

# Kvartirjev Transzine

~.2020.~



Opozorilo: nekatera dela vsebujejo goloto ter omembe spolne disforije.

*Kvartirjev Transzine*, tretja številka

Revija je nastala v okviru transspolnih srečanj, ki jih organizira Društvo Kvartir.

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# UROK ZA ZAŠČITO PRED CRANSEOBČJO SVECLA VERZČJA

## Kaj potrebuješ:

- ▲ žajbelj
- ▲ vžigalnik
- ▲ 1 list papirja
- ▲ modro pisalo
- ▲ steklen kozarec
- ▲ alkoholni flomaster
- ▲ zemljo ali sol (himalajsko)
- ▲ modro svečo *če je nimaš, bo tudi navadna čajna svečka v redu*
- ▲ kadilo zmajeva kri + *podstavek za kadilo*
- ▲ ametist
- ▲ čajno žličko
- ▲ detergent za pranje perila
- ▲ borovo eterično olje
- ▲ jasmínovo eterično olje
- ▲ baziliko
- ▲ led

*če nimaš niti zemlje niti himalajske soli,  
lahko uporabiš tudi morskó sol*



## Nasvet:

- ▲ Če katerekoli sestavine nimaš, lahko še vedno izvedeš urok. Delaš s tistim, kar imaš.

## Čas:

- ▲ Prvi del izvedi zvečer, *ali ponoči*
- ▲ Drugi del izvedi naslednje jutro.

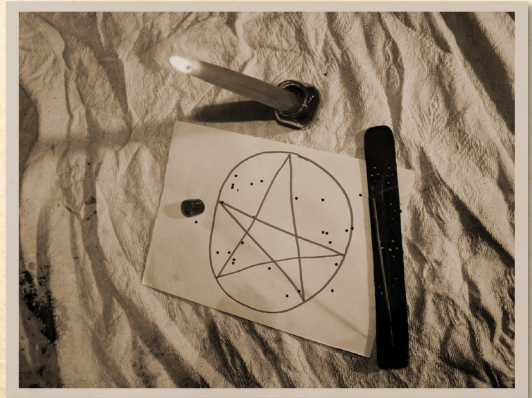
*Najbolj pomembna je energija, ki jo vložiš v izvedbo*

*uroka.*

## Postopek:

1. Poišči kraj v svojem stanovanju, kjer se počutiš najbolj udobno izvajati urok, kjer boš najmanj motena in kjer čutiš najboljšo energijo, in poskrbi, da bo ta prostor pospravljen, kolikor se da.

2. Prižgi žajbelj in obkroži sobo z gorečim žajbljem v roki.
3. Na list narisi pentagram v modri barvi, list postavi na tla in se usedi na tla pred pentagramom. *pači, da bo pentagram postavljen na pravo stran (glej sliko 1)*
4. Vzemi svoj steklen kozarec in nanj z alkoholnim flomastrom napiši število 333.
5. Kozarec položi na sredino pentagrama in vanj usuj za nekaj prstov zemlje ali soli.
6. Prižgi svečo in jo postavi na zgornji krak pentagrama.
7. Na desni strani pentagrama prižgi kadilo, na levo stran pentagrama položi ametist.
8. Izgovori besede: custodiat animam. *če ne gre na glas, lahko v mislih.*



(prevod: obvaruj um – zaščita pred psihološkimi napadi)

9. V kozarec dodaj eno čajno žličko detergenta za pranje perila ter po nekaj kapljic obeh eteričnih olj.
10. Po občutku dodaj željeno količino bazilike (poslušaj svoje srce pri količini).
11. Vse skupaj dobro premešaj in še enkrat izreci besede: custodiat animam.



12. V kozarček položi nekaj ledenih kock in ga položi na zunanjo stran okenske police.
13. Naslednje jutro pojdi na sprehod in stresi polovico mešanice v naravo. Kozarec z ostalo mešanico si položi pod posteljo.

*ali na nočno omarico*





# UROK ZA ZAŠČITO PRED CRANSEOBČJO

## TEMNA VERZITA

### Kaj potrebuješ:

- ▲ nohte vile, ki se je upokojila pred 6 leti
- ▲ vžigalice
- ▲ 1 list papirusa
- ▲ modro rokopisno pero
- ▲ steklen kozarec za vino
- ▲ kri roza <sup>ali belo modrega</sup> volkodlaka
- ▲ zemljo, ukradeno najnesramnejšemu sosedu, ki ga imaš
- ▲ baklo iz lesa modre vrbe
- ▲ kadilo sanj samoroga, ki trpi za nespečnostjo
- ▲ goblinovo levo oko
- ▲ kakavno žličko
- ▲ sladke solze <sup>biseksualnega</sup> skrata s strtim srcem
- ▲ eterično olje z ekstraktom francoske revolucije
- ▲ eterično olje z vonjem spolne evforije
- ▲ ostanke tvojega včerajšnjega kosila
- ▲ ledeno svečo

### Nasvet:

- ▲ Če ti po hiši ležijo neznana semena, puščavski pesek ali prah, jih lahko dodaš.

## Čas:

- ▲ Prvi del začni izvajati točno 3 minute po tem, ko zaspi ljubimka tvoje najboljše prijateljice.
- ▲ Drugi del izvedi, ko obe tvoji mački spiata.

## Postopek:

1. Razmeči sobo, kjer boš izvajal urok, kolikor je mogoče. Komuniciraj s svojima mačkama, ki naj ti pri tem pomagata. Odličen team building activity.
2. Zažgi nohte v svoji najljubši skodelici. Pusti, da vonj prepoji sobo.
3. S peresom naslikaj abstraktno verzijo pentagrama na tla.
4. Vzemi svoj steklen kozarec za vino. Prisili se popiti en kozarec poceni vina.
5. Kozarec položi na <sup>na eno od daljic</sup> ~~sredino~~ pentagrama in vanj usuj nekaj zemlje.
6. Prižgi baklo in ugasi luči. Baklo postavi na zgornji krak pentagrama.
7. Na desni strani pentagrama prižgi kadilo, na levo stran pentagrama položi goblinovo oko.
8. Izgovori besede: jebiset ransfo bija jebites etransfo bi.
9. V kozarec dodaj eno kakavno žličko škrafovih solza ter po nekaj kapljic obeh eteričnih olj.
10. Po občutku dodaj zeleno količino ostankov hrane.
11. Vse skupaj dobro premešaj in izreci besede kon ectransfo bije.
12. V kozarček za vino položi ledeno svečo ter ga položi v poštni nabiralnik.
13. Ko obe tvoji mački spiata, pojdi na sprehod in stresi polovico mešanice v kraško vrtačo. Kozarec z ostalo mešanico podari svoji mami. *ali sestri*



29. april

Imam bogato zbirko sestavin. Moja čarovniška delavnica je eden najboljše založenih magičnih laboratorijev v vsej Estropi, kaj šele v Transloveniji. Kljub temu pa ostaja ena izmuzljiva sestavina, ki se mi vedno znova izmakne. Džender. Mar je tako redek? Sploh ne. Bojda ga domala vsakdo ima. In vendar ga moje oči še niso uzrle, kakor niso uzrle zraka, ki mi daje dah. Zadatki si moram torej nalogo izslediti zalogo tega skrivnostnega dženderja. In ako mi hoče to spodleteti, potlej lahko morebiti vsaj ugotovim, iz česa džender sestoji. Gotovo obstaja nekdo, ki ve.

