
UNORGANISED PRESS

THE FIRST VOLUME

WELCOME TO THE FUTURE OF MEDIA

WITH ART AND WORDS BY THE NAARM TRANSGENDER COMMUNITY

ISSUE 3



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A free collaborative zine for the
Naarm Transgender Community

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A free collaborative zine for the
Naarm Transgender Community

SEEKING SUBMISSIONS!

We are looking for people within the Naarm Transgender Community interested in sharing their art, passions, stories, poetry, photography, news, events, comics, anything!



Scan the QR code below to learn more!



<https://forms.gle/Wx4u3evRwzH4faXZ7>

Or email us:

submissions@unorganised.org

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SUBMISSIONS

in order of appearance

- > Featured Upcoming Events
- > ChloePaws
- > Ilwyd.ni
- > <^|—|~
- > Collaboration
- > mxeggssalad.pet
- > Natalie Feliks
- > Instagram: @emsartslop and @punkswarmofbees
- > Hazel-Bee
- > Anonymous/Uncredited
- > natalie :3



TRANS DAY OF RESISTANCE

22nd of November
02:00PM Saturday

FLINDERS STREET
STATION



DEMANDS:

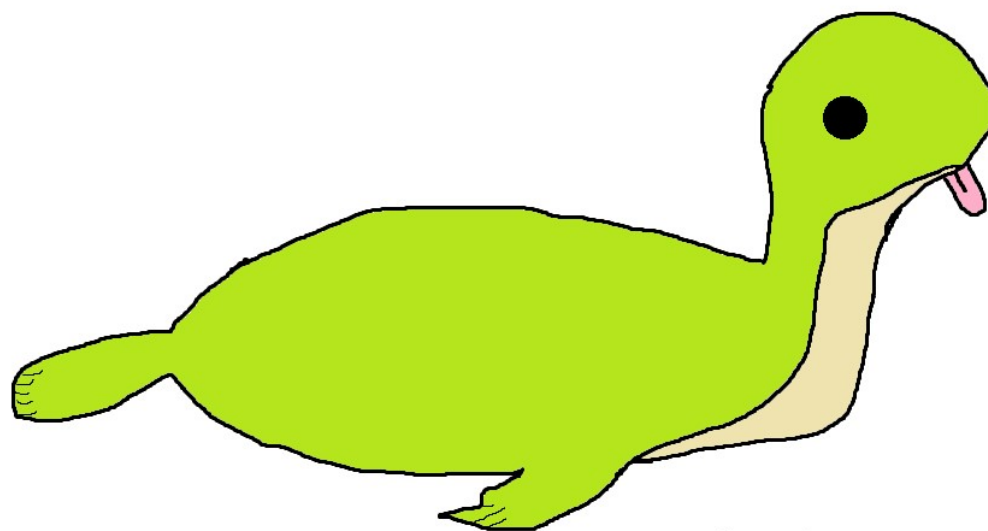
No Right To Discriminate

Cops Out Of Pride

Gender Affirming Care For All

No Pride In Detention

Sanction Israel



NESSÉAL!!!!

Upcoming Events

Naarm transgender events and gigs for the remainder of 2025

"Childhood signs"

Take me back to where the sun would
sting,

Where magpies swooped down, wing
on wing,

When we were not yet strangers to
each other.

Take me back to when salvation was
possible, close,

Beyond the wire fence, into the dense
bushland-

Breaking bracken tips, ripping leaves
off branches,

I'd make damper and you'd never have
to shower again,

And we could be friends,

I'd thought I wanted more,

I didn't know this was all there was

Like the birds and the trees I was too
scared to climb-

In the end I never broke a bone.

In the end I trek through forest alone.

NOV 22 TRANS DAY OF RESISTANCE

Saturday 22nd November, 2pm
Flinders Street Station

+

From the Streets to the Sheets: Rising Red Lantern Fundraiser

Saturday 22nd November
7pm - 1am
Vixen (Brunswick)



Trans and Sex Worker Club Night;
A gathering of the best Naarm hotties, by and
for the local trans and sex worker community.

