

ALONE,  
TOGETHER



QUEER ART IN ISO



# QUEER SPACE YOUTH

Queerspace Youth is a drummond street services support program for young people who identify as part of the LGBTQIA + community.

We are run in collaboration with Yarra Youth Services and funded by the City of Melbourne and the City of Yarra.

Instagram: @queerspace\_youth

front cover by PeachBite



We acknowledge the traditional owners of the land and waters where we work, the Wurundjeri people of the Kulin nations.

We pay our respects to Elders, past and present.

We acknowledge their incredible resilience in the face of ongoing colonisation in the country.

Sovereignty has never been ceded.

Treaties never signed.



30 years ago - on May 17, 1990 - the World Health Organization removed homosexuality from the Classification of Diseases and Related Health Problems.

International Day Against Homophobia, Biphobia, Interphobia & Transphobia (IDAHOBIT) celebrates LGBTIQ people globally, and raise awareness for the work still needed

IDAHOBIT is not a single day or campaign - It is a moment when thousands of ideas and initiatives converge over a single vision: freedom and equality for all.

Trans history is ours, we have always written our own story.

The celebration of IDAHOBIT is not just about how far we've come, but that we have claimed our future.

Our stories will be told.

We are breaking the silence.



# Trans *Visibility*

for many people in our community, gender explorations go beyond that of traditional binaries, particularly so for young people that identify as trans, non-binary, agender, or somewhere outside of their assigned sex at birth. Being trans has never been only a binary option for many of us, while the concept of moving from one side of the gender spectrum to the other - we argue for fluidity and flexibility. there are many genders - at the same time there are no genders.

with growing resource availability (thanks internet), we are finding new ways to give meaning to our gender id, but how can you explain gender without thinking in gendered language?

there's an educational activity where individuals are asked to explain their gender in 5 words. You can use any word you want, however within our cisheterosexist world, most people still rely on gendered terms and markers. In our version all words are free to play, except for gendered terms like male, boy, woman, girl, femme, masc.

What feelings does your gender invoke in you? How does your gender identity live inside you? what objects do you relate to your gender?


What 5 words would you use to explain your gender?

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A painting of a park landscape, likely Central Park in New York City. In the foreground, there's a large, rounded, mossy rock. A river flows through the middle ground, surrounded by lush green trees and foliage. In the background, a city skyline is visible, including a prominent church spire (likely St. Patrick's Cathedral) and several tall buildings. The sky is a soft, hazy blue.

NEW

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GENDER

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WHOS

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THIS

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???

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I am a young non binary artist. I specialise in cartoony art-works and design, I hope to some day be in the arts industry, so to speak.

By Neek



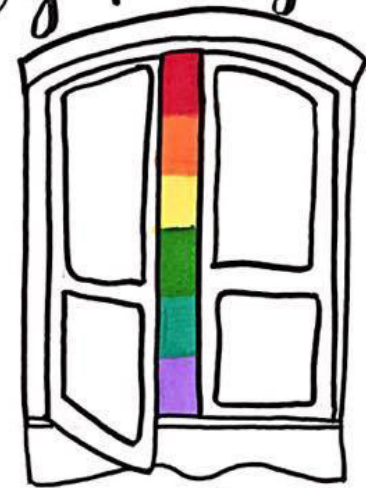
It's hard living as someone else, pretending to be someone else.

No one deserves to live their life stuck behind closet walls, pretending to be someone they aren't.

I have a love for Harry Potter and I saw this quote online so I decided to make it into a calligraphy quote

by Ella

IF HARRY POTTER  
taught us  
Anything at all



its that

NO ONE  
should live in the closet



Scanned with CanScanner

# reflections

Reflections is a short story about transgender children. It was written in hopes of reflecting not only the existence of trans children, but the importance of friendship, acceptance, and understanding.

by Jake

He watched the children running around the park playing, laughing and screaming as he sat in silence on a swing away from the rest.  
It was the same every day.

All the children would go to the park with their parents and they would play and he would sit. It wasn't that he didn't try to play with them. He did. It was that they weren't allowed to play with him. Every time he even spoke to one of the children they would either walk away, or their parents would usher them to the other side of the playground.

It had been the same for as long as he could remember. He didn't know or understand why the other children couldn't go near him, but he wished he did. One day a new girl arrived at the park. She had just moved here. She didn't know anyone. She didn't know who they were or what they were like. Upon her arrival she ran straight into the middle of the park and spun around. She started off slow and soon turned faster and faster, moving like a hurricane ready to destroy everything in its path until suddenly she stopped.

She was facing him now.

He looked at her, curiosity painted in his eyes. She looked at him the same way. A moment or two passed before she made her way over and settled in the swing beside him.

They began to swing.

No words were spoken.

None were needed.

