

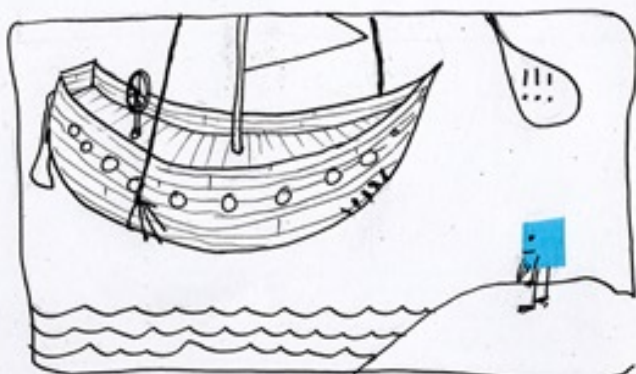
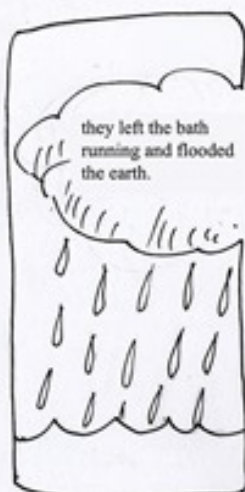
baby queers

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ANOTHER ARK

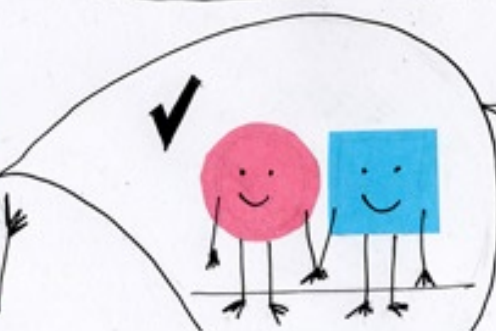
One evening long ago, when god was simultaneously (being omnipotent) binge-watching the yet-unmade Queer as Folk, RuPaul and The L word (original series),



As the waters rose they made a boat and told Noah to go gather all of the animal people who couldn't swim.



But Noah was a pernickety, prudish old snob, and he said



"I only have room to take two of each kind – one perfect blue square person and one perfect pink circle person from each species."