NOV 22 FAGDYKE* lite

Sat 22nd November, 2pm - 5pm
Catalyst Social Centre (Coburg)

NOV 28 WRIDING TARAGO SINGLE LAUNCH

Wriding are a slowcore band from Naarm.
Tarago is their debut single.
With LXR, Sylvia.

Friday 28th Nov, 8:30pm
The Fitzroy Pinnacle
\$15 entry / \$10 concession



DEC 2 EP Launch - Canine Breakbeat Research: Vol. 1



Tue 2 Dec, 6pm - 11pm
Cafe Gummo, Thornbury
\$10 online or entry at the door
Merch for sale (hats, shirts, CDs, etc)
With Andurz, Zathaalgor

Running an event or just excited for one?
Email us and we might include it here in
the next edition of the Unorganised Press!

press@unorganised.org

DEC 5 Unorganised Trans BBQ 13

Friday 5th December, 5pm

DEC 14 What Goes On!

Sun 14th Dec, 1pm - 11pm
The Workers Club (Fitzroy)
\$28 entry / \$18 concession



'What Goes On!' is an annual festival of
some of this town's greatest live treats.
From 1-11pm witness 10 hours of rock 'n' roll
of all persuasions. With Lothario, The States,
Persecution Blues, LXR, The Henchmen,
Eric & the Echoettes, Snake Powder.

DEC 19 Unorganised Trans BBQ 14

Friday 5th December, 5pm - This is the final BBQ for the year,
so let's have a fun day in the sun! Stay tuned for future BBQ dates.



Hazel's Corner

My place to share things and stuff I like

Games

Movies

Music

Other

HACKERS (1995)

Enter a world of elite punks who by day, are your ordinary highschoolers, and by night, Hackers, who use their techno-wizard skills and boundless curiosity to phreak payphones, manipulate computer data, and pull off righteous hacks. 1995's Hackers is an all-time cult classic for a reason.

Hackers is a film that is filled with a colourful cast of exaggerated characters doing extreme things played entirely straight, and it's amazing. Every second scene a character is wearing a completely different, entirely awesome outfit and talking complete techno-babble with absolute sincerity and I'm all for it.

Not to mention the completely unintentional but extremely strong transgender allegory wherein characters not only dress queer and express themselves through their external visual identity, but prefer to go by their own chosen "hacker" names.

My transgender headcanon is as follows:

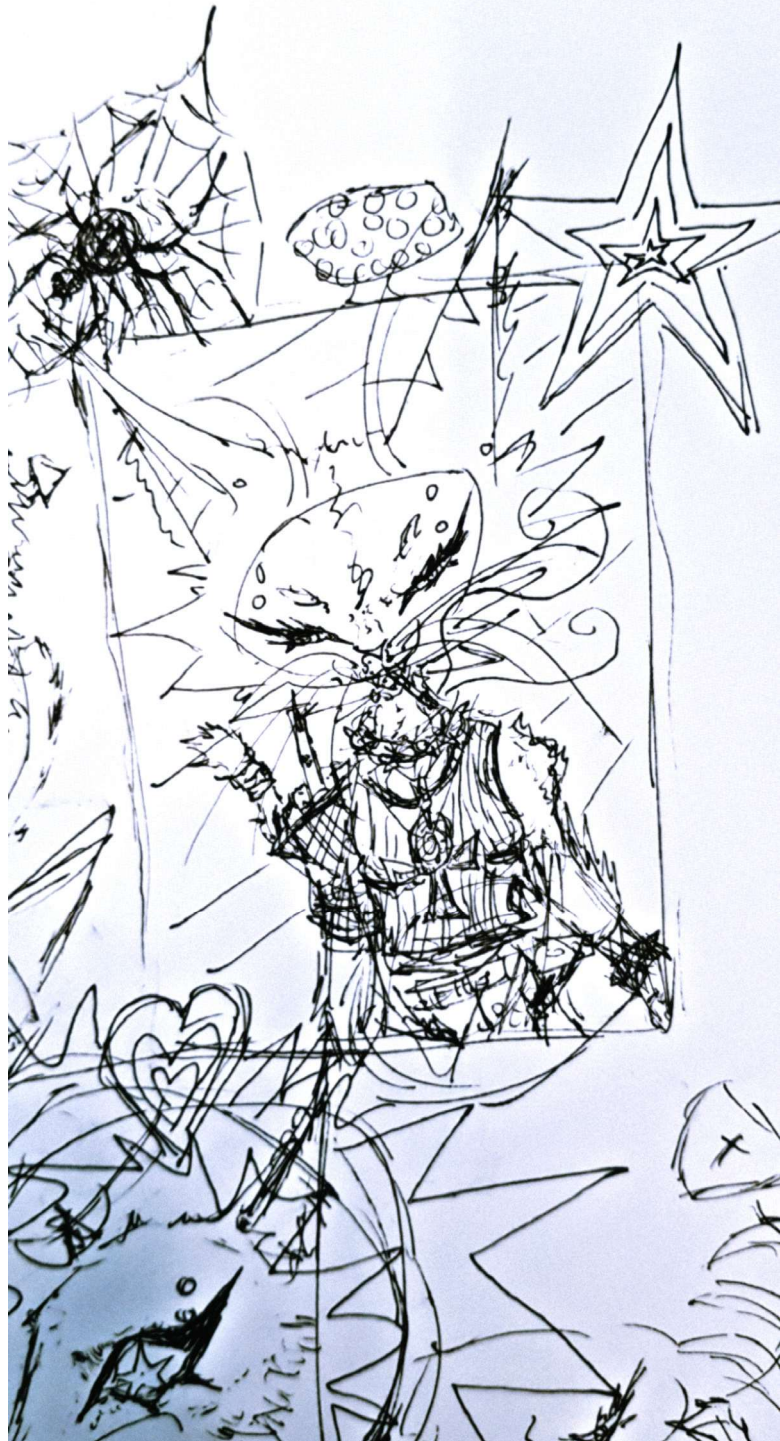
Crash Override = Egg, Phantom Phreak = Trans woman,

Acid Burn = Trans woman (who got ALL the surgeries),

Cereal Killer = NonBinary, Lord Nikon = Trans man, Joey = Trans man



HACKERS
HACKERS
HACKERS
HACKERS



POLYCULE DESTROYER

**SICK AND TIRED OF YOUR 17 GIRLFRIENDS?
LIVING IN FEAR OF THE DREADED KITCHEN TABLE?**

**SUFFER NO MORE.
THE *POLYCULE DESTROYER* IS HERE TO HELP.**



take me on a group date, invite me to a party, put me in your discord server.
and i can(not) guarentee, i will fuck shit up so bad your polycule will
be exploded by the end of the week.

i accept payment in beer and cigarettes.

contact me at polyculedestroyer@protonmail.com for all enquires.
terms and conditions apply.

I am an invisible man. Not because I can't be seen, but because I will never be seen. There is no one left to see me. My world is dead, barren, entirely devoid of life. It is a peaceful world, there is no war, no famine, no conflict or needs to spur it. All pathogens are dead, all animals are dead, all plants are dead. The world is dead. But the clouds don't care, they will continue to occupy the skyline, reminding the earth's sole inhabitant that there is always a silver lining. For me that silver lining is the clouds. Clouds and waves are the closest I get to seeing life these days.

I am also an invincible man. I cannot die, I didn't die when the rest of humanity was killed, and I have proven unable to die despite my best efforts. I've now accepted this as fact. Sometimes, I look up past the clouds, to the stars above and let my imagination run free. I may have accepted never seeing another human, but humans are social creatures and I remained one, I would very much like to be less alone. This world may be dead, but I like to imagine amongst the stars there may be more worlds, there had to be. In an infinite universe there had to be another planet with life, somewhere. This infinite universe would, of course take an infinite amount of time to fully traverse, but I am a man with an infinite amount of time.