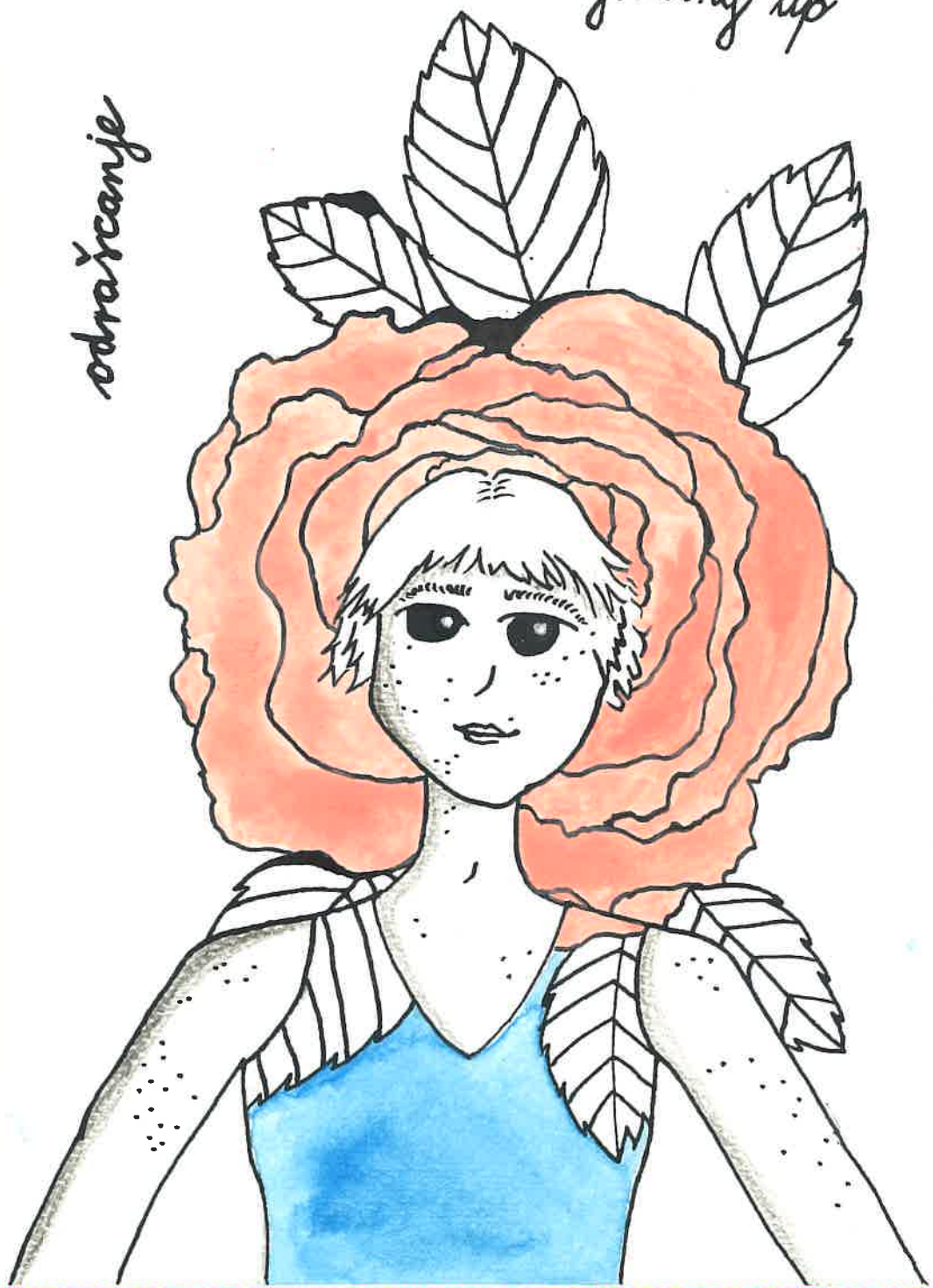
Čemu džender služi? Kako se ven vidi? Kakšnega vonja je? Katere barve? Okusa? Ali je močan? Da je moč premestiti? Je tekočina ali kristal? Kakšen je njegov davni prazivor?

Moje raziskovanje se začne tukaj. Med temi platnicami bom zbral sledi, ki mi bodo morda pomagale pri mojem iskanju dženderja. Naj bode sreča na moji strani.



growing up

odraščanje





# Horoskop

## Oven

(21. marec - 19. april)

Ne glede na to da ste se v zadnjem tednu lotitli 15 novih hobijev, bi bilo mogoče dobro, da se lotite še enega. Mogoče tistega, ki vas najbolj straši in vam bo prinesel najboljše spremembe. Ampak na vsak način morate nujno prižgati kres in v njem zažgati vse nepotrebne misli, ki vas ovirajo, vse občutke nesamozavesti ter vse transfobne komentarje, ki ste jih bili deležni v preteklem tednu. Brez strahu glede prihodnosti – Mars vas spremlja na vsakem koraku, oborožen z ogromno sabljo transspolnosti in zaobljubil se je boginji, da vas bo obvaroval vsakega cisa z bratrancem gejem in preveč vprašanji o seksu.

## Bik

(20. april - 20. maj)

Od nekdanj ste se zavedali, da ne morete gledati na svet skozi rožnata očala. Ampak velikokrat pozabite, da črna očala niso prav nič boljša. V naslednjem mesecu se boste počutili, kot da vas nihče na svetu ne pozna zares. S svojim nedolžnim izgledom nenamerno zavajate mimoidoče duše v svojem življenju. Pogosto z vami ravnajo kot z otrokom, kar je na trenutke naporno, saj ste doživeli že marsikaj in hočete, da se svet tega zaveda. Ampak kar samozavestno, vaše ranjeno trans srce ima kremplje in le vprašanje časa je, kdaj se bodo vsi tega zavedali. Malo večkrat pokažite sredinca svojemu očetu in si ponovno pobarvajte lase (baje je zelena v modi).

## Dvojčka

(21. maj - 20. junij)

Vaše misli se prelivajo iz ene v drugo prehitro, da bi vas lahko kdorkoli dohajal. Tako se zna zgoditi, da bo v prihajajočem obdobju prišlo do konfliktov med vami in vašimi bližnjimi. Izredno težko bo, a poskušajte biti potrpežljivi do cisov (hkrati pa ne popuščajte preveč). Pojdite kaj na zrak in poskušajte okužiti čim več ljudi s transpolnostjo. Pomembno je delati za skupnost.

## Rak

(21. junij - 22. julij)

Presegli ste sami svoj rekord in se skregali z več prijatelji, kot jih sploh imate. Z nekaterimi z dobrim razlogom, z drugimi ... ne. Na trenutke se vam zdi, da vas v želodcu na mesto kisline razžira občutek obžalovanja. Nevarno hitra vožnja po pokarantensko praznih cestah najverjetneje ne bo pomagala. Bolj bo pomagalo, da se opravičite. Če je to pretežko, komentirajte emotikon srčka pod zadnjo objavo osebe, s

katero želite zgladiti spore. Ampak ne pozabite se opravičiti tudi samim sebi. Nehajte biti strogi do sebe in si raje kupite šopek rdečih vrtnic.

