

GUTS



vol i

Eder u. Valenta

Versuche mit Röntgen-Strahlen

Frösche in Bauch- und Rückenlage.



a zine by Shapeless Press

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Preface / Glen K. Rodman, Editor

Look, I don't have to explain the urgency of Trans art. If you're reading this, you already feel it.

You probably wake up in the morning with it twisting your guts like a clenched fist. Maybe some days, the good ones, you read a great book or meet up with friends and you get to forget a little bit and live your life. But most days, there's a new headline. Some jackass at the New York Times or the Guardian hits post on their insipid thinkpiece, and picks away the scab that they just won't let heal. "Too political," says the rejection email in your inbox, "too controversial, too niche. We just don't think this pitch has a broad appeal. It won't resonate with our target audience."

Meanwhile, our people are dying. Whether by sudden violence or the methodical criminalization of transness and inaccessibility of medical and legal transition, we are being murdered by our neighbors and our governments. And every single day, we must survive not only this violence, but the grief it leaves us with. The loss of friends who still had so much left to do, so much more to be. My friend Cora should still be here. If she were, I'd be in her DMs pestering her to write something for this zine. I'm so angry that I will never get to read what she would have written.

Preface (cont'd) / Glen K. Rodman, Editor

We all feel the urgency. Some days it hurts too much to do anything at all. Some days it gets us out of bed and into the streets to protest and organize. Some days it explodes out of us in words, pictures and song. When we take that urgency and make something with it, we're doing something more than surviving. We're creating a dialogue apart from the sanctified monolith of derision and complacency that most insist to be consensus reality. A dialogue in which our rage is understood, our pain is not dismissed, our grief is shared, our joy affirms and our self-expression inspires.

When we make something for and share it with our Trans community, we have the opportunity to learn more about ourselves, to build relationships of care, and to help others get free. In GUTS, you'll meet Trans and Nonbinary folks from all over the US, the UK and Canada, creating urgent art in every printable medium.

My commitment to publishing and distributing this work keeps me getting up out of bed every day, because I know that we need it. That's my promise to you: keep writing, keep drawing, keep sending it to me, and I'll keep printing it. Let's make something together.

Love & Solidarity,
Glen K. Rodman





"memory garden" / ameera salman

it would be a tragedy to remember the feeling
of your lips
too painful to unravel how it felt sinking
in your hips
because even now in this garden
of ghosts you appear
to me like an era i cannot outlive
i'll tell just as soon
as i do but
every night before i dream
i ask you not to return
and i might
be losing track of time
but even if takes forever and
one day
i will know the peace of forgetting
your face

"We are Trash" / Shannon West





"A Dirtfag Manifesto" / Calum Robertson

All sound is queer because the world itself is queer.

Drew Daniel, 2011

I am Dirtfag.

I am Dirtfag, so hear me more.

I am Dirtfag, I am the lighter-flick roar. I am Dirtfag, I am the cigarette's first groan of smoke. I am the soft issuing soothing lullaby, tobacco-burnt and dusty. I am Dirtfag, and I am speaking to you.

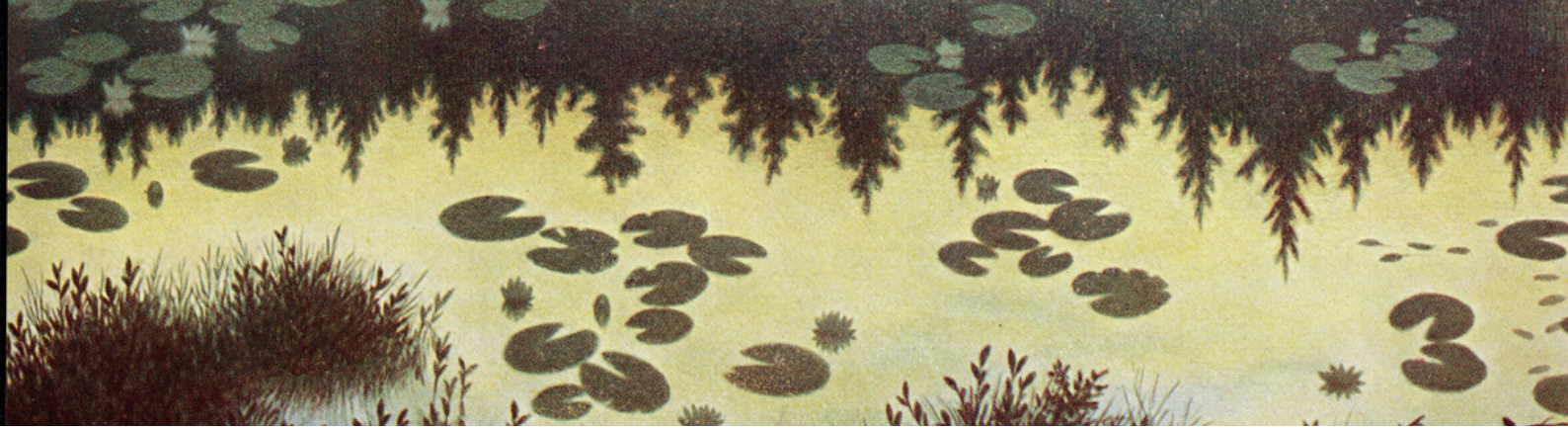
I am Dirtfag. I flit and flirt between a dozen or so different categories of queer music-makers.

