

# UNORGANISED TRANS GIG



**SUNDAY** 1ST OF FEBRUARY  
1:15PM

NIGHTHAWKS, COLLINGWOOD

COLLIE PERFECT  
CYBERFAE  
LXRP  
HETEROPHOBES

## TICKETS

Money from ticket sales will go directly to the performing artists. Discounted tickets offered to those in the trans/gender non-conforming community.



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# UPCOMING EVENTS

WHAT'S ON?

## ➤ *Naarm Invasion Day Protest*

26 of Jan 2026 - 10am - Parliament House  
Smash the state.

## ➤ *Share the Spirit Invasion Day Festival*

26 of Jan 2026 - 11:30am, music from 1pm  
Treasury Gardens, 2-18 Spring Street

Keep the fire burning! Free festival hosting more than 6 hours of First Nations music, directly after the Naarm rally.

## ➤ *Unorganised Trans BBQ 16*

30 of Jan 2026 - 5pm  
Let's grill it up!!

## ➤ *Unorganised Trans Gig*

1 of Feb 2026 - 1:15pm - Nighthawks, Collingwood  
w/ Collie Perfect, Cyberfae, LXR and Heterophobes

## ➤ *FAGDYKE*

4 of Feb 2026 - 7pm  
Trans+ Social

## ➤ *The Crop Tops Album Launch*

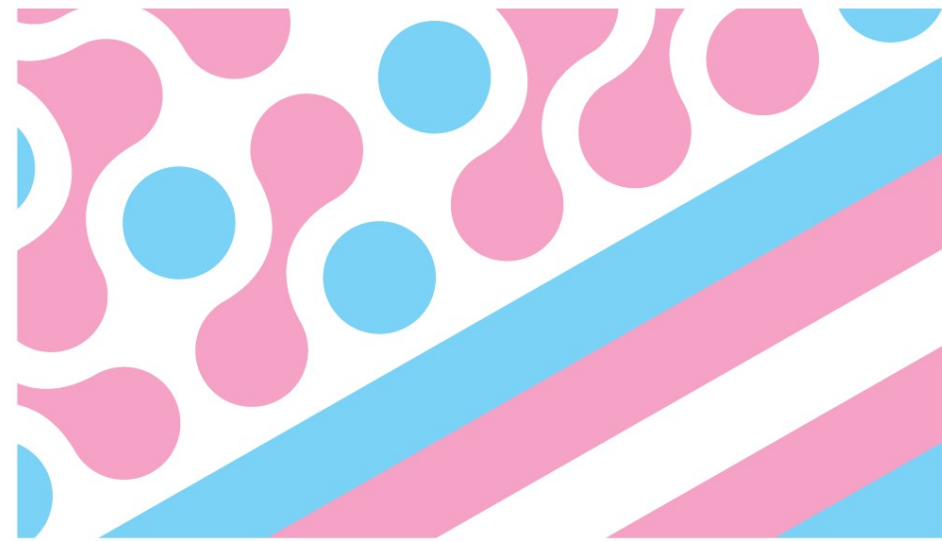
6 of Feb 2026 - 7pm - Bar 303, 303 High St, Northcote  
w/ Heterophobes, Sad Bitch Hours, Hope in the Static and Microplastics

## ➤ *Unorganised Trans BBQ 17*

30 of Jan 2026 - 5pm  
Let's grill it up!! ...again!!!

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### SEEKING SUBMISSIONS

SHOW THE WORLD YOUR HEART

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



SCAN TO LEARN MORE

✓ <https://forms.gle/Wx4u3evRwzH4faXZ7>

OR email:

[submissions@unorganised.org](mailto:submissions@unorganised.org)

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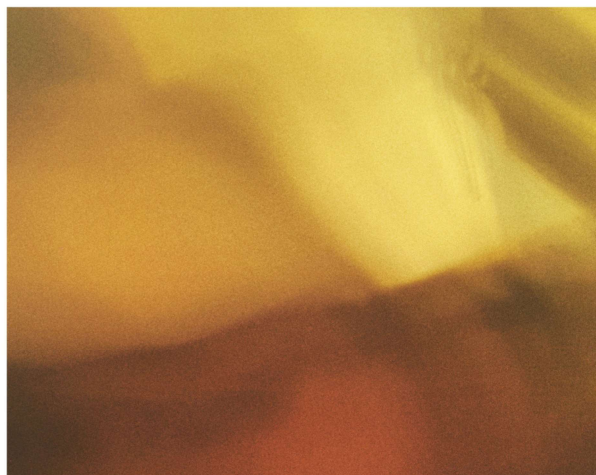
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## SUBMISSIONS

IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE

- ↳ ChloePaws
- ↳ Hazel-Bee
- ↳ insta @\_anariya
- ↳ Shivers
- ↳ Avery Collie  
(@avaeatsburger on twitter)
- ↳ becky joy, the joybun
- ↳ auds
- ↳ Collaboration



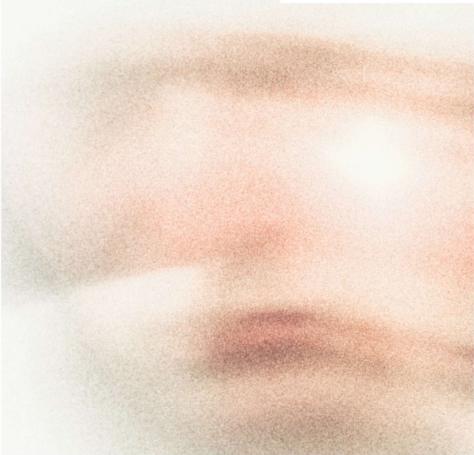


# CHLOE

A COLLECTION OF VISIONS



# PAWS



BBQ 14 - 19 DEC 25





# Hazel's Corner

My place to share things and stuff I like

Games

Movies

Music

Other

## Websmithing

### Getting back into the swing of things

I love personal websites!!! In 2024, I created the site [mukkysworld.neocities.org](https://mukkysworld.neocities.org) to display my artworks under the Mukky's World project. It was an on-going project, slowly adding pages and features over time. I'm still really proud of what I got done for that website!! Early 2025 I sorta dropped out of the design space as my life changed, so the Mukky's World site currently remains in stasis.