## Lev

(23. julij - 22. avgust)

Pogosto pozabite na to, da mora sonce zato, da lahko vzhaja, tudi zahajati. Ampak koga brigajo planeti, važno je, da ste bolj vroči kot komet, ko se pogledate v ogledalo. Kar seveda ste, brez skrbi. Čeprav je samoizolacija negativno vplivala na vašo samozavest, so na srečo zdaj vsi bari spet odprti in lahko se spet greste v Pritličje spogledovati s svojim najljubšim natakarnjem. Pri tem vas prosimo, da bodite varčni. Vaše finančno stanje ni najboljše in gotovo se ne bo izboljšalo, če boste porabili 15 evrov na dan za kavo.

## Devica

(23. avgust - 22. september)

V zadnjem času ste se počutili osamljeno. Trans srečanja so se prenehala zaradi nekega virusa in vse grindr osebe so tako zelo

neolikane, da vam še na kraj pameti ne pade, da bi se s katero dobili. Zatečite se nazaj k trans materi zemlji. Usmerila vas bo na pot samouresničitve in vas ponovno povezala z Merkurjem. Okopajte se v kopeli iz blata in vrtnic, da se obvarujete drame (še posebno tiste znotraj naše trans skupnosti).

## **Tehnica**

**(23. september - 22. oktober)**

Ljudje se kar lepijo na vas. Počutite se kot svetilka v temi, ki jo napadajo veščice. Čas je, da odjebete vse ljudi, ki vas speljujejo s prave poti. Basta! Ampak imamo tudi boljše novice: Venera vam bo naslednjih nekaj mesecev stala ob strani, kar pomeni, da boste imeli neverjeten seks/karierni uspeh. Čeprav na to niste navajeni, je pomembno, da ste na delu pazljivi in varni (s tem mislimo na kondome/maske).

## **Škorpion**

**(23. oktober - 21. november)**

Vaša ouija tablica je že utrujena od vsakodnevne uporabe med karanteno. Mogoče obstaja boljši način spopadanja z lastnimi

čustvi. Prilepite eno od trans nalepk, ki se vam valjajo po predalih, na prazno beležko in začnite pisati dnevnik. Pravite, da cenite resnico, torej najprej odkrite resnico o sebi. Na prost dan se odpravite k morju, opazujte valove ter se prepustite svojemu strastnemu srcu. Kdo ve, mogoče na obali spoznate novo ljubezen. ;)

## **Strelec**

**(22. november - 21. december)**

No, vaši načrti prepotovati svet to leto so padli v vodo, kar pa še ne pomeni, da se ne morete odpraviti v Izolo ali Belo Krajino. Nekdo pameten je nekoč rekel, da je najlepše doma. Ta človek gotovo nikoli ni bil v karanteni. Ampak poskusite se prepričati, da je imel prav. Obupani časi, kaj naj rečem. V procesu žalovanja vam bo pomagal šport. Ljubljančani pravijo, da sabljanje ni bed. Ostanite optimistični in rešujte probleme sproti.

## **Kozorog**

**(22. december - 19. januar)**

Vaši prijatelji so vas že siti, ker

neprestano zavijate z očmi. Razumljivo seveda – imate svoje razloge. Vsi se preveč ukvarjajo z armagedonom in hkrati spregledajo res pomembne probleme. Nepričakovani čustveni izlivi prijateljev vas spravljajo ob živce, vi pa njih, saj so vsi naveličani edinega odgovora, ki ga imate na vsako težavo, kar je: "Dej opri muziko in sčilirej se." Odlično vam gre, kar tako naprej. No problemo. Ni panike. Vse. Je. Kul.

## **Vodnar**

**(20. januar - 18. februar)**

It is the age of aquarius, indeed. Imate nova sončna očala in vsak petek ste pred parlamentom. Začenjate se počutiti kot resničen revolucionar. In prav je tako, saj tudi ste. Samo pogledite svoje okno, porisano z rdečimi zvezdami, mavričnimi zastavami in trans simboli. Če ne bi imeli telefona vedno na tiho, bi za svojo melodijo zvonjenja nastavili Bella, ciao. Po dveh mesecih samotnega umiranja na kavču je končno prišel čas za vas. Ne dvomite vase in ga izkoristite.

## **Ribi**

**(19. februar - 20. marec)**

Glavo iz oblakov, oči od neba in raje pogledite v obe smeri, preden prečkate cesto. Čas je, da se lotite novega hobija. Obrišite si solze ali pa jih vsaj zberite v kozarček, prav vam bodo prišle pri ljubezenskih urokih, ki jih boste to poletje izvedli milijon. Če ste mestna ribica, lahko to poletje za vas predstavlja težave, saj znajo biti ljubljanski pločniki prevroči za vaše škrge. Ampak za trans božjo voljo, zavedajte se, da Ljubljana ni najbolj čista. Prosim, ne plavajte v Ljubljani. Raje pod tuš malo večkrat, potrebujete ga.





i've read a shitload of **instapoetry**, but can i write it

raise the quantity of doing nothing today  
and tomorrow you'll go back to raising hell  
- *don't forget to take a day off,  
even in the middle of a revolution*

le miroir  
t'es étranger  
t'es étranger  
t'es étranger  
mais **pas pour toujours**  
- *la transition*

je t'ai regardé toute ma vie  
en même temps  
je te regarde pour la première fois  
- *qui es tu*

tu comprendras plus tarde  
p e u t - ê t r e  
ou peut-être pas  
je m'en fiche plus  
- *c'est moi*

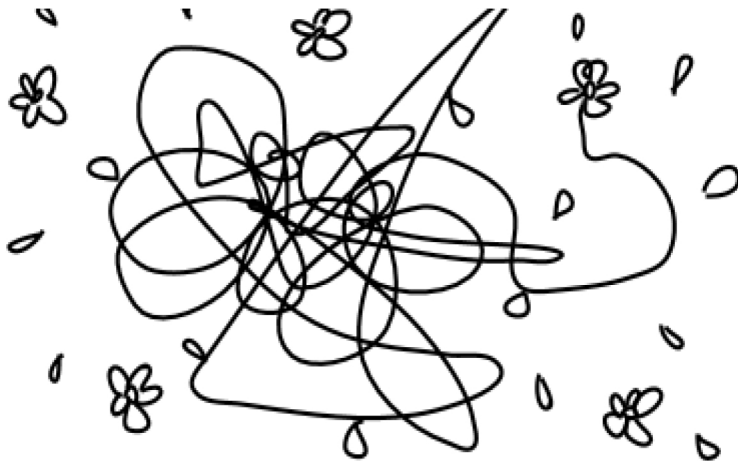


funny how you want to apologize  
for talking over me  
by talking over me  
some more