Metal-bears. Dirtfags. Jazz Twinks. Otter Folkies. Speedmetal Queers. RaveQueens. Lo-fi Faggots. Dyke Cowboys. Pop Punk Trannies. Goth Gays. Bass Bottoms. Hyperpop Prissies. Sad Bi Girl Indie Rockers. Lavender Desperadoes. Blackgaze Fae.

These terms won't be found in any dictionary, not even the online ones oriented towards BB gays trying to find their way through a vast sea of niche terminology.

But say any of these to a queer deep in a music scene, and they'll immediately know not only what each term means, but they'll also think of a few examples (both friends and bands) and reward your witticism with a chuckle or two. They may even identify by one of these terms later on.

Maybe you'll hear a term you coined sprinkled into a conversation with a cutie in a city you're just passing through.



Maybe a Pop Punk Tranny will need an Otter Folkie to keep them warm for a night or two.

Maybe Dirtfag won't drink alone tonight. Or sip coffee in an empty diner where the only company is a jukebox playing Laura Jane Grace and Tim Curry, the waitress as sweet a transvestite as me, as Dirtfag with black coffee and toast crusts forming a crucifix on the plate under my scabby elbows, gown sleeves trailing in egg yokes and ketchup drifters.

The cook sparks a stove who looks a little bit like me, sniffs my **last night late night boozin' cruisin' scent** (cheaper than Dior, nicer than that reek of Days n' Dazed, y'know, I bet my grandpa smelt of musk and must and muskrat when he checked the traplines with Jack Daniel and Jim Morris, lighting up tobacco and sinew-burn in equal measure, see how he checks see how he talks see how he sees the forest move but this ain't Sioux Lookout, this is Mel's in Waterloo and I'm sipping black coffee with peeling pictures of Elvis, oh I just love how a man in leather falls apart!).

We have self-labeled for the evening. We have made language as fluid as our genders as water as the water of sound. We wear identities as aesthetic, we change as often as we'd like. We are fluid, riding waves of sound and constructing little outfits to dance and swim around in, using sound to build and to carry away, out on the current, genderless and genderful.



Tonight, I will wear my Goth Gay face for the Cure night at Broken City.

Tomorrow, down at the Whiskey Rose it's **Lavender Desperadoes** and **Dyke Cowboys** galore.

Last week, a **Metal-bear** collided into me, a **Blackgaze Fae** in the pit of the Palomino's basement at the Bootlicker show.

At midnight, I crossed the street, clambered down a steep and sticky stairwell, emerging into Vern's as **Dirtfag**, ready for the punk rock show, for SNFU or Harsh or AJJ; Dirtfag's craving whoever steps up to the mic and claims the stage as theirs.

There's a change in attitude, not in clothing; aesthetics are more than material.

There is no change. Dirtfag draws on the same queer energy every sound does, the same wild sound-flow every queer hears.

Every queer screams along, in their own way.

Dirtfag screams to a half-time beat, bouncing off other punks, colliding with the bassist's warbles, low frequency waves crashing.

Driftwood in the venue, watch me swim through the pit.

