

A zine

BY US

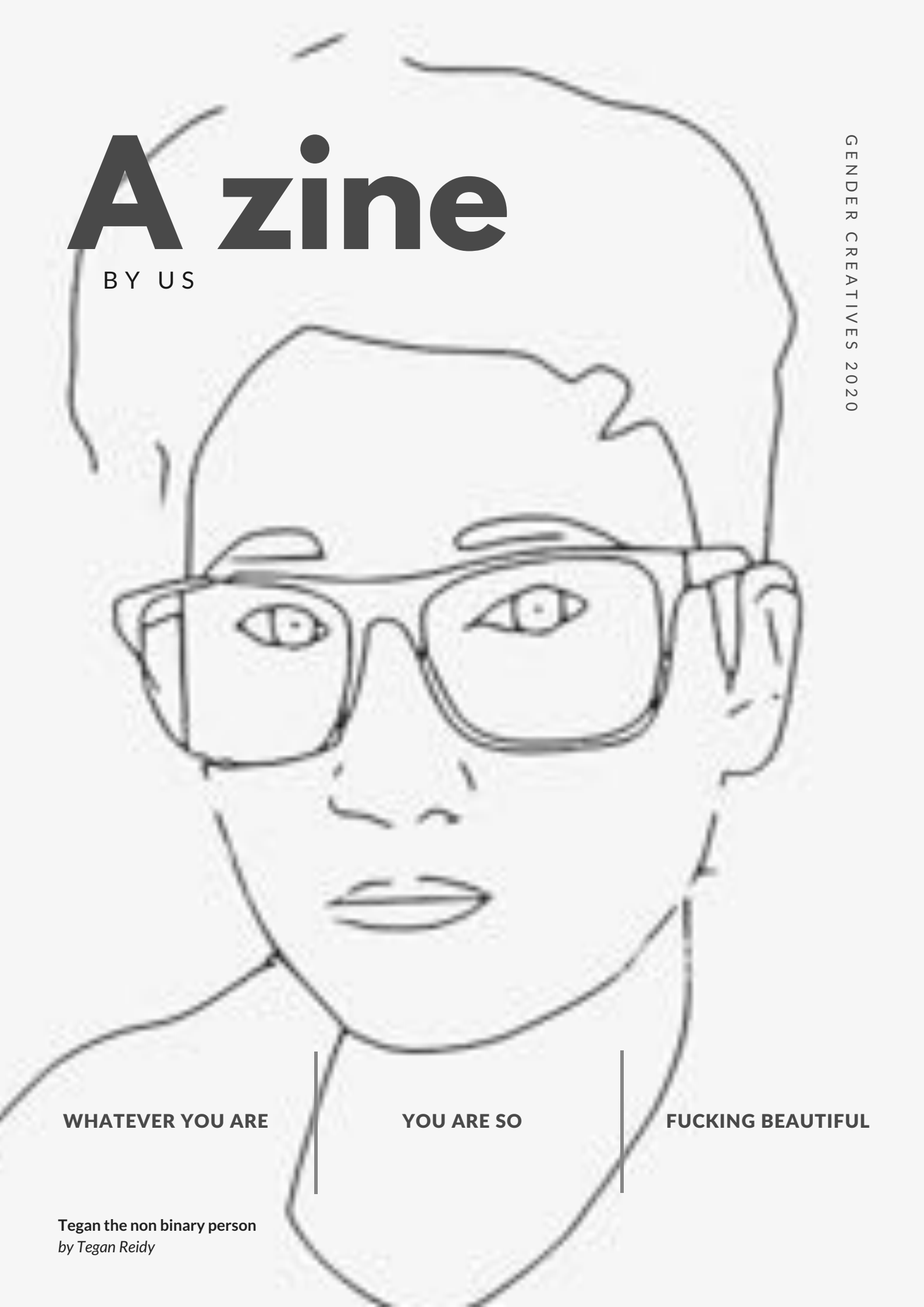
GENDER CREATIVES 2020

WHATEVER YOU ARE

YOU ARE SO

FUCKING BEAUTIFUL

Tegan the non binary person
by Tegan Reidy



For all the **GENDER CREATIVES**