More recently, I've slowly started to work more on my personal site, [hazelsworld.neocities.org](https://hazelsworld.neocities.org). I really love having a little nook on the internet, and I'm planning on making each page unique in it's own way. The main page is a little rough right now, but it's my first big project for the site so it's likely gonna take a while and I'll probably be bouncing between pages and projects.

Making a website is free!! Neocities is a great place to start if you're interested and I think EVERYONE should have their own personal website!! You can put ANYTHING on them!!



why would you do this on purpose?



circle



life

river

my body is a haunted house  
battlefield  
labyrinth  
garden  
vessel  
glitch in the matrix  
experiment  
metaphor  
eage  
biblically accurate angel  
eocoon  
site of mutilation  
cosmic mistake

temple  
illusion  
threshold  
wound  
revolution  
wildfire  
body without organs  
trick  
shrine to eternity

skill

symbol  
prayer  
scream  
mistake  
miracle

my body is the tree of life  
centre of the universe  
source

my body is my world,  
so if i can change my body,

joybun, ressociation

[thejoybun.bandcamp.com](http://thejoybun.bandcamp.com)

im becky. i have recently released a screamo/post-hardcore EP.  
mastering + cover art by my incredible girlfriend, xandra metcalfe of uboa  
everything else by me, becky joy of joybun

this EP expresses the many and the various scattered emotions and  
experiences i went through while pulling myself out of a very deep  
dissociative episode.

it is the culmination of a lifetime experience of songwriting and about two  
years of learning audio production in my bedroom.

it is a very special something that i am very truly proud of.

please have a listen, i really hope you enjoy xo

joybun

## grieving the relief of the angels burden

"it's been so long. just where has all the time gone?  
we've taken almost seven whole years, or thereabouts, since i last saw her,  
and i don't really think about her anymore.  
i can barely even remember her voice, or her face, or her love, or her hate."

"in the first couple years, how i wept, how i wept,  
and i wrote many songs, so many songs, so many albums,  
so i could tell the story, give justice to the memory.  
but memories fade away over time, just like feelings."

"after all of these years of holding on to them,  
i threw them away, all of the songs that i wrote about her death.  
but how many more does it take,  
til i have no verses left?"



## winter tree/spring

its limbs sprawl into the sky like lightning frozen in time,  
grasping, creeping, rising, and pulling the grey down into it,  
filling itself with the cold, cold air,  
as it prays to the heavens for change.

there is something more, there is spring waiting within it,  
not material, not manifest, not actual, not here,  
but somewhere out there, in there, ready to embrace the world,  
or make itself, or be made, or be at all.

until it is, its silent power burns,  
like distant stars behind the blazing sun,  
radiating in through the ether,  
invisible to all but time,  
but it is real, it is there, it is, it is, it is, it is, prays the tree,  
repeating it like a mantra through this death

This city, it sprawls outwards, a blight a tumor. It's placed upon an ancient land, some Naarm as named by those here long before us. Like a cancer it subsumes and then kills the host organism, replacing it with a rotting mass. The original host, a populace of indigenous peoples were genocided by British colonists. In its place stands a monument to hubris and vice. Spires of steel and glass scrape the sky. Acrid smoke, cigarette butts and broken glass layer the ground. The most "central" location north of the Yarra is a supermall, the Yarra itself is polluted, shit-stained, no fauna live there but the most hardy, of which only half are indigenous, original, most are introduced, taken and placed by a state. This state promises a lucky country but provides boxes filled with rats and mould. Yet... something remains, almost imperceptible to those who have not lived it. An intense connection to this city, its streets full of life, busy bodies busy and boisterous, awaits those who dare look for it, live in it, submersed. The sun glares down, reflected off the spires of glass and steel, reflected in the glass, even apparent in the scent of the city, of those seeking a reprieve from the business. The clouds linger over, protecting, providing reprieve from the sun, a moment of stillness. Those that once owned here remain, they make camp and make their voice heard however they can. They protest, they advocate, screaming into the twisted void of "progress" that they retain some wisdom that needs to be heeded. I know not what they speak of, I'm not one of them, but their stories ring true in my ears, stories of an interconnected life, where humanity flora and fauna are all considered to have value. Infinite and unimpeachable, life. Nature persists, stubbornly growing its stubs of trees cut down for "development" but still visible, the soul of this city remains. It's a screaming thing, constantly affronted by what we make of this place. But it is a thing. It's there for those who want to find it. Something better is possible, if only the productive capacities of this city were turned towards the human, the natural, the ancient wisdom. Live for it, and it will provide. "Have a brother in the cut, where the wood at?"

*Don't worry sweet bunny,  
I'll look after you <3*