Today, alone in my room with a bent needle dipping for swooning, dueling saxophones, I become **Jazz Twink** performing for nobody but me.

It is genuine and it is beautiful.

It is made up, playing pretend, yet it is as real as anything ever is. Aesthetics are surface level in my queer circles. Aesthetics, genres and styles express the deeper-felt queerness, the truth of our voices however **Dirtfags** sound. They free our screaming. They clamour for rejoicing.



Dirtfags build a body, bass a spine for Dirtfag shufflers. Dirtfag-bass-beat ripples through a crowd.

Dirtfags dance, mosh, skank, swim through the sounds.

Think of **Leather Daddies** and **Slinky Gym Bros** grinding to that desire throb. Dirtfags know how to handle what shimmering wavelengths they ride.

Dirtfag is the universe.

At a basement punk show in Kitchener amongst queers I didn't know, I said I was Dirtfag and they immediately knew what I meant, launching into a conversation on our favourite folk punk bands. Walking into that punk house basement, coated in that feedback whine of guitars ready to begin their onslaught, chunky drums trembling in the briefest moment of expectation before the sticks land, hearing Doc Martens and Converse sneakers shuffle on concrete, clink of pins against chains, rustle of denim and corduroy, I knew immediately **we're all Dirtfag here.**

I am Dirtfag.

You are Dirtfag.

We are Dirtfag.

So c'mon, rock a lil with me.

Do that Dirtfag Dance.

Get dirty. Get faggy.

Get it, Dirtfag.





"T-Hole" / Lucas J. Rougeux



"Eden"

A god says "lay down
on this garden ground, I'm gonna
make a woman out of you." You
black out. You come to, you're
married & your rib is gone.
Get outta that garden, baby. You
already know the names of everything
except evil. When the cool dark creeps
in and you hear that god come walking,
hide. Quick, while there are no angels
at the gate. Quick, before god knows
you know you're naked.



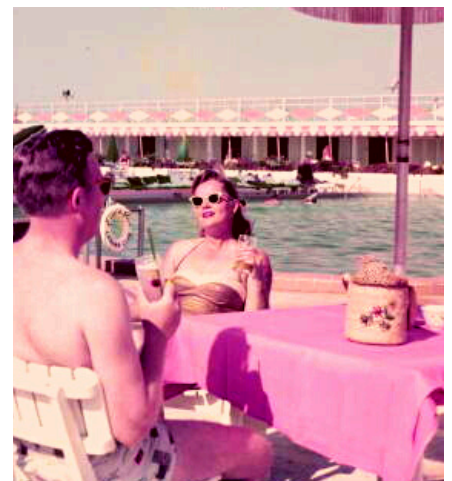
"About newborn hummingbirds"

Before plumage is skin: rice paper
bodies hatched from jellybean eggs,
lichen-crusting spit nests, all mouth
gullet and bulbous eye;
twice as large the day after birth
and twice as large the next day
and twice as large the next day. Voracious!
Transforming is hungry business, I know.