Scan me for a good
time



Spotify playlist
by Ari

Love, Ash and Rufus

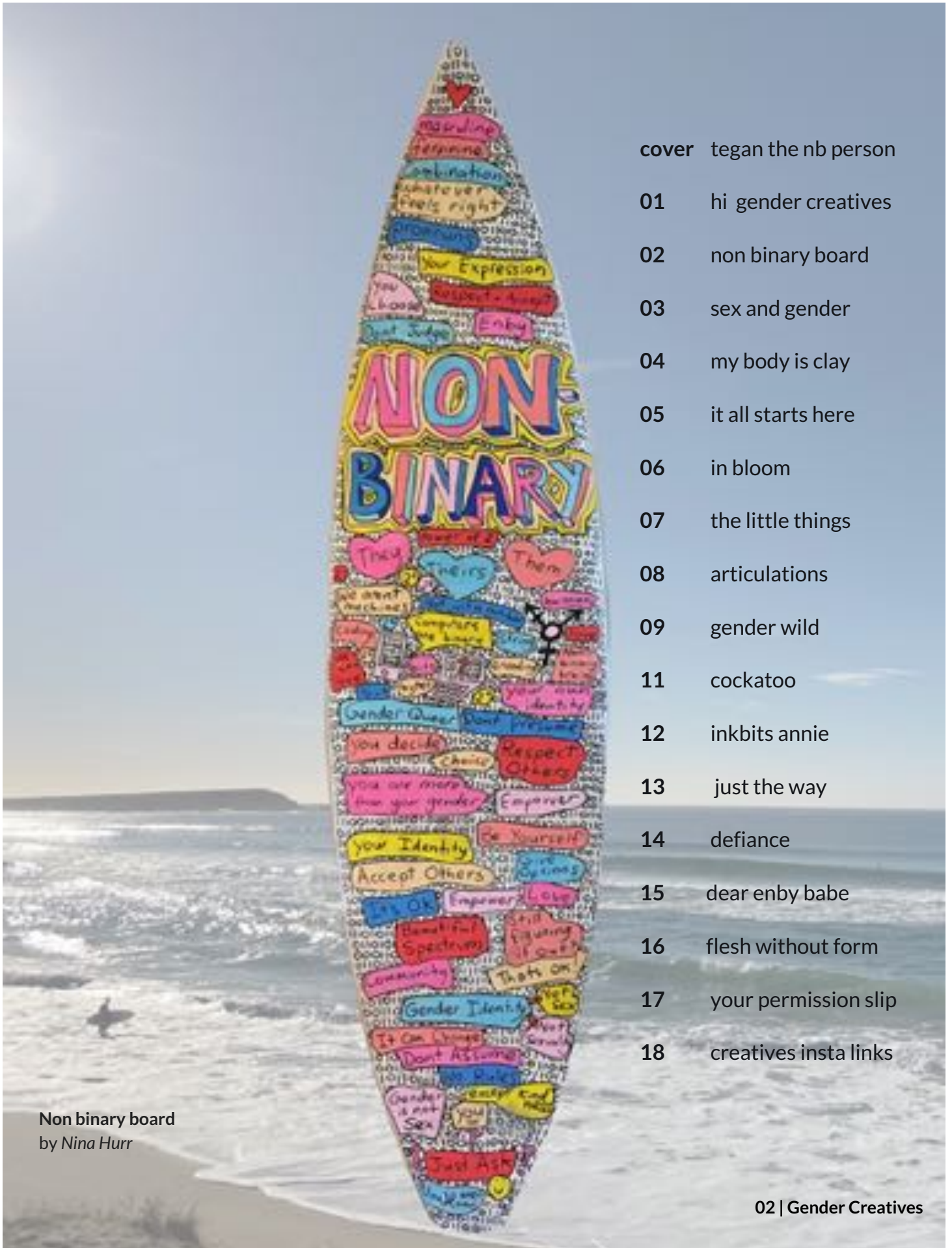
So here's the thing. There is no one way to be non-binary. That's the beauty of it.