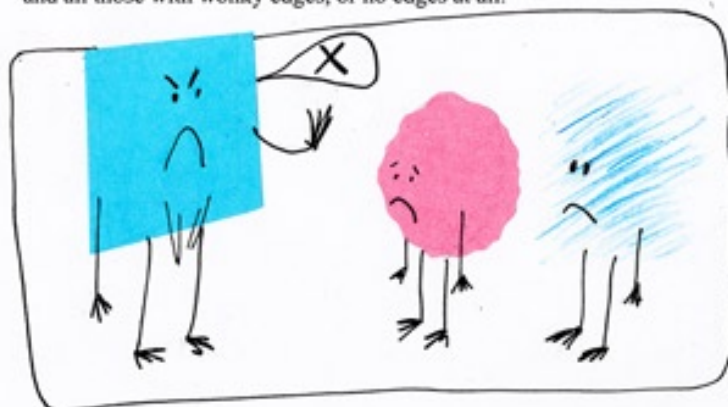


And he turned away the squares with bits missing

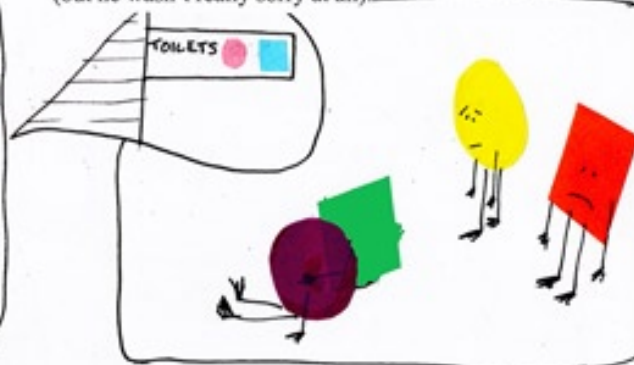


and the circles with too many bits,

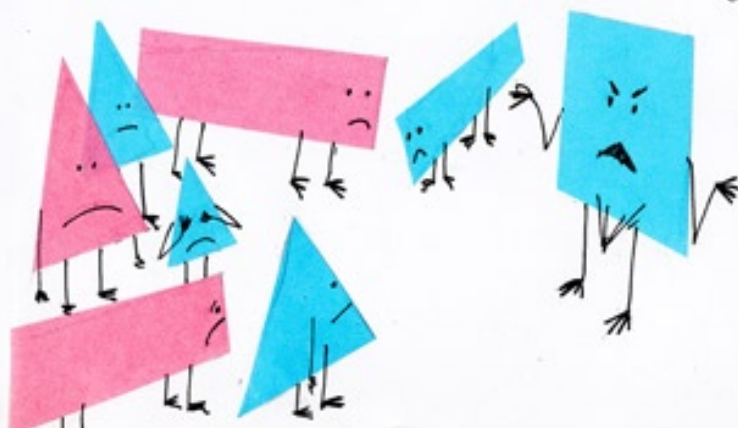
and all those with wonky edges, or no edges at all.



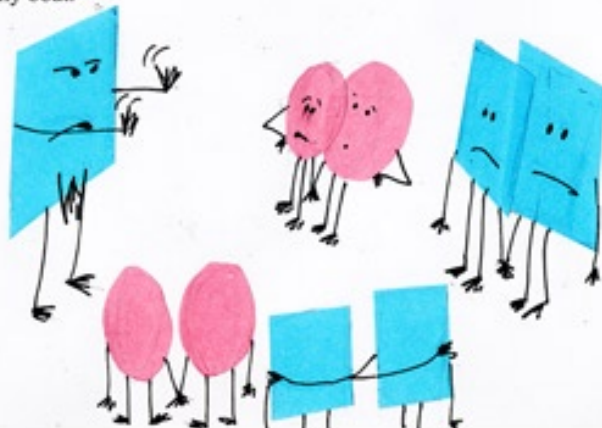
And Noah said to the yellows, oranges, purples and maroons "Sorry, but I only have bathrooms for pinks and blues" (but he wasn't really sorry at all).

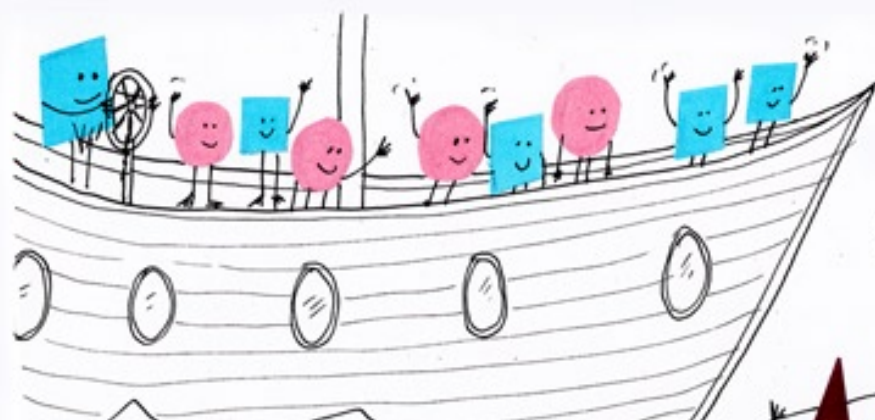


And he said to the triangles and rhomboids, "I don't have the right beds for your kind."

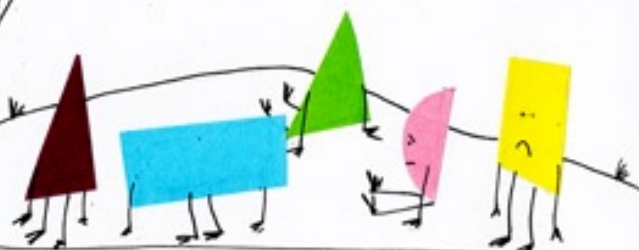


And he said to the blue squares, who liked other blue squares, "that's not right. And circles with circles is just not happening on my boat."

