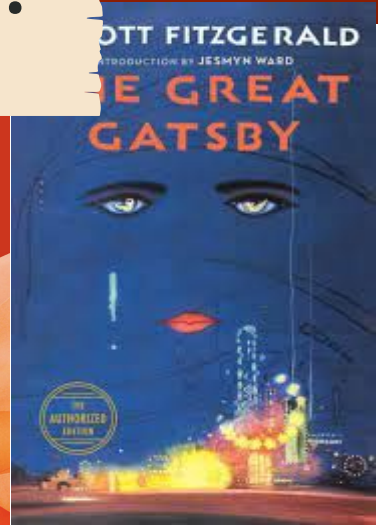


*SCENES FROM
IRIDIANE*

EEVIE MAE



Who wrote?



“Literature is strewn with the wreckage of men who have minded beyond reason the opinion of others”

— Virginia Woolf, *A Room of One's Own*.



George C. Beresford/Hulton Archive/Getty Images

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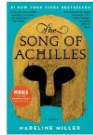
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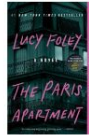
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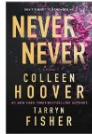
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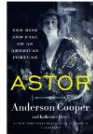
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The Paris Apartment by Lucy Foley



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The London Séance Society by Sarah Penner

Who writes now?

The background features a stylized landscape. In the upper right, a large white sun is partially obscured by a large, white, hand-shaped silhouette that spans across the sky. Several black birds are scattered throughout the sky. In the center, a black dragon is shown in flight. The lower portion of the image shows a dark silhouette of a landscape with rolling hills, a single bare tree, and a dense forest of evergreen trees on the right side.

What does fiction do?

How does all of this aid our understanding of each others identities?



REAL?

Why must it be real?

FANTASY?

The Danger of Queer Allegory

Monstrous Comparisons

Subtextual
allegories can
invalidate identities

No Direct Representation

Usually is void of
any actual
depiction of
queerness

Political Compromise

Sacrificing identity
for the sake of
appealing to the
majority



THE CHARACTERS OF *IRIDIANE*

Ikari sa Akash



Saan



Ikari

The boy opens his eyes.

He touches his face.

Then, he stares back down at his reflection in the ether.

He catches glimpses of himself before now: his short dark hair and deep brown eyes.

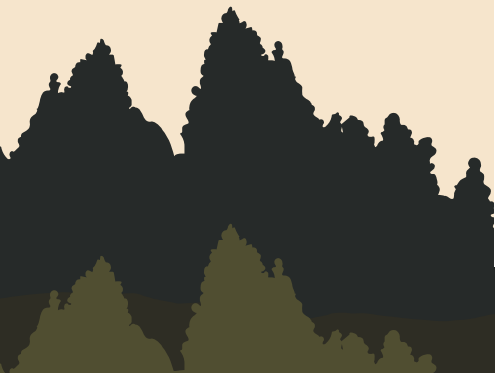
There is no smile on his face then, and there is none now. His reflection glazes over the blue surface of the ether, and for a moment he hesitates and squints in an attempt to recognize what is being shown to him.

Now, his hair is longer, his face slender and curved at the sides, and his body shaped in a way that accentuates the width of his hips and the slope of his waist. His chest is exposed, and for a moment a sense of shame washes over him—for his chest is no longer flat and muscled. Instead, he has breasts.

It hits him.

Dropping to her knees, the girl searches for a word to describe what this feeling is, and fails; instead, the realization escapes her lips in cracked sobs and incoherent cries. She forgets that her family is behind her and that the ether is still swarming at her waist, hungry for more than she can give. Ikari runs her gentle, smooth fingers across her slicked skin, and it pricks in response.

This is what it was.





Saan

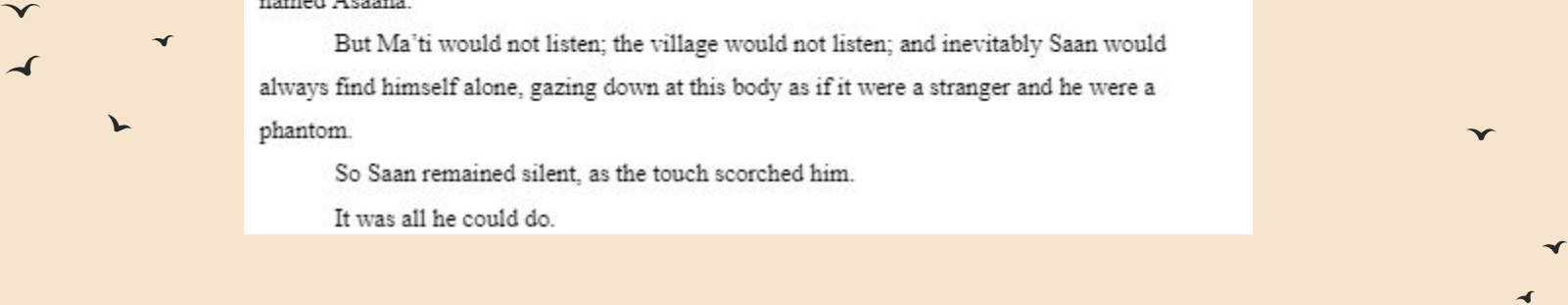

“You are always so stubborn,” Ma’ti sighed, still holding Saan tightly with his broad, strong hands. “You love me, don’t you?”

Saan parted his lips, a shallow exhale following. Ma’ti’s hands moved lower, and lower, until Saan could hardly register his touch. It was an awakening and a death—to be touched in a body that was not his, to experience pleasure and pain all at once. Saan wanted to rip off his skin; to tear his entire existence into shreds until nothing remained. He detested the feeling of Ma’ti’s skin, warm and solid against him. He wanted to scream. To tear through his own core. To say no. To set himself free. He wanted to condemn himself. To make it known that he was not the girl named Asaana.

But Ma’ti would not listen; the village would not listen; and inevitably Saan would always find himself alone, gazing down at this body as if it were a stranger and he were a phantom.

So Saan remained silent, as the touch scorched him.

It was all he could do.



IRIDIANE

n.

1. The feeling of being loved and accepted; warmth.
2. The comforting feeling one gets in the warmth of sunlight.