Exist in the margins, or stand in the spotlight. Wear heels and polka dots. Wear your best muscle tee with the oil stain on it. Wear a cute shirt with Oscar the Grouch. Why not? Maybe wear it all at the same time. Good. Do it. Amazing.

Also, use whatever pronouns you feel like. You can write your own gender. Try things out. Your life is an act of resistance, of celebration. Live it.

Tell your mum or don't tell anyone. IT'S ALL GOOD. You make the rules and we'll be over here, loving you. Because we think you're fucking beautiful.

And remember that if you want, you can change it all tomorrow. Because we're fluid baby, and that's just how we roll. xxx



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Non binary board
by Nina Hurr

A world where asking, 'Are you a man?', 'Are you female?' Would be akin to asking, 'How big is your dick?'

Sometimes I sit and try to imagine a world without gender.

I don't wish it obliterated, to take away people's identities within it. I'd just like another option than the divide we are placed in that runs through our lives from birth.

A world where asking, 'Are you a man?', 'Are you female?' Would be akin to asking, 'How big is your dick? And btw do you have one?'

If gender was for each person to reveal to whom they choose and under what circumstances.

If it was acknowledged as a truly personal and individual thing. If it didn't affect your income, opportunities, your access to emotional support, your chance of taking your own life or the likelihood that you will be assaulted. And how.

If you and I are not going to breed why do you need to know my sex?

Outside of certain medical emergencies, or for the purpose of authority IDing you (and even then secondary sex characteristics can be deceiving) no one has ever given me a defensible rational answer to this. And if it's just sex you're after you might be pleasantly surprised with what you find. I know I have been a few times.

In every endeavour my whole life has been in one way or another an attempt to negate genders divisions. I have always felt comfortable and grateful for my body, loved the fact I had tits and big nipples, my cunt, my sex drive, my athletic body built over years of strength and combat training. There is nothing I feel I can't do. But as a masculine presenting female bodied person growing up society made me uncomfortable and question myself constantly. It only gave me certain options. It still tries to. In vain.

Biological Sex and gender construct are far more expansive and wonderful than we have made them out to be and insist on. Me being butch is at once natural and a radical act of defiance.

By Ari

[my body is clay]

by Sunny



“I’m Fi (Fi). Tell me who you are.”

by Fi Peel

My heart sank through the floor. The minute I hit the send button I wanted to take it all back. The person on the other side of the chat was seeing it in real time. I had absolutely no chance of deleting the message. It had already been read.

I can remember spending hours at a time as a teenager locked in the bathroom, simply staring at myself in the mirror. My body was changing and I utterly hated it. When I voiced my distress, the reply was unanimous. “It sucks being a woman but you don’t get a choice.”

I grew up in world where you were either a man or a woman. I stared at the mirror in search of pretty. I looked for clues that would tether me to feminine. I learned to see through the filter everyone else did.

Eventually I forgot that it was a mental construct.

30 years later the mirror became my confidant once more. The very first time I had glanced into the bathroom mirror as I washed my hands after learning that gender was a spectrum, I caught the eye of my teenage self. For the first time in decades I didn’t see a filter. All I saw staring back was me.

I dropped the feminine suffix from my name. I began to challenge the person I had unwittingly created as a means of survival. Writing a bio for myself in third person, I discovered that using my suffix-less name as my preferred pronoun was an immense challenge in itself. Undoing a lifetime of conditioned she and her in my own head was mind bending. If it was difficult for me, how was I ever to expect my friends and family to begin the undoing?

