



4-15-1996

## The Faggot's Claim to Name, or Deconstructing the Breeding Game

Beth Harris

DOI: <https://doi.org/10.13023/DISCLOSURE.05.10>

Follow this and additional works at: <https://uknowledge.uky.edu/disclosure>



Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

This work is licensed under a [Creative Commons Attribution-Noncommercial 4.0 License](#).



---

### Recommended Citation

Harris, Beth (1996) "The Faggot's Claim to Name, or Deconstructing the Breeding Game," *disClosure: A Journal of Social Theory*. Vol. 5, Article 10.

DOI: <https://doi.org/10.13023/DISCLOSURE.05.10>

Available at: <https://uknowledge.uky.edu/disclosure/vol5/iss1/10>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by *disClosure: A Journal of Social Theory*. Questions about the journal can be sent to [disclosurejournal@gmail.com](mailto:disclosurejournal@gmail.com)

**The Faggot's Claim to Name,  
or Deconstructing the Breeding Game**

by Beth Harris  
Seattle, Washington

On a dismal, Seattle winter day,  
two women sat far away  
from each other  
in the dimly lit Roma Cafe

But the harried dyke  
on a short work break

and the bedraggled teen  
on the run

both read the advice  
from the same sex column<sup>1</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> Letters inspired by Dan Savage's column in Seattle's *The Stranger*, December 1994

Hi, Faggot,

*(The liberated woman addressed  
the famed gay sex columnist)*

*I am afraid that you have misconstrued  
sex for modern het womanhood  
When you call us all "breeders"—  
it is not true  
for the conscientious few*

Yes,  
I must confess,  
I am naturally born  
a het

Nonetheless,  
despite my attraction  
to the masculine faction,  
you should not assume  
I will contribute to  
the population boom

Signed,  
Het, Yet Childless

Dear Het, Yet Childless

*You are still a breeder  
in my book  
Although breeding  
you forsook*

*When you have sex,  
you must protect  
against producing little tykes  
—unlike the faggots  
and the dykes*

*Lighten up, Ms. Het  
embrace the "breeder" name  
When you write, "Hi, Faggot,"  
I do not complain  
Although we both clearly know  
I am not  
a bundle of sticks*

Forever,  
Faggot



Reading the heated exchange,  
the dyke thought,  
I'm neither a het  
nor childless

Though a homo,  
I can clearly claim  
the disputed breeder name

but to become a mama  
without a family man,  
I needed a plan

The sperm I got  
was caught and donated  
by a generous faggot

The homeless youth cried inside—  
Het or dyke,  
it made no difference  
in my plight  
when I got raped  
on that night

"Old enough to bleed,  
old enough to breed"

Beware—I am bearing more  
than a child now  
I'm breeding perpetual rage  
Next time someone fucks with me,  
they are going to burn

by Beth Harris  
January 1, 1994