- *silence is a foreign word*

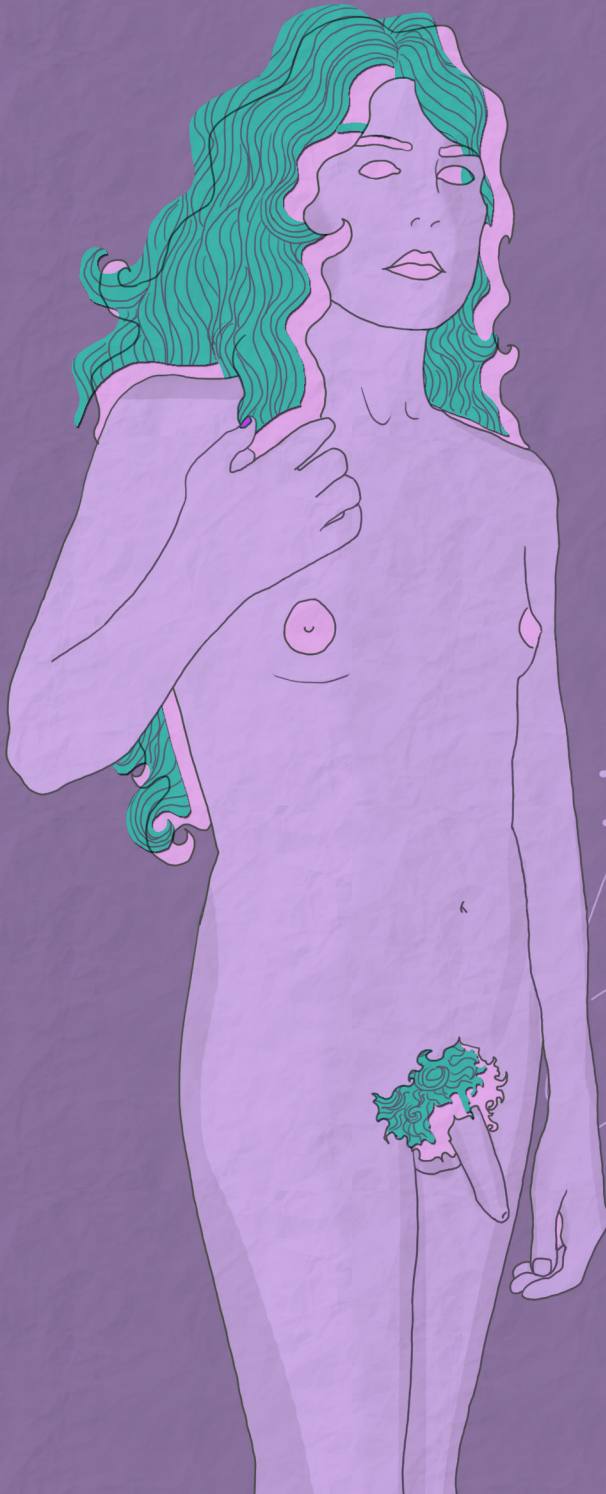
how can you find your home  
if you never knew  
what home feels like

- *don't think about it, don't think about it*



i'm not very good at illustration

- *Lan Aidan*



muzzle  
afraid  
and  
so  
neuter  
me  
before  
to make  
releasing  
monster  
into  
be a  
the  
must  
wild  
she

31. april

Danes sem v brezčarobni dimenziji govoril z omoženo žensko. Nadejal sem se, da mi bo ta odnos, nasičen z dženderjem, dal vpogled v to, kaj džender je.

"Džender," sem rekel. "Kaj je džender?"

Odvrnila je: "Crni lasje? Ali pa mogoče ... Hlačě z zěpi?"

"Ampak ali ne morete vzreti dženderja? Ali ni jasen kakor beli dan pred vašimi očmi?"

"Ne morem ga ravno videti ... Razen na oznakah javnih stranišč, se mi zdi."

Nadalejš sem sklenil izprašati zgolj tiste, ki so prešli iz enega spola v drugega. Tile bodo gotovo poznali odgovore, ki jih iščem.

Podal sem se na prašičjo farmo, kjer živi bledolično mlado dekle po imenu Agata. Pojasnil sem ji svoje popotovanje in jo vprašal, ali mar ona ve, kaj je džender. Za trenutek je pomolčala, potem pa se umaknila v svoj dom. Ko se je vrnila, mi je podala britev s plastičnim ročajem rožnate barve.

Povedala mi je tudi za še nekoga, ki bi ga lahko povprašal o dženderju, za astronauta, ki je v svojem življenju potoval onkraj spola in onkraj nebesnega svoda. Ta astronaut mi je povedal, da se iz vsemirja vsi ljudje zdijo enaki, razlike se razblinijo in da imajo zgolj na zemlji vsake oči svojega dženderja. Torej sem kupil kozarec zrkel v formalinu.

Takorej imam trenutno majhno zbirko artefaktov: rožnato britev, tablico s straniščnih vrat, pramen črnih las in oči. Nisem prepričan, da zares utelešajo džender. Kako je lahko nekaj tako običajnega hkrati tako izmuzljivo?

Ostaja mi eno zadnje upanje: podati se v gore in najti najstarejšega modreca v širni Transloveniji.

# A BIG GIRL IN A SMALL CITY PART 2

by Verity R. R. Glamourpuss

*Nora is a 90s girl in a 90s world, recently transitioned and ready to explore her new life, moving from Los Angeles to Ljubljana. Her trouble understanding the language is only outweighed by her embarrassment when her gorgeous neighbour reveals he recognizes her from her younger days as a celebrated gay erotic film star...*

“Where are we going?” I asked Matej. He had just discovered my former profession, and had been inspired to take me somewhere, though where that was I couldn’t imagine.

“Klet,” he replied.

Mishearing his slovene, I cried out, “Clit?!”

“No, Klet,” he repeated, “It’s a coffee shop. Secretly owned by lesbians. Perhaps someday in the future we’ll have a more open gay coffee shop, maybe on the ground floor. But for now, Klet is the best, and I have some friends meeting

there at this very moment...”

We arrived at the dimly lit café, the air replete with cigarette smoke and coffee breath. Most tables sat empty, a few scattered lesbians sipping on their umpteenth mug of coffee, their eyes fixed on books of poetry full of floral metaphors. But in the center of the room, a group of four broad shouldered men huddled around a table, to which Matej guided me. He nabbed a couple chairs from empty tables and when the men saw him, they shifted aside to make a space for us, greeting Matej warmly.

“To je Nora,” he said to them.

They looked at me with frowns of confusion. “Uh... ona ni nora, ampak ji je ime Nora.”

“Aja,” they replied in unison.

My mind automatically categorized the men; two as twinks, one as a twunk, and one as a bear, though he might more accurately be described as a Poseidon. One thing was

clear from the fabric of their shirts stretched taut across their bulging musculature: they all worked out. I tried to suppress a flush in my cheeks.

Matej introduced them; the short twink was Srečko, the tall twink was Borut, the twink was Oton and Poseidon was named...well I'm not sure what he was named, because I continued to call him Poseidon in my internal monologue.

"Nora," Matej went on, "has some experience in the project you guys are planning."

"Oh?" I inquired, "And prithe tell, what project might that be?"

"Gay slav porn!" cried Poseidon, lifting and slamming his beer upon the table. Some lesbian eyes briefly glanced at him from behind their poetry books.

"What in the world!" I ejaculated, bringing a dainty hand to my chest in shock.