He didn't mind that she didn't speak to him, and he didn't want to speak first for fear of pushing her away. So, they swung. That was all they did.

The next few days were the same. The children would play, and they would swing.

After a week of the same silent routine the girl finally spoke.

'Why are you alone?' Her voice was dry and croaky, as if she hadn't spoken in a while, as if this moment was a rare exception.

He studied her, questioning her motives before responding. 'The other children don't like me.'

She stared at him for a moment before continuing to swing, silence descending once more.

He wondered why she was quiet; she wondered why he was alone. Neither felt the need to ask.

A few weeks passed, and nothing changed. The children still played, and they still swung. The parents of the other children gave them strange looks and warned their young ones to stay away. The children joked and laughed but still they swung in silence.

Everything was fine.

Then one day, out of nowhere, a storm rolled in. The wind was fierce, and the rain fell like bullets. The children screamed and ran for cover. All the children except the little boy and the girl. They moved towards the tower and watched the rain fall as the other children and their families left the park.

It rained for hours and hours as they sat. After a while, she spoke once more. 'Do you know why they don't like you? Why they run and why they point and laugh?'

He thought for a moment before he spoke to make sure he knew what he was saying. 'I've tried to speak to them. It's not usually the children that leave; it's their parents who make them go away. My mum tells me to keep trying but it doesn't matter what I do. They just don't like me. I don't know why.'

She turned to face him, and he looked as though he might cry. A thought struck her as sudden as the lightning slashing the sky. 'What's your name?'

'Nicholas,' he said quietly.

She was certain now. 'I'm Laura,' she mumbled, her voice as quiet as his.

'Come on. I have to show you something.'

She stood and offered him a hand before climbing down from the tower and heading down the spiral stairs that led beneath.

This was one of the places the children played, so he wasn't allowed here. He followed her past the naughts and crosses and the counting beads, past the sound pipes and under an archway to a room with a couple of benches and a fun mirror.

She stopped next to the mirror and gestured for him to stand in front of it. He walked cautiously forward, stopping half a meter before it. He looked at his reflection and saw something that was not himself. He moved his arm to see if it was truly his reflection and the arm in the mirror copied him. He took a step back and so did the person in the mirror. That had to be his reflection. Even a really good imitator wouldn't be able to copy him that well. But if this was his reflection . . . why was it a girl? He started to cry, and his reflection cried too.

The girl walked over to him and enveloped him in a hug as he cried.

'What's wrong with me?' he asked her between sobs.

'Why did you bring me here?'

She pulled back and looked him in the eyes. 'There is nothing wrong with you. I brought you here because I believe this is why the children run from you and their parents don't approve. You said your name is Nicholas, yes?'

He nodded.

'Nicholas, I know it's hard to understand right now, but they don't see you the same way you see yourself. They see you as a girl, Nicholas. I know you don't see that, and I understand it. They see me as a boy. My parents named me Tom and it didn't feel right to me.' She paused, making sure he was still listening. 'I got my friends to call me Laura and they didn't mind because I was still the same person. But my parents did mind. They think it's wrong and that's what happened with the children from the park. Their parents just don't understand.' He looked at her. Finally, he understood. The children didn't hate him, they just didn't understand.

They stayed like that for the remainder of the afternoon until their parents came to collect them.

They didn't understand.

He didn't need them though.

He had Laura.

And he finally understood.

PeachBite is a pinup artist who focuses on diverse and body-positive works, drawn through a lens of love for every kind of woman out there who deserves to be uplifted and seen in media.

Her primary inspiration from art is her lesbianism. She initially emerged as a fan artist before discovering her love for art truly laid in embracing her sexuality and creating original content to reflect the beauty of women's diversity which made her life rich and full.

PeachBite's art journey is yet evolving and she is constantly engaging in studies in order to define her style better, looking to artists like Munrou\_, Annalise Jensen, and Peomichie for guidance. Her strengths mainly lie in drawing people, bodies, character design and fashion, but has diverged for this piece to represent a collage of communication that the LGBTQ+ community is able to engage in this IDAHOBIT to stay connected and united.

You can find her other works at @peach.bite\_ on instagram and @Peach.Bite on twitter.



Art was always my first choice, it was fun and relaxing.

That was when I was in primary school, but when it came to art at high school, it wasn't art anymore, it was work and writing.

I love drawing, but often at home or just at school.

I drew this piece, because I love George Michael's music and his song 'Freedom! '90' is one that has a real deep meaning and a catchy tune.