Then came that chat. I somehow sensed that this was the safe space I had needed but it wasn’t until I had hit the damned button that I realised it was as much about me needing to push on that door as it was needing someone to be there to open it.

“A longhand way of saying it’s Mx Jetsetter”. “We’re a pretty supportive bunch. What are your pronouns?”

I had told myself that it didn’t matter what others thought, but it did. I spent my days inspiring rewrites of stigmatised narratives in the world of mental health. The lived experience of individuals key to liberating disempowered voices. When it came to binary notions of gender it really wasn’t any different.

As the panic subsided, I looked through the door that had opened up and I was flooded with peace.

We live in a world where we define others by our own assumptions, according to categories and subtypes. According to deeply ingrained beliefs that many never truly examine. It only ever creates division.

In our society. And in ourselves.

It’s time to challenge the assumptions and rewrite the narrative as penned by us.

“I’m Fi (Fi). Tell me who you are.”

It all starts here.



In Bloom

by Samuel Hardidge

The little things (little alien)
by Lozified Wood



By Dee Stergo

Articulations

Pulsing notes, tremolo shifting to trill
Distraction breaking apart the harmony
Disability reigning like the almighty fucking
lord,

A society clique excluding all my rainbow
coloured tones

A society clique stealing all pretence of
function
Forced into dysfunction

Dystopic?

Dysmorphic?

Articulations

Twisting words, meaning devolving to WTF?
Subtext confusing the dialogue
The ordinary thrum of discussion assaulting
all possible sense

A society clique, excluding all options to
caress and connect

Dysphonic?

Dyslogical?

Articulations

These words are too hard to produce
Too soft to find love
Too old to be accepted
Too young to be noticed

Dyspraxic?

Dyslexic?

Dysfunctional?

Or just fucking different.

Dysfunctional?

Or just fucking different.

Gender Wild

by Jarrah

Dear future gender diverse selves,

the intricate planetary web of awesome genderwild child qweers /
beings, creatures unique (as we speak my dears) / we arrive into this life /
we have always arrived into Life / Dancing, fluttering, stuttering /
twirling, skipping, slipping between worlds. **In the vast space of existence, quiet.**
ultimately Life has no gender. Genderwild child / it has all genders, all possibilities,
infinite diversity. my gender is "Universe" / my sexuality is "Universe" / so what's my gender pronoun?

"U"

- "have you seen U's phone?" / kind of a joke, but not really / nothing matters / everything matters.
There is ease, compassion, play. Dance on the breeze / there is freeze, aching dismay,
pain of falling between / do I exist? is hetero-normality even real? Does it exist. Seems to /
Does the discrimination, the disappearance, the disgust of difference. Does it even exist.
Saturated in every cell.

Or is it a figment of my gender-traumatised imagination. **It exists. It doesn't exist.** Girl. Lady. She.
Ouch - is that ouch Patriarchy??

This body...? Boyo, boyo boy ! love the Trauma - but I look to the Love cos /
In other eras, areas, cultures we were fully loved, honoured, celebrated - and put to work!
When we shine **we are seen, we are celebrated, and sexy.**

All the gender queer fish, birds, mammals n insects our kin, we aren't alone.

Life created us for a reason.

We occupy a space. Spaces, dear genderwild child / So many juicy, important, powerful theories.
Knowledge. Herstories, histories, theirstories/ The machinations of oppression. Exclusion. Binaries.
Stereotypes. Duality / Longing to belong. What is that. Sensations in my belly, gut, throat.

A meditation of surrendering, without collapsing

Considering the amazing option of transitioning... somehow making the effort to pass, in a way.

Gender... play? Ow. The rules. The roles. the binaries. Fake overlay on Reality. Fake news!! you loose

When it fucking hurts, it hurts, it hurts, spiralling into Planet Pain, again /

I didn't create this. I arrived into it.

What is this? I dive in, plunge deep / keep coming back to: no landing place /

sliding, barrelling down the gullet of sacred Paradox / in one single breath it all means nothing /

I relax / just laughing.