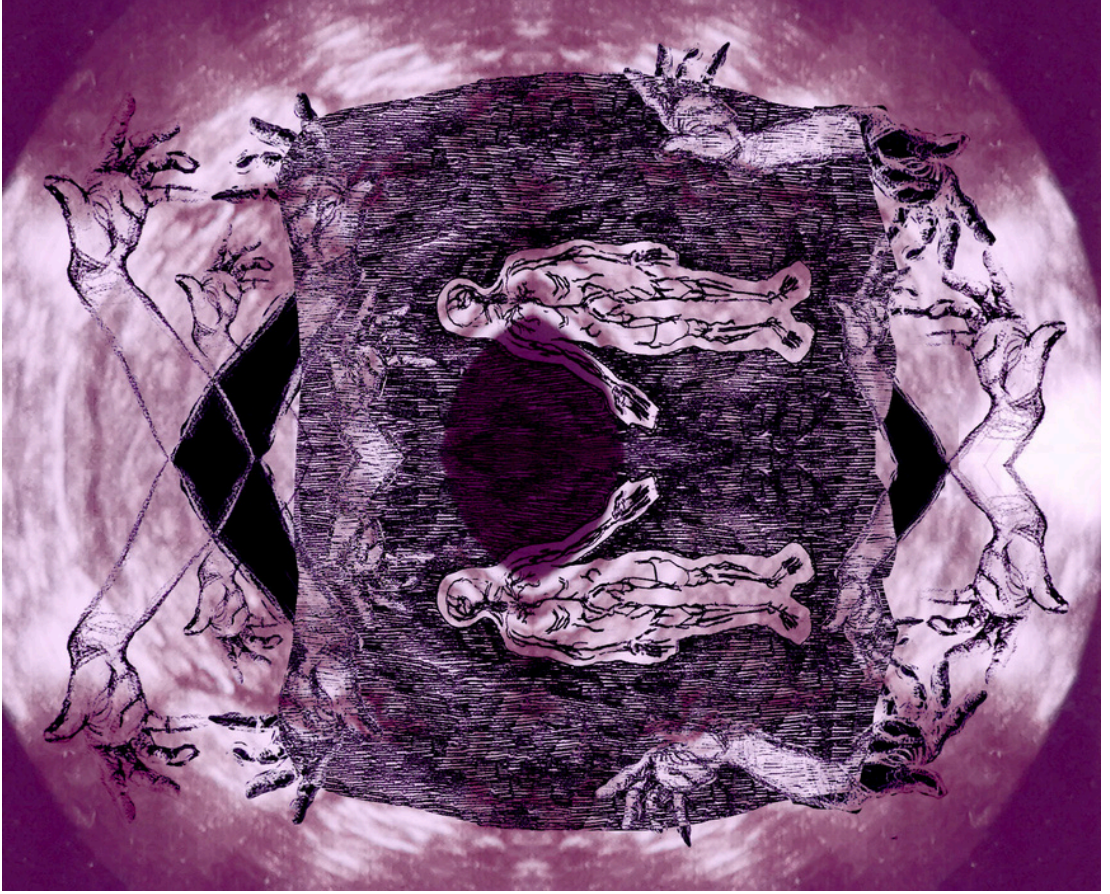


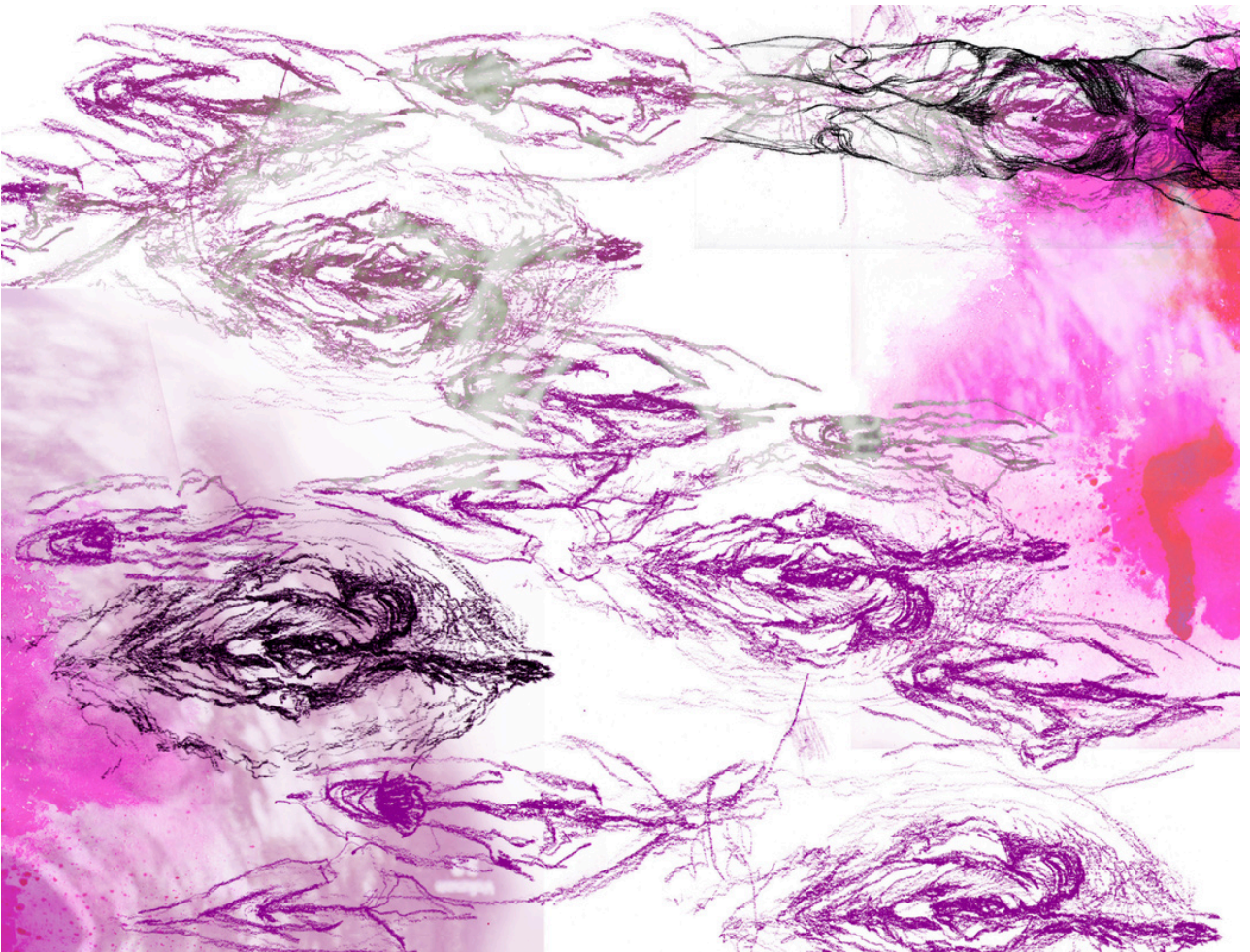