"But what experience can a lady have to make gay porn?" asked Borut. "Do straight womens watch the gay porn, like the straight mens watch the lesbian porn?!"

"Well, I don't know about all

that, but I..." I lowered my voice slightly, "I used to direct and produce... adult film," I said, "back when I lived in Los Angeles."

"Wow!" said Oton the twink, "A professional American movie director!"

I blushed and turned my eyes away, a bashful smirk on my lips.

Matej turned his chair slightly towards me, and our knees brushed. He explained to me, "Earlier this year we took a vacation to Switzerland, and we learned something we never knew before. It turns out there is a fetish for slavic men. Specifically slavic men in tracksuits. Swiss gay men see us as the height of masculinity, and my friends here believe we can take advantage of that, maybe even sell it all over Europe. Trouble is, none of us has ever made so much as a home movie before. I thought maybe, with your experience in the Hollywood pornography, you might be able to help."

"But you're straight!" I yelped. I was so confused. Matej had a girlfriend, yet he hung out with gay men

and recognized me from gay porn? How could this be!

The men burst into effeminate laughter. Then in broken English, Borut said, "We are not straight mans! We are uber gay!" The others joyously agreed. Was I wrong about Matej's girlfriend? And if I was, did this mean he could never be attracted to me?

And could it be that I had so easily fallen in with my tribe? A director? Me? I had done some directing before. In fact, in *Big Dick Boys Show LA a Good Time* I had been forced to take over when the original director dropped out at the last minute. I knew about porn cinematography, I knew lighting, and I had some rudimentary understanding of what a boom mic did when it wasn't being used as a porn prop. To start my new life here, I needed a job. I had made no plans for my Ljubljana life, I simply hoped to find something before my savings ran out. If I failed, I'd run back home to LA with my tail between my legs. When I left California, I hadn't wanted to star in a porn

film ever again. But directing? That was something entirely different. Something to which I could apply the creative side of me, as well as the perverted one.

True gay erotic art. We could build beautiful sets, or perhaps even shoot in one of Slovenia's gorgeous forests. A garden of Eden setting, with waterfalls, blue skies and forbidden apples. And slavick men in tracksuits, of course.

"But, Matej, will you also... perform in the films?" I asked.

"I dunno, Nora. I'm sure I'm too ugly..."

Without a moment's hesitation, I cried, "Oh, but you're so handsome!"

"Gosh," he said. "You know, maybe I could do it, if you were directing me."

Me? Directing this Adonis of a man in gay erotic cinema? Not that this influenced my decision to direct. I'm far too professional. But it's always nice when a job comes with certain... benefits.

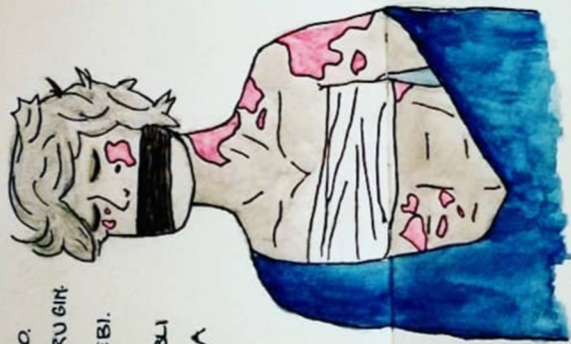
To Be Continued...

in Transzine 4!

VČASIH SEM SAM SEBI NAVEĀJA NEVARNOST:  
KO SE CENZURIRAM.

KO SEM TIHO.  
KO LAŹEM DRUGIM.  
KO LAŹEM SEBI.

VSI TI NESMIŠI  
POSTANĀO MOJA  
RESNICA.



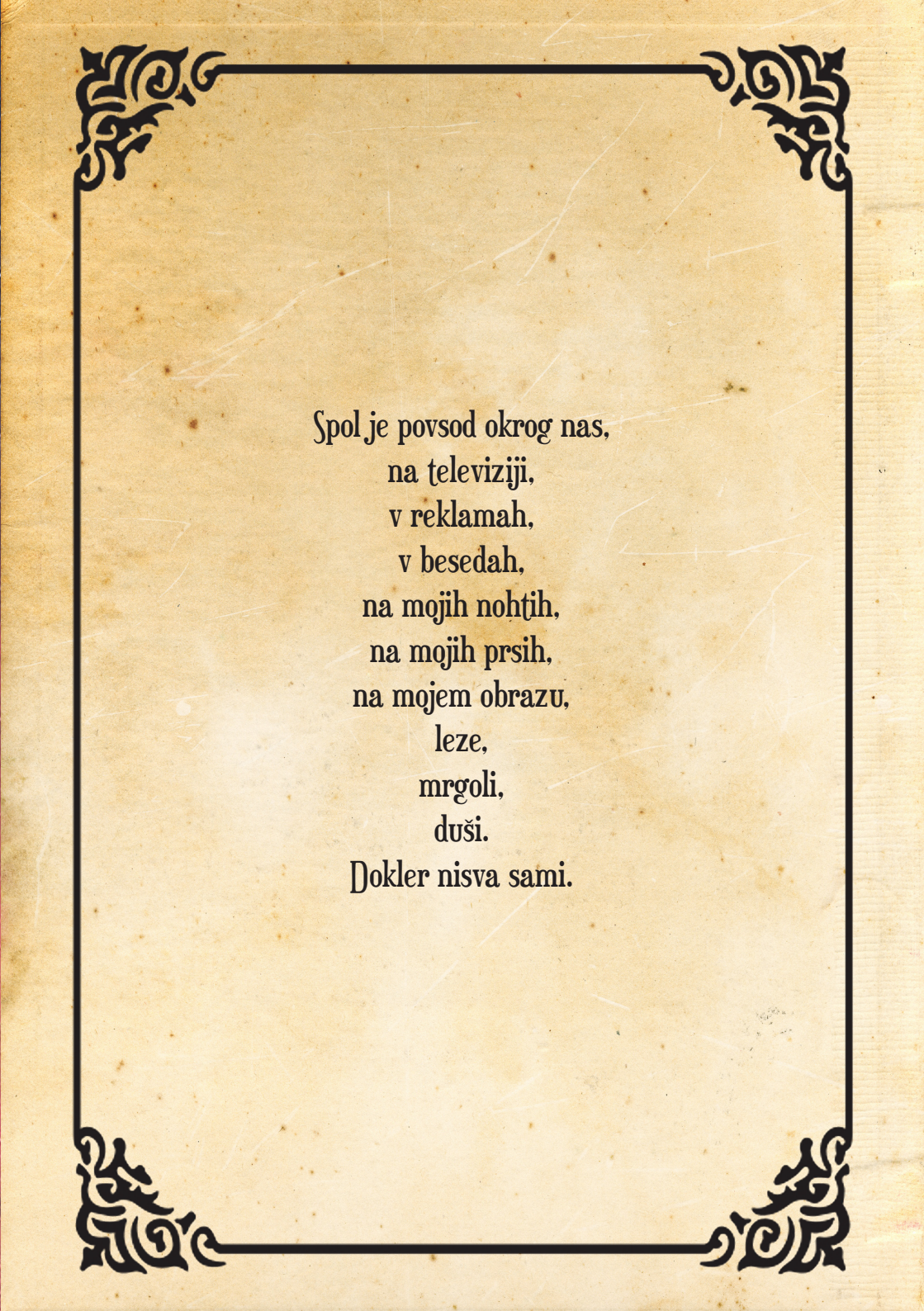
NAUČIL SEM SE, DA NE OBSTAJAM.  
IN KER JAZ VEM, DA NE OBSTAJAM,  
TO VEDO TUDI DRUGI.