Wholly Whatever! the Fool, Truth is Nondual / some soft breaths, Life laughs at itself /

quiet moments Being

arriving into this kooky unknowable gender diverse moment. /

whatever you are you're so fucking beautiful

it doesn't matter / whatever I am here I am / In full flow the Magnificence /

every essence / it shines, it dances, sparks fly from its fingertips!

the Heart of the Universe, just – like - this

Anyway

I love you so much.

You're SO beautiful

so divine

so sexy.

Your strength resolute.

Your grace exquisite.

I want to wrap up your tender wounds / with all my heart / all my love.

my surety of your awesomeness / your unique crazy wholesomeness - BEAUTY

Wild.

so hot / nearly scream! I pull you close and kiss you. we need you.

Life needs you

life created you because it needs you / there is a sacred role to play / Please. Walk into the heart of love / of strength, and beauty where you belong

courage (Heart) / in any case dear Self, Life is short, there is Gold, there is Shit, there is Love, there is Fear, where will you put your attention? My dear? Who will you back?

I know I'm speaking to mySelf / I am coming out – as Love

adoring

smiling

softening...

breathing...

Stretching

*Warriors, Butterflies
Genderwild peeps*

*with furious serene sighs
we laugh, we weep*

Gender Wild

Cockatoo
by Baylis





photo credit: Heaps of Pics

I'm Jolene. I perform under the name InkBits. I am a punk cabaret artist who performs gender fuck covers with a Brechtian twist. I wrote a parody to Hard Knock Life from Annie... this is how it goes:

It's a hard knock life for me
 I have ADHD
 Get distracted easily
 Oh wow... you're so pretty
 It's a hard knock life

Always wanted to be a boy
 Cos they have the coolest toys
 Dolls and stuff were not for me
 I never thought I was pretty
 It's a hard knock life

Don't it feel like the world is always judging
 And it seems that you're never quite enough
 Every body always misunderstands you
 And you really just can't be fucked

All I want is to be appreciated
 To be loved for the creature that I am
 No one telling me what they think i should be
 Just free to be me

Gender binary's not my thing
 Boy or girl I wanna sing
 I'm masculine yet feminine
 Either way it's not a sin

So i did an arts degree
 And my life changed completely
 Now I do punk cabaret
 InkBits is here to play

It's a hard knock life
 It's a hard knock life

It's
 A
 Hard
 Knock
 Life

What I want to say to all non-Binary/ fluid genders is that they're not alone.

I'm now an IT professional and accepting myself being gender neutral has allowed me to excel in life and programming. And I'm heading down the path of AI/Machine learning.

I remember a time in highschool when an Irish teacher said, boys and men don't understand. But girls will always relate to everything that is unrelated. Nearly everyone understood it except me. I thought... I can and I relate everything always. Am I female in the wrong body? How can I stop relating everything so I can be with the boys? ... and I don't understand why football is so interesting...

When I see a wild flower to the most uninteresting leaf, I look for the moments of sparkle from the water that refracts or reflects the light to converge into the point of sparkle. I would spend so much time looking at it in all different angles till I find that sparkle then cherish it as memory. Those were my earliest days of being myself.

I'd hang out with friends that didn't question what I did because they were too focused on stealing. I was forced to have chinese friends that stole from me so they would tell my parents I'm normal, or even be kneed on the gut and my mum would force me to tell the principle that it was my fault and pretend nothing happened. Those were the dark days that lead to crazy thoughts of suicide.

Even at Uni, my devout love of God and Christ was shattered by the abuse of Christians. They proclaim love and encouraged everyone to act what they preached, but many failed. And there were the hypocrites that fornicated in front of my eyes whilst they verbally abused gays.

I'm both a Father and a parent to my two children. I see God the same way, a father and a parent that is not gendered. I feel the relationship and connection that no man can understand.

I feel the breath of disgust by man and women that cannot understand what it is to be genderless.