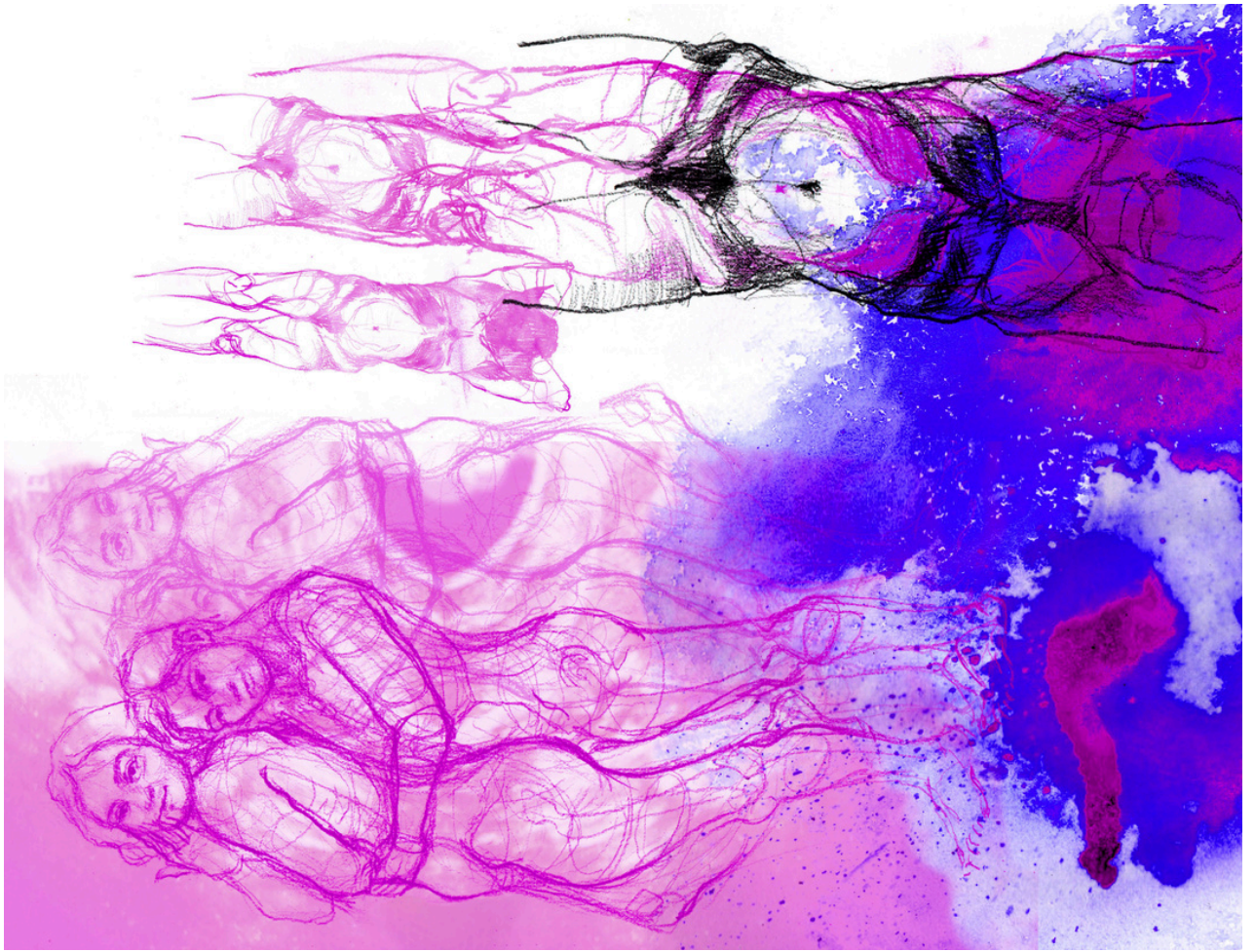
"What lives in the hip flexor?"