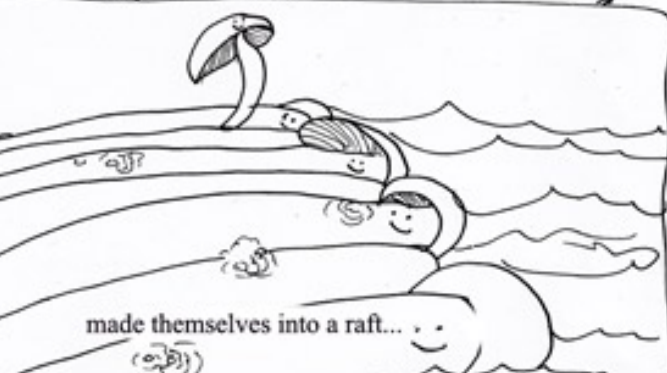




So Noah sailed off with his perfectly square blue squares and unimpeachably pink circles.



made themselves into a raft...

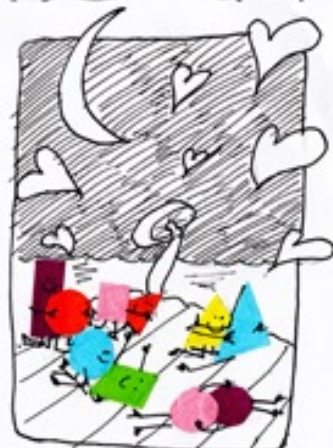


But the fungi people (who are all colours at once), and the lichen people (who refuse to choose sides)

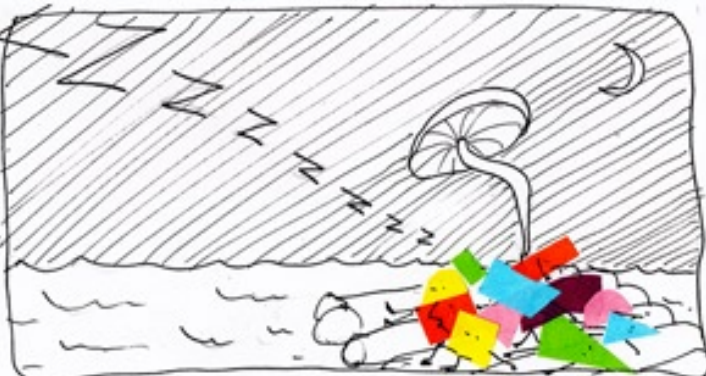
and the pink triangle people, the purple squiggle people, the yellow square people, the stripy ellipse people and everyone else clambered on and happily floated away, guided by the fish people who liked to change colour as often as they pleased (but always in groups of three or more, as two was such a lonely number to them).



And they partied all day on their rainbow raft, and they told stories and laughed and sang and danced.

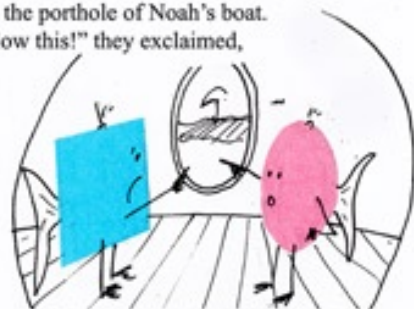


And when the moon came up they fucked whoever they wanted to, purples with greens, triangles with circles, squares with squares,

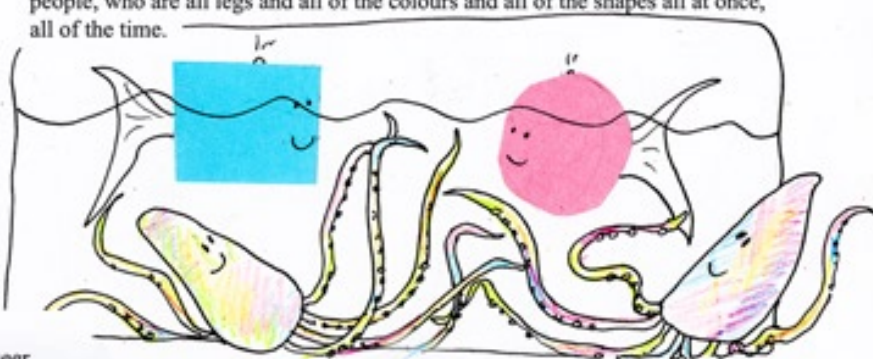


and then they slept all together in a sticky, happy heap, and partied again the next day.