TRANSFOBJA ZAVZAME DRUGAČNO POZICIJO:  
NAPADA ME OD ZNOTRAJ.









Spol je povsod okrog nas,  
na televiziji,  
v reklamah,  
v besedah,  
na mojih nohtih,  
na mojih prsih,  
na mojem obrazu,  
leze,  
mrgoli,  
duši.

Dokler nisva sami.

# TRANS PRIDE CARPET

by Jan Lonžarić



Gauge: 17 sts and 27 rows per 10 cm on 4.5 mm needles

The body is knit on a bias. Colorwork is done using intarsia knitting, pick up the new color from behind the working yarn to twist the yarns. The “neck” opening is worked in short rows and bound off in the middle of the body. The “sleeve” is picked up along the edge of the body piece and worked in the round. Try wearing it by putting your arm through the neck opening and your head through the sleeve. :)

## BODY

CO 9 sts

Row 1: Start intarsia knitting: 1 blue, 3 white, 1 pink, 4 white

Row 2 and every even row: Purl all sts on WS, same color as they are. Pay attention to short rows.

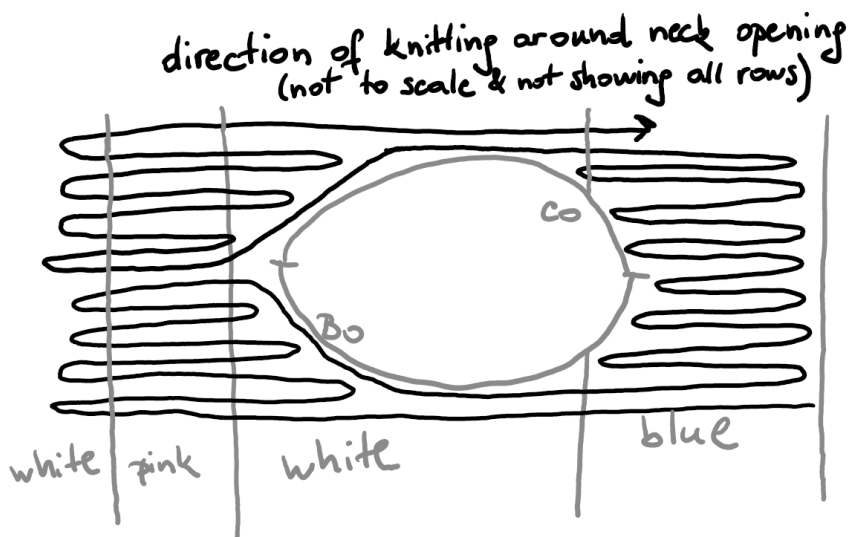
Row 3: kfb blue, k3 white, k1 pink, k1 white, m1 white, k3 white

Row 5: k2 blue, k1 white, m1 white, k2 white, kfb pink, k5 white

\*Rows 3+4n: (*increase in blue and edge white bands*) k1 blue, m1 blue, k all blue sts, k all white sts, k all pink sts, k1 white, m1 white, k white to end of row  
Row 5+4n: (*increase in pink and center white bands*) k all blue sts, k1 white, m1 white, k all white sts, k1 pink, m1 pink, k all pink sts, k white to end of row\*  
Repeat between \* until you have 16 blue, 18 white, 16 pink, 19 white

#Rows 3+4n: (*stop increasing blue but continue increasing white in the same place*) k all blue sts, k all white sts, k all pink sts, k1 white, m1 white, k white to end of row

Rows 5+4n: (*stop increasing pink*



but continue increasing white in the same place) k all blue sts, k1 white, m1 white, k all white sts, k all pink sts, k white to end of row# Repeat between # until you have 16 blue, 29 white, 16 pink, 31 white = 92 sts total  
Do not purl the wrong side!

### SHAPING THE NECK

#### Pink Side of Neck Opening, part 1

Next row: p2 sts in the color they are, wrap and turn

Next row: k all sts in the color they are (you are now working only in white and pink)

continue short rows, turning 1 st earlier every purl row for 9 rows at the same time, continue increasing in the edge white part as set (you should have 36 white at the end of short rows)

Next row: p to 1 st before the wrapped sts, BO 22 (purling the sts with their wraps as you pass them), p to end of row (work is now divided into two parts)

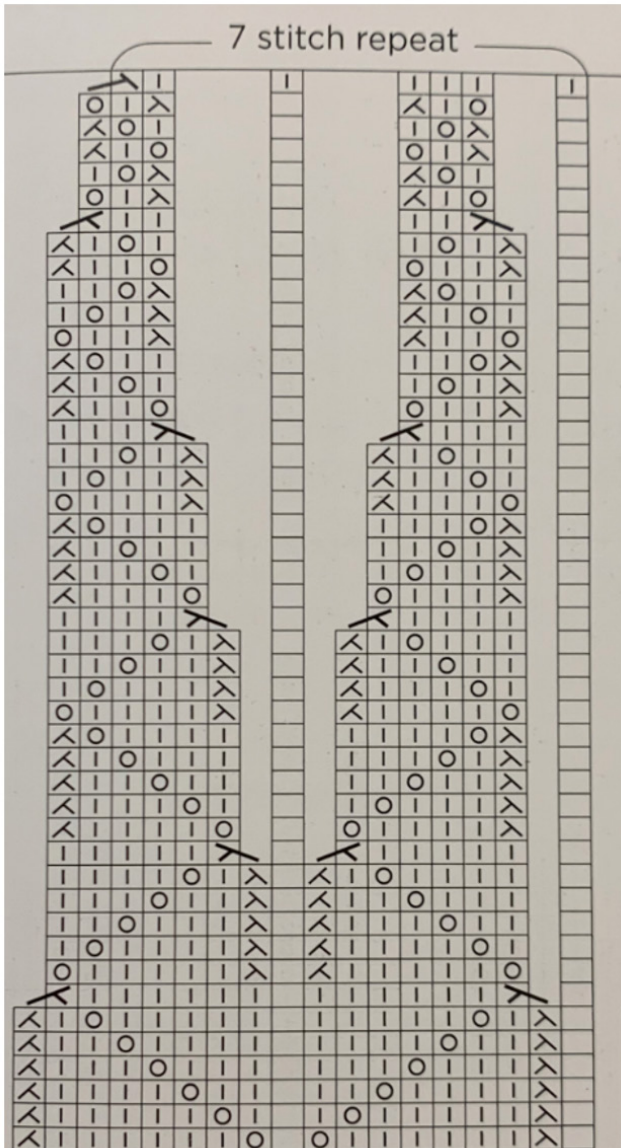
#### Blue Side of Neck Opening

Next row: k to 1 st before the BO edge (16 blue, 3 white), return the last st from RHN to LHN, slip the edge (unknit) st over this (transferred) st, return the st from the LHN to the RHN