I'm comforted that the truth is consistent no matter which perspective I look at it. The truth is that I'm neither man nor woman. But I am who I am, conformity is depressive, but the truth has set me free.

My foundation in the truth now allows my mind to be free from expectations of dead people, dead cultures, dead ideology.

When I see a wild flower now, when I see a painting, hear a song or even hear the waves crash. They're all beautiful. The truth is they're all connected to be beautiful and to be loved.

Just the way God wanted me to be.

So to the many that have been through the damaging effects of church and still are connected to a higher being. Know that the higher being loves you and so too does the universe.

by Jimmy

Defiance
by Rufus



Holy fuck but you're a sexy motherfucker. You really are. It's true.

By Ash

I see the way you take up space, move in the world, resist every attempt to make you small. I know what it takes. I know what it takes to get up in the morning and look at the four walls around you and wonder if it's safer at home - but you get up anyway. You look through your wardrobe at all the possibilities and you pull out your best self and you throw it on.

It takes everything just to walk around. I know this. Sometimes we feel like we are pushing against the ocean tide, turning our faces into the storm and doing exactly the thing that everyone else has spent their whole lives telling us not to do. But think of this. Every day you get up, you are remaking the universe, you are a personal alchemist, a physics master, a genius scientist. You split the galaxy open with your infinite possibilities. Would you really want to be any different?

I had a lover once who would ask me, are you a boy or a girl today? Who do you want to be? And I would be weak at the knees, their strong arms around me, feeling their kisses like grenades landing - and I would stop then and listen. My body would whisper to me - I am a boy right now. Or, I am a girl. Or, I don't know but I know I am yours. I don't know what I am today but can you please kiss me like that some more? This is how I learnt to hear my body. You only need one safe person to ask you. But then you need your bravest voice to answer, too.

So sweetest darling, you beautiful shapeshifting joyful creature. Remember that you are whole. You are holy. You are already complete - and you are always changing. You, my love, are writing your own script and it is sexy and significant and I will never stop celebrating the way you stay alive.

It's true that sometimes things get dark as hell. I know they do. I've been to those places where I forgot my own name and my own worth, where it felt like I clawed my way back with bleeding hands. I have seen the wastelands and I have walked it and I am here to tell you it can be done. In those places there is nothing there but stones and heat and horror but listen to me! It can be done. It can be done. I promise you.

So keep going. Stay alive. Stay creating. I believe in you. And most of all - and I need you to hear me say this - you belong with us. We are all here together. And we love you.

We are all here together. And we love you.

FLESH WITHOUT FORM

I exist in the cloud of smoke between me and my mirror
Shapeless, without compass.
Reflected in the sleepy gaze of a man who pours my beer
Trapped in the exhale of grey suits
Who roam the upper echelons of a silver sky prison.

In the space between their fingertips
and the blinding light of orgasm
In the specs of dust
that reflect in the slow movement of morning light
As my eyes greet the sun
In the careful pattern of a cross-stitched heart
punctured through overgrown flesh.

A flash of colour and light

Spinning through a kaleidoscope
A flash of colour and light
A pattern repeated
But never the same.
In the reverberations of bells
that sound the walls of the cathedral
as they wrap around a winding spire
and travel through a slumbering town
And echo, echo, and grow distant.

A pattern repeated

In endless prattle
That circles pub walls
From the blood-stained carpets
Winding through a fire escape.
In blades of grass
That curl around my toes in spring
anchoring me to the earth.
In the brightness of my lover's grin

But never the same

By Adrien Cosmos

gender creative

alive

awesome

LOVED

fucking
beautiful

free

gender non conforming

A liminal being

agender



gender WILD!

strong

magestic

gender fluid

gender deviant

gender queer

powerful

a spark of light



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GENDER CREATIVES

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thank you friends

There is a healing in the holding of hands

The hands of lovers

The hands of friends

In this quiet moment / They say

You are Not Alone