And the whale people spied these shenanigans out the porthole of Noah's boat.
"Blow this!" they exclaimed,



and they handed back their legs and dove into the sea to dance with the cephalopod people, who are all legs and all of the colours and all of the shapes all at once, all of the time.



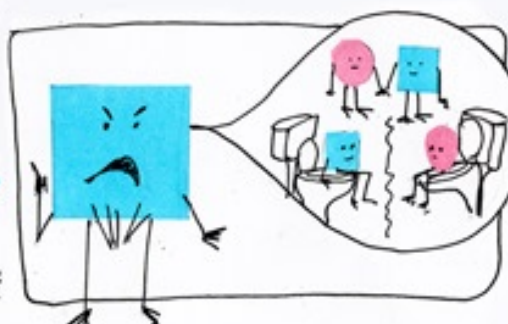
When the rain stopped the raft was covered in queer mixed-up kin: fish people who could change their colour as they pleased and had invented extra genders, and lizard people who had decided they all wanted to be circles, and bacteria people who swapped body parts with each other for kicks just to make pretty colours, and fairy penguin people who lived up to their name in more ways than one.



And when Noah's ship ran aground he was, quite frankly, a wreck.



He'd tried hard to keep every square with its designated circle, and to make sure that everyone used the right bathroom, and that they didn't share their share beds promiscuously,



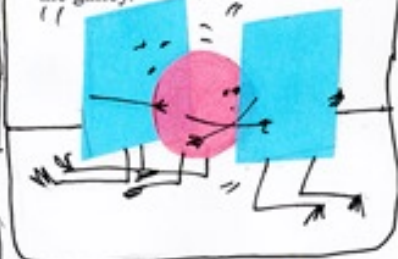
but in the night he was always woken by the troublingly throbbing purple beats of the blues dancing the night away,



and he kept finding orange-tinged circles canoodling together in the lifeboats in the mornings,



and he was haunted by the image of the one time he had walked in on his favourite cousin in flagrante with two strapping young blues the galley.



And so when the when the animal people left the ark not everyone was quite as square or round or blue or pink as Noah had hoped for, despite his insistent gender whispering throughout the voyage.



Amongst the squares and pinks were some newly minted peoples:

Baby mule people from the night the horse people hosted a party for the donkey tribes, Liger and Tigon children from an legendary Tiger-and-Lion people orgy under a full red moon, and Pizzly bear-people and Wholphin whelps, and stripy Zorse ponies, and the odd Yakalo that no-one was really prepared to own up to.



God looked down on all this and laughed out loud, clapping their hands in delight. "Baby queers!" they exclaimed joyfully.

baby queers

25th of July – 25th of August 2021

Opening Sunday 25th July 3-5pm

Acknowledgements:

baby queers exhibition @ Hares and Hyenas Bookshop

Baby Queers exhibition and the contributions of this zine were developed on the unceded lands of the Eastern Kulin Nations People, the Boonwurrung and Wurundjeri Peoples. We acknowledge the relationships and the creativity that has taken place on these lands for over 50,000 years, the creativity that continues in spite of 191 years of colonial occupation. We pay respects to the ancestors of this land, both past, present and emerging. Always was, always will be Aboriginal Land.

Baby Queers is the inaugural event of the Generations festival of ideas and actions to celebrate 30 years of Hares & Hyenas, 25 July–15 December 2021. This zine accompanies the Baby Queers exhibition (25th of July – 25th of August 2021) which is the outcome of a virtual seminar program for third year art students at Victorian College of the Arts called 'The Queers art of...' run by Andrew and George. We would like to thank George Criddle for organising the show, Camille Thomas for their assistance. Rowland and Crusader from Hares and Hyena's book shop for speaking to us about the queer history of the shop and for hosting the exhibition. Thanks to Andrew Goodman and Luke Gerrard for organising and contributing to this zine, as well as George, Alice, Blair [and list of others] for their contributions. Thanks also to Sam Petersen, Josie Alexandra, and Hannah McCann for their enthusiasm and input into the subject.

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