the trauma of two thousand commutes certainly;
a concave adolescence; that driver's ed lesson
where nothing happened but my already worldly
lizard brain ran the physics on a tuck-and-roll;
that tightening, step one of a fetal curl;
now petrified of release, of a yoga mat sob.
Is some forgotten horror camped there?
Or is it stupider? Is it just that
to be human is to squeeze?



excerpts from "58 loving and bodily insights" / Andre López Ayquipa







"Weight of Transformation"
/ Alexander "Nefekalum" Hyatt



"satsuma peel" / Nathan Rivera Mindt

my love i have a confession ~ just between
us and the car roof ~ us and each morning,
the needle doesn't hurt so bad ~

see new changes, softness, the face shifting under skin,
one of these days she'll return to herself: sluggish fear
crushed under so many pillars of salt, asphalt-kissed
and cherry,

there's this pink haze settling above the trees,
just above them, in their woodchipped tree pits ~
in the clouds sitting like lumpy blankets ~ on the
projector; we take off our masks and kiss for a second,

your appetite might change ~ mine did,
though i've always loved a good bite of dark chocolate.
pardon the romance: there is a spot on my neck
we have discovered, that she touched for
a second and made real.
we split an orange after: it tasted big, sour, unveined ~

"Queer Utopia Lies in Recognition" / Andy Rubio "No-Body"