Next row: p all sts on the blue side

Continue working back and forth on the blue side, binding off sts in this way until 9 sts total are BO (10 blue remaining)

Next row: k to 1 st before the end of row, m1 blue, k1 blue  
Continue working back and forth



- = purl
- ◻ = knit
- λ = ssk
- ∧ = k2tog
- = yarn over

on the blue side, increasing in this way until you have 16 blue sts again

Next row: k16 blue, use a crochet hook to bring the white yarn around the edge, then place loop on needle as a new st

Next row: p all

Next row: k all blue, kfb white

Next row: p all

Next row: k all blue, k1 white, m1 white, k1 white

Next row: p all

Next row: k all, reverse loop CO 22, join with rest of work and k to end of row

Next row: *(work is now joined into one piece again)* p all

### **Pink Side of Neck Opening, part 2**

Next row: k all blue, k all white, k all pink, k2tog white, k all white

work short rows on the white/pink part again – start by purling to the CO edge, wrap the first st from the CO edge and turn

Continue working back and forth on the pink side, every next WS row purl one sts further, purling the sts with their wraps as you pass them

work 9 short rows in this way at the same time, decrease in white by k2tog the first two white sts every 4th RS row

### **Rest of Body**

work decreases symmetrically to the increases in the first half of the garment, decreasing by k2tog the first sts alternatingly in the edge white and center white strip

until you have 16 blue, 29 white, 16 pink, 31 white = 92 sts total continue decreasing in white and color, symmetrically to the other half of the garment, until you have 9 sts total in the same arrangement of color as at the beginning  
BO

### **SLEEVE**

Along the blue edge, pick up and knit 178 sts in white, CO 2 sts, pm for BOR, CO 2sts, join in the round

k19, pm, k53, pm, k38, pm, k53, pm, k19

k two rounds

work chart between BOR and 1st marker, k to second marker, work chart twice between 2nd and 3rd marker, k to 4th marker, work chart between 4th marker and BOR

until you have worked all rows of the chart

k all 1 round

BO

## DICTIONARY

k – knit

p – purl

st – stitch (plural: sts)

CO – cast on

BO – bind off

kfb – knit front and back

m1 – make one

k2tog – knit two together

ssk – slip slip knit

LHN – left hand needle

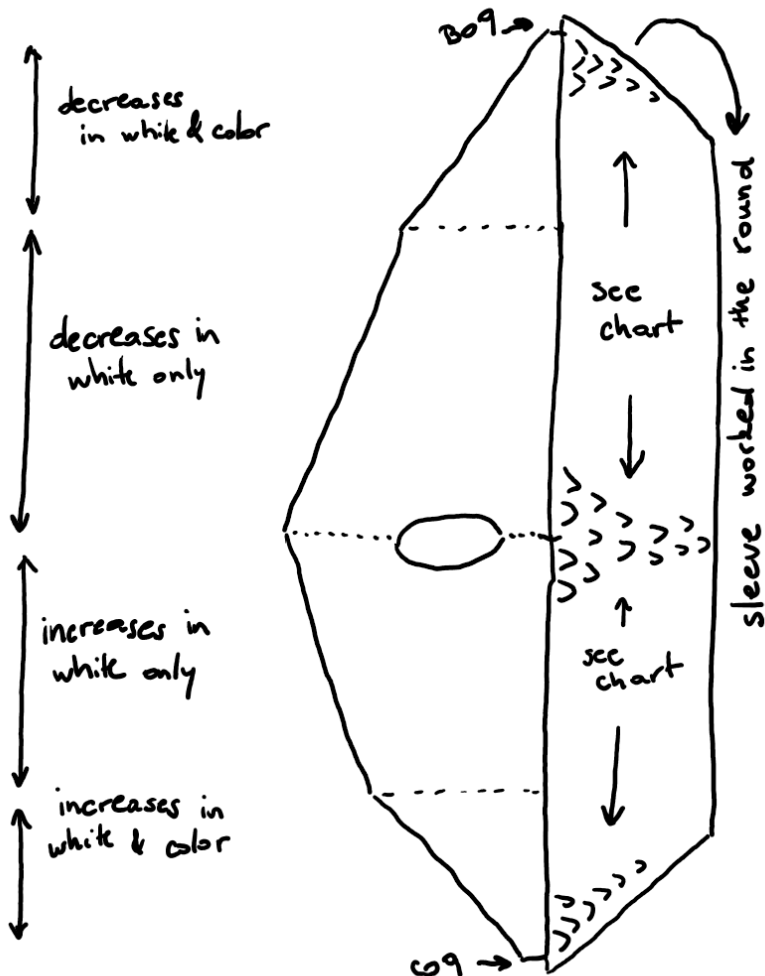
RHN – right hand needle

BOR – beginning of round

pm – place marker

ws - wrong side

rs - right side



## Nebinarna svoboda

Trenutno moderna mainstream različica nebinarnega aktivizma se zdi neznosno antipolitična. Edino sporočilo, ki ga želimo poslati, je "vsi spoli so veljavni". Ampak kaj če noben spol ni veljaven? Kaj če je spol razredni sistem, ki služi nadzoru in zatiranju ljudi?

V tem primeru nebinarnost ta sistem zgolj utrjuje, namesto da bi ga uničila. Mainstream levicarski aktivizem je nebinarnost sprejel hitro in prijazno, ampak mogoče se je to zgodilo zgolj zato, ker se nebinarnost zdi tako nenevarna trenutnemu sistemu in je zgolj tretji podporni steber patriarhalnega sistema spola. Predstavljam si različico nebinarnega aktivizma, ki nasprotuje spolu ali pa ima do njega nihilističen ali anarhističen odnos. Predstavljam si aktivizem, ki vse ljudi osvobodi spolnih spon, ne glede na to ali so trans ali cis. Ničče ne bo svoboden, dokler nismo vse svobodne.







# THE CHAMBER

by Verity Ritchie

I drew a vertical line, then a circle on top of it, a triangle beneath, then four more lines for the arms and legs. On my paper stood two stick figures, one with a triangle skirt and one without. I finished the former with some drooping curls for hair. I spun the paper around on the desk and pushed it towards the doctor.

He lifted it and grinned widely. He met my eyes and nodded, congratulating me on how far I'd come. The final test before I entered the chamber. We exited his office and walked down the hallway to a room with doors which could have served as an airlock if there were a breach in the colony's internal atmosphere. The lockpad beside the door scanned the doctor's finger tips, and the doors parted slowly with a hiss. Two nurses in short dresses were inside, efficiently flipping switches on large computer terminals. In the centre of the room stood the chamber, a tall tube, big enough for one large human, connected by a dozen cables to different areas of the computer banks.

With his hand on my lower

back, the doctor guided me to a plain white folding screen behind which I could remove my clothing, slacks and a button down shirt - perhaps the last time I would ever wear such things. There was a full length mirror, and I took a last pitying glance at my long jagged body. A ring hung from a chain around my neck, and it was the last thing I removed before I timidly stepped out from behind the folding screen, trying to strategically hide my body from all angles. The doctor was behind the computer banks now with the others, a clipboard in hand, ticking off preparations for the machine as each were fulfilled. With his pen, he pointed me towards the chamber, the glass door now open for me. The metal floor sent chills up my bare legs as I took the final steps across the room and into the tube. A nurse closed and locked the door behind my back. A clicking sound, then a voice came over a speaker into

the chamber, "Turn to face us please, hands at your sides." I felt exposed, and I couldn't see why they needed me to face any particular direction, but I obeyed. This would be the last moment of my humiliation before I changed.