# milk + beans billy lynch

billy is an artist based in melbourne. she makes music, videos, installations, and comics.

milk + beans is a song that was written like this:

1. one time i went to order some coffee, and i couldn't decide what kind of milk to get. i wanted lactose free milk, but then the person at the counter kept listing all these different types of milk. it was intense stuff.
2. sometimes you meet someone and you make the best team ever. you complement each other beautifully, and balance each other perfectly. kind of like when you drink a cup of coffee that is perfectly milky. i am lucky enough to have found the perfect coffee.



please enjoy my home cooked demo of the song.  
[billylynch.bandcamp.com/track/milk-beans-demo](http://billylynch.bandcamp.com/track/milk-beans-demo)

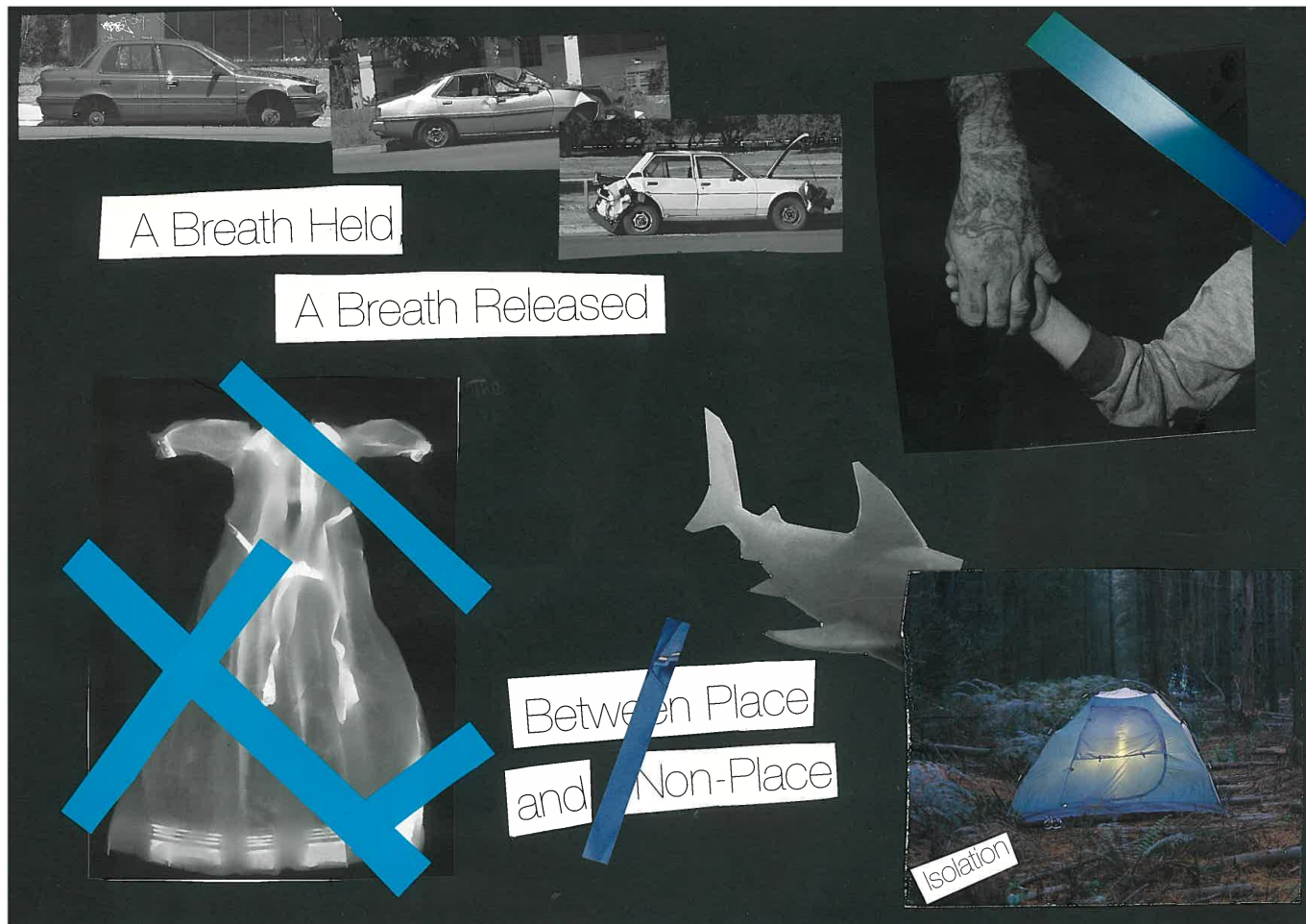
After studying print making at RMIT Slam Ross went on to create SLAM ROSS 1000.

A creative project that focuses on community, creativity, collaboration and culture which ranges from DJ sets and music production to 'zines, clothing and more.



Briar Rolfe is a 25 year old nonbinary person who is passionate about zines, plants, climate change, and other people's ghost stories. They love creating fun illustrations and drawing comics about queer people getting up to mischief.









Thank you to all the young people for submitting artwork.

Thank you for reading