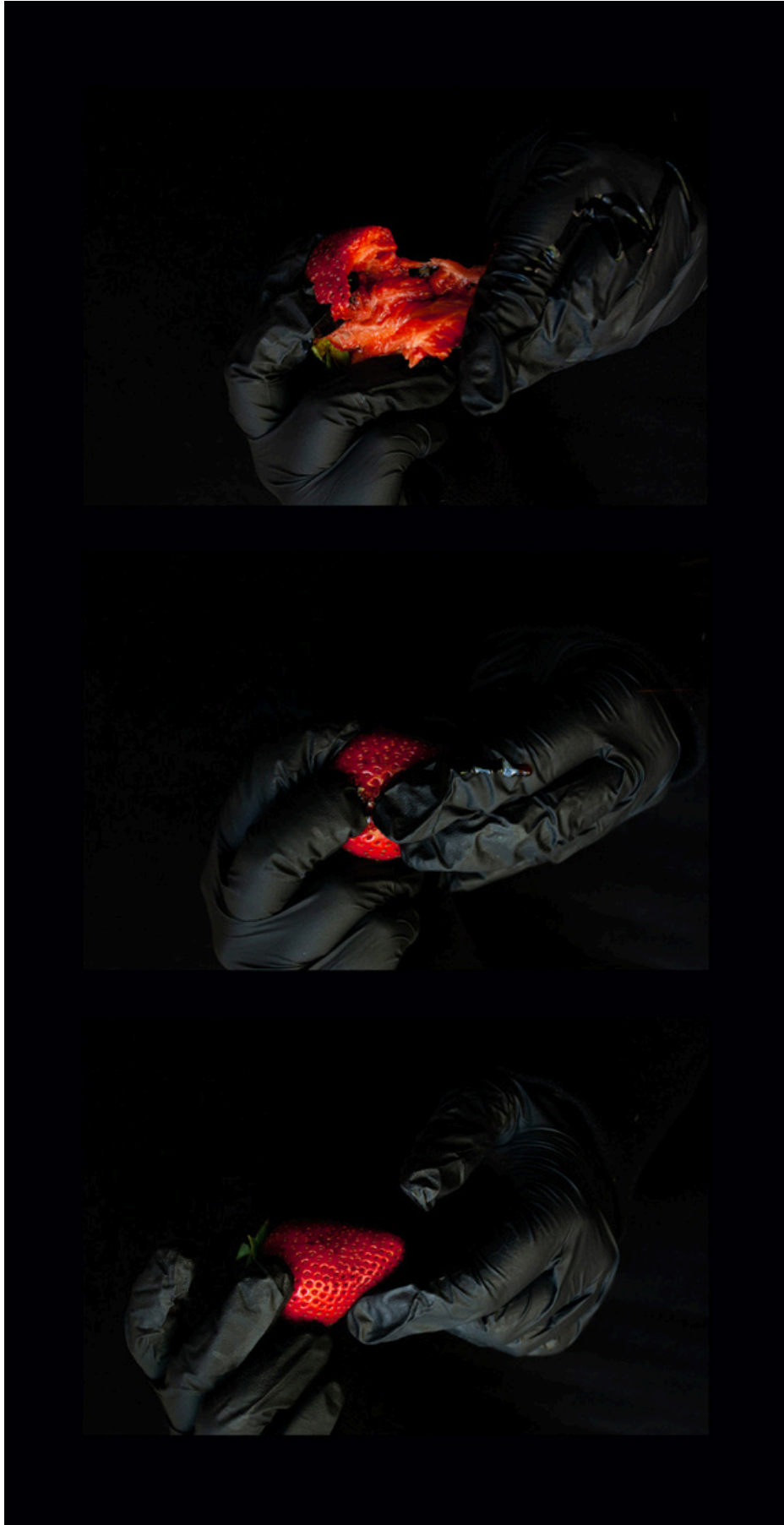


"Golden Men" / Orfeu Angheluta

Cold rooms swallow the heat,
Forever hungry, hungry, hungry,
And all the heat gathers at the top in a neat trick,
And from the magician's hat they pull me,
Me, glinting, me, burning
Golden
Body,
Oh, shifting body,
I never wrote you a love poem.
I never wrote you sonnets.
You, glorious, you,
Crown jewel of thrift shop dignity,
You, smooth-mouth and perfect-word,
You, ink-veiled and hematite-toothed,
Here is your sonnet, lover.
Golden pollen freesia,
Hooded eyes of stone, shelter to love,
Holy body, holy body,
I'll eat you whole, holy body ~
Consumption is my personal worship.
The red carpet was made for melting
Golden men into the stitches,
And I was made from the golden stitches left.
Here is your sonnet, lover.
I will eat your heart out.



**"Take Me, Impose Upon Me, Your Wants"
/ Lucien V. Sebastian**





**"how do we decolonize bodies? / (trans)cendental
beings under cisheteropatriarchy"
/ moon đặng**

my body is a continuation of the history that has brought it here and it is here
before i am aware of the political weight of its existence no wonder,
it is easier to invite the thought of death in
my body has died multiple times. my body has traversed a thousand
deaths.

when one looks at it and imposes an assumed positionality
purely for the way it looks, but not the way it carries an energetic life force
not the way it carries a collection of memories, emotions, stories, people
not the way it carries a depth that is more than a body.

the presence of the writer is trapped
in the presence of the body
and the body is trapped in the structures of the binary system,
and so the writer is trapped in the prejudiced projections of its own readers
mind
the writer is free to dream
but only if
the dream is governed within an institution that enforces
freedom
only for a select few
an institution that will ensure the protection of its powerful bourgeois class
through policing, caging, and disposing bodies
through subjugation of a permanent international underclass
through exploitation on bodies for the expansion of capital

how can we be free when our body is trapped in the workings of the system's mind? no, it is impossible to expect one to be free through trapping oneself further away by ignoring the workings of the puppeteer on the puppet, on the body of our collective.

my body has died countless times throughout human history under the hands of imperialist expansions on the body / the land,

what is freedom without the ability to be in a body without feeling trapped?

without feeling the need to dissociate as a protective mechanism?

i have walked through various physical forms when i leave this body, i will be one again with the land and i will still be here in a non-human body.

but until then and

until i am still

dictated by a human body under a system that imprisons humanity within it.

no i cannot be free.

no! i will not be viewed superficially as a creation with breasts, a vagina, oh so you are just a woman. no!