I wish I was a man with more volition, someone with the sheer willpower to look upon those same stars and fashion a means of actually reaching them.

I have time to spare, I read in my abundant free time; I read stories about dragons, aliens, love and despair. The books about despair, the tragedies, were all that really seemed to connect with me, all I could relate to.

I am a lonely man. Sitting in my shack crafted from thatch, vines, and tears upon a rotting chair from the old world, I sit reading a great tragedy. A book so full of despair that I have to brush tears from my face to continue reading.

I am a sad man. I cry constantly, weeping because I will never see another living thing. Weeping because I will be here forever. Weeping because I lack the willpower to change any of this.

And then I hear a sound, a sound I hadn't heard in decades, a sound that instantly quenches my tears and spurs me into action, running towards it. I heard a howl, and knew, I was not alone.

Now, I am a determined Man, I heard a howl, man's best friend was out there, and I was determined to meet my best friend, my only friend. I followed the howl,



Your hunting grounds are burned
Your history overturned
Pink jewel of stolen lands
Hosting a million noise bands
Screaming scars out to the stars
That never exist in your memoir
You're falling apart
You're suffocating your children
What are you supposed to do?
What are you supposed to do?

Your rats can reclaim you
Your mould can rewild you
The ammonia is strong
But we still cherish you
We take your streets
We plan our fight
We claim your lost houses
And draw a circle of light

Sickness heals sickness
The lowest fuels the highest
Your jagged streets and empty holes
Your broken walls heal broken souls
I promise you'll see the stars again
Poor sweet naarm, your history has no end

The Sick City

O naarm,
art thou so sick?
So much trauma scented
in the air of your history,
So much suffering across centuries
in this dark and noble space

Do you feel lost in purpose,
dejected by civilisation,
your identity and history stolen,
by the progress of colonisation,
Me too sweet naarm,
Me too.

I breathe in
This Australian oxygen
Laced with carbon and asbestos
I turn poison into prose
Trauma into protest
Old factories into new sanctuaries
What am I supposed to do?
What am I supposed to do?

You hug your rats like a mother bear
While cancers drive through your veins
You spill tears into the mountains
Watching us all go fucking insane



sprinting with everything I had in the only direction that mattered, I sprinted through a forest of dead trees like I had never sprinted before. I ran like I had something to live for.

I ran for hours, growing to doubt what I had heard. But then I found it, lying amongst dead thistles was a dog. An honest to god dog. I stared at it, it stared back. I ran to it and it ran to meet me, I leapt into an embrace with the dog, then sat down next to it. It fell asleep in my arms, and I slept against its soft, warm fur.

I was wrong about the world being dead. I was wrong about all the animals being dead. I was wrong about being invisible, I was seen.

I am no longer a sad man, because the dog was with me. I am not lonely anymore, because now I have a friend.

I am never again going to be a bored man with time to spare, because my new companion is a constant source of joy and whimsy.

I am an invincible man, and I have an invincible dog.

The world is not dead, because my dog and I remain.

Now, there is hope.

The clouds ceased being a silver lining, as I never looked up anymore. I decided only to look forwards. I named the dog Luna, my new silver lining. I have become so very determined, determined to explore and find more. I know there are more people out there and now that I have a companion, I have the willpower to find them.

So I read, not about dragons, love, aliens or despair, but about science. I'm smart enough, and I have access to every work housed within the world's empty libraries. Soon enough, I collate enough information, advance my understanding enough to figure out a way to leave this world.

The product of this hard work is a ship capable of escaping this rock, escaping and exploring past the clouds, past these stars. My ship can go wherever I want, I have the time.

Now, I am an explorer. An explorer with a dog.

Little
Guys!



MAKE YOUR OWN!



*Sky's over seas fade
forever into blue,*

*streaking the clouds
aside by cutting blade,*

*water meets us again
as we enter in,*

*in end water bleeds
above,
below,
and on our metal skin*