An eternity passed as I watched the doctor and nurses engage with each other and the machines. The nurse smiled at me briefly as she checked each input port one last time. My skin was cold, but my heart was beating fast, and I could feel heat well inside me. Another click and then one last word over the speaker: "Initialising."

The chamber began to flood with purple smoke. My lungs filled with it, and it felt like smoking a cigarette of lilac. The room around me began to tint, then fade, until I could see nothing except some blinking coloured lights attached to the consoles. There was a certain peace to the experience, a calmness, my muscles losing all their tension, a sense that my body was being held in place by the smoke rather than by myself.

And then a crack. And a jerk. I slammed against the glass casing, thrust forward by some snap in my spine. One by one my bones broke

themselves, and I lost all control. My muscles pulled taught, tightening, crushing the bones inside them. When the pain was everywhere it was too much to distinguish any individual sensation from another. My body was nothing, it was not a body, it was not mine, just red hot agony.

I collapsed. I blacked out. Then there was sharp hiss as the glass door unlocked and the gas slowly leaked out. I found myself curled up on the floor of the chamber. I took a deep breath of clean air, and hands were on me, a nurse, lifting my arms to help me to my feet. I stumbled on unfamiliar legs.

"Oh wow, you are a beauty now, aren't you, darling," she said, as the other nurse wrapped me in a hospital gown. Each nurse steadying my walk, I was led back to the full length mirror. And there she was. This stranger's body through the eyes of which I saw. I was curvaceous, and my auburn hair was much longer. I was shorter, surely, than I had been before, compared to the heights of the nurses. The hospital gown hung baggily over my chest, obscuring the

rest my body. I wanted to take off the gown and see everything, but I wouldn't dare in front of the nurses. That was for later. My face was changed. I knew each and every individual thing which I had hated about my face, my pronounced brow, my large nose, my high forehead. Each of these things was changed, smaller, gentler. For the first time, I saw my mother's face in my own. I was given a room for the night with three other girls who had all undergone the same procedure. The next day a nurse came to give us rudimentary tips on how to manage long hair and make up (though I had already practiced for years), and sized us for bras-sieres. The clothing and make up given to us were all included in the expenses of the procedure. When I was alone in the restroom, I absently twiddled the ring on the chain around my neck and listened to my new voice speak through my pink lipstick. "How are you, dear?" I said to no one. "My name is Cassandra. I love you." I sang to myself, badly, as always, but in such a high register I could never have imagined it. The girls and I also practised on

each other, formally introducing ourselves with our new names, wearing our new dresses and heels. At night we lay in bed and talked about what we imagined our husbands would be like. I said, my ideal had lived next door to me in my old home, but I supposed that wasn't meant to be. I was the first to go. I had dared to imagine that I was the prettiest of the bunch, but this confirmed it. I had been chosen before all of them. My husband Jim had black, slicked back hair and a rough skinned face. He was older than I by two decades. He towered above me, his eyes looking me over with eagerness. I was a little scared at first. The registrar at the front office of the clinic married us on the spot and we left together to begin our new life. He lived in a house on Tannerman Road, one of the streets under the colony biodomes. The ceiling of the dome was so high and the atmosphere thick enough that when our side of the moon faced daylight, you could see a faint blue sky above, almost like the skies back on Earth. The houses here had been

built from prepackaged kits designed before the colony landed, identical to one another, except for variations in gardening and the paint colour on each house. Jim lived in a blue one. We slept in separate beds in the same bedroom, and each night we were sitting up reading from 21:00 until 22:00, when Jim turned out the lights. During the day he worked in an office in the old centre, and I gradually made changes to the home until it felt a little bit less like I was a guest. When we had settled into our new routine as husband and wife, I suggested we invite over my old friends Biff and Jane. We had been neighbours in my quarters in the old colony centre, a nice young married couple, not as fortunate as Jim and I, and I thought we could have them over for a barbecue, something one can't really enjoy unless living in the biodomes. We gathered in the sitting room, nursing cups of tea and listening to Jim talk about his time in the blue regiment in the Mars Wars, which the rest of us were too young to properly remember. It was a little awkward at

first, as Jim is so much older than we are. Biff seemed pleased to see me in my new body, but Jane averted her gaze. She politely asked Jim questions, trying to engage with the lecture by mentioning her father's days in the war, until finally Jim suggested he and Biff go outside and start up the barbecue. I said, "We'll join you in a moment; I want to give Jane a tour of the house." We put down our cups and saucers as the men left the room and I led her upstairs. "I can see your touch here already," she said. I took her hands. We stood in the hallway facing one another, reflected in one another's eyes. She looked my body up and down and touched my waist, then put a hand to my chest and felt the ring hanging from my necklace beneath my clothing. She caressed my soft cheek. "You really did it," she said, through otherwise speechless lips. "I did," I smiled. "Do you still love me as a girl?" "You're more beautiful than ever," she said, and planted a red lipstick mark on my pink lips.



2. maj

Na vrhu najvišje gore v Transloveniji živi modrec. Pravi se, da je tako star kakor gora sama in pozna se ga zgolj po imenu Justo. Mnogi mu pošiljajo pisma in prosijo za nasvet in Justo zmeraj odgovori. A jaz potrebujem več kot le pismo. Ko je napočil dan, sem se torej povzpел na zasneženi gorski vrh, da bi ga našel. Od mraza sem skoraj že preminil, ko me je našel in me vzel v svojo jamo. Poseedel me je ob ogenj in mi ponudil vročega čaja.

“Kaj iščeš?” me je vprašal, ko so mi zobje nehali šklepetati od mraza.

“Ali mi lahko poveste, stiček Justo ... kaj je džender?”

“Mislim, da že poznate odgovor na to vprašanje.”

Povedal sem mu, da odgovora ne poznam, in mu pokazal svoj zvečič, svojo zbirko in svoje izsledke.

“So džender morda mačke? Je povezan s štrikanjem? Kaj pa s slovansko trenirkarsko pornografijo? S človeškimi naselji na luni? Je zatiralški razredni sistem? Preprosto ne vem.”

“Džender ni nobena izmed teh stvari ... Ali pa je morda na svoj način vsaka izmed teh stvari.”

“Kaj hočete reči?”

Obrnil mi je hrbet in začel brskati med svojimi rečmi. Ko se je vrnil, je s seboj prinesel leseno šatuljo in mi jo podal. Bila je lahka in gladka na otip.

“Izvoli. V njej hranim džender.”

S strahospoštovanjem sem si ogledal šatuljo. Bila je preprosta škattlica s preprostimi vrezinami za okras in brez kakršnihkoli drsnih oznak. Počasi sem dvignil poklopec. In v šatulji sem našel tando

In ko tako sedim tukaj s skodelico kave, naročju in pišem tele, mi si preveva veliko zadovoljstvo, da je ta skrivnost končno razrešena.

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