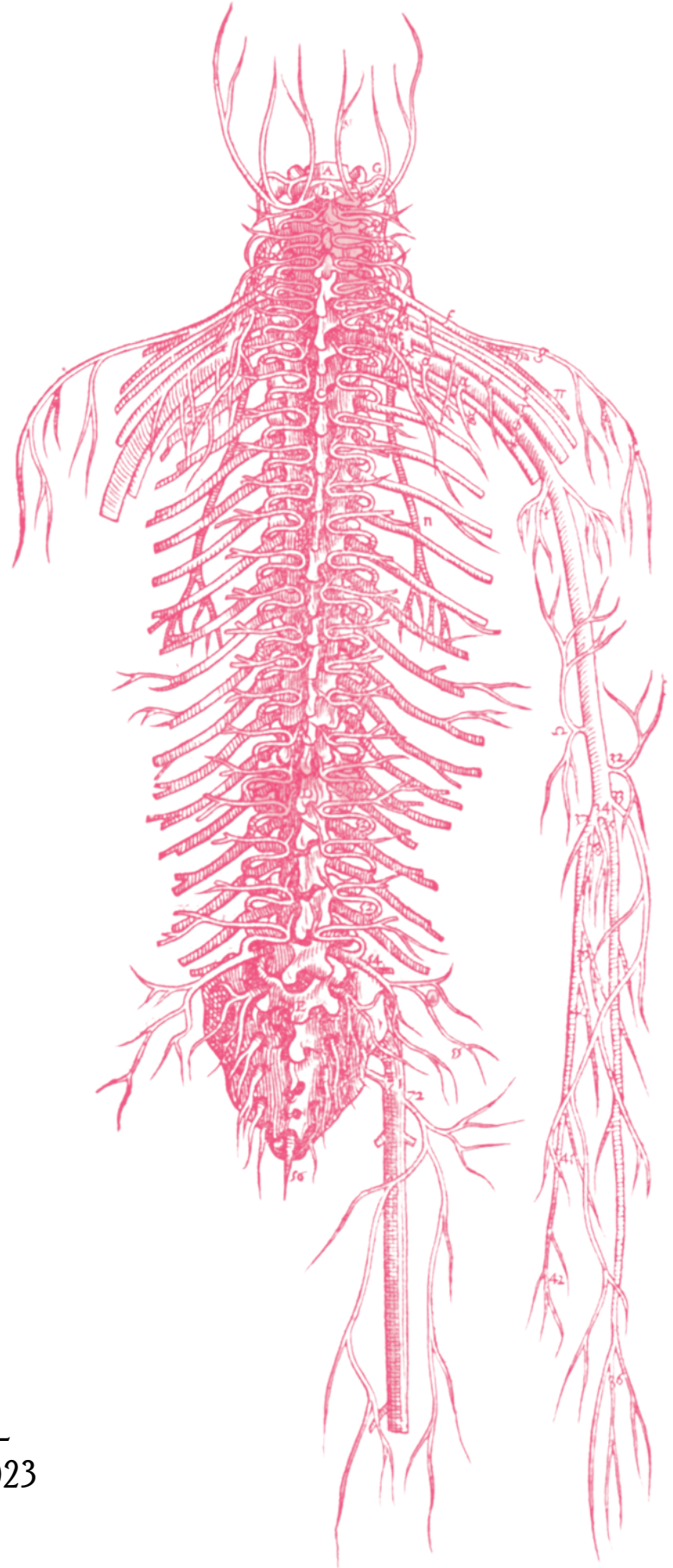
i am a vessel in which death has been inscribed in the makings of its regeneration.

it is easy to welcome death as death lingers on the veil of my flesh.

but in the face of death,

our body shall live.





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